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THE
NATIONAL
CLAY MINSTREL,
AND
FRELINGHUYSEN
MELODIST,
FOR THE
PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS
OF
1844.

BEING A COLLECTION OF ALL THE NEW
POPULAR WHIG SONGS.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE HOOD,

AND SOLD BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

(1843)

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2904

TO THE
NATIONAL CLAY CLUB,
THIS WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY

Dedicated,

BY THE

PUBLISHER.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year
of 1843, by George Hood, in the Clerk's Office of the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

At the glorious close of the struggle which placed "the good President" in power, the Loco Focos indulged the full privilege of defeat in complaints that the victors had, among other misdemeanors, marched to triumph cheered on by patriotic songs. They forgot that, in all ages and countries, the champions of liberty have borrowed their first inspiration from the bard, and that the lyre has ever been the companion of the sword in the contests that have enobled and elevated human nature. The ancient Spartans marched to battle to the breathings of the lute; the hardy freemen of the North, were led to victory by their bards, and in modern times the squadrons of the united despots of Europe shrunk before the republicans of France, who rushed to the encounter chaunting the Marseilles Hymn. In our own revolution; when, in the darkest period of the war our half fed and half clad soldiers shivered around their camp fires at Valley Forge, some manly voice would raise the song of the Liberty Tree, and the dim eye would flash, and the pale cheek flush, and the night blast as it swept by, would bear upon its

wings the shouts for America and Freedom. During the late war, the national enthusiasm was raised to the loftiest pitch by the patriotic songs which called upon the sons of the soil to repel the invader; and we trust that the time will never come when the American ear will be less sensible, or the American heart more cold to the poet who invokes them in the cause of right, than were the gallant Germans who chaunted Korner's songs, as did Korner himself, when the life blood was gushing from their bosoms. Why the Loco Focos should complain of poetry and music wedded to and inspiring patriotism, we cannot understand, unless it be that they are opposed to all which is calculated to elevate, refine and harmonize the mass. It may, at least, be said that it is unfair that the supporters of the Grimalkin of Lindendorf, the prince of political mousers should be opposed to the *mews*!

In the present collection we believe we have included every Clay song of reputation and merit which has hitherto appeared; we have added many original songs by our best writers. May the millions of the country unite in chaunting them until all other sounds are drowned in a better music—the shouts of thunder which will hail the inauguration of the pride of the country and of all time—our own Harry of the West!

NATIONAL CLAY MINSTREL.

CLAY AND FRELINGHUYSEN.

Written by J Greiner, of Dayton, Ohio, for the Philadelphia Clay Minstrels, and sung by them, with unbounded applause, at the Great Ratification Convention in Baltimore.

TUNE—"Old Dan Tucker."

The skies are bright, our hearts are light,
Throughout our land the Whigs unite,
We'll set our songs to good old tunes,
For there is music in these "Coons!"
Hurrah! hurrah! the Nation's risin
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

The Locos' hearts are very sore,
Tho' very scarce in forty-four;
For they began to see with reason,
That this will be a great coon season.
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

O! Frelinghuysen's a Jersey Blue,
A noble Whig and honest too,
And he will make New Jersey feel,
Whigs pay respect to her "*Broad Seal.*"
Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Now let the Locos speak in candor,
 His fame e'en Kendall dare not slander,
 And when we all get in the fight,
 Lord how the Jersey Coons will bite.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! &c.

Oh ! Polk and Dallas are men of doubt,
 They cant *poke* in and must stay out,
 And in November they will find,
 Their party *poking* far behind. /
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! &c.

The coon now looks around with pride,
 For who is here dare touch his hide,
 And tho' the Locos think to cross him,
 They'll find he's only playing possum.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! &c.

United heart and hand are we,
 From Northern Lake to Southern sea,
 From East to West the country's risin'
 For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! &c.

JIMMY POLK OF TENNESSEE.

BY J. GREINER.

TUNE—"Dandy Jim of Caroline."

O, every day brings something new,
 The Loco Focos find it so ;
 And strange events have proved to Martin
 That doubtful things are "*mighty unsartin.*"
 At Lindenwald the Fox is holed,
 The Coons all laugh to hear it told—
 Ha . ha ! ha ! such a nominee
 As ~~J~~ many Polk of Tennessee.

O, annexation was the yoke,
 That fixed Van like a "*pig in a poke!*"
 They *poked* it to the cunning elf,
 By *poking* Jimmy Polk himself!

At Lindenwald, &c.

And "Cass;" poor fool, his chance has flown,
 Like the "lone star," he stands alone;
 His "Texas letter" proves that he,
 Should write his name without a C.

At Lindenwald, &c.

And Colonel Johnson too, whose zeal
 Burned bright for Texas and Repeal;
 The Locos thought Dick "didn't know beans,"
 And so they poked up Polk for greens.

At Lindenwald, &c.

But Polk for greens won't save their bacon,
 The party is to its centre shaken;
 E'en Tyler and Texas now do say,
 That Polk can't *polk* it into Clay.

At Lindenwald, &c.

And Silas Wright ('twas a good joke,
 Declined,) he was not fond of Polk;
 But, Silas we won't trouble you,
 You're "*right*" without the "W."

At Lindenwald, &c.

Next George M. Dallas they persuade,
 Altho' he wore the black cockade,
 And tho' he went the Bank and Biddle,
 To Polk he plays the second fiddle.

At Lindenwald, &c.

Now "choke" and Polk will always rhyme,
 And Dallas and gallows is very sublime;
 They dosed the Fox on Polk root poison,
 Huzza for Clay and Frelinghuysen!

At Lindenwald, &c.



THE MISSISSINEWA WAR SONG.

BY D. M. SMYSER, ESQ.

Brave Markle is the soldier's pride,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

He stem'd the battles raging tide,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

He rush'd like lightning on the foe,
And laid the murderous savage low,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

With gallant heart and ready hand,
Hurrah

Behold him battling for his land,
Hurrah! &c.

The "fighting Captain" is the man,
Before whose sword the British ran,
Hurrah! &c.

The bravest man among the brave,
Hurrah, &c.,
His fortune and his life he gave,
Hurrah, &c.,
And side by side with Tippecanoe,
He whipp'd the British and Indians too.
Hurrah! &c.

And when no longer war's alarms
Hurrah! &c.,
The soldier summon'd forth to arms,
Hurrah! &c.,
His hand his trusty sword forsook,
And turn'd it to a pruning hook.
Hurrah! &c.

And now at home he swings the flail;
Hurrah! &c.,
No better farmer, I'll go bail,
Hurrah! &c.,
To plough the field and till the ground,
In Pennsylvania can be found.
Hurrah! &c.

The "Indian fighter" we will chose,
Hurrah, &c.,
To route the thieving Kickapoos,
Hurrah, &c.,
Responsive to his country's call,
He'd drive them from the Capitol.
Hurrah, &c.

Our hardy sons are brave and true,
And pure's the air they ever drew;
Our mountains are unconquered yet,
And we boast the star that ne'er has set,—
Hurrah! hurrah! the star is gleaming,
Hurrah! hurrah! the star is gleaming,
Hurrah! hurrah! the star is gleaming,
Upon old Kentuck 'tis brightly beaming.

Oh! that glorious star is our delight,
It brightest glows in hottest fight,
And by its mild and constant ray,
We're ever guided on our way,—
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Oh, the Yankee boys are wide awake,
They come from hill, from valley and lake,
And the song they sing both night and day,
Is clear the track for Harry Clay.

Hurrah, hurrah! Vermont is rising,
Hurrah, hurrah! Vermont is rising,
Hurrah, hurrah! Vermont is rising,
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

Now here's to Thee of the frozen North,
Oh, Old Vermont, we know thy worth,
For thy hills and valleys and mountain rock,
We'll on! on! to the battle shock,
And strike! strike! for the people's rising.
Strike! strike! for the people's rising,
Strike! strike! for the people's rising,
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen.



CONVENTION SONG.

Written for the Choir of the National Clay Club of Phila.,
and sung by them with unbounded applause at Baltimore.

AIR—*Take heed! whisper low!*

Arouse, arouse from hill and valley
Comes sweeping on a gallant band;
Behold the glorious freemen's rally,
Awakes the spirit of the land.
Sweep on, sweep on o'er hill and dale,
Sweep on, sweep on,
Aloud, aloud on every gale,
Aloud, aloud,
Our voices hail this happy, happy day,
While echo speaks the name of HENRY CLAY.
From north and South our ranks are forming,
And proudly march the East and West;
And while each heart with zeal is warming,
By every lip one name is blessed. Sweep on, &c.
Upon the air are banners streaming;
'The Bugles' note their strains prolong:
With joy and hope each eye is beaming,
Spontaneous wakes each voice in song.
Sweep on, &c.
The emblems of our country's glory
In silent watch beside us stand;
Oh, may our Fathers' spotless story,
Our counsels guide, and save our land.
Sweep on, &c.
Then, brethren, from this magic hour,
The hope of long and bitter years,
Exert your freedom's right and power,
And wipe away Columbia's tears. Sweep on, &c.



HARRY THE TRUE, AND THE JERSEY BLUE.

BY F. BUCKINGHAM GRAHAM.

AIR — *What has caused this great commotion.*

What has caused this agitation, 'tation, 'tation,
Our country through?

