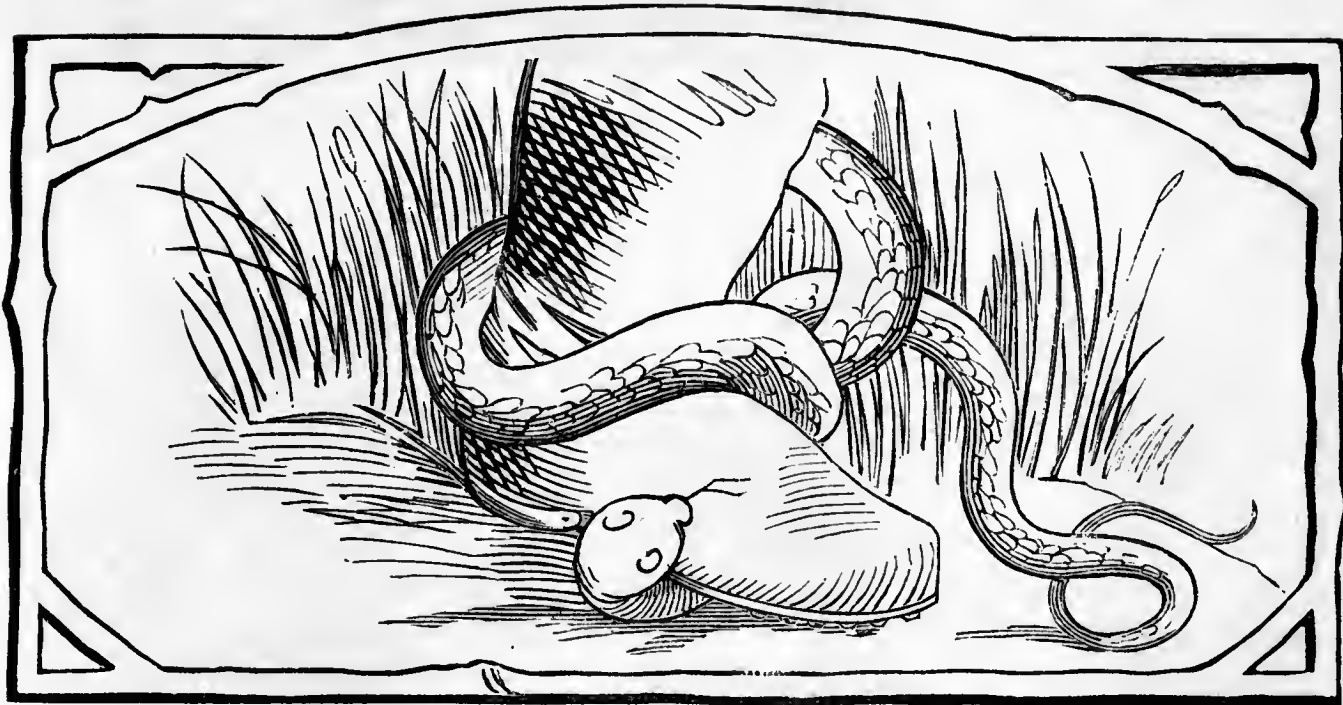


PHILADELPHIA:
FREDERICK LEYPOLDT.

1863

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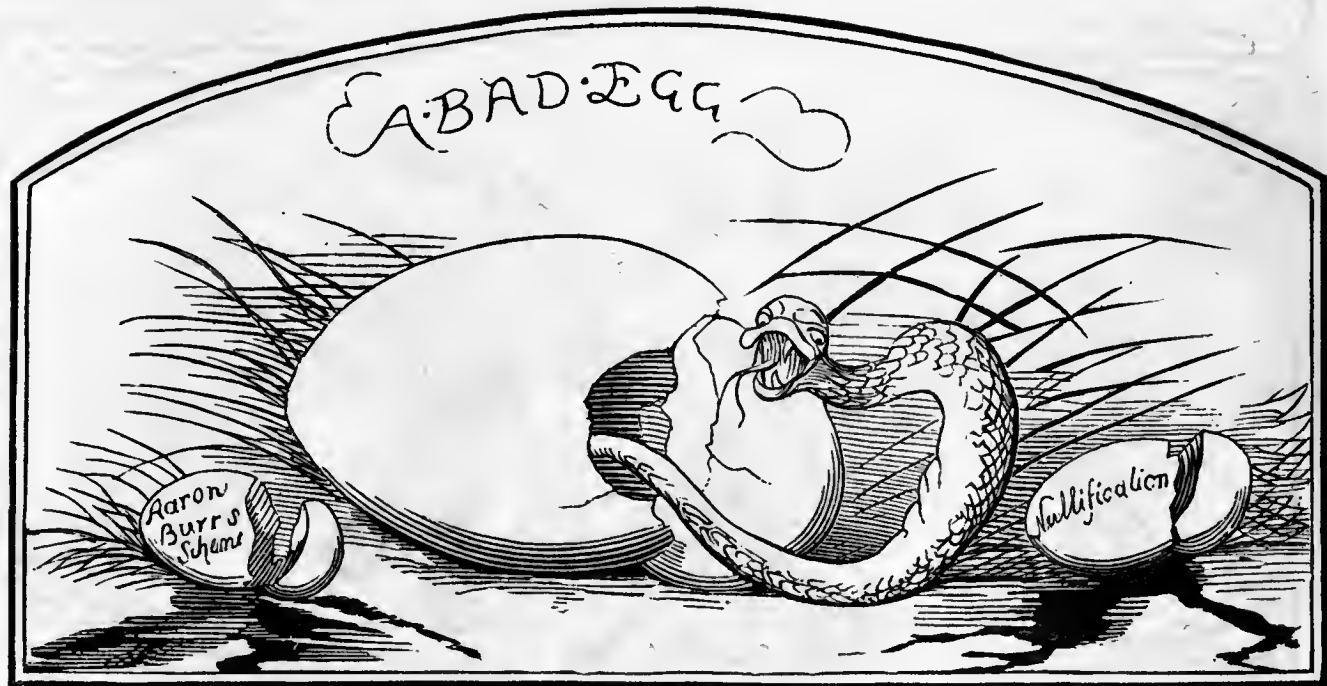
"Continue this united LEAGUE."—*Richard the Third*, III. 1.

