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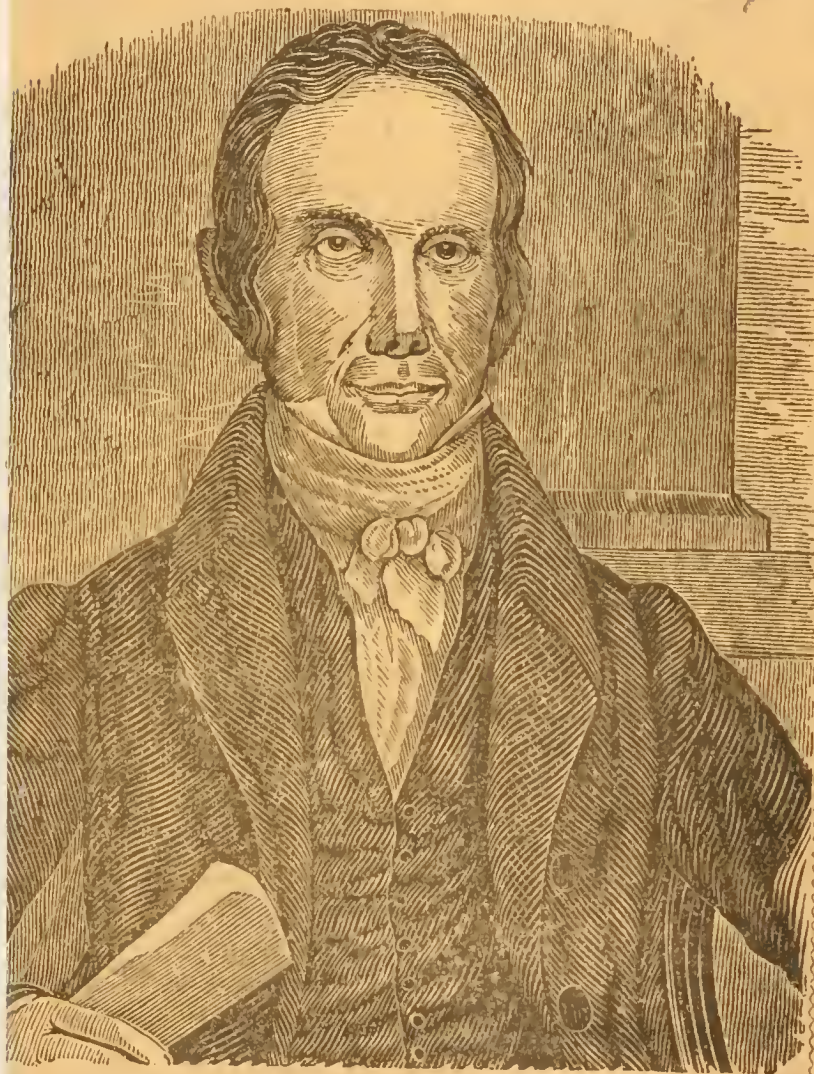






THE  
CLAY MINSTREL;  
OR,  
National Songster.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
GIBBS & FISHER, 15 NORTH SIXTH ST.:  
AND 169 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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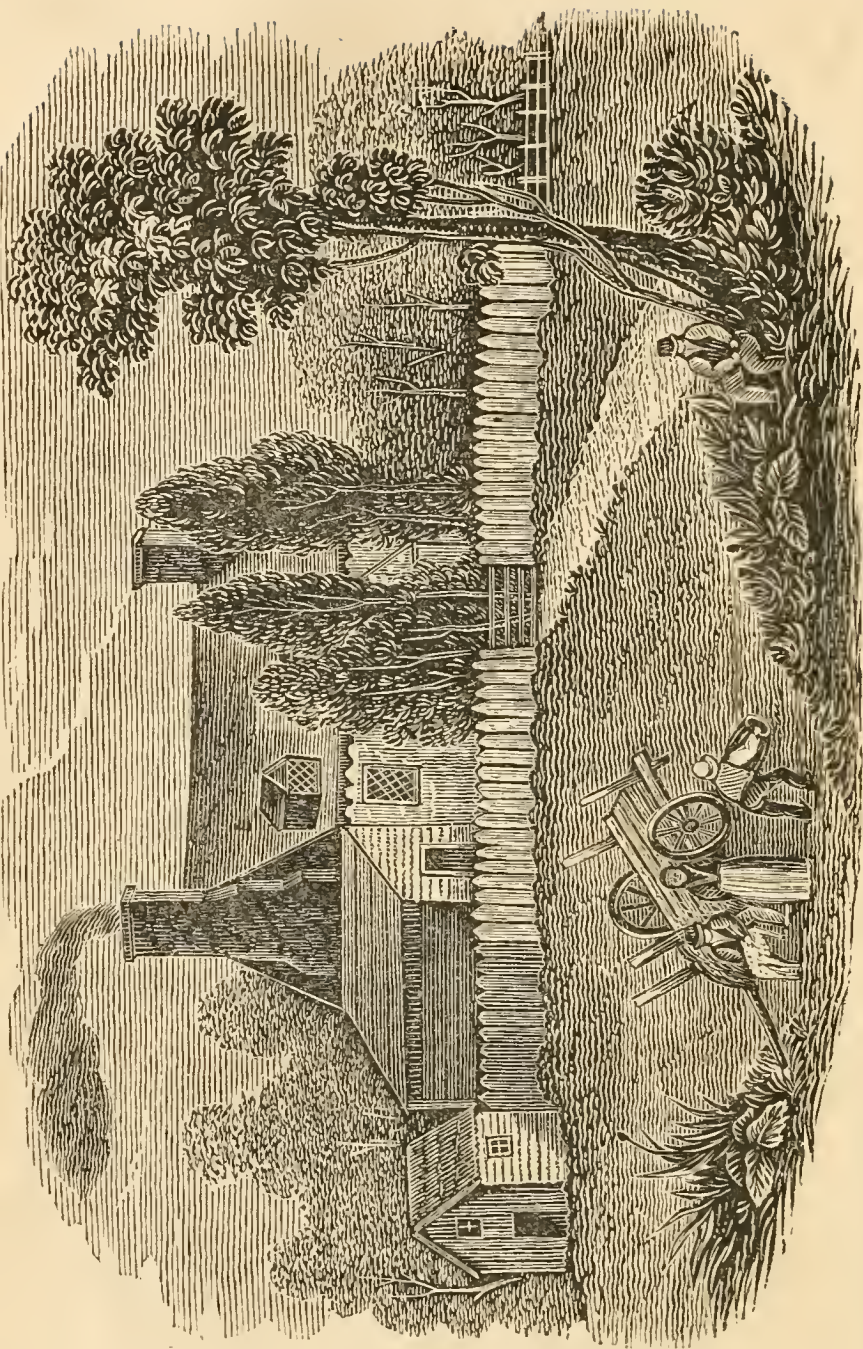
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John J. Little

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BIRTH-PLACE OF MR. CLAY.



THE  
CLAY MINSTREL;

OR,

National Songster.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE, PUBLIC SERVICES, AND CHARACTER

OF

HENRY CLAY.

*Edited by John S. Fisher*

"The elements  
So mix in him, that Nature may stand up  
And say to all the world, This is a man."

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TURNER & FISHER, 15 N. SIXTH STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA; AND No. 169  
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

1842.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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It occurred to the Editor of the *MINSTREL*, that a publication upon the plan of that now offered to the public would be acceptable, and might be useful at the present juncture; and finding, that his design was approved by friends whose political experience gave increased value to their opinions, he prepared, with more haste, however, than was agreeable, the brief and unpretending *SKETCH* that follows, of the life of Mr. Clay. He takes pleasure in stating that he is much indebted to the researches of Mr. Prentice and of Mr. E. Sargent, whose comprehensive and interesting biographies are alike creditable to their talents and worthy of their subject; and all whose curiosity may be sharpened and excited by the imperfect *GLIMPS* afforded through the following pages of the illustrious Statesman, will find in them more full and circumstantial information than could be embraced

within the narrow limits and unambitious design of this publication. From their works and from such other public sources as were immediately at hand, the torch of the Editor has received its feeble light, and he holds it aloft in the hope that it also, may be instrumental, although in humble degree, in scattering the mists of prejudice with which ignorance and party rage have so long enveloped the subject, but which, even now, are gradually rising and rolling away beneath the influence of revealing light, and of that "TRUTH WHICH IS MIGHTY AND WILL PREVAIL"

The SONGS are by various authors. Some of them have been written expressly for the Minstrel ; others have been gleaned from the public journals.

J. S. L.

Germantown, }  
Penn.: Oct., 1842. }

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SKETCH  
OF THE  
LIFE, PUBLIC SERVICES, AND CHARACTER,  
OF  
HENRY CLAY.

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HENRY CLAY, who is, at this moment, confessedly the first Statesman of the Nation, and whom posterity will place by the side of the Father of his Country, when recounting the deeds of her purest benefactors, is, emphatically, the architect of his own fortune and fame. While his instructive history presents a splendid illustration of the beauty of our republican system, which throws wide open the door to political advancement to all degrees of men, he furnishes also, an extraordinary example of the combination of the highest powers of the mind, as various as they are rarely found united in the character of a single person.

With an eloquence which challenges comparison with the noblest of the olden time, and a gracefulness and impressiveness of manner, which, in beautiful keeping with his rich and overflowing periods, enchants and captivates,

the hearer, he possesses indomitable perseverance, and an industry that never flags,—a rare facility in the transaction of business,—unshrinking courage, an ardent and lofty patriotism, long tried, self-sacrificing, and without reproach,—a judgment, mature and unerring,—profound sagacity, and an enlightened forecast; all of which, with long experience in affairs of state, unite in the character of this extraordinary and illustrious man, and seem to point him out as the chosen instrument of Providence for restoring the lost prosperity of his hitherto favoured people, and in redeeming their country from the stains of treachery and misrule, from the disgrace of violated faith, and the degradation of national honor.

HENRY CLAY, is also remarkable for simplicity of life, character, and manners, and for an earnest and devoted attachment to purely republican principles, whether in the great business of government, or in social intercourse with his fellow men, among whom, wherever he meets them, he inspires a veneration and an enthusiasm seldom equalled. His position at the present time is as truly enviable, as it is unprecedented; and to his generous mind must be far more gratifying, than would be the actual possession of the attractions and the trappings of any station, however exalted, within the gift of a grateful and admiring people. Without patronage to bestow, or interest with those who temporarily and through sufferance, hold the reins of government; a retired statesman, a plain, practical farmer, he is, nevertheless, the MAN OF THE PEOPLE, and possesses far more influence and consideration with the nation at large, than *they* enjoy who have the bestowal of all the emoluments and dignities of office.



Mr. CLAY was born in Hanover County, Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777, and was the fifth among seven children. His father was a preacher of piety and zeal, of the Baptist denomination, who died during the war of the revolution, leaving his large family with little besides, to the care of his wife, who was distinguished among her sex for strong natural powers of mind, but who was thus left entirely destitute of the requisite means to afford to her children any higher instruction than could be obtained in the LOG CABIN schools of the country in which she dwelt.

It was at the early age of five years that the subject of our sketch was deprived of the care of his good and affectionate father, and as his mother, some years later, formed a second matrimonial connexion, and removed with her husband, Mr. Henry Watkins, into Kentucky, Henry and his eldest brother who remained in Virginia, were left in circumstances requiring from them severe manual labor.

Frequently, has HENRY CLAY, clad in the coarsest apparel, and with bare feet, ploughed the live long summer day, with no other companions than his plodding team, and his own high thoughts, which, even in the midst of his humble but honourable toil, must have soared above the lowly circumstance of his condition to hold communings with the loftier things of life. If we had space for the purpose, we might here pause to attempt a parallel between the early lives of Mr. Clay, and the "forest born Demosthenes," Patrick Henry, whose earliest years were passed in the laborious, but independent employment of cultivators of the soil. While those more favoured by

fortune—the wealthy sons of the land, with splendid equipage and luxurious ease, were rolling onward, the listless witnesses of the humble employments of those “a field,” little could they have suspected that the dust from their chariot wheels was scattered upon the homely garments of those who were destined to take exalted rank among the greatest of our own proud land!

The career of HENRY CLAY is rich in instruction and encouragement to all upon whom adverse fortune has laid her depressing hand. From indigent infancy to the present period of his illustrious life, he affords a sublime illustration of the results of aspiring perseverance. With such an example before him, no American youth, however unpropitious the circumstances of his position may be, need despair of ultimate success; that success which is the almost certain result of well-directed, steady and laborious effort, but which the labour, and the constant self-dependence of the mind can alone achieve.

“ Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;  
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And waged with fortune an eternal war;  
Check'd by the scoffs of Pride and Envy's frown,  
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,  
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown.”

With CLAY, the “bar of poverty” so touchingly alluded to by the poet, was regarded merely as a difficulty over which he was, of course, to achieve a triumph; it reared its discouraging and depressing front before his unflinching eye and unshrinking heart, but was not deemed “unconquerable,” by one who, in *believing* he should triumph, had already secured to himself, the certainty of victory.

In the performance of his multifarious labours as a farmer's boy, he has often ridden to the mill with grain, his sole equipment in harmony with his own humble appearance, being a rope bridle, and his seat, in lieu of a saddle, the bag containing the grist or the flour, which he brought upon his return.

In such employments, and with none of the advantages of education, or of social intercourse with cultivated minds, did our country's future statesman and benefactor, pass the first thirteen years of his active and useful life. At the age of fourteen he was placed in a small retail store at Richmond, where he remained, attentive to the duties of the counter until the following year, (1792) when he was transferred, but by whom does not appear, to the office of Mr. Peter Tinsley, who was, at that time, Clerk of the High Court of Chancery. It was here that he had the good fortune to attract the attention of the celebrated George Wythe, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the most eminent jurists of that day, and it certainly forms not the least of the claims of that distinguished man to the veneration and gratitude of posterity that he had the sagacity to discover the merit of young Clay, and the inclination also to afford him the benefit of his counsel and conversation. If the generous example of Chancellor Wythe were more frequently followed by those who possess the opportunity and means, how often would the sunshine of hope illumine the paths of unprotected genius, and save from despair those who, under more favourable circumstances, might become the ornaments and the benefactors of mankind!

The encouragement and counsel received by Henry Clay during the struggles of this period of his career, from his distinguished friend, were certainly of great advantage to him, and have ever been gratefully remembered; but his was of that order of mind which derives strength and renewed courage from difficulties and opposition, and he is one of that class of men of which our country has furnished many bright examples, and for which the cause of liberty, literature, and science, is indebted to the fostering care and equalizing influences of her admirable institutions,—who have by strong native genius, unshaken fortitude, and unwavering courage, overcome the stern barrier which separates poverty and its attendant evils from the hopes and sacred influences which the lights of education and knowledge impart to those who are the favoured and happy recipients of her elevating and inappreciable privileges. In the achievement of triumphs like these, and under circumstances most disheartening, the obstacle of mere poverty, is, perhaps not always the greatest. Mankind are generally slow in perceiving the merits, and in admitting the claims of the friendless and the indigent, and all-powerful prejudice is among the most formidable impediments, which he who stands alone, uncheered and unsupported, is forced to encounter and to vanquish as the hard condition of ultimate success.

Towards the close of the year 1796, young Clay entered the family of Mr. Robert Brooke, an eminent lawyer, and formerly governor of Virginia, and his only regular study of his profession was during the year that he resided with this gentleman.

His business and social relations, during a residence at Richmond, of a little more than six years, introduced him to the notice of most of the leading members of the bar of a city which has always been distinguished for legal talent and learning. Chief Justice Marshall, and Mr. Bushrod Washington, were also among the number of his early friends. During his residence at Richmond, his eldest brother died, and in the year 1797, with a license to practice law which he had received from the judges of the Virginia Court of Appeals, he removed to Lexington, Kentucky, where, at the age of twenty years, friendless and a stranger, and destitute of the means wherewith to pay the small sum demanded for his board, he made his brief preparations to enter upon the busy stage of life in the society of men, and in honorable contention with those who had advanced far up the hill of fame, and who were already in the full enjoyment of high professional influence.

It was a bold, but characteristic venture for one so young, thus to launch his frail bark into the stormy sea, to unfurl its virgin sails upon the bosom of its trackless waters, and he its solitary and inexperienced guide! Truly has it been said, that no sublimer spectacle can be presented for the admiration and instruction of mankind, than that of a great and good man struggling with adversity. But it was not the fate of Mr. Clay to struggle long, either for practice as a means of support, or for reputation. Wherever his destiny called him, he carried that within which prompted those exertions and studies in which he soon excelled his contemporaries.

He early acquired a profound acquaintance with the principles of law, and commanded the respect and confi-

dence of his veteran rivals and associates at the bar. "I remember," says he, in his speech at Lexington, in June 1842, "how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make £100 Virginia money per year; and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee. My hopes were more than realized. I immediately rushed into a lucrative practice."

An anecdote is recorded of this period of his life which proves that he is indebted to practice for the extraordinary readiness which he always manifests in debate or repartee. He had joined a debating society, and at one of the meetings, just as the vote was about to be taken, he remarked, in a whisper to a person near him, that the subject did not appear to him to have been exhausted. The member to whom the observation was made, exclaimed, "do not put the question yet, Mr. Clay will speak." The chairman nodded to Clay in token of attention, who rose with extreme embarrassment, and faltering out, "*Gentlemen of the Jury,*" paused as if endeavouring to recover his scattered thoughts. His audience with commendable forbearance kindly affected not to notice this extraordinary commencement, or the agitation of the new speaker, who, after much hesitation and confusion repeated the words, but they were scarcely uttered, when rising above the distress and difficulties of his novel position, he acquitted himself in the debate in a manner that excited general surprise and admiration.

An amusing anecdote is also recorded of his early practice which we are tempted to repeat. He had successfully defended two Germans, a father and son, who had been indicted for murder, and an old, withered, and ex-

tremely ill-favoured woman, wife of the elder, and mother of the younger prisoner, learning the result of the trial, rushed into court, and throwing her arms around the neck of the young advocate, almost suffocated him with caresses and kisses in the presence of the assembled crowd!

Although Mr. Clay was now profitably engaged in the prosecution of his professional avocations, he was not an indifferent observer of passing events. His political career commenced, indeed, almost as early as his professional; and in the exciting scenes which immediately followed the determination of the people of Kentucky to form for themselves a new constitution, he was a prominent actor, and a fearless and able champion of popular rights.

The prominent feature of the new constitution, was a provision for the prospective eradication of slavery from within the jurisdiction of Kentucky by gradual emancipation. A majority of the people were decidedly hostile to the measure, but the violence of popular opposition did not deter the young lawyer from taking a bold stand by the side of those who were friendly to it, although he knew that by so doing he was placing at hazard the splendid prospects of wealth and fame, which had so early, unexpectedly, and so auspiciously opened upon him. He did not hesitate for a moment, but with that noble and self-sacrificing spirit which has since, so strongly endeared him to his countrymen, and which has made his name illustrious among the patriotic of mankind, devoted himself with fervent zeal to a cause which forcibly appealed to the best feelings of his generous nature. The views of Mr. Clay upon this momentous question, have, as is well known, undergone no change, but time has made clearly

manifest the wisdom and purity of his early course in relation to the matter. He entertains, however, no sympathy with those who have raised the hue and cry of unconditional abolition, and who, in the accomplishment of their mistaken and injurious design, appear to be regardless alike of the tranquility of the country, and the preservation of that union, in the strength of which we achieved our independence, and have attained our present exalted degree of national greatness and prosperity.

The institution of slavery deplored by none more sincerely than by Mr. Clay, and the abolition of which had in him an early devoted and manly advocate of its gradual accomplishment by strictly Constitutional means, was founded by our English predecessors in possession of the soil. It is an evil which requires time and skill to eradicate and heal, and the incendiary spirit which has gone abroad among those who are ignorant of the principles involved in its present toleration, or are culpably reckless of the consequences of their unwise proceedings, only serve to retard a consummation devoutly wished by all good and patriotic citizens.

To the Alien and Sedition laws, passed by Congress in 1798, during the administration of the elder President Adams, Mr. Clay was heartily and perseveringly opposed.

The first of these celebrated acts jointly productive of an excitement which agitated the very foundations of the infant Republic, provided the manner in which aliens were to become citizens of the United States, and restricted the facility with which citizenship had, previously been acquired. It authorised the President, at his discretion, to order all aliens whom he might consider dangerous to the national



peace and safety, or who were concerned in treasonable practices or measures, to leave the country. It also gave a power to the President to grant licenses to aliens to remain during his own good pleasure. It further provided imprisonment not exceeding three years to all aliens remaining without license, and perpetual disqualification for citizenship. It also authorised the President to require of aliens bonds for their good behaviour, and all captains were required to report the names of such persons arriving in their vessels under a penalty of three hundred dollars.

The following were the offences made punishable by the *Sedition* law, popularly denominated the "gag law :"

Defaming or bringing into contempt, the Congress or President. Exciting the hatred of the people against them. Stirring up sedition in the country, raising unlawful combinations for resisting the laws and legal authorities—aiding and abetting foreign nations against the country, the people or their government.

Many of these were certainly very grave offences ; but for some, adequate penalties had already been provided, and with respect to others, it may be remarked, that the law prohibiting them was a restriction of the liberty of expression, not the less intolerable that the truth of the libel might be pleaded in justification of the accused.

The following case illustrates the practical operation of the *Sedition* law, and is one only among many of the oppressive, vexations and frivolous prosecutions to which it gave rise. President Adams, on his return from the seat of government, passing through Newark, was complimented with a discharge of artillery by the citizens of the town in honour of his arrival. A Mr. Baldwin, who, it

would appear was not very remarkable for the delicacy of his sentiments, expressed much regret that the wadding discharged from the cannon had not lodged in a particular part of the President's person, and for this humorous exhibition of known dislike, he was actually tried, convicted, and fined one hundred dollars! It was the abuse of this law, ill adapted, under any circumstances, for the meridian of a people who had so recently waged a seven years war in maintenance of their independence from *foreign* oppression, which rendered it odious to the country; and Mr. Clay, who has always been a consistent advocate of the amplest freedom of speech and of the press, launched against it the mighty thunders of his indignant eloquence.

MR. CLAY was elected to the Legislature of his adopted state in the year 1801, and immediately participated in all the leading questions of interest which were discussed in that body.

In December, 1806, when only in his twenty-ninth year, he was elected by the legislature of Kentucky, a Senator in Congress, to fill a vacancy which had just occurred in that body by the resignation of the honourable John Adair, and, as the journals will prove, he entered at once, and with characteristic activity and zeal, upon the exalted and untried duties of the station. Here was made his earliest manifestation of devotion to the cause of internal improvement, and he was immediately distinguished among the ablest legislators of his country. We shall be pardoned for a momentary trespass upon our limits in pausing here, to contrast the position held, at this time by this remarkable man, with the friendless destitution of that which he occupied but nine years before!

The period for which he had been chosen, was but for a single session, and upon the adjournment of Congress he was again elected to the Kentucky Legislature, and was soon after appointed speaker of the Assembly. He not only performed with unsurpassed ability, the duties of this new position, but, entering upon the arena of debate, actively and eloquently participated in the discussion of all the leading questions before the house.

In the winter of 1809—10, Mr. Clay was a second time elected by a large majority, to the Senate of the United States, again to fill a vacancy which had occurred by the resignation of Mr. Buckner, and it was during this session of Congress that Mr. Clay proclaimed his early and cherished predilection for that truly American System of which he is the father, and which, by encouraging domestic industry, and manufacture, would render us independent of the pauper labour of other nations, and thus lay broad and deep, the foundations of real independence, and of permanent national prosperity.