It is the ball a rolling on,

For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue,

For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue,

For with them we can beat any clan, clan, clan,

Oh, yes we can.

For with them we can beat any clan.

At the great Baltimore convention, 'vention, 'ven-
tion,

Were not a few,

Who set the ball a rolling on,

For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue,

For Harry the true and the Jersey Blue,

For with them, &c.

Mechanics, Labourers, Merchants, Farmers, Far-
mers, Farmers,
Have it in view,

To make the ball prepare the way,
 For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue.
 For with them, &c.

We all will vote for gallant Markle, Markle,
 Markle,
 The brave and true,
 And he will help to clear the way,
 For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue.
 For with them, &c.

The ladies who are on us smiling, smiling, smiling,
 Will help us too,
 And surely they can clear the way,
 For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue.
 For with them, &c.

Come, all true-hearted patriots rally, rally, rally,
 Your zeal to show,
 Doubt not, this ball will clear the way,
 For Harry the true, and the Jersey Blue,
 For with them, &c.

THE SECOND POLK SONG.

TUNE—"Lucy Long."

Now Matty, on the shelf you're laid,
 I'm sure it is no joke—
 The Locos thought you would not do,
 So nominated Polk.

Oh, Matty they've denounced you,
 They say you cannot shine,
 And all you've left to cheer you now
 Is thoughts of days lang syne.

To make a President of Polk,
 'Tis getting rather late;
 By Jimmy Jones he was used u
 For Governor of his State.

Oh, Matty they've denounced you, &c.

Now Matty, back to Kinderhook,
 They say that you must go—
 They fear that you will die with grief,
 Your heart is filled with woe.

Oh, Matty they've denounced you, &c.

Though Cass with some's a favorite;
 But no—he would not do—

They wanted one to act a *Pork*,
 . And Polk, they've brought out you.

Oh, Matty they've denounced you, &c.

Now bid adieu to Blair and all,
 And to the White house too;
 They've *poked* you out of the window now—
 They've all forgotten you.

Oh, Matty they've denounced you, &c.

Though Johnson has some good deeds done,
 And some that, s very *black*,

They bid him leave, and off he went
 Like a man that had the sack.

Oh, Matty they've denounced you, &c.

A POLITICAL CATCH.

TUNE—"The Little Tailor Boy."

In Andrew Jackson's reign,
 The mighty Veto King,
 There were three *varmints* in this land,
 And of these three we sing.

The one was the Pole-Cat—Kendall,
 The other was the Beagle—Duff Green;
 The third, he was the Little Red Fox,
 From the Empire State, I ween.

The *Skunk*, he defiled his friend,
 The Beagle he gave the alarm,
 The Little Red Fox stole the President's robe,
 To keep these three rogues warm.

We smothered the Pole-Cat in *Clay*,
 The Beagle stole off to Calhoun,
 While the little Red Fox was caught by the tail,
 And worried to death by the Coon!

KILKENNY CATS.

TUNE—"Old Dan Tucker."

Calhoun, Buchanan, Johnson, Cass,
 The Locos say, may go to grass;
 And so they give us Polk and Dallas,
 A ticket which cannot appal us.

Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
 Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
 Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen,
 The day's our own, past all surmising.

Their own true friends they would dishearten,
 And clip the wings of poor old Martin;
 To calls of "justice" they prove callous,
 And victimized poor Polk and Dallas.

Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

The People say 'tis not surprisin'
 We go for Clay and Frelinghuysen :
 The Ship of State needs no such ballast
 As James K. Polk and George M. Dallas.

Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

The Locos swore they'd have no Mats,
 And fought like the Kilkenny Cats ;
 Two tails were left! whose were they ? tell us,
 Why James K. Polk, and George M. Dallas !

Hurrah! for Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICKENS.



DELAWARE.

By J. A. ALLDERDICE, OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

AIR—*Old Dan Tucker.*

It has been known that here of late,
 That Delaware's called the banner state,
 To Baltimore her "chickens" went,
 For at home they could not be content.

Get out of the way, you're all too late,
 For the chickens of the banner state.

From Brandywine's blue rocks and hills
 To Sussex's plains and gentle rills,
 We raised a shout for Harry Clay,
 In Baltimore the second of May.
 Get out of the way, &c.

The big ball sent by Allegany,
 Will be roll'd through here and Pennsylvania,
 And wherever it goes the people will be risin',
 For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.
 Get out of the way, &c.

Firm to her post old Kent will stand,
 The capitol she will command,
 In New Castle we'll walk o'er the course,
 Just as easy as a full blood horse.
 Get out of the way, &c.

The Blue Hen's Chickens are whig to the core,
 And they'll soon run all the Lokies ashore,
 Our banner now waves above the horizon,
 For Stockton, Clay, and Frelinghuysen.
 Get out of the way, &c.

WHIG THUNDER.

AIR—*What has caused this agitation.*

Oh what has caused all this Whig thunder,
 thunder, thunder,
 That now is risin'?

The nomination by the Whigs
 Of Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
 Of Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
 For with them we can beat any man, man, man,
 Of the Polk and Dallas clan,
 For with them we can beat any man.

The Locos now on every corner, corner, corner,
Are agonizin',

For all Creation's going they say
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
For with them we can beat any man, &c.

Loco-Polko stock is going down, down, down,
Whig stock is risin',

For "Old Virginia" goes it strong
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

The Captain's office-holders think, think, think,
Of taking *pison*,

To save themselves from sure defeat
By Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

A grand Whig army onward moves, moves, moves,
All ranks comprisin',

To place the wreath of laurels on
The brows of Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

Our Theodore will ne'er be guilty, guilty, guilty,
Of Tylerizin',

Then go it while you're young, my boys
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen, &c.

The beautiful girls, God's last best gift, gift, gift,
Above all prisin',

Will all to a man, do all they can
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
For Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen,
And with them we will beat the whole clan, clan,
Of the Polk and Dallas clan,
With the ladies we'll beat any man.



SALT RIVER.

Written for the Choir attached to the Philade
National Clay Club, by F. B. Graham, Esq.

AIR—In Good Old Colony Times.

A few short weeks ago,
As we'll attempt to show,
Some locos did consult about
The place where they should go.

John C. Calhoun and Johnson,
And old "ten cent" Buchanan,
Determined to escape beyond
The noise of the Whig cannon.

Martin Van advised the rest
Full soon to "get out of the way,"
And give him a chance to "spike that gun"
That echoes the name of Clay.

But while they conversed—a sound
Struck them with surprise and wonder,
For *Maryland* spoke, and the Locos swore
The noise they heard was THUNDER!

Says Calhoun, "let's change our names,
 And make it *loco-motion*;
 For about our little Matty Van
 The folks have got a queer notion."


The Whigs at the great Convention,
 Convened at Baltimore,
 Nominated for Vice President,
 New Jersey's Theodore.

Then a Loco laughed outright,
 And cried—"that's good, I vow,
 he coons can sing no more whig songs,
 They're a used up party now."

Soon the Minstrel's came along,
 And the waltz he ran was surprisin',
 For with voices clear did they sing about
 Our Cady and Frelinghuysen.

Still may we sing Whig songs,
 From the book with the *Yaller Kiver*,
Loco-motion's the word, and the Loccos all
 Are steaming it "up Salt River."

A NEW SONG.

 TUNE—"Old Rosin the Bow"

The story we'll tell you's surprisin',
 But then you will find it no joke;
 The Locos who wish'd to take poison,
 Have determined at last to take (poke) Polk.
 Have determined, &c.

The most of them swallow'd Van Buren,
 But found him too little to choke—
 Large doses of Cass they did pour in,
 But found it all ended in smoke.

But found, &c.

Some took a few bottles of Stewart,
 Which made the majority croak :
 They said that his friends should be skewer'd,
 Or else—take a full dose of *Polk*.

Or else, &c.

A few wished to take "Indian physic,"
 And at old "*Blue Dick*" they did pull ;
 But most of them soon got the phthisic
 In trying to swallow the *wool*.

In trying, &c.

For Buchanan they then made a *Dodge*,
 And thought it was quite a bold stroke,
 But the mass of them call'd it all fudge,
 And said they'd be forced to take *Polk*.

And said, &c.

Then the *South* brought a box of *Calhoun*,
 And thought that all charms they had broke ;
 But the *West* let them know pretty soon,
 That they were all bound to take *Polk*.

That they, &c.

The lads from the *Keystone* were callous,
 And proof against taking *Polk tea* ;
 And though it is sweeten'd with *Dallas*,
 They still have a will to be free.

They still, &c.

Though *Polk-tea* some think is rank poison,
 We'll stop its effects in a day—

Its antidote is *Frelinghuysen*,

When taken in doses with *Clay*.

When taken, &c.

But the *Whigs* know the season for greens,
 For this year has passed quite away ;
 'twe'll soon show the *Locos* we've means
 To put their *Polk* under the *Clay*.

COME FRIENDS, GATHER 'ROUND.

TUNE—" *Lucy Neal.*"

Come, friends of Markle, gather round,

And join us in our song,

To rout the sly old "*Lumbermen,*"

It will not take us long.

With Mississinewa,

With Mississinewa,

Protection for our artizans,

And Mississinewa.