There once was a Copperhead snake tried to bite Uncle Sam by mistake;
But the Seven LEAGUE Boot on old Uncle Sam's foot
Soon crushed this pestiferous snake.

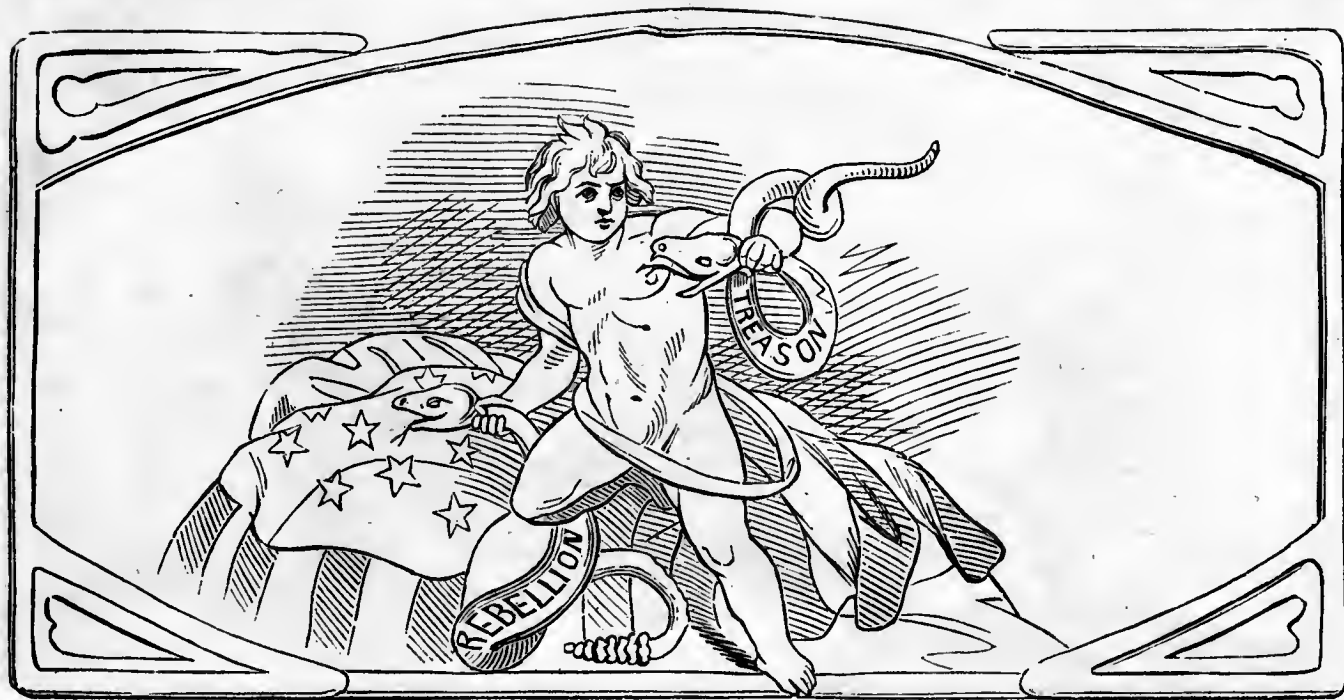
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A soldier came back from the war, with many an honorable scar;
But the Copperheads cried, "Served you right if you'd died
In this curst *Abolitionist* war!"

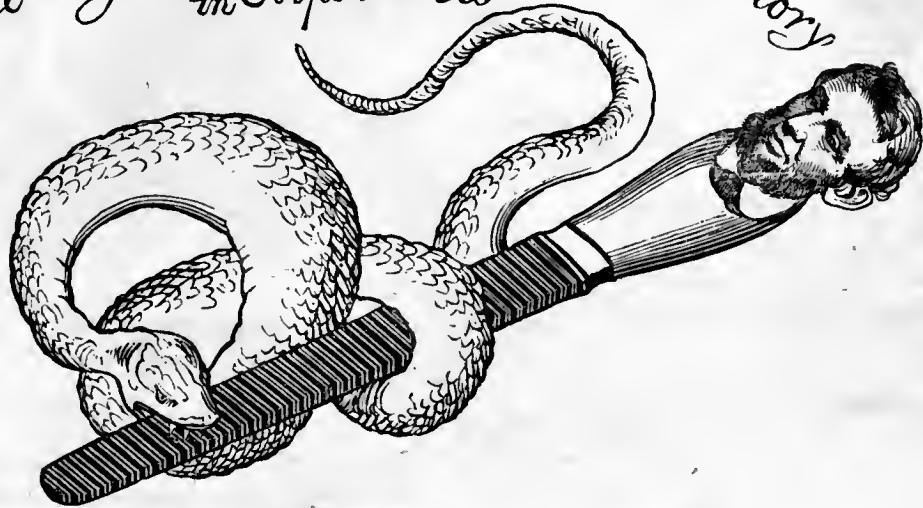


The old Tory dragon is dead, but she left us some eggs in her stead;
Two were smashed in the yolk, but the third hatched and broke.
And out came a vile Copperhead.