The limited space allotted to this sketch, will not permit us to dwell upon any of the great measures with which Mr. Clay is identified. To many of them, indeed, we cannot even allude. From the period of his second entrance into the Senate of the United States, his life has been spent in the service of his country, and his country's history, down to his recent, final, and voluntary retirement from public life is the noblest monument to his fame.

When President Madison issued his proclamation, declaring that the territory between the Mississippi and Perdido rivers, and comprising a large portion of Western

Florida was subject to the laws of the United States, and upon which it was contended that we had no legal claim, Mr. Clay boldly and eloquently defended the President from the fierce assaults of opposition, and triumphantly vindicated the national title to the land.

One of the Senators had expressed the deep interest he felt in the fate of the Spanish King. Mr. Clay in reply, exclaimed, "I shall leave the honorable gentleman from Delaware to mourn over the fate of the fallen Charles. I have no commiseration for Princes. *My sympathies are all reserved for the great mass of mankind; and I own that the people of Spain have them most sincerely.*"

It was the eloquent and overpowering expression of this generous sympathy for the people, and of honest devotion to their great interests, both in the speeches he delivered at home and in the Senate, that procured for him about this time, the title of the "GREAT COMMONER." Preferring a seat in the House of Representatives, to a reelection to the Senate, Mr. Clay was returned a member of the popular branch of the national legislature, and was chosen Speaker in 1812. He was an earnest friend of the patriotic administration of Madison, and gave to his prominent measures a hearty support. In April of this year, Mr. Madison recommended that a "general embargo be laid on all vessels now in port, or hereafter arriving, for the period of sixty days." In the discussion of this measure Mr. Clay largely shared and advocated it with his accustomed zeal and ability. He declared that he "approved of it because it is to be viewed as a direct precursor to war." John Randolph and Josiah Quincy were foremost in strenuous opposition, and they were

among the intellectual giants of those days. Mr. Clay, however, did not hesitate to meet them, and it has been said that he was a "flame of fire," upon this occasion. "He had now brought Congress to the verge of what he conceived to be a war for liberty and honor, and his voice rang through the capitol like a trumpet tone sounding for the onset. On the subject of the policy of the embargo, his eloquence, like a Roman phalanx, bore down all opposition, and he put to shame those of his opponents, who flouted the government as being unprepared for war." As had been anticipated and predicted by Mr. Clay, the Declaration of War against Great Britain immediately followed, and received from him that warm and powerful support without which it could hardly have been prosecuted to a successful and honourable close.

The dignity and commercial independence of the nation had been, for a long series of years, arrogantly assailed by the British, and the time had at length arrived, when a decisive demonstration of resentment was essential to the preservation of the national honor. Under such circumstances, and urged by such considerations, it was characteristic of this noblest champion of American liberty to give to the war upon which his country had entered, all the support of his transcendent abilities. "My plan," said he, "would be to call out the amplest resources of the country, give them a judicious direction, prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, strike where ever we can reach the enemy, at sea or on land, and negotiate the terms of a peace, at Quebec or at Halifax. We are told that England is a proud and lofty nation, which, disdainng to wait for danger, meets it half way. Haughty as she is,

we once triumphed over her, and if we do not listen to the counsels of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a cause, with the aid of Providence, we must be crowned with success; but if we fail, let us fail like men,—lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, *fighting for free trade and seamen's rights.*”

The Presidential election occurred at this time, and Mr. Madison was re-elected by a majority of thirty-nine votes over De Witt Clinton, in the electoral colleges.

The war-party, of which Mr. Clay was at once the ruling spirit and the head, was thus sustained by the people.

In 1813 Mr. Clay was again chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives by a large majority. Many of those who most ably and strenuously opposed the war, did so without doubt, from the purest motives,—others however, opposed it through fear of the power and avenging wrath of our haughty mother; but this pusillanimous objection was met, at its threshold by Mr. Clay, with a sublimity of patriotism which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. “Sir” said he, in addressing the Committee of the whole House, “Is the time never to arrive when we may manage our own affairs without the fear of insulting the majesty of England? Is the rod of British power to be forever suspended over our heads? Does Congress put an embargo to shelter our rightful commerce against the piratical depredations committed upon it on the ocean? We are immediately warned of the indignation of offended England! Is a law of non-intercourse proposed? The whole navy of the haughty Mistress of the

seas is made to thunder in our ears! Does the President refuse to continue a correspondence with a Minister who violates the decorum belonging to his diplomatic character, by giving and deliberately repeating an affront to the whole nation? We are instantly menaced with the chastisement which English pride will not fail to inflict. Whether we assert our rights by sea, or attempt their maintenance by land, whethersoever we turn ourselves, this phantom incessantly pursues us!"

In January, 1814, Mr. Clay resigned the office of Speaker of the House of Representatives, and, as one of the Commissioners appointed for that purpose, proceeded to Ghent to negotiate a peace with England. To the great diplomatic ability he displayed during this memorable mission, Mr. John Q. Adams, who was associated with him, and than whom there can be no better judge, has borne the strongest testimony, which the country has abundantly confirmed. During his absence at Ghent he was re-elected to Congress; but doubts having arisen respecting the legality, under such circumstances, of the proceedings of his constituents, upon his return a new election was ordered, and with the same result.

Mr. Clay, as we have heard, never canvassed for a seat in Congress but once. During this canvass he met with an old hunter who had always been friendly towards him but who now opposed his election on account of his course in connection with what was termed the "Compensation Bill." A proposition had been made to give to each member of Congress a yearly salary of fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Clay preferred an increase of daily compensation to a fixed salary. "Have you," said he to the

hunter, "a good rifle, my friend?" "Yes," was the answer, "Did it never flash?" "Once only," he replied, "Did you throw it away?" "No," replied the hunter, "I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down the game." "Have I," asked Mr. Clay, "ever flashed but on the Compensation Bill?" "No." "Will you then throw me away?" "No, no," exclaimed the excited man, nearly overcome by the intensity of his feelings, "I will pick the flint and try you again." He became from that time, a warm friend and supporter of Mr. Clay.

There was, at this time, residing at Lexington, an Irish barber, who at all elections previously to the passage of the unpalatable bill to which allusion has been made, had manifested the utmost zeal for Mr. Clay. He had, indeed, often profited by his counsel and assistance when involved in those difficulties to which his warm hearted and impetuous countrymen are, of all men, most exposed, but after the passage of the "Compensation Bill," he became distrustful, and reserved—was no longer active, and manifested a total indifference as to the result of the canvass. At length he was questioned upon the subject by a gentleman for whose opinions and character he had professed a high respect. "I tell you what, docthur," he replied, "I mane to vote for the man that can put but one hand into the treasury." In early youth, Mr. Pope, the able and respectable opponent, at this time, of Mr. Clay, had lost one of his arms! But the Irishman's heart, like the hearts of his countrymen generally, was in the right place. He repented of his ingratitude, and meeting Mr. Clay afterwards in the street, he burst into tears as he accosted him, voluntarily confessed that he had wronged him, and that his wife had



also reproached him for his conduct. "Don't you remember, Jerry," she said, "when you were in jail, Mr. Clay came to you and made the baste of a jailor let you out?"

At the next session of Congress, Mr. Clay voted for the repeal of this unpopular Bill, and strongly advocated the recognition of South American Independence. He was opposed upon the ground, that the people of that country were too ignorant to appreciate the blessings of Liberty, and to conduct and sustain a system of government, founded upon free principles. To these objections, Mr. Clay replied that he was "no propagandist. He would not force upon other nations our principles of Liberty if they did not want them. He would not disturb the repose even, of a detestable despotism." With regard to the superstition of the South Americans, he said, "they worship the same God with us. Their prayers were offered up in their temples to the same Redeemer whose intercession we expected to save us. Nor was there anything in the Roman Catholic religion unfavourable to freedom. All religions united with government, were more or less inimical to liberty. All separated from government, were compatible with liberty." "Are we not bound," he asked, "upon our own principles, to acknowledge this new Republic? If we do not, *who will?*"

We have learned from a gentleman who has travelled in South America, that the noble speeches, pronounced by Mr. Clay in support of his motion for the recognition of Colombian Independence, were printed and suspended in the Legislative Halls and Council Chambers of that country, and that his name was mentioned only to be

blessed by the people whose cause he had so ably and so eloquently espoused.

In 1827 Mr. Clay received from President Bolivar, a letter expressive of the high sense entertained by that distinguished person of his talents and character, and acknowledging the obligation conferred upon the people of South America, by the effective and timely service which he had rendered to their cause. The reply of Mr. Clay, and which we regret our inability to copy entire, is alone sufficient to give the lie to every imputation which, with premeditated falsehood, has been cast upon him, of aristocratic predilections, and of an inordinate love of power. It is the production of a mind, conscious of its own rectitude, and integrity, conscious of having deserved the homage of gratitude and respect thus spontaneously offered, and of one also, who having from his cradle, breathed the pure atmosphere of liberty, and imbibed its noblest principles, feels itself entitled to address, even to the "Liberator" of South America, the language of admonition, and to assume the part of an expounder and defender of what he rightly regarded as the inestimable and inalienable birth-right of man.

"I should," he writes in reply to Bolivar, "be unworthy of the consideration with which your Excellency honors me, and deviate from the frankness which I have ever endeavoured to practice, if I did not on this occasion, state, that ambitious designs have been attributed by your enemies to your Excellency, which have created, in my mind, great solicitude. \* \* \* I cannot allow myself to believe that your Excellency will abandon the bright and

glorious path which lies plainly before you, for the bloody road passing over the liberties of the human race, on which the vulgar crowd of tyrants and military despots have so often trodden. I will not doubt that your Excellency will, in due time, render a satisfactory explanation to Colombia and to the world, of the parts of your public conduct which have excited any distrust; and that, preferring the true glory of our immortal WASHINGTON, to the ignoble fame of the destroyers of Liberty, you have formed the patriotic resolution of ultimately placing the freedom of Colombia upon a firm and sure foundation."

Mr. Clay's exertions in Congress were now made in behalf of Internal Improvement, and with his accustomed success. It is, indeed, to his able and persevering efforts that we are indebted for the finest road in the United States,—the great Cumberland Road which crosses the Alleghanies. In allusion to this great national work in one of his congressional speeches, he said: "We have had to beg, entreat, supplicate you, session after session, to grant the necessary appropriations to complete the road. I have myself toiled until my powers have been exhausted and prostrated, to prevail on you to make the grant."

He may almost be regarded as the father of this great enterprise, and we well remember, when a boy, while travelling in the West, the admiration with which we gazed upon the beautiful monument erected in commemoration of his efforts, upon the Cumberland Road. It is surmounted by the genius of Liberty, records the exertions in behalf of the measure, of the honored object of a nation's gratitude, and bears, as a further inscription, the now time-honoured name of "HENRY CLAY."

It was during the session of 1819 that the conduct of General Jackson, in the prosecution of his Florida Campaign was discussed in Congress. The principal measures for which he was censured were the harsh conditions of his proceedings and terms with the Indians—the execution of the two English prisoners of war, Arbuthnot and Ambrister, and his seizure of the then Spanish ports of St. Marks, and of Pensacola. It is well known that these arbitrary acts of the General did not meet with the approbation of Mr. Clay. Indeed, he was compelled by the circumstances of his position in Congress to meet them with direct censure. His grateful appreciation however, of the important military services rendered by Jackson, prompted the exercise of characteristic kindness and forbearance on the part of Mr. Clay, in his reluctant animadversions upon conduct which it was impossible for him as a faithful public servant to pass over in silence. So far as he had the power he threw the broad mantle of charity over the deeds he condemned. To the motives of the distinguished object of censure, he has always awarded the fullest justice; and never was he more ready to admit the purity of the General's intentions, than in the midst of the exciting debate to which his conduct gave rise. "I am disposed," said he, "to allow it in the most extensive degree. Of his *acts*, it is my duty to speak with the freedom which belongs to my station." The whole of Mr. Clay's subsequent conduct in relation to General Jackson, has been characterised by the same noble magnanimity, and that too, upon occasions when its practice could not have been anticipated. That devoted and generous patriotism which, in a peculiar manner and degree, dis-

tinguishes Mr. Clay above all his contemporaries, has ever been sufficiently powerful to create, in his bosom, esteem for those who have zealously served their country, and he has, accordingly, on all suitable occasions, not only awarded the highest praise to Jackson's military achievements, but has never hesitated to proclaim his gratitude for the noble services which that distinguished personage has—in his proper vocation—rendered to the country; and it will be more injurious to the Ex-President than to Mr. Clay, if he has failed to imitate this high-toned magnanimity.

In 1820 the subject of a Tariff which had often before engaged the attention of Congress, and of which Mr. Clay was ever the strenuous and able advocate, was again discussed by the people's representatives, and he renewed his earnest appeals in favour of his favourite American system. "I frankly own," said he in a speech delivered at this time, "that I feel great solicitude for the success of this measure. The entire independence of my country on all foreign states, as it respects a supply of our essential wants, has ever been with me, a favourite object. The war of our Revolution affected our political emancipation. The last war contributed greatly towards accomplishing our commercial freedom. But our complete independence will only be consummated after the policy of this bill shall be recognized and adopted. We have, indeed, great difficulties to contend with; old habits—colonial usages—the enormous profits of a foreign trade prosecuted under favourable circumstances, which no longer continue. I will not despair. The cause I verily believe, is the cause of the country. It may be postponed; it may be frustrated for the moment, but it finally must prevail."

The tariff bill was ultimately lost in the Senate. In 1824 the subject was again revived, and a new Tariff bill reported to the House by the Committee on Manufactures; and Mr. Clay, made on the occasion, his matchless speech in support of American Industry. Mr. Webster opposed the bill with all the force of his great abilities, but he was answered by Mr. Clay in a speech of surpassing eloquence and power, in which he reviewed and triumphantly refuted the objections that had been urged against it. The bill became a law in April of the same year, and eight years afterwards, in recalling the gloomy aspect of affairs in 1824, he thus describes the happy results of his far-seeing policy:

“I have now to perform the pleasing task of exhibiting an imperfect sketch of the existing state—of the unparalleled prosperity of the country. On a general survey we behold cultivation extending, the arts flourishing, the face of the country improved, our people fully and profitably employed, and the public countenance exhibiting tranquility, contentment and happiness. And, if we descend into particulars, we have the agreeable contemplation of a people out of debt; land rising slowly in value, but in a secure and salutary degree; a ready, though not extravagant market for all the surplus productions of our industry: innumerable flocks and herds browsing and gamboling on ten thousand hills and plains covered with rich and verdant grasses; our cities expanding, and whole villages springing up, as it were, by enchantment; our exports and imports increased and increasing, our tonnage, foreign and coastwise, swelling and fully occupied; the rivers of our interior, animated by the thunder and lightning of countless steam-

boats ; the currency sound and abundant ; the public debt of two wars nearly redeemed ; and, to crown all, the public treasury overflowing, embarrassing Congress, not to find subjects of taxation, but to select the objects which shall be relieved from the impost. If the term of seven years were to be selected of the greatest prosperity, which this people have enjoyed since the establishment of their present constitution, it would be exactly that period of seven years which immediately followed the passage of the tariff of 1824."

In Mr. John Randolph, so celebrated for his oratorical abilities, eccentricities, and violence, the tariff bill had a bitter and an untiring opponent ; and one who was not sparing of his malignant personal taunts at Mr. Clay, whom he rightly regarded as the great father of the measure. The history of this remarkable individual is fraught with instruction and admonition to all public men. His rancorous partizanship and personal animosities absorbed every feeling, and taxed every power of his strong and gifted mind, leaving nothing for his country, to which his great talents, if properly and steadily directed, might have been at once an ornament and a blessing, illustrating the principles and developing the resources of her political system, and creating towards himself a debt of gratitude which would have been long and proudly acknowledged. With a heart thus unhappily constituted, he seemed to have no sympathy with his fellow-men, but wrapped in self, and aware that he was better adapted for the work of demolition than construction, he appeared to rejoice in a cynical and habitual opposition to the great and patriotic statesmen with whom he was associated.

“Can he love the whole  
 Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend  
 Who is in truth, the friend of no man there?  
 Can he be strenuous in his country's cause  
 Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake  
 That country, if at all, must be beloved?”

“Sir,” said Mr. Clay on one occasion, in reply to Mr. Randolph, “the gentleman from Virginia was pleased to say that, in one point, at least, he coincided with me, in an humble estimate of my grammatical and philological acquirements. I know my deficiencies. *I was born to no proud patrimonial estate; from my father I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence.* I feel my defects; but so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may, without presumption, say they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I deplore my want of ability to furnish to the gentleman a better specimen of powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say, my regret is not greater than the disappointment of this Committee as to the strength of his argument.”

The great, exciting and, at the time, all absorbing “*Missouri Question*,” was debated in Congress during the session of 1820—21. It is hardly necessary to remind the intelligent reader, that the point at issue was, whether or not Missouri should be admitted into the Union as a slave state. The discussion of this vexed question was continued for several months, with wonderful ability, but with an intensity of bitterness and fierceness without precedent in the annals of legislation. The noble vessel of state was tempest tost on the angry and overwhelming billows of party strife, and those who had never before despaired of her safety, beheld nothing in prospect but the inevitable destruction, the total wreck of the most



splendid fabric which the wisdom and genius of man had yet devised for the happiness, security, and elevation of his race. Rufus King, John Sergeant, and Mr. Otis were the most prominent among those who advocated the exclusion of slavery from the new state, and they with their coadjutors, were zealously opposed by Henry Clay, John Randolph, Louis McLane, and others of eminent abilities; yet with each renewal of the subject for several consecutive sessions, the prospect of a safe and amicable adjustment of the distracting question, seemed, to the actors and to the nation, more and more hopeless.

Meanwhile heavy pecuniary losses and an utter derangement of his private affairs, consequent upon long service in Congress, and an almost exclusive attention to his laborious and engrossing public duties, compelled Mr. Clay to resign the office of Speaker, and with it his membership of the House of Representatives; but in consideration of the agitation of the public mind, and the danger of disunion, arising from the continued and still angry discussion of the Missouri Question, both in Congress and among the people, he was prevailed upon to retain his seat in the House until the expiration of the period for which he had been elected, although he no longer continued to preside over its deliberations. The subject of the admission of Missouri into the Union, had now occupied the attention of Congress, and of the country during the greater part of three entire sessions, threatening disunion at every stage of its gloomy progress, when in 1821, and just before his retirement from Congress, Mr. Clay proposed a plan of settlement and accommodation, which was finally adopted by an overwhelming majority of the House,

and unanimously by the Senate. His appeals to the patriotism of Congress, were frequent, strong, and brilliantly eloquent, and it was in the final, amicable disposition of this pregnant controversy, that he first won the proud title of "THE GREAT PACIFICATOR."

After an absence of three years from Congress, Mr. Clay, at the earnest solicitation of his former constituents, consented to a nomination and was elected, without opposition, a Representative in Congress, and was chosen Speaker of that body at the first ballot, by a majority of ninety-seven votes over Philip P. Barbour, the late incumbent. The following *jeu d'esprit* appeared in the newspapers, soon after the election :

"As near the Potomac's broad stream, t'other day,  
Fair *Liberty* strolled, in solicitous mood,  
Deep pondering the future—unheeding her way—  
She met goddess *Nature* beside a green wood;  
'Good mother,' she cried, 'deign to help me at need!  
'I must make for my guardians, a Speaker, to day;  
'The first in the world I would give them.' 'Indeed!  
'When *I* made the first Speaker, I made him of CLAY.' "

In 1823, Mr. Webster submitted to Congress, a proposition providing for the appointment of a Commissioner to *Christian Greece*, then struggling against the unparalleled cruelties and oppressions of the "*Turbaned Turk*;" and Mr. Clay, equally a stranger to debasing jealousy which, unhappily, prompts to the commission of unworthy deeds, and to that despicable envy which seeks to tear the laurel from a favoured brow, stood side by side with Mr. Webster, in defence of that illustrious and injured people.

"Are we," exclaimed Mr. Clay, to the opponents of the proposition; "so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece, that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal ex-

cesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more, of their imperial and royal majesties? \* \* \* If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least, evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes—that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection, and every modern tie. Sir, it has been attempted to alarm this Committee by the dangers of our commerce on the Mediterranean; *and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities, and eradicate our humanity.* Ah! sir, ‘what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’ or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade and loose its liberties.”

In 1822, Mr. Clay was nominated, by the Legislature of Kentucky, as the successor of President Monroe, whose second term of service would expire on the 3d of March, 1824. It is well known that the other prominent candidates for the succession were Messrs. John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, and Wm. H. Crawford. Mr. Calhoun, although not a candidate, had been nominated by a strong body of his political admirers. He, however, early withdrew his name, and the contest was confined to the friends of Mr. Clay, and those of the gentlemen whom we have named. It was soon discovered that the people would

fail to elect a President by the votes of the electoral colleges, and that the responsible duty of selection would devolve upon their Representatives in Congress.

On the eve of the Presidential election a report was widely circulated by the friends of one of the opposing candidate that Mr. Clay had withdrawn from the contest, and his prospects were, in consequence, much injured before his friends in Ohio,—among the foremost and most zealous of whom was the lamented HARRISON,—could issue a declaration in which they proclaimed that their candidate “would not be withdrawn but by the fiat of his Maker.”

We may here remark that the “good President” Harrison, was always a warm, personal friend of Mr. Clay, and made no secret of his just and patriotic sentiments, in regard to him. In a letter written in 1835, when many were pressing his own claims, he generously declares: “Under no circumstances will I suffer myself to be put in competition with Mr. CLAY. In reference to the other gentlemen who have been brought before the people, as suitable persons from whom the Whig candidate for the Presidency is to be chosen, it is my determination to yield to neither of them the track who may be thus chosen. But Mr. CLAY has far higher claims upon me, and if the question is between us, I shall leave it to himself to decide it, even if the majority of our friends should have decided in my favour.”

The election, as had been anticipated, now devolved upon the House of Representatives, and the position occupied by Mr. Clay was one of extreme difficulty, delicacy, and importance. His personal and official influence was immense,

—upon his decision, the fate of the candidates was suspended, and his course, therefore, became an object of great solicitude to the nation. His opinions had not been concealed in regard to the three individuals who, by Constitutional provision, were returned to the House. In letters and in conversation, long before it was understood that the election would devolve upon Congress, he had expressed his predilection, and declared the course he should take in the events of a failure on the part of the people to elect their President.

The evident physical inability of Mr. Crawford to discharge the duties of the Presidency, narrowed the choice of the House to the two highest candidates, Messrs. Adams and Jackson; and while the issue was yet undetermined, an infamous attempt was made by the imputation of corrupt motives, to force Mr. Clay into the abandonment of his well-known preference of the former. The calumny found a fitting vehicle in a rabid and scurrilous newspaper published at Philadelphia, and being caught up and re-echoed by the affiliated presses throughout the Union, was made the text of disappointed and unprincipled partizans, by ringing the changes on which they succeeded, to a considerable extent, in deceiving the ignorant and unreflecting.

The charge was, in substance, that by an understanding between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, the latter was to receive the appointment of Secretary of State in *reward* for his vote and influence in placing the former in the Presidential chair! It is extremely difficult at this late day to record with patience, a slander so vile in itself, and so absurdly destitute of truth or probability to support or excuse its malignant fabrication.

