

# Triennial National RAMROD JUBILEE JULY 4th, 1854.

**The Striped & Speckled Committee,**  
composed of Pimps, Ramrods, Fresoilers, Anti-New-  
basket Canser and self sacrificing citizens, after  
due deliberation submit the following

## PROGRAMME:

Chief Marshal mounted on a Cab drawn by 40 horses con-  
taining four retired Rum Sellers.

**Female Hussars**—Mounted Horse Marines.  
Sagoon Guards—Mahon Soldiers—Buxton Light Artillery.  
Keepers of Pulbic Morals, with Banner: "Motto"  
'First Pluck the Beam from thine Own Eye.'

Paul Pry Lodge.

### REFORMED BLOWHARDS.

MOUNT JOY INCENDIARY, bearing a Torch and Banner,  
Motto---"I'm Insured."

Not as you nose on High Flyers.

Delegation from the Moral Reform School.

Westbrook Brighton Night Artillery in Air Tight Carts.

CITY MARSHALL in a "Barrow."

Cast Iron Band with Sheet Iron Instruments.

Mounted Women, led off by the Celebrated Horse Tailor.

**Orator of the Day Proclaiming the**

TEXT—"This is the Meat that Caesar Feeds upon."

Committee of the Women of Boston who presented the con-  
scientious Policeman with \$158 12 1/2---with Banner,  
Motto---"Hayes is the boy for us."

**The Great GUN of RAMRODS!**

Otherwise the "Father of the Maine Law."

The Man who left his Cane in Washington Street.

The late fugitive (from justice) supported by two strong  
minded intellectual and spirited Young Women, carry-  
ing Banners with Mottos:

"A White Man is almost as good as a Nigger" and

"If he did steal he is a Poor Black Man and they should let him go!"

Two distinct juries of twelve men each of our country,  
pronouncing a verdict of the CRIME OF PERJURY upon the Great

## "I."

A minority of the Board of Aldermen.

A majority of the Common Council, headed by a cast off  
Clerk of a certain Dry Goods House in Splendid Ba-  
rouches each drawn by 12 White Horses in  
Mourning, each one bearing a Motto, "to  
what vile uses do we come at last."

Female Town Paupers in Bloomer Costume!  
Members of the Legislature from the City with a banner,  
"Motto" Rum for Ourselves but none for the People."  
Members of the Bar taking their nips, Singing,  
"There's a Good Time Coming."

## SECTION OF RUM SUCKERS!

Excelsior Section of Female Rechabites.

Gentleman and Lady in Black.

Board of Conscientious Brokers led off by the Spectacle Eyed  
Monster, otherwise the

**Marshal, Cider Judge. Marshal.**

The Great Morrill (Mass Convention composed of all  
the morality and those who have never done a mis-  
deed in the community, singing

"Those who live in houses of Glass,  
Should not throw stones at those who pass."

Marshal. **OLD SIXTY NINERS.** Marshal.

Retired Rumsellers in Full Costume.

**OUT TOWN RAMRODS**

Police. **LOAFERS.** Police.

Members of the Long Heel Party headed by the man

"WHO BIT THE TURNOVER."

Reader of the Blue Laws of Connecticut.

X-City Marshal in cart exclaiming: "'Tis of no (H)use to  
give it up so Mrs. Brown."

Marshal. **NIGHT SOIL CART.** Marshal.

Followed by the Smelling Committee, eight deep.

Licensed City and Town Agents, for getting people drunk.

Major Ramscat and old King Cole in a "Black Maria."

Followed by a large well, containing "Rot Gut."

Retired Custom House Officers who have held office only 11  
years, at \$3 per day, crying out P-Shaw.

Members of the Titus a Peep into everybodys business

Police. **SOCIETY.** Police.

Chief Seducers of Female Virtue, led off by a retired

Clergyman and Horse Tailor, each mounted on a Jackass.

Modern Shylocks, with a Banner, "2 per cent a month or  
your Harshlets."

## BLACK DRAGOONS.

Wool and Ivory Party, headed by a man who is opposed to  
the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, but in favor of enforcing the Maine

Liquor Law, holding in each hand a "Ball of Worsted."

The Inconsistency Party.

Loafers, Vagabonds, Special Policemen, &c., &c., &c.

A Delegation from the Mind Everybodys Business Society.

The Procession will form precisely at 11 o'clock, A. M.,  
on the DUMP, the right resting on Back Cove, and will proceed to the Work House, where  
a Collation will be prepared by those virtuous Females, who have been so fortunate as to  
find a home in that philanthropic institution. After which an Oration will be delivered by  
Lucy Stones on Women's Rights, the whole to conclude with a Song,

"While Shepherd's watch the Flocks by mid-night,  
All seated on the grass."

**SADDLE BAGS, Chief Marshal.**

## Triennial National

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July 4th, 1854.

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[For a more readable version:]

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