



HENRY CLAY.

THE  
CLAY MINSTREL;

OR,

NATIONAL SONGSTER

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A SKETCH

OF THE

PUBLIC SERVICES, AND CHARACTER

OF

HENRY CLAY,

BY JOHN S. LITTELL.

President of the Clay Club of Germantown.

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SECOND EDITION; ENLARGED.

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## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

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It occurred to the Editor of the *Minstrel*, that a publication upon the plan of that now offered to the public would be acceptable, and might be useful at the present juncture; and finding that his design was approved by friends whose political experience gave increased value to their opinions, he prepared the brief and unpretending *Sketch* that follows, of the life of Mr. Clay. He takes pleasure in stating that he is much indebted to the researches of Mr. Prentice and of Mr. E. Sargent, whose comprehensive and interesting biographies are alike creditable to their talents and worthy of their subject; and all whose curiosity may be sharpened and excited by the imperfect *glimpses* of the illustrious Statesman, afforded through the following pages, will find in them more full and circumstantial information than could be embraced within the narrow limits and unambitious design of this publication. From their works, and from such other public sources as were immediately at hand, the torch of the Editor has received its feeble light, and he holds it aloft in the hope that it also may be instrumental, although in humble degree, in scattering the mists of prejudice with which ignorance and party rage have so long enveloped the subject, but which, even now, are gradually rising and rolling away beneath the influence of revealing light, and of that "*truth which is mighty and will prevail.*"

The *Songs* are by various authors. Some of them have been written expressly for the *Minstrel*; others have been gleaned from the public journals, and other publications of the day.

J. S. I.

Germantown, Oct. 1842.

## ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SECOND EDITION.



THE booksellers having called for a second edition of the "MINSTREL," the "SKETCH" which preceded it, in the first, has, in this, for the convenience of reference, been arranged into chapters; and advantage has been taken of the opportunity thus afforded, both to add some new matter, and to correct many of the errors that before disfigured it. A few songs, of very inferior merit, have been made to give place to others, possessing higher claims to preservation; and several poetical effusions have been added at the close of the volume. The Editor regrets that it is not more worthy of its object, and of the old Revolutionary Battle Ground, whence it emanates; it is intended, however, for popular use: and he cherishes the hope that it may contribute to the success of the great cause, which again seriously challenges the enlightened attention of the American people.

J. S. L.

Germantown, Penn. Nov. 1843.

TO

THE CLAY CLUBS

THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES,

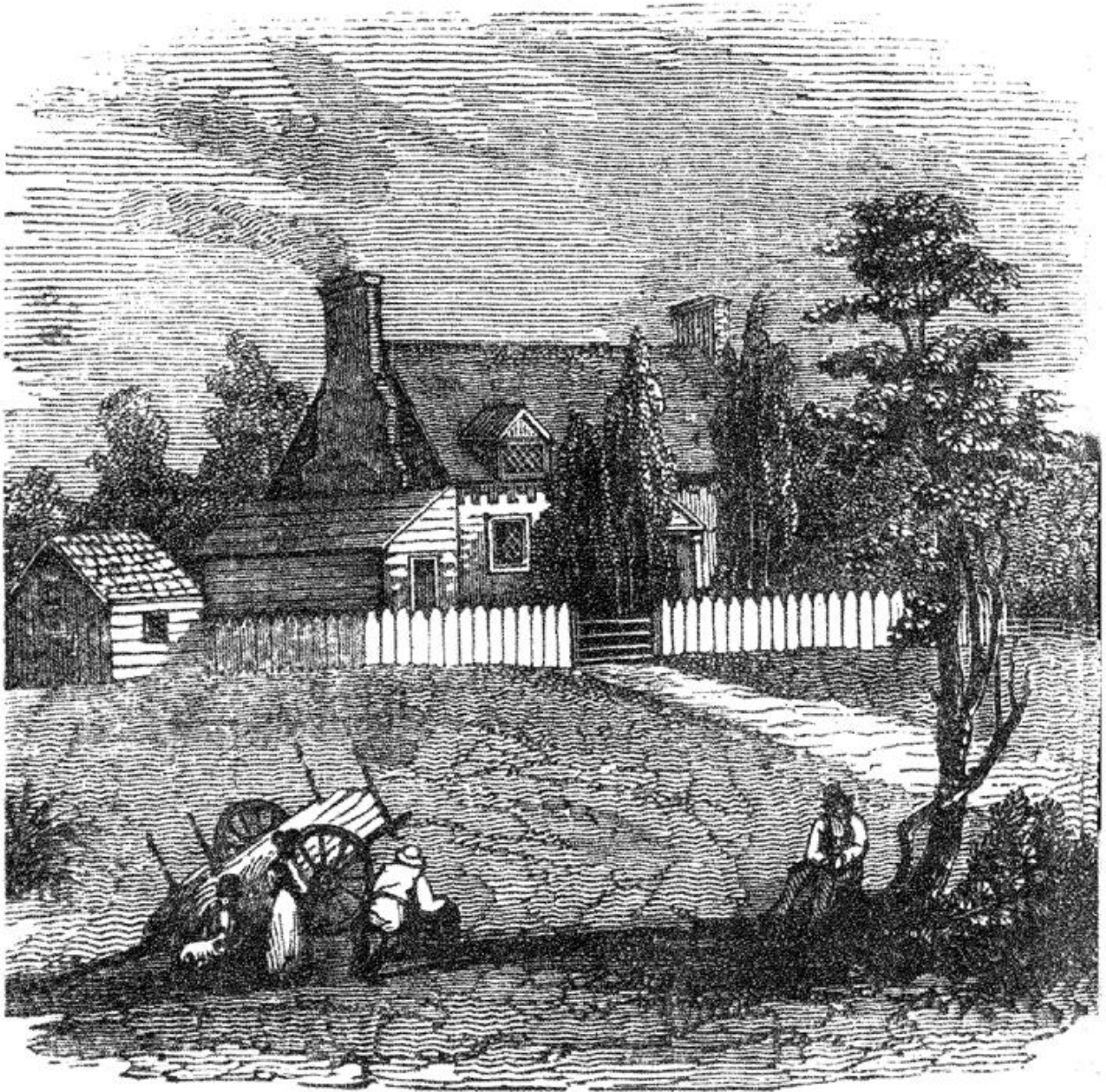
THIS VOLUME

Is Respectfully Dedicated,

BY

THE EDITOR.

MDCCCXLIII



BIRTH-PLACE OF HENRY CLAY.

S K E T C H  
OF THE  
L I F E , P U B L I C S E R V I C E S , A N D C H A R A C T E R  
OF  
H E N R Y C L A Y .

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C H A P T E R I .

Birth of Mr. Clay—Death of his Father—His Mother, her energy and powers of mind—Her marriage with Mr. Watkins—Early employments of Mr. Clay—His example—Clerk in a store—Enters the office of Mr. Tinsley—Chancellor Wythe—Studies law under Governor Brooke.

HENRY CLAY, who is, at this moment, confessedly the first Statesman of the Nation, and whom posterity will place by the side of the Father of his Country, when recounting the deeds of her purest benefactors, is, emphatically, the architect of his own fortune and fame. While his instructive history presents a splendid illustration of the beauty of our republican system, which throws



wide open the door to political advancement to all degrees of men, he furnishes also, an extraordinary example of the combination of the highest powers of the mind, as various as they are rarely found united in the character of a single person.

With an eloquence which challenges comparison with the noblest of the olden time, and a gracefulness and impressiveness of manner, which, in beautiful keeping with his rich and overflowing periods, enchants and captivates the hearer, he possesses indomitable perseverance, and an industry that never flags,—a rare facility in the transaction of business,—unshrinking courage, an ardent and lofty patriotism, long-trying, self-sacrificing, and without reproach,—a judgment, mature and unerring,—profound sagacity, and an enlightened forecast; all of which, with long experience in affairs of state, unite in the character of this extraordinary and illustrious man, and seem to point him out as the chosen instrument of



Providence for restoring the lost prosperity of his hitherto favoured people, and in redeeming their country from the stains of treachery and misrule, from the disgrace of violated faith, and the degradation of national honour.

HENRY CLAY is also remarkable for simplicity of life, character, and manners, and for an earnest and devoted attachment to purely republican principles, whether in the great business of government, or in social intercourse with his fellow men, among whom, wherever he meets them, he inspires a veneration and an enthusiasm seldom equalled. His position at the present time is as truly enviable, as it is unprecedented; and to his generous mind must be far more gratifying, than would be the actual possession of the attractions and the trappings of any station, however exalted, within the gift of a grateful and admiring people. Without patronage to bestow, or interest with those who temporarily and through sufferance, hold the reins of

government; a retired statesman, a plain, practical farmer, he is, nevertheless, the MAN OF THE PEOPLE, and possesses far more influence and consideration with the nation at large, than *they* enjoy who have the bestowal of all the emoluments and dignities of office.

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

It was at the early age of five years that the subject of our sketch was deprived of the care of his good and

affectionate father; and as his mother, some years later, formed a second matrimonial connexion, and removed with her husband, Mr. Henry Watkins, into Kentucky, Henry and his eldest brother who remained in Virginia, were left in circumstances requiring from them severe manual labour.

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

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

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

self-dependence of the mind can alone achieve.

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

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

In the performance of his multifarious labours as a farmer's boy, he has often ridden to the mill with grain, his sole equipment in harmony with his own humble appearance, being a rope



bridle, and his seat, in lieu of a saddle, the bag containing the grist or the flour, which he brought upon his return.

In such employments, and with none of the advantages of education, or of social intercourse with cultivated minds, did our country's future statesman and benefactor, pass the first thirteen years of his active and useful life. At the age of fourteen he was placed in a small retail store at Richmond, where he remained, attentive to the duties of the counter until the following year, (1792) when he was transferred, but by whom does not appear, to the office of Mr. Peter Tinsley, who was, at that time, Clerk of the High Court of Chancery. It was here that he had the good fortune to attract the attention of the celebrated George Wythe, a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the most eminent jurists of that day, and it certainly forms not the least of the claims of that distinguished man to the veneration and gratitude of pos-

terity that he had the sagacity to discover the merit of young Clay, and the inclination also to afford him the benefit of his counsel and conversation. If the generous example of Chancellor Wythe were more frequently followed by those who possess the opportunity and means, how often would the sunshine of hope illumine the paths of unprotected genius, and save from despair those who, under more favourable circumstances, might become the ornaments and the benefactors of mankind!

The encouragement and counsel received by Henry Clay during the struggles of this period of his career, from his distinguished friend, were certainly of great advantage to him, and have ever been gratefully remembered; but his was of that order of mind which derives strength and renewed courage from difficulties and opposition, and he is one of that class of men of which our country has furnished many bright examples, and for which the cause of liberty, literature, and science, is in-



debted to the fostering care and equalizing influences of her admirable institutions,—who have by strong native genius, unshaken fortitude, and unwavering courage, overcome the stern barrier which separates poverty and its attendant evils from the hopes and sacred influences which the lights of education and knowledge impart to those who are the favoured and happy recipients of her elevating and inappreciable privileges. In the achievement of triumphs like these, and under circumstances most disheartening, the obstacle of mere poverty is, perhaps not always the greatest. Mankind are generally slow in perceiving the merits, and in admitting the claims of the friendless and the indigent, and all-powerful prejudice is among the most formidable impediments, which he who stands alone, uncheered and unsupported, is forced to encounter and to vanquish as the hard condition of ultimate success.

Towards the close of the year 1796,

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



## CHAPTER II.

Mr. Clay's introduction to Chief Justice Marshall—Bushrod Washington—Death of his Brother—Is admitted to the Bar—Removes to Kentucky—His early struggles—Anecdote—Commencement of his political career—New State Constitution—Alien and Sedition laws opposed by Mr. Clay—Elected to the Legislature—Appointed Senator in Congress.

THE business and social relations of Mr. Clay, during a residence at Richmond, of a little more than six years, introduced him to the notice of most of the leading members of the bar of a city which has always been distinguished for legal talent and learning. Chief Justice Marshall, and Mr. Bushrod Washington, were also among the number of his early friends. During his residence at Richmond, his eldest

brother died, and in the year 1797, with a license to practise law, which he had received from the judges of the Virginia Court of Appeals, he removed to Lexington, Kentucky, where, at the age of twenty years, friendless and a stranger, and destitute of the means wherewith to pay the small sum demanded for his board, he made his brief preparations to enter upon the busy stage of life in the society of men, and in honourable contention with those who had advanced far up the hill of fame, and who were already in the full enjoyment of high professional influence.

It was a bold, but characteristic venture for one so young, thus to launch his frail bark into the stormy sea, to unfurl its virgin sails upon the bosom of its trackless waters, and he its solitary and inexperienced guide! Truly has it been said, that no sublimer spectacle can be presented for the admiration and instruction of mankind, than that of a great and good man strug-

gling with adversity. But it was not the fate of Mr. Clay to struggle long, either for practice as a means of support, or for reputation. Wherever his destiny called him, he carried that within which prompted those exertions and studies in which he soon excelled his contemporaries.

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

An anecdote is recorded of this period of his life which proves that he is indebted to practice for the extraordinary readiness which he always manifests in debate or repartee. He had

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

An amusing anecdote is also record-



ed of his early practice which we are tempted to repeat. He had successfully defended two Germans, a father and son, who had been indicted for murder; and an old, withered, and extremely ill-favoured woman, wife of the elder, and mother of the younger prisoner, learning the result of the trial, rushed into court, and throwing her arms around the neck of the young advocate, almost suffocated him with caresses and kisses in the presence of the assembled crowd!

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

The prominent feature of the new

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



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

The institution of slavery deplored by none more sincerely than by Mr. Clay, and the abolition of which had in him an early devoted and manly advocate of its gradual accomplishment by strictly Constitutional means, was founded by our English predecessors in possession of the soil. It is an evil which requires time and skill to eradicate and heal, and the incendiary spirit which has gone abroad among those who are ignorant of the principles involved in its present toleration, or are

culpably reckless of the consequences of their unwise proceedings, only serve to retard a consummation devoutly wished by all good and patriotic citizens.

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

The first of these celebrated acts jointly productive of an excitement which agitated the very foundations of the infant Republic, provided the manner in which aliens were to become citizens of the United States, and restricted the facility with which citizenship had previously been acquired. It authorised the President, at his discretion, to order all aliens whom he might consider dangerous to the national peace and safety, or who were concerned in treasonable practices or measures, to leave the country. It also gave a power to the President to grant licenses to aliens to remain during his

own good pleasure. It further provided imprisonment not exceeding three years to all aliens remaining without license, and perpetual disqualification for citizenship. It also authorised the President to require of aliens bonds for their good behaviour, and all commanders were required to report the names of such persons arriving in their vessels under a penalty of three hundred dollars.

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

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

Many of these were certainly very grave offences ; but for some, adequate penalties had already been provided,

and with respect to others, it may be remarked, that the law prohibiting them was a restriction of the liberty of expression, not the less intolerable that the truth of the libel might be pleaded in justification of the accused.

The following case illustrates the practical operation of the *Sedition* law, and is one only among many of the oppressive, vexatious and frivolous prosecutions to which it gave rise. President Adams, on his return from the seat of government, passing through Newark, was complimented with a discharge of artillery by the citizens of the town in honour of his arrival. A Mr. Baldwin, who, it would appear, was not very remarkable for the delicacy of his sentiments, expressed much regret that the wadding discharged from the cannon had not lodged in a particular part of the President's person, and for this humorous exhibition of known dislike, he was actually tried, convicted, and fined one hundred dollars! It was the abuse of this law, ill

adapted, under any circumstances, for the meridian of a people who had so recently waged a seven years' war, in maintenance of their independence from *foreign* oppression, which rendered it odious to the country; and Mr. Clay, who has always been a consistent advocate of the amplest freedom of speech and of the press, launched against it the mighty thunders of his indignant eloquence.

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

In December, 1806, when only in his twenty-ninth year, he was elected by the legislature of Kentucky, a Senator in Congress, to fill a vacancy which had just occurred in that body by the resignation of the honourable John Adair, and, as the journals will prove, he entered at once, and with characteristic activity and zeal, upon the exalted and untried duties of the station.



Here was made his earliest manifestation of devotion to the cause of internal improvement, and he was immediately distinguished among the ablest legislators of his country. We shall be pardoned for a momentary trespass upon our limits in pausing here, to contrast the position held, at this time by this remarkable man, with the friendless destitution of that which he occupied but nine years before!



### CHAPTER III.

Mr. Clay's election a second time to the Legislature—Appointed Speaker of Assembly—Re-elected to the Senate of the United States—Madison's Proclamation—Origin of the title of "The Great Commoner"—Is elected Representative in Congress—Chosen Speaker—War Declared, &c., &c.

THE period for which Mr. Clay had been chosen Senator was but for a single session, and upon the adjournment of Congress he was again elected to the Kentucky Legislature, and was soon after appointed speaker of the Assembly. He not only performed,

with unsurpassed ability, the duties of this new position, but, entering upon the arena of debate, actively and eloquently participated in the discussion of all the leading questions before the house.

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

The limited space allotted to this sketch, will not permit us to dwell upon any of the great measures with which Mr. Clay is identified. To many of



them, indeed, we cannot even allude. From the period of his second entrance into the Senate of the United States, his life has been spent in the service of his country, and his country's history, down to his recent, final, and voluntary retirement from public life, is the noblest monument to his fame.

When President Madison issued his proclamation, declaring that the territory between the Mississippi and Perdido rivers, and comprising a large portion of Western Florida, was subject to the laws of the United States, and upon which it was contended that we had no legal claim, Mr. Clay boldly and eloquently defended the President from the fierce assaults of opposition, and triumphantly vindicated the national title to the land.

One of the Senators had expressed the deep interest he felt in the fate of the Spanish King. Mr. Clay, in reply, exclaimed, "I shall leave the honourable gentleman from Delaware to mourn over the fate of the fallen Charles. I

have no commiseration for Princes. *My sympathies are all reserved for the great mass of mankind; and I own that the people of Spain have them most sincerely.*"

It was the eloquent and overpowering expression of this generous sympathy for the people, and of honest devotion to their great interests, both in the speeches he delivered at home and in the Senate, that procured for him about this time, the title of the "GREAT COMMONER." Preferring a seat in the House of Representatives, to a re-election to the Senate, Mr. Clay was returned a member of the popular branch of the national legislature, and was chosen Speaker in 1812. He was an earnest friend of the patriotic administration of Madison, and gave to his prominent measures a hearty support. In April of this year, Mr. Madison recommended that a "general embargo be laid on all vessels now in port, or hereafter arriving, for the period of sixty days." In the discus-

sion of this measure Mr. Clay largely shared and advocated it with his accustomed zeal and ability. He declared that he "approved of it because it is to be viewed as a direct precursor to war." John Randolph and Josiah Quincy were foremost in strenuous opposition, and they were among the intellectual giants of those days. Mr. Clay, however, did not hesitate to meet them, and it has been said that he was a "flame of fire," upon this occasion. "He had now brought Congress to the verge of what he conceived to be a war for liberty and honour, and his voice rang through the capitol like a trumpet tone sounding for the onset. On the subject of the policy of the embargo, his eloquence, like a Roman phalanx, bore down all opposition, and he put to shame those of his opponents, who flouted the government as being unprepared for war." As had been anticipated and predicted by Mr. Clay, the Declaration of War against Great Britain immediately followed,

and received from him that warm and powerful support without which it could hardly have been prosecuted to a successful and honourable close.

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

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

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

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

In 1813, Mr. Clay was again chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives by a large majority. Many of those who most ably and strenuously opposed the war, did so without doubt, from the purest motives,—others, how-



ever, opposed it through fear of the power and avenging wrath of our haughty mother; but this pusillanimous objection was met at its threshold by Mr. Clay, with a sublimity of patriotism which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. "Sir," said he, in addressing the Committee of the whole House, "Is the time never to arrive when we may manage our own affairs without the fear of insulting the majesty of England? Is the rod of British power to be forever suspended over our heads? Does Congress put an embargo to shelter our rightful commerce against the piratical depredations committed upon it on the ocean? We are immediately warned of the indignation of offended England! Is a law of non-intercourse proposed? The whole navy of the haughty Mistress of the seas is made to thunder in our ears! Does the President refuse to continue a correspondence with a Minister who violates the decorum belonging to his diplomatic character, by giving and de-

liberately repeating an affront to the whole nation? We are instantly menaced with the chastisement which English pride will not fail to inflict! Whether we assert our rights by sea, or attempt their maintenance by land, wheresoever we turn ourselves, this phantom incessantly pursues us!"



#### CHAPTER IV.

Clay resigns the Speakership—Is appointed Commissioner to Ghent—His great ability—Is re-elected to Congress—Compensation Bill—Anecdote—South American Independence—Mr. Clay's popularity in South America—Correspondence with Bolivar—Internal Improvement—Cumberland Road Monument.

IN January, 1814, Mr. Clay resigned the office of Speaker of the House of Representatives, and, as one of the Commissioners appointed for that purpose, proceeded to Ghent to negotiate a peace with England. To the great diplomatic ability he displayed during this memorable mission, Mr. John Q. Adams, who was associated with him, and than whom there can be no better

judge, has borne the strongest testimony, which the country has abundantly confirmed. During his absence at Ghent he was re-elected to Congress; but doubts having arisen respecting the legality, under such circumstances, of the proceedings of his constituents, upon his return a new election was ordered, and with the same result.

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

away?" "No," replied the hunter, "I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down the game." "Have I," asked Mr. Clay, "ever flashed but on the Compensation Bill?" "No." "Will you then throw me away?" "No, no," exclaimed the excited man, nearly overcome by the intensity of his feelings, "I will pick the flint and try you again." He became from that time, a warm friend and supporter of Mr. Clay.

There was, at this time, residing at Lexington, an Irish barber, who, at all elections previously to the passage of the unpalatable bill to which allusion has been made, had manifested the utmost zeal for Mr. Clay. He had, indeed, often profited by his counsel and assistance when involved in those difficulties to which his warm-hearted and impetuous countrymen are, of all men, most exposed, but after the passage of the "Compensation Bill," he became distrustful, and reserved — was no longer active, and manifested a total

indifference as to the result of the canvass. At length he was questioned upon the subject by a gentleman for whose opinions and character he had professed a high respect. "I tell you what, docthur," he replied, "I mane to vote for the man that can put but one hand into the treasury." In early youth, Mr. Pope, the able and respectable opponent, at this time, of Mr. Clay, had lost one of his arms! But the Irishman's heart, like the hearts of his countrymen generally, was in the right place. He repented of his ingratitude, and meeting Mr. Clay afterward in the street, he burst into tears as he accosted him, voluntarily confessed that he had wronged him, and that his wife had also reproached him for his conduct. "Don't you remember, Jerry," she said, "when you were in jail, Mr. Clay came to you and made the baste of a jailor let you out?"

At the next session of Congress, Mr. Clay voted for the repeal of this unpopular Bill, and strongly advocated



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

principles, to acknowledge this new Republic? If we do not, *who* will?"

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

In 1827 Mr. Clay received from President Bolivar, a letter expressive of the high sense entertained by that distinguished personage of his talents and character, and acknowledging the obligation conferred upon the people of South America, by the effective and timely service which he had rendered to their cause. The reply of Mr. Clay, and which we regret our inability to copy entire, is alone sufficient to give the lie to every imputation which, with premeditated falsehood, has been cast upon

him, of aristocratic predilections, and of an inordinate love of power. It is the production of a mind, conscious of rectitude, and conscious also of having deserved the homage of gratitude and respect thus spontaneously offered, and of one, who having from his cradle, breathed the pure atmosphere of liberty, and imbibed its noblest principles, feels itself entitled to address, even to the "Liberator" of South America, the language of admonition, and to assume the part of an expounder and defender of what he rightly regarded as the inestimable and inalienable birth-right of man.

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

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

Mr. Clay's exertions in Congress were now made in behalf of Internal Improvement, and with his accustomed success. It is, indeed, to his able and persevering efforts that we are indebted for the finest road in the United States,—the great Cumberland road

which crosses the Alleghanies. In allusion to this great national work in one of his congressional speeches, he said: "We have had to beg, entreat, supplicate you, session after session, to grant the necessary appropriations to complete the road. I have myself toiled until my powers have been exhausted and prostrated, to prevail on you to make the grant."

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



## CHAPTER V.

General Jackson — Florida Campaign — Arbuthnot and Ambrister — Mr. Clay's appreciation of Jackson's military services — Mr. Clay's magnanimity — Tariff — Opposed by Mr. Webster — Defended with great power by Mr. Clay — Its effects — John Randolph — Mr. Clay's retort upon him.

It was during the session of 1819 that the conduct of General Jackson, in the prosecution of his Florida Campaign, was discussed in Congress. The principle measures for which he was censured were the harsh conditions of his proceedings and terms with the Indians—the execution of the two English prisoners of war, Arbuthnot and Ambrister, and the seizure of the then Spanish ports of St. Marks, and of Pensacola. It is well known that these arbitrary acts of the General did not meet with the approbation of Mr. Clay. Indeed, he was compelled by the circumstances of his position in Congress to meet them with direct censure. His grateful appreciation however, of the important military services rendered by Jackson, prompted the exercise of

characteristic kindness and forbearance on the part of Mr. Clay, in his reluctant animadversions upon conduct which it was impossible for him as a faithful public servant to pass over in silence. So far as he had the power he threw the broad mantle of charity over the deeds he condemned. To the motives of the distinguished object of censure, he has always awarded the fullest justice; and never was he more ready to admit the purity of the General's intentions, than in the midst of the exciting debate to which his conduct gave rise. "I am disposed," said he, "to allow it in the most extensive degree. Of his *acts*, it is my duty to speak with the freedom which belongs to my station." The whole of Mr Clay's subsequent conduct in relation to General Jackson, has been characterised by the same noble magnanimity, and that too, upon occasions when its practice could not have been anticipated. That devoted and generous patriotism which, in a peculiar manner

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

In 1820 the subject of a Tariff which had often before engaged the attention of Congress, and of which Mr. Clay was ever the strenuous and able advocate, was again discussed by the people's representatives, and he renewed his earnest appeals in favour of his favourite American system. "I frankly own," said he in a speech delivered at this time, "that I feel great solicitude

for the success of this measure. The entire independence of my country on all foreign states, as it respects a supply of our essential wants, has ever been with me, a favourite object. The war of our revolution effected our political emancipation. The last war contributed greatly towards accomplishing our commercial freedom. But our complete independence will only be consummated after the policy of this bill shall be recognized and adopted. We have, indeed, great difficulties to contend with; old habits — colonial usages — the enormous profits of a foreign trade prosecuted under favourable circumstances, which no longer continue. I will not despair. The cause, I verily believe, is the cause of the country. It may be postponed; it may be frustrated for the moment, but it finally must prevail.”

The Tariff bill was ultimately lost in the Senate. In 1824 the subject was again revived, and a new Tariff bill reported to the House by the Commit-

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

“I have now to perform the pleasing task of exhibiting an imperfect sketch of the existing state—of the unparalleled prosperity of the country. On a general survey we behold cultivation extending, the arts flourishing, the face of the country improved, our people fully and profitably employed, and the public countenance exhibiting tranquillity, contentment and happiness. And, if we descend into particulars, we have



the agreeable contemplation of a people out of debt ; land rising slowly in value, but in a secure and salutary degree ; a ready, though not extravagant market for all the surplus productions of our industry ; innumerable flocks and herds browsing and gamboling on ten thousand hills and plains covered with rich and verdant grasses ; our cities expanding, and whole villages springing up, as it were, by enchantment ; our exports and imports increased and increasing, our tonnage, foreign and coastwise, swelling and fully occupied ; the rivers of our interior, animated by the thunder and lightning of countless steam-boats ; the currency sound and abundant ; the public debt of two wars nearly redeemed ; and, to crown all, the public treasury overflowing, embarrassing Congress, not to find subjects of taxation, but to select the objects which shall be relieved from the impost. If the term of seven years were to be selected of the greatest prosperity, which this people have en-

joyed since the establishment of their present constitution, it would be exactly that period of seven years which immediately followed the passage of the tariff of 1824.”

In Mr. John Randolph, so celebrated for his oratorical abilities, eccentricities, and violence, the tariff bill had a bitter and an untiring opponent; and one who was not sparing of his malignant personal taunts at Mr. Clay, whom he rightly regarded as the great father of the measure. The history of this remarkable individual is fraught with instruction and admonition to all public men. His rancorous partizanship and personal animosities absorbed every feeling, and taxed every power of his strong and gifted mind, leaving nothing for his country, to which his great talents, if properly and steadily directed, might have been at once an ornament and a blessing, illustrating the principles and developing the resources of her political system, and creating towards himself a debt of

gratitude which would have been long and proudly acknowledged. With a heart thus unhappily constituted, he seemed to have no sympathy with his fellow-men, but wrapped in self, and aware that he was better adapted for the work of demolition than construction, he appeared to rejoice in a cynical and habitual opposition to the great and patriotic statesmen with whom he was associated.

“Can he love the whole

Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend

Who is, in truth, the friend of no man there?

