## ت <br> SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.. THURSDAY, MAY 11. 1893.



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Whitehead \& Co.

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| The following is the poom <br> Jerome Dowd at the session of the N. C. <br> Press Association in New Berne two weeks ago.] <br> Some poets are born and its suspected, <br> Others "get there" by being elacted. <br> I'm chosen to fire this occasion, <br> With a poetic scintillation. <br> You may think l'm no poct of creation, <br> But I'li far exceed your expectation. <br> I will write a little poem, Pull of syllabub and foam, <br> Pull of syllabub and foam. <br> I will prove that I'm inspired, <br> And rhyme till all of you are tired. <br> I am as much of a poet <br> As a sheep is a gost. <br> Talk about the puems that Shakespeare <br> Just watch me lay 'em all in the shade. <br> And what my subject now shall be, <br> If you will listen, you may see. <br> I had thought of Washington <br> The greatest the sun shone on. <br> I had thought of Alexander the Great, <br> And the Krasas crank with no socks on |
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JNO.O. GAMAGE.
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