What was Mr. Clay's position in public affairs at this time? The simple answer to this question is a conclusive refutation of the charge. He occupied the chair of Speaker of the House of the Representatives of the people of the United States. In the discharge of the duties of this high and responsible office, at that time second in influence only to that of the President, he had acquired a reputation co-extensive with the country, and was an object of interest and pride to the whole people as the "unrivalled Speaker." Could the exchange of the advantages, the influence, and the reputation attendant upon this elevated station, for the drudgery, inadequate compensation and comparative obscurity—so far as this country was concerned—of a Secretaryship, be regarded as a REWARD by him who would consent to make it? But the slander was reiterated over and again by those by whom it had been originally promulgated, until a large body of the people—that people to whom he had been so long, so successfully and so earnestly devoted—forgetful of his pre-eminent services, and of his high claims from character, station and fame, to their unlimited confidence and regard, at length gave credence to it, and sympathising with the party whom they erroneously supposed to be injured, did grievous injustice to men whose past history, and elevated standing placed them above the temptation, and should have shielded them from the imputation or suspicion, of wrong.

It is not, we believe, generally known, that Mr. Madison, at the commencement of the war, designed to appoint Mr. Clay Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States. For his eminent fitness for a station involving duties so arduous and responsible, no doubts were entertained then, so universally favourable was the impression

in regard to his versatile talents, and none who are acquainted with Mr. Clay, or possess a knowledge of his character, temperament and services, will entertain them now. He was, however, the main support of the Madisonian administration, and could not be spared from the House, for which reason only his nomination to the Senate was withheld by the President. Here was a very strong proof of the confidence of Mr. Madison in the ability, patriotism and courage of Mr. Clay, who afterwards declined repeated offers of appointment to the highest offices in the bestowment of this gentleman, whose estimate of his talents was so exalted that he twice tendered him a seat in his Cabinet, and when this was declined, a foreign mission of the first grade.

By Mr. Monroe, the successor of Mr. Madison, he was, indeed, *importuned* to accept a Secretaryship, and when he found that he could not prevail upon Mr. Clay to comply with his earnest wish in this matter, he offered him a *Carte Blanche* of all the foreign missions.

No reflecting or candid mind will doubt or deny that if, through Mr. Clay's influence, the election either of General Jackson, or of Mr. Crawford, had been secured, the most honorable office in the President's gift, would have been proposed to him as his right. What possible advantage then, we may ask, could Mr. Clay secure to himself by his influence in the election of Mr. Adams, which he had not before, repeatedly refused, or now desiring, was not certain of receiving from either of the other candidates?

It is well known to all intelligent men, that from the period of the Seminole war, to that of the unexpected nomination of General Jackson for the Presidency, Mr.

Clay had entertained and expressed, but one opinion in regard to his civil qualifications. Of the positive and comparative fitness of Mr. Adams for the Presidential office, he was from long and intimate association fully qualified to judge: and he would have proved strangely false to his professions, to his country, and to his own fame, if, with his strong convictions in regard to the widely differing characters of these eminent men, and of their respective claims to civic honors, he had, for a single moment, hesitated as to the course which duty so plainly indicated, and so forcibly urged him to adopt. Why then, it may be asked, did he abandon those advantages to which we have adverted, as attaching to the office of Speaker, and accept a prominent appointment in the cabinet of the statesman whom his influence had placed in that high office which he filled with so much dignity and usefulness? The whole of Mr. Clay's previous political life, furnishes the answer. He accepted the appointment that he might have the power, more successfully, and in a more eminent degree, of serving his country, by forming part of, and in aiding to sustain an administration, for the honor and success of which he felt himself, in a measure, justly responsible to the people. And here again, he exhibited an example of moral courage, and of self devotion, for which we may search in vain for a parallel, unless, indeed, we find it in other periods of his own noble history. He was well aware of the violence of the storm of calumny, and of the exasperated and malignant jealousy and hatred with which he would be assailed by those who had endeavoured to obstruct his manly course in the path of duty, honor and patriotism, but, with a nobleness of purpose and courage



which will endear his name to all future generations, he made his election, and decided FOR HIS COUNTRY! If he had selfishly calculated the personal consequences of his patriotic course in regard to this matter, he would have abandoned the man whom his influence had elevated to the Presidency, to the relentless and unprincipled opposition of those who, like Mr. Richard M. Johnson, could declare in advance, that the administration of Mr. Adams should be "*put down, if as pure as the angels at the right hand of God.*" In a recent speech delivered to his constituents by Mr. Clay, he thus alludes with entire absence of unkindly feeling, to the consequences, personal to himself, which followed upon his determination to form a part of the administration of this distinguished statesman: "*My error in accepting the office arose out of my underrating the power of detraction and the force of ignorance, and abiding with too sure a confidence, in the conscious integrity and uprightness of my own motives. Of that ignorance, I had a remarkable and laughable example on an occasion which I will relate. I was travelling in 1828 through Spottsylvania, in Virginia, on my return to Washington, in company with some young friends. We halted at night at a tavern, kept by an aged gentleman, who, I quickly perceived, from the disorder and confusion which reigned, had not the happiness to have a wife. After a hurried and bad supper, the old gentleman sat down by me, and without hearing my name, but understanding that I was from Kentucky, remarked that he had four sons in that state, and that he was very sorry they were divided in politics, two being for Adams, and two for Jackson. Why? I asked him. 'Because,' he said, 'that fellow Clay, and*

Adams, had cheated Jackson out of the Presidency? Have you ever seen any evidence, my old friend, said I of that? 'No,' he replied, 'none,' and he wanted to see none. But, I observed, looking him directly and steadily in the face, suppose Mr. Clay were to come here, and assure you upon his honor, that it was all a vile calumny, and not a word of truth in it, would you believe him? No, replied the old gentleman, promptly and emphatically. I said to him in conclusion, will you be good enough to show me to bed, and bade him good night. The next morning, having in the interval, learned my name, he came to me full of apologies, but I at once put him at ease by assuring him that I did not feel in the slightest degree hurt or offended with him."

In addition to the evidence we have adduced of the absurdity and utter falsity of these charges, the testimony is upon record of General Lafayette, at this period the nation's honoured guest, of the honourable John J. Crittenden, the present worthy successor of Mr. Clay in the Senate, and of the entire delegation of that day, in Congress from Kentucky, which sustains in the most unequivocal manner, the statement of Mr. Clay, that his course had been determined upon, and widely proclaimed long before his departure from Kentucky to enter anew upon his congressional duties.

"Time as he courses onward,  
Still unrolls the volume of concealment,"

and the miserable slanderer, if not exposed by the treachery of his profligate accomplices, is often prompted by the upbraidings of a restless conscience to make spontaneous atonement for the injuries inflicted in wanton malice, or in earnest of expected, or of promised reward.

The recent, voluntary disclaimer of Carter Beverley, of Virginia, who, whether as the instrument of General Jackson, with whom, we regret to say, they originated, or in the gratification of a weak propensity, to meddle, and desire to gain for himself a momentary importance, gave circulation to the slanderous aspersions, should forever, disabuse the minds of all who lent a credulous ear to the wretched calumny aimed directly at Mr. Clay, and by implication against Mr. Adams, also.

In Mr. Beverley's letter of confession to Mr. Clay, (which will be found entire in the United States Gazette of March 2, 1842,) the following passages occur: "Although the time is quite far gone since I became very innocently instrumental in circulating throughout the country, a very great attack upon your character and virtue as a gentleman, and certainly a very heavy one as a public man, I feel exceedingly desirous to relieve you, as far as I can, from the slander, and my own feelings from the severe compunction that is within me; of having been, though neither directly nor indirectly your personal accuser, yet that I was drawn indiscreetly into the representation of an attack upon you. \* \* \* My entire object now is, a desire I have to be exonerated from the belief of any special desire to injure you. \* \* \* This letter is intended to show you that the long lapse of time, and the many growing circumstances of the country and government, have long ago, convinced me, that the *very greatest injustice was done you in the charge made.* \* \* \* I again say, that I am most thoroughly convinced that you were most untruthfully, and, therefore, unjustly treated, for I have never seen any evidence to substantiate at all the charge. \* \* \* HE WHO

WAS GENERALLY BELIEVED TO BE THE CIRCULATOR OF THE EGREGIOUS SLANDER AGAINST YOU, HEREBY REVOKES HIS BELIEF OF IT, AND UNEQUIVOCALLY DECLARES THAT IT IS UNPROVED, AND STANDS UTTERLY UNSUPPORTED TO THIS TIME, A PERIOD OF FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN YEARS."

Upon the retirement of Mr. Adams from the Presidency, a Committee of gentlemen of New Jersey, transmitted to him a complimentary address, which contained an expression of their respect, attachment, and undiminished confidence; and also of their approval of the measures of his truly republican administration. In his reply to this address, and in allusion to Mr. Clay, the venerable Ex-President wrote as follows: "Upon him, (Mr. Clay,) the foulest slanders have been showered. Long known and appreciated, as successively a member of both Houses of your National Legislature, as the unrivalled Speaker, and, at the same time, most efficient leader of debates in one of them; as an able and successful negociator for your interests in war and peace, with foreign powers, and as a powerful candidate for the highest of your trusts—the department of state itself was a station, *which by its bestowal could confer neither profit nor honor upon him*, but upon which he has shed unfading honor, by the manner in which he has discharged its duties. Prejudice and passion have charged him with obtaining that office by bargain and corruption. *Before you, my fellow citizens, in the presence of my Country and Heaven, I pronounce that charge totally unfounded.* This tribute of justice is due from me to him, and I seize with pleasure, the opportunity afforded me by your letter, of discharging the obligation. As to my motives of tendering to him the department of

state when I did, let that man who questions them come forward. Let him look around among the statesmen and legislators of that day. Let him then select and name the man whom by his pre-eminent talents, by his splendid services, by his ardent patriotism, by his all-embracing public spirit, by his fervid eloquence in behalf of the rights and liberties of mankind, by his long experience in the affairs of the Union, foreign and domestic, a President of the United States, intent only upon the honor and welfare of his country, ought to have preferred to HENRY CLAY. Let him name the man, and then judge you, my fellow citizens, of my motives."

We feel it to be unnecessary to pursue this matter further. The testimony of Mr. Adams, so full, so eloquent and so conclusive, must, apart from all other evidence, carry conviction to every intelligent, candid, and honourable mind. Among the warmest and most devoted, at this day, of the friends of Mr. Clay, we have the pride and the happiness to rank this illustrious and extraordinary man; and the following anecdote will prove that in private as well as in public he omits no opportunity of expressing his admiration and attachment for his friend: "I have frequently," writes a Washington correspondent of a New Jersey paper, "observed ladies albums circulating through the House and Senate Chamber, with the view of collecting the autographs of the members. One belonging to a young lady of —— attracted considerable attention. Upon examination, I found that it contained a page of well-written poetry, dated 23d, July, 1842, in the tremulous handwriting of John Q. Adams. This piece was descriptive of the wild chaos at present spread over our political affairs,

and anticipated coming events which would bring order out of disorder. The closing verse was as follows :

“ Say, for whose brow, this laurel crown ?  
 For whom this web of life is spinning ?  
 Turn this, thy Album, upside down,  
 And take the end for the beginning !”

The meaning of this was somewhat mystical, but by turning to the back of the book, and inverting it, on its last page a piece was found with the signature of H. CLAY.”

At the close of Mr. Adam’s presidential term, Mr. Clay resigned the office of Secretary of State, and returned to his residence in Kentucky, where he was welcomed by the entire mass of his old constituents, with the most enthusiastic cordiality.

Upwards of three thousand persons *had seats at the dinner*, which was given in honor of his return, and after a toast, expressive of their ardent attachment, of their undiminished confidence in his patriotism, of their pride in his character and talents, and of gratitude for his eminent public services, Mr. Clay arose and addressed the assembled multitude for nearly two hours in a strain of the richest and most touching eloquence, and with a power which even he had never yet surpassed. In allusion to the trials of his position as Secretary of State, and to the flood-gates of detraction which his enemies had opened upon him, and after expressing his gratitude for the unwavering support he had always received from his constituents, he thus expressed himself: “ When I felt as if I should sink beneath the storm of abuse and detraction, which was so violently raging around me, I have found myself upheld and sustained by your encouraging voices, and your approving smiles. I have, doubtless, committed many faults and in-

discretions, over which you have thrown the broad mantle of your charity. But I can say, and, in the presence of my God, and of this assembled multitude, I will say that have honestly and faithfully served my country ; that I have never wronged it ; and that, however unprepared I lament that I am to appear in the Divine Presence on other accounts, I invoke the stern justice of his judgments on my public conduct without the smallest apprehension of his displeasure."

It is, we believe, generally known, that when the House "resolves itself into Committee of the whole," the Speaker temporarily vacates the chair, calling thereto any other member of the House who presides during the sitting of the Committee. On all such occasions when any important questions were discussed, Mr. Clay took an active part, and hence it was that he so frequently addressed the House during the long period, that he occupied the Speaker's chair. His spirits were always buoyant, and his disposition playful, and the tediousness of debate was often enlivened by his gay sallies of wit, and the graceful friendliness of his attractive manners. The late General Smyth, better known perhaps, by the soubriquet of "*Proclamation Smyth*," on account of some famous proclamations published by him during the war, is represented to have been a gentleman of considerable learning, but by no means an attractive or agreeable Speaker. He was, in truth, sometimes insufferably dull and tedious. On one occasion, while in busy search for an authority, he remarked to Mr. Clay, who sat near him, "You, sir, speak for the present generation ; but I speak for posterity." "Yes," replied Mr. Clay, "and you seem resolved to speak until the arrival of *your* audience !"

General Lincoln, of Massachusetts, when a member of the House, was discussing the Revolutionary Pension Bill, and in reply to a remark that it would, for a long time be a serious burthen upon the treasury, as many of the pensioners would be very long-lived, exclaimed with patriotic fervour, "Soldiers of the Revolution live forever!" Mr. Clay followed him in the debate, and expressed the hope that his "worthy friend would not insist upon the very great duration of these pensions, which he had suggested." "Will he not," asked Mr Clay, "consent by a way of a compromise, to a term of 999 years instead of eternity?"

Mr. Clay has always been an ardent and eloquent friend of these poor revolutionary pensioners.

In the autumn of 1831, Mr. Clay was again elected a Senator in Congress by the legislature of his adopted State, and at the time of his re-appearance at Washington, he was nominated by the National Convention, which had assembled at Baltimore, a Candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to President Jackson.

The old question of a tariff was again agitated during this session of Congress, and, as usual, had in Mr. Clay, an able and consistent advocate. We cannot resist the temptation to make, from one of his speeches pronounced upon this occasion, the following extract from his reply to the enemies of the American System, and the advocates of the fallacious and impracticable doctrine of "*Free Trade.*" It is graphical, and disposes of this chimera in a very summary manner :

"Free trade! free trade! the call for free trade is as un-availing as the cry of a spoiled child in his nurse's arms, for the moon or stars that glitter in the firmament of Heaven. It never existed. It never will exist. Trade implies at least



two parties. To be free, it should be fair, equal and reciprocal. But if we throw our ports wide open to the admission of foreign productions free of all duty, what ports, of any other foreign nation shall we find open to the free admission of our surplus produce? We may break down all barriers to free trade on our part, but they will not be complete until foreign powers shall have removed theirs. There would be freedom on one side, and restrictions, prohibitions, and exclusions on the other. The bolts and the bars and the chains of all other nations will remain undisturbed. Gentlemen deceive themselves. It is not free trade they are recommending to our acceptance. *It is, in effect, the British Colonial System that we are invited to adopt; and if this policy prevail, it will lead substantially, to the recolonization of the States, under the Commercial Dominion of Great Britain.*"

We have now arrived at a period in the history of the country, through which it is true, we passed in safety, but with a renewal of all the elements of the furious discord and party animosity which characterized her struggle through the memorable scenes of the Missouri excitement, and which again, disturbed the foundations of our cherished political system. With the lapse of time, the wild spirit of Nullification, fostered by discontent and nurtured by the ravings of disappointed ambition, and which had its inauspicious origin in the new tariff law, waxed bolder and more insolent in its threatenings and denunciations. In South Carolina, the revenue laws which had been passed by Congress were declared, in an ordinance issued by a convention in the name of the people, null and void. The excitement was tremendous and alarming, and in the midst

of it General Jackson was re-elected, by a decreased majority, over Mr. Clay. In December, 1832, the President issued his celebrated proclamation, in which he warned the Nullification party of the consequences which would follow a perseverance in the course they had adopted. "I consider," said he, "the power to annul a law of the United States, assumed by one state, incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the Constitution, unauthorised by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed." In conclusion, he announced to the people his fixed determination to execute the laws of the land, and that a forcible opposition should be repelled, for "disunion by armed force is treason."

Governor Hayne, of South Carolina, issued a counter proclamation in which the offensive doctrine was strongly upheld. He exhorted the people to disregard the "vain menaces" of the President, "to protect the liberties of the State, to remain steadfast in their allegiance to it, and to hold themselves in readiness to take the field at a moment's warning," in resistance of the President's designs upon *their independence!* Upon the re-assembling of Congress, the tariff again occupied, almost exclusively, its attention. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate, reported a bill to enforce the collection of the revenue. The aspect of national affairs was now gloomy in the extreme. Those at the helm proved utterly incapable of weathering or of allaying the storm which had arisen, and which threatened to overwhelm the noble barque which had before so gallantly breasted the billows that dashed in angry tumult against its sides. Disunion, with the destruction of the

long cherished hopes of the friends of freedom and of mankind, was again threatened, and its direful accomplishment now seemed inevitable.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Clay, sacrificing upon the altar of his country's peace and tranquility, his long cherished opinions, stepped forward, and with his "COM-PROMISE BILL"—the intention of which was, by mutual concession, to reconcile the apparently conflicting interests of the North and the South—lulled the troubled waters of party strife, and, a SECOND TIME, PRESERVED THE INTEGRITY OF OUR GLORIOUS CONFEDERATION!

To the wisdom, courage, and patriotism, evinced by Mr. Clay, upon this trying occasion, Mr. John Tyler, now acting as President of the United States, has borne the strongest testimony. In a speech, delivered by him in the Virginia House of Delegates in 1839, *in favor* of Mr. Clay's great measure of the Distribution of the Sales of the Public Lands, he held this manly and eloquent language: "In my deliberate opinion there was but one man who could have arrested the then course of things (the tendency of Nullification to dissolve the Union) and that man was HENRY CLAY. It rarely happens, Mr. Speaker, to the most gifted, talented and patriotic, to record their names upon the page of history, in characters indelible and enduring. But, Sir, if to have rescued the country from civil war—*if to have preserved the Constitution and Union from hazard and total wreck*, constitute any ground for an immortal and undying name among men, then, I do believe, that he has won for himself that high renown. I speak what I do know, for I was an actor in the scenes of that perilous period. When he rose in that Senate Chamber, and held

in his hand the olive branch of peace, I, who had not known what envy was before, *envied him*. I was proud of him as my fellow-countryman, and still prouder that the *Slashes of Hanover*, within the limits of my own district, gave him birth."

The Compromise Bill was introduced by Mr. Clay as a substitute for one which had the sanction of President Jackson, and which contemplated the *immediate* reduction of duties to about fifteen per cent. on the *foreign* valuation; it proposed a *gradual* decrease of imposts through a period of nine years, when they were to remain fixed at twenty per cent. on the *home* valuation. Its objects were to preserve, as far as possible, the American System, and avert an impending Civil War; and while both of these were accomplished, its beneficent operation has been to save American Manufacture and Industry from the ruin which would have been the inevitable consequence of the project which it supplanted, and to unite the half alienated divisions of the country in the bonds of harmony and peace.

The course pursued by Mr. Clay in reference to the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the States, has added another chaplet to the wreath that adorns his brow; while the opposition of General Jackson to this measure—an opposition prompted by an unworthy spirit of jealousy and dislike towards its illustrious originator, has injured his own fame, and been a source of regret to many of his friends.

Originally conveyed to the General Government by the States in whose jurisdiction they lay, they were held in trust and in express limitation for the use and benefit of those who were then, or should hereafter, become, members

of the Confederation ; and it was provided that distribution of the proceeds of the sales among them should be made, in the language of the Deeds of Cession, "according to their usual respective proportions in the general charge and expenditure."

One great "use and benefit" to which, with common consent, they were applied, was the extinguishment of the debts—several and confederate—of the Revolution, which were assumed and funded by Congress under the new Constitution. This object accomplished, the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the lands among the States is a matter not of expediency merely, but of absolute right ; required in faithful execution of a solemn contract ; and which, at the present time, would be especially salutary,—lightening the taxation necessary for the fulfilment of the obligations which some of them have contracted in the prosecution of their plans of internal improvement, and constituting, for those not thus involved, a fund for the great purposes of Education, and the development of their physical resources. But, apart from the manifest justice of the measure, and its influence in lessening the burdens and promoting the welfare of the individual members of the Union, it cannot fail to be directly beneficial to the whole nation, by removing from the political arena a topic of contention and means of corruption, and by withholding from the revenue, an element, which by reason of its varying amount, must necessarily, be productive of fluctuation and instability ; leading to the alternate expansion and contraction of duties, and causing every department of Industry to languish through the want of a fixed and permanent policy.

Thwarted in his hopes respecting this measure, once by the assumption of the "responsibility" of its defeat by

President Jackson, and more recently by Mr. Tyler, who, with easy facility has, within a few months, both advocated and opposed it, it is still commended by Mr. Clay, together with the entire Whig party, to the common sense and true interests of the people; its adoption is demanded by the will of the nation, declared through their Representatives in Congress, where it has repeatedly passed by large majorities; and the efforts for its attainment will not be relaxed until crowned with complete success.

Mr. Clay was constantly and laboriously occupied during the remainder of his Senatorial term. The rejection of Mr. Van Buren's nomination, as Minister to England, for violating the national dignity by presenting his country in a divided attitude, before the British government, and supplicating as a boon to party what should have been asked as the right, and in the name, of the nation;—the resolutions of censure of General Jackson for his unconstitutional and arbitrary measures in connection with the removal of the public deposits—the re-charter of the Bank of the United States which had been unequivocally and emphatically demanded by the people, and of which measure, therefore, Mr. Clay was the most prominent advocate—the exciting debate upon the President's extraordinary and unprecedented protest;—in the discussion of all these and many other questions of minor importance did this indefatigable and able Statesman participate with his accustomed eloquence and ability, establishing new claims to the respect and admiration of his countrymen, and laying still more broadly the firm foundations of an enduring and overshadowing fame. As an instance of remarkable prescience, displayed by him in 1835, we give a short extract from a speech delivered at this time in the Senate.

How truly did he then predict the policy of the administration towards the catastrophe now so widely felt and deplored! "There being," said he, "no longer any sentinel at the head of our banking establishments, to warn them, by its information and operations, of approaching danger, the local institutions already multiplied to an alarming extent and almost daily multiplying in seasons of prosperity will make free and unrestrained emissions. All the channels of circulation will be gorged. Property will rise extravagantly high, and, constantly looking up, the temptation to purchase will be irresistible. Inordinate speculation will ensue, debts will be freely contracted, and when the season of adversity comes, as come it must, the banks, acting without concert and without guide, obeying the law of self-preservation, will all at the same time, call in their issues: the vast number will exaggerate the alarm, and general distress, wide-spread ruin, and an explosion of the general banking system, or the establishment of a new Bank of the United States, will be the ultimate effects."

