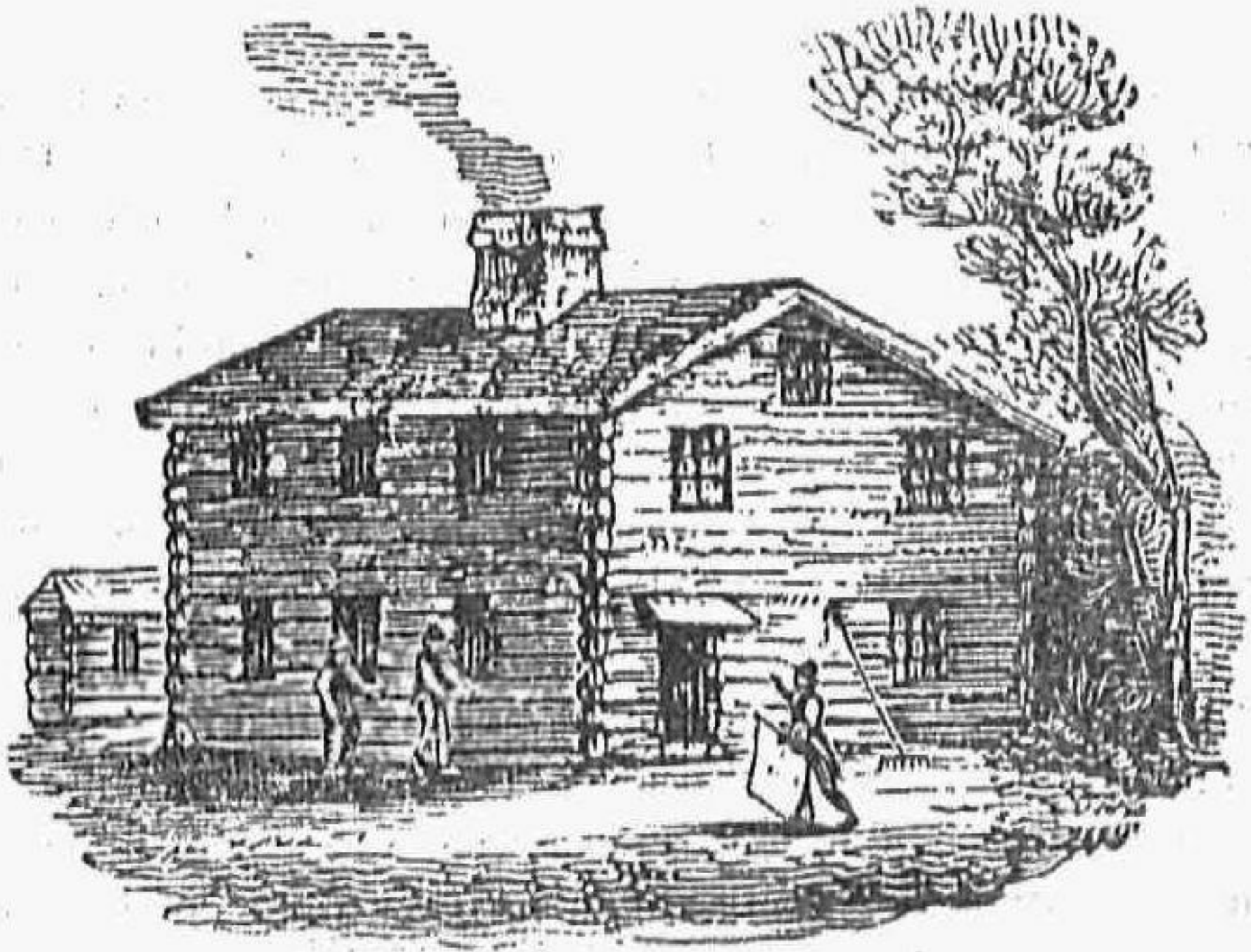


THE
LOG CABIN & HARD CIDER
MELODIES;

A COLLECTION OF POPULAR AND PATRIOTIC
SONGS,



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF
HARRISON AND TYLER.

"The Freeman's glittering Sword be blest,
For ever blest the Freeman's Lyre."

BOSTON:
CHARLES ADAMS
23 Tremont Row.
1840.

P R E F A C E.

THE spontaneous burst of enthusiasm with which the nomination of HARRISON and TYLER has been received throughout the Union, with the unanimity and confidence with which it has been welcomed as the portent and sure precursor of a glorious and beneficent renovation in the Government of our country, is in itself akin to Poetry. The sublime spectacle of a great people awaking from a long and baleful lethargy, bursting the fetters of Misrule and Oppression, shaking off the grasp of the demagogues and parasites who had planted Corruption in the high places and Ruin in the vitals of the Republic, is one most cheering to every lover of Liberty, and calculated to inspire the most lively confidence in the native strength and restorative energies of our Free Institutions. There is a redeeming spirit inherent in the sons of fathers who battled for Freedom, and any transient manifestation of apathy or submission to the dominion of a galling tyranny is but the darkness which precedes the dawn.

It was the remark of an acute but not profound philosopher—"Let me make the Songs of a People, and I care not who shall make their Laws." His error lay in confounding an effect with its cause—in supposing that the Songs of a people may be *made*, whereas they flow spontaneously from its free, unshackled spirit—they are but the embodiment, not the source, of the feelings and thoughts of the many. Thus it is with the HARRISON and REFORM melodies which now resound from every social gathering and Log Cabin in the land. They are here brought together for the convenience of the millions who rejoice in the spirit they inculcate, and are respectfully recommended to their attention and favor.

TO THE

FRIENDS OF HARRISON AND TYLER,

THE ADVOCATES OF NATIONAL

REFORM;

OF A SOUND AND UNIFORM CURRENCY—OF ENTERPRISE,
PROSPERITY, AND WELL-REWARDED INDUSTRY;

TO THOSE

WHO REPEL WITH SCORN THE TORY SNEERS THAT AN ILLUSTRIOUS
AND GALLANT CITIZEN LIVES IN A LOG CABIN AND
DRINKS HARD CIDER—

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

M E L O D I E S.

THE FARMER OF NORTH BEND.

TUNE—" 'Tis my *Delight*."

THE Farmer of North Bend, my boys,
The Farmer of North Bend !
Let every Freeman peal his voice,
As if the skies to rend !
No lust of power, no love of gold,
No selfish, sordid end,
Could ever for a moment hold
The Farmer of North Bend.

The Farmer of North Bend, my boys !
The Farmer of North Bend !

