

Miscellaneous.



WINE.

Old Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore—
He made it first his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers on dry ground,
Of wretched mortals, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

[The following communication, as will be seen from the date, has been on hand for some time, but we could not conveniently give it an earlier insertion.—*Ed. Free Press.*]

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

City of Nuisances, Feb. 11, 1828.

DEAR TOBY: An opportunity now offers, and with eager avidity I seize from my standish a grey goose quill, for the purpose, dear Toby, of scribbling to you the following wretched intelligence of an old-field school companion, with whom, "in days gone by," you have often wielded the "cat paddle," and with it drove the bounding "trab ball" over the hills and far away; and with whom from the welcome hour of twelve o'clock to the much detested one of "come to books," you used to "hide and whoop" and chase the sham fox through that antiquated field of many dales and vales and pigmy pines, whose extent was a full mile in every direction from the door of that stately Pine Pole Academy, under whose roof of slabs we lisp'd a, b, c, together; and within whose doors I manfully received one rueful day if you recollect, forty stripes save one upon my carcass, on account of butting your brainless noddle against its wall of logs in time of books. Ay, with eagerness I embrace this opportunity to acquaint you that I am yet groping upon that side the grave where "all is vanity," delusion and moonshine; where man appears and disappears like bubbles on a troubled sea, and where folly reigns with more than sovereign sway. My home you see is the City of Nuisances, where sweet quagmires of putrefaction grace its streets and perfume its atmosphere; where mountains of brickbats, blockades of horse and mule carts, timber and work benches deny you passage without a fractured pericranium or a dislocated neck; where struts the sweet flavored swinish nobility along the streets, with all the importance of pot-paunch dignity; where the horned milch dames incessantly low forth most enchanting music, and the canine gentry warble mellifluous solos; where negroes are suffered to engross the streets, and revel and romp on the hallowed Sabbath; where poverty-stricken mechanics and counterhoppers are forced by Police law to surrender their pitiful earnings to the Collector, for the praiseworthy purpose of filling up hog holes, old wells, levelling mole ridges, draining dish water quagmires, et cetera, once a week; where city law-makers convene once a moon, and debate a whole day upon the practicability of removing a nuisance, filling up a hole, a ditch, a well, or such like matters of prodigious import. Such friend Toby, is the place of my residence; yes, here lives your old-field school companion, with nothing that he can call his own, save an old blue coat more holy than righteous, a pair or so of breeches of very ancient stitch, a shirt or two as aged as your granny's nightcap, a pair of shoes cut from the hide of one that has long since ceased to browse and bellow, an old hat as destitute of shag as the vermin to which its original fur belonged, and an old crop-eared puss on whom I look with reverence, and who I regard as the only faithful friend of which I can boast with any degree of certainty. These I venture to call mine, inasmuch as I am fully convinced, that

no other of Adam's progeny under the canopy of heaven would have them, were they even offered to the lowest bidder. Thus appareled and thus befriended, as Pindar Cockloft says:

"I'm jogging down the hill of life,
Without the comfort of a wife;
And though I ne'er a helpmate chose,
To wash my clothes and mend my hose;
With care my person to adorn,
And spruce me up on Sunday morn—
Yet do I love the gentle sex,
And yet do they my brain perplex."

Like Pindar Cockloft I love the gentle sex, and were I one of dame Fortune's favorites, or in other words, were I the reverse of what I am in point of that great indispensable, which the whole human family worships more than they do the great author of their being, I think it more than probable that I should venture to seek the heart of a maid I much l-l-love; but situated as I am, I deem it folly in the first degree even to think of her. Consequently, friend Toby, I have resolved never to bow to that ideal god called Hymen, unless the present state of things undergo a speedy mutation in my behalf; but such a mutation, dear Toby, will never take place—therefore, I will drop the subject, new nib my pen and proceed to acquaint you that since I have been residing in this terrene Elysium something or other (God knows what) has transmogrified me into a sort of poetaster; for every once a moon I am beset with a strange poetical whim, and I sit me down with quill in hand and a little puny muse inco. and we hammer out such wretched effusions of doggerel verse about this thing and that, as utterly confounds that tuneful tribe called the sacred Nine, and renders tuneless every harp and lyre in this section of Christendom; for which I am gibed and sneered at by the literati, who never fail to remark whenever I come in their view, "there goes a poor infatuated noodle, who deems himself poet because perchance he makes a rhyme or so after studying a whole fortnight and ransacking all the sing-song heroes, from him who sung the siege of Troy down to the immortal father of Childe Harold."—Here, dear Toby, follows a specimen of my poetical powers; read and weep, but I would advise you not to read in too great a haste, lest it might give you the lockjaw:

