

Reply to Bobalition of Slavery.



DIALOGUE between Scipio and Cato, and Sambo and Phillis, occasioned by reading the account of Bobalition proceedings, as detailed in a letter from Cesar Gobbo, to his friend Marco Musby, residing in the country, dated

Boston, Uly 14, 1819, 6 o'clock, p. m.

My Mose excellum fren,

De duty of de day hab almoze obercame my pashence and moderrashum of charactristum debility. But I neberdeless take de quill pen to deform you dat de caus' of de Bobulation be in bery good condishum, and dat de day hab pass away wid de grates humorosity and comboblif-cashum. I shou d not hab trouble your honner-ship so soon wid de rodficat on of my deflections if it not been for de circumstance of my take a walk juss arter dinner at de Hall, to settle my mind, when I happen to oberhear de following diumlogue tween our frens Scipio and Cato; at de corner of Bullnob Treet: so as deir pinions pretty much de same as mine, yn take him juss so you hear me speak him juss so vod hear me speak him right to you head perfectly. I write him down in de same manner what Massa Shakespole write he play, which de actor speak so much about on de stage; when he no understan tree half quarter what he mean by um. But dis is deficient for de beginnin of de matter, and now we see were we end him.

(SCENE.—Bullnob Treet, front of de grog shop, Scipio and Cato, meeting, and shaking hands.)

Scipio. Ah! how you do, Misser Cato, dis arter noon bout four o'clock in de mornin, juss arter sun rise as Misser Poke say?

Cato. Why pretty tolerable well, I tank you sir, sidering how much wine I drink to de healt of de Bobalition Shocietee; but I been down in town, and I see something dere which no please me at all; and hose not quite make me mad and ruffle up my delicate temper.

Scipio. Ah! what be he? something bout de procedum of de Shocietee? what de debil de white folk got to say now? I tink dey meddle nuff wid what wasn't deir business lass year.

Cato. I tink so too Scipio; but you see dey no satisfy wid dat, and so now dey begin to brackguard agin as if de debil set him on, and two or tree dog at he heel to spur him up. To be sure he no quite so bad as he was lass year, cause he give de wite people some lash on de backside of de belly, as well as de member of de Shocietee, so on de whole I tink he no do so much hurt, and cass so many deflections on our honorable body as might be spected.

Scipio. I understan you now Cato—dey printed nudder set of touse and oder procedum, to make fool laff four fourpence hapeny a time. I tell you what, I tought one time I write an answer to um myself, but I guess bess way take no notice ob um, cause den he tink me care some ting bout it. Now I telle you Cato, I dont care two horse-pair of my fiddle bow what he say, cause when parcel of fool get togedder, dey always put de horse before de cart, and den draw it off heseli.

Cato. Why to be sure, Misser Scipio, it be pretty much as you say, and as you man of inflamatioo, I bieve him all, ebery bit and grain, and good deal more too. But I cant help be little mad for all dat, cause dey no business to brackguard de color people so much, when deir own procedum so much more conspiciously sensible. I suppose dey dont recollect what fuss dey make de year wid deir Sautant's ball. I shou, and greater part ob um get drunk, and mose break he neck, and den pay to doctor for mend him agin.

Scipio. No Cato, dey neber tink when dey try to pull little catstick out of deir neighbor eye, dat he got a great maple log in he own. Hi! how tickle I was to see some of dem bery fellow who make so much laff bote side of de mout, bout our Bobalition procedum, taggingger home as if de treet want big nuff for him to get ong widout goins ober into de pasture, more

as all dat, dem dat hab horse and shay, so tossicated he cant drive um, and so gib some sober man two tree dollar to drive um for him.

Cato. Yes, Scipio, and den agin how often some of dese same fellow when dey see color preeple pass peaceably long de treet, dey sing out and ax him "who blow up ship?"

Scipio. Neber you mind dat, no gentleman ax such question, and as for de silly fool dat do, de bess way be to grin and bear him, or else say something bout Pompey, and he soon ax you to let de dead rest.

Cato. I no care so much bout such carry on, if dey didn't set bad sample to some of our Shocietee; dere is Sambo, now, who lib ober by de Tate House, de one what go to see Phillis, my cousin, he got to be quite a Dandy, cause Tommy Lightface, he massa's son, wear cossup, to make he look genteel, he tink he muss, and so run in debt for um, den too, he telle Phillis dat she no look like lady sept she put on de cossup same as de young Missey, Tabaty Tightface, so dat he fairly turn her head wid de notion, and now, stead of jump long de treet, so chirk and pretty she us'd to, she look like hand-spike walking widout no feet. What you tink? tudder day I meet her down in Market Treet, and she so tiff, and her head so high up, she no see me widout mase break her neck to look down.