Can he be strenuous in his country's cause

Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake

That country, if at all, must be beloved?”

“Sir,” said Mr. Clay on one occasion, in reply to Mr. Randolph, “the gentleman from Virginia was pleased to say that, in one point, at least, he coincided with me, in an humble estimate of my grammatical and philological acquirements. I know my deficiencies. *I was born to no proud patrimonial estate; from my father I inherited only infancy, ignorance, and indigence.* I feel my

defects; but so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may, without presumption, say they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I deplore my want of ability to furnish to the gentleman a better specimen of powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say, my regret is not greater than the disappointment of this Committee as to the strength of his argument.”



## CHAPTER VI.

Missouri Question — Excitement — Mr. Clay resigns the Speakership — He proposes a plan of Accommodation — The Great Pacificator — *Jeu d'esprit* — Greece — Mr. Clay's Speech — He is nominated for the Presidency — Failure of the people to elect a President — Harrison's friendship for Mr. Clay.

THE great, exciting and, at the time, all-absorbing “*Missouri Question*,” was debated in Congress during the session of 1820–21. It is hardly necessary to remind the intelligent reader, that the point at issue was, whether or not Missouri should be admitted into the

Union as a slave state. The discussion of this vexed question was continued for several months, with wonderful ability, but with an intensity of bitterness and fierceness without precedent in the annals of legislation. The noble vessel of state was tempest-tost on the angry and overwhelming billows of party strife, and those who had never before despaired of her safety, beheld nothing in prospect but the inevitable destruction, the total wreck of the most splendid fabric which the wisdom and genius of man had yet devised for the happiness, security, and elevation of his race. Rufus King, John Sergeant, and Mr. Otis were the most prominent among those who advocated the exclusion of slavery from the new state, and they with their coadjutors, were zealously opposed by Henry Clay, John Randolph, Louis McLane, and others of eminent abilities; yet with each renewal of the subject for several consecutive sessions, the prospect of a safe and amicable adjustment of the dis-



tracting question, seemed, to the actors and to the nation, more and more hopeless.

Meanwhile heavy pecuniary losses and an utter derangement of his private affairs, consequent upon long service in Congress, and an almost exclusive attention to his laborious and engrossing public duties, compelled Mr. Clay to resign the office of Speaker, and with it his membership of the House of Representatives; but in consideration of the agitation of the public mind, and the danger of disunion, arising from the continued and still angry discussion of the Missouri Question, both in Congress and among the people, he was prevailed upon to retain his seat in the House until the expiration of the period for which he had been elected, although he no longer continued to preside over its deliberations. The subject of the admission of Missouri into the Union, had now occupied the attention of Congress, and of the country, during the greater part of

three entire sessions, threatening disunion at every stage of its gloomy progress, when in 1821, and just before his retirement from Congress, Mr. Clay proposed a plan of settlement and accommodation, which was finally adopted by an overwhelming majority of the House, and unanimously by the Senate. His appeals to the patriotism of Congress, were frequent, strong, and brilliantly eloquent, and it was in the final, amicable disposition of this pregnant controversy, that he first won the proud title of "THE GREAT PACIFICATOR."

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

peared in the newspapers, soon after the election :

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

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

“ Are we,” exclaimed Mr. Clay, to the opponents of the proposition, “ so

humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece, that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? \* \* \* If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly, while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least, evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes — that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection, and every modern tie. Sir, it has been attempted to alarm this Committee by the dangers of our commerce on the Mediterranean; *and a wretched invoice*

*of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities, and eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade and lose its liberties?"*

In 1822, Mr. Clay was nominated, by the Legislature of Kentucky, as the successor of President Monroe, whose second term of service would expire on the 4th of March, 1824. It is well known that the other prominent candidates for the succession were Messrs. John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, and Wm. H. Crawford. Mr. Calhoun, although not a candidate, had been nominated by a strong body of his political admirers. He, however, early withdrew his name, and the contest was confined to the friends of Mr. Clay, and those of the gentlemen whom we have named. It was soon discovered that the people would fail to elect a President by the votes of the electoral



colleges, and that the responsible duty of selection would devolve upon their Representatives in Congress.

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

We may here remark that the “good President” Harrison was always a warm, personal friend of Mr. Clay, and made no secret of his just and patriotic sentiments, in regard to him. In a letter written in 1835, when many were pressing his own claims, he generously declares: “Under no circumstances will I suffer myself to be put in competition with Mr. CLAY. In re-

ference to the other gentlemen who have been brought before the people, as suitable persons from whom the Whig candidate for the Presidency is to be chosen, it is my determination to yield to neither of them the track who may be thus chosen. But Mr. CLAY has far higher claims upon me, and if the question is between us, I shall leave it to himself to decide it, even if the majority of our friends should have decided in my favour."



## CHAPTER VII.

**Election of President by the Representatives of the people — Mr. Clay's opinions of the Candidates — Mr. Crawford — An infamous Calumny — Its Refutation — Mr. Madison's intention to confer a high military appointment upon Mr. Clay — Mr. Clay's influence and importance as Speaker prevents the appointment — Mr. Monroe — Offers Mr. Clay a seat in the Cabinet — A foreign Mission — Noble conduct of Mr. Clay — Ungenerous Declaration of Colonel Johnson — Anecdote.**

THE election, as had been anticipated, now devolved upon the House of Representatives, and the position occupied by Mr. Clay was one of extreme diffi-

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

The evident physical inability of Mr. Crawford to discharge the duties of the Presidency, narrowed the choice of the House to the two highest candidates, Messrs. Adams and Jackson; and while the issue was yet undetermined, an infamous attempt was made, by the imputation of corrupt motives, to force Mr. Clay into the abandonment of his

well-known preference of the former. The calumny found a fitting vehicle in a rabid and scurrilous newspaper published at Philadelphia, and being caught up and re-echoed by the affiliated presses throughout the Union, was made the text of disappointed and unprincipled partizans, by ringing the changes on which they succeeded, to a considerable extent, in deceiving the ignorant and unreflecting.

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

What was Mr. Clay's position in public affairs at this time? The simple answer to this question is a conclusive

refutation of the charge. He occupied the Chair of Speaker of the House of the Representatives of the people of the United States. In the discharge of the duties of this high and responsible office, at that time second in influence only to that of the President, he had acquired a reputation co-extensive with the country, and was an object of interest and pride to the whole people as the "unrivalled Speaker." Could the exchange of the advantages, the influence, and the reputation attendant upon this elevated station, for the drudgery, inadequate compensation and comparative obscurity—so far as this country was concerned—of a Secretaryship, be regarded as a REWARD by him who would consent to make it? But the slander was reiterated over and again by those by whom it had been originally promulgated, until a large body of the people—that people to whom he had been so long, so successfully and so earnestly devoted — forgetful of his pre-eminent



services, and of his high claims, from character, station and fame, to their unlimited confidence and regard, at length gave credence to it, and sympathising with the party whom they erroneously supposed to be injured, did grievous injustice to men whose past history, and elevated standing placed them above the temptation, and should have shielded them from the imputation or suspicion, of wrong.

It is not, we believe, generally known that Mr. Madison, at the commencement of the war, designed to appoint Mr. Clay Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States. For his eminent fitness for a station involving duties so arduous and responsible, no doubts were entertained then, so universally favourable was the impression in regard to his versatile talents; and none who are acquainted with Mr. Clay, or possess a knowledge of his character, temperament and services, will entertain them now. He was, however, the main support of the

Madisonian administration, and could not be spared from the House, for which reason only his nomination to the Senate was withheld by the President. Here was a very strong proof of the confidence of Mr. Madison in the ability, patriotism and courage of Mr. Clay, who afterwards declined repeated offers of appointment to the highest offices in the bestowment of this gentleman, whose estimate of his talents was so exalted that he twice tendered him a seat in his Cabinet, and, when this was declined, a foreign mission of the first grade.

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

No reflecting or candid mind will doubt or deny that if, through Mr. Clay's influence, the election either of

General Jackson, or of Mr. Crawford, had been secured, the most honourable office in the President's gift would have been proposed to him as his right. What possible advantage then, we may ask, could Mr. Clay secure to himself by his influence in the election of Mr. Adams, which he had not before repeatedly refused, or, now desiring, was not certain of receiving from either of the other candidates?

It is well known to all intelligent men, that from the period of the Seminole war, to that of the unexpected nomination of General Jackson for the Presidency, Mr. Clay had entertained and expressed but one opinion in regard to his civil qualifications. Of the positive and comparative fitness of Mr. Adams for the Presidential office, he was from long and intimate association fully qualified to judge: and he would have proved strangely false to his professions, to his country, and to his own fame, if, with his strong convictions in regard to the widely differing charac-

ters of these eminent men, and of their respective claims to civic honours, he had, for a single moment, hesitated as to the course which duty so plainly indicated, and so forcibly urged him to adopt. Why then, it may be asked, did he abandon those advantages to which we have adverted, as attaching to the office of Speaker, and accept a prominent appointment in the Cabinet of the Statesman whom his influence had placed in that high office which he filled with so much dignity and usefulness? The whole of Mr. Clay's previous political life furnishes the answer. He accepted the appointment that he might have the power, more successfully, and in a more eminent degree, of serving his country, by forming part of, and in aiding to sustain an administration, for the honour and success of which he felt himself, in a measure, justly responsible to the people. And here, again, he exhibited an example of moral courage, and of self-devotion, for which we may search in vain for a



parallel, unless, indeed, we find it in other periods of his own noble history. He was well aware of the violence of the storm of calumny, and of the exasperated and malignant jealousy and hatred with which he would be assailed by those who had endeavoured to obstruct his manly course in the path of duty, honour and patriotism; but, with a nobleness of purpose and courage which will endear his name to all future generations, he made his election, and decided FOR HIS COUNTRY! If he had selfishly calculated the personal consequences of his patriotic course in regard to this matter, he would have abandoned the man whom his influence had elevated to the Presidency, to the relentless and unprincipled opposition of those who, like Mr. Richard M. Johnson, could declare, in advance, that the administration of Mr. Adams should be "*put down, if as pure as the angels at the right hand of God.*" In a recent speech delivered to his constituents by Mr. Clay, he thus alludes



with entire absence of unkindly feeling, to the consequences, personal to himself, which followed upon his determination to form a part of the administration of this distinguished Statesman: “ *My error in accepting the office arose out of my underrating the power of detraction and the force of ignorance, and abiding, with too sure a confidence, in the conscious integrity and uprightness of my own motives.* Of that ignorance, I had a remarkable and laughable example on an occasion which I will relate. I was travelling in 1828 through Spottsylvania, in Virginia, on my return to Washington, in company with some young friends. We halted at night at a tavern, kept by an aged gentleman, who, I quickly perceived, from the disorder and confusion which reigned, had not the happiness to have a wife. After a hurried and bad supper, the old gentleman sat down by me, and without hearing my name, but understanding that I was from Kentucky, remarked that he had four sons

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

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Calumny — Its origin — Beverley's Letter of Confession — Mr. Adams — His denial of the charge against himself and Mr. Clay — His opinion of Mr. Clay — Anecdote.

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

“Time as he courses onward still unrolls  
The volume of concealment,”

and the miserable slanderer, if not exposed by the treachery of his profli-

gate accomplices, is often prompted by the upbraidings of a restless conscience to make spontaneous atonement for injuries inflicted in wanton malice, or in earnest of expected, or of promised reward.

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

In Mr. Beverley's letter of confession to Mr. Clay, (which will be found entire in the United States Gazette of March 2, 1842,) the following passages occur: "Although the time is quite far gone since I became very innocently instrumental in circulating throughout the

country, a very grave attack upon your character and virtue as a gentleman, and certainly a very heavy one as a public man, I feel exceedingly desirous to relieve you, as far as I can, from the slander, and my own feelings from the severe compunction that is within me, of having been, though neither directly nor indirectly, your personal accuser, yet that I was drawn indiscreetly into the representation of an attack upon you. \* \* \* My entire object now is, a desire I have to be exonerated from the belief of any special desire to injure you. \* \* \* This letter is intended to show you that the long lapse of time, and the many growing circumstances of the country and government have, long ago, convinced me that the *very greatest injustice was done you in the charge made.* \* \* \* I again say, that I am most thoroughly convinced that you were most untruthfully, and, therefore, unjustly treated, for I have never seen any evidence to substantiate at all the charge. \* \* \* HE WHO WAS



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

Upon the retirement of Mr. Adams from the Presidency, a Committee of gentlemen of New Jersey, transmitted to him a complimentary address, which contained an expression of their respect, attachment, and undiminished confidence; and also of their approval of the measures of his truly republican administration. In his reply to this address, and in allusion to Mr. Clay, the venerable Ex-President wrote as follows: "Upon him, (Mr. Clay,) the foulest slanders have been showered. Long known and appreciated, as successively a member of both Houses of your National Legislature, as the unrivalled Speaker, and, at the same time, most efficient leader of debates in one of them; as an able and successful

negociator for your interests in war and peace, with foreign powers, and as a powerful candidate for the highest of your trusts—the department of state itself was a station, *which, by its bestowal, could confer neither profit nor honour upon him*, but upon which he has shed unfading honour, by the manner in which he has discharged its duties. Prejudice and passion have charged him with obtaining that office by bargain and corruption. *Before you, my fellow-citizens, in the presence of my Country and Heaven, I pronounce that charge totally unfounded.* This tribute of justice is due from me to him, and I seize with pleasure the opportunity afforded me, by your letter, of discharging the obligation. As to my motives of tendering to him the department of state when I did, let that man who questions them come forward. Let him look around among the statesmen and legislators of that day. Let him then select and name the man whom, by his pre-eminent talents, by his splen-

did services, by his ardent patriotism, by his all-embracing public spirit, by his fervid eloquence in behalf of the rights and liberties of mankind, by his long experience in the affairs of the Union, foreign and domestic, a President of the United States, intent only upon the honour and welfare of his country, ought to have preferred to HENRY CLAY. Let him name the man, and then judge you, my fellow-citizens, of my motives."

We feel it to be unnecessary to pursue this matter further. The testimony of Mr. Adams, so full, so eloquent and so conclusive, must, apart from all other evidence, carry conviction to every intelligent, candid, and honourable mind. Among the warmest and most devoted, at this day, of the friends of Mr. Clay, we have the pride and the happiness to rank this illustrious and extraordinary man; and the following anecdote will prove that in private as well as in public he omits no opportunity of expressing his admiration and

attachment for his friend: "I have frequently," writes a Washington correspondent of a New Jersey paper, "observed ladies' albums circulating through the House and Senate Chamber, with the view of collecting the autographs of the members. One belonging to a young lady of —— attracted considerable attention. Upon examination, I found that it contained a page of well-written poetry, dated 23d July, 1842, in the tremulous hand-writing of John Q. Adams. This piece was descriptive of the wild chaos at present spread over our political affairs, and anticipated coming events which would bring order out of disorder. The closing verse was as follows:

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

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

## CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Clay resigns the office of Secretary of State—Returns to Kentucky—Enthusiastic Reception—Eloquent Speech—Gen. Smyth—Anecdotes—Elected Senator in Congress—The Tariff—Free Trade—Speech.

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

Upwards of three thousand persons *had seats at the dinner*, which was given in honour of his return, and after a toast, expressive of their ardent attachment, of their undiminished confidence in his patriotism, of their pride in his character and talents, and of gratitude for his eminent public services, Mr. Clay arose and addressed the assembled multitude for nearly two hours in a strain of the richest and most touching eloquence, and with a power which even he had never yet surpassed. In allusion to the trials of his position



as Secretary of State, and to the flood-gates of detraction which his enemies had opened upon him, and after expressing his gratitude for the unwavering support he had always received from his constituents, he thus expressed himself: "When I felt as if I should sink beneath the storm of abuse and detraction, which was so violently raging around me, I have found myself upheld and sustained by your encouraging voices, and your approving smiles. I have, doubtless, committed many faults and indiscretions, over which you have thrown the broad mantle of your charity. But I can say, and, in the presence of my God, and of this assembled multitude, I will say that I have honestly and faithfully served my country; that I have never wronged it; and that, however unprepared I lament that I am to appear in the Divine Presence on other accounts, I invoke the stern justice of his judgments on my public conduct without the smallest apprehension of his displeasure."

It is, we believe, generally known, that when the House "resolves itself into Committee of the whole," the Speaker temporarily vacates the chair, calling thereto any other member of the House, who presides during the sitting of the Committee. On all such occasions, when any important questions were discussed, Mr. Clay took an active part, and hence it was that he so frequently addressed the House during the long period that he occupied the Speaker's chair. His spirits were always buoyant, and his disposition playful, and the tediousness of debate was often enlivened by his gay sallies of wit, and the graceful friendliness of his attractive manners. The late General Smyth, better known, perhaps, by the soubriquet of "*Proclamation Smyth*," on account of some famous proclamations published by him during the war, is represented to have been a gentleman of considerable learning, but by no means an attractive or agreeable Speaker. He was, in truth, sometimes

insufferably dull and tedious. On one occasion, while in busy search for an authority, he remarked to Mr. Clay, who sat near him, "You, sir, speak for the present generation; but I speak for posterity." "Yes," replied Mr. Clay, "and you seem resolved to speak until the arrival of *your* audience!"

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

Mr. Clay has always been an ardent

and eloquent friend of these poor revolutionary pensioners.

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

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

"Free trade ! free trade ! the call for free trade is as unavailing as the cry



of a spoiled child in his nurse's arms, for the moon or stars that glitter in the firmament of Heaven. It never existed. It never will exist. Trade implies at least two parties. To be free, it should be fair, equal and reciprocal. But if we throw our ports wide open to the admission of foreign productions free of all duty, what ports, of any other foreign nation shall we find open to the free admission of our surplus produce? We may break down all barriers to free trade on our part, but they will not be complete until foreign powers shall have removed theirs. There would be freedom on one side, and restrictions, prohibitions, and exclusions on the other. The bolts and the bars and the chains of all other nations will remain undisturbed. Gentlemen deceive themselves. It is not free trade they are recommending to our acceptance. *It is, in effect, the British Colonial System that we are invited to adopt; and if this policy prevail, it will lead substantially*



*to the re-colonization of the States, under the Commercial Dominion of Great Britain."*

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## CHAPTER X.

Excitement at the South—Nullification—Re-election of General Jackson—His Proclamation—His Firmness—Proclamation of Governor Hayne—The Tariff—Mr. Clay's "Compromise Bill"—The Union preserved by Mr. Clay—Mr. Tyler—His fervent Eulogy of Mr. Clay—Principles of the Compromise Bill—Distribution of the Sales of the Public Lands—Justice of the measure, and its general importance.

WE have now arrived at a period in the history of the country, through which, it is true, we passed in safety, but with a renewal of all the elements of the furious discord and party animosity which characterized her struggle through the memorable scenes of the Missouri excitement, and which again disturbed the foundations of our cherished political system. With the lapse of time, the wild spirit of Nullification, fostered by discontent and nurtured by the ravings of disappointed ambition, and which had its inaus-

picious origin in the new tariff law, became bolder and more insolent in its threatenings and denunciations. In South Carolina, the revenue laws which had been passed by Congress were declared, in an ordinance issued by a Convention in the name of the people, null and void. The excitement was tremendous and alarming, and in the midst of it General Jackson was re-elected to the Presidency, by a decreased majority, over Mr. Clay. In December, 1832, the President issued his celebrated Proclamation, in which he warned the Nullification party of the consequences which would follow a perseverance in the course they had adopted. "I consider," said he, "the power to annul a law of the United States, assumed by one State, incompatible with the existence of the Union, contradicted expressly by the Constitution, unauthorised by its spirit, inconsistent with every principle on which it was founded, and destructive of the great object for which it was formed."

In conclusion, he announced to the people his fixed determination to execute the laws of the land, and that a forcible opposition should be repelled, for "disunion by armed force is treason."

Governor Hayne, of South Carolina, issued a counter Proclamation, in which the offensive doctrine was strongly upheld. He exhorted the people to disregard the "vain menaces" of the President, "to protect the liberties of the State, to remain steadfast in their allegiance to it, and to hold themselves in readiness to take the field at a moment's warning," in resistance of the President's designs upon *their independence!* Upon the re-assembling of Congress, the tariff again occupied, almost exclusively, its attention. The Judiciary Committee of the Senate reported a bill to enforce the collection of the revenue. The aspect of national affairs was now gloomy in the extreme. Those at the helm proved utterly incapable of weathering or of allaying the

storm which had arisen, and which threatened to overwhelm the noble barque which had before so gallantly breasted the billows that dashed in angry tumult against its sides. Disunion, with the destruction of the long cherished hopes of the friends of freedom and of mankind, was again threatened, and its direful accomplishment now seemed inevitable.

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

To the wisdom, courage, and patriotism evinced by Mr. Clay, upon this trying occasion, Mr. John Tyler, now acting as President of the United

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



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

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

quence of the project which it supplanted, and to unite the half alienated divisions of the country in the bonds of harmony and peace.

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

Originally conveyed to the General Government by the States in whose jurisdiction they lay, they were held in trust and in express limitation for the use and benefit of those who were then, or should hereafter become, members of the Confederation ; and it was provided that distribution of the proceeds of the sales among them should be made, in the language of the Deeds

of Cession, "according to their usual respective proportions in the general charge and expenditure."

One great "use and benefit" to which, with common consent, they were applied, was the extinguishment of the debts—several and confederate—of the Revolution, which were assumed and funded by Congress under the new Constitution. This object accomplished, the distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the lands among the States is a matter not of expediency merely, but of absolute right; required in faithful execution of a solemn contract; and which, at the present time, would be especially salutary,—lightening the taxation necessary for the fulfilment of the obligations which some of them have contracted in the prosecution of their plans of internal improvement, and constituting, for those not thus involved, a fund for the great purposes of education, and the development of their physical resources. But, apart from the manifest justice of the measure, and

its influence in lessening the burdens and promoting the welfare of the individual members of the Union, it cannot fail to be directly beneficial to the whole nation, by removing from the political arena a topic of contention and means of corruption, and by withholding from the revenue, an element, which, by reason of its varying amount, must necessarily be productive of fluctuation and instability; leading to the alternate expansion and contraction of duties, and causing every department of industry to languish through the want of a fixed and permanent policy.

Thwarted in his hopes respecting this measure, once by the assumption of the "responsibility" of its defeat by President Jackson, and more recently by Mr. Tyler, who, with easy facility, has, within a few months, both advocated and opposed it, it is still commended by Mr. Clay, together with the entire Whig party, to the common sense and true interests of the people; its adoption is demanded by the will of the nation,

declared through their Representatives in Congress, where it has repeatedly passed by large majorities; and the efforts for its attainment will not be relaxed until crowned with complete success.



## CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Van Buren's Rejection by the Senate — Removal of the Deposites — U. S. Bank — Mr. Clay — Prediction — Gen. James Hamilton's Letter to Mr. Calhoun.

MR. CLAY was constantly and laboriously occupied during the remainder of his Senatorial term. The rejection of Mr. Van Buren's nomination, as Minister to England, for violating the national dignity by presenting his country in a divided attitude, before the British government, and supplicating as a boon to party what should have been asked as the right, and in the name, of the nation; the Resolutions of Censure of General Jackson for his unconstitutional and arbitrary measures in connexion with the removal of the public deposits—the re-charter of the Bank



of the United States, which had been unequivocally and emphatically demanded by the people, and of which measure, therefore, Mr. Clay was the most prominent advocate—the exciting debate upon the President’s extraordinary and unprecedented Protest;—in the discussion of all these, and many other questions of minor importance, did this indefatigable and able Statesman participate with his accustomed eloquence and ability, establishing new claims to the respect and admiration of his countrymen, and laying still more broadly the firm foundations of an enduring and overshadowing fame. As an instance of remarkable prescience, displayed by him in 1835, we give a short extract from a speech delivered at this time in the Senate. How truly did he then predict the policy of the administration towards the catastrophe now so widely felt and deplored! “There being,” said he, “no longer any sentinel at the head of our banking establishments, to warn them, by its in-

formation and operations, of approaching danger, the local institutions, already multiplied to an alarming extent, and almost daily multiplying in seasons of prosperity, will make free and unrestrained emissions. All the channels of circulation will be gorged. Property will rise extravagantly high, and, constantly looking up, the temptation to purchase will be irresistible. Inordinate speculation will ensue, debts will be freely contracted, and when the season of adversity comes, as come it must, the banks, acting without concert and without guide, obeying the law of self-preservation, will all at the same time, call in their issues: the vast number will exaggerate the alarm, and general distress, wide-spread ruin, and an explosion of the general banking system, or the establishment of a new Bank of the United States, will be the ultimate effects."

What was thus accurately predicted by Mr. Clay, has since become matter of history, and the following extract

from a letter recently addressed by General Hamilton, formerly of South Carolina, to his friend the Hon. John C. Calhoun, portraying the present disastrous condition of things, is the more valuable as being the admission of one who, in advocating the election of General Jackson, was instrumental in bringing upon the country the evils which he deploras.

“This circulation,” he observes, (alluding to that of the late Bank of the United States,)—“in the recesses of that financial wisdom which is past finding out, was destroyed by our friend General Jackson, when he slew the Bank of the United States with the arm of Samson, and almost ‘with the self-same weapon, too,’ when we recollect all the twattle of the old gentleman on this subject. He, as Burke said, was certainly a ‘consummate architect of Ruin,’ in his time and tide, and had the happy faculty of impersonating a corporation ‘in his mind’s eye,’ for the purpose of hating it as cordially as he

once did you and Mr. Poindexter. When, therefore, Mr. Biddle entered into a contest with this hero of two wars, he forgot the wisdom of the Spanish proverb, 'That he who sets down to dine with the devil should eat with a long spoon.' What has been the result of this feast, in broken meat and empty plates you well know. It has left our country palsied indeed—hungry in flesh and poor in spirit. I doubt, since the creation of the world, whether such an example can be exhibited as we have presented for the last sixteen years of folly and misgovernment. No Southern planter would permit his plantation for one hour to be governed with such a lack of all sense and providence. The Caffres and Hottentots, in reference to their condition, I doubt not, have been governed with a policy far more vigilant and enlightened. A country of immense resources, in a period of profound peace, on the verge of bankruptcy! Any man who will read Hume's essays on 'Public Credit'



and on 'Money,' can be at no loss to trace our present condition to its true cause. We have been suffering ever since General Jackson destroyed the Bank of the United States, (with the exception of a short period of distempered inflation, created by his own measures) under a steadily diminishing circulation, which the eminent philosopher to whom I have referred, has declared to be one of the worst calamities that can befall a civilized country—far more disastrous 'than the continued blight of unfavourable harvests and seasons.' This result has been first in the constant action of the Federal Government, or their supposed meditated action on the Banks of the States, which created an universal panic, that has compelled the Banks to withdraw their circulation, and next the General Government permitting to remain in criminal abeyance their sovereign function to supply a currency equal to that of the wants of the country, "to regulate its value."



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

## CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Clay's re-election to the Senate -- Senator Benton's Infamous Expunging Resolution -- Eloquently opposed by Mr. Clay -- Mr. Van Buren elected President -- Nomination of General Harrison -- Magnanimous conduct of Mr. Clay -- His Letter to the Kentucky Delegation in the Harrisburgh Convention.

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

We hope that the day is far distant

when the people of this country, who should endure

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

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

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

Mr. Clay continued at his post in the Senate in the faithful performance of all the arduous duties of the station, and upon every question involving the interests of the people and the honour of the government he was ever the

most fearless and able champion, distinguished among Senators illustrious for talent, learning, and length of service, and justly regarded as the "NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL." The period for a new election of President of the United States to succeed Mr. Van Buren was now rapidly approaching, and the hopes of a large majority of the people were centered, once more, upon Mr. Clay.

Mr. Van Buren was nominated by the *purely democratic, one term, party*, for RE-ELECTION! The Harrisburgh Convention in due time assembled, and it was the general expectation, as well as the wish of the Whigs, that their veteran favourite should receive an unanimous and cordial nomination. For reasons now too generally known to require a particular reference to them here, his acknowledged claims to this great distinction were reluctantly postponed, and the nomination of General Harrison received his prompt and generous support.

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

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

Under these embarrassing circumstances, I have thought it most advisable to leave to the Convention at Har-



risburgh the free selection of candidates, as being the assembly to which, by common consent, that important duty has been referred. Representing, as it probably will, all parts of the United States, bringing together the feelings and views of all, comparing and weighing the local information which it will derive from every portion, it will be most competent to make a nomination acceptable to the great majority of its constituents. That it will be faithful to the high trust confided to its judgment and patriotism, cannot be doubted; and having a full view of the whole ground, it will be more likely to make a selection agreeable to the great body of the opposition than any separate convention could do, however enlightened and patriotic it may be. If the Pennsylvania Convention, to which I have just alluded, be right in supposing that the distinguished citizen whom it prefers would be more likely to be successful than any other, he ought to be nominated, and undoubtedly for that reason

will be nominated, by the Harrisburgh Convention, should it entertain the same opinion.