What was thus accurately predicted by Mr. Clay, has since become matter of history, and the following extract from a letter recently addressed by General Hamilton, of South Carolina, to his friend the Honorable John C. Calhoun, portraying the present disastrous condition of things, is the more valuable as being the admission of one who, in advocating the election of General Jackson, was instrumental in bringing upon the country the evils which he deploras.

"This circulation," he observes, (alluding to that of the late Bank of the United States,)—"In the recesses of that financial wisdom which is past finding out, was destroyed by our friend General Jackson, when he slew the Bank of

the United States with the arm of Samson, and almost "with the self-same weapon, too," when we recollect all the twaddle of the old gentleman on this subject. He, as Burke said, was certainly a "consummate architect of Ruin," in his time and tide, and had the happy faculty of impersonating a corporation "in his mind's eye," for the purpose of hating it as cordially as he once did you and Mr. Poindexter. When, therefore, Mr. Biddle entered into a contest with this hero of two wars, he forgot the wisdom of the Spanish proverb, 'That he who sets down to dine with the devil should eat with a long spoon.' What has been the result of this feast, in broken meat and empty plates you well know. It has left our country palsied indeed—hungry in flesh and poor in spirit. I doubt, since the creation of the world, whether such an example can be exhibited as we have presented for the last sixteen years of folly and misgovernment. No Southern planter would permit his plantation for one hour to be governed with such a lack of all sense and providence. The Caffras and Hottentots, in reference to their condition, I doubt not, have been governed with a policy far more vigilant and enlightened. A country of immense resources, in a period of profound peace, on the verge of bankruptcy. Any man who will read Hume's essays on "Public Credit" and on "Money," can be at no loss to trace our present condition to its true cause. We have been suffering ever since General Jackson destroyed the Bank of the United States, (with the exception of a short period of distempered inflation created by his own measures) under a steadily diminishing circulation, which the eminent philosopher to whom I have referred, has declared to be one of the worst calamities



that can befall a civilized country—far more disastrous “than the continued blight of unfavorable harvests and seasons.” This result has been first in the constant action of the Federal Government, or their supposed meditated action on the Banks of the States, which created a universal panic, that has compelled the Banks to withdraw their circulation, and next the General Government permitting to remain in criminal abeyance their sovereign function to supply a currency equal to that of the wants of the country, “to regulate its value.”

The consequence is, that the States have nothing in the shape of credit, or money at home to pay with abroad. Every species of property has fallen from fifty to one hundred per cent, and the standard of value so seriously disturbed that a man in 1839 might have had property to three times the value of his debts, yet he is now *ipso facto* ruined by the silent transit of our country from a redundant circulation to what some are pleased most felicitously to call a hard money currency—when the fact is that we can procure that which is neither hard nor soft.”

In 1836 Mr. Clay was re-elected to the Senate of the United States, and besides the renewed discussion of the Land Bill, involving extraordinary projects of Mr. Calhoun, and of Mr. Walker of Mississippi, for the disposition of the public domain, the infamous *Expunging Resolutions* of Senator Benton, introduced by that arch demagogue more in hatred of Mr. Clay than regard for General Jackson, and the final passage of which has left an indelible stain upon the national scutcheon,—by prostrating the independence of the Senate at the footstool of Executive power, was long debated and manfully opposed by Mr. Clay and his Whig associates of that body.

We hope that the day is far distant when the people of this country, who should endure

“Chains no where patiently; and chains at home  
Where they are free by birth-right not at all,”—

will forget the fratricidal crime of those who, marshalled by *such* a leader, wantonly violated their country's constitution in sustaining a measure so despicably peurile and deliberately wicked.

In 1836, Mr. Clay declined being a candidate at the Presidential election of that period, and Mr. Van Buren was elected through the influence of the chief under whom, with characteristic sycophancy, he once accounted it sufficient glory to have served, over General Harrison and Mr. White, the former of whom had fought the battles of his country, and grown gray in her service!

Mr. Clay continued at his post in the Senate in the faithful performance of all the arduous duties of the station, and upon every question involving the interests of the people and the honor of the government he was ever the most fearless and able champion, distinguished among Senators illustrious for talents, learning, and length of service, and justly regarded as the “NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.” The period for a new election of President of the United States to succeed Mr. Van Buren was now rapidly approaching, and the hopes of a large majority of the people were centered, once more, upon Mr. Clay.

Mr. Van Buren was nominated by the *purely democratic one term party*, for RE-ELECTION! The Harrisburgh Convention, in due time assembled, and it was the general expectation as well as the wish of the Whigs that their veteran favourite should receive an unanimous and cordial nomination. For reasons now too generally known to

require a particular reference to them here, his acknowledged claims to this great distinction, were, reluctantly postponed, and the nomination of General Harrison received his prompt and generous support.

Documents on record, relative to this Convention, exhibit in strong colors the generous and disinterested conduct of Mr. Clay. Writing in 1839 to the Kentucky Delegation in that body, and alluding to the request made by the State Convention of Pennsylvania, that he would withdraw his name in favour of General Harrison, as being, in the opinion of that body the first choice of the opposition in that State; and also to the numerous appeals from private citizens, public meetings, and conventions in various parts of the United States, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, that he would consent to be a candidate, he observes, with characteristic patriotism and magnanimity :

“It is perfectly manifest that I cannot comply with all these conflicting opinions and wishes, nor, I apprehend, with any one of them, without disobliging the others.

Under these embarrassing circumstance, I have thought it most advisable to leave to the Convention at Harrisburgh, the free selection of candidates as being the assembly to which, by common consent, that important duty has been referred. Representing, as it probably will, all parts of the United States, bringing together the feelings and views of all, comparing and weighing the local information which it will derive from every portion, it will be most competent to make a nomination acceptable to the great majority of its constituents. That it will be faithful to the high trust confided to its judgment and patriotism, cannot be doubted; and having a full view of the whole ground, it will be

more likely to make a selection agreeable to the great body of the opposition than any separate convention could do, however enlightened and patriotic it may be. If the Pennsylvania Convention, to which I have just alluded, be right in supposing that the distinguished citizen whom it prefers would be more likely to be successful than any other, he ought to be nominated, and undoubtedly for that reason, will be nominated, by the Harrisburgh Convention, should it entertain the same opinion.

With a just and proper sense of the high honor of being voluntarily called to the office of President of the United States by a great, free, and enlightened People, and profoundly grateful to those of my fellow citizens, who are desirous to see me placed in that exalted and responsible station, I must, nevertheless say, in entire truth and sincerity, that if the deliberations of the Convention shall lead them to the choice of another as the candidate of the opposition, far from feeling any discontent, the nomination will have my best wishes, and receive my cordial support.

And, gentlemen, I hope that you, my friends and neighbours, will excuse the liberty I take in expressing to you my anxious desire that, discarding all attachment or partiality to me, and guided solely by the motive of rescuing our country from the dangers that now encompass it, you will heartily unite in the selection of that citizen, although it should not be me, who may appear to be most likely, by his election, to bring about a salutary change in the administration of the General Government—a change, without which we shall be mocked by the forms, and stripped of the substantial benefits of free institutions.”

The Whigs having elected their candidate by an overwhelming majority, were now prepared to carry out the measures, for which they had so long and so strenuously contended, when, by a dispensation of Providence as mournful as it was unexpected, the power of action was snatched from their grasp, and the advantages of victory being lost, through the treachery and defection of the Vice-President, they are compelled to buckle on their armour and combat once more for the ground already so bravely won.

The country is familiar with the extraordinary exertions of Mr. Clay in the Senate down to the period of his final retirement to the shades, and comparative repose of private life. His services, especially during the recent *Extra Session* of Congress, in degree and importance surpassing those rendered by most statesmen during a long public career, excited the surprise and extorted the respect of men of all parties.

The course of Mr. Tyler, since his assumption of the duties of the Presidency on the demise of General Harrison, has been a source of mortification and regret to those by whose votes he was, so unmeritedly raised from the safe and befitting obscurity of private life to the second office in the nation. His unexpected and extraordinary opposition to measures essential to the public welfare, his violation of pledges expressed and implied, his weak vacillating and destructive policy, (if that may be termed policy which exhibits no definite aim,) his proscription of former friends; his puny jealousy of Mr. Clay, and his betrayal of every principle involved in his elevation, have received, and are receiving the indignant rebuke of an insulted people. In reference to the Bank Bill

vetoed by Mr. Tyler in disregard of all his previous declarations in its favour, Mr. Clay, in a speech of 19th August, 1841 thus nobly expressed himself:

“Shall I be told that the honor, the firmness, the independence of the Chief Magistrate might have been drawn in question if he had remained passive, and so permitted the bill to become a law? I answer that the office of Chief Magistrate is a sacred and exalted trust, created and conferred for the benefit of the nation and not for the private advantage of the person who fills it. Can any man’s reputation for firmness, independence, and honor be of more importance than the welfare of a great people.”

In reply to Senator Rives, on the same occasion, he held the following characteristic and striking language: “The Senator says that, if placed in like circumstances, (with Mr. Tyler) I would have been the last man to avoid putting a direct veto upon the bill had it met my disapprobation; and he does me the honour to attribute to me high qualities of stern and unbending intrepidity. I hope that in all that relates to personal firmness—all that concerns a just appreciation of the insignificance of human life—whatever may be attempted to threaten or alarm a soul not easily swayed by apposition, or awed or intimidated by menace—a stout heart, and a steady eye that can survey, unmoved and undaunted, any mere personal perils that assail this poor, transient, perishing fame, I may, without disparagement, compare with other men. But there is a sort of courage which, I frankly confess, I do not possess,—a boldness to which I dare not aspire,—a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I cannot, I have not the courage to do, I cannot interpose the power

with which I may be invested, a power conferred not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandisement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough, I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct, and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that high and noble courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good. \* \* \* Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring towards Heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from the immortal God, and leaving, at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of

self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion and of death itself—that is public virtue,—that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues.”

It is grateful to turn from the petty and selfish strife of inferior spirits, and from the disgusting and pervading evidences of political expedients and intrigue, daily exhibited in the actions of public men, to the vigorous and efficient efforts of commanding talent, sound and various learning, pure and lofty patriotism, exhibited especially, in the career of the illustrious man whose brilliant and instructive history we have thus imperfectly endeavoured to trace. It exhibits, in bold relief, the unwavering determination of a strong, cultivated, ardent and superior mind to press onward in one undeviating course to the grand ultimate object of a patriot's ambition,—his country's welfare and glory. Of such a Statesman the whole country has reason to be proud—his fame, his name, as well as his services are national, and who that venerates the *Sanctus amor patriæ*, that can feel and appreciate the power of matchless eloquence and genius, exerted for the sublimest of purposes—the preservation of the national union, dignity and honor—the promotion and advancement of universal happiness and freedom, can fail to be deeply interested in the past career and future destiny of such a man as HENRY CLAY. It matters not what part of the country may claim him by particular adoption, or may boast the honor of his birth,—his fame,—enduring as the race of mankind upon earth,—is the common property of the nation, and as such will ever be scrupulously and fondly cherished by a just, an enlightened, and a grateful people.



He has long occupied the first rank among the great men of the nation—pre-eminent for the fervor of his patriotism and stern public virtue,—unquailing courage, and determined faithfulness in the performance of his high national duties, he is moreover a Statesman of enlarged experience, comprehensive views, and most magnanimous dispositions; and his varied and unprecedented labors, exalted and inappreciable services, entitle him to the profoundest gratitude and the highest honors, of his country,—honors which it concerns the national character cordially to bestow.

But it is more for that country's credit, happiness and prosperity than for the advancement of his individual glory, that his fellow-citizens wish for the guidance of his master-spirit at the helm, for no station can add lustre to *his* fame and universal experience proves that the heavy responsibilities of power countervail its attractions. His retirement from the Senate in 1842,—deeply as his conviction of its propriety was regretted by the people, was regarded by them as a noble act of self-sacrifice at the shrine of his country's welfare. The position he occupied in that august assemblage made him the “observed of all observers;” and the eyes and the hearts of the patriotic of all sections of this broad land were directed toward him with anxious solicitude and hope. But the intrigues of envious and ambitious politicians rendered his counsels no longer available for the public good. Measures, originating with him and essential to national prosperity, were pressed indeed, with patriotic fervor, upon those in office, but the wand of power was stretched forth,—“in envy of Great Cæsar,”—and all his earnest efforts for his country's hap-

piness were paralyzed by the selfish and arbitrary will of one man, whom neither merit nor services of his own, but a deeply afflictive dispensation of Providence, had elevated to a station towards which, in his wildest aspirations, his dazzle dvision had never, seriously, endeavoured to gaze, and the giddy eminence of which, so unexpectedly attained, has produced, through a lamentable bewilderment of ordinary faculties, a strange forgetfulness of honesty and truth, and developed his utter unfitness for a wise discharge of its high responsibilities. Neither can the powerful apologetical eloquence, nor the rare special pleading of the Secretary of State, as exhibited in his disingenuous and malevolent Speech at Fanueil Hall in September 1842, win for the administration of the acting President the affection or the confidence of the nation, or rescue its head from that universal and abiding contempt to which he has been doomed by a deeply injured and offended people.

—“The age of virtuous politics is past,  
*And we are deep in that of cold pretence.*  
 Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,  
*And we too wise to trust them.”*

Henry Clay has been too long identified with the patriotic hopes of the Whigs, to permit his continued separation from them for any other cause than that of death. Considerations of gratitude and admiration apart, the necessities of a mis-governed and suffering country loudly call him from retirement, and the history of his life abundantly proves that her call has never yet been made in vain.

We cannot better close this imperfect sketch than in the just and eloquent language of MR. GEORGE BANCROFT, the learned historian of the United States. In 1832 he

thus wrote in reference to Mr. Clay, whose opinions, principles and character have undergone no change, while circumstances, extraneous to the present position and past career of the distinguished object of his glowing panegyric, have placed Mr. Bancroft foremost in the ranks of ultra-democracy.

“In early youth and in maturer years, as a citizen and as a Representative, at home or abroad, in peace and in war, in the Chair of the House of Representatives, in a most important Diplomatic capacity, in the Cabinet and in the Senate, he has been the strenuous, indefatigable, eloquent and triumphant supporter of those principles of government and policy on which the union of the states and prosperity of the people depend. The entire political life of this distinguished Statesman is a guaranty to the country that, beneath his auspices, the reign of violence, of arbitrary discretion, of secret influence, and peremptory dictation, will pass away, and that of civil rule will return. Under his administration, the people of the United States will enjoy, what they are now deprived of—the benefit of a government of laws. The directory of the administration will be found in the statute book, and the other constitutional depositories of the law, and not in private executive construction. Offices whose uncorrupt discharge is essential to the welfare of the people, will no longer be regarded as the spoils of victory. Appointments repeatedly negatived by the constitutional advisers of the President, will not be renewed, by his sole will, the moment that the Senate adjourns. The execution of the laws will not be suspended on the pretence of their unconstitutionality. The countenance of the administration will not be extended

to an unprincipled press, nor offices of trust and emolument bestowed as the reward of the slanderer. The patronage of the government will not be exerted to defeat the will of the people. The great domestic interests of the country will be upheld by a steady unequivocal support, its industry will be spared the shock of a disordered currency. The faith of treaties will be kept sacred, and the honor of the United States will be sustained in their intercourse with foreign governments; and the Union of the States, the precious legacy we have inherited from our fathers, will be preserved unimpaired for our children."



Clay Minstrel.

“I was born a Democrat,—rocked in the cradle of the Revolution—and at the darkest period of that ever memorable struggle for Freedom. I recollect in 1781 or '82, a visit made by Tarleton's troops to the house of my mother, and of their running their swords into the new made graves of my father, and grandfather, thinking they contained hidden treasures. Though then not more than four or five years of age, the circumstance of that visit is vividly remembered, and it will be to the last moment of my life. I was born a democrat—was raised and nurtured a Republican—and shall die a Republican, in the faith and principles of my fathers.”—

Clay's Speech, in Indiana, 1842.

THE  
CLAY MINSTREL.

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HARRY OF THE WEST.

AIR—*The Star Spangled Banner.*

Lo! the chieftain is gone from the scene of his fame,  
But the halo of ages shall gather around it;  
For his sword waved in Justice and Liberty's name,  
And Liberty's hand with her myrtle has crown'd it,  
He has mounted on high to the patriot's sky,  
While his country was last in the heart and the sigh,  
But joy! tho' the hero has gone to his rest,  
His MANTLE is left to our Hope of the West.

He sha'' wear it in glory, in honor, in power,  
In despite of abstraction, of knaves and of treason,  
And the venal shall tremble, the coward shall cower,  
Ephemeral insects that flutter their season.  
Yes, the noble and great, in the forum of state,  
By the dictum of freemen, the fiat of fate,  
Shall rule o'er the land that his labours have blest,  
Our Harry, the dauntless, and pride of the West.

He has stood like a rock when the tempest has roared,  
And the gallant have trembled at dangers surround-  
ing,  
'Mid the war of great minds his warm spirit has soared,  
In the triumph of genius the proudest confounding,

The tyrant's strong chain he has riven amain—  
 Bear witness, fair Greece, and Colombia's plain ;  
 Then deep in our hearts with the noblest and best,  
 We'll shrine him, our Harry, and Hope of the West.

Look o'er the proud scroll of your glorious names,  
 From the light of to-day, through the long lapse of  
 ages,

To souls that were honor's, and virtue's, and fame's,  
 Whose fire and devotion illumine the world's pages—  
 Then turn in your pride where the WHOLE are allied—  
 To the statesman unyielding, the patriot guide,  
 And point, while your gratitude beams all expressed,  
 To Harry, our glory, and STAR OF THE WEST.

Fill, fill to the brim in the lymph of your springs,  
 And toast him, fair Liberty's peerless defender ;  
 And bear it, ye breezes, on wondering wings,  
 Wherever Aurora diffuses her splendor.

Our banner's unfurled, it shall BEACON the world,  
 'Till the Dagon of doubt and abstraction is hurled,  
 And we throne in his place whom his country loves  
 best—

Our Harry, the glory, the Pride of the West.

— F. R. H.

### THE WORKINGMEN'S SONG.

TUNE—“ *There's nae luck about the house*”—or “ *The Washing Day*.”

Times wont be right, 'tis plain to see,  
 Till Tyler runs his race ;  
 But then we'll have a better man,  
 To put into his place.

For now we'll rouse with might and main,  
 And work and work away,  
 And work ! work ! work ! work !  
 And put in Henry Clay.



The FARMERS want good times again.

To sell their wheat and pork,  
 And so, to put in HENRY CLAY,  
 They're going right to work.  
 They'll plough and sow, and reap and mow,  
 And thresh and thresh away,  
 And thresh, thresh, thresh, thresh,  
 And vote for Henry Clay.

The LABORING MEN that want more work,

And higher wages too,  
 Will help to put in Henry Clay,  
 With better times in view.  
 They'll saw and chop, and grub and dig,  
 And shovel and shovel away,  
 And shovel, shovel, shovel, shovel,  
 And vote for Henry Clay.

The WEAVERS too will go to work

For a Tariff and Henry Clay,  
 They'll make us the cloth we want,  
 If they can have fair play.  
 They'll reel and spool and warp and wind,  
 And weave and weave away,  
 And weave, weave, weave,  
 And vote for Henry Clay.

We want no CLOTHING ready made,

From England or from France,  
 We've TAILORS here who know their trade,  
 They ought to have a chance,  
 They'll cut and baste and hem and press,  
 And stitch and stitch away,  
 And stitch, stitch, stitch, stitch,  
 And vote for Henry Clay.

The **HATTERS** do not want to see,  
 Their kettles standing dry,  
 And so they'll go for **Henry Clay**,  
 And then the fur will fly,  
 They'll nap and block and color and bind,  
 And finish and finish away,  
 And finish, finish, finish, finish,  
 And vote for **Henry Clay**.

**SHOEMAKERS** too, with right good will,  
 Will join the working throng, ;  
 And what they do for **Henry Clay**,  
 They do both neat and strong.  
 They'll crimp and cut and last and stitch,  
 And ball and ball away,  
 And ball, ball, ball, ball,  
 And vote for **Henry Clay**.

The **COOPERS** know, when farmers thrive,  
 Their trade is always best,  
 And so they'll go with one accord,  
 For **Harry of the West**.  
 They'll dress and raise and truss and croze,  
 And hoop and hoop away,  
 And hoop, hoop, hoop, hoop,  
 And vote for **Henry Clay**.

The **BLACKSMITHS** will roll up their sleeves  
 Their sledges they will swing,  
 And at the name of **Henry Clay**,  
 They'll make their anvils ring.  
 They'll blow and strike and forge and weld,  
 And hammer and hammer away,  
 And hammer, hammer, hammer, hammer,  
 And vote for **Henry Clay**.

And thus we'll work and thus we'll sing,  
 Till Tyler's race is run,  
 And then we'll have, to fill his place,  
 KENTUCKY'S FAVORITE SON.  
 For now we'll rouse, with might and main,  
 And work and work away,  
 And work, work, work, work,  
 And put in HENRY CLAY.

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## HARRY OF KENTUCKY.

TUNE—*'Tis my delight of a shiny night.*

Once more our glorious banner out,  
 Upon the breeze we throw—  
 Beneath its folds, with song and shout,  
 Let's charge upon the foe!  
 Our chosen chief, alas!—no more  
 Shall place his lance in rest—  
 But well we know the love he bore  
 Our Harry of the West,  
 Our Harry of the West, my boys,  
 Our Harry of the West.

Then brothers, rise and rally round,  
 The statesman ever true,  
 Until his name with trumpet sound,  
 Shall wake the welkin's blue,  
 And millions with admiring eyes,  
 Shall call him from his rest,  
 The Hero of new victories,  
 Our Harry of the West, &c.

When sought the red coats, as of old,  
 The empire of the FREE,  
 And British cannons once more rolled,  
 Its thunder o'er the sea.  
 Who loudest cheered our gallant tars,  
 And fired the soldier's breast,  
 Till victory hailed our stripes and stars,  
 But Harry of the West, &c.

And when no more the groaning South  
 To Spain would bend the knee,  
 But rising, at the cannon's mouth,  
 Proclaimed she would be free—  
 Who heard his burning accents fall  
 And reared her starry crest,  
 YOUNG INDEPENDENCE, at the call,  
 Of Harry of the West, &c.

When e'er forgot the commonweal,  
 And party waves run strong,  
 'Till e'en the wisest halt and feel  
 That every thing goes wrong—  
 There's one the olive branch who brings  
 And lulls the storm to rest,  
 'Till peace comes on her angel wings,  
 'Tis Harry of the West, &c.

Let Ty with Calhoun "jump just so,"  
 And dance "Virginny reels."  
 Each striving which to Whigs can show  
 The cleanest pair of heels.  
 Let loco focus bid them hail,  
 We'll head their trait'rous guest,  
 Kentucky rifles never fail  
 With Harry of the West, &c.

Let Van his mottled forcés drill,  
 'Till Benton swears 'tis hard,  
 And captain Tyler shows his skill  
 With his tremendous Guard."  
 What care we for them, great and small,  
 E'en though they do their best?  
 For old Kentuck will head them all—  
 Our Harry of the West, &c.

The honors which the hero won,  
 Encircle not his head—  
 Like withered wreaths, they rest upon  
*Another's* brow instead—  
 The statesman never faithless known,  
 The worthiest and the best,  
 Shall make them bloom again—our own  
 True Harry of the West, &c.