Scipio. It be bery true, Cato, as you say, dat de bad sample set by some of de white people, bery niceious to de moral imposition of de people of color. But bress my soul! de bery folk we talk bout coming down de treet.

Cato. So dey be, let you and I tand one side, and no let um tink we see um; and den keep close to um, and so hear what he say.

Scipio. Ah! dat bery good plan, now we hab some port.

[Enter Sambo and Phillis, Sambo seem to be in deep study, Phillis walk long arter him, bery much fatigued.]

Sambo. Dis is de tate of man; to-day he speakee for de dancy dress, tomorrow wear him, de nez day come de tailor bill, and den de crael constable, and lug him up to jail. What den he tink, muss gib him pause, as Misser Shakespole say.

Phillis. Me leg so tiff, me bress so bery short, det I do tink de body from de soul muss quickeer part; why in de debils name you no stend out your hand, wen you see me so faint, dat like de lily fair, I droop de snow-white head, and almose fall upon de ground.

Sambo. Forgive me Phillis, O, forgive! I was so rap in meditation deep, dat for a litle time I did forget de mose poltess rule which Massa Chesafield lay down; forgive me Phillis, O, forgive, and I will ax no more.

Mackbreath. I exclaim, "Hole, hole, anuff."

Sambo. My bowel yarn for dat soon coming day, when to dis quibering heart, I squeezes fast de brushing charms of Phillis, when I can lif my gooseberry eye, and dis exclaim, "Phillis, dou, dou art mine forever now, and tree day arter dat!"

Phillis. Dis be too much for poor weak female nerve to bear. I shou, dead, I die, Hi! ho!

Sambo. Den on dis faithful bosom die, and Sambo die wid Phillis; Ah! now dou, dou recuber; and do I smell dat balmy breth agin? De I behole de rose agin so brushing bloom upon dat snowy cheek? Is Sambo wake to see all dis? No, Sambo's soul be surely wandering in de field what cubber'd wid de carpet of de kie.

Phillis. O, Sambo dis subtrsected heart do call de current of de blood into de crimson cheek—my brushes sure will speak de trate. Forgive de maiden modesty of her who Sambo lub alone.

Sambo. Phillis, upon de common me hab often been, behole de grass to-day he wear great coat of libey green, to-morrow de sun dry him all up, and den who care a dem? Juss so some time, be womn's lub.

Phillis. How berry lite do Sambo steem my lub, if he do tink dat Phillis so disconsant be! No—should dett dis minnet come, and tick he fork in Sambo trobbing heart, me neber leabbe him, but dese scissor take and cut de winepipe trough and trough agin.

So faithful Phillis lie by Sambo side, And gut her throat cause she no be he bride.

Sambo. O Phillis, do not tink of dead so rash—Dat be a sin, which all de water in Fresh pond no washhee clean—de berry kripter say de man what bite he own head off, neber nudder head hab on.

Phillis. Do Sambo tink dat Phillis would surbibe he loss?

Sambo. Lib, Phillis, lib—lib while de whistling brait come trough de belly to de hollow winepipe which lead out of de mout—O neber let your dett be laid to Sambo count—Me got full sin anuff in heaven great day-book now! O tink of dat and lib for Sambo sake!

Phillis. O, Sambo, deed dou has my heart, and Phillis own no oder lord and massa. Derefore now to my mudder's go, where we will find de cup of good bohee.

[Exit Sambo and Phillis—Scipio and Cato come forward.]

Cato. Well Scipio, what you tink now?

Scipio. Tink! why I tink Sambo deblish fool, and dat he make you cousin Phillis what de shopkeeper call ditto. I tell you what, Cato—de nex time de Shocietee hab a meeting, I mean to expose dat all dem member who make himself like de white dandy be turn out, and no suffer to sellybrate anudder Bobalition forty-ten year to come—so by dis time, I gess dey know what long to good manner, and de speek du to de Shocietee. So let you and I now get our grog, and leab dem to himself till he find out dat me spise um for he deblish nonsense.

[Exit Scipio and Cato.]

So you, see, my dear fren, I hab giben you de subjeck matter of dese diumlog, near as my little more, sep dat I hope nex year to hab de plesure of your company, at de sellybrashum. Gib my spees to you lady and all de little chil-lens, and sider me you fren from dis time forebber amen.

CESAR GOBBO.

P. S. If you no ceive dis letter when you git him, let me know by de nex mail, and I come and fetch him myself and so save de postage.