Hark ! hark ! our mourning country cries
For National Reform !
The Patriot Farmer greets our eyes—
And every heart grows warm,
Quick as he hears the trusting call,
His helping hands extend ;
Then speed him ! hail him ! one and all—
The Farmer of North Bend—

The Farmer of North Bend, my boys !
The Farmer of North Bend !

Though Malice, impotent and blind,
His well earned fame assail,
His shameless slanderers shall find,
Their vilest efforts fail.

The people host of all the land,
 In thunders shall defend,
 The noble chief with whom they stand—
 The Farmer of North Bend!

The Farmer of North Bend, my boys!
 The Farmer of North Bend!

BIRTH DAY OF HARRISON.

ALTERED FROM G. D. PRENTICE.

TUNE—"Bonny Boat."

Why swell all good whig hearts as one,
 With memories of the past?
 Why rings out yon deep thunder gun
 Upon the rushing blast?
 Why hold the beautiful—the brave,
 This jubilee of earth?
*It is the hallowed day that gave
 To Harrison his birth.*

We offer here a sacrifice
 Of hearts to him, who came
 To guard our western paradise
 With sword of living flame!
 To him who on war's whirlwind loud
 Rode like a guardian form,
 And flung his glory o'er the cloud,
 A halo round the storm.

Darkness and danger with their trains,
 His sword hath driven by;
 And now his fame-girt name remains
 Entwined with liberty.
 'Tis graven on the blood-stained Meigs,
 And murmured by the Thames,
 And charmed by the spirit-leagues
 Of thousand slaughtered names.

And when he dies—no marble tent
 Need shield the warrior's bier;
 He'll have a nobler monument—
 A grateful nation's tear!
 Old Time, that bids the marble bow,
 Will guard the laurel leaf,
 That blooms upon the sainted brow
 Of our immortal chief!

His deeds are ours—but thro' the world
 That mighty chief will be,
 When glory's banner is unfurled,
 The watchword of the free!
 And as they bend their eagle eyes
 On Victory's burning sun,
 Their shouts will echo to the skies,
 "Freedom and Harrison."

THE HERO OF THE THAMES.

AIR—" 'Tis my delight."

LET Loco focus rail and rant
 At Currency and Banks:
 We're sick of all their empty cant,
 We spurn them from our ranks,
 We do not mind their silly talk,
 Nor heed their idle claims;
 We'll make the whole banditti walk,
 With our Hero of the Thames.
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

When British foes assailed our land,
 And hovered on our coast,
 Pray where did little Matty stand?
 Why snug behind—a post.
 A post and place were all his thought,
 (At the spoils alone he aims,)
 While Harrison our battles fought,
 And conquered on the Thames!
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

In vain the red coats sought to win
 A foothold on our soil;
 He met and drove them back again,
 And saved our homes from spoil.
 Their savage allies dared no more
 To light their midnight flames;
 Oh! they heard the deep mouthed cannon roar
 Upon the river Thames.

Upon the River Thames, my boys,
 Upon the River Thames!

Not there alone did Victory fling,
 Her standard to the sky!
 The Prophet's town, the bard may sing,
 Which saw the red coats fly,
 Though if Maumee her laurels shed,
 Fort Meigs her trophy claims,
 Where many a gallant soldier bled
 With the Hero of the Thames.

The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

When Peace displayed her flag of white
 And hushed the bloody strife,
 Who then victorious from the fight,
 Withdrew to humble life,
 No lust of power, no love of gold,
 No selfish, sordid aims,
 Could ever for a moment hold
 The Hero of the Thames!

The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

And there he stood behind his plough,
 And drove his "team afield,"
 Content with rural honors now,
 And what his farm might yield.
 The Buckeye falls beneath his hand,
 His skill the soil reclaims,
 He lives a tiller of the land,
 Though Hero of the Thames!

The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

But hark! our bleeding country cries
 For vengeance and reform;
 The Patriot Farmer greets our eyes,
 And every heart grows warm;
 Our candidate, he hears the call—
 "I'm ready!" he exclaims.
 Then speed him! hail him, one and all!
 The Hero of the Thames!
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

Then let us hang our banner out,
 And spread it to the breeze:
 The spoilers we will put to rout,
 And do it, too, with ease;
 Then let us all like brothers be,
 And "UNIONISTS" our name!
 Huzza! huzza! for victory,
 With the Hero of the Thames!
 The Hero of the Thames, my boys,
 The Hero of the Thames!

OLD TIPPECANOE.

HURRAH for the father of all the green West,
 For the Buckeye who follows the plough,
 The foeman in terror his valor confess'd,
 And we'll honor the conqueror now.

His country assailed in the darkest of days,
 To her rescue impatient he flew;
 The war-whoop's fell blast, and the rifle's red blaze,
 But awakened Old Tippecanoe.

On Maumee's dark waters, along with brave Wayne,
 Green laurels he gleaned with his sword;
 But when peace on the country came smiling again,
 His steel to the scabbard restored.

Yet wise in the council, as brave in the field,
 His country still asked for his aid;
 And the birth of young Empires his wisdom revealed,
 The Sage and the Statesman displayed.

But the red torch of war, and the tomahawk's gleam,
 'To the battle again called the true;
 And there where the stars and the stripes brightly stream,
 Rushed the Hero of Tippecanoe.

Now hark! from the far frozen wilds of the North,
 What battle shouts burthen the gale?
 The hosts of old England ride gallantly forth,
 And the captive and conquered bewail.

His Country recalls the bolden chieftain she loves,
 The sword of "Old Tip" she reclaims:
 And Victory heralds wherever he moves,
 The path of the Hero of Thames.

Hurrah for the Hero of Tippecanoe—
 The Farmer who ploughs at North Bend;
 A Soldier so brave and a Patriot so true,
 Will find in each freeman a friend.

Hurrah for the Log-cabin Chief of our choice!
 For the Old Indian Fighter hurrah!
 Hurrah! and from mountain and valley, the voice
 Of the people re-echoes—hurrah!

Then come to the ballot-box—boys, come along;
 He never lost a battle for you;
 Let us down with oppression and tyranny's throng,
 And up with Old Tippecanoe!

SONG FOR THE WORKING MEN.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

THAT Matty loves the Working man,
 No working man can doubt, sirs;
 For well doth he pursue the plan
 That *turns* the workies *out*, sirs;

He turns them out of *Whig* employ,
 He turns them out of bread, sirs,
 And *middle* men doth he annoy,
 By striking business dead, sirs.
 For Matty is a Democrat,
 Sing, Yankee Doodle dandy,
 With spoons of *gold*, and English coach,
 And servants always handy.