We want no *Parson* at the helm,Nor *Injins* at the mast,

But a clever Western Farmer,

Shall guide us through the blast,

Old Mississinewa,

Old Mississinewa,

Protection for our artizans,

And Mississinewa.

The Keystone waking up at last,

She's right for forty four,

The *silent* votes will tell the tale,

For Clay and Theodore.

Clay and Theodore,

Clay and Theodore,

General Markle too we sing,

With Clay and Theodore.

Mechanics too, and labouring men,

Will bid the Lokies walk ;

And not a *berry* will be left,Upon the *lone-Polk* stalk !

Clay and Theodore,

Clay and Theodore,

General Markle too we sing,

With Clay and Theodore.

Our Principles, the country's weal,—
 We ask but these—no more ;
 List ! this our watchword in the fight—
 Is "Clay and Theodore !" (Repeat.)

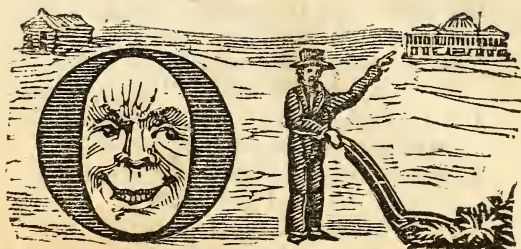
Let the Keystone's loud huzza ring out,
 Our brother Whigs to tell,
 That here the *poison* will not take,
 Huzza ! huzza ! "all's well !"
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !
 Once more we'll make the welkin ring,
 Huzza ! huzza ! all's well !

HURRAH SONG.

The locos say there is no tune,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 To sing to this New Jersey Coon,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 But we can tell them something better ;
 We'll have a rhyme for every letter !
 Hurrah, &c.

Now, Whigs, three cheers for all the states,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 For we have got our candidates,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 And we are sure they will be chosen,
 Both Harry Clay and Frelinghuysen !
 Hurrah, &c.

The locos have done all they can,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 And "Martin is a used up man,"
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 And locos hide their eyes in shame,
 Since Clay and Frelinghuysen came !
 Hurrah, &c.



ADVANCE WHIGS.

AIR—*Boatman's danc.*

Come Whigs prepare to enter the chase,
 We can beat any man of the Loco race,
 We beat them in forty, we can beat them more,
 And use up their party in forty-four.

Advance Whigs, advance,
 Your country's cause advance,
 And never rest a day, 'till Henry Clay
 The White House is adorning.

Heigho, to the polls we'll go,
 And vote for the Western Statesman O.
 Heigho, to the polls we'll go,
 And vote for the Western Statesman O.

In forty we sang them out of tune,
 And whipt them with that same old coon,
 For Henry Clay the good and true,
 We've nought but voting now to do.

Advance Whigs, &c.

There's James K. Polk to freemen callous,
 May go along with two-faced Dallas,
 With MARKLE we'll make Pennsylvany,
 As good a state for Clay as any.

Advance Whigs, &c.

The will of the people will soon betold,
 And Matty will remain at Lindenwold,
 We'll show the Locos very soon,
 They cannot kill that same Old Coon.

Advance Whigs, &c. O. B.



WHIG QUODLIBET.

[As sung by the Philadelphia Clay Minstrels.]

Oh Polk! Oh Polk!

Don't you know you'll end in smoke!

For up Salt River you must go Polk!

And the way you'll go up won't be slow Polk!

Oh Polk! Oh Polk!

Don't you know you'll end in smoke!

You may run and your friends all may do their
 very best,

But 'twill all be in vain you'll find;

'For the log cabin boys go for Harry of the Wes'

And you'll soon see that you can't shine;

You must mind what you're about,

For as sure as you are born,

You are bound to fizzle out

At the small end of the horn.

Oh Polk! Oh Polk!



THE FIGHTING CAPTAIN.

By F. B. GRAHAM, Esq.

TUNE—" *It will never do to give it up so.*"

When Markle marched to the frontier,
 He knew not what it was to fear,
 The Tory force the British sent,
 But this was e'er his sentiment,
 It will never do to give it up so,
 It will never do to give it up so,
 It will never do to give it up so, gallant boys,
 It will never do to give it up so!

He bravely fought with Harrison,
 And then o'er the foe a victory won,
 And now he is the candidate
 For Pennsylvania's chair of state.

It will never do, &c.

Now Whigs, lets rally for the fight,
 Our cause is just, our course is right,
 In the locos' ears when we shall sing,
 We'll make this chorus loudly ring—
 It will never do, &c.

With Harry Clay, the tried and true,
 And Frelinghuysen and Markle too,
 We'll triumph o'er the locos soon,
 But we'll not forget this good old tune.
 It will never do, &c.



A CATCH.

AIR—Here's a health to all good lasses.

Here's success to old Kentucky,
 Ever true and ever lucky;
 Still his grateful country's stay!
 Freeman 'round your patriot rally!
 Raise the cry from hill and valley!
 "Gratitude to Henry Clay!"

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 of 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.

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 ?
 'Twas 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.

The Madisonian says that the "Tyler men are willing to count noses with the Van Buren men any day." The Tylerites do not number very many noses, but then they can exhibit one nose, that of his *Accidency*, equal at to least a dozen common noses.

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 Vernon 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.

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 make 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.

Whene'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 forces 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!
 Its 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.

What would be thought of the *morality* of the Democratic party if it should take this odious, this detestable administration by the hand, or admit it into its council?—*Washington Globe*.

Why, under such circumstances, we would think of the "morality" of the party pretty much as we think of John Tyler's conscience, John Jones' brains, Amos Kendall's gratitude, Van Buren's candour, Buchanan's Democracy, Dick Johnson's incorruptibility, and Calhoun's chances for the succession.—*Louisville Journal*.

A SITTIN' ON A TREE.

BY THE REV. W. BROWNLOW.

TUNE—"Sittin on a rail."

As I walked out dis arternoon,
 To get a drink by de light ob de moon,
 Dar I see dat "same Old Coon,"

A sittin' on a tree,

A sittin' on a tree,

A sittin' on a tree,

A sittin' on a tree,

And lookin' werry glad.

Says I to him, "wot make you grin ?

De Lokies say you're dead as sin ;

But dar you is—de same old skin,

A sittin' on de tree, &c.

"Ob course, I ar," says he, "and soon,

De whigs will sing de good old tune,

About dis werry same Old Coon,"

A sittin' on de tree, &c.

When Massa Harrison—bless his soul,

Begun de great big ball to roll,

Why here I sot, and see de whole,

A sittin' on dis tree, &c.

One ting dere was in dat campain,

I hope to neber see again,

It gibes dis Old Coon so much pain,

A sittin' on de tree, &c.

Lookin' werry-bad.

De way Old Weto'd take you in,

I ollers thought would be a sin :

It almose make me shed my skin,

While sittin' on de tree, &c.

Lookin' mighty mad.

Now when you get into de fray,
 Dat will be fout 'fore many a day,
 And end in 'lectin' Harry Clay,
 I'll sit upon dis tree, &c.
 Lookin' werry glad.

And den I hope, if you put on,
 Your flag, de name ob any one,
 Wid his'n, 'twill be an *honest* John,
 Or else not none all!
 So says dis **SAME OLD COON.**

THE MOON WAS SHINING SILVER BRIGHT.

A WHIG SONG, BY J. GREENIER.

TUNE—"Old Dan Tucker."

The moon was shining silver bright.
 The stars with glory crowned the night,
 High on a limb that "same old coon,"
 Was singing to himself this tune:
 Get out the way, you're all unlucky;
 Clear the track for old Kentucky!

Now in a sad predicament,
 The Lokies are for President,
 They have six horses in the pasture,
 And don't know which can run the faster.
 Get out of the way, &c.

The wagon horse from Pennsylvania,
 The Dutchman thinks he's best of any ;
 But he must drag in heavy stages,
 His federal notions and low wages,
 Get out of the way, &c.

They proudly bring upon the course,
 An old and broken down war-horse ;
 They shout and sing, 'O rumpsey dumpsey,
 Col. Johnson killed Tecumsey !'

Get out of the way, &c.

And here is Cass, though not a dunce,
 Will run both sides of the track at once ;
 To win the race will all things copy,
 Be sometimes pig, and sometimes puppy.

Get out of the way, &c.

The fiery southern horse Calhoun,
 Who hates a Fox and fears a Coon,
 To toe the scratch will not be able,
 For Matty keeps him in the stable.

Get out of the way, &c.

And here is Matty, never idle,
 A tricky horse that slips his bridle ;
 In forty-four we'll show him soon,
 The little Fox can't fool the Coon.

Get out of the way, &c.

The balky horse they call John Tyler,
 We'll head him soon, or burst his boiler ;
 His cursed 'Grippe' has seized us all,
 Which Doctor Clay will cure next fall,

Get out of the way, &c.

The people's favorite, Henry Clay,
 Is now the 'Fashion' of the day ;
 And let the track be dry or mucky,
 We'll stake our pile on old Kentucky.

Get out of the way he swift and lucky ;
 Clear the track for old Kentucky !

THE RUBBER ; OR MAT'S THIRD AND LAST GAME.

TUNE—"Miss Bailey."

Our little Mat, from Kinderhook, no friend to
country quarters,
Resolved to rule a second time, or dangle in his
garters ;

Though Lindenwold grew cabbages, he got but
little off it ;

'Twixt *Public crib* and *private crib*, there's a dif-
ference in the profit !