Oh! ever green the sod that lie  
 Above the sainted Dead—  
 And o'er our path his memory,  
 For aye his radiance shed!  
 It's hallowed light shall fall upon  
 Our flag, where'er it rest,  
 And write the name of *Harrison*  
 With *Harry of the West*, &c.

Then let the glorious banner float  
 To the sunshine and the blast,  
 'Till victory sounds her bugle note,  
 The din of battle past.  
 No brighter name can lead us on,  
 High on its folds imprest,  
 Than thine, truth's gallant Champion,  
 Our Harry of the West, &c.

## GALLANT HARRY.

TUNE—*Royal Charlie.*

Written for the Clay Club of Germantown, and dedicated  
to all the Clay Clubs throughout the Union.

Once more, and at our country's call,  
We're here this night to rally,  
From lowly cot and stately hall,  
From mountain top and valley,  
Come east, come west,  
Come strive your best ;  
Oh! freemen do not tarry,  
But strike the blow, your foes o'erthrow,  
And shout for gallant Harry!  
And shout for gallant Harry!  
But strike the blow, your foes o'erthrow,  
AND SHOUT FOR GALLANT HARRY.

When doubt and gloom o'erspread the land,  
And e'en the boldest trembled,  
Who was it took the foremost stand,  
*And never yet dissembled!*  
Come south, come north,  
Come boldly forth,  
AND STRIKE FOR CLAY AND GLORY,  
For this he'll stand the test of time,  
And live in noblest story,  
And live in noblest story!  
For this he'll stand the test of time,  
AND LIVE IN NOBLEST STORY.

Then pass his honor'd name around,  
'Till echoes catch your thunder,  
The universal glad rebound,  
Shall make the Tories wonder!  
Come one, come all,  
Let naught appal,

Brave boys no longer tarry,  
 But stand by him who never quail'd,  
 Our true and gallant Harry,  
 Our true and gallant Harry,  
 But stand by him who never quail'd,  
 OUR TRUE AND GALLANT HARRY.

There's not a lass in this broad land,  
 But vows she'd scorn to marry,  
 The lad who don't give heart and hand,  
 To glorious, gallant Harry!  
 Come east, come west,  
 Come all the rest,

'Tis ours the day to carry,  
 And once again our foes o'erthrow,  
 Led on by gallant Harry.  
 Led on by gallant Harry.  
 And once again our foes o'erthrow,  
 LED ON BY GALLANT HARRY.

Then here's a health to Harry's cause,  
 Let not the wild notes tarry,  
 Thy noble name our heart's blood warms,  
 Thrice great and gallant Harry!  
 We'll strive our best,  
 And know no rest,

'Till we the ship shall carry,  
 And all our foes o'ercome or won,  
 Subdued by gallant Harry,  
 Subdued by gallant Harry,  
 And all our foes o'ercome or won,  
 SUBDUED BY GALLANT HARRY.

Our Western Hope—the hope of all,  
 Through us shall not miscarry,  
 For now we're pledged to rise or fall,

With noble, gallant Harry!  
 Come o'er the plain,  
 Through sun or rain,  
 We'll not AGAIN miscarry!  
 The summons heed,  
 With steadfast creed,  
 The CREED of Tip and Harry.  
 Come once again,  
 Through hail or rain,  
 Be true and be steady,  
 Be wary and ready,  
 From traitors *once more* our councils to free,  
 WE'LL STAND BY GALLANT HARRY.  
 ————— J. S. L.

### SAINT LOUIS CLAY CLUB SONG.

Respectfully dedicated to the Clay Club of St. Louis.

TUNE.—*Rosin the Beau.*

Come all ye bold lads of old '40,  
 Who rallied 'round Tippecanoe,  
 And give us your hearts and your voices,  
 For *Harry* the noble and true.  
  
 Come show the whole world that our spirit  
 Is up again, "*sertain and sure*;"  
 And push right ahead for our *Harry*,  
 Great *Harry*—the honest and pure.  
  
 Come forth, one and all, to the battle,  
 Determined the country to save;  
 And strike for the *Farmer of Ashland*,  
 For *Harry*, the great and the brave.  
  
 A leader is he who ne'er failed us,  
 So now we will give him our best;  
 Then shout for the friend of *Home Labour*.  
 The patriot, *Hal of the West*.



For *Protection* he ever has struggled—

His coat you will find is home-made :  
He goes dead against the starvation  
That comes with one sided free trade.

So for *home*, and *home's friend*, let's huzza,  
And never give over the fight,  
Till the corporal's guard and the Locos,  
Are put to inglorious flight.

We're engaged for the war, and we'll "go it!"  
You need'nt believe we'll back out!  
For the flag of bold *Harry* is flying,  
And "*Harry and Home*," we will shout!

For *Harry's* the name we delight in—  
O'er mountain and plain let it flow ;  
For as true as you live, if we falter,  
To ruin we surely must go.

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### A WHIG WAR SONG.

TUNE — *Auld Lang Syne*.

O Freemen, raise the battle cry,  
And to you weapons spring ;  
With all the force your wrongs supply,  
Loud make the welkin ring.

What though the laurels dearly won  
By courage, toil, and cost,  
Withered like grass beneath the sun,  
Have been through *treason* lost.

Another field will them restore  
In all their pride and bloom ;  
And twine securer than before,  
Sealed by a *Traitor's* doom.

And shall the Brave who late o'erthrew  
 Their foes in might arrayed,  
 Now shun the conflict they renew,  
 Led by the *Renegade*?

Then, to the rescue once again!  
 Rend from the Fox his prey;  
 And shout as home ye strike amain,  
 The name of HENRY CLAY.

S. I.

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## HARRY, THE HONEST AND TRUE.

TUNE.—*Rosin the Beau.*

Ye gallant true Whigs of the army  
 That conquered for Tippecanoe,  
 Come with us, and join now the standard,  
 Of "*Harry, the honest and true*;"  
 Of Harry, the honest and true,  
 Our Harry, the tried and the true;  
 Who "fought in the ranks," as a soldier,  
 With us, for old Tippecanoe.

We have not, my friends, now to lead us,  
 Our former commander, 'tis true,  
 For death has been here and *promoted*  
 Our chieftain, brave Tippecanoe;  
 Our chieftain, brave Tippecanoe,  
 Our gallant old Tippecanoe;  
 He's left us to join the high army  
 Of those who are faithful and true.

Yet in the same cause we're united,  
 We fight the same enemy too,  
 And have for our leader invited  
 The *friend* of old Tippecanoe ;  
 The friend of old Tippecanoe,  
 Our honest old Tippecanoe ;  
 He's left none behind him more worthy  
 Than HARRY the gifted and true.

We know that he never will leave us,  
 To join with the enemy's crew ;  
 We know he will never deceive us,  
 He ever was honest and true ;  
 The *Statesman*, bold fearless and true ;  
 Our *Harry*, the honest and true ;  
 The trusty and cherished supporter,  
 And *friend* of old Tippecanoe.

Our gallant old chief when he left us,  
 Bequeathed us a "Captain," thought true,  
 But the traitor has since joined the army,  
 That fought *against* Tippecanoe .  
 That fought against Tippecanoe,  
 Our noble old Tippecanoe ;  
 But come, boys, we'll yet "*head the Captain*,"  
 With HARRY, the dauntless and true.

The victory we gained once so nobly,  
 We've lost, and by treachery too,  
 But shall ever the soldiers despair, boys,  
 Who've fought with old Tippecanoe ?  
 Who've fought with old Tippecanoe,  
 The gallant old Tippecanoe ;  
*Pick your flints again—look to your priming,*  
 And—FIRE! boys, for *Harry, the true.*

## YANKEE DOODLE DANDY.

Yankee doodle, Whigs huzza,  
 We're done with Captain Tyler !  
 The man who is the monkey's paw,  
*Has "burst," alas ! "his biler !"*  
 For farmer Clay then boys hurrah,  
 And proudly here proclaim him  
 The great, the good, the valiant Hal,  
 And shout whene'er ye name him !

Our noble Harry is the man  
 The nation most delights in ;  
 To place him first is now the plan,  
 For this we're all uniting !  
 For farmer Clay then boys hurrah, &c.

Then, Johnny, haste your "*duds*" to pack,  
 Be "*spry*" and do not tarry ;  
 But run to "Old Virginny" back—  
 We want THE HOUSE for Harry !  
 For farmer Clay then boys hurrah, &c.

For loud and long the country calls  
 For him of bold Kentucky ;  
 The name that *traitors* most appals  
 Is HARRY CLAY, the lucky !  
 For farmer Clay then boys hurrah, &c.

Brave Whigs ! where'er the gallant song  
 —"*Log Cabins and Hard Cider*"—  
 Was choruss'd loud and echo'd long ;  
 Let *this* be heard—and wider !  
 For farmer Clay then boys hurrah, &c.

Old Yankee Doodle's noble tune  
 Suits glorious Hal quite handy!  
 Then be it sung again "*right*" soon,  
 Sweet Yankee Doodle Dandy!

For farmer Clay then boys hurrah!  
 And proudly here proclaim him  
 The great, the good, the valiant Hal,  
 And shout whene'er ye name him.

J. S. L.

## HARRY OF KENTUCKY, HO! IEROE!

*AIR—Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances.*

Welcome the strain that around us is pealing,  
 Fraught with a music to Freemen so dear,  
 Who but will join it, the glad truth revealing,  
 That our victory's sure, our triumph is near!

Back to his element,  
 Madly impenitent,

Preclaim to the world, the traitor must go!

Send forth the sound again,  
 Raise high your voices then,

"For Harry of Kentucky, ho! ieroe!"

Rouse from your lethargy, ye who have slumber'd.

Brace on the armor once gallantly worn!

Tell that the hours of KING VETO are number'd,

Ere you strip him of honors so faithlessly borne!

All ye hill sides awake;

The charm let us break,

And rise in our might for Freedom's last blow,

Up from the valley all,

Shout loud the battle call,

"For Harry of Kentucky, ho! ieroe!"

Honest and true is the Kentucky Farmer,  
 Firmly he stood when the tempest raged high ;  
 Though the Union shook, no peril could harm her,  
 While he guarded her helm with unsleeping eye ;  
     Unfurl the banner bright,  
     Blaze high the beacon light,  
 They'll shine on our path and dazzle the foe ;  
     Down then with Tyranny,  
     Strike then for Liberty,  
 " And Harry of Kentucky, ho! ieroe!"

Rally men, rally, now your chains rend asunder ;  
 Let city and plain, the bench and the loom,  
 The plough and the forge, awake their Whig thunder,  
 And join the full chorus o'er treachery's doom !  
     Rise with the morning sun,  
     Strive till the field is won,  
 Once more to beam 'neath prosperity's glow ;  
     Fly high our eagle bird,  
     As the loud cry is heard,  
 " For Harry of Kentucky, ho! ieroe,"

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### A SETTIN' IN THE CHAIR.

TUNE.—*Sittin' on a Rail.*

When sly Van left the chair of state,  
 And Tyler he slipped in by fate,  
 He swore he'd make us rich and great,  
     By settin' in the chair,  
     By settin' in the chair,  
     By settin' in the chair,  
 And presiding o'er the land.

But soon as he the great seat took,  
 To the state kitchen he sent a book,  
 And told what meats he'd have them cook,  
     While settin' in the chair,  
     While settin' in the chair,  
     While settin' in the chair,  
 And presiding o'er the land.

Our state cooks moved about quite pat,  
 And sent long Ti this dish and that,  
 He crossed his legs and "cut it fat,"  
     While settin' in the chair,  
     While settin' in the chair,  
     While settin' in the chair,  
 And ruling o'er the roast.

But our state cooks began to see,  
 That the people through this vast country,  
 All wanted food as well as he.  
 That loafed within the chair,  
     That loafed within the chair,  
     That loafed within the chair,  
     That loafed within the chair,  
 And ruled the nation's roast.

So finding people growing lank,  
 They cooked a dish called the *State Bank*,  
 And sent John Ti a slice, quite frank,  
     To taste within the chair,  
     To taste within the chair,  
     To taste within the chair,  
 And approve the people's dish.

It made Ti's gouty stomach sick,  
 He "threw it up," and sent it back,  
 Saying, "the folks shan't have a dish so *crack*,"  
     While I sit in the chair,  
     While I sit in the chair,  
     While I sit in the chair,  
     I'll say what they shall eat.

A chief cook raised an earthen tray,  
 Made of the best Kentucky Clay.  
 Crying, "in this kitchen I won't stay,  
     While he sits in the chair,  
     While he sits in the chair,  
     While he sits in the chair,  
     To say what folks shall eat."

"Ere I yield to his stomach's whim,  
 To cook the people's right's for him,  
 I'll leave the kitchen, sink or swim,  
     While he sits in the chair,  
     While he sits in the chair,  
     While he sits in the chair,  
     To spoil the people's fare.

Now, this bold patriotic cook,  
 Knows all our nation's cooking book,  
 And up to him the people look,  
 To gain their long lost fare,  
     To gain their long lost fare,  
     To gain their long lost fare,  
     To gain their long lost fare,  
     They'll place him in the chair.

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## THE WHIG RIFLE.

AIR—"Old Rosin the Bow."

Come true gallant Whigs of the Union—  
 Though cheated, we'll never complain ;  
 If a traitor has snapped our Whig Rifle,  
 We'll pick flint and try it again ;  
 We'll pick flint and try it again,  
 We'll pick flint and try it again ;  
 If a traitor has snapped our Whig Rifle,  
 We'll pick flint and try it again.

This time we fell in with a Judas,  
 A dotard both selfish and vain ;  
 And he's made our Whig Rifle burn priming,  
 But we'll pick flint and try it again.  
 But we'll pick flint, &c.

His eyes have grown dim with the vapors,  
 Abstractions have addled his brain ;  
 And whatever he shoots at he misses—  
 But we'll pick flint and try it again ;  
 But we'll pick flint, &c.

Brave William, when he lay a-dying,  
 Gave up the Whig Rifle with pain ;  
 And for his sake, who gallantly won it,  
 We'll pick flint and try it again ;  
 We'll pick flint, &c.

From the green fertile fields of Kentucky,  
 A hunter steps over the plain,  
 And his eagle-eye sights our good Rifle—  
 And he'll pick flint and try it again ;  
 And he'll pick it, &c.

Huzza! for our bold gallant Harry,  
 He lifts not the Rifle in vain,  
 And straight to the centre she'll carry,  
 When *he* picks it and trys it again ;  
 When he picks it, &c.

Last war when our captive Sailors,  
 Their cries sent abroad on the main,  
 "Free Trade!" "Sailor's Rights!" cried brave  
 Harry,  
 Lads, pick flint and try it again ;  
 Lads, pick flint, &c.

And now when a dastard and traitor  
 Has caused us to triumph in vain,  
 True Harry leads on to the rescue,  
 Crying, "pick flint and try it again!"  
 Crying, "pick flint," &c.  
 HENRY CLAY OF KENTUCKY is our leader,  
 Come, rally from mountain and plain!  
 Think no more of the *thing* that betrayed us ;  
 But pick flint and try it again ;  
 But pick flint and try it again,  
 But pick flint and try it again ;  
 Think no more of the thing that betray'd us,  
 But pick flint and try it again.

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CLEAR THE WAY FOR HARRY CLAY.

TUNE—*What has caused this great commotion.*

What has caused this agitation,  
 Tation, tation, our foes betray,  
 It is the ball a rolling on,  
 To clear the way for Henry Clay,  
 To clear the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,  
 Man, of the Van Buren clan,  
 For with him we can beat any man.

Mechanics cry out for protection,  
 'Ttection, 'tection, and bless the day  
 That set the ball a rolling on  
 To clear the way for Henry Clay.  
 To clear the way for Henry Clay,  
 For with him, &c.

The merchants say there'll be no money,  
 Money, money, their debts to pay,  
 Until the ball that's rolling on,  
 Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,  
 For with him, &c.

The farmers say there'll be no market,  
 Market, market, for cattle or hay,  
 Until the ball that's rolling on  
 Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,  
 For with him, &c.

From all professions comes the cry,  
 Cry, cry, speed the day,  
 When this good ball that's rolling on,  
 Shall clear the way for Henry Clay,  
 For with him, &c.

The great, the small, the short, the tall,  
 Tall, tall, shall heave away  
 To keep this ball a rolling on,  
 And clear the way for Henry Clay,  
 For with him, &c.

Let honest locos stand from under,  
 Under, under, without delay,  
 Join in with us to roll the ball,  
 That clears the way for Henry Clay,  
 For with him, &c.

We see the ladies on us smiling,  
 Smiling, smiling; in their sweet way,  
 One word from them would be enough,  
 For Van or Clay to clear the way—  
 We know they'll give that word for Clay,  
 For with him, &c.

We've spread our banner to the breeze,  
 Breeze, breeze, and it shall stay  
 Until the ball that's rolling on,  
 Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,  
 For with him, &c.

Come all true hearted patriots rally,  
 Rally, rally, your strength display,  
 Doubt not the ball that's rolling now  
 Shall clear the way for Henry Clay,  
 Shall clear the way for Henry Clay,  
 For with him, &c.

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## ADVICE & COMFORT FOR JOHN TYLER

TUNE—*To de oberture ob de grand opera of "Lucy Long."*

I've jist come down among you all  
 To see what you're about,  
 Good mornin massa Tyler,  
 Does your mother know you're out?

O, mind your eye John Tyler,  
 And keep it open tight,  
 Before you go a-head so fast,  
 Be sure you're in the right.

I tell you massa Tyler,  
 Dis much for your good I do,  
 If you trust de Loco Foco,  
 You most sartinly will rue,  
 Oh, mind your eye, &c.

Dar is so many ob dem,  
 Dat know how to turn about,  
 And when you tink da'll put you in  
 Da mean to turn you out.  
 O, mind your eye, &c.

Da'll put soft corn into your mouf,  
 And rub you down with soap,  
 Den keep dar promise to your ear,  
 And break it to your hope.  
 O, mind your eye, &c.

Dar's massa Jim Buchanan,  
 And Johnny C. Calhoun,  
 Dar's New York Martin Kinderhook,  
 Dat cunnin little coon.  
 O, mind you eye, &c.

Dar's old Tecumpsch killer,  
 And de man dat roll de ball,  
 Oh, I tell you massa Tyler,  
 Da will trow you on de wall.  
 Oh, mind your eye, &c.

When da can no longer use you,  
 As sure as you are born,  
 Da will send you down to New Orleans,  
 And trade you off for corn.

Oh, mind your eye, &c.

You hab wetoed all your honest friends,  
 De "Tip and Tyler too,"  
 And wen de lexshun nex come round,  
 Den da will weto you.

Oh, mind your eye, &c.

But dis time Johnny Tyler,  
 When da goes to nominate,  
 You needn't shed your precious tears,  
 About de candidate.

But mind your eye, &c.

So dry your eyes mass Tyler,  
 And make your heart content,  
 For de next time sartin, massa Clay,  
 Will be de president.

So mind your eye, John Tyler,  
 And keep him open tight,  
 When massa Henry Clay gets in,  
 Den ebery ting be right,

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ONWARD!

TUNE.—*Rory O'More.*

Onward!—speed onward! and spread to the gale,  
 The time-honour'd banner our fathers once bore,  
 And fast to the mast-top the star spangles nail,  
 'Till our country's great conflict is gloriously  
 o'er!

They fought for that freedom, so long our proud  
boast—

They perill'd their fortune, their honour, their  
life,—

And shall all be *betray'd*, or dishonored, or lost,  
And their sons hazard naught in the patriot  
strife!

Then onward! press onward! nor pause ye to  
rest,

While a foe to your country is found in the  
land!

WITH A CAUSE THAT IS MARSHALLED BY HAL OF  
THE WEST,

The bulwarks of freedom securely shall stand.

J. S. L.



### A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

TUNE—*John Anderson, my Jo.*

John Tyler, sir, my Jo, John,  
When first we were acquaint,  
You did pretend to be a Whig,  
For Harry, sir, you went ;  
But now you've got in power, John,  
The cloven foot you show,  
A curse upon all traitors, John,  
John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo, John,  
The Whigs they fought t'gither,  
And many a canty day, John,  
They had with one anither.

But you have them betrayed, John,  
 And why did you do so?  
 A curse upon all traitors, John,  
 John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo, John,  
 When nature first began,  
 To try her canny hand, John,  
 Her master work was man.  
 But when she turned out you, John,  
 She swore it was "no go,"  
 You proved to be but journey-work,  
 John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo, John,  
 Why will you be a fool,  
 And sneak around the locos, John,  
 Who use you for a tool,  
 They're laughing in their sleeves, John,  
 To think that you'll veto  
 The only Bill can save you, John,  
 John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

John Tyler, sir, my Jo, John,  
 The higher monkies go,  
 The more they show their tails, John,  
 You know its even so.  
 Then get you out the White House, John,  
 And homeward do you go,  
 And make the people happy, John,  
 John Tyler, sir, my Jo.



John Tyler, sir, my Jo, John,  
 You've vetoed now the bill,  
 And done an act of treachery,  
 That must your measure fill ;  
 Now go among the people, John,  
 Their minds if you would know,  
 And list to their deep curses, John,  
 John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

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### LEAVE VAIN REGRETS.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Leave vain regrets for errors past,  
 Nor cast that ship away—  
 But nail your colors to the mast,  
 And strike for Harry Clay.  
 And strike for Harry Clay, my boys,  
 And strike for Harry Clay,  
 And nail your colors to the mast,  
 And strike for Henry Clay.

From *him* no treason need be fear'd,  
 Your cause he'll ne'er betray,  
 What name to Freemen so endear'd,  
 As that of Harry Clay.  
 As that of Harry Clay, my boys,  
 As that of Harry Clay,  
 What name to freemen so endear'd,  
 As that of Harry Clay.

No vain abstractions fill *his head*,  
 To lead his heart away,  
 For every noble promise made  
 Is kept by Harry Clay.

Is kept by Harry Clay, my boys,  
 Is kept by Harry Clay,  
 For every noble promise made,  
 Is kept by Harry Clay.

Then let not ruin's hated form  
 Thus fill you with dismay,  
 But gathering strength to breast the storm,  
 Stand fast by Harry Clay.  
 Stand fast by Harry Clay, my boys,  
 Stand fast by Harry Clay,  
 But gathering strength to brave the storm,  
 Stand fast by Harry Clay.

Rise, bravely rise, one effort more,  
 Your motto thus display,  
 PROTECTION for our native shore,  
 Sustained by Harry Clay.  
 Sustained by Harry Clay, my boys,  
 Sustained by Harry Clay.  
 Protection for our native shore,  
 Sustained by Harry Clay.

And o'er our gallant CHIEFTAIN'S\* grave,  
 Pledge we our faith this day,  
 In weal or wo, no change to know,  
 Till triumphs Harry Clay.  
 Till triumphs Harry Clay, my boys,  
 Till triumphs Harry Clay,  
 In weal or wo, no change to know,  
 Till triumphs Harry Clay.

---

\*The lamented Harrison.

## OH! HENRY CLAY WILL BE THE MAN.

TUNE—*Nancy Dawson.*

Said Tyler John the other day,  
 How many are Clay men I pray?  
 Why Johnny dear, we're made of clay,  
 And so we *all* are Clay men.

Oh, Henry Clay will be the man,  
 And turn and twist it as you can,  
 He'll gain the day, and fix a plan  
 To set us all to rights, boys.