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

“ And, gentlemen, I hope that you, my friends and neighbours, will excuse the liberty I take in expressing to you my anxious desire that, discarding all attachment or partiality to me, and guided solely by the motive of rescuing our country from the dangers that now encompass it, you will heartily

unite in the selection of that citizen, although it should not be me, who may appear to be most likely, by his election, to bring about a salutary change in the administration of the General Government—a change, without which we shall be mocked by the forms, and stript of the substantial benefits of free institutions.”



### CHAPTER XIII.

Election of General Harrison—His Death—Defection of John Tyler—Extra Session—Important Services of Mr. Clay—Treacherous Conduct of the Acting President—Noble Speech of Mr. Clay.

THE Whigs having elected their candidate by an overwhelming majority, were now prepared to carry out the measures, for which they had so long and so strenuously contended, when, by a dispensation of Providence as mournful as it was unexpected, the power of action was snatched from their grasp, and the advantages of victory being lost, through the treachery and defection of the Vice-President,

they are compelled to buckle on their armour and combat once more for the ground already so bravely won.

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

The course of Mr. Tyler, since his assumption of the duties of the Presidency on the demise of General Harrison, has been a source of mortification and regret to those by whose votes he was, so unmeritedly, raised from the safe and befitting obscurity of private life, to the second office of the nation. His unexpected and extraordinary opposition to measures essential to the public welfare, his violation of pledges

expressed and implied, his weak vacillating and destructive policy, (if that may be termed policy which exhibits no definite aim,) his proscription of former friends; his puny jealousy of Mr. Clay, and his betrayal of every principle involved in his elevation, have received, and are receiving the indignant rebuke of an insulted people. In reference to the Bank Bill vetoed by Mr. Tyler, in disregard of all his previous declarations in its favour, Mr. Clay, in a speech of 19th August, 1841, thus nobly expressed himself:

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



more importance than the welfare of a great people?"

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

possess,—a boldness to which I dare not aspire,—a valour which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I cannot, I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested, a power conferred not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough, I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct, and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that high and noble courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good. \* \* \* Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of

firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring towards Heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from the immortal God, and leaving, at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests

and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valour, of devotion and of death itself—that is public virtue,—that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues.”

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## CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Clay's Last Speech in the Senate.

AFTER a few preliminary remarks respecting some Resolutions which he had offered, tending to propose certain amendments to the Constitution, which subject he now committed to the wisdom of the Senate, with a reiteration of his conviction of their supreme necessity, Mr. Clay proceeded with his eloquent valedictory. Its length precludes its transference, entire, but it is necessary to the connexion of our subject that a few extracts should be given from a speech which cannot fail to be particularly interesting to every reader. Mr. Clay spoke as follows:

“I entered the Senate of the United

States in December, 1806. I regarded the 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 exception but of Ireland and 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." \* \* \* \*



“Full of attraction, as a seat in this Senate is,—sufficient 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.’

\* \* \* \* \*

“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, 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 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." \* \* \* \* \*

"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 recognised a father's smile nor felt a father's caresses—poor, pennyless—without the favour 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 favourite child, and patronised with liberal and unbounded munificence. From that period the highest honours of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and afterwards, 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 for my destruction, and vindicated my good name against every false and unfounded assault." \* \* \* \* \*

“In retiring, as I am about to do, forever 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; and that its deliberations, now and hereafter, may result in restoring the prosperity of our beloved country, in maintaining its rights and honour abroad, and in securing and upholding its interests at home. I retire, I know it, at a period of infinite distress and embarrassment. I wish I could take my leave of you under more favourable auspices; but, without meaning at this time to say whether on any or on whom re-

proaches 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." \* \* \*

"From 1806, the period of my entry on this noble theatre, with the exception of 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."

\* \* \* \* \*

"May the blessing of Heaven rest upon the whole Senate and each member of it, and may the labours 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 the most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards, their cordial greeting of 'Well done, good and faithful servants.' ”



## CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Clay's Retirement—Impressive Scene—Colonel Preston—Anecdote—Mr. Calhoun.

THE thirty-first of March, 1842, will be long remembered as a remarkable day in the annals of the Republic. The events that immediately followed upon the retirement of Mr. Clay from the Senate of the United States, were of a most interesting and solemn character. Early in the morning of that memorable day, crowds of people were to be seen wending their eager way, through every avenue, to the Capitol, it having been publicly announced that Mr. Clay would appear for the last time in his Senatorial capacity. When he arose the buzz of uneasy and anxious spectators was, instantaneously, and as if



by some powerful magical influence, calmed into quiet; and repose settled upon the previously excited and restless multitude. The scene has been described as truly affecting and sublime; and the eyes of all present were turned, with painful expectancy, upon the majestic form of "THE GREAT PACIFICATOR," whose melodious and thrilling tones alone were heard. The usual business of the morning had just been concluded, and the Senate Chamber,—crowded, as has been described, to excess, by an admiring people, anxious to witness, what they had not the power to prevent,—the exit of the illustrious Statesman from the theatre of his brilliant exertions,—was hushed into the stillness of almost perfect silence. It was at this, his own appointed hour, that Mr. Clay pronounced that remarkable valedictory which can never be forgotten by those whose enviable fortune it was to hear it, and to be witnesses of the unaccustomed scene. The appearance of the great Senator was

strikingly commanding, and the highly wrought feelings deeply depicted upon his open and manly countenance, were unerring indications of a struggle within of no ordinary power and character. After an arduous and brilliant service of more than thirty-six years, during the whole of which time he had acted a leading part, the period had at length arrived for his release from the cares of public life, and for the long-delayed enjoyment of that retirement so congenial to his disposition, and which had become equally necessary to his health and to a proper regard for the private interests of his family. But this, to him, momentous change in the habit of his life, was not the only source of that keen sensibility to which reference has been made. Attachments, deeply rooted and of long duration, and daily associations of a most elevated and pleasurable kind, conspired to render the feelings of that moment powerfully and painfully affecting, to such a mind, especially, as his, ardent,

constant and peculiarly susceptible of the kindly feelings of our nature. But, the sacrifice was to be made, and more from public considerations, as will be shown hereafter, than from any private motives, strong as the latter were known to be.

It was Mr. Clay's intention to resign his seat in the Senate, after the triumphant election of General Harrison, in 1840; but learning that an Extra-Session of Congress would be called, and feeling desirous to contribute to the restoration of the prosperity of the Country, by the support of such measures as the united counsels of the Whigs might devise, he relinquished his intention, and participated in every important debate of that memorable Session.—It was then his purpose to retire from the Senate, but much important business remained unfinished; and hoping for more complete success at the regular session, he continued at his post of duty, determined, “whether in prosperity or adversity, to share the

fortune of his friends," resolving, however, to resign so soon as he could do so with "propriety and decency." The time at length arrived.

The voluntary retirement of Mr. Clay, from the Senate of the United States, was universally regretted. The demonstrations of attachment and respect, manifested by nearly every member of that august body, of which he had been, for so many years, the ruling spirit and chief attraction, was deeply affecting, and honourable to the distinguished men by whom he was surrounded. His speech upon that occasion was singularly impressive, and was an overflow of that truly generous sensibility and all-embracing benevolence, which constitute so endearing and beautiful a feature of his noble character. Upon the conclusion of Mr. Clay's valedictory, and after he had left the Senate Chamber, Colonel Preston, the eloquent and gallant Senator from South Carolina, rose and spoke, in substance, as follows:—"What has



just taken place is an epoch in the legislative history of the country, and from the feelings now evinced by honourable Senators, it is plainly to be seen that there is little disposition to attend to public business. I therefore move that the Senate do now adjourn." The motion was, unanimously, carried. In illustration of the feeling to which Colonel Preston referred, the following anecdote is transcribed, in the assurance that it will give pleasure to every reader, whatever may be his bias. It shows that political differences and strife, although they may weaken and smother, for a season, the nobler and more generous feelings of the heart, cannot, at least in noble minds, entirely destroy them.

Mr. Clay and Mr. Calhoun had not spoken to each other for several years. As Mr. Clay was passing from his seat to the door of the Senate Chamber, he was met by his former friend. They, simultaneously, extended their hands, and rushed into each other's arms. Not



a word was uttered by either; but, they wept! And what language was ever so eloquent as that mute embrace? It proclaimed, with an energy of pathos which language was too feeble to convey, the reconciliation of these mighty men, who, however widely different may be their political principles, are both destined to fill a broad space in their country's history, and to draw, yet more largely, upon that country's confidence, admiration and affection.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

Temporary Frustration of Whig Policy by the Treachery and Hostility of the Acting President.

MR. JOHN TYLER, of Williamsburgh, Virginia, was selected for the second office of the Republic, by the Whigs of the Union, to whose party he professed to belong; manifesting, at the time of his nomination, an attachment so extraordinary to their veteran favourite, Mr. Clay, as even *to shed tears* at the reluctant postponement of his

great, and universally admitted, claims. In the faithful association of his name with that of the lamented Harrison, during the whole of the memorable contest of 1840, the Whigs failed to receive the co-operation and support of their political brethren of Mr. Tyler's native State. This both surprised and grieved them *at the time*, but the approbation of Virginia, although earnestly desired, was not essential to success; and, while her frowns were sincerely deplored, it was still a consolation to believe that what she withheld was, at least, deserved. It is true that Mr. Tyler had not particularly distinguished himself by the manifestation of enlarged statesmanship, or the prominent advocacy of any great measures of national interest or importance; but the office—created for a contingency which had never occurred in the history of the country—was regarded, chiefly, as honorary; and, in a spirit of kindness and conciliation towards the Southern members of the Confederacy—a spirit

which, it is hoped, may always be cherished and reciprocated between the different sections of the country—he was placed before the people, together with General Harrison, in the earnest hope that his elevation would tend to unite yet more firmly the opposition to Executive misrule and usurpation. Never was distinction more gratuitously and more generously bestowed, and never was confidence more basely betrayed. Scarcely had he turned from the honoured dust of him

“ Who, departing, left millions in tears,”

when, listening to the suggestions of a grovelling ambition, he proved recreant to the principles for the establishment of which he was elected, and, deserting to the antagonist party, has since endeavoured, in the true spirit of treason, to evince the sincerity of his apostacy by unrelenting hostility to the persons and measures of his former friends. The Whigs, therefore, (although without reference to its source, they will, zealously, co-operate in whatever may

tend to promote the general welfare,) are, in truth, no more accountable for the errors and practices of his miserable administration, than was our Revolutionary Congress for the treachery of Benedict Arnold; and they have, from the moment he unmasked, indignantly disclaimed all such responsibility. The administration is not, and, since the demise of President Harrison, has not been, a Whig administration. The acting President has, in violation of solemn pledges, expressed and implied, and by the abusive exercise of a Constitutional provision, prevented the enactment of laws wholesome and necessary for the public good, and where he dared not refuse assent to their passage, has endeavoured to impair their obligation by recording objections, which might be adduced in justification of their infraction.—He has removed from office faithful and competent men, for no other reason than that, in conformity with just views of duty and in obedience to *his own Proclamation*—issued



before he yet meditated defection—they refused to prostitute official station to the furtherance of his preposterous aspirations; and has appointed, in their stead, political mercenaries, whose only recommendations were hostility to the Whig party, and slavish subserviency to his will. He has calumniated the Representatives of the People, because in steadfast adherence to their principles, they faithfully endeavoured to give effect to the wishes of their constituents, and nobly scorned to be the pliant instruments of his puny hatred and insolent ambition. Early discovering that the great and patriotic party which, unwittingly, gave to him the power to perpetrate such mischief, would not consent to sacrifice the claims of their great leader to his insane dream of further elevation, he has visited both them and him with the venomous abuse of a purchased press; and, in the vain hope that they who have profited by the treason may be persuaded to love the traitor, is endeavouring to court a



nomination at the hands of those to whose signal overthrow he owes his present elevated position!

Conduct so unworthy will not fail to receive the indignant rebuke of an insulted and injured people. The deep mortification, and still deeper disgrace which they have thus experienced, will not permit indifference in the choice of candidates for their highest trusts, or excuse inaction in the approaching struggle for the rescue of their government from the degradation into which it has fallen, and the vindication of their good name among the Nations.



## CHAPTER XVII.

Elevated Character of Mr. Clay—His generous Patriotism—Anecdote—Clay Club of Germantown—Neagle's Portrait—"The Tall Boy."

It is grateful to turn from the petty and selfish strife of inferior spirits, and from the disgusting and pervading evidences of political expedients and intrigue, daily exhibited in the actions of public men, to the vigorous and efficient

efforts of commanding talent, sound and various learning, pure and lofty patriotism, especially manifested in the career of the illustrious man whose brilliant and instructive history we have thus imperfectly endeavoured to trace. It exhibits, in bold relief, the unwavering determination of a strong, cultivated, ardent and superior mind, to press onward in an undeviating course to the grand ultimate object of a patriot's ambition,—his country's welfare and glory. Of such a Statesman the whole country has reason to be proud; his fame, his name, as well as his services are national, and who that venerates the *Sanctus amor patriæ*, that can feel and appreciate the power of matchless eloquence and genius, exerted for the sublimest of purposes—the preservation of the national union, dignity and honour—the promotion and advancement of universal happiness and freedom, can fail to be deeply interested in the past career and future destiny of such a man as HENRY CLAY. It

matters not what part of the country may claim him by particular adoption, or may boast the honour of his birth; his fame, enduring as the race of mankind upon earth, is the common property of the nation, and as such will ever be scrupulously and fondly cherished by an enlightened, and a grateful people.

In the contemplation of such a character, abundant consolation is afforded for past misfortunes and disgrace, and a feeling of grateful pride is engendered by the reflection that if the country we revere has, by an unhappy mischance, given birth to an *Arnold* and a *Tyler*, she may still boast a glorious motherhood to a WASHINGTON and a CLAY.

The name of Henry Clay is seldom mentioned in a public assembly without occasioning a powerful ebullition of popular affection.

We have been informed that, during a lecture delivered at Utica, in the State of New-York, by a scientific gentleman of that place, upon the amusing subject

of Phrenology, he frequently, in illustration of his theme, held up before his audience, the busts of several distinguished persons, remarkable for some "external indication of character"—and among the number thus exhibited, was one of Mr. Clay. The name was scarcely uttered by the speaker, when, as with a common volition, and with one voice, there burst forth from the auditory, a loud and prolonged peal of applause, which shook the house to its foundations! And this extraordinary manifestation of feeling was prompted by the mere mention of the name of a private citizen of the Republic!

Another proof of the surpassing popularity of this eminent man was recently witnessed at Germantown in Pennsylvania. One of the members of the "Clay Club" of that ancient and celebrated town had purchased a full-length portrait of Mr. Clay, exquisitely engraved in mezzotinto by Sartain, from Neagle's splendid painting, executed at Ashland, in 1843. Early in



the evening, and before the opening of the Hall, the picture was placed against the wall, behind the President's Chair, and covered. When silence prevailed, the covering was suddenly removed, and instantly the large assemblage arose, as one man, and gave repeated cheers for the illustrious Statesman whose noble form and features were there so faithfully delineated by the distinguished and accomplished artist. It was at once a touching and a patriotic tribute to transcendent talent, services and worth, incited by feelings, the unbought and unprompted expression of which, thus welling forth from warm and devoted hearts, Kings and Potentates may envy, but do not possess the power to inspire or to command.

The picture of Mr. Neagle is worthy of his subject and of his own professional fame; and to him will posterity award the honour of having been first to produce, for the veneration of future ages, and with almost the fidelity of



nature, the graceful person and beaming countenance of the man whose character and fame is the pride and the glory of his Country.

We cannot resist the inclination to introduce, in this connexion, a well-authenticated anecdote which has not often appeared in print, and in thus presenting it to our readers, we will record the prediction that the same "TALL BOY," to whom reference is made—the unfriended Orphan—the adventurous and solitary Stranger—the brilliant Orator—the successful Advocate—the unrivalled Speaker of the House of National Representatives—the able Negotiator—the matchless Senator—the Nation's peerless Statesman—will, and in despite of vile detraction and base ingratitude, yet fulfil his splendid destiny—shedding, through his own, an unfading lustre upon his Country's, name, from that exalted station—the first and the last—to which the returning justice, no less than the

exigencies of a great people, imperatively demand his elevation.

“The Bar at Lexington was distinguished for its talents. A tall, plain-looking, farmer-like young man, of one and twenty, was admitted to practice in the Courts. The old lawyers, although there was much professional rivalry among themselves, determined to prevent this beardless plebeian, as they termed him, from rising, by speaking disrespectfully of his qualifications. He pursued, however, the even tenor of his way, daily increasing in legal and intellectual strength, to the mortification of his seniors. At length, a case was called, of a complicated character, and he appeared for the defence, against such an array of the old members as had never before been retained by a client. Upon taking his seat, after making a triumphant argument, they said, one to another, “we may as well let that *tall boy pass*, for he will pass, whether or not.” He did

pass—and his practice thereafter was more lucrative than that of all the other members of the Bar.”



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

*Mr. Clay's Characteristics as a Statesman—Extraordinary position of Mr. John Tyler—Its effect upon his mind and character—Eulogy of Mr. Clay by Mr. George Bancroft.*

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

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

deed, with patriotic fervour upon those in office, but the wand of power was stretched forth, — “in envy ‘of Great Cæsar,”—and all his earnest efforts for his country’s happiness were paralyzed by the selfish and arbitrary will of one man, whom neither merit nor services of his own, but a deeply afflictive dispensation of Providence, had elevated to a station towards which, in his wildest aspirations, his dazzled vision had never, seriously, endeavoured to gaze, and the giddy eminence of which, so unexpectedly attained, has produced, through a lamentable bewilderment of ordinary faculties, a strange forgetfulness of honesty and truth, and developed his utter unfitness for a wise discharge of its high responsibilities. Neither can the powerful apologetical eloquence, nor the rare special pleading of the late Secretary of State, as exhibited in his disingenuous and malevolent Speech at Faneuil Hall in September 1842, win for the administration of the acting President the affection or the



confidence of the nation, or rescue its head from that universal and abiding contempt to which he has been doomed by a deeply injured and offended people.

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

There is a crisis in the affairs of men upon which turns their best interests and the stability of their institutions. That crisis, with the American people, is at hand. Men elevated to power, almost by acclamation, reach the pinnacle of ambition, and then betray the principles which commended them to favour! And by another, and much larger class, every kind of unstatesmanlike and ruinous experiment is devised in mere wanton hostility to the great conservative Party of the country, which is, happily, never wearied in defending our blood-bought Constitution against the assaults of those who seek a confirmation of their power,

even if their march for its attainment should be over the prostrated liberties of their suffering and, too long, patient country. That country, therefore, now *demand*s the counsel and the rule of *real* Statesmen: men who have won the title in the Nation's service, and in her days, especially, of depression and of gloom.

It is to them, under Providence, that she must look for political salvation—for the guidance of the vessel of State through the billows and the breakers which threaten its integrity or destruction, into the broad, calm, waters of the Pacific, where the surges of party animosity and corruption will cease to deluge her decks, and where, beyond the reach and the rule of reckless, unskilful or treacherous pilots, she will again majestically ride, the pride and the hope of freemen throughout the world!

In the agent through whom these great national benefits are to be accomplished and firmly established, we

have presented to us a man whose illustrious career is identified with his country's history, the brightest page of which, no less than that which is clouded by the gloom of despondency and of doubt, bears—gratefully and proudly—the imperishable record of those inappreciable services and sacrifices which have given character, dignity, and honour to the American name, and a glorious immortality to that of HENRY CLAY.

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

We cannot better close this imperfect sketch than in the just and appropriate language of MR. GEORGE BANCROFT, the

learned and accurate historian of the United States. In 1832, he thus wrote in reference to Mr. Clay, whose opinions, principles and character have, as has been shown, undergone no change, while circumstances, extraneous to the present position and past career of the distinguished object of his glowing panegyric, have placed Mr. Bancroft foremost in the ranks of ultra-democracy :

“ In early youth and in maturer years, as a citizen and as a Representative, at home or abroad, in peace and in war, in the Chair of the House of Representatives, in a most important Diplomatic capacity, in the Cabinet and in the Senate, he has been the strenuous, indefatigable, eloquent and triumphant supporter of those principles of government and policy on which the union of the States and prosperity of the people depend. The entire political life of this distinguished Statesman is a guaranty to the country that, beneath his auspices, the reign of violence, of arbitrary discretion, of secret influence, and per-

emptory dictation, will pass away, and that of civil rule will return. Under his administration, the people of the United States will enjoy, what they are now deprived of—the benefit of a government of laws. The directory of the administration will be found in the statute book, and the other constitutional depositories of the law, and not in private executive construction. Offices whose uncorrupt discharge is essential to the welfare of the people, will no longer be regarded as the spoils of victory. Appointments repeatedly negatived by the constitutional advisers of the President, will not be renewed, by his sole will, the moment that the Senate adjourns. The execution of the laws will not be suspended on the pretence of their unconstitutionality. The countenance of the administration will not be extended to an unprincipled press, nor offices of trust and emolument bestowed as the reward of the slanderer. The patronage of the government will not be exerted to defeat

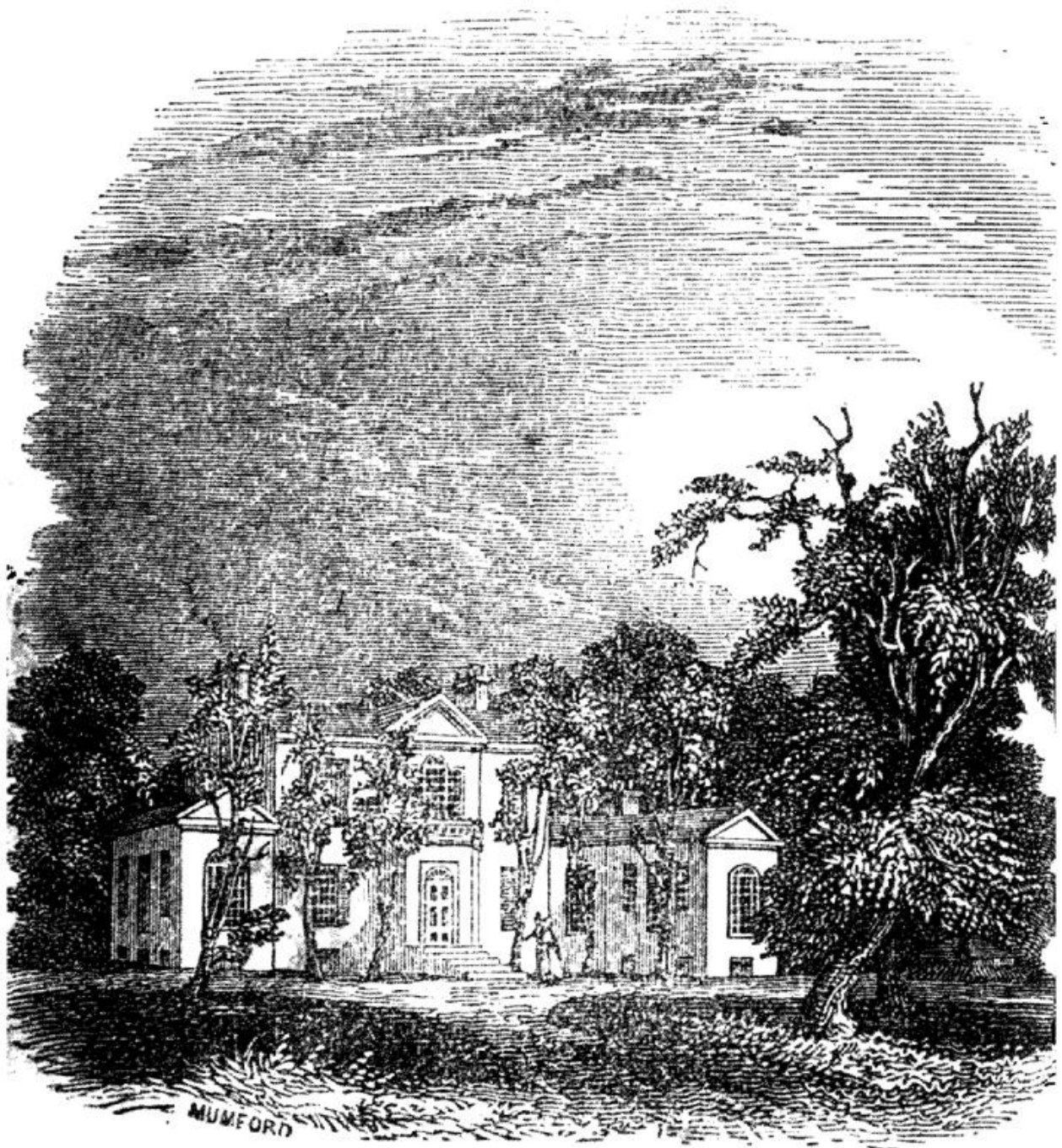


the will of the people. The great domestic interests of the country will be upheld by a steady unequivocal support; its industry will be spared the shock of a disordered currency. The faith of treaties will be kept sacred, and the honour of the United States will be sustained in their intercourse with foreign governments; and the Union of the States, the precious legacy we have inherited from our fathers, will be preserved unimpaired for our children."

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# ASHLAND,



THE SEAT OF THE  
HON. HENRY CLAY,  
NEAR LEXINGTON, KY.

**THE**  
**CLAY MINSTREL.**

(151)



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

*Clay's Speech, in Indiana, 1842.*

THE  
CLAY MINSTREL.

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HARRY OF THE WEST.

AIR—*The Star-Spangled Banner.*

Lo! the chieftain is gone from the scene of his  
fame,

But the halo of ages shall gather around it;  
For his sword waved in Justice and Liberty's  
name,

And Liberty's hand with her myrtle has  
crown'd it,

He has mounted on high to the patriot's sky,  
While his country was last in the heart and the  
sigh,

But joy! tho' the hero has gone to his rest,  
His MANTLE is left to our Hope of the West.

He shall wear it in glory, in honour, in power,  
In despite of abstraction, of knaves and of  
treason,

And the venal shall tremble, the coward shall  
cower,

Ephemeral insects that flutter their season.

154      **THE CLAY MINSTREL.**

Yes, the noble and great, in the forum of state,  
By the dictum of freemen, the fiat of fate,  
Shall rule o'er the land that his labours have blest,  
Our Harry, the dauntless, and pride of the West.

He has stood like a rock when the tempest has  
    roar'd,

    And the gallant have trembled at dangers sur-  
    rounding,

'Mid the war of great minds his warm spirit has  
    soar'd,

    In the triumph of genius the proudest con-  
    founding,

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, and Hope of the  
    West.

Look o'er the proud scroll of your glorious  
    names,

    From the light of to-day, through the long  
    lapse of ages,

To souls that were honour'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 ex-  
 press'd,  
 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 de-  
 fender ;  
 And bear it, ye breezes, on wondering wings,  
 Wherever Aurora diffuses her splendour.  
 Our banner's unfurled, it shall BEACON the world,  
 'Till the Dagon of doubt and abstraction is  
 hurled,  
 And we throne in his place whom his country  
 loves best—  
 Our Harry, the glory, the pride of the West.

F. R. H.

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A WHIG WAR SONG.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne.*

O FREEMEN raise the battle cry,  
 And to your weapons spring ;  
 With all the force your wrongs supply,  
 Loud make the welkin ring !  
 Loud make the welkin ring, brave boys  
 Loud make the welkin ring ;  
 With all the force your wrongs supply,  
 Loud make the welkin ring !

156      **THE CLAY MINSTREL.**

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

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

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

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



The name of HENRY CLAY, brave boys,  
 The name of HENRY CLAY;  
 And shout, as home ye strike amain,  
 The name of HENRY CLAY!

S. L.

## GALLANT HARRY

TUNE—*Royal Charlie.*

Song of the Clay Club of Germantown.

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

When doubt and gloom o'erspread the land  
 And e'en the boldest trembled,  
 Who was it took the foremost stand:  
 AND NEVER YET DISSEMBLED!  
 Come south, come north,  
 Come boldly forth,  
 AND STRIKE FOR CLAY AND GLORY!

For this he'll stand the test of time,  
And live in noblest story,  
And live in noblest story ;  
For this he'll stand the test of time,  
AND LIVE IN NOBLEST STORY !

Then pass his honour'd name around,  
Till echoes catch your thunder !  
The universal glad rebound,  
Shall make the Tories wonder !  
Come one, come all  
Let naught appal,  
Brave boys no longer tarry,  
But stand by him who never quail'd,  
Our true and gallant Harry,  
Our true and gallant Harry ;  
But stand by him who never quail'd,  
OUR TRUE AND GALLANT HARRY !

There's not a lass in this broad land  
But vows she'd scorn to marry,  
The lad who don't give heart and hand  
To glorious, gallant Harry !  
Come east, come west,  
Come all the rest,  
'Tis ours the day to carry,  
And once again our foes o'erthrow,  
Led on by gallant Harry,  
Led on by gallant Harry ;  
And once again our foes o'erthrow,  
LED ON BY GALLANT HARRY !