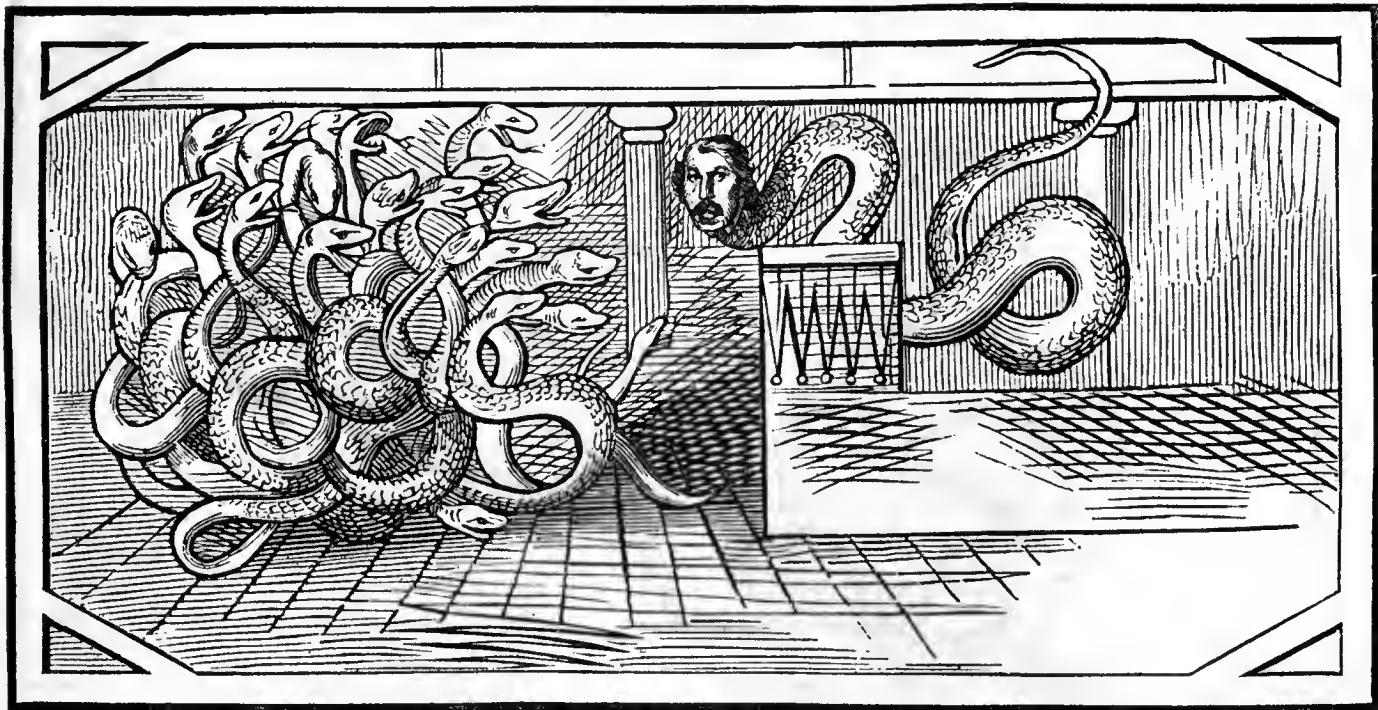


There was once a young giant asleep, and round him two serpents did creep;
But he stopped their vile breath, and squeezed them to death,
This giant aroused from his sleep.

"By the way this puts me in mind of a little story
in Esop's Fables"