Great difference in the profit !

Ye office-seeking sycophants, now ready let each
one be ;

The Argus, with its hundred, eyes, looked every
way for Sunday ;

Mat sung all tunes in double voice—one bass, the
other treble,

While in Senate, Silas Wright was playing second
fiddle.

Wright playing second fiddle.

Importers and our factories, Mat wished in good
condition,

And Slavery, twas a sacred thing, and so was
Abolition !

He was for Union and Repeal—'more no than
yes'—the Treaty ;

He loved Protection and Free Trade, Sub-Treasury
Notes and Specie ?

All salaries paid in specie !

Then Agriculture—he revered it! himself a happy
Till'er,

At first he bought his hay and oats, but past two
years was seller,

Had reclaimed twelve acres bog—in the useful
was their true vassal, [to Newcastle.

But for him to talk to farmers, was carrying coals
Mat carrying coals to New Castle!

And oh! the generous rival;—Calhoun, altho'
Quixotic,

Was an honest Nullifier!—Cass vain, but patriotic,
Johnson, an honorable man—all were in his opinion;
Dick never wrote that mail report, but doubtless
killed an Indian!

Dick doubtless killed an Indian!

Now any mortal man but Mat—such studied non
committal,

Such twiddling, twaddling, twisting, would very
much be-little,

He patted Cass-men on the back, and Johnson and
Calhoun men

Soft-soldered all mankind, and bored—Lord! how
he bored the women!

Who doesn't love the women?

Now Mat had learnt in Jackson times, in Loco-
Foco sections,

That soldering, and rub-a-dubs, were just the
thing for 'lections;

But his merit roll was mighty short in service thus
exciting,

He "talked of battles"—snug at home while others
did the fighting!

Dick Johnson did the fighting!

Quoth Mat, I need the Hickery poles to reach the
place assigned me !

I'll mount the Presidential horse and *pillion*—Polk
behind me !

Old Tennessee can help me more than scores of
'Accidentals,'

If she'll rig me out in the General's cocked hat and
regimentals !

Old Hickory's regimental !

Like bag on bean pole, and such a *fit*—the tailor
tribe were shock'd at ;

Old soldiers snickered to see Mat play General in a
cock'd hat,

Old Hickory shakes his sides to see how slouchingly
his suit sets,

While "Puss in Boots" makes awkward strides to
follow in his footsteps.

In his illustrious footsteps !

Then all contributed their mite ; the Argus public
meetings ;

Old Hickory furnishes, rub-a-rubs—John Tyler,
double dealings,

Ritchie, to gull the populace, fluttered like a stool-
pigeon,

Hoyt furnished funds, Dick Davis wind, and Butler
the religion !

Ben Butler the religion.

And Humbug Benton, having heard, though he
had never read it,

That Balaam's Ass had made a speech, reported to
his credit,

Came forth in many a windy speech, for he felt some
ambition,
Like his great prototype, to show an ass's condition.
The Ass's condition.

By British Gold, and Biddle Banks he said he'd
never be bought,
"Rumbled his belly full"—[*King Lear.*]—like
tempest in a tea-pot;
He always thought the popular breath like herring
spoiled in curing,
But their "sober second thoughts," he hoped,
would be for Mat. Van Buren!
For *him*—and Mat Van Buren!

Prince John, too, fired with patriotic zeal—met
with responses hearty,
His honied voice, and spindle-shanks, devoted to
'The Party';
Barn Burners, and Old Hunkers' were dear alike
to Matty,
If they'd resolve, *nem. con.*, to vote their 'Favorite
Son'—his Pappa!
His well-fed, grateful Pappa!

Mat's nomination now was deemed as past all
apprehension,
His rivals—jockey'd off the course, Mat heads them
in Convention!
But Henry Clay was waxing strong, while Mat
grew faint and feeble;
Huzza for Clay—and *exit* Mat—cursing the stupid
people!
Mat couldn't gull the people!

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, 'tection, tecton,
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.

HARRY OF KENTUCKY, HO! IEROE!

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

Welcome the strain that around us is pealing,
 Fraught with a music to Freeman 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,

Proclaim 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!”

THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT
CANVASSING.

AIR—“ *The days when we went Gipseying.*”

In the days when we went canvassing
A long time ago,
Our candidates with honor's flame,
Were warm from top to toe;
We placed them in the state's high seat,
To guide her laws so free,
Their virtues ruled the land in peace,
And fair prosperity;
But now each chief turns demagogue,
And proves his country's foe,
Since the days when we went canvassing,
A long time ago,
Since the days when we went canvassing
A long time ago.

But Freedom when the patriots made,
Form'd one of *Clay* so true,
That boldly he proclaim'd her rights,
Against the traitor crew;
And unto CLAY she proudly points,
And calls each freeman on,
And place him on her rock of power,
To gain her glories gone;
Then let each heart her call obey,
And all again shall know,
The happiness that blest our land,
A long time ago,
The happiness that blest our land,
A long time ago.

HARRY CLAY'S RAISIN'.

AIR—"Old Tip's raisin'."

Come all ye log cabin boys, we'll have another
raising,

We have a job on hand, that we think will be
pleasing,

We'll turn out and build Harry Clay a new cabin,
And finish it off with chinkin and with daubin'.

We want all the log cabin boys in the nation,
To be on the ground to build the foundation,
And every Loco Foco will think it is amazing,
To see how we work at the Clay cabin raising.

Hurra, hurra, it happens very lucky,

We have such good *Clay* in Old Kentucky.

We'll clear off the ground plat and put the
"dornicks" under,

And put the sleepers on them without any blunder;

We'll all go to work as good Whigs ought to do,

And Matty shall be routed like Bonaparte at
Waterloo,

We'll shoulder our axes and cut down the timber—

We all learn'd the trade boys in forty, you'll
remember—

So hurrah boys—there's no two ways in,

The fun we'll have at the Clay cabin raisin'

Hurra, hurra, &c.

We'll have it well chinked, and we'll put on the
cover,

Of good sound clapboards, with the weight-poles
over,

And a good wide chimney for the fire to blaze in,

To keep the Whigs warm in the cold winter season;

And let us all keep the ball rolling,
 'Till we drive all the Lokies away,
 Calhoun, Tom Benton and Walker,
 And rally round Henry Clay.

And as for Petticoat Allen,
 His earthquakes he had better stay,
 For the whigs they will make the earth tremble
 When shouting for old Henry Clay.

And there is old Low Wages Tappan
 We'll make him walk-jaw-bone away,
 And send to the senate Tom Corwin,
 And for President, Henry Clay.

And there is Jimmy Buchanan,
 A dabster at dodging away,
 Although he was surely instructed,
 To vote for the Land Bill of Clay.

Oh, ladies, come rally around us,
 And smile as we pass on our way,
 It nerves our heart for the action,
 In the cause of old Henry Clay.

Oh, see the white handkerchiefs waving,
 The emotion no patriot can stay,
 For the ladies will nerve all creation,
 In favor of Henry Clay.

Then the boys sing louder and louder,
 For we'll have a new song every day,
 And like rats from a ship that is sinking
 The locos will scamper away.

Then huzza, huzza, and huzza,
 Oh, don't let the steam die away,
 For the fields of new glory await you,
 When we hoist the broad banner of Clay.

O U R C A N D I D A T E.

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 colours to the mast,

And shout—our country, first and last!

Hurrah, hurrah, &c

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

AIR—"A life on the Ocean wave."

List, list to the People's cry,
 Resounding o'er hill and dale,
 In terror the Loco's fly,
 Like chaff on the winter's gale.
 The mountains are ringing the shout,
 The valleys re-echo again,
 And the rock-bound shores of the North
 Are joyously swelling the strain.
 Hark, hark, to the loud acclaim,
 That comes from the distant West,
 They call for the Son of Fame,
 Their *Clay*—the greatest and best.
 Hark, Hark! Hark, Hark!
 Hark, Hark! to the distant West.

Arise, ye Whigs of the East,
 'Tis now the glorious day,
 When all your votes should be cast
 In support of Henry Clay.
 The South is up in her strength,
 Our cause will in triumph prevail
 And the shout of a people free
 Shall burthen the sweeping gale.
 Like a whirlwind his fame has spread—
 The mists have all cleared away—
 The foe from the field has fled!
 Then hurrah! for Henry Clay.
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah for Henry Clay.

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 toty,
 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
 crush'd low,
 Arouse in the East by the patriot's that bless 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.

HARK! FROM THE BROAD AND NOBLE WEST.

TUNE—*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.

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 bad 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.

Mr. Madison's estimate of Mr. Clay.—He invited him repeatedly into his Cabinet, and offered him the mission to Russia, then deemed very important. He even proposed to put Mr. Clay at the head of the army; and was only deterred from sending of his name to the Senate for the appointment in *General-in Chief*, by the advice that he could not be spared from the public councils.

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.

While Colonel Johnson was on a visit to Pennsylvania, he was asked what opinion he entertained of Henry Clay. His reply was "As an orator, and a statesman, he is one of the greatest men living."

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,
 But 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.

THE FARMER OF KENTUCKY.

Written for the Clay Minstrel.