And doth he not his love display,
 While pressing *Labor* down, sirs,
 By showing, in his pleasant way,
 A shilling's worth a crown, sirs;
 For Matty is, &c.

Quoth he, a shilling soon will buy
 As much of bread and meat, sirs,
 As *two*—when wages were so high.
 If not—*you must not cut, sirs*;
 And then, for all the *little things*
 They are but "*luxurics*," sirs,
 And if, like riches, they take wings,
 Why eat—*more bread and cheese, sirs*.
 For Matty is, &c.

But time is short to tell of all
 The love of little Van, sirs,
 He is the friend—doubt not at all—
 Of every working man, sirs;
 And if he scrimps your daily food
 By docking down your pay, sirs;
 'Tis only for *his own* best good;
 Then what have you to say, sirs?
 For Matty is, &c.

Now if you do not like such love
 But vote for HARRISON, sirs,
 All I can say, is,—*Van must move*,
 For then his race is run, sirs.
 Still Matty is a Democrat
 By Yankee Doodle dandy;
 His *golden* spoons and English coach,
 And *serfs* are always handy.

THE HARRISON CAUSE.

TUNE—"Bonnet's o'blue."

HERE 's a health to him that is just,
 Here 's a health to him that is true,
 And who could not wish success to the man,
 Who conquered at Tippecanoe.
 It is good to be noble and firm,
 It is good to be honest and true,
 It is good to support our Harrison's cause,
 Who stuck to the "red, white and blue."
 Huzza for the brave and the true,
 Who battled at Tippecanoe,
 And the heroes whose names on the banks of the Thames,
 Were written in "red, white and blue."

Here's success to him that is firm,
 Here's success to him that is wise,
 And though aged and poor will give from his store,
 When misery ever applies.
 Here's a health to the sage of North Bend,
 Here's success to the man of the plough,
 Here's a health to the man who sticks to his friend,
 And lives by the sweat of his brow.
 Huzza for the just and the true,
 And the hero of Tippecanoe,
 It is good to support the Harrison cause;
 And the star-spangled "red, white and blue."

OUR HERO FARMER.

TUNE—"Yankce Doodle."

THE Hero Farmer is the man,
 The Buckeye boys delight in;
 He 'll renovate our State affairs,
 And be the man for fighting.
 Hero Farmer, boys hurrah,
 Log cabins and hard cider;
 We 'll sing and vote for Harrison,
 And make our circle wider.

Vans call him Granny Petticoats ;
 We do not care for this, sir ;
 He 'll rid the nation of such rogues,
 A Granny then he is, sir.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Let Matty come with all his host,
 And office holding crew, sir ;
 We 'll march up to the ballot-box,
 And show that we are true, sir.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

We 'll wager now a cider cup,
 And bring it on the table :
 Since Yankee boys have started up,
 'To beat them we are able.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Columbia's freedom is assailed ;
 The people still are brothers ;
 The Government has nearly failed
 It must be worked by others.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Let 's work and sing and vote like men,
 By industry we thrive, sir ;
 And thus the drones at Washington,
 We 'll scout quite from the hive, sir.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Our independence twice achieved,
 We 'll hold it much more fast, sir ;
 We 'll keep it out of spoilsmen's hands,
 That it may ever last, sir.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

Our wives, our friends, our children all,
 Are patriots true and hearty,
 The patriot ladies then will share
 The joys of freemen's party.
 Hero Farmer, &c.

WE PLEDGE THEE.

ALL hail! to the Whigs, who have nobly come forth,—
 Connecticut, honor to thee;
 Thou hast shown to the world, that the men of the North
 Have will'd, 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 enroll'd,
 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;
 Our champion, our leader, the brave HARRISON!
 Our motto, our country, our right,
 Ye minions of power, your efforts are vain:
 Van Buren, thy cause is unjust;
 Our country, we pledge thee again and again,
 Thy sons will prove true to their trust.

 THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

TUNE—"The Bonnets o' Blue."

A storm hath swept over the land,
 And it threatens to sweep o'er the sea,
 But the hardy young *Fisherman* firmly will stand
 Tho' the "breakers are under his lee."
 He knows how to "*weather a gale,*"
 He knows how to "*hand, reef and steer;*"
 He knows when to *spread* or to "*shorten his sail;*"
 But his heart is a stranger to fear.

A storm, &c.

He knows how a foe should be met,
 He knows 'oo a foe from a friend,
 And *Matty Van Buren* his vote cannot get,
 He goes for the *Man of North Bend*,
 Here 's to *Bento*, the *Humbug*, our ban,
 We know him the Fisherman's foe ;
 A fitting companion for little Dutch *Van*,
 May he soon to obscurity go,
 A storm, &c.

Here's success to the right good old cause,
 Of Liberty, Justice and right !
 We pledge—to sustain it—our many “ *huge paws*,”
 Ever ready for Freedom to fight.
 Here 's success to the good old man,
 Who adheres to the *good old law*,
 And says 'tis a *just*, and a capital plan
 That we the old *Bounty* should draw,
 A storm, &c.

And now we 'll away to the sea,
 To try for another “ *good haul*,”
 But our friends may depend on it we shall all be
 On hand, with our votes, in the fall,
 To support the old Hero of Thames,
 The chieftain of Tippecanoe,
 The man who will heed the brave Fisherman's claims,
 For his heart it is honest and true.
 A storm, &c.

THE FARMER PRESIDENT.

TUNE—“ 'Tis my delight of a shiny night.”

DID ever you 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 Harrison song by night,
 And beat his foes by day.

CHORUS—Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

Come, all of every station,
 The rich as well as poor;
 For all the farmer had a place,
 Who ever sought his door:
 He never shrunk before the rich,
 Nor turned the poor away:
 Oh! we 'll sing a Harrison 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 Harrison 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 vigor yet,
 Although his locks are gray:
 Oh! we 'll sing a Harrison 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 sounds so gay:
 Oh! we 'll sing a Harrison song by night,
 And beat his foes by day.
 Oh! we 'll sing, &c.

Then raise the Harrison banner
 Upon the outward walls;
 The word is rolling trumpet-tongued;
THE HERO'S RIVAL FALLS;

The cry of victory rends the air—
 It swells the joyous lay ;
 Oh ! we 'll sing a Harrison song by night,
 And beat his foes by day.
 Oh ! we 'll sing, &c.

OLD TIPPECANOE.

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 Old Tippecanoe.

When first near the Thames' gentle waters,
 My sword for my country I drew,
 I foug it for America's daughters,
 'Long-side of Old Tippecanoe.

