BOBALITION
Of Slavery.

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

Toasts.
De Day we celubrat—May he neber be darkens wid de grubez ed en morthuers la-
borance.
3 cheers, 1 pop gun.
De Orator ob de day—He beat Massa
Cicero and Pop Emmons widdout speakin
single word, and gib um odds wid both his
hand in his breeches pocket.
Mosejick ob de Jewz Herr
American Genius—He bevy curious fel-
der, de best ting he eber do for me he muske
basket wid two partments, one to pick up
dee chip in, de udder to hold um colt vittel.
49 half a grin and a yaller.
De Cold Water Societe—Wonder
what de poor fish do when dey drink all
um water up.
339 sober look.
Arter de dis tost was drunk, Simon Sub-
nose, Poet Laureat to de Duke ob Dan-
dyson sung de followin song:
To all merly fellers—(his) hev a long life,
And pleasa ob good ting (his) to feed on.
Let us be sober and (his) free from all strife,
A ting we hope we're not in need of.
Cum pas round de boh, de fol din g bole—
What is de coloured man so frail ob?
While he's protected—(his) hand, heart and sole
By a Garthian that good stuff is made ob.

Volunteers.
Our brack brudders at de souf—How
we feel under um jacket for—wone we
stand de nanses, we wood get um liting by
takin um kink out ob piegs tail and en
moshin but alamode leather-sprin and
fried woof! Wossip-Solo on de base drum.
De Ole Made—What de ole boy do de
brack raskle wot obleach merz,
why he no sho hesel industrius, and
not let de poor tender blossum' widder and
fady way like sun-flour in January on
north side da houn.
27 pop gun & half.

De Fair Set—May dey vittas neber
be discumbolatob by de arts ob de cruel
spoler.
97 hard meezus, 1 pop gun
As soon as dis toas was drank, Sambo
Bengee begin sing de followin plaintiv lines:
When Judg Philis stomps de raisin,
And ain't what Pompsey say—
He bevei was out and militancy
Don he not wad seam udder day
Sam Shampans he cum one night
And ease Miss Philis to eelope—
Now do you tink dey was right?
Dat bevy zat Pompsey bevei was broke.
Now he wonder teer de treet,
De wadger hot or cool,
And evry one dat he see,
Tink he be de natul fool.
Sam Shampans Miss Philis wed,
And Miss Philis wed to him,
But Sam's nose is grin
And Philis' eyes are growin' dim.

Arter de companye wip way de teer
dat gush warm from de eye-brow, dey all
fell um gliss wid two-center ofstate-dady,
which quite compass um.
Neger Hill—He no more what he use-
ter was, dam my ole boot-jack like hol
regiment ob burrid accident.

Bounded on de baegs, jenns-harp & potchins-sites.
Dis las toas was drunk in flatulindre.
Harry, enow havin on pair ob cock-
eyed spectacles. As good luv wood hab
um, no axundent take place cept de oner-
abel Titus Numskull ob Musquash Place
hab de red silk breeches hery much spoil
by de upsettin ob bolting pot full ob
skilleganse in de lap.

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