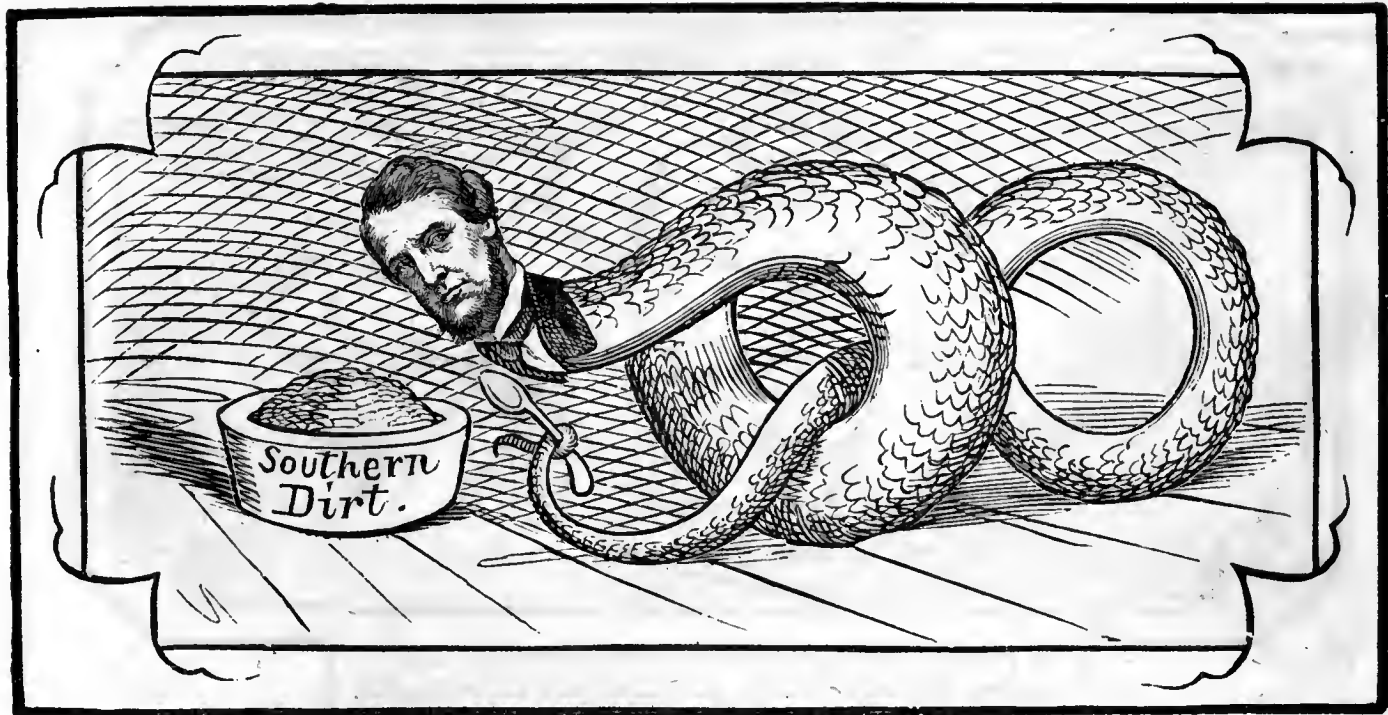


There once was a Copperhead vile, who attempted to damage a file,
So he tried it in truth, but soon broke every tooth
On that rusty and crusty Old File.



“Nor doth this Wood lack *Worlds*.”—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. 2.

There was an old Snake in New York said for peace all the people should work ;
“ But if war *must* come, let us fight here *at home* ! .”
Quoth sanguiloquent Ben of New York.



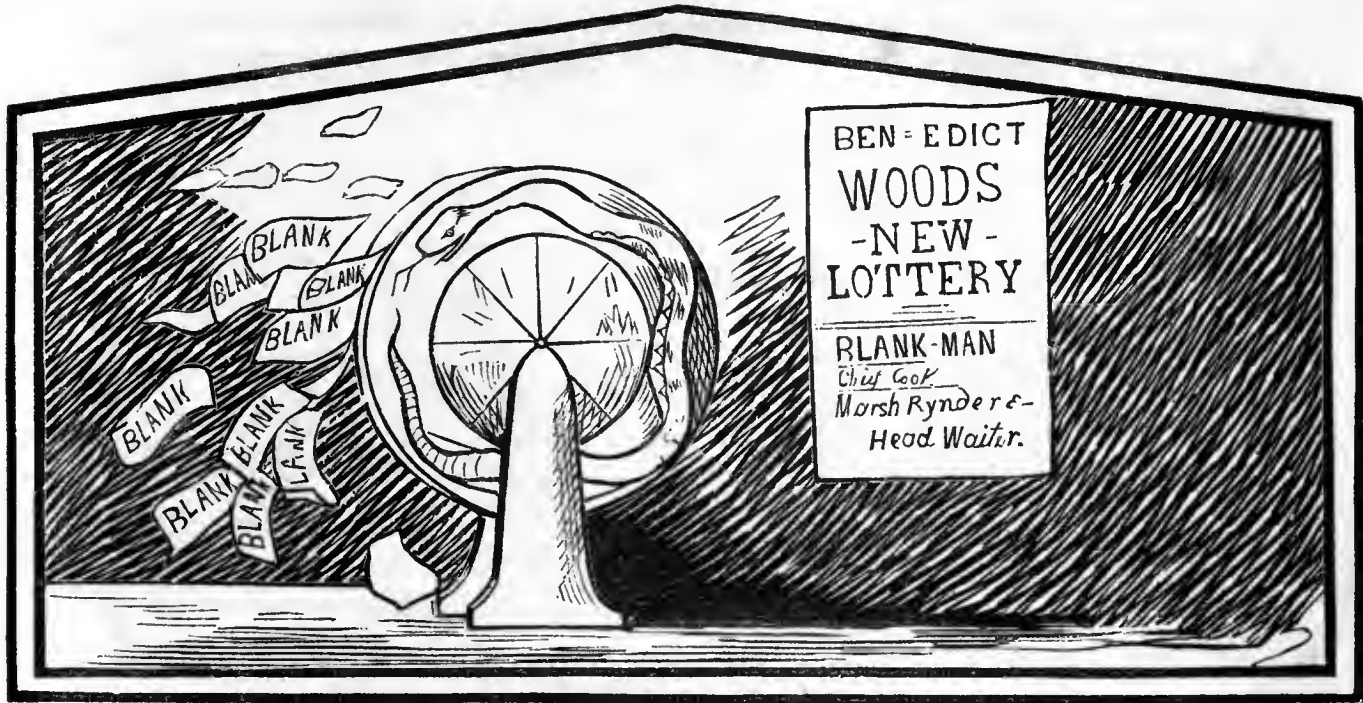
"One of those who worship dirty gods."—*Cymbeline*, III. 6.

There once was a chap named Vallandigham, whom the Copperheads chose for commanding 'em ;
But a trip to the South soon silenced his mouth,
And the world as a *Tory* is branding him.



