



Some of the Loco Foco party have prepared and paraded a Loy Cabin Trap, representing a Log Cabin set on a figure 4' and baited with a barrel of hard Cider. By the above it will be seen that the Trap has been sprung, and a sty nibbler from 'Hook is looking out through the gratings. An elderly gentleman with an hickory pole is intent on prying him out; but it is manifestly no go'..... The logs are too heavy and growing more so daily.

Leg Cubin.

Philadelphia, G.E.Blake, 13 So Fifth Street.



Blake's Log Cabin Music_Copy right secured 1840.







Like the rushing of mighty waters, waters, waters, On it will go,

And in its course will clear the way For Tippecauoe, &c.

See the Loco standard tottering, tottering, tottering, Down he must go

And in its place we'll rear the flag Of Tippecance, &c.

Don't you hear from every quarter, quarter, quarter, Good news and true,

That swift the ball is rolling on For Tippecanoe, &c.

Now you hear the Van-Jacks talking, talking, talking, Things look quite blue;

For all the world seems turning round For Tippecanoe, &c.

Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider, And Log Cabins too,

Twill only help to speed the ball For Tippecanoe, &c.

The latch-string hangs out the door, door, door, And is never pull'd through,

For it never was the custom of Old Tippecanoe, &c.

He always has his table set, set, set, For all honest and true,

And asks them in to take a bite With Tippecanoe, &c.

See the spoilsmen and leg treasurers, treasurers, treasurers, Did you hear the old Lion roaring, roaring, roaring, All in a stew,

For well they know they stand no chance With Tippecanoe, &c.

Little Matty's days are numberd, numberd, numberd, Out he must go!

And in the chair we'll place the good Old Tippecanoe &c.

The beauteous girls God bless their souls, souls, souls,

The country through Will all to a man do all that they can For Tippecanoe, &c.

The old Bay State with her twice ten thousand, thousand, (thousand) The Rock of the Pilgrims true, The Empire State has set HER Seal For Tippecanoe, &c.

Have you heard from old Kentuck, tuck, tuck? Her glorious HARRY too! Twenty six thousand wins the Banner Of Tippecanoe, &c.

The' New Jersey's Broad Seal was spurned, spurned, spurn_ By a pensioned Federal crew, (_ed, Yet nobly now it is restored

With Tippecanoe, &c.

Have you heard from old Vermount, mount, mount, Connecticut.& Rhody true,

The brave Yankee boys have rolled the ball For Tippecanoe, &c.

And have you heard the news, from Maine, Maine, Maine To Georgia _the country through Maryland, Louisiana, Mississippi all have gone For Tippecanoe, &c.

Indiana, loved her glorious Governor, Govern! Govern! When she was young & new And now in riper years she bravely fights For Tippecanoe, &c.

Oh! have you heard old Rip has waked up, up, up? And turned the Locos blew, Her thousands raise their voices high For Tippecanoe, &c.

All Tennessee through, Her gallant sons have fought the fight For Tippecanoe, &c.

Little Delaware's blue hen's chickens, chickens, chickens Gallant State and true, Have nobly fought and loudly crowd

For Tippecanoe, &c.

And who dares to doubt Pennsylvanie, vanie, vanie; The Key Stone true?

With Sergeant, Montgomery, Binney For Tippecanoe, &c.