Clay men are all good men, and true,  
 Their Clay will prove too hard for you,  
 And no vile traitor, John, will do  
 To stand among the Clay men.

Oh, Henry Clay, &amp;c.

We'll cock our wigs and turn you out,  
 Both horse and foot your forces rout,  
 And Clay forever fiercely shout;  
 That you may hear the Clay men.

Oh, Henry Clay, &amp;c.

How many Clay men did you say?  
 Go count the stars i' the milky-way  
 And ten for each and then you may  
 Attempt to count the Clay men.

Oh, Henry Clay, &amp;c.

For Henry Clay, we'll go the whole—  
 Join head and hand—join heart and soul,  
 The *people's will* knows no control,  
 They shout for Henry Clay, boys.

Oh, Henry Clay, &amp;c.

Then gallant Henry, take your stand,  
 We'll rally round you hand in hand;  
 Despite the Loco-Tyler band  
 You shall be head of the nation!

In forty-four we'll rout the foe  
 And lay the frantic locos\* low,  
 And Johnny Tyler then will know,  
 How many of us are Clay men.  
 Oh, Henry Clay will be the man,  
 And turn and twist it as you can,  
 He'll gain the day, and fix a plan.  
 To set us all to rights, boys.

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\*Loco is good Spanish for a mad-man

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### MY JO, JOHN TYLER.

TUNE—"John Anderson, my Jo."

John Tyler, dear, my Jo, John,  
 I'm sorry for your fate,  
 You've overshot your mark, John,  
 You've signed the bill too late.  
 The Whigs they call you traitor, John,  
 The Locos hint it too;  
 Alas, for the "veto dittos," John,  
 I fear they will not do.

It is a thousand pities, John,  
 That the mad wish cross'd your brain,  
 As the head of this great land, John,  
 To take your seat again.  
 But, alas! this demon ambition, John,  
 They say will be *head-man* too.  
 And when he plants his foot, John,  
 Will hurry rough-shod through.

You hope to regain your ground, John,  
 But 'twill be labor spent in vain,  
 For the moth that plays with the candle, John,  
 Is never seen again ;  
 Yet we bear you no ill-will, John,  
 For we pity the one poor brain  
 That trusts such a pack of fools, John,  
 Though a *Wise* is in your train.  
 And then we feel for our country, John,  
 But "our Harry" tells us true  
 That a single "flash in the pan," John,  
 Will pass away full soon—  
 But we're going to "pick the flint," John,  
 And try the old gun again ;  
 One that is *ever* true, John,  
 And Harry Clay's his name. R. R.

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### THE DAYTON GATHERING.

To Dayton we have come, my boys,  
 All in a great array,  
 And we will sing and shout aloud,  
*Hurra for Henry Clay !*  
*Hurra, hurra, hurra for Henry Clay,*  
*Hurra, hurra, hurra for Henry Clay !*  
 He is the man for us, my boys,  
 He's honest, great and true ;  
 And he can beat that *little Van*,  
 Or any of his crew. Hurra, hurra, &c.  
 It's right to have the people meet,  
 In a good old-fashioned way ;  
 And when they've met to sing Hurra,  
*Hurra for Harry Clay ! Hurra, &c.*

He lives in *Old Kentuck*, my boys,  
 The Banner-State, you know,  
 And she has lots of relatives,  
 The nearest, *O-h-i-o* !

Hurra, &c.

The first, is little *Tennessee*,  
 And she is not so slow,  
 And when election does come on,  
 For *Harry Clay* she'll go,

Hurra, &c.

The next, is *Louisiana State*,  
 On her you can depend  
 To boost along old *Harry Clay*,  
 A helping hand she'll lend.

Hurra, &c.

*Old North Carolina* is safe enough,  
 For *Harry Clay* is she,  
*Old Captain Tyler* she will head,  
 And *veto* him "per se."

Hurra, &c.

When *Georgia* votes in forty-four,  
 She'll rank among the best,  
 Of those that help along the ball  
 For *Harry* of the West.

Hurra, &c.

The next relation is that State  
 Which is called *Maryland*,  
 And she has pledged herself to go  
 For the *Farmer of Ashland* !

Hurra, &c.

Of the *Empire State* I need not speak,  
 But this much will I say,  
 That she has done with her *favorite son*,  
 And goes for Harry Clay.

Hurra, &c.

The Yankee States they are all safe,  
 For *Clay* and *Davis* too,  
 While "*Little Rhody*" opposes *Dorr*,  
 And *Captain Tyler* too.

Hurra, &c.

*New Jersey State* is safe and true,  
 For Harry of the West,  
 For she has said that of all men,  
 That man she loves the best.

Hurra, &c.

The little State of *Delaware*.  
 She's "glorious to behold,"  
 And in eighteen hundred forty-four  
 The right tale will be told.

Hurra, &c.

And yet there is the *Key-stone State*,  
 And she'll not fail to be  
 In eighteen hundred forty-four,  
 With the rest of the family.

Hurra, &c.

The *Wolverines* are a set of boys  
 The *Locos* cannot buy,  
 And when they growl and show their teeth,  
 For Harry Clay they'll cry.

Hurra, &c.

And "last not least," the *Hoosier State*,  
 Will do what she has done,  
 And give to Harry of the West  
 What she gave to *Harrison*.

Hurra, &c,

In eighteen hundred forty-four  
 The people all will say,  
 That for our President we'll have,  
 The *Patriot Henry Clay!*

Hurra, &c.

Three cheers for *Harry of the West*,  
 Three cheers for *Davis* too,  
 Three cheers for *Tom the Wagon Boy*.  
 Three cheers for ladies true.

*Hurra, hurra, hurra for Harry Clay!*

*Hurra, hurra, hurra for Harry Clay!*



### THE SAME BRAVE OLD COON.

TUNE—*The American Star*.

Wake! Whigs, from your slumbers, oppression's cloud  
 gathers,

And treachery darkens the hue of the sky,

Rise up with the spirit which nerved your brave  
 fathers,

Which thrilled in each breast, and which flashed  
 from each eye.

Bring the hearts that will meet the stern onset un-  
 daunted,

Bring the freemen who crave but the contest as boon;  
 Bring the spirit which wide o'er your banners once  
 flaunted,

Bring the spirit of Forty, the same brave old coon.



Though the being raised up in the strength of your  
 power,  
 Now scorns the proud spirits who placed him on  
 high,  
 In his palace he sits, but the thing of an hour,  
 And trembles e'en now, as your curses sweep by.  
 Speak out the bold tones of your manly defiance,  
 Let treachery know 'twill be punished full soon ;  
 In the truth of our freeman we still have reliance,  
 We'll conquer again with the same brave old coon.

See ! our eagle again rises up in his gladness,  
 Again the sun glids his magnificent form,  
 Up, Whigs, from your apathy, throw off your sadness,  
 Prepare for the battle with energies warm ;  
 We've a cause true and noble which needs our  
 assistance,  
 We've a man pure and bright as the heavens at  
 noon,  
 With them, foes and traitors shall meet our resistance,  
 And quail once again at the same brave old coon.

One blow for your country, its laws and its honor,  
 One blow for prosperity blighted and fled,  
 One blow at the miscreant preying upon her,  
 For the charter of liberty broken and dead.  
 From the West, the loud voices of freemen are swell-  
 ing,  
 Raise ! raise the glad shout in harmonious tune,  
 For our hope once again the loud chorus is telling  
 I' the " Farmer of Ashland," the same brave old  
 coon.

## OH! TAKE YOUR TIME JOHN TYLER.

TUNE—*Lucy Long.*

I've just come out before you  
 To sing a little song,  
 It's all about John Tyler,  
 And it isn't very long,  
 It's all about John Tyler,  
 That man devoid of soul,  
 Who caused the tears of crocodiles  
 At Harrisburgh to roll.  
 Oh! take your time John Tyler,  
 Your reign will not be long,  
 Come to my aid ye muses,  
 While I burn his time with song.

He triumphed o'er his party,  
 And joined their willy foes,  
 And now they do whate'er they please.  
 And lead him by the nose.  
 The trust he violated  
 That was in him reposed,  
 And let a Whig present himself,  
 The door on him was closed.  
 Oh! take your time John Tyler,  
 Your reign will not be long,  
 "How many Clay men are there?"  
 To 'burn his time' with song?

These things can't long continue,  
 Let Captain try his best,  
 He'll soon be forced to give his place  
 To "Harry of the West."

Prepare then, Captain Tyler,  
 For that auspicious day,  
 The people's voice will kick you out,  
 And put in Henry Clay.

Oh! take your time, John Tyler,  
 The traitor's fate is sealed,  
 The people's man is Henry Clay,  
 none but him we'll yield!

R. L.

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### THE WHIG BATTLE CRY.

TUNE—*The Campbells are Coming.*

Away to the battle, our foemen are near,  
 The cries of their leaders are mingled with fear;  
 Their host is divided—their courage is fled,  
 And the eagle of victory screams at our head.

Then down with your enemies—rush to the charge,  
 They have set on our people dread ruin at large;  
 From mountain and valley their cries have gone up,  
 They have drank of the contents of misery's cup.

Then onward—our leader has ever been true,  
 He lives for his country and battles for you.  
 Old time in his hurry has honored his brow,  
 And Harry for freedom is struggling now.

Our banners are flinging their folds to the air,  
 And the name of our champion nobly they bear—  
 The friend of the poor man—the greatest—the best,  
 The man that we love—*Henry Clay of the West.*

J. D. W.

## THAT SAME OLD 'KOOON.

TUNE—*Woodland Mary.*

When Tyler found the reins of State  
 So firm within his tyrant grasp,  
 He chuckled at the course of fate,  
 And then resolved the Whigs to rasp.  
 In course of time the veto came,  
 Inflated like a huge balloon—  
 The Captain thought while he did reign  
 He'd hunt, till death, "that same old 'koon."

"That same old 'koon" sat looking on,  
 And seem'd to ponder o'er the scene ;  
 He wonder'd much, and studied long,  
 Why John did with the Locos lean.  
 The varmint thought John's head was crack'd,  
 Or he'd been stricken by the moon ;  
 Of sense, he knew, John's head much lack'd,  
 To think he'd kill "that same old 'koon"

But John, with this, was not content,  
 More vetoes he must give his friends—  
 His perfidy would have free vent ;  
 Corrupt and vicious were his ends.  
 The wolf, clothed like a sheep, came forth—  
 Again he played the self same tune :  
 From East to West, from South to North,  
 He'd hunt, till death, "that same old 'koon."

A *traitor's* mad career is short—  
 He soon becomes despised by all ;  
 John Tyler, though within his fort,  
 Will witness soon a tyran'ts fall.

His merciless proscription told,  
 Too well, how soon would be his doom ;  
 The people, now, will soon behold  
 His downfall by " that same old 'koon."  
 Whigs ! to your posts !—lift up your voice,  
 You'll yet behold a joyful day ;  
 Let all throughout the land rejoice,  
 And shout aloud for Henry Clay !  
 For Henry Clay, the people's man,  
 Prosperity will be the boon,  
 Defeat the Loco Tyler clan—  
 Aurrah, boys, for " that same old 'koon."

R. L.

---

### GLORIOUS HARRY CLAY.

TUNE—*The Hurrah Song.*

Our patriot hearts for freedom burn, hurrah, &c.  
 To noble deeds our steps we turn, hurrah, &c.  
 We rally with the brave and true,  
 With flowers the path of Clay to strew,  
     Hurrah hurrah, hurrah hurrah.  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

United in the patriot's cause, hurrah, &c.  
 For freedom and our country's laws, hurrah, &c.  
 Our hardy sons with pride display  
 The spotless flag of faithful Clay. Hurrah, &c.

Behold the Loco bands appear, hurrah, &c.  
 Their brows o'erhung with rankling fear, hurrah,  
 They falter now, they hear our gay,  
 Our earthquake shout for Harry Clay. Hurrah, &c.

Then wind the bugles, sound the drums, Hurrah,  
 Our stainless chief triumphant comes, Hurrah, &c.  
 His eye as bright, his heart as free  
 As when he strikes for Liberty,

Hurrah hurrah, hurrah hurrah,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! J. K.

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## HOW MANY CLAY MEN ARE THERE?

DEDICATED TO THE CLAY CLUB OF SALEM, N. J.

TUNE—*Rosin the Bow.*

Johnny 'Tyler in good time will know,  
 By the shouts o' the Whigs every where,  
 Whose voices of thunder will show  
 Full "how many Clay men are there."

The Captain will hear the sad news,  
 Which will his dear Locos all scare,  
 When the ballots of we Jersey Blues  
 Say "how many Clay men are there."

Vermont that is true as the pole,  
 Will from mountain and valley declare,  
 That the ball she as ever will roll  
 With many good Clay men yet there.

Mississippi is ready to show,  
 With Ohio, and stout Delaware,  
 That all of them very well know  
 A world of strong Clay men are there,

Kentucky, the gallant and bold,  
 The weak-headed traitor won't spare;  
 She'll proclaim, as she has done of old,  
 That none but good Clay men are there.

There's Maryland's voice he will hear,  
 And Georgia as loudly will dare,  
 To shout in the imbecile's ear  
 How many firm Clay men are there.

Carolina will echo the sound ;  
 Louisiana it onward can bear ;  
 Indiana shall pass it around—  
 For plenty of Clay men are there.

From New York he shall hear it again ;  
 In her strength she will make him aware,  
 That through her wide-reaching domain  
 Great hosts of strong Clay men are there.

A voice from far Michigan comes ;  
 Massachusetts and "Rhody" prepare  
 To tell, with Connecticut's sons,  
 That a strong vote of Clay men are there.

Pennsylvania 'll speak bravely for one ;  
 And Virginia is ready to swear  
 That, though Johnny Tyler's her son,  
 Enough of good Clay men are there.

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#### WHIG SONG.

TUNE.—*Roy's wife of Aldivalloch.*  
 Harry Clay of old Kentucky,  
 Harry Clay of old Kentucky,  
 There's ne'er a man in all the land,  
 Like Harry Clay of Old Kentucky.

When foreign foes our rights denied,  
 Whose voice aroused our martial thunder ?  
 And when we'd lower'd old England's pride,  
 Who still'd the storm that swept her under ?  
 Twa's Harry Clay of Old Kentucky, &c.

When dread disunion reared its head,  
 And civil broils our land distracted,  
 At his approach the Hydra fled,  
 Abstraction was itself abstracted,  
 By Harry Clay of Old Kentucky, &c.

Who all his fond desires repress,  
 To save his country from pollution?  
 When friends were doubting who could best  
 Restore our bleeding constitution,  
 'Twas Harry Clay of Old Kentucky, &c.

The industrious workman's constant friend,  
 He would exalt his low condition ;  
 Protect his labour and defend  
 Him 'gainst all foreign competition.  
 Harry Clay of Old Kentucky, &c.

True principles he will defend,  
 Despite of all who dare oppose them,  
 No curs'd abstractions fill his head,  
 No cob-web *conscience* in his bosom,  
 Harry Clay of old Kentucky, &c.

Though treason's blight pervades the land,  
 And tyrant *veto* rules the hour,  
 " He's but a snap, a flash in the pan,  
 So pick your flints and try your power,"  
 For Harry Clay of old Kentucky,  
 Harry Clay of old Kentucky,  
 There's ne'er a man in all the land,  
 Can match our Clay of old Kentucky.

---



HERE'S A HEALTH TO OUR OWN HARRY  
CLAY.

TUNE,—*Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue.*

Here's a health to the workingman's friend,

Here's good luck to the Plough and the Loom,  
And who will not join in support of our cause,  
May light dinners and ill-luck illumine.

It's good *from* true faith ne'er to swerve,

It's good from the right ne'er to stray,

It's good to maintain America's Cause,

And stick by our own Harry Clay.

Here's a health to our own Harry Clay,

Hurrah for our own Harry Clay.

It's good to maintain America's cause,

And stick by our own Harry Clay.

Here's a health to the sons of "Kentuck,"

Here's good will to her matrons and sires,

Here's a health to our Harry, the pride of his State,

Whose name ev'ry true heart inspires.

Hurrah! for our own Harry Clay.

We'll shout him from Texas to Maine,

If once in his life he perchance has missed fire,

"Pick his flint, and then try him again."

Here's a health to our own Harry Clay,

Hurrah! for our own Harry Clay,

It's good to maintain America's cause,

And stick by our own Harry Clay.

## THE WHIG CHIEF.

TUNE.—*Hail to the Chief.*

Shout for our Whig Chief, the bold Ashland Farmer,  
 From the East to the West pass his glorious name,  
 No heart for his country beats truer or warmer,  
 No mind glows more brightly with Liberty's flame.  
 He who in danger's hour,  
 With Demosthenian power.  
 First roused our sons to repel the proud foe,  
 With our votes we will lift,  
 To our lands highest gift,  
 And honor great Harry, ho! hieroe ro!

Shout for our Whig Chief the honest and fearless,  
 Onward he comes to relieve the distress'd,  
 The sky of our country so long dark and cheerless,  
 Shall brighten beneath this great light of the west.  
 Then raise the joyous song,  
 Give the long pull and strong  
 To the White House at last our Whig Chief must go;  
 Fair trade shall flourish then,  
 Justice shall reign again,  
 And Freemen bless Harry, ho! hieroe! ro!

## THE CLAY FLAG.

TUNE.—*The Soldier's Gratitude.*

'Tis fair to see yon banner bright  
 Unfurling to the breeze ;  
 'Tis joy to hear that shout arise,  
 A Nation's voice it breathes.

And see upon that sunlit flag  
 With glorious mottoes strewed;  
 The patriot name which justly claims  
 A Nation's gratitude.

The stainless crest of Harry Clay,  
 Its waving canvass bears;  
 We proudly nail it to the mast,  
 And cry, "gainsay who dares!"  
 Breathes there the man who bears a heart,  
 With patriotic fire imbued,  
 But yields our Chief his well earn'd meed,  
 A Nation's gratitude.

---

### JOHN TYLER'S SONG.

TUNE.—*A wet sheet and a flowing sea.*

When Harrison, the good and brave,  
 Was laid upon his bier,  
 The whigs then look'd on me to save  
 The cause they held most dear.  
 The hero could not die without  
 A parting word for me;  
 He bade me truly carry out  
 The system of the free.

When Harrison the good and brave,  
 Was laid upon his bier,  
 The whigs then look'd on me to save  
 The cause they held most dear.

These dying words do truly tell  
 How plain he did foresee,  
 That when to me his office fell,  
 All sense with it would flee.

I knew I dar'd not then proclaim  
 A word that would appal;  
 I'd strove high honors to obtain  
 And hid my views from all.

When Harrison, &c.

I promis'd fair, and told them then  
 That I would carry out  
 The measures those true hearted men,  
 Had warr'd so long about.  
 Though fain a mask I would retain,  
 My evil heart to hide,  
 That awful Bank-bill when it came  
 It slipped it quite aside.

When Harrison, &c.

When first to me the bill was brought  
 I pious scruples feign'd;  
 When chang'd to suit my ev'ry thought,  
 The veto power I claim'd.  
 Another term I wish'd to run,  
 And so without delay,  
 Forgetting all the whigs had done,  
 Their cause I did betray.

When Harrison, &c.

But they are just what they pretend—  
 My conduct they despise—  
 Their rigid virtue would not bend  
 To aught beneath the skies.  
 My native state it knew so well  
 How oft I've "jump'd just so,"  
 To me it bid a last farewell  
 A long, "long time ago."

When Harrison, &c.

I'm like the old Egyptian king  
 My heart's so hard to-day;  
 All o'er the land a curse I bring;  
 It's glory's pass'd away.  
 Jackson did bad, and Van still worse,  
 And I too bad to name;  
 On history's page we'll stand accurs'd—  
 Our deeds its pages stain.

When Harrison, &c'

From zenith's heights to nadir's view  
 We've brought our own fair land,  
 The merchant, tradesman, farmer too  
 Have suffer'd by our hand.  
 The boasted blessings of free trade  
 We now have fairly prov'd,  
 Distress o'er all our land has made;  
 Yet we cannot be mov'd.

When Harrison, &c.

In vain I've reached ambition's height;—  
 I can't retain my throne;  
 And soon, alas! I'll sink in night—  
 No party will me own.  
 There's not a thought to give relief  
 When all my power is gone;  
 "The worm, the canker, and the grief,"  
 Will prey on me alone.

When Harrison, &c.

In wrath the nation speaks, Depart!—  
 Its tones like thunder seem!  
 I've acted a disgraceful part  
 Since President I've been.

Earth mourns ! for Jackson, Van, and I  
 Have rul'd with tyrant's sway,  
 The brightest land beneath the sky ;—  
 Its freedom cast away.

But HENRY CLAY, he is a match,  
 For Jackson, Van and me ;  
 The chains we've forge'd he'll soon despatch,  
 And set the people free.

---

### THE DEEDS OF CLAY.

TUNE.—*The Bonny Boat.*

When in the south dread civil war  
 Rose like a storm of night,  
 And nullifiers near and far,  
 Braced for the field of fight ;  
 Then sons of those illustrious sires,  
 Who bled at Bunker Hill,  
 Rushed madly forth to light their fires,  
 Their brother's blood to spill.

When from the vault of Vernoa first,  
 A cry was heard aloud,  
 And words of " Peace " in thunder burst,  
 From fallen freemen's shroud.  
 When swords leaped to the hero's hand,  
 And glittered in our gaze,  
 When terror reigned throughout the land,  
 As in young freedom's days.

When Clay, the nation's Solon stood  
 Alone and undismayed,  
 To save the flow of freemen's blood,  
 The flag of Peace displayed ;

Loud and through the land afar,  
 His bold voice hushed the blast,  
 Calhoun fell from the battle car,  
 The storm of war was passed.

Then Clay's bright eloquence still broke,  
 Upon the nation's ear,  
 The Senate shouted as he spoke,  
 While thousands rushed to hear.  
 They saw that hope again was nigh,  
 And hailed the happy day,  
 The dangers in the Southern sky,  
 At Clay's voice rolled away.

The statesmen of the west arose,  
 And with our hero's tongue,  
 They hush'd the voice of freedom's foes,  
 A rainbow round them hung.  
 A thankful nation blest the deed,  
 And flags of peace unfurled,  
 And envious nations gave the meed  
 Of an admiring world.

Her pen of gold, the hand of fame,  
 From her high temple took—  
 And wrote Clay's never dying name,  
 In time's eternal book.  
 Like all the fathers of the state,  
 He in that chair shall rest,  
 To guide and make our nation great,  
 And through all ages blest.

No marble monument he needs,  
 To crumble and decay,  
 The memory of his mighty deeds,  
 Can never pass away.

Within the people's hearts enshrined  
 He'll dearer grow each day,  
 Free from distress each state shall bless,  
 The hallow'd name of Clay.

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LIFE AND CONFESSION OF  
 CAPTAIN TYLER.

*Alias, the White-house King.*

Sung by Charles Gary, at the Bucks County Pa. Harvest Home.

TUNE.—“*Captain Kidd, or Uncle Sam.*”

*He calleth upon the state captains.*

Ye state captains so bold, hear my words, hear my words,

Ye state captains too bold, hear my words,

Ye state captains too bold who'd command all un-  
 controlled,

Don't for stubbornness and gold lose your souls.

[*He telleth his name and acknowledges his wickedness.*

My name was Captain Tyler, while I reigned, while  
 I reigned,

My name was Captain Tyler while I reigned,

My name was Captain Tyler, and I've bursted my  
 own boiler,

And the *Veto* power spoiled, sir, while I reigned.

