



No. 414.

BOBALITION Of Slavery.

Kernel Duebill, chah! I scratch um out and begin agin, I mean GENERL ORDER.

Bosson, Uly 14teenth 18 hundred and 30 tu.
Head Quarters, Ham Lane, fir }
house where the cellar is up stairs. }

Sir.—De arduus task gain debilbe on me to conform you dat I gain point you shief Marshall ob dis bressed day, and I spect you gubern youself cordingly. I tink you better set up all night fore, dat you get all um customer boot brush fore de time cum for de grand processun to start.

You will see dat dey be derange in de follerin order:—De sages and onerabel members ob de Bobalition Societee firs nex cum de invited guest, mung dem de onerabel Smico Smashpipes from de Iland ob Moonshine. Den cum de stranger ob destincshun—nex de Barbers wid dare pro-prate bages, de razer strap and dare lather-box, den de Boot-brack wid jug ob bracking in dare right hand and boot-jack in turrer one—and last cum de sweep wid dare usual bage ob oner.

Dis mos splendid processun will mobe as soon as it start, (unles sum axident happen) from Crow strete percisele at nine o'clock, P. M. in de fore noon. little fore or little arter exactly to a second. You will be tickular when dey march to mobe dat dey keep zact step wid de moosick both bot togedder, and dat de platoon keep in act strate semicircular line perpendicularly, and dat dey hold up um head like an out ob hebt, and walk horizontalle as ey can. Dey will recumlec dat large amber ob grate milumtary karakter is lected to witness our marchin, mung de os extinguish, I would tickularle men-un de North-square Silver-heels, de Mill-nd Mud-larks, de Copps-Hill Grave-ggers and de Neger-Alley Cadetts. De le under de escort ob de gallant Captin Ippo Snarlhead's cumpane ob Indepen-nt Terribles.

Signed in my elbow chair,
POMP PETERS, President,
CEZAR GARBO, Sec'y.

Toasts.

De Day we celumbrate.—May he neber be darkea wid de shades ob southern igno-
rance. 3 cheers, 1 pop gun.

De Orator ob de day.—He beat Massa Cicero and Pop Emmons widout speakin single word, and gib um odds wid both he hand in he briches pocket.

Moosick on de Jews Harp.

American Genius.—He bery curious feller, de bes ting he eber do for me he make basket wid two partments, one to pick up de chip in, de udder to hold um cole vittel.
49 laff, 9 grin and quarter.

De Cold Water Societee.—Wonder what de poor fish do when dey drink all um water up. 339 sober look.

Arter dis toast wad drunk, Simon Snub-nose, Poet Laureat to de Duke ob Dan-dylon sung de followin song:

To all merry fellers—[hic] here's a long life,
And plentee ob good ting [hic] to feed ob—
Let us be cleber and (hic) free from all strife,
A ting we hope we're not in need ob. (hic)

Cum pas round de bole, de ful floing bole—
What is de coloured man so fraid ob?
While he's protected—(hic) hand, heart and sole,
By a Garrison that good stuff is made ob.

Our brudders at de souf (hic) wid wat'ry mouf,
Wood stare (hic) to see (hic) us drink such whisky,
But I'm de chap (hic) dat likes brackstrap,
It makes me feel so (hic) nice and frisky. (hic! hic!)

Boluntears.

Our brack brudders at de souf.—How we feel under um jacket for um—fore we stand de nonsense, we wood get um libing by takin um kink out ob pigs tail and eat noshin but alamode leather-apron and fried wool! Moosic—Solo on de base drum.

De Ole Made.—What de ole boy do de brack raskallee stupid ole bachelor mean, why he no sho heself industrius, and not let de poor tender blossom widder and fade way like sun-flour in January on north side de hous? 27 pop gun & haff.

De Fair Sex.—May dare virtues neber be discumboblicated by de arts ob de cruel spoiler. 97 hard sneeze, 1 pop gun
As soon as dis toas wad drunk, Sambo Snags begin sing de followin plaintiv lines:

When lubly Phillis stoop to foilee,
And not mind what Pompey say—
He harte waz sad and melumcolly—
Den he not wish sea nudder day!

Sam Sharpshins he cum one night
And cauz Missa Phillis to elope—
Now do you tink dis waz rite?—
Dat bery nite Pomp's harte waz broak.

Now he wander trew de treet,
Be de wedder hot or cool,
And ebery one dat he mete,
Tink he born de nat'ral fool.

Sam Sharpshins Missa Phillis wed,
And Missa Phillis wed to him,
But Sam's nose is growin red,
And Phillis' eyes are growin dim!

Arter de cumpane wibe way de teer dat gush warm from de eye-brow, dey all fill um glas wid two-center of strike-dady, which quite cumpose um.

Neger Hill.—He no more what he user was, dan my ole boot-jack like hole regiment ob horrid accidents.

Moosic on de banjo, jews-harp & pumpkin-vine.
Dis las toas wad drunk in slantindicular sition, each one havin on pair ob cock-eyed spectacles. As good luc wood hab um, no axument take place cept de onerabel Titus Numskull ob Musquash Place hab he red silk briches bery much spoil by de upsetting ob boiling pot full ob skillegalee in he lap.—Deacun Grizzle he like to be choke wid skulpin, which he so carles as try swallow wid de head on.

On de hole dare waz no mistake in de rangements cept Pomp Peters de presum-dent ob de day drink hole bottel ob Rochelle—he tink um sum new strange kind ob mead.

Printed for the especial edification and instruction of all full grown child.en. It is also tho't to be a remedy for the cholera.