Then here's a health to Harry's cause !  
Let not the wild notes tarry !  
Thy noble name our heart's blood warms,  
Thrice great and gallant Harry !  
We'll strive our best,  
And know no rest,  
'Till we the ship shall carry,  
And all our foes o'ercome or won,  
Subdued by gallant Harry,  
Subdued by gallant Harry ;  
And all our foes o'ercome or won,  
SUBDUED BY GALLANT HARRY !

Our Western Hope—the Hope of all,  
Through us shall not miscarry,  
For now we're pledged to stand or fail,  
With noble, gallant Harry !  
Then strive your best,  
Heroic West,  
The glorious cause to carry—  
To strike the traitor's banner low ;  
And stand by gallant Harry,  
And stand by gallant Harry ;  
To strike the traitor's banner low,  
AND STAND BY GALLANT HARRY !

J. S. L.

## HARRY OF KENTUCKY.

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

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

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

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

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

Whene'er forgot the common weal,  
And party waves run strong,  
Till e'en the wisest halt and feel  
That everything 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 honours 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 sods 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.

## THE WORKING-MEN'S SONG.

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

Times wont be right, 't is plain to see,  
Till Tyler runs his race;  
But then we'll have a better man,  
To put into his place.  
For now we'll rouse with might and main,  
And work and work away,  
And work! work! work! work!  
And put in Henry Clay.

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

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

164      THE CLAY MINSTREL.

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

We want no CLOTHING ready made,  
From England or from France,  
We've TAILORS here who know their trade,  
They ought to have a chance.  
They'll cut and baste, and hem and press,  
And stitch and stitch away,  
And stitch, stitch, stich, stich,  
And vote for Henry Clay.

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

SHOEMAKERS too, with right good will,  
Will join the working throng,  
And what they do for Henry Clay,  
They do both neat and strong.

They 'll crimp and cut, and last and stitch,  
And ball and ball away,  
And ball, ball, ball, ball,  
And vote for Henry Clay.

The COOPERS know, when farmers thrive,  
Their trade is always best,  
And so they 'll go, with one accord,  
For Harry of the West.

They 'll dress and raise, and truss and croze,  
And hoop and hoop away,  
And hoop, hoop, hoop, hoop,  
And vote for Henry Clay.

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

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

## O N W A R D .

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 peril'd their fortune, their honour, their  
life,—

And shall all be *betray'd*, or dishonour'd 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 PULWARKS OF FREEDOM SECURELY SHALL  
STAND.

J. S. L.



## WHIG BANNER SONG.

TUNE—*Bruce's Address.*

Whigs ! once more the Banner raise !  
Whigs ! remember by-gone days !  
Let not time the name erase,  
THAT LED TO VICTORY !

By your love for HARRISON !  
By your triumph dearly won !  
Arouse ye now and nobly on !  
WHIGS THAT DARE BE FREE !

By your hopes of HARRY CLAY !  
By your resolve to win the day !  
Rush ye, bravely, to the 'fray,  
FREEDOM LOUDLY CALLS !

Should foul dishonour mar our name,  
Or Treason's vile, envenom'd flame,  
O'erspread the land with gloom and shame,  
THIS GLORIOUS FABRIC FALLS !

No party mandate prompts the strife,—  
We wage a war for HOME,—for life,  
Against corruption, rank and rife,  
AND HEARTLESS TREACHERY !

Raise high the Banner to the storm !  
No blast from traitor lungs can harm !  
No Tory slander can deform  
ITS PEERLESS BLAZONRY . J. S. L.

## Y A N K E E D O O D L E !

Shout Yankee Doodle ! Whigs, huzza !

We're done with Captain Tyler !

He who has been his country's FLAW,  
Shall never more defile her !

For farmer Clay then boys hurrah,

And proudly here proclaim him

The great, the good, the valiant Hal,

AND SHOUT WHENE'ER YE NAME HIM !

Our noble Harry is the man

The Nation most delights in ;

To place him first is now the plan ;—

For this we're all uniting !

For farmer Clay then boys hurrah, &c.

Then, Johnny, haste your "*duds*" to pack,

Be "*spry*" and do not tarry ;

But run to "Old Virginny" back—

WE WANT THE HOUSE FOR HARRY !

For farmer Clay then boys hurrah, &c.

For loud and long the country calls

For the bold ASHLAND FARMER ;

Bravest when danger most appals,

With him no foe shall harm her.

For farmer Clay then boys hurrah, &c

Brave Whigs ! where'er the gallant song

—"LOG CABINS AND HARD CIDER"—

Was chorus'd loud and echo'd long ;

Let *this* be heard—and wider !

For farmer Clay then boys hurrah, &c.

Old Yankee Doodle's noble tune  
 Suits glorious Hal quite handy !  
 Then be it sung again " *right*" soon,  
 Sweet Yankee Doodle Dandy !  
 For farmer Clay then boys hurrah !  
 And proudly here proclaim him  
 The great, the good, the valiant Hal,  
 AND SHOUT WHENE'ER YE NAME HIM.

J. S. L.

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### ST. LOUIS CLAY CLUB SONG.

TUNE—*Rosin the Bow.*

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 fail'd 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.



## LEAVE VAIN REGRETS.

AIR—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Leave vain regrets for errors past,  
 Nor cast the 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 Harry Clay.

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

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

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

Rise, bravely rise, one effort more,  
Your motto thus display,  
PROTECTION for our native shore,  
Sustain'd by Harry Clay.



Sustain'd by Harry Clay, my boys,  
 Sustain'd by Harry Clay;  
 Protection for our native shore,  
 Sustain'd by Harry Clay.

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



## THE LITTLE RED FOX.

TUNE—*Ole Dan Tucker.*

The moon was up, and bright as day,  
 The stars they winked in their quiet way—  
 When the Kinderhook Fox was chased by a  
 Coon,  
 As the west wind whistled this bran new tune—  
 Get out of the way, you're quite too late—  
 You little Red Fox of the Empire State.

The Fox had hoped that the BUCKEYE BOYS  
 Would beat off the Coon with a thundering  
 noise,

---

\* The lamented Harrison.

But his heart grew sad, and his fur flew off,  
 As he heard, while he hiccupped a church-yard  
 cough,  
 Get out of the way, &c.

Over the line to old PENNSYLTUCK,  
 The Fox thought he 'd go in search of luck ;  
 But the cry went up, "we don't want you  
 here,"  
 And they sung, as there dropt from his eye a  
 tear,  
 Get out of the way, &c.

So on he went, to the old NORTH State,  
 With the hope that "OLD RIP" would avert  
 his fate ;  
 But when he got there, he lost his tail,  
 And the Coon boys sung, as he "cut" with a  
 wail,  
 Get out of the way, &c.

The tailless Fox then went to TENNESSEE,  
 To beg a little help from Old Hick-o-ree ;  
 But he heard, as he went, a loud shout for  
 Jones,  
 And the song, as he scampered to save his  
 bones,  
 Get out of the way, &c.

Breathless with fear, and without a tail,  
 The sight of a Coon-skin made him quail ;

He jumped like a thief to a "cut-dirt" tune,  
 And heard, while he yelled like a frightened  
     loon,

Get out of the way, &c.

On he leaped, with a limping gait,  
 And took his way through MARYLAND State;  
 But it followed him there like a hue and cry,  
 That terrible sound which he could not fly,

Get out of the way, &c.

Wearied and worn, and chased by the "Coon,"  
 His head became bald as a shaved baboon;  
 When he reached Lindenwold he sighed "I'm  
     unlucky;"

For the people all sing, as they shout "Ken-  
     tucky,"

Get out of the way, &c.

So the Fox lay down, and his voice got wheezy,  
 His face grew pale, and his stomach uneasy;  
 He heaved, he kicked, and cried I am lost,  
 And the night-wind moaned, as he gave up the  
     ghost,

The little Red Fox is quite unlucky,  
 For the people are going for Old Kentucky!

## GET OUT OF THE WAY!

TUNE—*Ole 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 :

## CHORUS.

Get out of 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 Dutchmen think 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 dumsey  
Colonel 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 balkey 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 favourite, 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 's swift and lucky,  
Clear the track for Old Kentucky !



## A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

TUNE—*John Anderson, my Jo.*

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

John Tyler, sir, my Jo, John,  
The Whigs they fought t'gether,  
And many a canty day, John,  
They had with one anither.  
But you have them betrayed, John,  
And why did you do so ?  
A curse upon all traitors, John,  
John Tyler, sir, my Jo.

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

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

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

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

## THE WHIG BATTLE CRY.

TUNE—*The Campbells are Coming.*

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

Then down with your enemies—rush to the  
charge,  
They have set on our people dread ruin at  
large;  
From mountain and valley their cries have  
gone up,  
They have drunk 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 honoured 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.

## 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 land's highest gift,

And honour great Harry, ho! ieroe! 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! ieroe! ro!

FOR HOME PROTECTION AND  
FOR CLAY.

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

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

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

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

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



## OUR HARRY THE TRUE.

AIR—*Rosin the bow.*

Ye Locos of old Pennsylvany,  
Of every old state and each new ;  
Take warning, come out with the many,  
And vote for our Harry the true.

We've a multitude here past enduring,  
Our foes once again they look blue ;  
They see there's no chance for Van Buren,  
In a fight with our Harry the true.

New York and New Jersey are ours,  
Massachusetts, Connecticut too ;  
And Vermont, with her green mountain flowers,  
Will flourish for Harry the true.

We'd a brush in Rhode Island but lately,  
Just to show 'em what Yankees could do ;  
And we flogged 'em all round most completely,  
In the name of our Harry the true.

In old never-tire Virginnny,  
They have found of good Whigs not a few ;  
She's a state, sirs, I'll hold you a guinea,  
Goes hollow for Harry the true.

Who flies to the rescue ? Kentucky !  
Full of hearts gallant, loyal, like you ;  
We shall beat them with brave men and lucky,  
With Harry Clay noble and true.

Illinois, Indiana, Ohio,

Their towns and green prairies go through ;  
And you 'll hear, in each nook of the trio,  
Loud shouts for our Harry the true.

On Michigan shores, in Missouri

The ball still in motion we view ;  
But Benton cries out, in a fury,  
'T is rolling towards Harry the true.

Mississippi and Louisiana,

Tennessee, Alabama, here too ;  
They, from each noble hill and savannah,  
Send voices for Harry the true.

Should I name all the people are for us,

It is plain I should never get through ;  
Then rejoice in the prospect before us—  
Huzza ! for our Harry the true.

But before I quite finish my ditty,

Let me claim, patriot Maryland, you ;  
And hail ! noble monument city,  
Where we gather for Harry the true.



## HURRAH FOR THE CLAY !

TUNE—*How happy's the Soldier.*

A health to the Farmer, who follows the plough,  
And earns independence by sweat of the brow !

He sings, as he turns the rich soil to the day,  
 'How happy's the farmer who lives by the  
     Clay.'

Hurrah for the Clay, Hurrah for the Clay,  
 How happy's the farmer who lives by the  
     Clay !

CHORUS.

Hurrah for the Clay, hurrah for the Clay,  
 How happy's the farmer who lives by the  
     Clay !

The Brickmaker places his forms in the sun,  
 To harden them well when his moulding is  
     done ;

'Then fires them boldly, not fearing that they  
 Will crack in the kiln, for he trusts to his Clay,  
 Trusts to the Clay ! trusts to the Clay !  
 It stands every trial, the well-tempered Clay !  
 Hurrah for the Clay, hurrah for the Clay,  
 It stands every trial, the well-tempered Clay ?

The Potter is careful in choosing his stuff,  
 And works it to make it both plastic and tough ;  
 And sings, as he fashions his ware on the tray,  
 ' We 'd all go to pot if it were not for Clay,  
 If it were not for Clay, if it were not for Clay,  
 We 'd all go to pot if it were not for Clay !'  
 Hurrah for the Clay ! hurrah for the Clay !  
 We 'd all go to pot if it were not for Clay.

The Dyer, good fellow, the ladies to please,  
Takes Clay for a mordant, and Clay for the  
grease ;

And proud of his colours so true and so gay,  
Sings, ' Boys, as we live, let us dye by the Clay.  
Dye by the Clay, dye by the Clay !

Who wouldn't be willing to die by the Clay.  
Hurrah for the Clay ! hurrah for the Clay !  
Who wouldn't be willing to die by the Clay ?'

The Ditcher, who works in the mud and the  
sand,

Is cheated by slides of the treacherous land ;  
And cries in despair as the work breaks away,  
' It wouldn't be so, if I trusted to Clay !

Trusted to Clay ! trusted to Clay !  
It wouldn't be so if I trusted to Clay.'  
Hurrah for the Clay ! hurrah for the Clay !  
It wouldn't be so if we 'd trusted to Clay !

The toil-wearied Cotter, at evening at home,  
Though soiled are his hands and his jacket with  
loam,

Is happy to see his sweet children at play,  
And smiles at their bliss, for he earned it by  
Clay,

Earned it by Clay ! earned it by Clay !  
He smiles at their bliss, for he earned it by Clay.  
Hurrah for the Clay ! hurrah for the Clay !  
Let 's follow the Cotter and ' work in ' the Clay !

When winter-winds howl round the Clay-plas-  
tered cot,

And ven'son is smoking, and hominy hot,  
The woodman exults that the tempest 's at bay,  
And he laughs at the storm, for he 's sheltered  
by Clay.

Sheltered by Clay ! sheltered by Clay !

He laughs at the storm, for he 's sheltered by  
Clay.

Hurrah for the Clay ! hurrah for the Clay !

We 'll laugh at the storms when we're shel-  
tered by Clay.

The Cabin of State to its ruin runs fast,  
It lets in the snow drift, the rain and the blast ;  
Its furniture 's rotten, its timbers decay,  
And nothing can save it but filling with Clay.

Filling with Clay ! filling with Clay !

Nothing can save it but filling with Clay.

Hurrah for the Clay ! hurrah for the Clay !

And nothing can save it but filling with Clay.

The world over, boys, there is Clay that is good,  
For building of cabins and raising of food,  
But for work such as ours let me tell you the  
best

IS CLAY OF KENTUCKY — THE CLAY OF THE  
WEST.

Clay of the West, Clay of the West,

There 's nothing for us like the Clay of the  
West.



Hurrah for the Clay! hurrah for the Clay!  
There's nothing for us like the Kentucky Clay.

Come join then, my hearties, each son of the  
land,

And citizen stranger, hand linked into hand,  
United and earnest, we'll carry the day,  
And rescue the land by top-dressing with Clay.  
Topping with Clay, topping with Clay,  
We'll rescue the land by top-dressing with  
Clay.

Hurrah for the Clay! hurrah for the Clay!  
We'll rescue the land by top-dressing with  
Clay.

Nine cheers for great Harry, whose honour  
won't bend,

Who never turned back on a foe or a friend,  
Who works for his country by night and by  
day,

The country will thank him by working for  
Clay.

Working for Clay, working for Clay,  
The country will thank him by working for  
Clay,

Hurrah for the Clay! hurrah for the Clay!  
The country will thank him by working for  
Clay.

## HARRY, THE HONEST AND TRUE.

TUNE—*Rosin the Bow.*

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

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

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

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

Our gallant old chief when he left us,  
Bequeath'd us a " Captain," thought true,  
But the traitor has since join'd 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 gain'd 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.*

## HARRY OF KENTUCKY, HO ! IEROE !

TUNE—*Hail to the Chief.*

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

Back to his element,  
 Madly impenitent,  
 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 armour once gallantly worn !  
 Tell that the hours of KING VETO are number'd.  
 Ere you strip him of honours 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 :  
 Tho' the Union shook, no peril could harm her,  
 While he guarded her helm with unsleeping  
 eye ;

Unfurl the banner bright,  
 Blaze high the beacon light,  
 They'll shine on our path and dazzle the foe ;  
 Down then with Tyranny,  
 Strike then for Liberty,  
 " And Harry of Kentucky, ho ! ieroe ! "

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



## CLEAR THE WAY FOR HARRY CLAY.

TUNE—*What has caused this great commotion.*

What has caused this agitation,  
 Tation, tation, our foes betray,  
 It is the ball a rolling on,  
 To clear the way for Henry Clay,  
 To clear the way for Henry Clay.  
 For with him we can beat any man, man,  
 Man, of the Van Buren clan,  
 For with him we can beat any man.



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

The merchants say there'll be no money,  
Money, money, their debts to pay,  
Until the ball that's rolling on,  
Has clear'd 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 clear'd 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 loccs 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 clear'd 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.

## THE SAME BRAVE OLD COON.

TUNE—*The American Star.*

Wake! Whigs, from your slumbers, oppression's cloud gathers,  
And treachery darkens the hue of the sky,  
Rise up with the spirit which nerved your brave fathers,  
Which thrill'd in each breast, and which flash'd from each eye.  
Bring the hearts that will meet the stern onset undaunted,  
Bring the freemen who crave but the contest as boon ;  
Bring the spirit which wide o'er your banners once flaunted,  
Bring the spirit of Forty, the same brave old coon.  
Though the being raised up in the strength of your power,  
Now scorns the proud spirits who placed him on high,  
In his palace he sits, but the thing of an hour,  
And trembles e'en now, as your curses sweep by.  
Speak out the bold tones of your manly defiance,  
Let treachery know 'twill be punish'd full soon ;  
In the truth of our freemen we still have reliance,  
We'll conquer again with the same brave old coon.

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

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

T. W.

## 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 rear'd 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 cursed abstractions fill his head,  
No cobweb *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.

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## 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,  
Rush'd madly forth to light their fires,  
Their brothers' 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 leap'd to the hero's hand,  
And glitter'd in our gaze,  
When terror reign'd throughout the land,  
As in young freedom's days.

When Clay, the nation's Solon, stood  
Alone and undismay'd,  
To save the flow of freemen's blood,  
The flag of Peace display'd;  
Loud and through the land afar,  
His bold voice hush'd the blast,  
Calhoun fell from the battle car,  
The storm of war was pass'd.

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



## OUR CANDIDATE.

TUNE—*Hurrah! hurrah!*

For Henry Clay, our candidate,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
To place him in the Chair of State,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
“God's noblest work—an honest man,”  
A nobler show us if you can!  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

We spread our banners to the sky,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 Our motto—"Clay and Liberty !"  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 At Vetoes we our "Veto" fling,  
 A President we want—not King !  
 Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Of Demagogues we've had enough,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 From Tyler down to Johnny Brough,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !  
 We're sick of all their brawling fuss,  
 An honest man's the man for us !  
 Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

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

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

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



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

TUNE—*Gee up Dobbin.*

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

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



202      **THE CLAY MINSTREL.**

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

Get, &c.

He promised hard money and "easy to get,"  
But it proved vice versa, as few will forget,  
The money was soft, ragged, flimsy and thin ;  
The Banks got it out, but would not get it in.

Get, &c.

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

Get, &c.

To be sure the old Hero made Louis of France  
Pay all that he owed us or he'd made him  
    dance—

He threatened Calhoun with a twist by the chin,  
For Nullification he thought a great sin.

Get, &c.

Whate'er he did right another might do ;  
And for all honest motives our thanks are still  
    due

But to close the last act of the old Hero's plan,  
He said his successor should be little Van.

Get, &c.

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

Get, &c.

The people were happy with shouts of delight,  
At the dawn of the morning they chased the  
black night,

And flouted the welkin with banners so gay,  
To the honours of Harrison, Tyler and Clay.

Get, &c.

But see through the glories of that happy day,  
The horizon looks dim and the sunshine wears  
gray—

'Tis dark, and a cloud has spread over the  
whole—

Now hushed be the mirth, and now thoughtful  
each soul.

Get, &c.

By the stillness of dread, by the gloom of that  
hour,

We felt that around us misfortune did lower ;  
Too soon the sad truth we had cause to deplore,  
The people's best friend of the time was no

more.

Get, &c.

Who then could their wishes, their feeling construe?  
 strue?

Who battle for freemen's dear rights and be true?

Alas! we lament thee for thy martyr and chief,  
 Thy fate shall be mourned with a nation's deep grief.  
 Get, &c.

But not without hope—for to Tyler we turn,  
 While his lips with sweet promises throbbingly burn—

Ah, shame on the traitor! he fails to pursue  
 The course of our Chieftain, old Tippecanoe.  
 Get, &c.

Let him sink to the dust—yet his name ne'er forgot,

For no time from his mem'ry shall wipe the foul blot;

Then steady our purpose, for traitors ne'er stay,

To the conflict again for the great Henry Clay.  
 Get, &c.

From the valley's fair bosom, the mountain's rough side,

From the wilderness dense, and the prairie so wide,

We'll rouse in our might, and no longer delay,  
 We'll shout for our country, our laws and our Clay.  
 Get, &c.

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

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



## THE ORATOR'S COMING.

TUNE — *The Campbells 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,

'T is 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 every  
hour,

Moved only by avarice, plunder and power,  
His wisdom shall sweep the proud knaves from  
their throne,

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

Our orator's coming, &c.

Then freemen arouse, and with united voice,  
Shout all through the land for the chief of our  
choice,

And let not the cause of the people once rest,  
Till triumphant our orator comes from the west.

Our orator's coming, &c.



COME VOTE FOR THE PATRIOT  
CLAY.TUNE—*Rosin the Bow.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The nation 's a prey to the spoiler,  
 On all sides 't is filled with dismay,  
 So we 'll quickly drop Captain Tyler,  
 And stick to the patriot Clay, &c.

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



## HARRY CLAY.

TUNE—*Harry Bluff.*

Harry Clay when a boy was without friends or  
 home,  
 Left a poor orphan lad on the cold earth to roam,  
 But the fire of his genius flash'd early to view,  
 And he fill'd all with wonder the older he grew.

Tho' his mind it was young, he won sages' ap-  
 plause,  
 When our land was in danger, he roused hearts  
 in her cause,  
 Old statesmen all cried he'd one day lead the  
 —VAN,  
 Tho' in years but a boy, he'd the wisdom of  
 man,  
 And the soul of a pure Yankee Freeman.

Ere to manhood advanced, he a statesman be-  
 came,  
 And toil'd for his dear country's freedom and  
 fame,  
 So true to his party—in council so brave,  
 The tones of his voice hush'd each treacherous  
 knave ;  
 If our nation was wrong'd his heart leap'd at  
 the sound,  
 And the power of his mind awed the nations  
 around ;  
 Then honour brave Hal with our country's high  
 sway,  
 And he'll make foe and knave all our lost rights  
 repay,  
 With the soul of a pure Yankee Statesman.

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

TUNE—*O'er the Hills and far away.*

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

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

J. D. W.

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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 wrong,  
Shout the huzza, loud and long  
For Clay and liberty.

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

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

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

Sons of “seventy-six's” souls,  
Through whose veins their true blood rolls,  
Shall it be said a king controls  
Your nation's destiny?  
Shall a chief that high seat fill,  
Who defies the people's will,  
And would plunge us deeper still,  
In ruin and misery?



212      THE CLAY MINSTREL.

Shall a despot's word command,  
The "bone and sinew of the land,"  
Snatching from the toil-sore hand  
    The rights of industry?  
Rouse then, brothers, now's the day,  
To the ballot-box for Clay,  
Sweep the *bugs* that on us prey,  
    In hum-*bug's* livery.

Vain is all the Captain's post,  
Corporal guard, and loco host,  
With noble Clay, the nation's boast,  
    We'll make 'em turn and flee.

Try the "Distribution's" power,  
And the noble White House scour,  
Millions then shall bless the hour  
    When Clay our chief shall be.

Vain are the props on which they rest,  
Calhoun and Van can't stand the test,  
Against bold Harry of the West,  
    The honest, wise and free.

---

THE CLAY GATHERING.

TUNE—*The Macgregor's Gathering.*

The land-shout rings loud for our bold Hero  
    Clay,  
And his name and the true cause grow 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 sapp'd 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 for ever.

Our fair land is plunder'd,

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 moul-  
der away,

Ere we yield up our cause or our patriot Clay.

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

Though our nation is plunder'd by Ty and his  
beagles,

We will muzzle his hounds and restore our lost  
eagles.

Then gather, gather, gather, &c.  
 While we've sages like Clay, our dear land to  
 deliver,  
 Her freedom and glory shall flourish for ever.  
 And thus, &c.



THE CHIEF OF THE WEST.

TUNE—*Spring time of year is coming.*

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

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

THE STAR OF THE WEST.

TUNE—*Meeting of the Waters.*

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

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

While the proud "VETO" monarch was toiling  
 each hour  
 To step o'er our necks as he stept into power,  
 The first heart that strove his foul sway to resist,  
 Was bold Harry Clay, the bright *star of the*  
*West.*

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

## TRUE HARRY OF KENTUCKY, O.

TUNE—*Green grow the Rushes, O.*

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

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

Sly Benton, he is Bent-on spoils,  
 And swears the Tariff shall not go;  
 But Whigs will give him for his toils,  
*Clay balls* for his rag mint-drops, O!  
 Huzza for old Kentucky, O!  
 True Harry of Kentucky, O!  
 The bright *mint-hail* again shall flow  
 Through Harry of Kentucky, O!



His tariff then our rights shall guard,  
 From foreign speculators free,  
 And keep our money to reward  
 Our native toilers' industry.  
 Then shout for old Kentucky, O!  
 And vote for old Kentucky, O!  
 The good old times again will grow,  
 From pure Clay of Kentucky, O!



FROM THE COONS OF RHODE ISLAND TO THE CLAY  
 WHIGS OF THE UNION—GREETING.

TUNE—*Ole Dan Tucker.*

As I've got time I'll tell you all  
 The States that vote for Clay next fall,  
 'Tis easy told, and thus 't is done—  
 They all will vote for Clay but *one*.

CHORUS.

Then Tyler clear, get out the way,  
 Make room now for Harry Clay;  
 Get out the way you John Tyler,  
 You've collapsed and burst your *biler*!

Old Tennessee began the dance,  
 And woke Van Buren from his trance;  
 'Tis hard to beat the "Farmer Jones"  
 As 't was for Dorr to leave "them bones."

CHORUS.

Next comes the news from Maryland—  
 'T is mighty bad for me, says Van ;  
 For " Tyler too " it is a roarer,  
 As well as Bob, who wrote Medora.

CHORUS.

Georgia, too, right well she 's done  
 For old Kentucky's gallant son ;  
 She wants a tariff, " fair to good,"  
 To give her " Crackers " meat and food.

CHORUS.

More news has come from the Jarsey shore,  
 It makes old Tyler grin once more ;  
 And the locos rant and the locos roar—  
 We 'll beat them bad in forty-four.

CHORUS.

We 've heard the news from the Quaker State,  
 It shows Van Buren his true fate ;  
 It tells John Tyler he must clear ;  
 We 'll beat them bad the coming year.

CHORUS.

We 've heard more news from Ohio—  
 For Clay 't is good, for Tyler no !  
 That ball is surely rolling on,  
 And makes more verses for this song.

## CHORUS.

Van Winkle's State has spoken loud,  
And adds to Harry's swelling crowd ;  
She's bid farewell to Tyler John,  
And now she goes Kentucky's son.

## CHORUS.

Now, Bay State Boys, wheel into place,  
And meet your foe, now, face to face,  
And drive them all from bed and pallet,  
With Morton, Wright, and Green and Hallett.

## CHORUS.

And what do you think New York will do ?  
She'll drive from her this loco crew ;  
In all good time she'll come along,  
And go for Clay, ten thousand strong.

## CHORUS.

Virginia, too, will do her best,  
To put this winded nag at rest ;  
Of good Whig votes she has got lots—  
“ Long time ago ” she had the Botts.

## CHORUS.

Rhode Island's sure for Henry Clay,  
As sure as cometh November's day,  
She's “ up and dress'd,” and won't give way  
Until she's voted strong for Clay.

## CHORUS.

To all good Whigs conjoined, I say,  
Be "up and dress'd," and vote for Clay;  
Remove afar this "crying sin,"  
"Pick your flints and try agin."



## THE PEOPLE'S RALLY.

Come, come to the meeting,  
Come one, and come all,  
For true hearts are beating,  
Responsive the call;  
From highland and valley,  
From mountain and plain,  
Come, come to the rally,  
Our rights to regain.

Indignantly spurning  
The yoke of the slave,  
With liberty burning,  
We cringe not, nor crave;  
Our banner is flouting  
Its red wings on high,  
And freemen are shouting  
To do or to die.

Let *triflers* preach *Union*  
For *office* and *spoils* ;  
We shun a communion  
Environed with toils ;  
Away with caresses,  
Contrived to betray,  
The tunic of Nessus  
Were better than they.

Our country for ever,  
From Sabine to Maine ;  
No true Whigs will sever  
One link in the chain,—  
No pretences hollow,  
No mixing of creeds—  
Our flag we will follow  
Wherever it leads.

Then come to the meeting,  
Come one and come all,  
For true hearts are beating,  
To answer the call ;  
From highland and valley,  
From mountain and plain,  
Come, come to the rally,  
Our rights to regain.



## KNOW YE THE LAND ?

TUNE—*Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle ?*

Know ye the land where *defaulting* and *thieving*  
By Swartwouts in office are done every day ;  
Where party men vie in the art of deceiving,  
And then cap the climax by *running away* ?