**The Mower mows on though the Adder may writh,
And the Copperhead coil round the blade of his Scythe.**

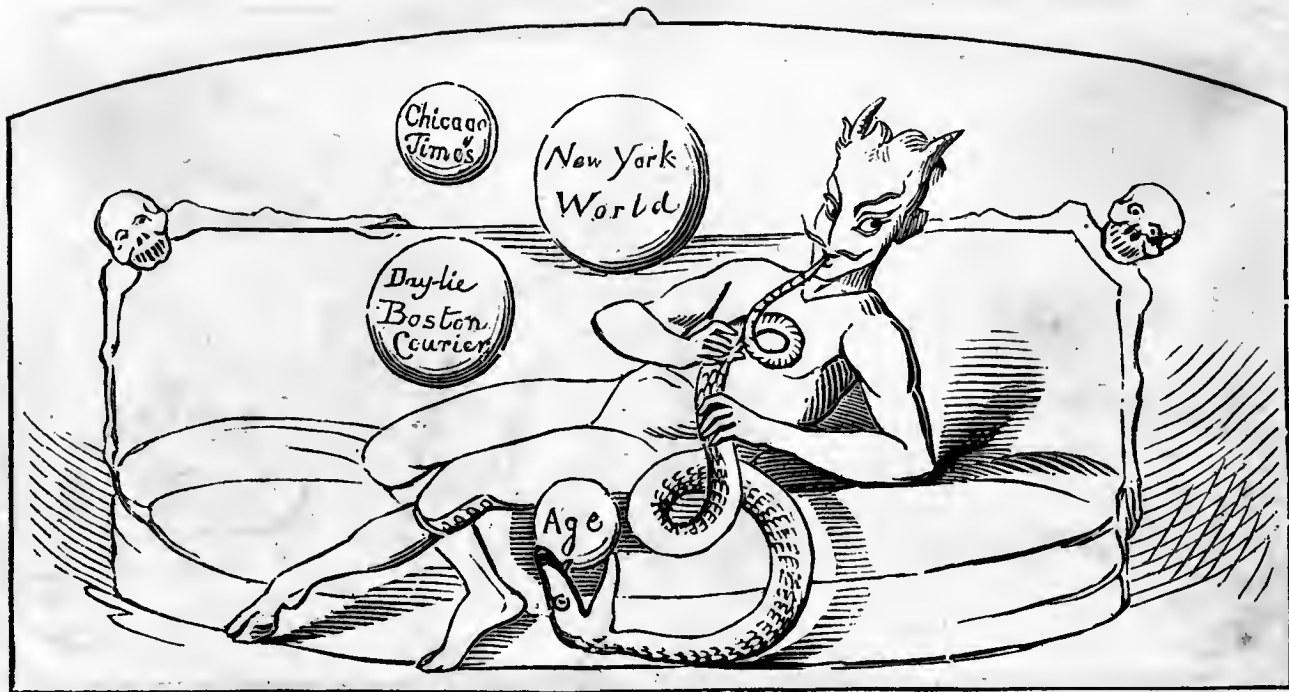
With War Democrats Seymour's for war ; with Peace cowards for peace he'll hurrah ;
Let him get in the way of the mower some day,
And he'll find there's no quibbling with war.



The Copperhead lotterie hath a curious policie ;
For a man of low rank can draw naught save a blank,
Unless an accomplice he be.



There once was a twistified Reed, who took for his pattern Snake-Weed;
Till the Copperheads all, great, middling, and small,
Seemed *straight* by the side of this Reed.



(The Pipe of Peace.)

There's a character very well known, Who bubbles for ages has blown ;
But the best he has made since at *bubbling* he played,
From a Copperhead pipe have been thrown.



"And what Stock he springs of!!!"—*Coriolanus*, II. 3.

Copper stocks are uncertain to buy, though this Copperhead's stock's very high;
But we still might improve this stock of his love,
By adding the *right* sort of tie.



"Ascend, my CHAMBERS!"—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. 3.

There was an old War Horse, a clerical, who thought our Republic chimerical;
"For the Union," he said, "he never had prayed,"
This mordacious old War Horse choleral.



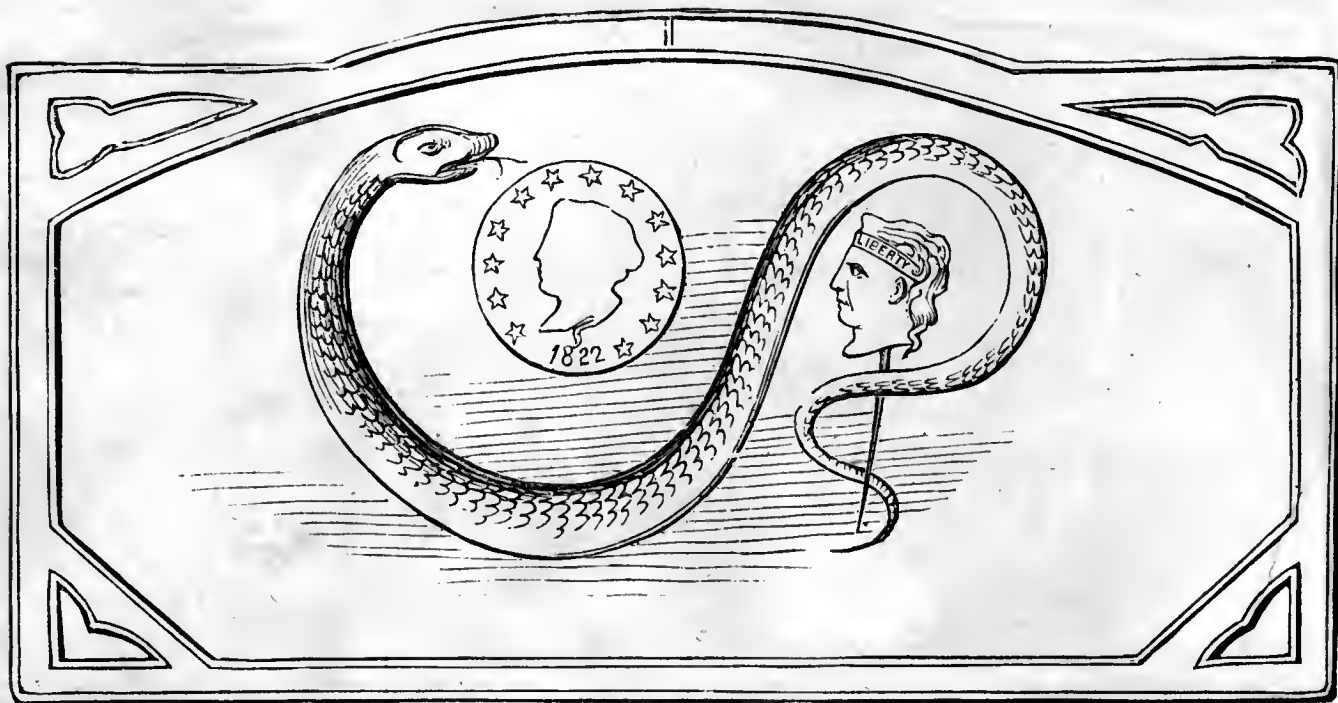
"There is no goodness in the worm."—*Antony and Cleopatra*, V. 2.