*He beareth witness to the good counsel of the Whigs,  
 and the warning voice of their fallen chief.*

My Whig fathers taught me well, ere I reigned, ere  
 I reigned,

And their chieftain taught me well, ere I reigned,



The Whigs all taught me well, but my good faith I  
did sell,

And I sunk the land in ill while I reigned.

*[He confesseth his treacherous resolve against the nation, and the people thereof.]*

I made a solemn vow while I reigned, while I  
reigned,

I made a solemn vow, while I reigned,

I made a solemn vow, to the people ne'er to bow,

And my schemes to carry through, while I reigned.

*[He layeth the constitution on the shelf.]*

I the constitution held, ere I reigned, ere I reigned,

By it I was installed ere I reigned,

But to gain both power and pelf, I soon hid it on the  
shelf,

And I ruled to please myself as I reigned.

*[He confesseth the murder of Samuel Revenue, and Fiscal Clay Banks, Esqs.]*

Oh! I killed Sam Revenue, while I reigned while I  
reigned,

Him I plundered as I slew, while I reigned,

I killed Sam Revenue, and young Fiscal Clay Banks,  
too,

With my Veto daggers, two, while I reigned.

*[He destroys the nation's sole hope, and hope of her soul, Protection Tariff, Esq.]*

I Protection Tariff' floored, while I reigned, while I  
reigned,

Though I called him to my door while I reigned,

I his brother Land Bill scored with my Veto number  
four,

And the nation grieved full sore while I reigned.

[*Hetelleth the well known dying words of his master the great Sanhedrim and warrior, Harrison.*

Their great chief grew sick and died, ere I reigned,  
 ere I reigned,  
 In his boots I longed to slide, ere I reigned,  
 Their great chief grew sick and died, but he called  
 me to his side,  
 Thus to me I thought he cried ere I reigned :

“ I wish you to understand when I’m no more, I’m  
 no more,  
 The true government of the land when I’m no  
 more,  
 I wish you to understand its true principles so  
 grand,  
 And go for them heart and hand, I ask no more.”

[*He confesseth his wicked disobedience .*

But his counsel lasted not when I reigned, when I  
 reigned,  
 For I let it go to pot as I reigned,  
 His counsel lasted not, for my vows I soon forgot,  
 And now Texas is my lot since I’ve reigned.

I marched on my stubborn course while I reigned,  
 while I reigned,  
 It was *Bent-on* Loco force while I reigned,  
 For a new campaign, of course, we drained *Uncle*  
*Samuel’s* purse,  
 But the deed has proved our curse as we reigned.

[*He seeth the approach of foes.*

Now they come to gain the seat where I reign,  
 where I reign,  
 Old *Tecumseh's* drums now beat 'gainst my reign,  
 Yet both him and *Scott* I'd meet, and I wouldn't  
 fear defeat,  
 But *Kentucky's* force complete gives me pain.

[*He feareth the "Wise man" of the west much more  
 than the swords of the warriors of the Thames and  
 Chippewa.*

There's a power from the West comes this way,  
 comes this way,  
 And their chief in wisdom drest, points the way,  
 'Tis the *wise man* of the West of *two-edged* words  
 possessed,  
 And the highest and the best must yield to *Clay*.  
 Now, I must beat retreat from the chair, from the  
 chair,  
 From the nation's highest seat to despair,  
 Oh, I must beat retreat to the rogues march quick  
 and fleet,  
 All my *Veto* is my *wee toe's* bootless stare.

[*Finally, he exhorteth political demagogues, young  
 and old, to take counsel from his fate.*

Come, ye statesmen young and old, see me fly, see  
 me fly,  
 Oh, ye statesmen see how low I must lie—  
 Now ye statesmen, young and old, in your power be  
 not bold,  
 Or to the bottom you'll be rolled like poor "Ty."

## YE WORSHIPPERS OF TYLER.

TUNE.—*Ye Parliament of England.*

Ye worshippers of Tyler,  
 Who spread ruin through the land,  
 And pluck off her prosperity  
 With treasons coward hand.  
 Pause in your march of plunder,  
 For there's one in your track,  
 Will drive you from the state's high chair,  
 And bring her glories back.

Think not your schemes can prosper,  
 Think not to 'scape our eyes,  
 When your spoils are wet with peoples tears,  
 And by wronged tradesmen's sighs.  
 Look on their once bright dwellings,  
 Now destitue and bare,  
 While want's lank eyes are telling  
 The hopes you've blasted there.

'Twere better they were sleeping,  
 Within the silent tomb,  
 For never to their sunken hearts,  
 Shall hope and trade e'er bloom,  
 Unless each state despoiler  
 Renounces on this day,  
 The "veto" monarch, Tyler,  
 And wears the badge of Clay.

Your chief's dog-star is waning,  
 Now in the glowing West,  
 Before the brilliant dawning  
 Of Freedom's sun, the best.

It's blaze is lightning onward,  
 Swift as the lightning's wing,  
 And soon will write *his veto*.  
 Upon your "*veto king*."

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### THE ORATOR'S COMING.

TUNE.—*The Campbell's are coming.*

The orator's coming, huzza, huzza!  
 The orator's coming, huzza, huzza!  
 The orator's coming, our nation to save,  
 From the grasp of false Tyler, the despotic knave,  
 The bold demagogues that would ruin our state,  
 Must yield to our Solon, and Cicero great,  
 He has long lit our halls with his eloquence bright,  
 'Tis he can bring day mid our nation's drear night.

Our orator's coming, huzza, huzza!

Our orator's coming, huzza, huzza!

Our orator's coming, our nation to save,  
 And drive from her temple each false ruling knave.

Each vile speculator with foreigners joined,  
 To take from our country the money she's coined,  
 His tariff shall rob them of their tyrannous hold,  
 And our own manufactures he'll nobly uphold.

Our orator's coming, &c.

The false hearted statesmen who change ev'ry hour,  
 Moved only by avarice, plunder and power,  
 His wisdom shall sweep the proud knaves from their  
 throne,

And each honest toiler shall then get "his own."

Our orator's coming, &c.

Then freemen arouse, and with united voice,  
 Shout all through the land for the chief of our choice,  
 And let not the cause of the people once rest,  
 Till triumphant our orator comes from the west.  
 Our orator's coming, &c.

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### UNCLE SAM'S TALK TO HIS MAN, JOHN.

Written by John H. Warland, Esq., late editor of the  
 Claremont, (N. H.) Eagle, and sung at a Whig Dinner, at  
 the Maverick House, Boston, on the glorious Fourth.

TUNE—*Malbrook—or L, A, W, law.*

Here, John, come here this minit—  
 Why, what the devil is in it;  
 That you didn't take and sign it,  
 That little TARIFF LAW?  
 'Tis the best I ever saw,  
 In my coffers cash to draw.  
 When I put you on my farm, sir,  
 You know I told your marm, sir,  
 That I feared you'd do me harm, sir,  
 And make your master jaw!  
 J, A, W, jaw!  
 For I'll have it, if not the law.  
 When I raised you from your station,  
 You know you were a poor relation,  
 If I'd give you a situation,  
 Didn't you say you'd sign that law?  
 Now, John, you've done it, haint you—  
 You precious lit'le saint, you,  
 You're a pretty fellow, aint you,  
 To set up your will for law?  
 But not a fig or a straw,  
 Do you care for honor or law.



You are ever mischief brewing,  
 My farm is going to ruin,  
 My workmen swearing and sueing,  
     Because no cash they draw—  
     It makes them fret and jaw  
     To think you won't sign that law.  
 Of my farm you've sold the land, sir,  
 Which I gave my boys in hand, sir,  
 And you pocket the rent as grand, sir,  
     As if it hadn't a paw,  
     P, A, W, paw,  
     The hugest that ever you saw.

When I took you, &c.

Why, where did you go to school, John,  
 That you think me such a fool, John,  
 As the roast to let you rule, John,  
     And make your will the law,  
     Why, what a chap! haw! haw!  
     You're as bright as Governor Dorr.

I took you to befriend you,  
 But soon I back must send you,  
 Without a recommend, you,  
     Stupid Johnny Raw,  
     R, A, W, raw,  
     I find you're not worth quite a straw.

When I took you, &c.

Be packing up your duds, sir,  
 I want to see you scud, sir,  
 You've got me in the mud, sir,  
     My team you cannot draw,  
     Why didn't you sign that law?  
     Such a coon I never saw!



Next time I'll have better luck, sir,  
 I've spoken to OLD KENTUCK, sir,  
 To take my farm, and chuck, sir,  
 You off among the straw—  
 With his P, A, W, paw,  
 He's the man to sign the law.  
 When I took you from your station,  
 You know you were a poor relation,  
 If I'd give you a situation,  
 Didn't you say you'd sign that law?

---

### TRUE HARRY OF KENTUCKY, OH.

TUNE.—*Green grow the Rushes, Oh.*

There's naught but care throughout the land,  
 The nation can't be lucky, O!  
 Until her men go heart and hand,  
 For Harry of Kentucky, O!  
 Huzza for old Kentucky, O!  
 True Harry of Kentucky, O!  
 Prosperity again we'll know,  
 Through Harry of Kentucky, O.

The opposition know him good,  
 Though contrary they say, my boys,  
 'Their tory chiefs are only mud,  
 Compared with our true *Clay*, my boys.  
 Huzza for old Kentucky, O!  
 True Harry of Kentucky, O!  
 Their candidates will be no go,  
 'Gainst Harry of Kentucky, O.

Sly Benton, he is Bent-on spoils,  
 And swears the tariff shall not go,  
 But whigs will give him for his toils,  
*Clay bulls* for his rag mint-drops, O!

Huzza for old Kentucky, O!

True Harry of Kentucky, O!

The bright *mint-hail* again shall flow,

Through Harry of Kentucky, O!

His tariff then our rights shall guard,

From foreign speculators free,

And keep our money to reward,

Our native toilers' industry.

Then shout for old Kentucky, O!

And vote for old Kentucky, O!

The good old times again will grow,

From pure Clay of Kentucky, O!

---

### THE STAR OF THE WEST.

TUNE— *Meeting of the Waters.*

There's not in the union, though we search it thro'  
A chief like old Hal of Kentucky, so true,  
And the one to restore our dear land so opprest,  
Is the bold Harry Clay, the bright *star of the West.*

Long, long, has he toiled in our Senates' great hall  
To give equal rights, equal blessings to all,  
Corruption's sly serpents he braved in their nest.  
Unbought and undaunted—*the star of the west.*

While the proud "VETO" monarch was toiling each  
hour,

To step o'er our necks as he stepped into power,  
The first heart that strove his foul sway to resist,  
Was bold Harry Clay, the bright *star of the West.*

Then Democrat Whigs, to the rescue come all,  
Ere the Tyler-rack'd Temple of Freedom shall fall,  
With CLAY we'll cement it, and illumine its crest,  
With the land-cheering light of the *star of the West.*

## OLD TARIFF HARRY.

TUNE.—*Good old days of Adam and Eve.*

Ye Whigs and ye Locos who little have to do now,  
Just listen to my song, you will find it true now,  
Our *vice* of a ruler has squeezed us into dizziness,  
All business is at stand, and we all stand for busi-  
ness.

Since our new congress formed, nearly two years  
have run, sir,

And what little they have "did," he has undone,  
sir,

For the shoes that he slipped in his feet grew too  
big, sirs,

And his head is too thick for a true Yankee wig,  
(whig) sirs,

And the only head and feet that can both carry,  
Is our whole-headed, whole souled (soled) *Tariff*  
*Harry*.

When they first took their seats they raised an alarm,  
sir,

'Bout the form of affairs, which affairs they'd reform,  
sir,

They reform'd all their pockets in a self serving  
job, sir,

And left Uncle Sam without a penny in his fob, sir,  
But to fill up his purse, the only way now, sir,  
Is to go for the true old *Tariff Clay*, now, sir.

When in the hall he'd got his foot, sir,

He trimmed off his wig (whig) to the loco cut, sir,  
And he changed his mind, but to mind his change,  
And the people thought it a *vice* most strange, sir,  
He's left them in the mud, and the only way now,  
For them to get out is to hold to Clay, now.

His patriotic soul was ne'er bought nor sold, sir,  
 And his fine free *Clay* old *Tyler* couldn't mould, sir.  
 For he nobly refused each bribe reward, sir,  
 And joined the people 'gainst the "corporal guard,"  
 sir.

Then rise altogether, well make times gay,  
 By putting in the chair old *Tariff Clay*.

### THE BOLD KENTUCKY BOY.

TUNE.—*Hightand Minstrel Boy.*

Come, freemen, ere our land's undone,  
 All gather side by side,  
 Around bold *Clay*, great wisdom's son,  
 Columbia's boast and pride.  
 To set a gallant people free,  
 He did his soul employ,  
 And to her rights he true will be,  
 The bold *Kentucky Boy*.  
 Remember our old *Tariff Bill*  
 By him was carried through,  
 And by his noble voice and skill,  
 And yet shall gain the *New*.  
 He'll all the nation's wrongs repair,  
 And give her sons employ,  
 When once we get him in the chair,  
 The bold *Kentucky Boy*.  
 Then up bold Whigs, the glorious cause  
 Grows stronger day by day,  
 It is the first of nature's laws,  
 That all must turn to *Clay*.  
 It is the sterling freedom's ware,  
 That nothing can destroy,  
 And his true mould shall grace the chair,  
 The bold *Kentucky Boy*.

## FOR HOME PROTECTION AND FOR CLAY.

The gallant Whigs have drawn the sword,  
 And thrown the idle sheath away ;  
 And onward is the battle word,  
 For Home Protection and for Clay.

We now have set the ball in motion,  
 That like the sun rolls night and day ;  
 While from the prairie to the ocean,  
 Awakes a shout for Henry Clay.

Farewell to sorrow, grief, and fear!  
 Farewell to him who now has sway ;  
 The day of change is drawing near,  
 When he gives place to Henry Clay.

We've drawn the sword, now rally all,  
 As hunters at the break of day ;  
 Leave cottage hearth, and festive hall,  
 And take the field for Henry Clay.

For he is now the nation's choice,  
 The nation's hope, the nation's stay ;  
 Then shout with one united voice,  
 For Home Protection and for Clay.

JOHN TYLER, JOHN TYLER, THIS MO-  
 MENT WE'VE HEARD.

TUNE.—*Derry Down.*

John Tyler, John Tyler, this moment we've heard,  
 And not without pain, of your veto the third ;  
 We pity a man's first offence, while we blame ;  
 But a man who thrice errs, no compassion can claim.

When you found yourself, John, in the President's  
chair,

You might well be amazed how the de'il you got  
there ;

You and your poverty saw, and you caught at the  
veto—

It might magnify somewhat a d——d small potato.

'Twas a hobby, this Veto, so pleasant to ride,  
That mount it you must, though the devil betide ;  
Nay, John, e'en your friends at your folly will jest,  
And whisper,—“ this hobby's an ass at the best !”

By all parties you're scorned as a base renegade,  
Who your own, and your friends' honest hopes have  
betrayed ;

They will make of you, John, a convenient tool,  
For the rest of the term of your President—rule.

But presume not too much, John ; what accident  
brought,

By a second good hap's not so easily caught ;  
If you think that a second snug term may be  
snatched,

You may reckon your chickens before they are  
hatched.

Then mark what I say, John, your vetoes and all  
Won't hinder presumption from getting a fall :  
There's a proverb about, “ the two 'stools,” so be-  
ware—

There's no sitting between them : John, John, have  
a care !

And as to your hint, John, throws out no off hand,  
That “ the thing may as yet become law of the  
land,

If two-thirds of the house should agreed be about it ;"  
 No thanks, John, for that—they can do so without it.  
 And we call on them, John, as they love the dear  
     earth  
 That gave them and their own "god-like ancestors"  
     birth,  
 To come up to the scratch, and indignant efface  
 The opprobrium your veto would fix on their race.

---

### THE CHIEF OF THE WEST.

TUNE—*Spring time of year is coming.*

The chief of the west is coming, coming,  
     Whigs all must muster, night and day,  
 Throughout the land they're humming, humming,  
     And all their cry is CLAY, boys,  
     And all their cry is CLAY, boys.  
 Great freedom's bird soars lighter,  
 Each patriot's hope is brighter,  
 And freemen as they meet, now,  
 All shout through hall and street now—  
     The chief of the west is coming, &c.

Each patriot's heart is swelling, swelling,  
     With hope of Clay and prosperous days,  
 Large meetings now are telling, telling,  
 That all will go for Clay, boys,  
 Clay'll make the Corporal guard retreat,  
     With all who mock the people's will,  
 And while he fills the lofty seat,  
     The land with wealth and peace he'll fill,  
 The chief of the west is coming, &c.

---

## SALE OF THE TOOLS.

TUNE—*Byllynamona ora.*

Here a choice set of tools by some *faith turners* made,  
 They fit you quite handy to whatever your trade,  
 Except it be “cabinet making”—I doubt!  
 But in that stale service they’re rather worn out.

Sing *Byllynamona ora*,  
 Come buy the political tools.

Their owner must soon close his shop by your will,  
 Or else he would put on the *Tyle* with them still—  
 There’s one of them *Bent on* the blade ’gainst a *tariff*,  
 And soon send the shop where he’s used to a *Sheriff*.

Sing *Byllynamona ora*,  
 Come buy our political tools.

Their edges are dullish it must be confessed,  
 And their temper like *Tommy’s* is none of the best,  
 But you’ll find them all hard working tools upon  
 trying,

Were it but for their “brass” they’re well worth the  
 buying.

Sing *Byllynamona ora*,  
 Come buy our political tools.

They’re famous for making blind sliders and screens,  
 They’re some of them excellent *turning machines*,  
 They’re made of pig iron, and worthy of note ’tis,  
 They’ll melt as you please at a half minute’s notice.

Sing *Byllynamona ora*,  
 Come buy my political tools.

Come, here is a “Tyler tool” going, once, twice,  
 This implement, gentlemen, once was a *Vice*,



'Tis a stubborn and close sort of a tool that wont let  
A thing from its grasp it once happens to get.

Sing Byllynamona ora,

Come buy my political tools.

It was placed but by chance on the top of the budget,  
Of its use you have all been well able to judge it,  
Must first be knocked off—come then, bid away pray,  
I'll give it in trade for some *Kentucky Clay*.

Sing Byllynamona ora,

Come buy my political tools.

---

### CLAY, OUR NATION'S GLORY.

TUNE.—*March to the Battle Field.*

A chief's in the gallant West,

His name is high in story,

He's doomed to make us blest,

'Tis CLAY, our nation's glory.

Then swell on high,

The Tariff cry,

And keep his name before ye,

And honest Hal,

Presiding shall,

To happy days restore ye.

A chief's in the gallant west, &c.

Hail, Clay, great Freedom's star,

From thee naught can divide us,

Whose eloquence can fire in war,

Whose words in peace can guide us.

Then freemen rouse,

His cause espouse,

A brighter day's before ye,

The bright star, CLAY,

Illumes your way,

To happiness and glory. A chief's in, &c.

## THE HEROES OF THE MIND.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great,  
The Pen is mightier than the sword.—*Richelieu.*

TUNE.—*Star Spangled Banner.*

Let bards unto fame on the lyre proclaim,  
The worth of the heroes who flourish the sabre,  
But laurels more stainless those sages can claim,  
Whose voices or pens for their countrymen labour.  
A nation may boast  
Of the walls on her coast,  
Their homes to defend from the enemy's host,  
But a country's defenders will ne'er show their might,  
Till the pen, or the orator, stirs them to fight.

Remember the bold words of Adams and Paine,  
That raised Freedom's sons in our dark revolution,  
And when Briton's crown sent her ships on our main,  
'Twas *Clay* stirred the land on for bold restitution.  
Then shout for *Great Clay*,  
Soon our land he shall sway,  
He'll guide us and rouse us at danger's dark day,  
With joy and prosperity, shall all be blest,  
When the chair holds the heroic sage of the West.

## THE CLAY GATHERING.

TUNE.—*The Macgregor's Gathering.*

The land-shout rings loud for our bold Hero Clay,  
And his name and the true cause grows brighter  
each day,  
Our signal to go for our Tariff and laws,  
Must be heard in our shout for bold Harry, huzza!  
Then huzza! huzza! huzza! for Harry, boys,



## HEADING CAPTAIN TYLER.

TUNE—*Teddy the Tyler.*

THE CAPTAIN'S SOLILOQUY.

Here will I still command in state,  
 In spite of all the senate's prate,  
 And I'll still be in spite of fate,  
     The same bold Captain Tyler.  
 They're kicking up a great confusion,  
 'Bout "Vetoes" and the constitution,  
 And pass presumptuous resolutions,  
 To "head me" by a revolution!  
 But with my "guard" I'll spoil their fun,  
 And armed with loco sword and gun,  
 I'll make the rogues to Texas run,  
 Or hang up every mother's son,  
     For here I'll still command in state,  
     In spite of all the people's prate,  
     And I'll still be in spite of fate,  
     The same bold Captain Tyler.

From Washington the other night,  
 Came an "Express" with all his might,  
 To tell us of a trick so bright,  
     To head bold Captain Tyler.  
 Bold Tyler is a loco man,  
 With *face* and *coat* to turn quite jam,  
 And every day he's forming plans,  
 To bind us freemen in his bands,  
 But uncle Sam saw through his plots,  
 And says I'll give the rogues the trots,  
 And bade the whole house try the *Botts*,  
     To head bold Captain Tyler.

Sing up bold whigs and toil away,  
 Muster and bluster night and day,  
 'Tis only by Kentucky *Clay*,  
 We can head Captain Tyler.

As the captain marched on without fear,  
 And spread hard times in his career,  
 The *BORRS* drew all his party near,  
 To head bold Captain Tyler.  
 They cross'd his road with arrays of *Bills*,  
 To stop him and the nation's ills,  
 With double acts they hemmed him in,  
 But he "hem'd" and slipped out again,  
 And with the Veto two-edged sword,  
 Their form of state relief he scored,  
 Now they must cross his way "two thirds,"  
 To head bold Captain Tyler.

Then up, ye Whigs, and toil away,  
 Gather all weather, night and day,  
 'Tis only by Kentucky *Clay*,  
 You can head Captain Tyler.

---

### APPEAL TO FREEMEN.

TUNE—*Bruce's Address.*

Freemen whom your states adore,<sup>1</sup>  
 And your blood bought rights of yore,  
 Rally now and you'll restore,  
 Your past prosperity.  
 Delay not boys another hour,  
 Up each state and town to scour,  
 Show the glorious might and power,  
 Of men that will be free.

Up bold whigs with speech and song,  
 Name your rights—redress your wrongs,  
 Shout the huzza, loud and long,

For Clay and liberty.

By his noble heart and voice,  
 He is now the people's choice,  
 He will make the land rejoice,  
 And burst Ty's ty-ranny.

Workies who so long have borne,  
 Tyler's falsehood-schemes and scorn,  
 No more in quiet meet and mourn,

Rouse in your majesty.

Remember ye opprest and low,  
*"Who would be free must strike the blow,"*  
 On then to the struggle go,  
 Nor cease till you are free.

Sons of 'seventy-six's' souls,  
 Through whose veins their true blood rolls,  
 Shall it be said a king controls

Your nation's destiny?

Shall a chief that high seat fill,  
 Who defies the people's will,  
 And would plunge us deeper still,  
 In ruin and misery?