Know ye the land of the vault and the key,  
Where the vault is unclosed, and money left  
free  
To be pilfered and spent through the vigilant  
care  
Of collectors and agents whom *party* put there ?

Where *reform* is a by-word, retrenchment a  
dream,  
Corruption the practice, and *plunder* the  
scheme ;  
Where a kitchen cabal, or a caucus in drill  
Dares proclaim its own voice as a *free people's*  
will ?

Know ye the land where *Sub-Treasurers* riot,  
Like an army of rats when the cat is away,  
Where the cash of the *people* is *stolen* in quiet,  
And nothing is left but to whistle for pay ?

'Tis the land of our fathers, 'tis America's soil,  
Where liberty's price was blood, treasures and  
toil :

'Tis the land that was freed and by *Washington*  
won,  
Where deeds so *disgraceful* are openly done.

Let a *people* oppressed arise in their might,  
Avenge their own wrongs, and contend for the  
right ;

Dispel the deep gloom overspreading the land,  
With boldness of heart and with vigour of hand!



## COME TO THE CONTEST.

TUNE—*The old oaken Bucket.*

Come on to the contest, the call is loud ringing ;  
Each son of the Key Stone, the call is to you ;  
The foe all his forces to action is bringing,

The battle-field soon will arise to your view.  
Then say, "are you ready," and wait to re-  
ceive it,

The shock which the freeman must shortly  
repel ;

Right onward ! your aid ! every *true* son will  
give it,

And vote for the Farmer that's worked the  
farm well !

The hard-fisted Farmer,  
The honest old Farmer !  
We go for the Farmer that's worked the farm  
well !

We want no new workmen, no experimenting  
On the blood-hallowed spot where our fore-  
fathers fought ;  
We'll keep the old path, and there'll be no  
repenting,  
And we'll ever remember good lessons when  
taught.

Then away in your pride, for the Farmer pre-  
siding,  
Let the note of approval in loud concert swell,  
And his foes may in vain still persist in deriding,  
We'll vote for the Farmer that's worked  
the farm well !

The hard-fisted Farmer,  
The honest old Farmer !  
We go for the Farmer that's worked the  
farm well !

The Van Buren Locos in vain with their legions  
Would vanquish the free in the land of their  
birth,  
And they'll hear in loud thunder that these are  
the regions  
Where no tribute is paid save the tribute to  
worth !

That tribute is due, and we 're going to pay it,  
 And soon shall they hear the glad triumph-  
 tone swell !  
 Than the year forty-four, we 'll no longer  
 delay it,  
 But vote for the Farmer that 's worked the  
 farm well !  
 The hard-fisted Farmer,  
 The honest old Farmer !  
 We 'll support CLAY, the Farmer, who worked  
 the farm well !



The following song was written by an OLD DEMOCRAT of 1798, an original Jackson man, but not an admirer of *such modern or "patent democracy"* as is professed by "Not-a-single-drop-of-democratic-blood" Buchanan, or "As-long-as-the-federal-flag-waved-in-New-Jersey-I-was-proud-to-rally-under-it" Garret D. Wall.

### THE ARISTOCRACY OF DEMOCRACY.

TUNE—" *John Anderson, my Jo.*"

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
 Buchanan, Wall, and Co.  
 Ye black-cockaded Federalists,  
 You 're Democrats—Oho !  
 The loco-foco Democrats,  
 Of which you take the lead,  
 Are spawn'd from every faction !  
 Van Buren's bastard breed !

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
Within whose veins don't flow  
A drop of Democratic blood !  
Buchanan's boast you know ;  
You 'll say it was before he went  
To Russia's autocrat ;  
And pocketed some thousands ;—  
A full-blood Democrat !

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
Who lead corruption's crew ;  
Who, with a single eye direct,  
Keep office eye in view ;  
The dear ! dear people ! you'd persuade,  
Alas ! poor simple elves,  
Their cash you'd watch with vigilance ;  
Then—pocket it yourselves !

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
Encased in triple brass,  
While plundering of the people's purse,  
For patriots you would pass !  
A cut-purse oft-times has been known,  
When running from the crowd,  
To bawl stop thief, stop thief, stop thief !  
The loudest of the loud !

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
Like hags of dark midnight,  
A pall of blackness you have spread  
O'er prospects once so bright ;



Industry you have paralysed ;  
Destruction stalks around ;  
And all our country's happiness  
You've levelled with the ground.

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
Ye sordid demagogues ;  
All round the' horizon you have spread  
Delusion's noisome fogs ;  
The ten years' ruthless war you've waged  
Against our country's weal,  
Our children's children, much I fear,  
Are doomed for years to feel !

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
Sub-treasurers you would be,  
As Democrats, par excellence,  
None are more fit than ye ;  
To keep the people's cash, I ween,  
None will your PRICE dispute ;  
Who'd grudge a *price* for honesty,  
Would *priceless* make SWARTWOUT !

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
Ye hollow-hearted clique,  
Who for the sake of power and pelf  
Will at no vileness stick ;  
Who Proteus-like will change your garb,  
Your baseness to disguise,  
To cheat the people of their wealth,  
Their rights and liberties !

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
The "sober second thought"  
Of an awakened people  
Will spurn you into nought !  
The masks torn from your faces,  
And from your places hurled,  
You 'll stand the scorn of all mankind,  
A proverb through the world !

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
The hateful theme I 'll quit,  
Convinced the people will ere long  
Unmask each hypocrite !  
And to the view of honest men,  
Your ingrain baseness show,  
Ye tiger-hearted demagogues,  
Van Buren, Wright, and Co. !

Ye aristocratic Democrats !  
One word, and I have done ;  
I 'll leave you in the people's hands,  
By HARRY CLAY led on,  
Who like a torrent from the hills,  
Will sweep you all away ;  
Your names, a by-word through the land,  
Forever and for aye !

P. P.

## JOHN C. CALHOUN MY JO.

TUNE—" *John Anderson, my Jo.*"

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, I'm sorry for  
your fate,  
You've nullified the tariff laws, you've nulli-  
fied your state ;  
You've nullified your party, John, and princi-  
ples, you know,  
And now you've nullified yourself, John C.  
Calhoun my Jo.

Oh ! John, how could you look into the face of  
Henry Clay ?  
The glory of the Western World and of the  
world away ;  
You call yourself his " master," John, but that  
can ne'er be so,  
For he " would not own you for a slave," John  
C. Calhoun my Jo.

The Father of the Tariff, John, and Patron of  
the Arts,  
He seeks to build his country up in spite of  
foreign parts ;  
And Harry Clay will soon upset the little Van  
& Co.,  
And renovate the Ship of State, John C. Cal-  
houn my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, ambition in  
despair,  
Once made you nullify the *whole*, the *half* of it  
to share ;  
The "whole hog now you've gone," John,  
with Kendall, Blair & Co.,  
But "you've got the wrong sow by the ear,"  
John C. Calhoun my Jo.

American mechanics, John, will never sell their  
votes,  
For Mint Drops or for Treasury Bills, or even  
British coats ;  
They want no English coaches, John, white  
servants they forego,  
For their carriage is of Yankee stamp, John  
C. Calhoun my Jo.

Oh! John, he is a slippery blade with whom  
you've got to deal,  
He'll pass between your clutches too, just like  
a living eel ;  
You think he'll *recommend* you, John, but Van  
will ne'er do so,  
For he wants the fishes for himself, John C.  
Calhoun my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo, John, if this you dare  
to doubt,  
Go ask the *Living Skeleton*, who deals his  
secrets out,

His favourites are marked, John, the mark you  
cannot toe,  
And you 'll soon repent the bargain made, John  
C. Calhoun my Jo.

This is a dirty business, John, go wash your  
little hands,  
And never bow your knee again to cunning  
Van's commands;  
"How you are off for soap," John, I cannot say  
I know,  
But "your mother does not know you 're out,"  
John C. Calhoun my Jo.

The brave sons of the South, John, will never  
own you more,  
And Benton's Mint Drops will not save—  
you 're rotten to the core;  
The people will no power, John, on such as  
you bestow,  
And you 've jumped your final somerset, John  
C. Calhoun my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, you 'll ride with  
little Van,  
From yonder Whited Sepulchre, with all its  
motley clan;  
The journey will be long, John, now mind I  
tell you so,  
For they never can return again, John C. Cal-  
houn my Jo.



Then better men, my Jo John, our sad affairs  
will fix,  
Republicans in principle, the Whigs of seventy-  
six ;  
The offices they 'll purge, John, Swartwouters  
all will go,  
And sycophantic fellows too, John C. Calhoun  
my Jo.

The farmer of the West, John, will plough the  
weeds away,  
And the noble friend of Harrison will gain  
another day ;  
America will flourish, John, mechanics find  
employ,  
And our merchants will rejoice indeed, John  
C. Calhoun my Jo.

John C. Calhoun my Jo John, when one term  
shall expire,  
He 'll drop the reins of power, and with dig-  
nity retire,  
To look upon a smiling land, that he has ren-  
dered so,  
And every Whig will cry Amen ! John C.  
Calhoun my Jo.

## THE PEOPLE'S RALLY.

TUNE — *The Campbells are Coming.*

Come up to the polls! there is work to be  
done;

Come up in your strength, and the battle is  
won.

With our Clay for a leader, then enter the fight;

The people are rising, resistless in might;

Then hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the truth  
will prevail;

The custom-house slaves are beginning to quail;

The elections have told them their race is near  
run:

Hurrah, boys! hurrah, boys! the battle is won!

Down, down with the rulers who've *ruined* the  
land,

Who have crushed all our hopes with a merci-  
less hand;

The men who would make our loved country  
the same

As serf-peopled Russia, or tyrannized Spain,

Who would rule our loved land with imperial  
sway,

And give for our labour but *sixpence per day*,—

VAN BUREN, BUCHANAN, and Benton, the  
knaves—

Such are but fit to be rulers of slaves.

## 234 THE CLAY MINSTREL.

Arouse, then, ye freemen, at Liberty's call !  
Arouse, in your glory, and out with them all !  
Already they falter, already they reel ;  
The signs of defeat they 're beginning to feel ;  
One blow from your hands lays them low in  
the dust,  
Arise in your ardour, and conquer you must ;  
Then be true to your country, to principle true,  
And bold Harry Clay will be faithful *to you* !



### LOST HOPES.

TUNE—*The last rose of summer.*

'T is the last Locofoco  
Left weeping alone ;  
All his loafer companions  
Are vanished and gone.

No old friend is near him,  
No Conservative nigh,  
To muse on his sorrows,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

We must leave thee, thou lone one,  
In Tammany Hall,  
Till Moore and Cambreling  
The people recall.

Soon Tyler will follow  
His friendship's decay ;  
From the White House departing,  
His hopes pass away.

Since the party is withered,  
Its leaders all gone,  
Oh, who would inhabit  
Saint Tammany alone ?



### COME, CHEER UP, YE WHIGS.

AIR—“ *The star-spangled banner.*”

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs ! for your cause it  
is glorious,  
Like your sires be united and like them be vic-  
torious,  
For freedom and honour was the meed of their  
toils,  
For independence they fought, and not like  
pirates for spoils.

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs ! for your cause is  
divine,  
In “ Union for the sake of the Union” combine,  
To expel from all power each fell demagogue,  
Who'd expunge from our morals the whole  
Decalogue.

236      THE CLAY MINSTREL.

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs! resolved heart and  
hand  
To rescue your country from corruption's foul  
band;  
On the altar of Union light up Freedom's fires,  
And rush to the rescue, as of old did your sires.

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs! "you are right,  
go ahead,"  
Your candidate has filled the Sub-Treasurers  
with dread,  
For he's honest, he's capable, he's fearless  
and just,  
And with honour untarnished has filled every  
trust.

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs! for most holy's  
your cause,  
You strike for your country, constitution, and  
laws,  
Raise the banner of union with Harry Clay on,  
Whose pole star's his country, his guide  
*Washington.*

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs! see your own  
*Henry Clay,*  
On the ramparts resisting the demagogues'  
sway;  
No selfishness rankles in the patriot's pure  
breast,  
And purer don't live than our Hal of the West!



Come, cheer up, ye Whigs! lo, the *man* of  
the *North*,  
With the constitution displayed, in his might  
standing forth,  
To rescue the country from the gripe of the  
knaves,  
Who 'd the constitution destroy and of freemen  
make slaves!

Come, cheer up, ye Whigs! hurrah! go ahead!  
Your candidate has filled all the plunderers  
with dread;  
Raise the star-spangled banner of the Union on  
high,  
And contempt be his lot who the battle would  
fly.

Now, onward, ye Whigs! for your cause it is  
glorious,  
United, you must, and you will be victorious!  
On, on! with the friend of your own Harrison,  
For great are the laurels he nobly has won!

P. P.

## THE WHIG GATHERING.

TUNE—*Pibroch of Donnel Dhu.*

Voice of the nation bold!

Voice of the nation!

Wake thy free tones of old,

In loud invocation.

Come away, come away!

Merchant and yeoman,

Strengthen the Whig array

Strong 'gainst the foeman.

Come from forest of Maine,

Through the mist and the shower.

Come o'er prairie and plain,

From the south sunny bower.

Come from high northern hill,

And from green western hollow,

With stout heart and good will

Come, follow! come, follow.

Leave the store, leave the shore,

Leave the crop and the cattle,

Ten thousand strong and more,

Troop to the battle.

Come every blue jacket,

And true heart that wears one,

Come each country crab-stick,

And brave hand that bears one.

Onward fall, one and all,  
 On to your station,  
 Hear ye the people call —  
 “Rescue the nation!”  
 Faster come, every man,  
 Faster and faster,  
 Show quick the Tory clan  
 Who’ll be their master.

Fast they come, fast they come :  
 See them all ready !  
 Strike up the people’s drum,  
 Stand firm and steady.  
 Wave the Whig standard high,  
 All bright in its glories —  
 Then for the nation’s cry, —  
 “Down with the Tories !”



## THE CLAY GATHERING.

TUNE—*McGregor’s Gathering.*

The land is awaking, and free to the blast,  
 The standard of Freedom is fearlessly cast,  
 For the rights that we all from our forefathers  
 drew  
 We fight, and our leader is Harry the true !  
 Then halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! to the con-  
 test !—

The spirit that kindled our fathers of yore  
Is throwing its light o'er the country once more.

Then gather ! gather ! gather ! gather ! ga-  
ther ! gather !—

While a mountain shall stand, or while sparkles  
a river,

The cause of the people shall flourish for ever.

The land is awaking, and vanishing night  
Flies away from the east at the dawning of  
light,

The beams of Connecticut gladden the eye,  
The star of Rhode Island is bright in the sky.

Then halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! to the con-  
test !—

The people are rising, resistless in strength,  
And the cause of the people will triumph at  
length.

Then gather ! gather ! gather ! gather ! ga-  
ther ! gather !—

While a mountain &c.

Virginia rises at Liberty's call—

One blow from her arm, and the Despot must  
fall.

Her son is our leader. She falters not *now*,  
And the chaplet of Victory circles her brow.

Then halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! to the con-  
test !—

From the shades of Mount Vernon the people's  
loud voice

Calls every true man of the land to rejoice.

Then gather ! gather ! gather ! gather ! ga-  
ther ! gather !—

While Virginia has either a mountain or river,  
The cause of our country shall flourish for ever.

The land is awaking—our rulers, in fear,  
See plainly their time of departure is near ;  
There is grief in the White House, and many  
an eye

Is watching in tears the political sky.

Then halloo ! halloo to the contest !—  
And many a pampered political beagle  
Crouches down at the sight of the Kentucky  
eagle.

Then gather ! gather ! gather ! gather ! ga-  
ther ! gather !—

While a mountain shall stand, or while sparkles  
a river,

That eagle, despite them, shall flourish for ever.



## THE GATHERING SONG.

A PARODY.

They 're rousing, they 're rousing, in valley and  
glen,

The noble in soul, and the fearless in heart;  
At Freedom's stern call, to the contest again  
They rush with a zeal she alone can impart.

From wild Madawaska's dark forest of pine,  
To the fair fertile glades where the calm Wa-  
bash flows,

True sons of their fathers! the people combine  
To shake off the chains of their treacherous  
foes.

They 're gathering, they 're gathering on hill-  
side and plain,

They swarm every vale and o'ershadow each  
river;  
Each hamlet and dale is made vocal again  
With the soul-thrilling cry, "Our country  
for ever!"

The flag of the free to the breeze is unfurled,  
Around it they rally to guard its fair fame;  
And well may the foes of corruption be bold,  
In the glory and strength of great Harry  
Clay's name.

Where the noble Ohio in wild beauty sweeps—  
Where the swift Susquehanna bears onward  
its waves—  
And e'en where the Hudson in calm grandeur  
sleeps—  
There are thousands who ne'er will be traitors  
or slaves.

Arouse then, true hearts, to the battle once  
more !  
And the Locos shall quail at the gallant array!  
Despair fades behind us—Hope's morn dawns  
before !  
It will brighten full soon to a shadowless day!



## THE POPULAR AVALANCHE.

TUNE—*Little wat ye wha's a coming.*

Little wat ye wha's a coming,  
Little wat ye wha's a coming,  
Little wat ye wha's a coming,  
North, South, East, and West are coming !

Vermont's coming, the Bay State's coming,  
Rhode Island—yes, and Maine is coming,  
Connecticut is surely coming,  
The Empire State and a' are coming !  
Little wat ye, &c.

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The Key-Stone State is bravely coming,  
The Marylanders all are coming,  
The boys of Delaware are coming,  
And never-tired Virginia's coming !

Little wat ye, &c.

Old Rip's awake, and he is coming,  
Georgia for her right is coming,  
The Alabamians fast are coming,  
And Louisiana a' is coming !

Mississippi, too, is coming,  
Tennessee and Jones are coming,  
Kentucky all en masse is coming,  
Ohio ! every man is coming !

Little wat ye, &c.

Illinois is quickly coming,  
Indiana, too, is coming,  
Michigan, redeemed, is coming,  
In troth, the braw lads a' are coming !

Little wat ye, &c.

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THE AMERICAN FLAG AND CLAY.

TUNE—*Sparkling and bright.*

See in the light of glory bright,  
Each star and stripe proudly beaming  
Our flag once more unfurled to the war,  
To the breeze of reform now streaming.

Your goblets fill, with a free good will,  
 To the Chief renowned in story,  
 Pledge your faith to him on the beaker's brim,  
 To speed him onward to glory.

Oh! that he might arrest the blight  
 Destroying our dominions,  
 Yet first awhile he must beguile  
 The spoiler of his minions.

Your goblets fill, &c.

Our Chieftain bright will stop the wight,  
 And all his friends shall leave him,  
 And every one, for Harry Clay,  
 With loud huzzas shall grieve him.

Your goblets fill, &c.

When high in state, we'll place elate,  
 By his side our flag unwaved;  
 Loud be our cheers, when the hero for years  
 Plants that flag o'er a *union saved*.

Your goblets fill, &c.



### WE PLEDGE THEE.

All hail! to the Whigs, who have nobly come  
 forth,—

CONNECTICUT, honour to thee;  
 Thou hast shown to the world, that the men of  
 the North  
 Have willed, and they *dare to be free!*

RHODE ISLAND, triumphant, has echoed thy  
voice,

Every patriot Whig will combine  
To accomplish a victory,—virtue o'er vice,—  
Decisive and glorious as thine.

Come Whigs, to the polls, let each name be  
enrolled,

Our weapon the popular will ;  
The foeman does battle with "*Treasury gold*,"  
And vaunteth its potency still.

But arouse ye ! who still boast of patriot blood,  
And would yet have your children be free,  
Stem the tide of corruption, whose poisonous  
flood  
Hath deluged our land like a sea.

Now up with your banner ! the battle's begun,  
And nerve every arm for the fight ;  
With CLAY for our leader the vict'ry is won,  
Our motto, "*our country, our right.*"

Ye minions of power ! your efforts are vain :  
And Locos ! your cause is unjust ;  
Our country, we pledge thee again and again,  
Thy sons will prove true to their trust.



## THE PEOPLE ARE COMING.

AIR—" *The star-spangled banner.*"

The *people* are coming—the Locos are down,  
Let a loud shout of triumph be heard in our  
town ;  
Tom Benton is beaten and Amos is loo'd,  
The " pip" and " blind staggers" have reached  
the whole brood ;  
Huzza, then, huzza ! 'mid the cannon's loud  
roar,  
Let's *resolve* to be ruled by Van Buren no  
more.

The *people* are coming—oh, Matty, beware,  
The *people* are coming—oh, Tyler, take care !  
Tom Benton, Buchanan, and Silas Wright, too,  
The *people* are coming to take care of you :  
Huzza, then, huzza ! from the lakes to sea  
shore,  
Let's *resolve* to be ruled by the Locos no more.

Our Harry is coming your whole crew to rout,  
The *people* have called him to help turn you out,  
He's one of the people—he's *honest* and *true*,  
Whig, Loco, or Neutral can't say that of *you*.  
Huzza, then, huzza !—to the rescue once more,  
Such scampering of Locos was ne'er seen  
before.

Old Harry is coming to take the command  
 Of the ship *Constitution*, and bring her to land;  
 The whole Kitchen Cabinet will be set ashore,  
 And Matty and *Tyler* be heard of no more.  
 Huzza, then, huzza! once more let us cheer;  
 With such a commander we've nothing to fear.



### COME TO THE RESCUE.

TUNE—"Marseilles Hymn."

Rise, rise! ye freemen, once 'twas glory  
 For man to oppose a tyrant's power;  
 And who resisted lived in story:  
 Oh, seize, then seize, the present hour!  
 Say, shall we slumber, while around us  
 Oppression's galling chains are cast?  
 Say, will they lighter hang at last,  
 To call them gold when they have bound us?  
 No, no, no, no! then rise  
 For our forefathers' laws;  
 March on, march on! resolved to win  
 Our favourite Statesman's cause!

Will flattering tales of coming pleasures,  
 When plenteousness and peace shall reign,  
 And all be rich in glittering treasures,  
 The poor man's present wishes gain?

Will 't stay the tide of desolation,  
 That sweeps so strongly o'er our land,  
 To gorge an office-holding band,  
 And rob the pockets of the nation ?

No, no, no, no ! then rise, &c.

Oh, freemen, up ! let widely flowing  
 Your banners to the breeze be thrown,  
 Your love of worth and wisdom showing ;  
 Your scorn for tyrant knaves made known !  
 Shall men believe their voices telling  
 In syren tones, your ship of state  
 Is safe, when all around, dark fate  
 Frowns out in every wave that 's swelling ?

No, no, no, no ! then rise, &c.

The statesman-chief who leads undaunted,  
 And cheers a pure and patriot band ;  
 Whose praise a grateful nation chanted,  
 Who tills, a farmer bold, his land,  
 Shall we neglect for one, who scorning  
 Our rights, the *people's* cause,  
 Who dares to trample on our laws,  
 Nor lists their prayer, their threats, nor warning ?

Then rise, rise all for one

'The champion of our cause ;

Huzza ! for him a loud huzza !

Nor let your pæan pause.



We feel oppression bearing on,  
Taxes high, and money low,  
And officers, exempt, alone,  
From the destructive law.

Then, Whigs, advance, of every grade,  
Your country to redeem and aid,  
In freedom's panoply arrayed ;  
Republicans, huzza !

We for the country firmly stand,  
As a patriotic band ;  
From party men, of party-brand,  
We, of course, withdraw.

" Our country first, our country last,"  
Her standard, " nailing to the mast,"  
" We 're clear for action," standing fast,  
Republicans, huzza !

We know, indeed, that men must rule,  
But we spurn the party tool,  
Republicans of ancient school  
Our actions draw.

Of such, the man for whom we go,  
He's known to all, and this we know,  
His feelings for his country flow !  
'Tis Harry Clay, huzza !

What good has Ty or Martin done ?  
*None*, that ever saw the sun !



Their schemes are all for "number one,"  
Power and wealth to draw.

Great Harry's quite another man,  
To help the people all he can,  
His steady aim, his only plan;  
For Harry Clay, huzza!



### THE FARMER PRESIDENT.

TUNE—*The Poachers.*

Did you ever hear of the *Farmer*  
That lives up in the *West*;  
Of all the men for *President*  
The wisest and the best?  
To put him in the Capitol,  
We've found a capital way:  
Oh! we'll sing a good Clay song by night,  
And beat his foes by day.  
Oh! we'll sing, &c.

Come, all of every station,  
The rich as well as poor;  
For *all* the farmer has a place  
Who ever sought his door:  
He never shrunk before the *rich*,  
Nor turned the *poor* away:  
Oh! we'll sing a good Clay song by night,  
And beat his foes by day.  
Oh! we'll sing, &c.

Come all the folks of every age,  
The old as well as young ;  
There 's not in all Columbia  
A name more justly sung ;  
The bravest of the brave was he,  
When found in deadly fray,  
Oh ! we 'll sing a good Clay song by night,  
And beat his foes by day.  
Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

When gathered into council,  
Among the wise and great,  
He never thought to serve himself,  
But wisely served the state ;  
A statesman he of vigour yet,  
Although his locks are grey ;  
Oh ! we 'll sing a good Clay song by night,  
And beat his foes by day.  
Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

There 's news about election  
Borne on in every gale,  
A shout from every place is heard,  
About the plough and flail ;  
And freemen 's voices gladly join  
To catch the sound so gay :  
Oh ! we 'll sing a good Clay song by night,  
And beat his foes by day.  
Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

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Then raise the great Clay banner  
Upon the outward wall ;  
The word is rolling trumpet-tongued :  
    *We'll win against next fall ;*  
The cry of victory rends the air,  
It swells the joyous lay :  
Oh ! we 'll sing a good Clay song by night,  
And beat his foes by day.  
                            Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

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THE SUB-TREASURY GENTLEMAN.

TUNE—*The fine old English gentleman.*

I 'll sing you a bran new song,  
Which was made by a queer old pate,  
Of a Sub-Treasury gentleman,  
Who controls the nation's fate ;  
And who keeps up his old mansion,  
All at the people's cost,  
With pampered menials to receive  
The sycophantic host.  
    Like a Sub-Treasury gentleman,  
    All of the modern time.

His splendid halls are hung about  
With richest tapestry,  
The mirrors bright and paintings rare  
Are wonderful to see ;

And there his worship sits in state,  
And rumour's tongue doth say,  
He quaffs, from golden cups, rich wine,  
To moisten his old clay.  
Like a Sub-Treasury gentleman,  
All of the modern time.

His custom is, when hard times come,  
And the distressed repair  
To his old hall, to seek relief  
And claim protection there,  
To say to them—"My policy  
I cannot change a hair  
For your relief, the government  
Must of itself take care."  
Like the Sub-Treasury gentleman,  
All of the modern time.

Yet all at length must bend to fate,  
So like the ebbing tide,  
Declining swiftly, at the last  
This man must stand aside.  
Then quickly will the poor man's tear  
Be wiped away and dried,  
And people shout both loud and long,  
So much they scorn the pride  
Of the Sub-Treasury gentleman,  
All of the modern time.

When times and rulers both are changed,  
And rogues have passed away,

The people's hands and people's hearts  
 Will prove the people's sway.  
 The offices will then be filled,  
 As they were wont of yore,  
 That is, by honest men and true,  
 With heart to help the poor.  
 Like CLAY, true-hearted gentleman,  
 Whose kindness knows no end,  
 Once poor himself, has ever proved  
 The poor man's steady friend.



### SONG OF THE WHIG.

TUNE—*Remember the day when Erin's proud  
 glory.*

Remember the day when our banner unfurled,  
 Like a sun-burst of glory, first flashed to the  
 world ;  
 When the spirits of Washington, Madison,  
 breathed,  
 And the blades of the patriot band were un-  
 sheathed ;  
 A WHIG was the cry  
 That went up to the sky !  
 Oh ! yet may that name, like a billow of flame.  
 Roll onward, till tyranny's form  
 Lies prostrate and cold, as it weltered of old,  
 When freedom directed the storm.

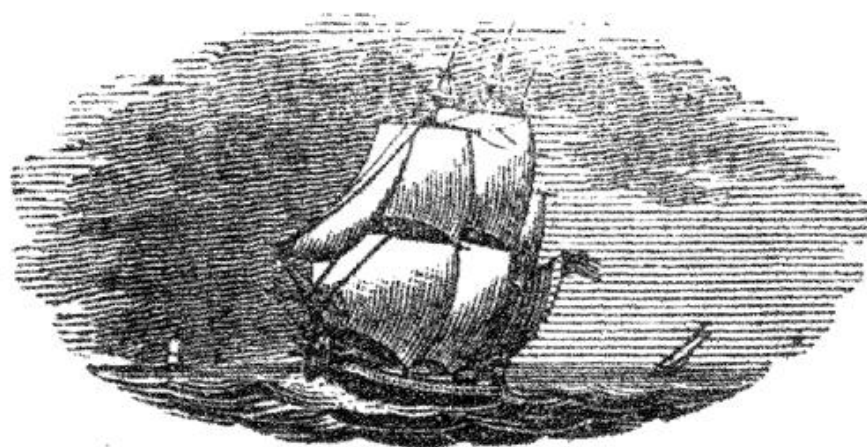


Ye Whigs ! shall those spirits still breathe on  
us now,  
And nerve every heart and illumine every brow ?  
Shall the memory of those in our bright land  
expire,  
And tyranny scatter its patriot fire ?  
While Kentucky's star  
Waves on from afar  
While the glory of HARRISON, SHELBY, and  
CLAY,  
Like rainbows of victory shine—  
We will hallow each name, we will cherish  
their fame,  
And gather round Liberty's shrine !