Little care I for your pitiful sneers,
Your dull criticism, your gibes and your jeers.
I mind my own business, and sweat for my bread,
Pick my own teeth and scratch my own head:
Drink my own grog and gnaw my own bone,
If ye don't like me, pray let me alone.

This is the way in which I jog along upon this terrestrial ball; I mind my own business and gnaw my own bone, meddle with nobody's concerns, and daily pray that no one will tamper with mine. Yet, I wish to get along in a manner that would please every body and myself too; but finding this one among the greatest impossibilities under heaven, I shall no longer try, but content myself to follow that guide which nature has given me (propensity:) in doing this I obey Him who put me here, and in obeying Him, I do that which I conceive to be wholly unavoidable.

They say here that I am a strange sort of fellow, in short, a perfect nondescript. Such an appellation as "nondescript," dear Toby, would be mortifying to yourself and to every other person of the smallest particle of sensibility; and in fact, it would somewhat wound my callous feelings, were I to regard or even bestow any thing like a solitary thought or care upon such an unnatural epithet. That I am a singular sort of genius I shall not doubt for a moment; but I am just what I am, and to be otherwise would require a thorough regeneration of me; therefore, I shall endeavor to content myself to remain what I am, as it is physically impossible to be the reverse. I have altered much since we played "cat" together, in that old field of many pines. I was then gay and hopeful, but now I am one of your morose and gloomy looking sort of genius, extremely taciturn, because I cannot, (like the most of people) talk when I have nothing to say; consequently, I am compelled to keep my lips perpetu-

ally closed, and wear a grave and mysterious air, in order to conceal the defects of a barren mind. I have become very thoughtful and melancholy of late, for I have discovered that all under the sun is "vanity of vanities;" and when I reflect that life's but a dream and the world all a cheat, I sit me down in pensive mood and sing:

What is here to make life dear,
There's nothing that I've seen;
Tho' gay hope whispers something's here,
She tells a fib, I ween.
For when I thro' life's vista peep,
I seize the cup and sigh and weep;
For nothing's in the view to cheer,
All is hopeless, vain and drear.

No, nought is here to make life dear,
Hope's a lying jade—O fie!
Our graves are gaping for us near,
Like flitting phantoms on we hie.
Here to-day in trappings gay,
To-morrow gone to rot in clay.
Blooming maids and manly forms,
All stow'd away as food for worms.

I must confess, dear Toby, that it is nonsense in the extreme to suffer such gloomy reflections to prey upon one's mind; but, friend Toby, how can I help it? I anticipate your answer—therefore, I will endeavor to brave with fortitude the ills of life; I will look forward and hope for to-morrow, and never give up the ship: but on the contrary, I will hang on and grin, and when over life's rough sea I have passed, and safely anchored in the port of oblivion, I wish you, dear Toby, (in case you survive me) to procure a cypress shingle, or some such durable wood, and plant it firmly at the foot of my grave, and give some poor bottle-inspired Bard a drink or so of good old Antigua, to compose and inscribe thereon some such epitaph as the following, to wit:

Here lies, beneath this silent sod,
The strangest bard that ever trod
Cowskin, horse, or calf;
Had ye seen him in his day,
Musing o'er a doggerel lay,
It would have made ye laugh.

But—

His harp is mute, it hangs unstrung,
Upon the willow tree;
A cypress wreath around it's clung,
And 'neath it sleepeth it he.

No more sings he the doggerel lay,
No more the vulgar song;
Beneath the sod he slumbereth, ay,
And here he'll slumber long.

Disturb not the sleep o' the Bard o' Man,
Drop a tear as ye pass by his grave;
Ye zephyrs mild the willow tree fan,
And ye tall weeds around him wave.