Shall a despot's word command,  
 The "bone and sinew of the land,"  
 Snatching from the toil-sore hand,

The rights of industry?

Rouse then, brothers, now's the day,  
 To the ballot box for Clay,  
 Sweep the *bugs* that on us prey,  
 In *hum-bug's* livery.

Vain is all the Captain's post,  
 Corporal guard, and loco post,  
 With noble Clay, the nation's boast,  
     We'll make 'em turn and flee.  
 Try the "Distribution's" power,  
 And the noble White House scour,  
 Millions then shall bless the hour,  
     When Clay our chief shall be.  
 Vain are the props on which they rest,  
 Calhoun and Van can't stand the test,  
 Against bold Harry of the west,  
     The honest, wise and free.

---

### THE CLAY RALLY CRY.

TUNE—*All the Blue Bonnets.*

Out, out, whigs and true democrats,  
 To the rescue of liberty come in quick order,  
 Out, out, with your Clay shouts and waving hats,  
 Freedom calls HAL of Kentucky to guard her.  
 Far your bright banner spread,  
 "Clay at our Nation's Head,"  
 His voice plead for freedom and sham'd ev'ry tory,  
 Rouse men of Clay then,  
 Resolve to be Clay men.  
 He'll guide us to wealth and restore us to glory,  
 Out, out, whigs and true democrats, &c.

Arouse in the North where false statesmen oppress  
 you,  
 Arouse in the South where your trade they've  
 crushed low,  
 Arouse in the East by the patriots that blessed you,  
 Arouse in the West where the Clay heroes grow,

Hark, freedom is calling,  
 Her dear Temple's falling,  
 Then to the bold rescue come all in quick order,  
 Freemen shall bless the day,  
 When their true hero Clay,  
 Took our Nation's *high post* to preserve and to guard  
 her,  
 Out, out, whigs and true democrats,  
 Millions are calling, then out in quick order,  
 Out, out, with your Clay flag and waving hats,  
 Freedom calls Hal of Kentucky to guard her.

---

H A R R Y C L A Y .

TUNE—*Harry Bluff*.

Harry Clay when a boy was without friends or home,  
 Left a poor orphan lad on the cold earth to roam,  
 But the fire of his genius flashed early to view,  
 And he filled all with wonder the older he grew.  
 Tho' his mind it was young, he won sages' applause,  
 When our land was in danger, he roused hearts in  
 her cause,  
 Old statesmen all cried he'd one day lead the—VAN  
 (Van B)  
 Tho' in years but a boy, he'd the wisdom of man.  
 And the soul of a pure Yankee Freeman.  
 Ere to manhood advanced, he a statesman became,  
 And toiled for his dear country's freedom and fame,  
 So true to his party—in council so brave,  
 The thunder of his voice hushed each treacherous  
 knave,  
 If our nation was wronged, his heart leaped at the  
 sound,



And the power of his mind awed the nations around,  
 Then honor brave Hal with our country's high sway,  
 And he'll make foe and kave all our lost rights repay,  
 With the soul of a pure Yankee Statesman.

---

WHAT SOUND IS THAT, THAT O'ER THE  
 HILLS.

TUNE.—*O'er the Hills and far away.*

What sound is that, that o'er the hills  
 Is borne upon the sweeping gale?  
 On ev'ry breeze the thunder swells,  
 From mountain top and blooming vale,  
 They are a nation's shouts that rise,  
 And cry aloud with eager zest,  
 While every rock and hill replies,  
 And echoes HARRY OF THE WEST.

Then swell the shouts, and let it rise  
 From every happy freeman's voice,  
 Until its thunders reach the skies,  
 And Freedom's mighty self rejoice.  
 Around the brow of HARRY CLAY,  
 Shall twine a never fading wreath,  
 A chaplet of the brightest bay,  
 That Fame can to her sons bequeath. J. D. W.

---

HENRY CLAY.

The great—the wise—the virtuous, all they say,  
 In Time's dread progress, die,—and turn to Clay;  
 A dying nation shall the comment give,  
 She turns to Clay—but turns to Clay to live!

## ALL'S WELL.

Hark ! from the broad and noble West—  
 From where the Hero's ashes rest—  
 The loud and stirring peal rings out—  
 And comes on every breeze the shout

For Harry Clay!

For Harry Clay!

For Harry Clay!

For gallant Harry Clay!

See them rush from the mountain's side—  
 They come from plain and prairie wide!—  
 From every forest, glade and glen,

The shout goes up again,

“ Who goes there ? Stranger,

Stand ! Say the word.”

“ Kentuck !”

“ Hurrah !”

“ All's well ! All's well !”

The West,

The East,

All—All's well !

From wild New England's mountain's steep,  
 On through her valleys green they sweep—  
 And swelling high his glorious name,  
 His noble deeds aloft proclaim

For Harry Clay!

For Harry Clay!

For Harry Clay!

For fearless Harry Clay!

From ocean's surge to mountain rills,  
 Bright burn the watch fires on the hills !  
 Each arm is nerved, each sword gleams high,

To strike for victory !

“ On ! on ! Comrade !

To the front ! who leads ? ”

“ Kentuck ! ”

“ Hurrah ! ”

All's well ! All's well ! ”

The West,

The East,

All's well ! All's well !

And from the palm groves of the south,  
The lofty strains are ringing forth,  
Hark from her thousand plains they come,  
In tones that thrill like battle drum,

For Harry Clay !

For Harry Clay !

For Harry Clay !

For faithful Harry Clay.

And when they hear his honored name,  
It kindles Freedom's holiest flame,  
And Million hearts with joy beat high,

Resolved to do or die.

“ Ho ! what of the night ?

Quickly tell, who leads ? ”

“ Kentuck ! ”

“ Hurrah ! ”

“ All's well ! All's well ! ”

The East,

The South,

All—All's well.

## COME VOTE FOR THE PATRIOT CLAY.

TUNE—*Rosin the Bow.*

Ye freemen throughout the whole nation,  
 Attend to your duty, I pray,  
 Come aid in your country's salvation,  
 And vote for the patriot Clay, &c.

Though we've lost the bravo Tippecanoe,  
 So long our best anchor and stay,  
 Our efforts at length we'll renew,  
 And vote for the patriot Clay, &c.

We put into office John Tyler;  
 In hopes that he faithful would stay,  
 But since he's joined hands with the spoiler,  
 We'll vote for the patriot Clay, &c.

The country is now in great trouble,  
 And has been so many a day,  
 And the mischief we fear will be double,  
 Unless we're delivered by Clay, &c.

The workmen are starving around us.  
 Can you tell me the reason, I pray?  
 Such misery ne'er would have found us,  
 If we had for our President, Clay, &c.

We used to have money a plenty;  
 Our debts we were able to pay,  
 But our pockets so long have been empty,  
 We think we'll make trial of Clay, &c.

The folks long in power have spoken,  
 And things will be better they say,  
 Their promises all have been broken—  
 So we'll wait no longer for Clay, &c.

The nation's a prey to the spoiler,  
 On all sides 'tis filled with dismay—  
 So we'll quickly drop Captain Tyler,  
 And stick to the patriot Clay, &c.

Then gather ye friends of the nation,  
 Attend to your duty, I pray,  
 Come aid in your country's salvation,  
 And vote for the patriot Clay, &c.

---

### OUR CANDIDATE.

TUNE—*Hurrah ! hurrah !*

For Henry Clay, our candidate,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

To place him in the Chair of State,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

“God's noblest work—an honest man,”

A nobler show us if you can !

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,

We spread our Banners to the sky,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

Our motto—“Clay and Liberty !”

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

At Vetoes we our “Veto” fling,

A President we want—not King !

Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Of Demagogues we've had enough,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

From Tyler down to Johnny Brough,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

We're sick of all their brawling fuss,  
 An honest man's the man for us !

Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

An honest man's the man we want,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 We're tired of Locofoco cant,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 We nail our colors to the mast,  
 And shout—Our Country, first and last !  
 Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

And when the vict'ry has been won—  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 (As 'twill be when the conflict's done,)  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 The fruits will not be thrown away,  
 No traitor yet was Henry Clay !  
 Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Now, boy's, three cheers for Henry Clay,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 With him we're sure to win the day,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 Our President, if he's alive,  
 He's bound to be in Forty-five  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

---

#### THE STAR OF ASHLAND.

The gallant Whigs have drawn the sword,  
 And thrown the idle sheath away ;  
 And onward is the battle word,  
 For Home Protection and for Clay.  
 We now have set the ball in motion,  
 That like the sun rolls night and day ;  
 While from the prairie to the ocean,  
 Awakes a shout for Henry Clay.

Farewell to sorrow, grief, and fear!  
 Farewell to him who now has sway;  
 The day of change is drawing near,  
 When he gives place to Henry Clay.  
 We've drawn the sword, now rally all,  
 As hunters at the break of day,  
 Leave cottage hearth, and festive hall,  
 And take the field for Henry Clay.  
 For he is now the nation's choice,  
 The nation's hope, the nation's stay;  
 Then shout with one united voice,  
 For Home Protection and for Clay.

---

GET ALONG HARRY, YOU'RE BOUND TO  
 GO IN.

TUNE—*Gee up Dobbin.*

Throw doubts to the Locos—we're confident sure  
 That Harry's the boy all our troubles to cure,  
 If Matty, Calhoun, or Buchanan begin  
 To strive for the vict'ry, brave Hal will go in.  
 Get along Harry, get along Harry,  
 Get along Harry, you're bound to go in.

In the days of old Hick'ry, we all of us thought  
 That he the best was who'd oft'nest fought;  
 Though battles from English and Indians he'd win,  
 To fight with our stateman he wouldn't begin.

Get, &c.

He managed the people, he governed the Banks;  
 And played while in office all sorts of queer pranks;  
 He killed the old monster, and then with a grin  
 He got many little ones of the same kin.

L

Get, &c.

He promised hard money and easy to get,<sup>27</sup>  
 But it proved vice versa as few will forget,  
 The money was soft, ragged, flimsy and thin ;  
 The Banks got it out, but would not get it in.  
 Get, &c.

Houses, lands, and expences all were up so high,  
 That it took all our money provisions to buy,  
 And as it was plenty its value was low,  
 For easy to come is more easy to go.  
 Get, &c.

To be sure the old Hero made Louis of France,  
 Pay all that he ow'd us or he'd made him dance—  
 He threaten'd Calhoun with a twist by the chin,  
 For Nullification he thought a great sin.  
 Get, &c.

What'er he did right another might do ;  
 And for all honest motives our thanks are still due—  
 But to close the last act of the old Hero's plan,  
 He said his successor should be little Van.  
 Get, &c.

Little Van, while old Hick'ry stood at his back,  
 Was elected our President quite in a crack ;  
 But gad how he scampered when Tippecanoe  
 Came at him again, with all the Whig crew.  
 Get, &c.

The people were happy with shouts of delight,  
 At the dawn of the morning they chased the black  
 night,  
 And flouted the welkin with banners so gay,  
 To the honors of Harrison, Tyler and Clay.  
 Get, &c.





In vain shall opponents detract from his fame,  
And seek with their falsehood to tarnish his name,  
As bright as the diamond it dwells in each breast,  
Its safety secured by its pure nature best.

Get, &c.

By the force of our voices—our own hallowed cause,  
By the love of our country, our kindred and laws,  
We're nerved for the battle—away with dismay—  
Hazza for the strife, and success to Hal Clay.

Get, &c.

H. B.



## ACROSTIC.

Here's the Statesman always ready,  
 Ever constant, ever true,  
 Not rash, but ardent, firm, and steady,  
 Resolved to bear his country through,  
 Yielding the need to others due.

Calmly he views the streams of faction,  
 Looks through their workings, eagle eyed,  
 A noble mark for base detraction,  
 Yet turning all its darts aside.

---

## AN EPIGRAM.

When first creation rose to light,  
 Each object took its name ;  
 The designations all were right,  
 From God himself they came.

Then *man* the noblest work, stood forth,  
 God's image to disclose ;  
*Adam* his name, which means the *earth*,  
 From whence his form arose.

And still that image may be seen  
 In one as pure as day ;  
 And Nature, when she made him man,  
 Impress'd the name of *CLAY*.

---

## THE STATESMAN.

Here's to great Harry the hope of the age,  
 Where freedom now looks for support;  
 She's sure of his love and knows him a sage,  
 By a lifetime spent at her court.  
 For this child of her love,  
 She sends down from above,  
 A laurel to circle his brow,  
 With a fire to impart,  
 A rich warmth to his heart,  
 That light up his brain with a glow.

She led him in Youth to the altar of Fame;  
 And mark'd out the path to ascend,  
 Call'd him her Son, while subscribing his name,  
 And christen'd him Liberty's friend.  
 Old dark Tyranny's frown,  
 As she wrote his name down,  
 Made the Temple seem in a cloud,  
 But Liberty smil'd,  
 'The darkness uncoil'd,  
 And HARRY was cheer'd by the crowd!

Old England soon felt the pledge of the boy,  
 And a world look'd on to admire,  
 Dame Freedom partook a mother's proud joy,  
 While old Neptune\* danced as his sire!  
 'Twas young Harry inspired,  
 What our honor required,

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\* Old Neptune claimed him as his son, for his exertions to equip the Navy, by which our most brilliant achievements were made.

And America asked from the world,  
 The war was proclaim'd,  
 And tyrants were tam'd,  
 When her banner he proudly unfurl'd.

Here's to *that* HARRY who taught us our right,  
 When sagely opposed by the tame,  
 The cause of our brilliant land and sea fights,  
 Was HARRY—so God bless his name.  
 And now since he has flew,  
 To the old world and new,  
 When Liberty asked for his aid;  
 Let Greece and Mexico say,  
 And they'll shout HARRY CLAY,  
 The friend of that heaven-born maid.

Now its HARRY the illustrious sage,  
 The guest of our heart's fondest love;  
 Whose life claims tribute from youth and old age  
 They'll pay it,—*or recreant prove!*  
 So pass round the can,  
 And drink to a man,  
 A health to the name we display,  
 We defy the whole world,  
 Now this name is unfurled,  
 The patriot and sage,—HARRY CLAY.

---

## ERECT HE STANDS.

“ Holding the principle that a citizen, so long as a single pulsation remains, is under an obligation to exert his utmost energies in the service of his country, whether in a private or public station, my friends may rest assured that in either condition I shall stand erect, with a spirit unconquered, while life endures, ready to second their exertions in the cause of union and liberty.”—*Henry Clay.*

Ay! stand erect—the cloud is broken ;  
 Above thee stands the rainbow’s token !  
 The shadow of thy onward way  
 Is bending into perfect day ;  
 The slanders of the venal train  
 Assail thy honest name in vain ;  
 For thou art still, as thou hast been,  
 The hope of free and patriot men.

Still boasts thy lip its fiery zeal,  
 Thy heart its joy in human weal ;  
 Still free thy tongue to soothe or warm,  
 Still keen its fiery shaft of scorn ;  
 Still soars thy soul untamed and strong,  
 The loftier for its sense of wrong ;  
 Still first in Freedom’s cause to stand,  
 The champion of her favorite land.

O! what to thee were pomp and show,  
 Aught that thy country can bestow ?  
 Her highest gifts could only take  
 New honors for their wearer’s sake ;  
 They could not add a wreath to thine,  
 Nor brighter make thy glory shine :  
 No—meaner ones may borrow fame ;  
**THINE** lives through every change the same.

The Grecian, as he feeds his flocks  
 In Tempe's vale, on Morea's rocks,  
 Or where the gleam of bright blue waters  
 Is caught by Scio's white-arm'd daughters,  
 While dwelling on the dubious strife,  
 Which usher'd in his nation's life,  
 Shall mingle in his grateful lay,  
 BOZZARIS with the name of CLAY.

Where blush the warm skies of the south  
 O'er Cotopaxi's fiery mouth,  
 And round the fallen Inca's graves,  
 The pampa rolls its breezy waves—  
 The patriot in his council-hall,  
 The soldier at his fortress-wall,  
 The brave, the lovely, and the free  
 Shall offer up their prayer for thee.

And where our own rude valleys smile,  
 And temple-spire and lofty pile  
 Crown, like the fashion of a dream,  
 The slope of every fountain-stream ;  
 Where Industry and plenty meet,  
 Twin-brothers, in the crowded street ;  
 Each spire and mountain upward sent  
 Shall be thy fitting monument.

Still stand erect!—our hope and trust,  
 When laws is trampled in the dust ;  
 When o'er our fathers' yet green graves  
 The war cry of disunion raves,  
 And sons of those who, side by side,  
 Smote down the lion-banner's pride,  
 Are girding for fraternal strife,  
 . . . or blow for blow' for life for life!

Let others rob the public store,  
 To buy their ill-used power once more;  
 Shrink back from truth, and open wide  
 The floodgates of corruption's tide;  
*Thou* standest in thy country's eye,  
 Unshrinking from its scrutiny,  
 And asking nothing but to show  
 How far a patriot's zeal can go.

And those whose trust is fix'd on thee—  
 Unbought, unpledged, and truly free—  
*They* bow not to an idol now;  
*They* scorn alike the bribe and frown;  
 And, asking no reward of gold  
 For barter'd faith, for honor sold,  
 Seek faithful to their hearths and home,  
 NOT CÆSAR'S WEAL, BUT THAT OF ROME!

---

### HE IS NOT FALLEN.

NOT FALLEN! No! as well the tall  
 And pillowed Allegany fall—  
 As well Ohio's giant tide  
 Roll backward on its mighty track,  
 As he, Columbia's hope and pride,  
 The slandered and sorely tried,  
 In his triumphant course turn back.  
 HE IS NOT FALLEN! Seek to bind  
 The chainless and unbidden wind!  
 Oppose the torrent's headlong course,  
 And turn aside the whirlwind's force;  
 But deem not that the mighty mind  
 Will cower before the blast of hate,



Or quail at dark and causeless ill ;  
 For though all else be desolate,  
 It stoops not from his high estate ;  
 A Marius 'mid the ruins still.

HE IS NOT FALLEN ! Every breeze  
 That wanders o'er Columbia's bosom,  
 From wild Penobscot's forest trees,  
 From Ocean shore, from inland seas,  
 Or where the rich Magnolia's blossoms  
 Floats, snow-like, on the sultry wind,  
 Is blooming onward on his ear,  
 A homage to his lofty mind—  
 A meed the falling never find,  
 A praise which Patriots only hear.

STAR OF THE WEST ! A million eyes  
 Are turning gladly unto him ;  
 The shrine of old idolatries  
 Before his kindling light grows dim ?  
 And men awakes as from a dream,  
 Or meteors dazzling to betray ;  
 And bow before his purer beam,  
 The earnest of a better day.

ALL HAIL ! the hour is hastening on  
 When, vainly tried by Slander's flame,  
 Columbia shall behold her son  
 Unharm'd, without a laurel gone,  
 As from the flames of Babylon  
 The angel-guarded trial came  
 The Slanderer shall be silent then,  
 His spell shall leave the minds of men,  
 And higher glory wait upon  
 The WESTERN PATRIOT'S future fame.

## HENRY CLAY.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Hail to the Statesman great and wise,

The patriot true and bold!

Where'er our trophied eagle flies,

His name with pride is told.

From Maine's dark pines and crags of snow,

To where magnolian breezes blow

O'er rich Floridian flowers ;

From hilly east to prairied west,

We hail him as our mightiest—

Rejoice in him as ours.

Twice, when the tempest o'er us hung,

And roar'd destruction's wave;

Like light to darkness forth he sprung,

To guide us, and to save :

In the fierce flashings of the storm,

We saw his proud undaunted form

Upon the quivering deck,

As, with his eye on Union's star,

He saw the danger from afar,

And shunn'd the threatening wreck.

His heart has beat in sympathy

Where'er throughout the world,

The yoked have fought for Liberty,

With Freedom's flag unfurled,

Say, Greece ! when nations saw you bleed,

Who trumpet-tongued proclaim'd your need ?

And climes of Andes say !

That templed land with answering shout,

And these stern summits thunder out

The name of HENRY CLAY.

A soul, whose patriotic love intense,  
 And frankest feelings dwell ;  
 A splendid, matchless eloquence,  
 A courage naught can quell :  
 No paltry limits bound his fame,  
 An empire's scatter'd myriads claim—  
 On mountains wide and lone,  
 In the throng'd city's busy streets,  
 In the green forests calm retreats,  
 His glory is their own.

What though detraction has essay'd  
 To cloud his noble brow ;  
 Down from the height himself has made  
 He smiles upon it now.  
 The oak, while growing, may be stirr'd  
 By a light touch of breeze and bird,  
 - Its bark each insect slime ;  
 Matured—though whirlwinds sweep the sky,  
 It lifts, unbow'd, its head on high,  
 In conscious strength sublime.

Welcome his way !—his steps beneath  
 Let proud green wreaths be spread :  
 O ! how our proudest, greenest wreath  
 Would brighten on his head !  
 Familiar as a household word,  
 In after-ages will be heard—  
 (When our's has pass'd away)—  
 A theme for song in happy hours,  
 A Trumpet-blast when danger lowers,  
 The name of Henry Clay.

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“THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.”

BY E. M. SPENCER.

There's a star in the West, whose lucid flame,  
 Shines bright as the fair orb of day,  
 And high is its name on the rolls of Fame,  
 Unharmed or untouched by decay.  
 And nations in pride have beheld its bright light,  
 That bowed to no foul tyrant's sway.  
 While front in fight, espousing the right,  
 Armed in the panoplied strength of his might,  
 Stood the patriot Henry Clay.

There's a star in the West, though men have tried,  
 To veil its bright beams with a cloud,  
 Their spleen to abide, their shafts to deride,  
 And weave for false wishes a shroud.  
 Aloft, as a statue, unscathed by crime,  
 To partizan changes ne'er bowed,  
 He stands divine, like the pillar sublime  
 That led from oppression in olden Time,—  
 A messenger gifted from God.

There's a star in the West, quail, tyrant, quail,  
 Invectives will not stop the ball,  
 You hear the loud wail, proclaiming the tale,  
 With a meaning as bitter as gall,  
 In every slight sound that was brought to our ears,  
 An effort you made to enthrall,  
 But the widows' tears, and the freemen's sneers,  
 Mixed with your own base and cowardly fears,  
 Warns us that you totter and fall.

There's a star in the West! hail! freemen, hail!  
 'Till ev'ry forest, glen and plain,  
 From the flowery vale, on the grateful gale,  
 Shall re-echo that shout again.  
 Till men have aroused to their country's woe,  
 To conquer the false and the vain.  
 With strength to o'erthrow, Columbia's proud foe.  
 And weave for our hero, a radiant halo,  
 Awakening young Liberty's strain.

There's a star in the West, heard you that cry,  
 That burst from the patriot's breast?  
 Aloft it shall fly, 'till it reach the broad sky,  
 To welcome our country's tried guest,  
 Then tremble ye minions, who base'y cling,  
 To one, a foul traitor confessed,  
 False hope take to wing, forsake the foul *thing*,  
 And loud let the anthems of Liberty sing,  
 In praise of the star of the West.

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THE END,

That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from the immortal God, and leaving, at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion and of death itself—that is public virtue, that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues.

HENRY CLAY.

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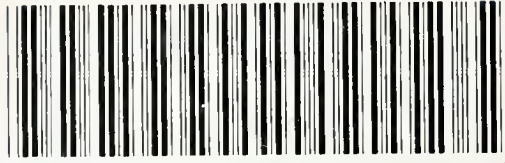




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