Ere this too when danger assailed us,
 And Indians their dread missiles threw,
 His counsel and courage availed us ;
 We conquered at Tippecanoe.

And now that the good of the nation
 Requires that something we do,
 We 'll hurl little Van from his station,
 And elevate Tippecanoe.

Again and again fill your glasses,
 Bid Martin Van Buren adieu ;
 We 'll now please ourselves and the lasses,
 And vote for Old Tippecanoe.

THE FARMER OF NORTH BEND.

TUNE—“*Auld lang syne.*”

BY J. A. ANDREW.

CAN grateful freemen slight his claims,
 Who bravely did defend
 Their lives and fortunes on the Thames,
 The Farmer of North Bend ?

The Farmer of North Bend, my boys,
 The Farmer of North Bend,
 We 'll give a right gude hearty vote
 To the Farmer of North Bend.

The trump of Fame in storied song
 The Patriot's deeds shall tell,
 And Freedom's voice the strain prolong,
 The gladsome chorus swell.

The gladsome chorus swell, my boys,
 The gladsome chorus swell,
 We 'll join to night in merry song,
 The gladsome chorus swell.

The Chieftain heard the stirring drum,
 And bent his soldier's bow,
 But victor soon—he hasted home,
 His farming fields to mow.

His farming fields to mow, my boys,
 His farming fields to mow.
 Exchanged the sabre for the scythe,
 His farming fields to mow.

Though youthful valor bravely won
 The laurel to his brow,
 Yet victory's own triumphant son
 Now holds the Yeoman's plough.

Now holds the Yeoman's plough, my boys
 Now holds the Yeoman's plough,
 And soon we 'll try his trusty hand
 To hold the Nation's plough.

Now hear the note, his country's call,
 From hill-tops and the shore,
 It comes from camp and cot and hall,
 And all the valleys o'er.

And all the valleys o'er, my boys,
 And all the valleys o'er,
 It calls him to the rescue, boys,
 From all the valleys o'er.

The Hero, who long years ago
 Once wore the warrior's mail,

Now comes to beat the Yeomen's foe,
A Farmer with his flail.

A Farmer with his flail, my boys,
A Farmer with his flail,
And they 'll get a right good threshing yet
From the Farmer with his flail.

Then cheer we up, my boys, to night,
A helping hand we 'll lend,
And pledge the old Bay State, to-night,
To the Farmer of North Bend.

To the Farmer of North Bend, my boys,
To the Farmer of North Bend,
We 'll pledge the old Bay State, to-night,
To the Farmer of North Bend.

THE HARRISON SONG.

BY THOMAS POWER, ESQ.

TUNE—“*In the days when we went Gypsying.*”
(Set to music and Copyright secured by Parker & Ditson.)

In days of old, as we've been told,
Was one to valor dear,
Whose ploughshare was a falchion once,
His pruning-hook a spear;
When notes of war were heard no more,
He laid his falchion down,
And since, most worthily he bore
A verdant laurel crown.

CHORUS.

With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
And tell Columbia's foe
Of the days when he went soldiering,
A long time ago,—
Of the days, &c.

No hireling train, with galling chain,
Shall make us bend the knee,
For fearless bands, with daring hands,
Have struck for Liberty!

We've raised on high the rallying cry,
 That tells a nation's fate ;
 The word is borne to distant skies—
HIS NAME HAS SAVED THE STATE !

CHORUS.

With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
 And tell Columbia's foe,
 Of the days when he went soldiering,
 A long time ago,—
 Of the days, &c.

Then who but he, the true and free,
 The Farmer of North Bend,
 Can deeply feel the nation's weal,
 Or be the people's friend ?
 Should baneful war approach our shore,
 His gallant sword again,
 Will strew with prostrate, fallen foes
 The deadly battle plain.

CHORUS.

With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
 And tell Columbia's foe
 Of the days when he went soldiering,
 A long time ago,—
 Of the days, &c.

From stately hall and cabin wall
 Let pæans loud arise ;
 The people's choice is HARRISON,
 The dauntless and the wise.
 O'er every hill be echoed still
 The watchword of the brave,—
 A knell to every tyrant ear,—
THE HERO COMES TO SAVE !

CHORUS.

With heart and voice we'll gaily sing,
 And tell Columbia's foe
 Of the days when he went soldiering,
 A long time ago,—
 Of the days, &c.

THE SOLDIER OF TIPPECANOE.

AIR—" *Some love to Roam.*"

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,
 And we tramp the greenwood through,
 For oh! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe?

CHORUS—For oh! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe?

Now the deep green grass is our soft mattress
 Till the beating of reveille;
 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 soldier's sake,
 'T was the soldier of Tippecanoe.

CHORUS—For oh! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe?

The faint dawn is breaking, our bugles are speaking,
 Quick rouses our lengthened line;
 Sweet dreams are departing, the soldier is starting,
 And welcomes 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 Soldier of Tippecanoe.

CHORUS—For oh! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe?

Now nigher and nigher tho' 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-stealing ardor we press them yet harder,
 And still as they come into view,
 "Now steady, boys, steady; be quick and be ready!"
 Cries the Soldier of Tippecanoe.

CHORUS—For oh! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe?

Down, down drop the foe, and still on we go,
 And each thicket and dingle explore;
 Loud our shrill bugles sing, till the wide wood ring,
 And their rifles are heard no more.
 Now weave the green crown of undying renown,
 For the Patriot and Hero's brow,
 And write his name with the halo of fame,
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe!

CHORUS—For oh! have we not for a leader got
 The Soldier of Tippecanoe?

VAN AND THE FARMER.

TUNE—*The King and the Countryman.*

A FARMER there was, who lived at North Bend,
 Esteemed by his neighbors and many a friend;
 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 tidy log cabin 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.

The farmer walked on, and arrived at the door,
 And he gave such a thump as was ne'er thumped before;

Mister Van thought the rap was the sound of a flail,
 And his heart beat with fear, and he turned deadly pale.

Ri tu, &c.

“Run, John, and run Levi,—run Joel and Jim,”
Said Van, “but leave Amos, I cannot spare him;
There’s only one living dares make such ado;
That sturdy old fellow called Tippecanoe.”

Ri tu, &c.

They were all growing merry, and taking champaign,
And the farmer impatient rapped louder again;
To the door all the cabinet ministers run,
To demand who so boldly had spoiled all their fun.

Ri tu, &c.

Says Tip, “my fine fellows get out of my way,
I’ve routed whole armies like you in my day;
My mind is made up to walk into that chair,
Where Van takes his wine with a swaggering air.”