He his worldly task has done,
And 's now retired from the light o' the sun;

He's gone we hope to the land o' the blest,
In his grave let his songs with his ashes rest.

I remain your very sincere friend and humble servant,

SHADRACH NOODLE, Esq.
Chief Cook and dumplin spinner
to his sacred majesty the King
of Nonsense.

A Printer recently had his pocket picked in New-York, but nothing of consequence was lost, as might have been expected. We should as soon think of robbing a lawyer's office.

Notice.

ALL Persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing from Isaac D. Guion, the land of Thos. Guion, deceased—the Subscriber having a lien on said land, under authority of the will of said deceased, for the sum of \$1500, which must be paid before the said Isaac D. Guion is entitled to the land.

WM. R. DUPREE.

Jan. 24, 1828.

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Prospectus

OF THE

Freeman's Echo.

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THIS Paper will be published weekly, in the town of Washington, N.C. by JOSEPH B. HINTON,

On a royal sheet, with good type;—and will be devoted to the interest of our country and our country's friends. The

Editor wishes rather to diffuse useful information, than to wage a partizan warfare; and to edify, amuse and please his readers, with literary, scientific and religious matter; and promote the prosperity of the people, by notices of valuable improvements in agriculture, the mechanic arts, domestic economy, and whatever else can be likely to encourage general industry, morals and virtue—than to figure in politics. No pains will be spared to make the paper worth the money we ask for it: and we earnestly request our subscribers to recollect, that they, and they only, are real patrons, who pay us according to our terms.

To those who will not be content, unless we avow at the start, our political sentiments and preferences, we have but a word to say. Neutrality, it would seem is no favorite with Providence, since we are so formed, that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may often deem it prudent to appear so in our actions: and in politics, he who affects to be neutral, usually acquires for himself the name of trimmer. We dislike the epithet, and therefore shall claim, and freely exercise the right of freedom of opinion and choice: Nevertheless, we freely accord to those, who dissent from us in sentiment, all that we claim for ourselves. A candid and generous support we conceive we justly owe to those whom the Nation has called to administer the Government, so long as they appear to do their utmost to promote the general weal. That the present Administration have done this, and are actuated by the purest patriotism, we cannot for a moment entertain a doubt: therefore they merit our respect and confidence.

Temperate and well written articles will be cheerfully admitted into the FREEMAN'S ECHO: reserving to ourselves the right of softening harsh expressions, or entirely excluding such matter, as shall be calculated to provoke angry disputation in our columns: and we respectfully solicit our numerous highly gifted friends in the town and in the country, to give to the FREEMAN'S ECHO, an occasional hour of their leisure. A hearty welcome at our office, shall always greet the labors of their pens.

A careful weekly report of the state of the market, shall be given; which, with the arrivals at, and departures from this port; and the supplies on hand, and for sale, which our mercantile friends, may, from time to time, announce in the FREEMAN'S ECHO, will enable our country friends, and the neighboring merchants to know the chances for trade and the prospects for good bargains. And lastly, it cannot be, that so respectable a town as Washington, and so deeply interested, as the people of this, and the adjoining counties are, in an intimate acquaintance with the commerce, trade and markets of this port; and withal, the pride and manifest profit, every citizen must feel for, and derive from a regularly published and well conducted newspaper in this place—we say, it cannot be that they will suffer the paper to languish for the want of adequate patronage. The proprietor has determined to give the public spirit and liberality of the town, the adjacent towns and the surrounding country, a fair trial. Liberality, will impart to the paper health, vigor and usefulness; but illiberality, will inevitably crush the tones of our ECHO—ere long, to grow feeble and faint—and, anon—to die upon the ear.

TERMS.

The Freeman's Echo will be \$3 per annum to subscribers: one half payable on the receipt of the first number, and the other half on the receipt of the 26th, or \$4 if not paid within the year.

No subscription received for a less term than One Year, nor will any paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

*All subscribers, who do not give express notice to the contrary at the end of the year, will be considered as wishing to continue their subscription; and the paper will be sent to them accordingly.

The first No. will be published on Friday the 4th of April next. March, 1828.

Subscriptions to the above Paper will be received at this Office, or at the Post-Office in this place.