The abominable Copperhead worms! With their wriggles, and twists, and their squirms!
But the gardener, they say, will soon find out a way
To kill the vile Copperhead worms.



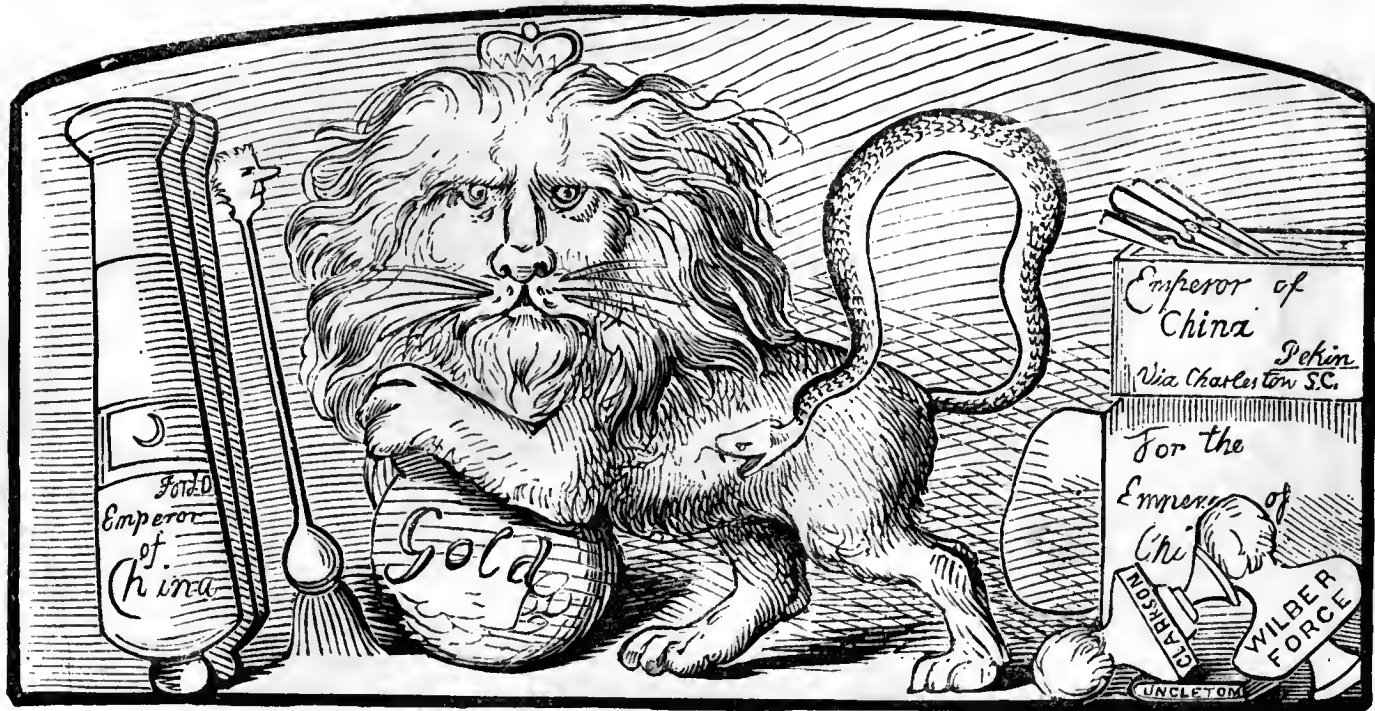
"There are many complaints, Davy, about that."—*King Henry IV., V. 1.*

There was a Stern Statesman astute,
Who so often went in to recruit,
That a Rattlesnake fat revolved in his hat,
While a Copperhead squirmed in his boot.



"So much dishonor my fair stars."—*King Richard III., IV. 1.*

The traitor our Common Cents mars, And on Liberty plainly he wars,
Taking Freedom away, from the Union, I say,
When he cuts out her head from the stars.



"And so the lion vanished."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. 1.

While it did us great harm, Abolition was the height of the Lion's ambition;
 Now with Copperhead *tale* he stings himself pale,
 And furaciously scorns Abolition.