TUNE—*The Hunters of Kentucky.*

Ye honest whigs and voters true,
 Who'd save your nation's glory,
 Come listen and I'll tell you who
 Can keep her name in story.
 'Tis freedom's agriculturalist,
 Whose crops are always lucky,
 The last, the greatest, and the best,
 The farmer of Kentucky.

Oh, Kentucky, the farmer of Kentucky,
 For years he left his western home,
 To work on freedom's farm, sir,
 There he manured our nation's loam,
 With his rich Clay so warm, sir,
 He made the nation's plants grow tall,
 And freedom's seeds grow lucky,
 And the harvests they were capitol (capital)
 Through the harvest of Kentucky. Oh, &c.

But farmer Clay saw that the lands
 Were till'd and worked in vain, sir,
 For Tyler and his cross grained hands,
 Eat all the people's grain, sir.
 They cropped the crops ere they were ripe,
 And made the harvest trucky,
 It gave the land the Tyler gripe,
 And troubled old Kentucky, Old, &c.

Now Uncle Sam at this grows warm,
 And freedom's lost her temper,
 They call on Clay to rule their farm,
 And cure the land's distemper.
 Let March then be his moving day,
 For freedom's cause most lucky,
 We'll by our polls will carry Clay,
 To the white house from Kentucky,
 Oh, Kentucky, &c. s. s. s.

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 a stand, and we all stand for business.

Since our new congress formed, nearly four 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,

'But 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,'
 Then rise altogether, we'll make times gay,
 By putting in the chair old tariff 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 SHIP

Written for the National Clay Minstrel.

BY B. LUTHER LELAND.

TUNE—"Soldier's Dream."

Our song we had sung—for the feast was all o'er,
And the curtains of night were drawn closely
around,

And we sought our repose like the soldiers of yore,
With our guns at our sides on the damp and cold
ground.

I dreamed that John Tyler no more was the head
Of this beautiful country by liberty blest,
But that treachery's home was the grave of the dead
And the bugle-blast echoed aloud from the West.

Harry Clay had the helm of the huge ship of state,
And well did she buffet the billows of time,
Though the storm it was high, and the danger was
great,

Her appearance with grandeur, her bearing
sublime.

Sub-treasury shoals she passed under her lea,
And swiftly the failing pet banks she swept by,
Nor heeded the cry as she sailed o'er the sea,
"Oh! where shall Van Buren Democracy fly!

The banner of Freedom was nailed to her mast,
And American Thunder pealed loud from her
side;

Her spars swept the heavens, and her form it was
glassed,

In the trackless, the dark, and the deep rolling
tide.

The tars on her deck rent the air with their cheers,
 As the stars and the stripes were in glory displayed,
 And the song that they sung, "Boys banish your fears,
 For although we're betrayed we can ne'er be dismayed!"

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 the 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.

HARRY OF THE WEST

TUNE—"The Star Spangled Banner."

Lo! the cheiftain 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
 He has mounted on high to the patriot's sky, [it;
 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 the Hope of the West.

He shall 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,
 Like 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 labors 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 sur-
 rounding,
 'Mid the war of great minds his warm spirit has
 soared, [ing,

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

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

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 mottos 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.

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 ;
 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.

Mr. Clay.—The following worthy tribute from an
 opponent is from the Democratic Review :—

"There is no serious question as to the Whig candidate. It is to be CLAY—CLAY, with an enthusiasm of personal feeling which we envy him the honor of having awakened in his friends and his party, far more than we should that of the office itself, with which they are so earnestly bent to adorn and reward the closing years of his long political life. * * * Clay then can alone be the man ; and the indications are apparent enough, as indeed it could no be doubted, that the rally and struggle to be made for him will equal, if not surpass, in vehemence and in lavish profusion of means, the before unparalleled efforts of 1840."

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 tries 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 betrayed us,
 But pick flint, and try it again.

A barber in Lexington having some ill feeling toward Mr. Clay was about to vote against him. But meeting Mr. Clay one day in the street, he accosted him, and said, "I have wronged you, Mr. Clay." "How so?" "Why my wife came to me and said, 'Jerry, don't you remember when you were in jail, and Mr. Clay came and let you out? and will you vote against him?' 'No! no! Jinny,' I said, 'do you think I am such a beast?'"

THE CHIEF OF THE WEST.

TUNE.—*The 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, coming,
 Whigs all must muster night and day,
 Throughout the land they're humming, hum-
 ming,
 And all their cry is Clay, boys.

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, coming
 Whigs all must muster, night and day,
 Throughout the land they're humming, hum-
 ming,
 And all their cry is Clay, boys.

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,

His name is high in story,

He's doomed to make us blest,

'Tis Clay, our nation's glory.

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 the gallant West,

His name is high in story,

He's doomed to make us blest,

'Tis Clay, our nation's glory.

THE CLAY GATHERING.

TUNE.—*The Macgregor's Gathering.*

The land-shout rings loud for our bold hero, Clay,
 And his name and 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,
 The treasury's sapped by political beagles,
 We'll muzzle the hounds and restore our lost eagles.

Then gather, gather, gather,
 Gather, gather, gather, gather.

While we've patriots like Clay, our dear land to
 deliver,

Her freedom and glory shall flourish forever.

Our fair land is plundered,

By demagogue powers,

Its trade and its treasures,

No longer are ours;

We are tradeless and fundless,

Fundless freemen all. Fundless, &c.

Through our towns, plains and mountains, our banners
 we'll rear,

For reform and a Tariff, still louder we'll cheer,

And our cliffs and green mountains shall moulder
 away,

Ere we yield up our cause, or our patriot Clay,

Then huzza, huzza, huzza! for bold Harry, boys,

Though our nation is plundered by Ty and his
 beagles,

We will muzzle his hounds and restore our lost
 eagles. Then gather, gather, &c.

While we've sages like Clay, our dear land to
 deliver,

Her freedom and glory shall flourish forever.

And thus, &c.



THE SHIP COLUMBIA.

Written for the "National Clay Minstrel."

BY F. B. GRAHAM.

TUNE—"Hail to the Chief."

Far from the west see the statesman advancing,
Whose voice in our cause has so often been heard;
Now his bright, beaming eye, towards the whig
standard glancing,
Is fixed on the gay-plumaged liberty bird.
Give him the helm of the fair ship Columbia,
And we'll laugh at the storm as we ride safely o'er
All the high-swelling surges of life's troubled ocean,
Till *Protection* we find on our own native shore.

Now to the lofty mast,
 Nail the whig banner fast,
 And let it fore'er on the wind's pinions play!
 None will the tempest fear,
 When with a hearty cheer,
 We welcome onboard, the brave mariner Clay.
 Toss'd have we been 'mid the breakers of treachery,
 Tyrants and traitors have guided us long,
 But without breaking forth in a blood-thirsty mutiny,
 We'll send the old *Captain* away with a song.
 'Neath the folds of that standard at mast-head now
 streaming,
 Our crew will not long by the *guard* be oppressed;
 For the sun-light of peace will soon o'er us be gleaming
 And will gladden our homes in the land of the west.
 Standing our flag beneath,
 Let us a laurel wreath
 Entwine round the brow of the brave Harry Clay!
 Hark! 'tis the bugle-blast!
 Nail the whig banner fast!
 And e'er let it float in the light of the day.

The following toast by the Hon. John P. Ken-
 nedy, of Baltimore, was drank at a dinner given
 by the New Yorkers to a Delegation who had gone
 from Baltimore to congratulate the Whigs of the
 Empire State upon their victory in 1837.

HARRY OF THE WEST.

————“Our liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft,
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge,
 Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
 Our surest signal!”

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND HENRY CLAY.

THE CHARGE OF "BARGAIN AND SALE."—The Maysville, Kentucky Eagle says:—Mr. Adams, in his address in the Presbyterian church of Maysville, in responding to the declaration of Gen. Collins, "that he, (Mr. Adams,) had placed Kentucky under deep and lasting obligations to him for his noble defence of her great statesman, in his letter to the Whigs of New Jersey," replied, as follows:

"I thank you, sir, for the opportunity you have given me of speaking of the great Statesman who was associated with me in the administration of the General Government, at my earnest solicitation; who belongs not to Kentucky alone, but to the whole Union; and is not only an honor to this state and this nation, but to mankind. The charges to which you refer, I have, after my term of service had expired, and it was proper for me to speak, denied before the whole country; and I here *reiterate and reaffirm that denial*; and as I expect shortly to appear before my God, to answer for the conduct of my whole life, *should these charges have found their way to the Throne of Eternal Justice, I WILL, IN THE PRESENCE OF OMNIPOTENCE PRONOUNCE THEM FALSE.*"

This solemn declaration of the venerable man, who must in the course of nature, soon appear before the Judge of all, needs no comment.

WHIG BATTLE CRY,

TUNE.—*The Campbell's 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.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A WHIG AND LOCO FOCO.

Loco. I am opposed to the British tariff.

Whig. So am I, for it taxes our wheat, flour, beef, pork and every thing else that we attempt to sell in England.

Loco. How is that? My paper tells me that it is the Whigs that go in for the British tariff here.

Whig. Your paper lies in that, as it does in other matters. The American tariff taxes silks, calicoes, broad cloths, hardware, and other British goods, to protect our own mechanics, farmers, and labourers.