Ri tu, &c.

Then Amos, who listened, spoke up, “Mister Van,
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 is prime.”

Ri tu, &c.

“I tell you what Amos, I see what you’re at,
I wont take a glass of champaign, and that’s flat;
But a mug of hard cider will answer my turn,
It’s getting in fashion up here, as I learn.”

Ri tu, &c.

Then Amos and Van 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 should’nt before.

Ri tu, &c.

The farmer was off, but 't was easy to see
 'That his visit had sobered their cabinet glee ;
 And Van said he knew how the matter would end ;—
 He should have to clear out for the man of North
 Bend.

Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu,
 Ri tu di ni nu, ri tu, di nu, ri na.

THE HURRAH SONG.

OLD Tip's the boy to swing the flail,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 And make the locos all turn pale,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 He'll give them all a ternal switching,
 When he begins to " Clare de Kitchen."
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

Ploughboys though he leads in battle,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 He's a *team* in raising cattle,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 And though old Proctor at him kicked,
 He is the chap that ne'er was licked.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, &c.

His latchstring hangs outside the door,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 As it has always done before,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 We vowed by Whigs he should be sent
 To Washington as President.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, &c.

In all the States no door stands wider,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 To ask you in to drink hard cider,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !
 But any man that's " given to grabbin,"
 Can never enter his log cabin.
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, &c.

For such as Swartwout, Price and Boyd,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

His honest soul will e'er avoid,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

And poverty he thinks no crime,
But welcomes it at dinner time.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, &c.

So here's three cheers for honest Tip,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

We've got the Locos on the hip,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

We'll row them all far up Salt River,
There let them stand to shake and shiver,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah !

SWARTWOUT'S LAMENT.

TUNE—“ *Oh no, we never mention her.* ”

OH, no ! Oh never mention it,
I would it were forgot !

Not mine the fault, but fate decreed
To *Swartwout* was my lot.

From hall to hall they hurried me,
At *banks* and *whigs* to rail,

Yet now they have discarded me,
Because I gave “*leg* bail.”

They told me that in foreign lands
Sub-treasuries there be,

And as *variety* I sought,
I took the *change* with me.

Dear *Matty* I behold no more—
The “*Party's*” loss, regret ;

I hear no more the *Locos* roar,
Yet how can I forget !

I sought, in turn, as others sought,
Reward for all my toils ;

King *Andrew* took the “*offices*,”
I merely took the “*spoils* ;”

“*To victors*” they should sure “*belong*”—
Our motto, wise and true—

And since I as "*Collector*" served,
I'd be *disburser* too.

The Whigs they say will triumph now,
The "dogs have had their day"—
They tell me Martin's reign is o'er—
I heed not what they say.
Perhaps, like me, he smuggled much,
Like all the Loco clan,
And when he goes to Kinderhook,
He'll *cabbage* all he can.

HAMPSHIRE HURRAH.

TUNE—"The Hurrah."

OLD Hampshire's sons! come one and all,
Hurrah for Harrison!
Come rich and poor! come great and small,
Hurrah for Harrison!
To Martin now we'll bid farewell,
And notes of freedom joyful swell,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah for Harrison!

Rouse, freemen, rouse! your fetters break,
Hurrah for Harrison!
The tyrant's power and glory shake,
Hurrah for Harrison!

"The fine true-hearted gentleman,"
Shall take the place of *little Van*,
And make us free, and make us free,
Hurrah for Harrison!

Now joyful sing! now joyful sing!
The dirge of little Van—
And peals on peals our country 'll ring,
Ruled by an honest man.
While scenes of sorrow, care and want,
Poor Martin's day dream long will haunt.
He's made *us* feel—we'll make *him* feel
Away with little Van!

Clap, clap your hands! swell high your notes,
 Hurrah for Harrison!
 And trip up Martin with your votes,
 Hurrah for Harrison!
 Proud Van shall fall to rise no more—
 The country shouts from shore to shore,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Hurrah for HARRISON!

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 pamper'd 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 rumor'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 distress'd 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 fill'd
As they were wont of yore,
That is, by honest men and true,
With heart to help the poor.

Like the true-hearted gentleman,
The Farmer of North Bend.

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 slyly 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 puff'd 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 of that Log Cabin,
 Old soldier among the straw !
 S, T, R, A, W, straw,
 Shall tickle '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 LAST CABINET COUNCIL.

TUNE—“*There's nae luck about the House.*”

SLY MATTY'S face was overcast,
 His hopes began to lower,
 His kitchen cabinet he called
 Besides the lawful four:
 And bade them with a scolding tongue
 That each should truly say,
 If any chance remained for him
 On next election day.

Chorus.

For it's Boyd and Harris, Linn and Price,
 And Swartwout they do say,
 Have toted off the Nation's cash
 As lawful Loco prey.

Then up steps Amos grim and thin,
 With sick and ghastly look;
 You never would have thought that he
 Was scullion and chief cook—
 “Now MATTY dear,” says he, “I'm sure
 The game is up with us;
 Those cursed Whigs will beat us now,
 They kick up such a fuss,

Chorus.

About the outside quires and cash
 You'd think the nation's broke,
 And Blair, and I and Calhoun think
 This time they do not joke.”

Says BLAIR to MAT—" Good President
 I think it is unlucky,
 That I must streak it back again
 To teach school in Kentucky :
 But go I must, for I am sure,
 Our battles all are fought,
 And New York's favorite Son is beat
 By sober second thought.

Chorus.

Now Matty don't get sick, I'm sure
 We may as well clear out,
 And join that Locofoco Price,
 And honest Sam Swartwout."

And next says PAULDING, " I do wish
 To novels I had stuck,
 For writing them would ne'er have made
 Of me so lame a duck.
 Dear Matty we must soon go back
 To quiet Kinderhook,
 And in your garret I will write
 Another shilling book. "

Chorus.

Oh dear ! the times are very hard
 Wheat's but fifty cents,
 But I'm the man that's rich enough
 If I collect my 'rents.' "

" Come Uncle LEVI, tell us now
 What think you of Whig votes ?"
 " Oh dear ! I fear they can't be bought
 With my Sub-treasury notes.
 I've figured out my long reports
 Arrayed in solid column,
 But where's your CASH ? the Whigs cry out,
 With faces long and solemn.

Chorus.

The cash has gone and credit too
 With our administration,
 And we have ruined every man
 Throughout the Yankee nation."

“ Now POINSETT, you can cheer us up
 With glad and cheerful sounds ;”
 “ Oh no ! I can't, those cursed Whigs
 Have treed me with bloodhounds ;
 We've got to quit the White House now,
 As fast as we can go,
 I'll take my hat, and make my bow,
 For I am D. I. O.