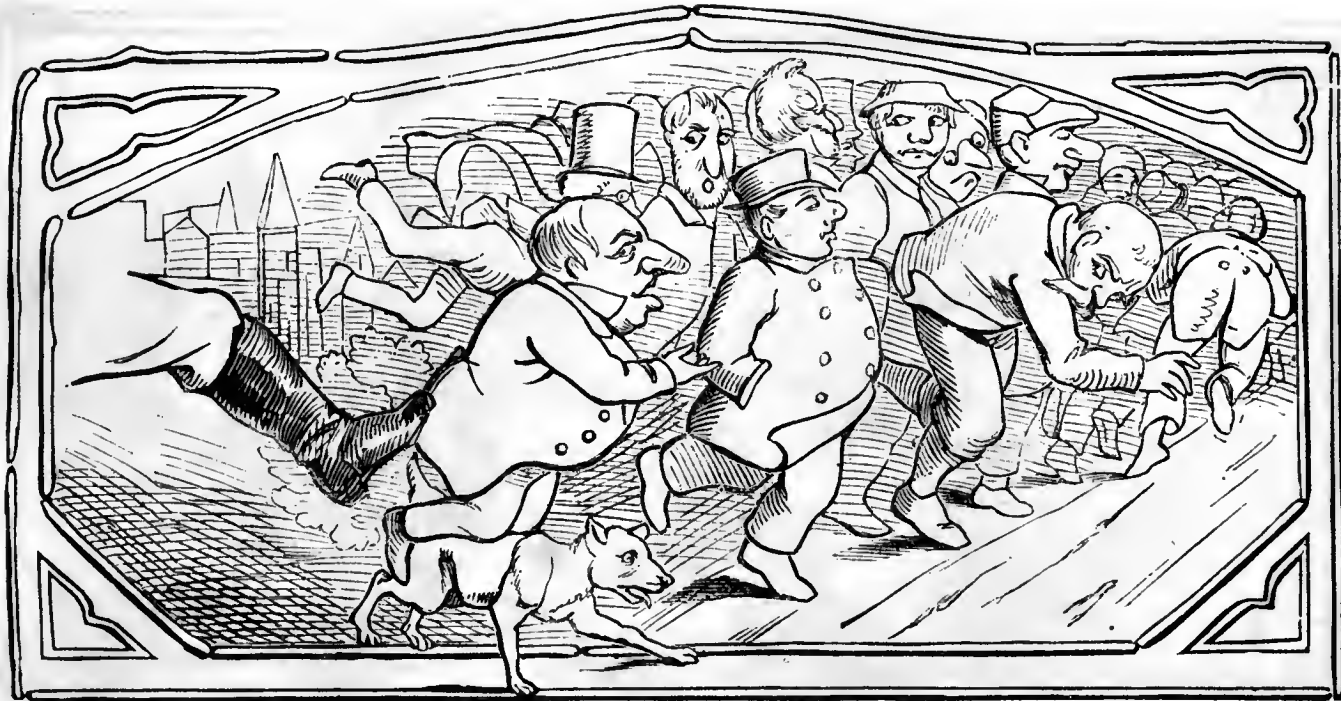
"Will this Wood take fire?"—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. 5.

To show *Union*, a fagot we take; But 'twould be a tremendous mistake,
To use rotten old Wood which never was good,
And then bind it up with a Snake.



"Black, forsooth!"—King Henry VI., II. 1.

There once was a Patriot whose rigor reached such a remarkable figure,
That he'd rather go down in the water and drown
Than be saved by the help of a nigger.



"Reading them ill-favoredly."—As You Like It, III. 2.

There once were some rascals near Reading thought fighting was easy as wedding;
But being well kicked, and most terribly licked,
They mournfully mizzled from Reading.

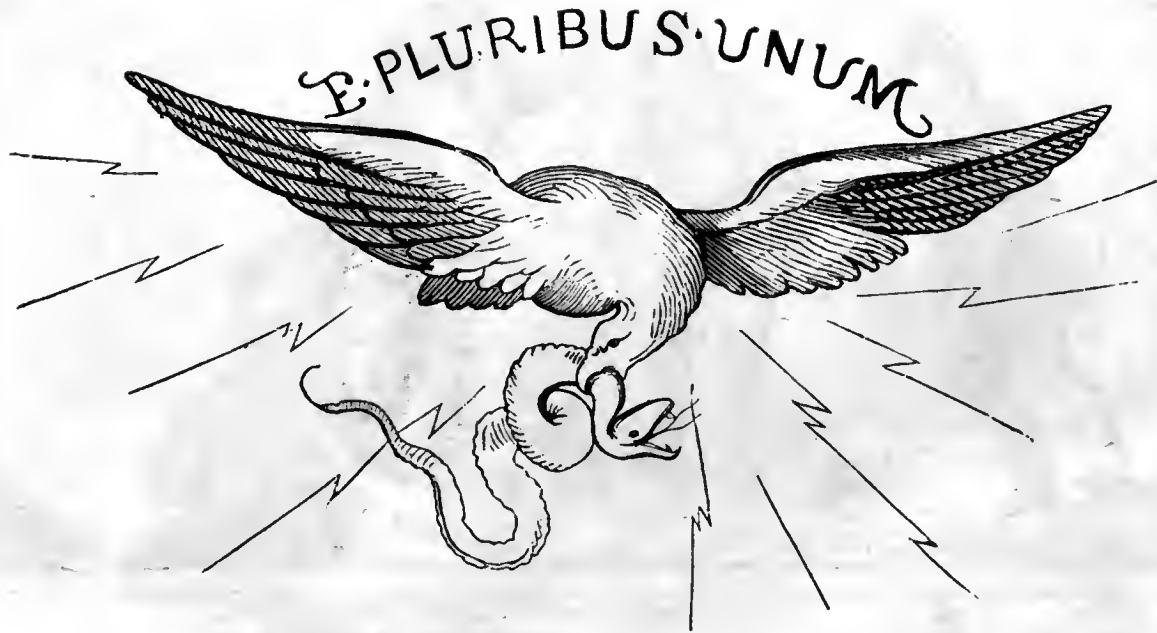


"O wicked WALL!"—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. I.

There once was an old *party-WALL*, quite *cracked* and just ready to fall;
 The Copperheads came and completed its shame
 By sticking their Bills on this Wall.



There once was a bottle of PORTER, which the Copperheads thought was all water ;
But when the cork popped, the Copperheads dropped,
And were stunned by the *vim* of the Porter !



There once was a Snake who said "Hey! There's an Eagle I'll take for my prey!"
But the bird with his bill did the Copperhead kill,
And bore him in triumph away.



"Exit shall be strangling a snake."—Love's Labor's Lost, V. 1.

The Copperhead traitors all, our army "base hirelings" call!
But some fine summer day The "boys," just for play,
Will settle the Copperheads all.

AMEN!

Gotham-mites.