Loco. Then why do they call the American Tariff a BRITISH TARIFF. (*Opening his eyes and mouth to catch in light and truth.*)

Whig. Why your paper thinks you are too ignorant to understand the difference—that's all.

LEAVE VAIN REGRETS.

TUNE.—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Leave vain regrets for errors past,
 Nor cast that ship away—
 But nail your colours to the mast,
 And strike for Harry Clay,
 And strike for Harry Clay, my boys
 And strike for Harry Clay,
 And nail your colours 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 Freeman so endear'd,
 As that of Harry Clay,
 As that of Harry Clay, my boys,
 As that of Harry Clay,
 Whose 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.

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 again.

*The lamented Harrison.

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, &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, &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, &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, &c.

Then gallant Harry, 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.

*Loco is good Spanish for a madman.

THE LADIES' WHIG SONG.

TUNE—*Rosin the Beau.*

If e'er I should wish to get married,
 And indeed I don't know but I may,
 The man that I give up my hand to
 Must be the firm friend of *Old Clay*.
 Must be, &c.

For I am sure I could ne'er love a loco,
 No matter how grand he might be,
 And the man that could vote for Dick Johnson,
 Is not of a taste to suit me.
 Is not, &c.

Tom Benton's too much of a *rowdy*,
 To claim any *good* man's support,
 And on Jemmy Buchanan's low wages
 The people have made their report.
 The people, &c.

John Tyler's too mean to be thought of,
 A circumstance cropt for a man,
 By every true Whig he's regarded,
 As only a "flash in the pan."
 As only, &c.

His conduct can no way dishearten,
 The Whigs only wait for the day,
 To make him another "*gone Martin*,"
 And move on with *Old Harry Clay*.
 And move, &c.

Then rouse gallant Whigs to your duty,
 And drive all the miscreants away,
 Complete what you strove for in forty,
 Your watchword be *Old Harry Clay*.
 Your watchword, &c

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 presidin' 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 presidin' 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 rights for him,
 I'll leave the kitchen, sink or swim,
 While he sits in the chair, &c,
 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, &c.
 They'll place him in the chair:

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, "*sartain 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.

The Calhoun and Van Buren factions of the Democratic party in Georgia have been quarrelling about their late defeat, each charging the other with being the cause. They may as well have contented themselves with the true cause, namely—the magic name of “H E N R Y C L A Y,” and the noble and patriotic principles of the Whig party.

TIT FOR TAT.

The following anecdote of Mr. Clay, at Ghent, is worth repeating.

Being on a tour through the Netherlands preparatory to the negotiation, Hon. Henry Goulbourn, one of the British commissioners, procured and sent him a file of London papers, containing accounts of the burning of Washington by the British troops, with a courtsey epistle, stating that he presumed Mr. Clay would be happy to receive the latest news from America. Mr. Clay returned his thanks for the civility, and in further acknowledgement, enclosed to Mr. Goulbourn a later file of Paris papers containing accounts of the defeat of Sir George Prevost at Plattsburg, and the utter destruction of the British flotilla in the fight at that place.

Written for the National Clay Minstrel.

WAKE UP WHIGS,

ALL COME ALONG FOR HARRY CLAY.

TUNE.—*The Cracovienne.*

Ye voters all throughout the land,
For Clay and Freedom nobly stand,
In the *brick-bat* Tyler's place,
Clay must rub out our land's disgrace.

Wake up Whigs, all come along,
(Repeat) For Harry Clay we'll go it strong.

Now Freedom raps at ev'ry door,
As once she did in days of yore,
All men of Clay she bids arise,
And where's the wretch who'd shun her cries,
Of wake up Whigs, &c.

In every house there is a man,
For ev'ry man a vote, to fan
The glorious fire of Freedom, on
Then up, before that fire is gone.

Wake up Whigs, &c.

On each man's vote hangs ev'ry right
Of peace, or comfort, and delight,
On each man hangs his freedom fair,
Then let him hang back if he dare.

Wake up Whigs, &c.

On each man hangs a right to hang,
The daring "White house" gambling gang,
Who sold our country's fame away,
And now are feasting on the pay.

Wake up Whigs, &c.

Clay, it was our mother's earth,
Clay fed man since creation's birth,
To Clay we go,—then go for Clay,
And you shall live to bless the day.

Wake up Whigs, &c.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Tariff question is now a settled question with the people. The Whigs have always espoused the cause of American agriculture and manufactures. The mass of all other parties are favorable to the Tariff: and, it is only through the deep, plotting designs of a British faction of Southern demagogues, that the Tariff will be put down. Let us sum up a few facts in relation to this destructive policy of permitting the British to come in with their goods while they will not allow us to take ours into Great Britain.

1. It is known to all parties, that a large majority of voters in the United States are in favor of a *protective* Tariff.

2. The enemies of the Tariff know they must divide its friends to conquer them.

3. Their chief reliance is upon party divotion, and party organization to effect a division.

4. They seek to divide its friends about candidates for the Presidency, even before one is nominated.

5 They appeal to the people of the Slave States to unite against protection, representing it as unfriendly to their interests.

6. They secure the services of the best theoretical writers on political economy, both in England and the United States in their cause.

7. They manage to secure the election of those opposed to protection, by disguising their opinion from voters.

8. They threaten to dissolve the Union, if Tariff for protection are not repealed.

9. They threaten to forsake their party, if their party friends will not vote for the repeal.

10. They procured donations of land to settlers in

Florida, to get an anti-Tariff State there, as soon as Wisconsin will be ready to come into the Union.

11. They are making great efforts for the annexation of Texas to the Union, to secure a permanent ascendancy in the Senate, against protection.

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!

The laurels they won are still green in their age,
And never shall fade in a chaplet so pure,
But brighter and clearer on history's page,
Shall glow the proud record while time shall endure.

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.

THE TARS WILL MAN THEIR GALLANT SHIP.

TUNE—" *Washing Day.*"

The Tars will man their gallant ships,
 And fling the canvass free,
 Again unfurl the "Bunting stripe"
 And cheerly put to sea,
 They'll heave, and weigh, and stow, and pull,
 And sing and hoist away,
 They'll hoist, and hoist, and hoist, and hoist,
 And hoist in Henry Clay.

The Carmen long to see the loads
 Of merchandise arrive,
 For then the wharves, and streets and roads,
 Will be a busy hive,
 They'll back, and pack, and pile and lash,
 And drive and cart away;
 And cart, and cart, and cart, and cart,
 And carry in Henry Clay.

The press foretels a brighter day,
 To cheer the Printer's breast
 They've turned the world the other way—
 There's Sunrise in the West!
 They'll set and impose, correct and revise,
 And print, and publish away,
 They'll publish, and publish, and publish, and
 publish,
 The name of Henry Clay.

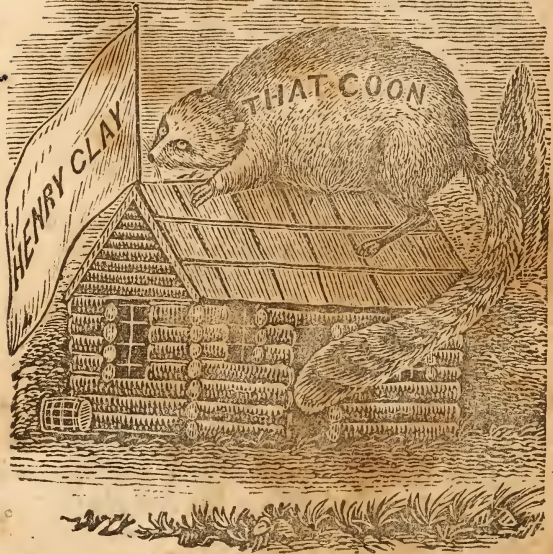
The ladies,—bless the lovely band—
 Our country's joy and pride,
 They go for Harry, hand in hand,
 Maid, matron, belle, and bride,

To gain 'Protection for themselves ;
 They'll marry and marry away,
 And tell their lovers, and husbands, and sons,
 To vote for Henry Clay.

The rich, the poor, the bowed, the free,
 Through all our noble land,
 To bring the nation's jubilee
 Will lend a helping hand;
 They'll pull together all as one,
 And shout and work away,
 Together, together, together, together,
 Huzza! for Henry Clay!

REPARTEE.—Robert Tyler addressed a crowd of persons at a recent term of the Northampton Superior Court, in Jackson, N. C.—Being asked who would probably be the nominee of the Democratic National Convention, he replied as follows:—

“Gentlemen, it is difficult to answer that question, but if Calhoun is the nominee, Clay will beat him 190,000 votes—if Van Buren should be selected, Clay will beat him 170,000 votes; but if the administration runs, it will succeed without difficulty. In fact, gentlemen, Clay has his all staked on the hazard of a single die.” “Yes,” interrupted a whole-souled Whig, “and he'll throw sixes, sir, and no mistake.” Bob looked blue, and a hearty laugh repaid the witty repartee.



THE 'COON SONG.

Written for the National Clay Minstrel.
TUNE,—*“Dandy Jim of Caroline.”*

A race, a race! And who will win?
Who will be out? who will be in?
Trot out your nags! we'll see who'll take
From all, the Presidential stake.

The people say, they'll go for Clay,
The true heart's hope, the country's stay;
So raise the shout, and clear the way,
For work and worth and Harry Clay!