Chorus.

The spoils are gone—there's nothing left
 Of Paper, Blanks and Twine,
 And every man is fortunate
 Who knows where he can dine.”

“ Perdition catch you all,” says MAT,
 “ Come FORSYTH, you're true blue,
 And are so versed in politics,
 Can tell me what to do.”

“ I wish I could, for I am sure
 You'd hear it very soon,
 But I will go and advise with
 My friend, John C. Calhoun.

Chorus.

For he's the man to jump Jim Crow,
 And prove that black is white,
 He will convince you it's noon day,
 When dark and pitchy night.”

Now HENRY CLAY was passing by,
 And hearing such a roar,
 With hasty strides he mounted up
 And opened wide the door—
 “ Hallo !” says he, “ what means the noise
 Within this garrison ?
 You'd better all make tracks—here comes
 The Patriot HARRISON.”

Chorus.

So off they ran with nimble legs,
 As fast as they could lean :
 And “ Granny” he took up the broom
 And swept the White House clean.

THE LOCO'S LAMENT.

TUNE—“ *The good old days of Adam and of Eve.*”

TIMES aint now as they use to was been,
Folks don't do now as they used to did then,
In the good old days when Matty Van
Ruled over the land like a heartless man,
And his mighty rule no one denied,
Oh then was the time of the Loco's pride.

Oh dear, the Locos grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.

Things don't go now as they used to go then,
When the saucy Whigs were lying low then,
And when every state for General Jackson
Brought an army of voters into action ;
Now they 're leaving foxy Martin
And all for Harrison are starting.

Oh Martin mourns, and Martin grieves,
For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.

Folks don't bet now as they used to bet then,
Folks don't brag now as they used to brag then,
When in every State it was clear and sartin,
That a large majority 'd go for Martin,
But now they think it is pretty plain
He'll hold Missouri, and may keep Maine.

Oh dear, the Locos grieve
For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.

Rogues ain't now as they used to was then,
Demagogues change from what they have been,
They shake in their shoes when they hear the clatter,
Of Harrison's name, and cry “ what's the matter ?”
“ 'Tis the creak of the rope the Whigs are tying
“ To hang you all up, so, be done with your crying.”

“ And then you'll mourn and then you'll grieve,
“ For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.”

SPECIE LAW.

TUNE—"Law."

COME list to me for a minute,
 A song I'm going to begin it,
 There 's something serious in it,
 So pray your attention draw ;
 'Tis all about the law,
 That made such a deuce of eclat.
 Experience we have bought it,
 And now to you have brought it,
 Will you or not be taught it,
 And sing the specie law,
 C, L, A, W, claw,
 Is the mainspring of that law.

CHORUS—If you 're fond of pure vexation,
 And are willing to curse the nation
 You're just in a situation,
 To go for the specie law.

When the party had their beginning,
 They only thought of winning,
 Van Buren slyly grinning.

The while our cash they draw,
 Credit goes on see-saw,
 The while our cash they draw,
 With writs and replications,
 Sheriffs and consultations.
 The people have botheration,
 Loco focus loudly jaw,
 J, A, W, jaw,
 Is the thing for the specie law.

CHORUS—If you're fond, &c.

Business snail-like creeping,
 It hinders us from sleeping,
 Leg treasurers only reaping,
 The while our cash they draw,
 Look out for the specie law,
 'T will like a blister draw,

Misery, toil, and trouble,
 Make up the hubble bubble,
 They give you nothing but stubble,
 And leave you a man of straw.

S, T, R, A, W, straw,
 Is better than their law.

CHORUS—If you're fond, &c.

While loud for gold they 're crying,
 Our cash is only flying,
 And they 're sure to take to lying,
 If ever you find a flaw.

And then like any jackdaw,
 They prate of their specie law.

In a rotten stick their trust is,
 You'll find their bubble burst is,
 And if you don't get justice,

You'll get enough of their law.

C, L, A, W, claw,

Is the object of their law.

CHORUS—If you're fond, &c.

If your life is all sugar and honey,
 And fortune is always sunny,
 And you want to get rid of your money,
 I advise you to go for the law,
 Like the ice in a rapid thaw,
 Your cash will melt awa'.

We'll go for Harrison therefore,

Without a why or wherefore,

Reform we have a care for,

And constitutional law,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,

For Harrison and law.

CHORUS—We'll go for Harrison therefore,

Without a why or wherefore,

And him we will hurrah for,

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

THE WEIGHER'S TEAR.

AIR—“*Upon the hill he turned.*”

Upon the steps he turned,
 And heaved a heart-felt sigh,
 For news from old Connecticut
 Swept like a whirlwind by.
 He thought upon his office fat,
 Two thousand full a year,
 And the Weigher leaned against the wall,
 And wiped away a tear.

Within the Custom House
 The locos stood in bands;
 The Extra Globe and Morning Post
 Were in their trembling hands.
 But as they read the oft told lies,
 The stronger grew their fear,
 And the Weigher groaned in sympathy,
 And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot,
 Oh do not deem him weak,
 For dauntless was the Weigher's heart,
 And brazen was his cheek;
 Yet both were blenched with fear—
 Both felt his tottering cause,
 And tried to drown the echo from
 The State of Old Blue Laws.

But ah! all will not do!
 Should Weathersfield he spoil,
 Of every onion that e'er grew
 Upon its good Whig soil,
 It would not cause the tears to flow
 All down the Weigher's cheek,
 One half so fast as they do now
 At this first Whig Day Break.

NATIONAL WHIG SONG.

BY WILLIAM HAYDEN, ESQ.

TUNE—“*The fine old English Gentleman.*”

I'LL sing you 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,
For his father signed the charter that made our country
free.

Like a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

In youth, upon the tented field, his laurels he did gain ;
No Chief so many battles fought, that never fought in
vain ;
In peace the quiet Statesman he ; but when grim war
arose,
He buckled on his armor then, to meet his country's foes.

Like a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

And when he 'd served his country well, in senate and
in field,
The honors 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 Magician, and on all his tory clan,
To manage well their state affairs, with one accord
they'll send

For another Cincinnatus—the Farmer of North Bend.

For he's a fine true-hearted gentleman,
All of the olden time.

When in the youthful warrior's hand his country placed
 the sword,
 He conquered all her enemies that threatened from
 abroad ;
 And now, when with domestic foes her highest places
 teem,
 The land the gallant Soldier saved, the Statesman must
 redeem.

