

14 A COPPERHEAD'S CREED

I du believe Vallandigham
A patri't an' hero,
But ez for Abe, there aint a d-"oubt
Thet he's a second Nero.
The libbaties we used to hev,
He's slily underminin'
With the help of knavish counsel,
As crafty an' designin'.
I du believe our once fair land
Is goin' to wrak an'ruin,
An'ev'ry step we take ahead
Is stret to our undoin.'
I du believe thet nothing can
Avert the sad disaster,
Unless upon the chair of State
We seat a different master.

There's Seymour--that high-minded man--
Who quelled the New York riot
By pourin' oil upon the waves,
An'sayin', "Peace, be quiet!"
He's jest the man thet I'd select,
To stem the present crisis;
His solid, statemanlike ideas
Would please Old King Cambyses.

He hasn't no new-fangled plans
Fer settin'free the niggers;
He'd ruther keep'em under guard,
In constant fear of triggers.
He holds, they haint got any rights
Except the right to labor,
An' Christ referred to whites alone
In sayin', "Luv' thy nabor."
Our Suthern friends, I du admit,
Aint actin' quite like brothers,
Nor metin out the kind of luv'
Thet they expect from others.
But then they cant be wholly blamed
Fer all the blud that's flowin'.
Twas Phillips, Garrison an' sech
Thet set'em fust to goin'.

'Tis true they fired upon the flag;
Thet wa'n't exactly proper;
But when the Suthern blud is up
Its rather hard to stop her.
An', rightly looked at, it was but
A hasty ebullishun,
Fer judgin' which we ought to put
Ourselves in their position.
Jest fancy we'd four million slaves
A sweatin fer our profit,
Ef any tried to interfere
We'd wish'em all to Tophet,--
An' set our faces like a flint,
An' maybe draw our triggers
Ag'inst the men whose measures tend
To lower the price of niggers.
And then ag'in the Southern men
Hed got so used to wieldin'
The reins of power, 'twas ruther hard
To think at once of yeildin'.
I s'pose 'twas havin' niggers round
To treat as they'd a mind to,
Thet made the loss of polit'cal power
So hard to be resigned to.
Ef I hed my way, to restore
The old good understandin',
I'd hev withdrawn our candidate
And let'em put their manin;
An'even how, tho' matters hev
Gone putty far fer mendin',
'Twould be about the quickest way
This cruel war of endin'.
I du believe the only way
To bring back law an' order
Is, to send overtures of peace
Across the Suthun border,--
To guarantee their former rights
Beneath the Constitushun,
An' to purtect with extra care
The p'culiar institushun.

An' of they higgle round a bit,
Why then, perhaps, to please'em,
We'll strong up Abe or Garrison,
An' so, in time, appease'em.
We'll organize a special force
To catch their missin' niggers,
Who're better off in slavery,
As can be proved by figgers.
I du believe the Chivalry
Possess all Christian graces,
An' only want to hev their way
Like all superior races.
Of course they cannot be subdued,
It's idle to suppose it;--
We've been defeated all along,
An'everybody knows it.
An' so the sooner we agree
To take what terms they'trl offer,
The better for our soldiers' lives
An' fer the nashun's coffer.
Send Lincoln back to Illinois
Fer libbaty subvertin',
An' pub Yallandigham an' sech
In place of Brough an' Curtin.

Sources:

Boston Transcript, December 5, 1863.

Newsboy, October-November, 1981.

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by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Note Introductory) The readers of the following verses will hardly need be told that they are in humble imitation of our well-known and deservedly illustrious poet, Mr. Hosea Biglow, than whom no one has wielded our Yankee vernacular with greater vigor, directness and care. It is much to be regretted that at this season, so prolific of themes which the caustic muse of Mr. Biglow might effectively treat, the public should be debarred from the enjoyment of his stirring utterances. Even as the light of a common tallow candle is welcome when the sun's rays are withdrawn, the public may be disposed to accept with indulgence the following lucubration of a writer who follows in Mr. Biglow's steps "haud passibus acquis."