We have sworn it when traitors were forging  
our chains,  
'T is a cause rendered holy by patriot veins ;  
The oath is recorded by bright hands above—  
'T is enshrined in each freeman's unchangeable  
love ;  
And "A WHIG" is the cry !  
Let it ring to the sky—  
While we march for our fires and the graves of  
our sires  
O'er a land by their ancestors trod—  
With our banner unrolled, each heart free and  
bold—  
Reliance on JUSTICE and GOD !

THE GALLANT SAILOR has always had a firm and steady friend in HENRY CLAY. In a speech delivered by him, in 1812, just before the war, in the House of Representatives, he spoke as follows: "We are told that England is a proud and lofty nation, which disdain- ing to wait for danger, meets it half way. Haughty as she is, we once triumphed over her, and if we do not listen to the counsels of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a cause, with the aid of Providence, we must be crowned with success; but if we fail, let us fail like men,—lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for free trade and *Seamen's rights*."

## SHIP A-HOY!

HARRY CLAY AND THE JACKETS  
OF BLUE!

TUNE—" *Ye sons of Columbia.*"

The good ship of state is now driven ashore,  
The thunder howls round us, and dark tempests  
lower ;  
The sea is fast rising—and breaks in the bay,  
And the hearts of the boldest are filled with  
dismay ;

She will founder, unless, with true patriot zeal,  
We get rid of the *lubber* who stands at the  
wheel!

And take a *new* PILOT, whose heart is *true*  
*blue*—

And such we shall find in our Harry the true.

Our Harry's a leader, brave, honest, and true,  
And deserves the esteem of the *jackets of blue*;  
His bosom, so free from intrigue, guile, or art,  
Is the shrine of that treasure, a PATRIOT'S heart.  
Besides, if we turn o'er his log, we shall find  
Him a foe to oppression—a friend to mankind.  
What say ye, then, sailors!—ye *jackets of blue*,  
Shall we choose as our *pilot* bold Harry the true?

He has stood by our rights—and nobly has  
shown

That in *state navigation* he's second to none;  
His soul with the true "*live-oak grit*," is im-  
bued!

He is worthy to stand where a WASHINGTON  
stood!

Then give him the *tiller*—when he steps on  
deck,

His firmness and wisdom will save us from  
wreck.

Then summon him, tars! Shout, *jackets of*  
*blue*,

"Oh, haste to the rescue, bold Harry the true."

Had he lived in a country where merit is known,  
 And rewarded by pensions and praise, or a  
     throne,  
 Wealth, power, and fame would have been just  
     his meed,  
 And an humble "log hut" had ne'er sheltered  
     his head ;  
 But his *nature* is NOBLE—his *worth* stands con-  
     fessed—  
*The son of VIRGINIA—the pride of the west !*  
 Come on, then, my hearties ! *Ye jackets of*  
     *blue,*  
 And salute with *nine huzzas* bold Harry the  
     true !



## THE CLAY FLAG.

TUNE.—*The Soldier's Gratitude.*

'Tis fair to see yon banner bright  
     Unfurling to the breeze ;  
 'Tis joy to hear that shout arise,  
     A Nation's voice it breathes.  
 And see upon that sunlit flag  
     With glorious mottoes strewed ;  
 The patriot name which justly claims  
     A Nation's gratitude.  
 The stainless crest of Harry Clay,  
     Its waving canvass bears ;

We proudly nail it to the mast,  
 And cry, "gainsay who dares!"  
 Breathes there a man who bears a heart  
 With patriotic fire imbued,  
 But yields our Chief his well-earn'd meed,  
 A Nation's gratitude?



If the LADIES,—Heaven bless them! could vote, the election of Mr. Clay would be carried by *acclamation!* Their influence was powerfully felt in 1840, and their appreciation of eloquence, patriotism and genius, will prompt them to a warm support of "Harry of the West." Of this the following excellent song is a proof:

## IF E'ER I SHOULD WISH TO GET MARRIED.

BY A LADY.

TUNE,—"*Rosin the Bow.*"

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. &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. &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. &c.

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

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 everywhere  
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.

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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.

## THE WHIG RIFLE.

AIR—" *Old Rosin the Bow.*"

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

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

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

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

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

Huzza ! for our bold gallant Harry,  
 He lifts not the Rifle in vain,  
 And straight to the centre she 'll carry,  
 When *he* picks it and 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 betray'd us,  
 But pick flint and try it again.



## THE DAYTON GATHERING.

To Dayton we have come, my boys,

All in a great array,

And we will sing and shout aloud,

*Hurrah for Henry Clay!*

*Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Henry Clay,*

*Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Henry Clay!*

He is the man for us, my boys,

He's honest, great and true;

And he can beat that *little Van*,

Or any of his crew.

Hurrah, &c.

It's right to have the people meet

In a good old-fashioned way;

And when they've met to sing Hurrah,

*Hurrah for Harry Clay!*

Hurrah, &c.

He lives in *Old Kentuck*, my boys,

The Banner-State, you know,

And she has lots of relatives,

The nearest, *O-hi-o!*

Hurrah, &c.

The first is little *Tennessee*,

And she is not so slow,

And when election does come on,

For *Harry Clay* she'll go.

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

Hurrah, &c.

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

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

Three cheers for *Harry of the West*,  
 To whom our love is due;  
 Three cheers for *Tom the Wagon Boy*,  
 Three cheers for ladies true.  
*Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Harry Clay,*  
*Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for Harry Clay!*



## HERE'S A HEALTH TO OUR OWN HARRY CLAY.

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

Here's a health to the working-man'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.

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AS I WALKED OUT.

As I walked out dis arternoon,  
To 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 looking werry glad.



Says I to him, wot make you grin?  
De Lokies say your'er dead as sin;  
Dut 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  
Began the great Whig ball to roll,  
Why here I sot, and see de whole—  
A sittin' on dis tree, &c.

“One ting dar was in dat campain,  
I hope to neber see again,  
It gives the Old Coon so much pain,  
A sittin' on de tree, &c.  
Lookin' werry bad.

“De way ‘Ole Weto’d take you in,  
I ollers thought would be a sin:  
It almose made me shed my skin,  
While sittin' on de tree, &c.  
Lookin' mighty mad.

“Now when you get into de fray,  
Dat will be 'fore many a day,  
And end in 'lecting HARRY CLAY,  
I'll sit upon dis tree, &c.  
Lookin' werry glad.

“And den, I hope, If you put on  
Your flag de name of any one  
Wid his'n, 't will be an “*honest John*,”  
Or else not none at all!”

So says dis                      SAME OLD COON.      W. B.



## CLARE DE KITCHEN.

In old Kentuck, in de arternoon,  
We take a bee-line for de same old coon,  
And when de nigger tree him, we all form a  
ring,  
And dis is de tune which dis nigger sing,  
Oh, clare de kitchen, Loco-Foco,  
Clare de kitchen, Loco-Foco,  
Ole Kentuck he neber tire.

I went to Washington on de old white hoss,  
I *head* Captain Tyler—he look bery cross!  
He look at dis nigger, and dis nigger look at him;  
“Massa *Weto*, for Wirginny you'd better set  
your shin.”

Oh, clare de kitchen, &c.

Den Massa Calhoun come a walking by,  
And dus, at de White House turn de white ob  
his eye,  
But Massa Calhoun, you can't come it nigher,  
You bery big man, but you too big nullifier.  
So clare de kitchen, &c.

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Massa Benton den he come—he cut such a  
swell,

How I row him up Salt River, jist hear dis nig-  
ger tell ;

He calls me deblish humbug—I call him  
anoder—

He call me possum *tief*—I say, “how d’ye do,  
*broder !*”

So clare de kitchen, &c.

Den Massa Dick Johnson, he come along too,  
He walk mighty grand up de Abenue ;

I hold dis flat nose, and tell him push along,

Cause he smell of missa nigger a leetle too  
strong.

So clare de kitchen, &c.

Den Massa Van Buren come back side de  
kitchen door,

He neber walk grand, but he creep on all four ;

Says I, “Massa, *slope !*” and I gib him such a  
grin,

Dis nigger’s kitchen cabinet and Matty can’t  
cum in,

So clare de kitchen, &c.

O hush! who come yonder!—oh! dem’s de  
Whig boys,

Dey bringin’ Massa CLAY—by golly what a  
noise ;

Dis nigger better *colonize*—but hark, what dey say,

“ You must *all* clare de kitchen for Massa HARRY CLAY ! ”

So clare de kitchen, &c.



ON, FREEMEN, ON.

Freemen, rouse, or sleep for ever !

On, freemen, on !

Strike, for freedom, now or never,

On, freemen, on !

A traitor's sceptre waves above you ;

Strike, if freedom's call can move you,

For those you love, for those that love you,

On, freemen, on !

Would you still your birth-right cherish ?

On, freemen, on !

Live unawed, unfettered perish ?

On, freemen, on !

Would you that your sons inherit

Your fathers' rights, your fathers' merit,

Their fearless heart and freeborn spirit ?

On, freemen, on !

Where's the right those fathers won you ?

On, freemen, on !

Where's the fame they shed upon you ;  
On, freemen, on !  
Where's your country ? Slaves caress her ;  
Tyrants mock, enslave, oppress her.  
Rouse ye ! rescue, and redress her !  
On, freemen, on !

By the red graves of your sires,  
On, freemen, on !  
By their virtue and their fires,  
On, freemen, on !  
By the blood they shed to save you,  
By the sacred chart they gave you,  
By the foe that would enslave you,  
On, freemen, on !

Gather by each glen and valley,  
On, freemen, on !  
By stream and hill-side, rally ! rally !  
On, freemen, on !  
Rend each tie, each shackle sever ;  
Strike ! and ye are free for ever !  
Will ye bow ? Oh ! never ! never !  
On, freemen, on !



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 every  
tory,  
Rouse men of Clay then,  
Resolve to be Clay men,  
He’ll guide us to wealth and restore us to glory,  
Out, out, whigs and true democrats, &c.

Arouse in the North where false statesmen op-  
press you,  
Arouse in the South where your trade they’ve  
crushed low,  
Arouse in the East by the patriots that blessed  
you,  
Arouse in the West where the Clay heroes  
grow,  
Hark, freedom is calling,  
Her dear Temple’s falling,  
Then to the bold rescue come all in quick order,  
Freemen shall bless the day,  
When their true hero Clay,

Took our Nation's *high post* to preserve and to  
 guard her,  
 Out, out, whigs and true democrats,  
 Millions are calling, then out in quick order,  
 Out, out, with your Clay flag and waving hats,  
 Freedom calls Hal of Kentucky to guard her.



### THE HEROES OF THE MIND.

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

TUNE—“*The star-spangled banner.*”

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

And when Britain's crown sent her ships on  
 our main,  
 'Twas *Clay* stirred the land on for bold resti-  
 tution.  
 Then shout for *Great Clay*,  
 Soon our land he shall sway,  
 He 'll guide us and rouse us at danger's dark  
 day,  
 With joy and prosperity, shall all be blest,  
 When the chair holds the heroic sage of the  
 West.



RISE! RISE! YE FREEMEN!

TUNE—*Bruce's Address.*

Ye Yankee sons of Yankee sires,  
 Whose souls burn bright with patriot fires ;  
 In whom oppression's rod inspires  
 The love of *Liberty*.

Come quickly to the rescue—fly!  
 E'en now the enemy are nigh,  
 Loud, loud! is heard the struggling cry  
 Of *Tory-tyranny*.

Yes, now 's the day, and now 's the hour!  
 The Locos' faces long and sour,  
 Proclaims our chosen *Leader's* power,  
 And fear his victory.

O'er the whole land her shouts arise,  
Behold a nation's eager eyes  
All turned on Clay, the great, the wise,  
The *brave*, the *good*, the *true*.

Shall golden crown and clanking chain  
Of faithless Locofoco reign  
O'er hill and plain, and stream and main,  
Red with our fathers' blood?

Shall *Freedom's* sons e'er teach their hands  
To till, like slaves, these happy lands?  
And chained in cringing, craven bands,  
*Crouch* to a *traitor's* voice?

No! down with these intriguing knaves  
Who'd have us live like *Russian* slaves!  
While yet the flag of *Freedom* waves  
In pride o'er this fair land.



### COME UP WITH THE BANNER.

Come up with the banner  
Of good HARRY CLAY,  
Who in peace and in war  
Was his country's firm stay:  
Spread it wide to the breeze,  
We're freemen who rear it,

And whate'er its fate be,  
We'll willingly share it,  
We are some of the lads who in '40  
were true,  
To the gallant old hero of Tippecanoe.

For cute *Van* and *Calhoun*,  
We care little or naught,  
They spread their own snares,  
And in these they are caught;  
They're *for* tariff—*no* tariff,  
This, that thing and 'tother,  
And so much and nothing,  
That they honest men bother.  
We're some of the lads who in '40 were  
true,  
To the gallant old hero of Tippecanoe.

Then up with the banner  
Of bold HARRY CLAY,  
He has told us his course  
In his frank, manly way;  
And we know that old *Cato*  
Was never to Rome  
More devoted, than he  
To the land of his home.  
We're some of the lads who in '40 were  
true,  
To the gallant old hero of Tippecanoe.



To our *Whig* friends abroad,  
 Heartily greeting we send—  
 Wishing wisdom and peace  
 May their councils attend,  
 And prosperity's star  
 Shed its light on their way,  
 While they strive in the cause  
 Of our COUNTRY and CLAY.  
 We are some of the lads who in '40  
 were true,  
 To the gallant old hero of Tippecanoe.



### THE LOUNGER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—" *The Exile of Erin.*"

There stood by the polls a poor heart-broken  
 loungee,  
 No hope fired his eye, for his bosom was chill,  
 Bewailing the fate of his party in danger,  
 He thought of the days when it stood on a  
*Hill.*  
 His wild heaving breast and his heart's sad  
 emotion  
 Were all that the loungee had left for his portion  
 Of glory and spoils, to repay his devotion,  
 And a few Extra Globes from his patron saint,  
 Blair.

Sad, sad is the day, cried the office-born  
lounger,

Oh, once to the custom-house always I'd  
flee ;

And there seek a refuge in *Jesse's* own manger,

For spouters and editors, hungry like me ;

Oh, never again in the Treasury bowers,

Long kept by the leaders, shall I loaf off the  
hours,

For the Log Cabin boys have robbed Van of his  
powers,

And he heeds not to-day the poor loungeur's  
lament.

*Benton*, my darling, though sad and forsaken,

Dreaming of *mint drops*—I hear thy sad roar ;

But alas, among hard-handed Whigs I awaken,

And mourn for the *Humbugs* that cheat them  
no more.

Oh, merciless fate, wilt thou never return me

To my office of ease, where the feelings that  
burn me

Would be lost if the weighers that gathered to  
teach me,

Should greet me again as they greeted before.

Where 's the Sub-Treasury ?—loved scheme of  
Van Buren,—

Woodbury and Wright they weep for its fall ;

And where is Buchanan, the sweet and alluring,

Who went for *hard* money, *hard* prices and all.

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Oh, Johnson forsaken, before the full measure  
Of woe had o'erflowed, in the cup of our plea-  
sure,  
Once sparkling with spoils, the victor's own  
treasure,  
Kill Tecumseh again, and thy glory recall.

But oh, my old leaders, there's naught in sup-  
pressing  
The tears that my own saddened memory  
drew,  
For the people they heed not your wiles and  
caressing,  
They've sworn their allegiance to another  
than you ;  
They're sweeping along like the waves of the  
ocean,  
And voice after voice, with a grateful emotion.  
Is joining the chorus of freemen's devotion,  
And swelling the shout of great Harry the  
true.

## 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—  
'T is CLAY, our nation's glory.  
Then swell on high  
The Tariff cry,  
And keep his name before ye,  
And honest Hal,  
Presiding shall  
To happy days restore ye.  
A Chief's in the gallant West, &c.

Hail, Clay, great Freedom's star,  
From thee naught can divide us,  
Whose eloquence can fire in war,  
Whose words in peace can guide us.  
Then freemen rouse,  
His cause espouse,  
A brighter day's before ye,  
The bright star, CLAY,  
Illumes your way  
To happiness and glory.  
A chief's in the gallant West, &c.

## THE STATESMAN OF ASHLAND.

The stars are bright, and our steps are light,  
As we sweep to our camping ground,  
And well we know, as we forward go,  
That the foe fills the greenwood round ;  
But we know no fear, though the foe be near,  
As we tramp the greenwood through,  
For oh ! have we not, for our leader, got  
A patriot tried and true ?

Now the deep green grass is our soft mattress,  
Till the beating of reveillé :  
No light 's in our camp but the fire-fly lamp,  
No roof but the greenwood tree ;  
Brief slumber we snatch till the morning watch.  
But one eye no slumber knew !  
One mind was awake for his country's sake—  
'T was the patriot tried and true.

The faint dawn is breaking, our bugles are  
speaking,  
Quick rouses our lengthened line ;  
Sweet dreams are departing, the soldier is start-  
ing,  
And welcome the morning shine.  
But, hark ! 't is the drum ! the foe is come,  
Their yells ring the dark wood through ;  
But see mounted, ready, brave, cautious and  
steady,  
The patriot tried and true.



Now nigher and nigher, though hot is their fire,  
And ceaseless the volleying sound,  
We press down the hollow, and dauntlessly  
follow,  
Then tramp up the rising ground.  
With death-dealing ardour, we press them yet  
harder,  
And still, as they come into view,  
“Now steady, boys, steady; be quick and be  
ready!”  
Cries the patriot valiant and true.

Down, down, drop the foe, and still on, on,  
we go,  
And each thicket and dingle explore,  
Loud our shrill bugles sing, till the wild woods  
ring,  
And their rifles are heard no more.  
Now weave the green crown of undying renown,  
For the patriot Leader's brow,  
And write his name with a halo of flame—  
BRAVE HARRY THE VALIANT AND TRUE.

WHIGS, WHOSE SIRES FOR FREE  
DOM BLED.

TUNE—*Bruce's Address.*

Whigs, whose sires for freedom bled ;  
By the blood those sires have shed,  
By the ashes of the dead,  
Now awake or die !

They, when tyrants forged the chain,  
When the war-storm swept the plain,  
Piled the ground with " foe-men slain,"  
Or they made them fly.

In your veins their blood flows warm ;  
Wake to face the gathering storm ;  
See the sword and treasure arm  
Our relentless foe.

Once, the rod our fathers broke ;  
Shall their sons yield to the stroke,  
Bow and serve beneath the yoke ?  
No ! never ! No !

No ! of chains let bondmen boast ;  
Collar-slaves come like a host,—  
Tories muster through our coast,—  
Then as one we rise !

Rise for freedom and our land,  
Rise against oppression's hand,  
Rise to dare a hireling band,  
And we 'll win the prize !

Let the gathering shout then ring :  
To the breeze our banner fling :  
Hurl to earth the Tory-King,—  
Soon his reign is o'er !

Wake and crush his rotten throne ;  
Wake to end a nation's groan ;  
Wake and tread th' oppressor down,  
Then to rise no more !

When in dust your ashes rest,  
Then your sons will call you blest,  
And your land, no more oppressed,  
Blest and blessing be ;

While our mountains prop the sky,  
While the thunder speaks on high,  
Free the starry flag shall fly—  
Free above the free !

## THE PENITENT LOCO.

A Glee—Adapted to a popular melody, and dedicated to the Northampton (N. J.) Whig Association.

I've been a Loco-foco, this eight years or nine,  
A spending my cash for "blanks, paper, and  
twine ;"

Now therefore let us lay by our money in store,  
And we never will play the Loco-foco any  
more :

Loco-foco ! Loco-foco ! Loco-foco any more ;  
And we never will play the Loco-foco any  
more.

I went to the White House, where I used to  
resort,

I told them my money began to grow short ;  
I asked them for an office—their answer was,  
Nay !

We've new men to buy, sir, and old men to  
pay !

Loco-foco, &c.

Thinks I to myself then, 't is a hard case, in-  
deed,

That a man in this land should lack money for  
bread ;

I'll return to the true Whigs, from whom I did  
run,

I'll return to the Whigs, like a prodigal son.

Loco-foco, &c.

Here 's a health to the patriot, the best we e'er  
 knew,  
 Here 's a health to the Whigs, the firm-hearted  
 and true ;  
 Now therefore let us lay by our money in store,  
 And we never will play the Loco-foco any  
 more.

Loco-foco, &c.

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## HARRY THE TRUE

TUNE—*Hurrah for the bonnets of blue.*

Here 's a health to America's friend,  
 Here 's good luck to the honest and just,  
 And who will not join in support of the right,  
 Let them still go astray—if they must !  
 It 's good from true faith ne'er to swerve,  
 It 's good from the right ne'er to go,  
 It 's good to maintain *true* DEMOCRACY'S CAUSE,  
 And stick by great Harry the true.

Here 's a health to Harry the true,  
 Hurrah for Harry the true !  
 It 's good to maintain DEMOCRACY'S CAUSE,  
 And *vote* for great Harry the true.

Here 's a health to the sons of the west,  
 Here 's good will to her matrons and sires,

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

Whose name every true heart inspires !

Hurrah for great Harry the true,

We 'll shout him from Texas to Maine,

And, if in Convention his friends they missed  
fire,

“*Pick his flint*—AND NOW TRY HIM AGAIN !”

Here 's a health to Harry the true,

Hurrah for Harry the true !

It 's good to maintain DEMOCRACY'S CAUSE,

And *vote* for great Harry the true !



NATIONAL WHIG SONG.

TUNE—“*The fine old English Gentleman.*”

I 'll sing you now a new Whig song, made to a  
good old rhyme,

Of a fine true-hearted gentleman, all of the  
olden time ;

By birth and blood, by kith and kin, a sound  
true Whig was he,

The pride of all this western world—the country  
of the free.

Like a fine true-hearted gentleman,

All of the olden time.



And when he serv'd his country well, her safe-  
guard and her shield,  
The honours that awaited him most freely did  
he yield ;  
He turned him to his home again, and sought a  
farmer's toils,  
For though he 'd filled the offices, he never took  
the spoils.

Like a fine true-hearted gentleman,  
All of the olden time.

And when the people in their might, have put  
their solemn ban  
Upon the arch deceiver and on all his Tory  
clan,  
To manage well their state affairs, with one ac-  
cord they'll send  
Harry Clay the dauntless—the poor man's  
steady friend.

For he 's a fine true-hearted gentleman,  
All of the olden time.

Let every sound, true-hearted Whig, now raise  
his voice on high,  
And for the triumph of the cause, join freedom's  
loudest cry ;  
Come to the fight ; we'll win the field—away  
with doubts and fears :  
The PEOPLE'S man is HARRY CLAY—let 's give  
him three good cheers.

For he 's a fine true-hearted gentleman  
All of the olden time.

“Whigs! arouse from the ignoble supineness which encompasses you—awake from the lethargy in which you lie bound—cast from you that unworthy apathy which seems to make you indifferent to the fate of your country.—Arouse—awake, shake off the dew-drops that glitter on your garments, and once more march to Battle and to Victory.”—Mr. Clay’s speech at Home, June, 1842.

### GREAT NATIONAL WHIG SONG.

“In the strength of your might, from each mountain and valley,”

Sons of Freedom, arise! the time is at hand—  
Around Liberty’s standard we’ll rally, we’ll rally;

The star-spangled banner floats over the land.  
Then let the proud eagle spread his wings wide asunder,

And burst from the trammels which strive to enchain;

“If we rise in our strength, if we speak but in thunder,”

The bit of “striped bunting” will flourish again.

For our rights and our laws we’ll stand firm and united;

The blood of our fathers shall ne’er be forgot,

The faith and the honour they sacredly plighted,  
 Shall never be tarnished by Anarchy's blot;  
 Around Liberty's standard, we'll rally, we'll  
 rally ;—

AND HARRY THE TRUE, boys, the watchword  
 shall be ;  
 Its echo will thunder from each mountain and  
 valley  
 Of the home of the brave—the land of the  
 free.



### JOHN AND THE FARMER.

TUNE—*The King and the Countryman.*

A farmer there was of each good man the friend,  
 Esteemed by his neighbours and more without  
 end ;  
 And you'll see, on a time, if you follow my  
 ditty,  
 How he took a short walk up to Washington  
 city.

Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu,  
 Ri tu di ni nu, ri tu, di nu, ri na.

His snug Ashland home he left with regret,  
 And he put up a sign that it would be to let ;  
 But whatever rare sights the White House  
 might display,  
 He'd find none so strange as he'd seen in his  
 day.

Ri tu, &c.

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The farmer walked on, and arrived at the door,  
And he gave such a thump as was ne'er thumped  
    before ;  
Mister John thought the rap was the sound of a  
    flail ;  
And his heart beat with fear, and he turned  
    deadly pale.

Ri tu, &c.

“ Run, Pete, and run, Levi, — run, Joel and  
    Jim,”  
Said John, “ but leave Bobby, I cannot spare  
    him ;  
There's only one living dares make such ado ;  
That sturdy old fellow called Harry the true.

Ri tu, &c.

They were all growing merry, and taking  
    champagne,  
And the farmer, impatient, rapped louder again ;  
To the door all the cabinet ministers run,  
And demand who so boldly had spoiled all their  
    fun.

Ri tu, &c.

Says Harry, “ My fellows, get out of my way,  
I've routed a *Congress* like you in my day ;  
My mind is made up to walk into that chair,  
Where John takes his wine with a swaggering  
    air.”

Ri tu, &c.

Then Bobby, who listened, spoke, "Mister, I  
can—

I know how to tickle that old farmer man ;  
I'll ask him politely to come up and dine,  
And then we can muddle his wits with the  
wine."

Ri tu, &c.

"Oh! pray, Mister farmer, just walk up this  
way,

We hardly expected to see you this day ;  
So many stout swiggers are here at this time,  
There 's but one bottle left, but you 'll find it i  
prime."

Ri tu, &c.

"I tell you what, Bobby, I see what you 're at,  
I wont take a glass of champagne, and that's  
flat ;

But a mug of hard cider will answer my turn,  
'T was once much in fashion up here, as I  
learn."

Ri tu, &c.

Then Bob and John searched the table all round,  
Not a drop of hard cider was there to be found ;  
So the farmer advised them to lay in a store,  
On the fourth of next March, if they shouldn't  
before.

Ri tu, &c.

'The farmer was off, but 't was easy to see  
 That his visit had sobered their cabinet glee ;  
 And John said he knew how the matter would  
 end ;  
 He should have to clear out for old Tip's gallant  
 friend.

Ri tu, &c.



A BUMPER AROUND NOW, MY  
 HEARTIES.

TUNE—*Old rosin the bow.*

A bumper around now, my hearties,  
 I'll sing you a song that is new ;  
 I'll please to the buttons all parties,  
 And sing of great Harry the true.  
 And sing, &c.

When first near the Ohio's dark waters,  
 My sword for my country I drew,  
 I fought for America's daughters,  
 Cheered on by bold Harry the true.  
 Cheered on, &c.

Ere this, too, when danger assailed us,  
 And Indians their dread missiles threw,  
 His voice and his counsel availed us ;  
 We conquered at Tippecanoe.  
 We conquered, &c.



And now that the good of the nation  
 Requires that something we do,  
 We'll hurl *weeping* John from his station,  
 And elevate Harry the true.  
 And elevate, &c.

Again and again fill your glasses,  
 Bid Martin and Tyler adieu ;  
 We'll please ourselves and the lasses,  
 And vote for bold Harry the true.  
 And vote, &c.



"Our sufferings is intolerable, and *calls* aloud for relief."—Van Buren.

## THE BEST THING WE CAN DO.

TUNE—"Malbrook."

The times are bad and want curing,  
 They are getting past all enduring ;  
 Let us turn Tyler out with Van Buren,  
 And put in our Harry the true.  
 The best thing we can do,  
 Is to put in our Harry the true.  
 It's a business we all can take part in,  
 So let us to Tyler and Martin  
 Get quickly, sirs, ready for starting,  
 For we'll put in our Harry the true.

**300 THE CLAY MINSTREL.**

A change of the administration  
Will be for the good of the nation,  
For it is now in a bad situation,  
    So we 'll put in our Harry the true.  
    The best thing we can do,  
    Is to put in our Harry the true,  
And send the whole posse a packing,  
John Tyler and all of his backing ;  
For we 've tried them and found them all  
    lacking,  
    And we 'll put in our Harry the true.

We 've had of their humbugs a plenty,  
For now all our pockets are empty ;  
We 've a dollar now where we had twenty,  
    So we 'll put in our Harry the true.  
    The best thing we can do  
    Is to put in our Harry the true ;  
For their roguery can't be defended,  
And it's time that their reign should be ended ;  
We never shall see the times mended,  
    Till we put in our Harry the true.