Like 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 HARRISON ; let us give him three
 good cheers.

For he's a fine, true-hearted gentleman,
 All of the olden time.

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-dee" went the fiddlers,
 Tweedle-dee !

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 cramm'd was he !

He gaped and grinn'd 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-do" went the pipers;
 "Tweedle-deedle-dee" went the fiddlers;
 Tweedle-dee!
 But oh! how Uncle Sam did stare,
 When each fiddler came for his *fee*!

Old Uncle Sam found it was all 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-dee!
 And each one with a dash made a snap at the cash,
 Was'nt that "pure democracy?"

Old Uncle Sam felt as 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 play'd 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 bye to tweedle-dee,
 Tweedle-dee!

Oh! there's nought so rare but a rogue will dare
 With a snug SUB-TREASURY!

Now Old 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,

He laid the plan and led the van
To victory and glory.

Then crowd the throng and swell the song,
And spread his glory wider,
And join the run for "HARRISON,
Log Cabin and Hard Cider."

Let Grundy sneer and Benton jeer
The day of retribution,
We firmly trust 'twill be for us,
A day of RESTITUTION.

And let Calhoun change every moon,
And every such *backslider*,
We'll go as one, for "HARRISON,
Log Cabin and Hard Cider."

No *golden* schemes, or BENTON *dreams*,
No SWARTWOUTS to beguile us,
Nor any PRICE or other vice,
To purchase or defile us.

With HARRISON, our country's ONE,
No treachery can divide her,
The thing is done with "HARRISON,
LOG CABIN AND HARD CIDER."

Come FARMERS all, attend the call,
'Tis working like a charmer,
Hitch on the team, and start for him,
For he's a *brother farmer*.

His Cabin's fit, and snug and neat,
And full and free his larder,
And though his cider may be hard,
The times are vastly harder.

With social joys—wives, girls and boys,
Our cabins and our cider,
We'll shout as one, for HARRISON,
And spread his glories wider.

The South and West will stand the test,
 In spite of every spoiler,
 And we'll engage to seal the pledge
 For HARRISON and TYLER.

THE LOUNGER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—" *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-lorn loungee,
 "Oh, once to the custom house always I'd flee,
 And there seek a refuge, at *Bancroft's* own manger,
 For spouters and editors, hungry like me;—
 O, never again in the Treasury bowers,
 Long kept by the leaders, shall I loaf out the hours,
 For the Log-Cabin boys have robbed *Van* of his powers,
 And he heeds not to-day the poor loungee's lament.

Benton, my darling, though sad and forsaken,
 Dreaming of mint drops—I hear thy sweet roar;
 But alas, among hard-handed Whigs I awaken,
 And mourn for the Humbugs that cheat them no more.
 O, 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 Polk—they weep for its fall;
 And where is Buchanan, the sweet and alluring
 Who went for hard money, hard prices and all,

Oh, Johnson forsaken, before the full measure
 Of wo had o'erflowed, in the cup of our pleasure
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 suppressing
 The tears that my own sad 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 Freeman's devotion,
 And swelling the shout of "*Old Tippecanoe.*"

IRISH SONG ON GENERAL HARRISON.

AIR—" *Sprig of Shillala.*"

Success to the man at that place called North Bend ;
 Bad luck to the Spalpeens who will not defend

The fame and the char-acter
 Of Tappacanoe ;

His heart for his country has ever beat true,
 Her interest and honor were ever in view,
 Whether fighting her battles, or guarding her pelf,
 Sure it 's little he cared *for his own darlin self*—

For such is the man
 They call Tappacanoe !

Sure you 've heard of that beautiful pond called St. Clair
 And that nate little river that empties in there ;

To the banks of that river
 Marched Tappacanoe !

Och, there he saw Proctor with all his big troops,
 And bastes of wild Indians with scraiching and whoops,
 For the scalps of the boys they had sharpened their
 knives,

In hopes to make widows of all their swate wives,
 And to take off the scalp
 Of ould Tappacanoe.

But ye should have been there at that nate little place,
 To have seen the red coats turn right about face,
 From the brave Yankee boys
 Under Tappacanoë.

For very soon after they came on the trail,
 The devil a bit could ye see but the tail,
 While those red looking blackguards without any clothes,
 Showed a clane set of heels—and ye well may suppose,
 They got mighty few scalps
 From brave Tappacanoë.

Long life to the hero, och sure won't we sing!
 Who trimmed the red coats of that foolish ould King,
 Who sent Proctor to fight
 That same Tappacanoë.

Success too to Johnson, who fought on that day,
 And killed that big savage they call Tecumsa—
 May each true hearted boy in this land of the free,
 Whether Yankee or Irish, just sing out with me,
 Huzza for the hero
 Of Tappacanoë.

TIPPECANOE—A SUCKER SONG.

TUNE—“*Bonnets o' Blue.*”

THE people are rising in might;
 They have taken the “second thought,” too;
 Reform is their watch-word; their banners unfurled,
 And they point to old Tippecanoë.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoë;
 Hurrah, for Old Tippecanoë,
 Hurrah for the man who is *honest*, tho' poor,
 And that is old Tippecanoë.

The “destructives” have taken alarm;
 And began the old story anew,
 Of “imbecile granny;” but all they can say,
 Can't injure Old Tippecanoë.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoë;
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoë;
 Hurrah for the man who directs his own plough,
 And that is Old Tippecanoë.

They ask us who HARRISON is ;
 And what he has ever done, too ;—
 The Soldier, the Patriot, the Statesman, and Sage,
 Are united in Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe ;
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe ;
 Let the shout, from the lakes, to the ocean be heard,
 For the Hero of Tippecanoe.

He is great in the council and field ;
 He has shown himself honest and true,
 And nobly he 's won the proud title he bears,—
 The Hero of Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe ;
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe ;
 The voice of the people has thundered their choice ;
 For the Hero of Tippecanoe.

The "Suckers" have opened their eyes :
 Van Buren no longer can go ;
 The way the "log-cabins," next fall, will shell out,
 Will be cheering to Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe ;
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe ;
 Three cheers for the "*log cabin candidate*," then,
 For that is Old Tippecanoe.

We will stand by our country and laws ;
 We will show ourselves good men and true ;
 "Our country forever," our motto shall be,
 And we 'll go for Old Tippecanoe.

Hurrah, then, for Tippecanoe,
 Hurrah for Old Tippecanoe ;
 We 'll stand by the Hero, who periled his life,
 At the Battle of Tippecanoe.

HERE 'S A HEALTH TO OLD TIP.

TUNE—" *The Bonnets of Blue.*"

HERE 's a health to Tippecanoe !