"I like such Brooks," said Falstaff once ;
Had he meant *ours* he'd been a dunce ;
The devil, whom all things evil please,
Could never stand such Brooks as these.

In the Tyrol on mountain high
"The Devil's Marble" you may spy ;
And if in the World you long remain,
You'll probably meet the same again.

Oeh, Johnny, my gun—let the truth be sid,
What the divil made *ye* turn Copperhid ?
Sure it was hivvy what *ye* bore,
Wid the brass in your face yees had before.

There's a song how Old Nick took a journey,
With a corporation attorney ;

But there is one *fouler*, whom even the old prowler
Would fear as a friend on a journey.

1.

"The man who made that order," said
Judge B. in court, "was a *meat-head*."
Oh what a head that head would be,
Just *meted* Judge, to match with thee !

2.

"Just roll that nigger out of court !"
The Judge exclaimed with solemn port ;
"I tell you very truly now,
Nigs *at the bar* I won't allow !"

At a Copperhead meeting the crier
Paused an instant to hear his gun fire ;
The cannon was loaded, and when it exploded,
Said he—"List to the voice of our sire !"

Gotham=mites.

There was old party named M——,
Who went from bad doctrines to worse.
If at law he should see his name prefaced by *re*,
It will show what he *should* feel; this M——.

There was a small Cozening shyster;
Said he, "Every case is an *eyester*;
Give the parties the shells if you can, and nought else,
Unless the Court tips you a *hi-ster*."

There's a man at the *Bar* who, we know,
Is in politics terribly *low*;

For he keeps in the clubs the secessional cubs,
Who in *propria persona* can't go.

There's a very bad-minis-trator,
A *tres petite pomme de tater*,
Who tears feelings to rags, presenting of *flags*;
This oily old adminis-*traitor*.

There's a wide-awake Copperhead cratur',
Who is *Eli* by name and by natur';
Displaying for one neither fashion *nor ton*,
This un-national nativist traitor.

Checker-Boarders and Keystoners.

There was an old person, J. B.,
An old Public Func-tion-arie; [agreed,
When they swore, "We'll secede!" he just smiled, "I'm
"You've a sure friend, you know, in J. B.

There was a smart lawyer named W——
Who from Union men made quite a fortun';
But his wealth he despised, with Secesh fraternized,
This apo-state-olical W——.

There was a twistortulous Reed,
Who hoped that Secesh might succeed;
For he said, "It's my natur' to act like a traitor,
Since it runs in the joints of a Reed."

There once was a Copperhead Diddle,
Who played to the Reed second fiddle;
When they said, "It is small!" it replied, "not at all,
It's a full-blooded Copperhead Diddle!"

There was an ex-governing Wiggler,
A political huckster and higgler;

Says he, "I ain't dead—as a live Copperhead
I'm a squirmulous vermiform Wriggler."

There was an old servant called Peter,
So moody in humor and feature
Because the good people from the church with a steeple
Expelled this old saturnine Peter.

There was a sharp lawyer, one P——,
Whose thoughts never got through his still lips;
And all he would say was "ah!" "h'm!" "oh!" and "ay!"
This pauciloquent person named P——.

There was a neat serpent—a Coiler—
True son of the ancient Beguiler;
Who told such a whopper, he burst out his copper,
And frightfully fractured his biler.

Quoth "Aristocracy"
To Fourth Ward "Vulgarity,"
"You are dregs, I am froth; and our interests both
Are opposed to this working, d'ye see!"

Modern Heathen-ians.

There was an ex-editor, L——,
Who rowed in the *Courier* punt,
But to twist around more, he jumped out on the shore,
That contortious poetical L——.

Oh G—— T—— C—— was one
Who thought himself quite a great gun ;
So Treason he shouted, " Constitution " he spouted,
But Boston grew hot for such " Union Men "—so
He herds in New York with Fernando & Co.

To the cause of his country adverse,
Is the man whom all honest men curse.
Do you ask what's his name? oh, ne'er believe Fame,
If it be not Ex-President Pierce.

In Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Six,
A poet, disgusted with Pierce's tricks,
Said that he down to the dust should go,
To grovel there in infamy low.
And in Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Three,
The prophecy came to pass, I see,
Since in the dust and on the ground,
As a Copperhead Pierce goes squirming round.

What a pity that Joshua D.
A good Insolvency lawyer should be,
Yet cannot, in politics, as we see,
Keep his own good name from bankruptcie !

John C. passes, now and then,
For one of Boston's League-al men.
Mistake me not—he doth intrigue
With the Liquor—not the Union—League !

Gamblers, Wood-ites, thieves, and asses,
Scrapings of the dangerous classes,
Pettifoggers malign, but weak,
Who dare not fight and cannot speak ;
Trash which the war-tide rolling high
Has cast ashore in scorn to dry ;
" Aristocrats " who fear to wage
Brave battle in a stirring age,
As did their glorious sires before,
Who won thereby the fame they wore ;
Oh G. S. H——, tell us true,
Is this fit company for you ?

SHAKSPEARE ON THE COPPERHEADS.

“What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese; you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favors swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes.”—*Coriolanus*, I. 1.

"THOSE DEVOTED COPPERHEADS."

"Our sympathies are all confined at home; yet it is just possible we may help those devoted Copperheads in the only way we know how—also, that they, on their side, are now about ripe to aid us in the only way we could accept their aid. If our troops should this summer appear within their borders anywhere between Cairo and Philadelphia, they would be hailed as friends by a population pretty well cured now of *Pluribus Unum*. Their cry would be, not Union, but deliverance. *Wait then, and watch, and keep your lights burning, ye Knights of the Golden Circle!*"—*Richmond Enquirer*, 18th May, 1863.



Finis
on
Ye End
of ye Sale



REED
And
REFLECT