Uncle Sam ha'n't a cent in his purse now,  
And matters are still growing worse now :  
There's only one thing left for us now,  
    It's to put in our Harry the true.  
    The best thing we can do,  
    Is to put in our Harry the true :

For we are all of us going to ruin,  
 As long as we keep such a crew in,  
 So let us be up and a-doing,  
 And put in our Harry the true.



## FREEMEN, AWAKE!

TUNE—“*A life on the ocean wave.*”

Awake to the stirring sound!

Hark, hark to the loud alarms!

A shout on the breeze is heard—

'Tis the people up in arms!

Then rouse to the rescue, rouse!

In a body all as one—

Let your watchword be “*Our Rights?*”

And your war-cry, “Harry! on!”

Awake, &c.

In vain did our fathers toil

And fight for the rights of man,

If tyrants may scorn us now,

And to take our freedom plan.

We'll let them know we'll fight

For the cause our sires have won,

And our shout shall go forth aloud,

“Ashland and Harry Clay! on!”

Let us teach these men in power

What they seem not now to know,

That they cannot stay an hour

When the *people* utter “go!”

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Then up with the shout again,  
Press the cry of victory on,  
“The rights which our fathers gave:”—  
Onward! brave Harry Clay! on!



THE TREASURY CHEST.

AIR—*The Mistletoe bough.*

The cabinet men in the White House hall,  
They knew there was going to be a squall;  
For some members had come to draw their  
pay;

To give them a spree and a holiday.  
And Johnny was sad, and his heart oppressed,  
As he turned his eyes on the Treasury chest;  
For well he knew, if the truth was told,  
*That chest was bare* both of silver and gold.

Oh! the Treasury chest,  
The Treasury chest.

Then Johnny looked up, and he heaved a sigh,  
While the *devil* stood ready to help with a *lie*;  
There's our Treasury chest as you all may see,  
But Spencer's gone out and has taken the key:  
Just call next month when some lands are sold,  
And we'll pay you your wages in silver and  
gold;

And should the Whigs ask you, I have to  
request  
That you wont say one word of our Treasury  
chest.

Oh ! the Treasury chest,  
The Treasury chest.

The members went off; and they all began  
To puzzle their brains to plot and plan,  
And Wickliffe was sent to smuggle the mail;  
And Spencer took some drafts for sale,  
And Henshaw he cut down the sailor's cups;  
And Porter took for sale some blood-hound pups,  
And Johnny cried, now my mind is at rest,  
At length we'll have gold in our Treasury chest.

Oh ! the Treasury chest,  
The Treasury chest.

They tried to sell but none would buy,  
They tried to pump but the well was dry;  
They tried to borrow but none would lend,  
For all knew their days were near their end.  
But their smuggling scheme was the worst by  
far,  
For Wickliffe was caught and kicked out of the  
car,  
So they sought the White House as a place of  
rest,  
And all sat in tears round the Treasury chest.

Oh ! the Treasury chest,  
The Treasury chest.

But the *fourth of March* caused a dreadful rout,  
 For John and his robbers were all turned out ;  
 And the cabinet scattered, for well they knew  
 They could never impose on *Harry the true* :  
 And they, from great Harry, their tricks could  
     not shield,  
 For too cunning he was, and too honest to yield.  
 And that in obeying the people's behest,  
 He would soon find the rights of the Treasury  
     chest.

Oh ! the Treasury chest,  
     The Treasury chest.



### W H I G   R A L L Y .

TUNE—*All the blue bonnets over the Border.*

Form ! form ! good Whigs and true ! my boys !  
 Why dinna ye all fall in ! ridin' or walkin' !  
 March ! March ! my brave Western boys !  
 Still move on to victory—spite of their talkin'  
     Up and be ready then !  
     Forward ! my merry men,  
 Fight for the right and the old Constitution !  
     Loud shall the capitol  
     Ring with your happy call,  
 When Harry Clay tramples the nest of pollu-  
     tion !



Come ! from the fields where your fathers have  
tilled the ground !

Come ! from the ports where your vessels ye  
moor !

Come from the streams where the factory  
wheels whirl round !

Come from the mountain, the plain, and the  
shore !

Tyrants are trembling !

Freemen assembling !

Up with the flag of our country to guide us !

Tyler shall rue the day !

Martin shall skulk away !

When the Whig banner flaunts over the White  
House !

Swartwouts and Prices are waiting their plun-  
ders !

“ Cobblers and Tinkers”\* are up in their ire,  
No more shall the tumble-bug *Gouge* the Sub-  
Treasurer,

For soon a new cook shall be stirring the fire !

Pay off the scullion

With Tom’s patent bullion !

Gather the dishes and bring the hot water !

Loud shall Grimalkin cry !

Lord, how the rats will fly !

When our bold *Harry Clay* sweeps to the  
slaughter !

Form ! form ! &c.

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\* Mr. Paulding, in speaking of the officers of the Navy.

UNCLE SAM'S TALK TO HIS  
MAN, JOHN.

TUNE—*Malbrook—or L, A, W, law.*

Here, John, ome here this minit—

Why, what the devil is in it,

That you didn't take and sign it,

That little TARIFF LAW?

'T is the best I ever saw,

In my coffers cash to draw.

When I put you on my farm, sir,

You know I told your marm, sir,

That I feared you'd do me harm, sir,

And make your master jaw!

J, A, W, jaw!

For I'll have it, if not the law.

When I raised you from your station,

You know you were a poor relation,

If I'd give you a situation,

Didn't you say you'd sign that law?

Now, John, you've done it, haint you,

You precious little saint, you,

You're a pretty fellow, aint you,

To set up your will for law?

But not a fig or a straw

Do you care for honour or law.

You'd better be looking about, sir,

For the moment your lease is out, sir,

You will feel without any doubt, sir,  
 The weight of this huge paw,  
 P, A, W, paw,  
 You 'll have it if not the law.

When I raised you, &c.

When I set black Dan to watch you,  
 I hardly thought that he would catch you,  
 With a loco-foco match, you,  
 Among my hay and straw,  
 Instead of signing that law,  
 The cash in my box to draw,  
 The moment he turns his back, sir,  
 You are peaking through some crack, sir,  
 Or giving some one a whack, sir,  
 Setting up your will for law,  
 F, L, A, W, flaw,  
 You can't pick in the law.

When I raised you, &c.

My Yankee lads, away, sir,  
 You 're turning every day, sir,  
 And bringing from Botany Bay, sir,  
 New chaps unhung and raw,  
 They know my Tariff law  
 With "hemp" their necks will draw!  
 My jennies no longer spinning,  
 My girls no money winning,  
 My cotton fields beginning

To make me curse and jaw,  
J, A, W, jaw,  
You said you'd sign that law.

When I took you, &c.

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

When I took you, &c.

Why, where did you go to school, John,  
That you think me such a fool, John,  
As the roast to let you rule, John,  
And make your will the law?  
Why, what a chap! haw! haw!  
You're as bright as Governor Dorr.  
I took you to befriend you,  
But soon I back must send you,  
Without a recommend, you,

Stupid Johnny Raw,  
R, A, W, raw,  
I find you're not worth quite a straw.  
When I took you, &c.

Be packing up your duds, sir,  
I want to see you scud, sir,  
You've got me in the mud, sir,  
My team you cannot draw,  
Why didn't you sign that law?  
Such a coon I never saw!  
Next time I'll have better luck, sir,  
I've spoken to OLD KENTUCK, sir,  
To take my farm, and chuck, sir,  
You off among the straw—  
With his P, A, W, paw,  
He's the man to sign the law.  
When I took you from your station,  
You know you were a poor relation,  
If I'd give you a situation,  
Didn't you say you'd sign that law?

J. H. W.

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## NOW LET US TRY HARRY!

TUNE—*Away up Salt River.*

Near four years ago the country was stirred  
By the Whigs, who resolved that they would  
be heard;  
They elected their President, Tippecanoe,  
They elected another, a Traitor to you.

## CHORUS.

Now let us try Harry, now let us try Harry,  
Now let us try Harry, who always was true.

The Union was called to deplore her sad fate,  
For death had removed the Chief Magistrate,  
And Tyler we thought would never betray,  
Because he shed tears for great Harry Clay.

Now let us try Harry, &c.

The doom of hypocrisy always is sealed,  
To you, John, it will very soon be revealed ;  
So pack up your vetoes—clear out of the way,  
For yonder is coming the great Harry Clay.

Now let us try Harry, &c.

Your Protest may please you, but still it won't  
do,

Prepare then to travel that old " Avenue ;"  
Your flattering party will cast you away,  
When we march in one column for great Harry  
Clay.

Now let us try Harry, &c.

The gaze of our party is fastened on him,  
Who stands like a tower amid party's din,  
At the " blast of the bugle," we'll rally a band,  
To welcome him from the " shades of Ash-  
land."

Now let us try Harry, &c.



Encircled in glory he soon will be seen,  
 As a Patriot decked in his laurels of green,  
 As the charm of our music floats gently away,  
 The welkin will ring with great Harry Clay.  
 Now let us try Harry, &c.



UNCLE SAM AND HIS FIDDLERS.

TUNE—*Old King Cole.*

Old Uncle Sam had a strange whim-wham,  
 A silly whim-wham had he ;  
 He called for his fiddlers, and danced in a jam,  
 With the troop of old Hickory.  
 And every fiddler had Uncle Sam's fiddle,  
 And a very fine fiddle had he !  
 Then " tweedle-deedle-de " went the fiddlers,  
 Tweedle-de !  
 Oh ! silly and rare they did comb down his hair,  
 To the tune of " E-CON-O-MY ! "  
 Old Uncle Sam they sweetly did cram,  
 How sweetly crammed was he !  
 He gaped and grinned at each humbugging flam,  
 Crying, " This is the stuff for me ! "  
 And every piper he set up his pipe,  
 Tickling Sam's catastrophe.  
 Then " toodle-doodle-doo " went the pipers ;  
 " Tweedle-deedle-dee " went the fiddlers ;  
 Tweedle-dee !  
 But oh ! how rare Uncle Sam did stare,  
 When each fiddler came for his fee !

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Old Uncle Sam found it all was a sham,  
As saucy a sham as could be ;  
And he cried, " You rogues ! do you think you  
can gam-  
mon a sensible chap like me ?"  
But each rogue—Oh law ! had a griping paw,  
And a pair of light heels as you 'll see.  
Then " chink-chink-chink !" went the money-  
bags ;  
" Toodle-doodle-doo" went the pipers ;  
" Tweedle-deedle-dee" went the fiddlers ;  
Tweedle-de !  
And each one with a dash made a snap at the  
cash,  
Wasn 't that " *pure democracy ? ! !* !"

Old Uncle Sam felt flat as a clam,  
As flat as a clam-shell he ;  
He scratched his head and did nothing but stam-  
mer and stare in his quandary.  
For these musical cits played the dogs with his  
wits,  
And the deuce with his currency.  
Then " flap, flap, flap !" went the money-bags ;  
" Scatter, scatter, scatter !" said the pipers ;  
" Here 's leg-bail," said the fiddlers,  
And good-by to tweedle-de,  
Tweedle-de !  
Oh ! there 's naught so rare but a rogue will  
dare  
With a snug SUB-TREASURY !

Now Uncle Sam has a new whim-wham,  
 A better whim-wham has he ;  
 'That each Tory sham shall speedily scam-  
 per away to "retiracy,"  
 Then every fiddler shall have a new fiddle,  
 And a Whig fiddle it shall be,  
 So "tweedle-deedle-dee" merry fiddlers,  
 A true Whig tweedle-dee ;  
Tweedle-dee !
 'Then all start fair, and take good care  
 Of the *Nation's Liberty*.



COME ALL YE MEN WHO PUSH  
 THE PLOUGH.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne*.

Come all ye men who push the plough,  
 Or make the shuttle hum ;  
 Look up unto your country now,  
 And see what must be done.  
 Alas ! 'tis sinking in the mud,  
 As by John Tyler led ;  
 The rich can scarcely pay their mugs,  
 The poor cannot get bread.

Then who will help us out again !—  
 --I'm sure 'tis Henry Clay !  
 Unless we keep him in the West,  
 And force him to say "nay !"

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Then let us work with all our might,  
Elect this shining star,  
And vote by day and sing by night,  
And fetch him from afar.

And truly not a heavenly star,  
Or mineral of the earth,  
Will say a word against the start,  
To rouse Clay from his hearth;  
To rule a nation gone astray,  
To bring relief to us;  
To show us that much better way,  
Then put him in we must.

Although we died with Harrison,  
We're getting life with Clay;  
Because he is the very one,  
Who'll take his place some day,  
"Huzza, huzza! Kind Heaven be praised—  
The western star benign  
Shines bright!—'tis Freedom's star that  
blazed  
In days of old Lang Syne!"

D. G. S.

JOHN TYLER, JOHN TYLER, THIS  
MOMENT WE'VE HEARD.

TUNE, *Derry Down.*

John Tyler, John Tyler, this moment we've  
heard,

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

When you found yourself, John, in the Presi-  
dent's chair,

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

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

It might magnify somewhat a very small potato.

'T was a hobby, this Veto, so pleasant to ride,  
That mount it you must, though the devil betide ;  
Nay, John, e'en your friends at your folly will  
jest,

And whisper,—“ this hobby's an ass at the  
best !”

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

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

But presume not too much, John; what acci-  
 dent brought,  
 By a second good hap 's not so easily caught;  
 If you think that a second snug term may be  
 snatched,  
 You may reckon your chickens before they are  
 hatched.

Then mark what I say, John, your vetoes and all  
 Won't hinder presumption from getting a fall:  
 There 's a proverb about "the two stools," so  
 beware—  
 There 's no sitting between them: John, John,  
 have a care!

And as to your hint, John, thrown out so off-  
 hand,  
 That "the thing may as yet become law of the  
 land,  
 If two-thirds of the house should agreed be  
 about it;"  
 No thanks, John, for that—they can do so  
 without it.

And we call on them, John, as they love the  
 dear earth  
 That gave them and their own "god-like  
 ancestors" birth,  
 To come up to the scratch, and indignant efface  
 The opprobrium your veto would fix on their  
 race.



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

These dying words do truly tell  
How plain he did foresee,  
That when to me his office fell,  
All sense with it would flee.  
I knew I dared not then proclaim  
A word that would appal ;  
I'd strove high honours 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 slipp'd 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 proved,  
 Distress o'er all our land has made ;  
 Yet we cannot be moved.  
 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 ruled 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 forged he'll soon despatch,  
 And set the people free.



### YE WORSHIPPERS OF TYLER.

TUNE — *Ye Parliament of England.*

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

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

'T were better they were sleeping  
Within the silent tomb,  
For never to their sunken hearts  
Shall hope and trade e'er bloom,  
Unless each state despoiler  
Renounces on this day  
The "veto" monarch, Tyler,  
And wears the badge of Clay.

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

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



## WHEN TYLER FOUND THE REINS OF STATE.

TUNE — *Woodland Mary.*

When Tyler found the reins of State  
So firm within his tyrant grasp,  
He chuckled at the course of fate,  
And then resolved the Whigs to rasp.

In course of time the veto came,  
Inflated like a huge balloon—  
The Captain thought while he did reign  
He'd hunt, till death, "that same old Coon."

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

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

A *traitor's* mad career is short,  
He soon becomes despised by all;  
John Tyler, though within his fort,  
Will witness soon a tyrant's fall.  
His merciless proscription told,  
Too well, how soon would be his doom;  
The people, now, will soon behold  
His downfall by "that same old Coon."



Whigs! to your posts!—lift up your voice,  
 You'll yet behold a joyful day;  
 Let all throughout the land rejoice,  
 And shout aloud for Henry Clay  
 For Henry Clay, the people's man,  
 Prosperity will be the boon,  
 Defeat the Loco Tyler clan—  
 Hurrah, boys, for "that same old Coon."

R. L.



## YE JOLLY YOUNG WHIGS OF OHIO.

TUNE—*Rosin the Bow.*

Ye jolly young Whigs of Ohio,  
 And all ye sick "Democrats" too,  
 Come out from among the foul party,  
 And vote for great Harry the true.  
 And vote, &c.

The great day of reck'ning is coming,  
 And the Locos begin to look blue,  
 There's no chance for you John or for Matty,  
 If we stick by great Harry the true.  
 If we stick, &c.

I therefore will give you a warning,  
 Not that any good it will do,  
 For I'm sure that you all are a-going  
 To vote for great Harry the true.  
 To vote, &c.

Then let us be up and a-doing,  
The Locos have yet much to rue ;  
I'll bet you a fortune we'll beat them,  
With great Harry the dauntless and true.  
With great Harry, &c.

Good men from their ranks still are flying,  
Which makes them look kinder askew,  
And fast they are joining the standard  
Of Harry the great and the true.  
Of Harry, &c.

Then let us, boys, once again rally,  
And form a procession or two,  
And I tell you our foes will all startle  
At the voice of great Harry the true.  
At the voice, &c.

And for one I'm fully determined,  
To vote let it rain, hail or snow,  
And I'll do what I can in the battle,  
For Harry the great and the true.  
For Harry, &c.

And if we should get at all thirsty,  
As in time of old Tippecanoe,  
We will tap a large keg of hard cider  
And drink to great Harry the true.  
And drink, &c.

## OUR PATRIOT HEARTS.

TUNE—*The Hurrah Song.*

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

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

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

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

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

It is truly ridiculous, in the *Spoils party*, to denounce the *Whigs* as *Federalists*! If this be, indeed, a term of *reproach*—and it has, in that sense, been applied, let us, for a moment, pause to consider whether it is *kind to their own leaders*; or *consistent* in these, self-styled, “*democrats*” thus to use it. *Facts* speak louder than mere words. Who proved themselves the best “*democrats*” during the last War? Was *President Madison* a *Federalist*? Who gave that support to that truly great man, during the late war with Great Britain, which every *patriot* was bound to give? From first to last, amidst opposition the most bitter and unrelenting, and amidst almost universal despondency and gloom, *Henry Clay* was the main support and unfaltering friend of *Mr. Madison*. Who opposed him, and, in so doing, abandoned their country in her hour of trial, we shall truly learn, as we sing the following excellent song:—*Ed.*



### WHEN THIS OLD HAT WAS NEW.

When this old hat was new, the people used to  
say,  
The best among the Democrats was *Farmer  
Harry Clay*;  
The Locos now assume the name, a title most  
untrue,  
And most unlike their party name, when this  
old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, *Van Buren*\* was  
 a Fed.,  
 An enemy to every man who laboured for his  
 bread ;  
 And if the people of New-York have kept  
 their records true,  
 He voted 'gainst the poor man's rights, when  
 this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, *Buchanan*† was  
 the man  
 Best fitted in the Keystone State to lead the  
 Federal clan.  
 He swore "if Democratic blood should make  
 his veins look blue,  
 He'd cure them by Phlebotomy," when this  
 old hat was new.

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\* Van Buren opposed the war, and then changed his course ; he opposed Mr. Madison, and again changed his course ; he opposed the right of suffrage, and then advocated it.

† Mr. James Buchanan declared, during the war, " If I were conscious of the existence of one drop of *democratic* blood in my veins, I would apply to the nearest surgeon to let it out." ! *Could the " drop" be found*, it would *spring* rapidly, and *pale* would be its hue, provided especially that this *very* distinguished—" *democrat* " could—previously to said surgical operation—be induced to test, by actual experience, the efficacy of his favourite " *low wages*" system, benevolently recommended by him for the poor and industrious labourer !

When this old hat was new, ('t was eighteen  
 hundred eleven)  
*Charles Ingersoll*\* did then declare, by all his  
 hopes of Heaven,  
 "Had he been able to reflect, he'd been a  
 Tory true,  
 And ne'er have thought it a reproach," when  
 this old hat was new.

---

\* *Mr. Charles Jared Ingersoll* is said to take great delight, when among his *country* friends, in *dressing*, as he supposes, to *suit his company*! His taste is really exquisite, in *old clothes* and *old hats*, and that this temporary *disguise* is successful is proof alike of his genuine republicanism, and of the good sense and *discernment* of those excellent people of the Fourth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, who gave him their support. *He is sincere!* *Of course he is!!* The same disinterested and truly *republican*, "*democratic*" Statesman, is *known* to have said that, had he been capable of reason and reflection, at the time of the Revolution, he would have been a—Tory! No doubt can be entertained of his sincerity in this also. But how is all this inconsistent with intense love of "*Democratic*" votes and principles?

Heigho!

"With slouched hat and round-a-bout,  
 With knees scarce in and elbows out,  
 This doughty *Dem.* with Stentor shout  
 Declaims for Liberty!

Yet had he lived in days of yore,  
 Our country's wounds still bleeding sore,  
 We should have had one traitor more,—  
 A heartless *Tory* he!"



When this old hat was new, of *Richard Rush*\*  
 't was said,  
 To figure well among the Feds., he wore a  
 black cockade ;  
 Deny this, Locos, if you please, for every word  
 is true,  
 I knew full well old *Dickey Rush*, when this  
 old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, the senator from  
 Maine  
 Destroyed by fire an effigy,† to immortalize his  
 name :  
 The effigy was *Madison's*, if common fame be  
 true,  
 So *Reuel Williams* was a Fed., when this old  
 hat was new.

When this old hat was new, 'twas in the  
 Granite State,  
 That *Gov'nor Hubbard* asked each town to send  
 a delegate,

---

\* *Richard Rush* was the *first man* who mounted the *black cockade*.

† —“ I saw this done ; it was burned on *Robinson and Crosby's wharf*, in the town of *Augusta, Maine* ; there was powder in the *head*, and I saw and heard the explosion. I have seen *Reuel Williams's house* brilliantly illuminated at the reverse of our arms during the last war.—*James D. Emes.*”

330      THE CLAY MINSTREL.

To meet in council at the time when Federalism  
blue  
Made Hartford look like indigo, when this old  
was new.

When this old hat was new, *Sam Cushman* did  
declare  
“ That should a soldier cross the lines, he hoped  
he 'd perish there,  
And leave his bones in Canada for enemies to  
view ;”  
So much for *his* “ Democracy,” when this old  
hat was new.

When this old hat was new, *Old Governor*  
*Prevost*  
The States invaded, at the head of numerous  
British host,  
Then mark, ye Locos, what did *Martin Chit-*  
*tenden* then do ?  
Forbade Green Mountain Boys to fight ! when  
this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, *Woodbury* and  
*Van Ness*,  
*E. Allen Brown*, and *Stephen Haight* were of  
the Federal mess,  
*A. H. Everett*, and *Martin Field*, and *Billy*  
*Wilkins* too,  
Now “ Patent Democrats,” were Feds. when  
this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, those worthies did  
 oppose  
 The cause and friends of Liberty, and stood  
 among their foes ;  
 Not so with NOBLE HARRY CLAY, the ever wise  
 and true,—  
 HE bravely stood by MADISON, when this old  
 hat was new.

When this old hat was new, the friends to  
 Liberty  
 Knew where to find the dauntless HAL, the  
 champion of the free ;  
 Come then, huzza for HARRY CLAY, just as we  
 used to do  
 When first we heard of War's alarms, when  
 this old hat was new.



### THE STANDARD FLOATS!

TUNE—*Old Aunt Sally.*

The Standard floats!—the cry is up—  
 The Whigs are ripe for action ;  
 They fear no *motley* Loco host,  
 Or mongrel Tyler faction.  
 Their hands are one—their hearts are one ;  
 No 'possum—though they “coon” it ;  
 From every section of the land  
 They gather as an unit.

332      THE CLAY MINSTREL.

An unit ! an unit ! they gather as an unit !  
From every section of the land,  
They gather as an unit !  
Harry ! Harry ! that old coon, Harry !  
Ra, re, ri, ro—that old coon, Harry !

Sly Matty brings his forces up  
From city, town, and border ;  
A grumbling, discontented set—  
Half doubting—in disorder !  
He speaks a little Dutch to them,  
And sometimes Irish blarney ;  
But Mynheer cannot understand,  
And doubts remain with Barney !  
Barney ! &c.

Calhoun, he beats the Southern drum,  
To draw his clans together ;  
From swamp and land-hill, see, they come,  
Like toads in foggy weather !  
His ragged banner is unfurl'd—  
He's most ashamed to show it ;  
But then his backers urge him on,  
With " Go it, Johnny, go it ?"  
Go it ! &c.

Now Cass has drill'd his new recruits ;  
Buchanan looks phlegmatic ;  
And Tyler calls his corporal's guard  
The " purely democratic ;"

While Johnson draws his sword, and swears  
 That he 's the thumpsy, dumpsy,—  
 The folks may say just what they please,  
 'Twas he that killed Tecumseh!

Tecumseh, &c.

That same old coon sits on a limb  
 At all their follies grinning ;  
 The more they fight among themselves,  
 The more he 's sure of winning.  
 He knows they cannot shake him down,  
 While true Whigs gather round him ;  
 And so they 'll have to beat retreat,  
 And leave him where they found him.

Found him, &c.



### COME, ROUSE UP, YE BOLD HEART- ED WHIGS OF KENTUCKY.

TUNE—*When Britain's oppression her laws, &c.*

Come, rouse up! ye bold-hearted Whigs of  
 Kentucky,

And show the nation what deeds ye can do ;  
 The high road to victory lies open before ye, -  
 While led to the charge by your Harry the  
 true.

When he to the National Council elected,  
 The good of his country would he ever  
 pursue ;

And every poor man by him thus protected,  
 Should ever remember kind Harry the true.

And now from retirement the PEOPLE do call  
 him,  
 Because he is valiant and qualified too ;  
 And for ONE TERM they soon will instal him  
 AS PRESIDENT Harry the faithful and true.

The Republican banner of FREEDOM is flying,  
 The Eagle of Liberty soars in your view ;  
 Then RALLY, my hearties—all traitors defying,  
 And thunder HUZZA ! for great Harry the true.

Among the supporters of brave General Jackson,  
 There are many Republicans, old men and  
 new ;  
 To all such we say, “come out from among  
 them,”  
 And “go it” for HARRY THE DAUNTLESS  
 AND TRUE.



### THE DISPERSION OF THE SPOILERS.

TUNE—“ *The star-spangled banner.*”

The spoilers came down like a wolf on the fold,  
 And their train-bands were revelling in ill-gotten  
 gold,  
 And Benton’s hoarse howl on the gale did  
 resound,  
 Like the deep deadly yell of the blood-scenting  
 hound.



Like leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
In the great year forty their banners were seen,  
Like leaves of the forest when autumn hath  
    blown,  
In March forty-four they lay withered and  
    strewn,  
For Freedom's proud bird spread its wings on  
    the blast,  
And the breath of his wrath laid them low as  
    they passed,  
And the eyes of the Locos grew deadly and  
    chill,  
And sub-treasurers' legs for ever grew still.  
The wail of the scullions is still loud in their wo,  
And Matty has vanished and John he must go,  
And the popular might hath the spoiler ex-  
    punged,  
The might of the freemen hath freemen  
    avenged.

---

OUR FLAG IS FLOATING ON THE  
BREEZE.

Our flag is floating on the breeze,  
    Hurrah. hurrah, hurrah ;  
O'er mountāins, valleys, lakes and seas :  
    Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ;  
Our rallying cry—a magic word,  
From Maine to Michigan is heard ;  
    Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
    Hurrah for HARRY CLAY !

Press on, press on with Harry Clay,  
Hurrah, &c.

The Statesman who so oft hath won ;  
Hurrah, &c.

With such a leader in the field,  
The foes of freedom soon must yield.  
Hurrah, &c.

Comes from the east the stirring cry,  
Hurrah, &c.

In trumpet tones of victory ;  
Hurrah, &c.

The south gives back the cheering shout,  
Dispelling fear, dissolving doubt.  
Hurrah, &c.

Comes from the north the thrilling peal,  
Stand by him, Whigs, be true as steel ;  
Hurrah, &c.

Let recreant cowards turn and flee,  
We go for death or victory.  
Hurrah, &c.

Comes from the west in thunder tone,  
Hurrah, &c.

“ He is our *best*, our *chosen* one,”  
Hurrah, &c.

East, west, north, south,—all now display  
Their love for gallant HARRY CLAY,  
Hurrah, &c.

## JOHN C. CALHOUN.

TUNE—*John Anderson my Jo, John.*

John C. Calhoun, my Jo, John,  
 When we were first acquaint,  
 You went "THE TARIFF" strong, John,  
 And on "A BANK" were bent,  
 But now you've sadly changed, John;  
 Ah! how can you do so!  
 You're by ambition all deranged,  
 John C. Calhoun, my Jo.

John C. Calhoun, my Jo John,  
 Some year ago or two,  
 You tuck'd yourself "*to little Van*"  
 In hopes 't would bring you through,  
 But the man you called "A WEASEL," John,  
 Could not be "suck'd in" so;  
 And he said you "could 'nt come it quite,"  
 John C. Calhoun, my Jo.

John C. Calhoun, my Jo, John,  
 From year to year you've passed,  
 Hoping that some party, John,  
 Would bring you out at last;  
 But it never has "INURED," John—  
 They trifle with you so—  
 I'd cut them all, if I were you,  
 John C. Calhoun, my Jo!