Here 's a shout for Tippecanoe !

And he that wont drink to the pride of North Bend,
 Is neither a wise one nor true.

It 's good for the People to rule ;
 It 's base to be led by the few ;
 It 's good to stand up for the popular choice ;
 Then shout for Old Tippecanoe !

Hurrah for old Tippecanoe !

Hurrah for old Tippecanoe !
 It 's good to cheer him who has often cheer'd us ;
 Then shout for old Tippecanoe !
 Here 's a health to Tippecanoe !
 Here 's a shout for Tippecanoe !
 Here 's a health to the Chief who was never yet beat ;
 Three rounds for the honest and true !

Here 's luck to the hand that will toil !
 Here 's luck to the seed that is sown !
 Who 's a poor man himself is a friend of the Poor,
 And values their rights as his own.
 Then shout for old Tippecanoe !
 Hurrah for old Tippecanoe !
 It 's time to turn out all the profligate herd,
 And put in old Tippecanoe !

WAR SONG OF THE BLOOD HOUNDS.

TUNE—“ *All the Blue Bonnets.* ”

Bow ! wow ! Tray, Blanche, and Tallo-ho !
 Why, ye dogs, why do'nt ye forward in order ?
 Bow, wow ! Ring-tail and Tally-ho !
Four legs against *two* on the Florida Border.
 Towser don't wag your tail, Cato is on the trail,
 Cæsar is howling his signal for battle ;
 Sport has his nose in trim, fleetness you know 's in Jim.
 Up with your tails, and make meat of the cattle.
 Chorus—Bow ! wow ! &c.

Bow ! wow ! be of good muscle, dogs !
 Are we not soldiers of uncle Sam's army ?
 Bow ! wow !—on to the tussle, dogs,
 Up with your noses—the scent is quite balmy,

'Take care of rattle snakes—'t is hard to battle snakes—
 Legs, they have none, while we have got four on 'em.
 Prig up your noses, dogs—yell like old Moses, dogs,
 We 're cannon all over, and fit to make war on 'em.
 Chorus—Bow! wow! &c.

Bow! wow! Ponto, Quiz—all the dogs,
 Up the wrong tree you long have been barking,
 Bow! wow! whistle and call the dogs,
 Now is no time for lounging and larking.
 On to the Seminoles—a drama from Jemmy Knowles,
 Soon will immortalize all who die tragically;
 Bark out your war note, then—echo thro' swamp and
 glen,
 We 'll do the thing quickly, neatly, and magically.
 Chorus—Bow! wow! &c.

SONG OF THE OHIO BOYS.

TUNE—"Rosin the Bow."

YE jolly young Whigs of Ohio,
 And all ye sick Vanocrats too,
 Come out from among the foul party,
 And vote for old Tippecanoe!
 And vote, &c.

The Yankees first came to Ohio
 On the seventh of April, you know,
 And they all to a man are determined
 To vote for Old Tippecanoe!
 To vote, &c.

I therefore will give you a warning,
 Not that any good it will do,
 For I 'm certain you all are a going
 To vote for old Tippecanoe!
 To vote, &c.

Then let us be up and a doing,
 And cling to our cause brave and true,

I 'll bet you a fortune we 'll beat them,
With the Hero of Tippecanoe!

With the Hero, &c.

Good men from the Vanjancks are flying,
Which makes what are left look askew,
For they all are joining the standard
With the Hero of Tippecanoe!

With the Hero, &c.

They say that he lives in a cabin,
And that he drinks hard cider, too,
Well, what if he did, I am certain,
He 's the Hero of Tippecanoe!

He 's the Hero, &c.

And we all are fully determined,
No matter for rain, hail or snow,
To do what we can in the battle,
For the Hero of Tippecanoe!

For the Hero, &c.

For fear that we should be thirsty,
I 'll tell you what we will do,
We 'll fill up the gourd with hard cider,
And drink to Old Tippecanoe!
And drink to Old Tippecanoe!

And drink, &c.

WHEN THIS OLD HAT WAS NEW.

WHEN this old hat was new, the people used to say
The best among the Democrats were HARRISON and CLAY ;
The Locos now assume that 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 labored 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.

When this old hat was new, ('twas eighteen hundred seven,)
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.

When this old hat was new, of *Richard Rush* 'twas 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 Dicky Rush, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, 'twas in the Granite State
 That *Harry Hubbard* asked each town to send a delegate
 To meet in council at the time when Federalism blue
 Made Hartford look like indigo, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, Old Governor Provost
 The States invaded, at the head of numerous British host;
 Then mark, ye Locos, what then did *Martin Chittenden* do?
 Forbid 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, *Martin Field*, and *Sam. C. Allen* too,
 Now PATENT Democrats, were Feds, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, these worthies did oppose
 The cause and friends of Liberty, and stood among their foes;
 Not so with "Granny" Harrison, for at Tippecanoe
 He bravely fought the savage foe, when this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, the friends of Liberty
 Knew well the merits of Old Tip, while fighting at Maumee:
 Give us now, huzza for HARRISON, just as we used to do
 When first we heard of Proctor's fall, when this old hat was new.

THE QUEER LITTLE MAN.

There 's a queer little man,
 And they call him Martin Van,
 He was reckon'd quite a magical affair;

He was mounted on the back
 Of the sturdy Andy Jack,
 When he hopp'd into the Presidential chair,
 In his message every page
 He announced a golden age,
 With a currency to satisfy us all ;
 But when he came to try it,
 Yes, and none will e'er deny it,
 Why it proved to be no currency at all.

Now this queer little man
 Had a very queer plan,
 In devising how to keep his present shop ;
 'T was to sell the public land,
 And to take the cash in hand,
 With a full intent the *Cider Ball* to stop ;
 But what is vastly worse,
 He demands the sword and purse,
 With an army of two hundred thousand men ;
 Just to circulate his notes,
 And to catch as many votes
 As may give his drones their offices again..

Then a fancy he had caught
 Of a sober second thought,
 Which had started all the stultuses awake ;
 But this race of thinking men,
 When they came to think again,
 Felt convinc'd they 'd surely made a great mistake ;
 For in lieu of silver bags,
 They had spurious filthy rags,
 With wages low and scarcely aught to do ;
 And so at this little man,
 Loud to rail they all began,
 For his magic it had fairly tumbled through.

After this he had a dream,
 Of a very famous scheme,
 Which would safely keep the dollars himself ;
 But his gold and silver kegs,
 Why they got amongst the *Legs*,
 And the rascals off they scamper'd with the pelf.