First Tyler comes the boon to crave ;
 A laugh and hiss meet the traitor knave,
 He lowers his nose and sneaks away ;
 For he dares not face old Harry Clay.

For the people say, &c.

Next sneaking in, Grimalkin Van,
 Purrs low, and thinks "I will if I can,"
 But we whipp'd him once—Lord, how he ran !
 Hang up your fiddle—you're not the man.

For the people say, &c.

Then comes Calhoun, now right, now wrong ;
 Though six feet two, he's "nothing long."
 But short or tall he'll be no higher,
 We'll nullify, the nullifier ! For the people &c.

There's Old Tecumseh : he won't do.
 While he loves black, he will get blue ;
 And taking a wife, so weak his sight,
 Poor man ! he didn't know black from white.

So the people say, &c.

Buchanan comes. A shilling a day !
 Work Locos ! How d'ye like your pay ?
 Old Conestoga's stall'd, they say,
 He's sticking in Kentucky Clay.

For the people say, &c.

Now hobbles in old Madam Cass ;
 She's not what she was, alas ! alas !
 She might be a pet of the frog-eater's king,
 Where the people rule she's not the thing.

For the people, &c.

Then Clay, with a lion port strides by,
 And shouts of thunder cleave the sky ;
 The pure, the bright, the tried and true,
 The laurel wreath belongs to you.

For the people say, &c.

GALLANT YOUNG WHIGS.

TUNE.—*Soldier's Return.*

Gallant young Whigs, awake ! awake !

It's now no time to tarry ;

Wake, for your own, your country's sake,

Wake for our own true Harry !

See ! o'er his head, our flag he wears,

And calls us all to rally,

From the free shores Atlantic laves

To every western valley.

When once the friend of strife grew strong,

And well nigh wrest asunder,

That Union which has been so long

Our pride, and tyrant's wonder ;

Whose voice was heard, whose god-like form

Stood 'mid that warm commotion ?

Who but our Harry hushed the storm

Of passion's angry ocean ?

Who when the traitor spread dismay,

And darkness gathered round us.

Who but our own, our gallant Clay

Once more in Union bound us ?

“Justice to Harry of the West,”

Why should it longer tarry ?

There glows no soul in human breast

More faithful than our Harry.

“Justice to Harry of the West,”

The winds that shout shall carry,

Until the very nation's breast

Shall beat and thrill for Harry ;

Young Whigs ! ye gallant host awake !

I know you will not tarry,

We'll go and give our first proud vote

To our thrice gallant Harry.

APPEAL TO FREEMEN,

TUNE.—*Bruce's Address.*

Freemen, whom your states adore,
 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 life 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.

THE BOLD KENTUCKY BOY.

TUNE.—*The Highland 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.

HONEST FARMER HARRY.

Written for the National Clay Minstrel.

TUNE—"My Old Aunt Sally."

All country voters gather round, while your hearts
 I warm, sar,
 I'll gib you a true song about an ole Kentucky
 farmer,
 He's got de finest head and heart dat any man can
 carry,
 And all de songs de people sing, is Honest Farmer
 Harry.

Harry, Harry, honest Farmer Harry!
 And all de songs de people sing is honest Farmer
 Harry!

Harry, Harry, honest Farmer Harry,
 Rally round and stan' your ground,
 For honest Farmer Harry!

Dey took him from his Kentuck home to fix de
 nation's garden,
 He water it with freedom's juice an' make it grow
 for sartin,
 But Tyler boss disgust him 'way, now tisent worth
 a farden,
 But de people ax him back again, an' grumblers ax
 his pardon—

His pardon, his pardon, de grumblers ax his pardon,
 De people ax him back again an' grumblers ax
 him pardon—

Oh Harry, Harry, honest Farmer Harry,
 Rally round and stan' your ground,
 For honest Farmer Harry.

Boss Tyler cut de garden up, but soon he'll cut his
stick sir,

For Harry 'll put his fixens in, an' put him in a
fix sir,

He'll have him an' his diggers from de *White House*
diggins swep, sir,

And send him to Virginnny to de double veto step sir
De step, sir, de step, de double veto step, sir

He'll send him to Virginnny to de double veto step sir,

Harry, Harry, honest Farmer Harry,

Rally round and stan' your ground,

For honest Farmer Harry!

Come folks as thick as forest trees, and round the
polls all swarm, sar,

Sing Ballads round the Bal-lot box for the honest
farmer,

He'll sow de white house garden Clay with freedom's
fruitfulseed, sar,

And fed Boss Tyler's Foco swine upon de rotten
weeds, sar,

Der weeds sar, der weeds sar,

Upon der rotten weeds sar,

He'll fedd Boss Tyler's Foco swine upon der rotten
weeds, sar.

Harry, Harry, honest Farmer Harry.

Rally round an' stan' your ground,

For honest Farmer Harry. s. s. s.

The self-made man.—"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." The first certainly was not the lot of Henry Clay, nor was greatness thrust upon him. All the distinction he has acquired was *achieved*—achieved by his single arm, by his own lofty aims. Such is the self-made man.

HENRY CLAY'S BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

Henry Clay is a native of Hanover county, Va. He was born on the 12th of April, 1777, in a district of country familiarly known in the neighborhood as the "Slashes." His father, a Baptist clergyman died during the revolutionary war, leaving a small and much embarrassed estate, and seven children, of whom Henry was the fifth, to the care of an affectionate mother. The surviving parent did not possess the means to give her sons a classical education; and the subject of our memoir received no other instruction than such as could be obtained in the log-cabin school houses, still common in the lower parts of Virginia, at which spelling, reading, writing, and arithmetic are taught.

He was only five years old when he lost his father, and consequently, his circumstances in early life, if not actually indigent, were such as to subject him frequently to hard manual labor. He has ploughed in cornfields, many a summer day, without shoes, and with no other clothes on than a pair of Osna-burg trowsers and a coarse shirt. He has often gone to mill with grain to be ground into meal or flour; and there are those who remember his youthful visits to Mrs. Darricott's mill, on the Pamunkey river. On such occasions his general equipment was a horse, with a bridle made of rope, and no saddle. Upon the horse would be thrown a bag, containing three or four bushels of wheat or corn; on this bag the future statesman would mount and go to mill, get the grain ground, and return home.

It is from these facts that Mr. Clay obtained the sobriquet of "the Mill-boy of the Slashes."

FAREWELL SPEECH
OF
HENRY CLAY,
TO THE
SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

IN the Senate of the United States on the 31st of March, 1842, Mr. Clay resigned his seat—addressing the Senate as follows :

Mr. CLAY said, that before proceeding to make the motion for which he had risen, he begged leave to submit, on the only occasion afforded him, an observation or two on a different subject. It would be remembered that he had offered, on a former day, some resolutions going to propose certain amendments in the Constitution of the U. States. They had undergone some discussion, and he had been desirous of obtaining an expression of the sense of the Senate upon their adoption ; but owing to the infirm state of his health, to the pressure of business in the Senate, and especially to the absence at this moment of several of his friends, he had concluded this to be unnecessary ; nor should he deem himself called upon to reply to the arguments of such gentlemen as had considered it their duty to oppose the resolutions. He should commit the subject, therefore, to the hands of the Senate, to be disposed of as their judgment should dictate ; concluding what he had to say in relation to them with the remark, that the convictions he had before entertained in regard to the several amendments, he

still deliberately held, after all that he had heard upon the subjects of them.

And now, said Mr. Clay, allow me to announce, formally and officially, my retirement from the Senate of the United States, and to present the last motion I shall ever make in this body. But, before I make that motion, I trust I shall be pardoned if I avail myself of the occasion to make a few observations which are suggested to my mind by the present occasion.

I entered the Senate of the U. States in December, 1806. I regarded that body then, and still contemplate it, as a body which may compare, without disadvantage, with any legislative assembly, either of ancient or modern times, whether I look to its dignity, the extent and importance of its powers, or the ability by which its individual members have been distinguished, or its constitution. If compared in any of these respects with the Senates either of France or of England, that of the United States will sustain no derogation. With respect to the mode of its constitution, of those bodies I may observe that in the House of Peers in England, with the exceptions but of Ireland and of Scotland—and in that of France with no exception whatever—the members hold their places under no delegated authority, but derive them from the grant of the Crown, transmitted by descent, or expressed in new patents of nobility, while here we have the proud title of Representatives of sovereign States, of distinct and Independent Commonwealths.

If we look again at the powers exercised by the Senates of France and England, and by the Senate of the U. States, we shall find that the aggregate of

power is much greater here. In all the members possess the legislative power. In the foreign Senates, as in this, the judicial power is invested, although there it exists in a larger degree than here. But, on the other hand, that vast, undefined, and undefinable power involved in the right to co-operate with the Executive in the formation and ratification of treaties, is enjoyed in all its magnitude and weight by this body, while it is possessed by neither of theirs; besides which, there is another of very great practical importance—that of sharing with the Executive branch in distributing the vast patronage of this Government. In both these latter respects, we stand on grounds different from the House of Peers either of England or France. And then as to the dignity and decorum of its proceedings, and ordinarily as to the ability of its members, I can with great truth declare that, during the whole long period of my knowledge of this Senate it can, without arrogance or presumption, sustain no disadvantageous comparison with any public body in ancient or modern times.