John C. Calhoun, my Jo, John,  
 Be pleased to tell us now  
 What hobby next you'll mount, John,  
 To put us in a row?  
 You've tried to "NULLIFY," John,  
 But found it was "no go;"  
 Perhaps you will "SECEDE" next,  
 John C. Calhoun, my Jo!

John C. Calhoun, my Jo, John,  
 I beg you, if you love us,  
 Come not to the Whigs, John,  
 To "RUIN," or "RULE" above us.  
 We do not wish to take you, John,  
 We've tried you once you know,  
 And that was once too often, John,  
 John C. Calhoun, my Jo!



### WORKINGMEN'S SONG, No. 2.

The TARS will man their gallant ships,  
 And fling the canvass free,  
 Again unfurl the "bunting strips,"  
 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 foretells 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, and correct, and re-  
vise,  
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!*

J. D.

## ONE DAY JUST AT SET OF SUN.

TUNE—*Get along home my Yaller Gals.*

One day just at set of sun,  
When labour ceased its busy hum,  
I took a walk and heard this tune,  
Sung glibly by that same old Coon :

## CHORUS.

Get along home you Loco Clique,  
For your strength is fast declining ;  
Get along home you Loco Clique,  
For the star of the Whigs is shining.

Oh there is a man down in the South,  
Who has a most conspicuous mouth ;  
He thinks he 'll eat up every coon,  
But you can't come it, John Calhoun !  
Get along home, &c.

And Captain Tyler much does yearn,  
To keep his seat a second term :  
But Captain you must "*Crawfish*" soon,  
Now mark the words of this here coon.  
Get along home, &c.

There 's General Cass, "he can't come in,"  
He never will this old Coon skin ;  
*I cant come down*, you 'll waste your shot ;  
'Cause Gen'ral Cass ain't Captain Scott.  
Get along home, &c.



And little "Mat" will plot and plan,  
 But he is not the people's man,  
 I licked that *varmint* once before,  
 And will again in *Forty-four*.

Get along home, &c.

But right down here in Old Kentuck,  
 If this old coon has any luck,  
 We'll find a man to gain the day,  
 And who will stick as tight as CLAY.

Get along home, &c.

Yes, give us Harry of the West,  
 The *truest*, *wisest*, and the *best*,  
 And then if things don't mend right soon,  
 Just take the hide off this old Coon.

Get along home, &c.



## ROLL THE DEMOCRATIC BALL.

TUNE—*Bruce's Address*.

*Freemen!* hear your country's call,  
 Roll the *Democratic* ball,  
 Let your voice be heard by all  
 The foes of *liberty*.

Now's the day and now's the hour,  
 See they struggle hard for power:  
 But in vain the *Locos* roar  
 Against Democracy.

Who will be a *Loco* slave,  
 Who would not his country save,  
 Who a monarch soon would have,  
     Let him turn and flee.  
 Who Columbia's glory love,  
 Who for *freedom*, freemen prove;  
 Onward to the battle move,  
     Let us all be free.

*From all labour-crushing laws,  
 From official plunderers' jaws,  
 And Subtreasurers' "specie claws,"*  
     *Keep your country free.*  
*Let Henry Clay then lead the van,*  
 To carry out the glorious plan,  
 Approved by every honest man  
     Who loves his liberty.



### COME ONE AND ALL!

TUNE—*Old Tip's the Boy.*

Come one and all, obey the call,  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah;  
 And rally round on freedom's ground,  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.  
 Renouncing all the Tyler *truck*,  
 Once more we mean to try our luck,  
 With Harry Clay of Old Kentuck,  
     Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

A Western star that shines afar,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ;  
A ray of light that quivers bright,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.  
Then place him proudly on your crest,  
A man with truth and wisdom blest,  
The lion Statesman of the West,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

While Harry 's there let none despair,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ;  
For when he spoke the Tyrants shook,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.  
Who in a dark and doleful hour,  
His voice in thunder tones did pour  
Against that fatal *veto power*,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

The Battle fights of all State Rights,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ;  
With Union too, he 's firm and true,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.  
And looking to our rights alone,  
Strict justice he would not postpone,  
But give to every State *her own*,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

The sterling friend of Old North Bend,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
The ladies, too, believe him true,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

The Father of Columbia's cause,  
 Whose measures must demand applause,  
*A Tariff and Protecting laws,*  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

With Benton's gold he can't be fool'd,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ;  
 Nor *Tyler's plan, Calhoun, nor Van,*  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah ;  
 But dauntless he will face the storm,  
 Our currency he will reform,  
 And make it *sound and uniform,*  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

Our cause is just, and thrive it must,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.  
 Then let 's be wise and seize the prize,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.  
 Let every Whig go hand in hand,  
 And form one patriotic band,  
 To save this blest and happy land,  
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !



## THE HUGE PAW.

TUNE—"Law."

Come list to me a minute,  
 A song, I'm going to sing it,  
 You'll find there's something in it,

'Tis all about a PAW.

P, A, W, paw,

The *hugest* ever you saw,  
 If you've any commiseration  
 For the luckless situation  
 Of this bamboozled nation,

Hear the tale of this HUGE PAW.

The wheel was lustily spinning,  
 The merchant merrily grinning,  
 And cash the farmer was winning,

As fast as he could claw.

C, L, A, W, claw,

Went each industrious paw;  
 And all was jollification,  
 Till a meddling botheration  
 Confounded the circulation

Of the blood of this HUGE PAW.

For a quack came sily creeping,  
 While Uncle Sam was a-sleeping,  
 And, astride of his shoulders leaping,  
   Like a hungry dog did gnaw,  
   G, N, A, W, gnaw,  
 All the flesh of his honest paw,  
 And with mighty speechification,  
 Made a blarneying protestation,  
 How he 'd "better his circulation,"  
   By the wag of his impudent jaw !

But, sirs, the quack was a Tory,  
 And his wonderful "blaze of glory,"  
 To make short work of the story,  
   Was puffed away in a flaw !  
   F, L, A, W, flaw,  
   Like snow in an April thaw !  
 If you 've any commiseration,  
 Think of Uncle Sam's consternation,  
 When he felt the sudden prostration  
   Of the strength of his HUGE PAW !

But the rogues will soon be nabbin,  
 If guessing I 'm any dab in ;  
 So—come out and stop the squabblin',  
   Great Hal ! and give 'em the law !  
   L, A, W, law,  
 Shall worry 'em all till they jaw,  
 Then sound a loud acclamation,  
 And hand him into his station,  
 For he 's the man for the nation,  
   To wield of reform the HUGE PAW.



So, Tories, prepare to knock under,  
 For he 'll down upon you like thunder,  
 And smite your whole squad asunder,  
     With his HUGE and VETERAN PAW.  
     P, A, W, paw,  
     Will hit you over the raw !  
 Then hurrah for the Whigs and the nation !  
 And a shout of loud jubilation  
 For the glorious restoration  
     Of the HUGE and PATRIOT PAW.



### THE RUBBER ; OR MAT'S LAST GAME.

TUNE—*Miss Bailey.*

Our little Mat, from Kinderhook, no friend to  
 country quarters,  
 Resolved to rule a second term, or dangle in his  
 garters ;  
 Though Lindenwold grew cabbages, he got but  
 little of it ;  
 'Twixt *public crib*, and *private crib*, there's a  
 difference 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 ;

348 THE CLAY MINSTREL.

Mat sung all tunes in double voice—one bass,  
the other treble ;  
While in the Senate, Silas Wright was playing  
second fiddle.

Wright playing second fiddle !

*Importers* and our *factories* Mat wished in good  
condition,  
And *Slavery* 't was 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-Trea-*  
*sury notes* and *Specie* !

All salaries paid in specie !

Then *Agriculture*—he revered it ! he himself a  
“ happy Tiller,

‘ 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,

“ But for him to talk to farmers, was carrying  
coals to Newcastle. ”

Mat “ carrying coals to Newcastle ! ”

And oh ! the generous rival ;—Calhoun, although  
*Quixotic*,

Was an *honest* Nullifier ! — Cass, vain, but  
*patriotic*,

Johnson, an honourable 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 twidling, twaddling, twisting, would very much be-little;

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

Soft-sawdered all mankind, and loved—Lord! how he loved the women!

Who doesn't love the women!

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

That *soldiering* 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, when others did the fighting!

Dick Johnson did the fighting!

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

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

350      THE CLAY MINSTREL.

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 regimentals!

Like bag on bean-pole, such a *fit*, the tailor  
tribe were shock'd at;  
Old soldiers snickered to see Mat play general  
in a cocked hat!  
Old Hickory shakes his sides to see how slouch-  
ingly 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 feeling;"  
Old Hickory furnished, rub-a-dubs—John Ty-  
ler, double-dealing!  
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, although  
he never read it,  
That Balaam's Ass had made a speech, re-  
ported to his credit,

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

The Ass's sad 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 thought," he hoped  
 would be for Mat Van Buren!

For *him* and Mat Van Buren!

Prince John, too, fired with patriot zeal, met  
 with responses hearty,  
 His honeyed 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* favour-  
 ite son—*his* Pappy!

His well-fed, grateful Pappy!

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 could'nt GULL THE PEOPLE !



### 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.

**354      THE CLAY MINSTREL.**

And when they hear his honoured 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!”

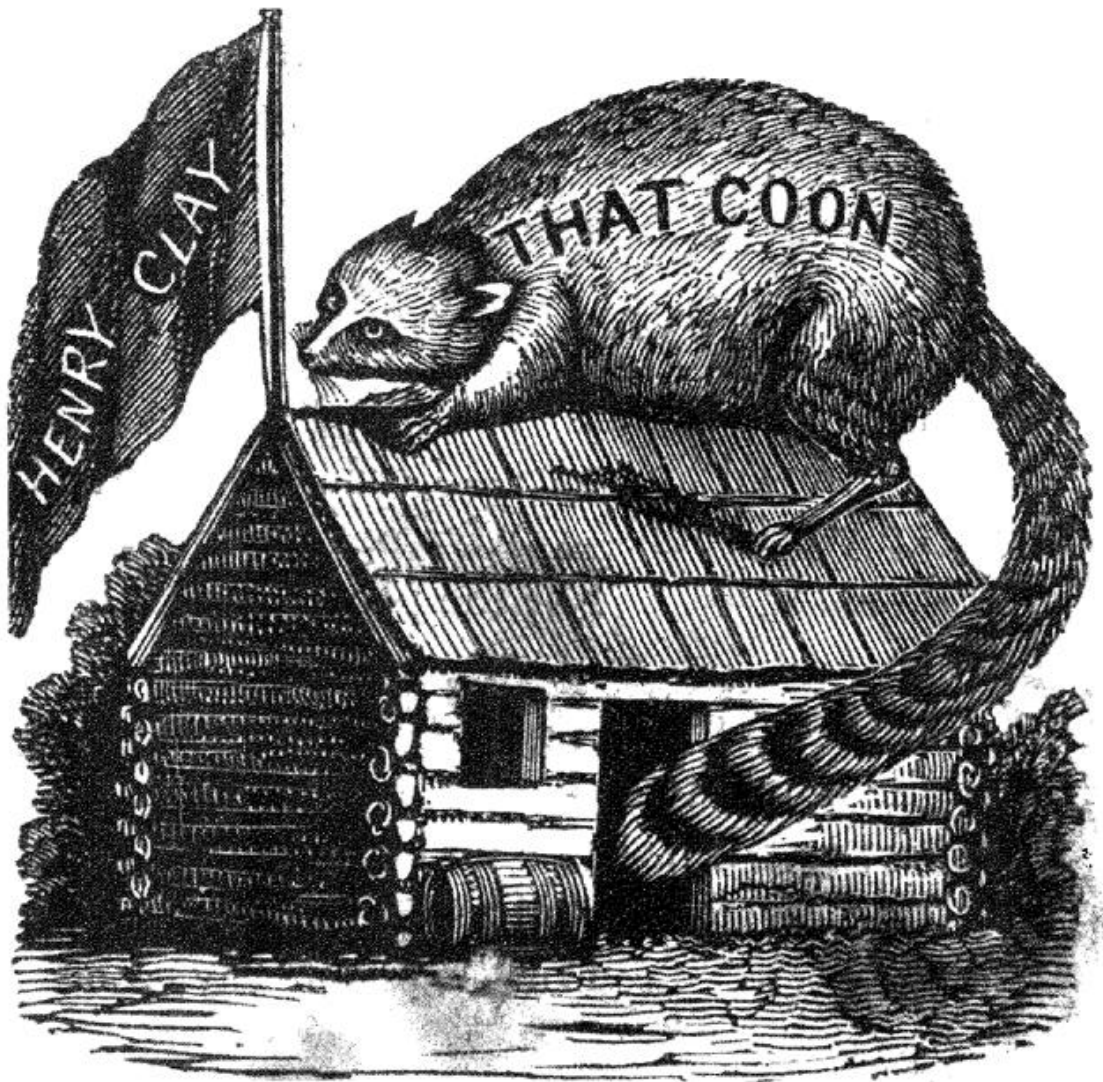
    “Hurrah!”

“All's well! All's well!”

    The East.

    The South,

All—All's well!



## THE COON SONG.

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!

356      THE CLAY MINSTREL.

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 say, &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 did'n'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-eaters' king,—  
Where the people rule she 's not the thing.

For the people say, &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.

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THE  
CLAY MINSTREL.

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PART II.

(359)

HENRY CLAY ;

On his return to Kentucky,—April, 1842.

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Slowly, serenely now he sinks to rest  
Behind the towering Alleghanies. Far  
In the loved valleys of his genial West,  
He woos the peace which Man nor Fate may mar.  
Well may the land in proud remembrance bear  
The glories of his long, bright summer day :  
Its storms subdued, its skies which kindlier were  
As high he moved on his majestic way.  
Long shall it muse o'er his benignant sway  
In darker following hours—Ah no ! not long !  
Full soon the gladness of his morning ray  
Shall wake all hearts to ecstasy and song !  
Behold ! even now the blackness disappears,  
And soon his risen orb shall dry the Nation's tears !

THE  
CLAY MINSTREL.

PART II.

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I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I cannot, I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested, a power conferred not for my personal benefit, nor my aggrandizement, but for my country's good, to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough—I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not in the exercise of such a trust, lie down and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness.

*Mr. Clay—in the Senate—1841.*

HENRY CLAY.

ON HIS RETIRING FROM THE U. S. SENATE.

WAIL for the glorious Pleiad fled—  
Wail for the ne'er-returning star  
Whose mighty music ever led  
The spheres in their high home afar !  
Bring burial weeds ? and sable plume ?  
What—lift the funeral song of wo  
Such as should o'er the loved one's tomb  
In sorrow's tenderest accent flow ?

Ah! Freedom's kindling minstrel, no!  
Strike! strike with a triumphant hand  
Thy harp, and at its swelling roll  
Speak, through the borders of our land,  
The might—the beauty of that soul  
Whose Genius is our guardian light  
Through sunny ray or darkling night—  
A worshipped Pharos in the sea,  
Lifting on high its fearless form  
To guide the vessel of the Free  
Safe through the fury of the storm.

PRIDE OF THE WEST! whose clarion-tone  
Thrilled gladly through her forest lone,  
And waked to bounding life the shore  
Where darkness only sat before—  
How millions bent before thy shrine,  
Beholding there a light divine—  
Caught on the golden chain of love,  
From its majestic source above.

STAR OF OUR HOPE! when Battle's call  
Had wove the soldier's gory pall—  
When blazing o'er the troubled seas,  
Death came tumultuous on the breeze,  
And men beheld Columbia's frame  
Scorched by the lurid levin-flame—  
Thou! thou didst pour the patriot-strain,\*  
And thrilled with it each bleeding vein—

---

\* Alluding to his efforts as Republican leader in Congress during the late War.

Until the star-lit banners streamed  
Like tempest-fires around the foe,  
Whose crimson cross no longer gleamed  
In triumph where it erst had beamed--  
But sunk beneath our gallant blow.

SUN OF THE FREE! where Summer smiles  
Eternal o'er the clustered isles--  
Where GREECE unsheathed her olden blade  
For Glory in the haunted shade--  
Where CHIMBORAZO stands sublime  
A land-mark by the sea of Time\*--  
Thy name shall, as a blessing given  
For man, oh! never to depart,  
Peal from our gladdened Earth to Heaven--  
The warm, wild music of the heart.

PRIDE OF THE JUST! what though dark Hate  
Her phrensied storm around thee rolls--  
Has it not ever been the fate  
Of all this Earth's truth-speaking souls?  
Lightnings may play upon the rock  
Whose star-kissed forehead woos the gale,  
While they escape the thunder-shock  
Who dwell within the lonely vale--  
Living unnoted!--not so thou,  
Chief of the fearless soul and brow!

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\* Who can forget Henry Clay's burning eloquence in advocacy of Grecian and South American Independence?

364      THE CLAY MINSTREL.

Yet let the lightning and the storm  
Beat on thy long-devoted form !  
The silvery day-beam bursts ! and lo !  
Around thee curls the Promise-Bow !

Look ! on yon height Columbia stands—  
Immortal laurels in her hands !  
And hark her voice—“ RISE ! FREEMEN, RISE !  
    Unloose the chain from every breast ;  
See ! see the splendour in yon skies  
    Flashed from the bosom of the WEST ! ”  
Roused at the sound, lo ! millions leap  
Like giants from inglorious sleep !  
What cries are here ? What sounds prevail !  
Whose name is thundering on the gale ?—  
(Far in the mountains of the North—  
    Far in the sunny South away—  
A winged lustre bounding forth—)  
    The deathless name of HENRY CLAY !



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

*Mr. Clay, in the Senate.—1841.*

## MR. NEAGLE'S PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY.

Lofty, erect, beneath the Senate's dome,  
His bald, high forehead eloquent with thought.  
His clear eye kindled with a patriot's fire,  
Stands up, my country, here, the noble form  
Of one amidst the proudest, and the best  
Of thy illustrious sons,—around him spread  
Memorials of the trophies he has won.  
Here are the ANVIL and the SHUTTLE: here,  
Hard by, the PLOUGH, which his own hand hath  
held ;  
While far upon the blue and booming sea,  
Leans the tall SHIP before the fresh'ning gale ;  
Fair symbols all, of that tri-sisterhood,  
The bond of nations, and their monument,  
The strength and glory of the common weal—  
Wide COMMERCE, ancient HUSBANDRY, and  
ART.

Beside him hangs, in broad and flowing folds  
Of striped and starry blazonry, that flag  
Ne'er borne aloft by tyrant hands, nor struck  
In base dishonour to a conquering foe—

Young Freedom's ensign to a waiting world !  
O ! well the artist's cunning hand hath wrought,  
In shape and shade, the spirit of the scene !  
And musing here, in still and thoughtful mood,  
In pensive silence gazing on that brow,  
My busy memory gathers up the past,  
Runs o'er the records of departed time,  
And marks the progress of his high career,  
Whose form and features beam upon me now.

I see him first, an orphan boy ; his name  
Unknown to greatness, born upon no page  
Of proud and empty heraldry ; his lot  
Cast not amidst the gay and glittering scenes  
Of rank and riches ; his sole heritage  
A clear, strong head, a great and fiery heart,  
And, crowning these, the birthright of the free !

While yet the fresh bloom of life's youthful  
years  
Glows on his cheeks, that burning soul hath  
found  
Full utterance from his eloquent lips to scourge  
The false fear of oppression, and to claim  
Unshackled freedom for the pen and speech.  
I see him next ere thirty summer suns  
Had shed their radiance on his upward path,  
Standing, a peer, amid that choicest few,  
The honoured and the trusted of the land,  
The guardians of its liberty and laws—

Bearing upon his brow, and in his heart,  
 With the high hope and confidence of youth,  
 The calm, clear wisdom of experienced age.

Well hast thou placed him, artist—underneath  
 That vaulted roof, whose arches have sent back  
 So oft the echo of his warning voice,  
 Uplifted, ever, for the right and true.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hail! Patriot, Sage, and Statesman! on thy  
 brow

Though fickle Fortune may not set her seal,  
 A greener garland blooms than any wreath  
 The wayward Goddess for her minions binds:  
 And in thy hands though office may not place  
 Its barren sceptre and its fleeting power—  
 A brighter, better destiny is thine  
 Than all these empty honours can bestow.  
 Thou hast thy country's love:—with her re-  
 nown

Thy own is woven; with her name, thy name,  
 In union indestructible, is bound:  
 The pages of her history are thine!  
 And when thy setting sun shall touch the verge  
 Of life's horizon, shall a nation's eyes  
 Follow in sadness the departing light;  
 A nation's heart thy memory shall embalm;  
 A nation's tongue thy eulogy shall speak;  
 Worthy amongst the worthiest of her sons,  
 Her dauntless champion and her steadfast friend!

“What patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this Resolution? Can you make that not to be which has been? Can you eradicate from memory and from history the fact, that in March, 1834, a majority of the Senate of the United States passed the resolution which excites your enmity? Is it your vain and wicked object to arrogate to yourselves that power of annihilating the past which has been denied to Omnipotence itself? Do you intend to thrust your hands into our hearts, and to pluck out the deeply rooted convictions which are there? Or is it your design merely to stigmatize us? You cannot stigmatize US.

“Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name.”

Standing securely upon our conscious rectitude, and bearing aloft the shield of the constitution of our country, your puny efforts are impotent, and we defy all your power.”

*Mr. Clay on the Expunging Resolution.*

## STAR OF THE WEST!

NOT FALLEN! No! as well the tall  
And pillowed Alleghany fall—  
As well Ohio's giant tide

Roll backward on its mighty track,  
As he, Columbia's hope and pride,  
The slandered and sorely tried,  
In his triumphant course turn back.

HE IS NOT FALLEN! Seek to bind  
The chainless and unbidden wind!  
Oppose the torrent's headlong course,  
And turn aside the whirlwind's force;  
But deem not that the mighty mind  
Will cower before the blast of hate,  
Or quail at dark and causeless ill;  
For though all else be desolate,  
It stoops not from his high estate;  
A Marius 'mid the ruins still.

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

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

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



## ERECT HE STANDS.

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

*Henry Clay.*

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

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

O! what to thee were pomp and show,  
 Aught that thy country can bestow ?



Her highest gifts could only take  
New honours for their wearer's sake ;  
They could not add a wreath to thine,  
Nor brighter make thy glory shine ;  
No—meaner ones may borrow fame ;  
THINE lives through every change the same.

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

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

And where our own rude valleys smile,  
And temple-spire and lofty pile  
Crown, like the fashion of a dream,  
The slope of every fountain-stream ;

Where Industry and Plenty meet,  
Twin-brothers, in the crowded street ;  
Each spire and mountain upward sent  
Shall be thy fitting monument.

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

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

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

“Mr. President, I have been accused of ambition. I believe, however, that my accusers will be generally found to be political opponents, or the friends of aspirants in whose way I was supposed to stand. \* \* \* \* If to have served my country, during a long series of years, with fervent zeal and unshaken fidelity in seasons of peace and war, at home and abroad, in the Legislative Halls and in an Executive Department, if to have laboured most sedulously to avert the embarrassment and distress which now overspreads this Union; and when they came, to have exerted myself anxiously, at the Extra session, and at this, to devise healing remedies; if to have desired to introduce economy and reform in the general administration, curtail enormous Executive power, and amply provide, at the same time, for the wants of the Government and the wants of the People by a Tariff which would give it revenue and them protection; if to have earnestly sought to establish the bright but too rare example of a party in power, faithful to its promises and pledges made when out of power—if these services, exertions and endeavours justify the accusation of ambition, I must plead guilty to the charge.”

*Henry Clay at Home—June 1842.*

## WELCOME HIS WAY!

Hail to the Statesman great and wise,  
The patriot true and bold!  
Where'er our trophied eagle flies,  
His name with pride is told.  
From Maine's dark pines and crags of snow,  
To where magnolian breezes blow  
O'er rich Floridian flowers;  
From hilly east to prairied west,  
We hail him as our mightiest—  
Rejoice in him as ours.

Twice, when the tempest o'er us hung,  
 And roar'd destruction's wave ;  
 Like light to darkness forth he sprung,  
 To guide us, and to save :  
 In the fierce flashings of the storm,  
 We saw his proud undaunted form  
 Upon the quivering deck,  
 As, with his eye on Union's star,  
 He saw the danger from afar,  
 And shunn'd the threatening wreck.

His heart has beat in sympathy  
 Where'er throughout the world,  
 The yoked have fought for Liberty,  
 With Freedom's flag unfurled.  
 Say, Greece ! when nations saw you bleed,  
 Who trumpet-tongued proclaim'd your need ?  
 And climes of Andes, say !  
 That templed land with answering shout,  
 And these stern summits thunder out  
 The name of HENRY CLAY.

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

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

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

---

### WHIG REVEILLE.

The old alarm rings through the land,  
And thrills in every heart,  
And gathers now a mighty band  
To play a mighty part :  
The mouldering fires again relume  
That led us through a night of gloom.

**376 THE CLAY MINSTREL.**

Where swelling Mississippi's tide  
Sweeps on his sullen way,  
Or smiling to his sunny bride,  
Flashes in joyous play,  
Brave Louisiana's sons still bear  
Our glorious standard proudly there.

Where cloud-throned Alleghany bends  
His misty locks to hear  
His thunder-echo, as it sends  
That name so doubly dear,  
Through Pennsylvania's glad domain,  
The unbroken phalanx forms again.

The grey-haired 'Hero,' dark and sad,  
Within his Hermitage,  
Hears, with a sullen start, the shouts  
Of Freedom round him rage,  
And feels, poor desolate old man!  
How joyless the career he ran.

From North to South, from East to West,  
Whig hearts are swelling high—  
Rekindles hope in every breast,  
And light in every eye.

The dark night fades—the morn appears—  
And breaks away the gloom of years.

Oh, noble hearts, yet falter not,  
Nor linger on your way!

Be worthy your exalted lot—

Worthy the name of CLAY!

More have your deeds to make or mar  
Than Bunker-Hill or Trafalgar!



I call upon Senators to bury, deep and forever, the character of the partisan, to rise up patriots and statesmen, to break the vile chains of party, to throw the fragments to the winds, and to feel the proud satisfaction that we have made but a small sacrifice to the paramount obligations which we owe our common country.—*Henry Clay.*

## SONNET—HENRY CLAY.

Hero of years, thy name, on every tongue,  
Lives, and shall live, through all succeeding  
time.

The thought—the record of thy path sublime,  
Taken the great confed'rate Stars\* among,  
Shall be inscribed on banners, and be flung  
With shouts of thousands, to the fragrant  
gales ;

Till, from the quiet bosoms of the vales,  
To every mountain-summit—ever young,  
And free, and overwhelming, shall ascend  
The song of millions, gath'ring to redeem  
A Nation's honour—and a Nation's Friend  
To crown with blessings sent from each ex-  
treme,

And busy centre, of his Land supreme,  
By hearts all kindred, of the gift they send.

---

\* States.

## HENRY CLAY.

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



## TO HENRY CLAY.

Sir, we have left your name upon a rock,  
     Beyond the mighty prairies of the West,  
 Where rove the tempest and the thunder-shock ;  
     And where our native eagle builds his nest,  
 We made you there one day a fancied guest,  
 When revelry was high and hearts were warm,  
     And placed your name upon the mountain's  
     breast,  
 'To face the elements and brave the storm.  
 Sir, we just stamped a symbol of our faith  
 Upon "Rock *Independence*" old and grey ;  
     And faith can do more wonders, scripture  
     saith,  
 Than even turning granite into CLAY !  
     Although the "Devil's Gate"\* stands right  
     *fernenst* it,  
 "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it!"

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\*A famous mountain chasm called the "Devil's Gate," through which the Sweetwater plunges, stands directly opposite "Rock Independence."

## TO THE READER.

Since the "SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MR. CLAY," contained in this volume, was printed, the Editor has received a report of the *Speech* delivered by the venerable Ex-President, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, at Maysville, Kentucky, during his recent visit to the noble West. The Editor regrets that he did not receive it in time for its partial introduction into the chapter\* devoted to the refutation of the miserable and exploded slander of "Bargain and Sale." He places an extract in the first vacant space that offers. Such a declaration as it contains, from so distinguished a source, cannot, however, be misplaced; and although not required now, by Mr. Clay, who has "*lived down*" the slander, it is, nevertheless, gratifying to his friends to know that it has again been made. No man, be his party attachments what they may, if possessed of decent information, and of common sense, and whose mind is not darkened, or his heart hardened, by political malignity, can really believe the infamous charge. In responding to the address of General Collins, who remarked that Mr. Adams had "placed Kentucky under

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\* Sketch, Chapter VII.

deep and lasting obligations to him for his noble defence of her great Statesman in his letter to the Whigs of New Jersey” \* the Ex-President spoke 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 honour 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 those charges have found their way to the Throne of Eternal Justice, I WILL, IN THE PRESENCE OF OMNIPOTENCE, PRONOUNCE THEM FALSE.*”

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\*Sketch, Chapter VIII.

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