Full of attraction, however, as a seat in this Senate is, sufficient as it is to fill the aspirations of the most ambitious heart, I have long determined to forego it, and to seek that repose which can be enjoyed only in the shades of private life, and amid the calm pleasures which belong to that beloved word, "home."

It was my purpose to terminate my connexion with this body in November, 1840, after the memorable and glorious political struggle which distinguished that year; but I learned soon after, what indeed I had for some time anticipated from the re-

sult of my own reflections, that an extra session of Congress would be called; and I felt desirous to co-operate with my personal and political friends in restoring, if it could be effected, the prosperity of the country by the best measures which their united counsels might be able to devise; and I therefore attended the extra session. It was called, as all know, by the lamented Harrison; but his death and the consequent accession of his successor produced an entirely new aspect of public affairs. Had he lived, I have not one particle of doubt that every important measure for which the country had hoped with so confident an expectation, would have been consummated by the co-operation of the Executive branch of the Government. And here allow me to say, only, in regard to that so much reproached extra session of Congress, that I believe if any of those who, through the influence of party spirit or the bias of political prejudice, have loudly censured the measures then adopted, will look at them in a spirit of candor and of justice, their conclusion, and that of the country generally, will be that if there exists any just ground of complaint, it is to be found, not in what was done, but in what was left unfinished.

Had President Harrison lived, and the measures devised at that session been fully carried out, it was my intention to have resigned my seat. But the hope (I feared it might prove a vain hope,) that at the regular session the measures which we had left undone might even then be perfected, or the same object attained in an equivalent form, induced me to postpone the determination; and events which arose after the extra session, resulting from the

failure of those measures which had been proposed at that session, and which appeared to throw on our political friends a temporary show of defeat, confirmed me in the resolution to attend the present session also, and, whether in prosperity or adversity, to share the fortune of my friends. But I resolved at the same time to retire as soon as I could do so with propriety and decency.

From 1806, the period of my entry on this noble theatre, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils at home and abroad. Of the nature or the value of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life, it does not become me to speak; history, if she deigns to notice me, or posterity, if the recollections of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, the most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I appeal and refer myself. My acts and public conduct are a fair subject for the criticism and judgment of my fellow men; but the private motives by which they have been prompted, they are known only to the great Searcher of the human heart and to myself; and I trust I may be pardoned for repeating a declaration made some thirteen years ago, that, whatever errors—and doubtless there have been many—may be discovered in a review of my public service to the country, I can with unshaken confidence appeal to that Divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purposes, no personal motive—have sought no personal aggrandizement; but that in all my public acts I have had a sole and single eye, and a

warm and devoted heart, directed and dedicated to what in my judgment I believed to be the true interest of my country.

During that period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character; and though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it in general with composure, and without disturbance here, [pointing to his breast,] waiting as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence, for the ultimate triumph of justice and truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would, in the end, settle all things as they should be, and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open and fully known, would in the end, by the inscrutable dispensations of his providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

But I have not, meanwhile, been unsustained,—Every where throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, and devoted friends, who have known me and justly appreciated my motives. To them, if language were susceptible of fully expressing my acknowledgements, I would now offer them as all the returns I have now to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment. But if I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to them for all the kindness they have shown me—what shall I say—what can I say at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude which I owe to the State whose humble

representative and servant I have been in this Chamber? [Here Mr. C.'s feelings appeared to overpower him, and he proceeded with deep sensibility and with difficult utterance.]

I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky now nearly forty-five years ago. I went as an orphan who had not yet attained the age of majority—who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his caresses—poor—pennyless—without the favor of the great—with an imperfect and inadequate education, limited to the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was seized and embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence. From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and afterward, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, when I seemed to be forsaken by all the rest of the world, she threw her broad and impenetrable shield around me, and bearing me up aloft in her courageous arms, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed at my destruction, and vindicated my good name against every false and unfounded assault.

But the ingenuity of my assailants is never exhausted, and it seems I have subjected myself to a new epithet, which I do not know whether it should be taken in honor or derogation: I am held up to the country as a 'Dictator.' A Dictator! The idea of a dictatorship is drawn from Roman institutions; and at the time the office was created, the person who wielded the tremendous authority it conferred, concentrated in his own person, an abso-

lute power over the lives and property of all his fellow-citizens; he could raise armies, he could man and build navies; he could levy taxes at will, and raise any amount of money he might choose to demand; and life and death rested on his fiat. If I had been a Dictator, as I am said to have been, where is the power with which I was clothed? Had I any army? any navy? any revenue? any patronage? in a word, any power whatever? If I had been a Dictator, I think that even those two who have the most freely applied to me the appellation, must be compelled to make two admissions: first, that my dictatorship has been distinguished by no cruel executions, stained by no blood, nor soiled by any act of dishonor; and, in the second place, I think they must own (though I do not exactly know what date my commission of Dictator bears—I imagine, however, it must have commenced with the extra session,) that if I did usurp the power of a Dictator, I at least voluntarily surrendered it within a shorter period than was allotted for the duration of the dictatorship of the Roman Commonwealth.

If to have sought, at the extra session and at the present, by the co-operation of my friends, to carry out the great measures intended by the popular majority of 1840, and to have desired that they should all have been adopted and executed; if to have anxiously desired to see a disordered currency regulated and restored, and irregular exchanges equalized and adjusted; if to have labored to replenish the empty coffers of the Treasury by suitable duties; if to have endeavored to extend relief to the unfortunate bankrupts of the country, who

had been ruined in a great measure by the erroneous policy, as we believed, of this Government; if to seek to limit, circumscribe, and restrain executive authority; if to retrench unnecessary expenditure and abolish useless offices and institutions; if, while the public money is preserved untarnished by supplying a revenue adequate to meet the national engagements, incidental protection can be afforded to the national industry; if to entertain an ardent solicitude to redeem every pledge and execute every promise fairly made by my political friends with a view to the acquisition of power from the hands of an honest and confiding People; if these objects constitute a man a Dictator, why, then, I suppose I must be content to bear, though I still only share with my friends, the odium of the honor or the epithet, as it may be considered on the one hand or the other.

That my nature is warm, my temper ardent, my disposition, especially in relation to the public service, enthusiastic, I am fully ready to own; and those who supposed that I have been assuming the dictatorship, have only mistaken for arrogance or assumption that fervent ardor and devotion which is natural to my constitution, and which I may have displayed with too little regard to cold, calculating and cautious prudence, in sustaining and zealously supporting important national measures of policy which I have presented and proposed.

During a long and arduous career of service in the public councils of my country, especially during the last eleven years I have held a seat in the Senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate,

and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions equally honestly entertained, as to the best course to be adopted for the public welfare, I may have often inadvertently or unintentionally, in moments of excited debate, made use of language that has been offensive, and susceptible of injurious interpretation towards my brother Senators. If there be any here who retain wounded feelings of injury or dissatisfaction produced on such occasions, I beg to assure them that I now offer the amplest apology for any departure on my part from the established rules of parliamentary decorum and courtesy. On the other hand, I assure the Senators, one and all, without exception and without reserve, that I retire from this Senate Chamber without carrying with me a single feeling of resentment or dissatisfaction to the Senate or to any one of its members.

I go from this place under the hope that we shall mutually, consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may at any time unfortunately have occurred between us; and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the country, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object, the greatest interest and the most happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back in my retirement.

And now, Mr. President, allow me to make the motion which it was my object to submit when I

rose to address you. I present the credentials of my friend and successor. If any void has been created by my own withdrawel from the Senate, it will be filled to overflowing by him; whose urbanity, whose gallant and gentlemanly bearing, whose steady adherence to principle, and whose rare and accomplished powers in debate, are known already in advance to the whole Senate and country. I move that his credentials be received, and that the oath of office be now administered to him.

In retiring, as I am about to do, for ever, from the Senate, suffer me to express my heartfelt wishes that all the great and patriotic objects for which it was constituted by the wise framers of the Constitution may be fulfilled; that the high destiny designed for it may be fully answered; and that its deliberations, now and hereafter, may eventuate in restoring the prosperity of our beloved country, in maintaining its rights and honors abroad, and in securing and upholding its interests at home. I retire, I know, at a period of infinite distress and embarrassment. I wish I could take my leave of you under more favorable auspices; but, without meaning at this time to say whether on any or on whom reproaches for the sad condition of the country should fall. I appeal to the Senate and to the world to bear testimony to my earnest and anxious exertions to avert it, and that no blame can justly rest at my door.

May the blessing of Heaven rest upon the whole Senate and each member of it, and may the labors of every one redound to the benefit of the nation and the advancement of his own fame and renown.

And when you shall retire to the bosom of your constituents, may you meet that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards—their cordial greeting of ‘ Well done, good and faithful servants.’

HENRY CLAY.

“ The truth ! it is mighty ! and truth will prevail,”
 The infamous slanders of “ Bargain and Sale”—
 Sunk deep with loath’d calumnies, never to rise—
 Down ! down ! to its parent—“ the father of lies !”
 Return Pennsylvania ! thy first love is best,
 The Man of the People ! the Pride of the West !

The Man of the People has always been true:
 He is bone of your bone, and the image of you—
 His principles ever accord with your own—
 A greater Republican never was known !
 Return Pennsylvania ! thy first love is best—
 The Man of the People ! the Pride of the West !

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