

## Communications.

FOR THE FREE PRESS.

### A SCARECROW,

For the Town Creek Reviewer to bark at.

Mr. Editor: It is my sad misfortune to have a most desperate and inveterate enemy, inhabiting some obscure frog pond or mosquito bog on "Town Creek," as appears in your paper of the 21st instant, (April;) and I have every reason to suspect, that this is not the first shot that I have received from that quarter. This enemy of mine, who on this occasion styles himself the "Town Creek Reviewer," appears to be a particular friend to those infernal tribes of vermin called moles and crows; for this most dreadful war which he has waged with me, seems to be altogether on account of "A Sification," or petition, which my innocent goose quill unfortunately scribbled some time since, for the consideration of our most potent Legislature, with regard to the extirpation of the above mentioned noxious and diabolical animals, that infest the cornfields of our honest farmers. And, instead of challenging me (this shows that he considers me a most powerful warrior) to single combat, in order to chastise me for the injury done to his beloved brood, the moles and crows, we in the first place see him paddling over to Greece, to the tomb of Homer, invoking the aid of his ghost—from thence we behold him tramping post-haste to England, where he calls aloud to the graves of Byron, Shakspeare, and Milton, in all the agonies of despair, to yield their tenants to his assistance; from thence, with the rapidity of a drama, we see him flying over the hills and glens of Scotland, in search of Sir Walter Scott, whose aid he invokes in the name of mercy and mercy's God. We next hear him with a vociferous voice calling aloud the names of "Blue Beard," "Palmerin," and "Amadis de Gaul," from whom he obtains a hippogriff, or winged horse, which he mounts and wings his course to Spain, where with the voice of thunder he commands the buzzards to restore the skin and bones of Rozinante, the matchless war-horse of Don Quixotte, alias the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. He also demands Sancho Panza's ass, alias Dapple, from the half-starved buzzards, who in obedience to his commands, instantly vomit forth both Rozinante and Dapple, whole, sound wind and limb. He next ransacks the burial grounds of La Mancha, in search of the tombs of Don Quixotte, and his Squire Sancho Panza, which he ultimately finds, and commands them to rise from their sleep, mount their war-horses, and follow him. Not yet content with his already sufficient force to vanquish four score thousands of such pigmy poets as the "Tarboro' Bard," the infamous author of that infamous "Sification," which so much troubles the peace of his mind, we find him levying all the baboons and monkies of the old world, which he places in the van of his army,

as a sort of breastwork or screen, behind which he flatters himself he can safely charge upon the invincible Tim the poet, without so much as receiving even a scratch from this dreadful Hector of Tarboro', who he seems to look upon as being more terrible in war than him of Troy, who is thus described by the immortal Shakspeare:

"I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft  
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way  
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and  
I have seen thee,  
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian  
steed,  
Despising many forfeits & subduements,  
When thou hast hung thy advanced  
sword in the air,  
Not letting it decline on the fallen,  
That I have said to some my standers by,  
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!  
And I have seen thee pause and take thy  
breath,  
When that a ring of Greeks have hem'd  
thee in,  
Like an Olympian wrestling."

Yes, it is obvious that this poor frightened creature, the "Town Creek Reviewer," looks upon me to be far more terrible in war than was Hector of Troy, from the circumstance of his leading such a prodigious host against me as the one I have attempted to describe, armed and equipped so war-like with lances, javelins, sabres, blunderbusses, toledos, shields, bucklers, helmets, barbers' basins and what not, and defended by such a redoubt of baboons and monkies, as would brave the artillery of the whole combined world. Thus dreadfully arrayed and equipped for war, he is ready to march into the field against poor Tim the poet—but, alas! no music has he, no life-giving drum to inspire his timid heart with valor, but being a most extraordinary and expedient General, he very soon supplies this defect by substituting an old musical Guinea negro, with a most excellent banjo, who began to knock off his favorite tune of

"Two potatoes and a dram,"

So much to his liking, and so much to the comfort of his cowardly palpitating heart, that after offering up orisons to the "Shades of departed heroes," to protect him, he unsheathes his sabre, mounts his hippogriff, and bids his myrmidons to follow him to the field of glory, there to immortalize themselves by taking poor Tim the poet captive, and in so doing redress the wrongs which the moles and crows has sustained by him, the said Tim, the pitiful author of that infamous "Sification." At the conclusion of this short but affecting harangue, a general shout of "long live the Town Creek Reviewer," and "long live the moles and crows," was reverberated throughout the ranks—then the word "march," was loudly vociferated by the General Town Creek Reviewer, who taking the lead, was followed by the most singular and numerous army that the world ever saw, to what may be termed the "moles and crows war," against a "Corn and Tatur Planter," alias Tim, their poetical foe. I looked and beheld them hard by, and in a paroxysm of hopeless despair dropped on my marrow bones and exclaimed:

Gods! where for shelter shall I fly,  
Shall I run and live, or stand and die?  
Oh, shall I brave yon motley hosts,  
Of baboons, monkies, & gibbering ghosts.

Hark! I hear those baboons howling;  
Those monkies muttering, squeaking,  
growingl:

Don Quixotte's Rozinante is neighing,  
And Sancho Panza's ass a braying—  
Oh! where for shelter shall I fly,  
Shall I run and live, or stand and die?

Thinking it would be the extreme of madness and folly in me to contend with such a host of unnatural warriors, I consequently retreated, and they chased me, Sir, like blood-hounds—for

"I tell you, Sir, they were red-hot with vengeance;

So full of valor that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the  
ground

For kissing of their feet: yet all the  
while bending

Towards their object. Then old Guinea  
beat his banjo,

At which like unback'd colts they  
prick'd their ears,

Advanced their eye-lids, lifted up their  
noses,

As they smelt music—so I charm'd  
their ears,

By bleating sheep-like, as they follow'd  
me through

Brambles, briars, thistles, sharp furzes,  
pricking goss and thorns,

Which entered their meagre shins. At  
last I left them

In a filthy frog pond, or quagmire, on  
'Town Creek,'

Dancing up to their chins in water and  
mire"—

To the enchanting tune of

"Two potatoes and a dram,  
Make poor niger gentleman;  
Massa, missa, kill de bull,  
Massa, missa, belly full."

But finding myself no longer pursued by them, I returned to this fatal frog pond, to see what had become of them—but, alas! I saw them not, for as Pharaoh, King of Egypt, and his followers were swallowed up in the liquid abyss of the Red Sea, in pursuit of the children of Israel, so in like manner was the unfortunate Town Creek Reviewer and his gallant myrmidons ingulphed in a muddy frog pond on Town Creek, while pursuing a "Corn and Tatur Planter," to chastise him for his enmity and ill-will towards the poor and inoffensive moles and crows, as is expressed in that malicious "Sification," of which he the said "Corn and Tatur Planter" is author. After viewing awhile in vain the dreary aspect of this merciless frog pond, with the hope of seeing the head of a ghost, or the tail of a baboon, pop up above the surface of the mud. I turned my back upon the shocking scene, and like a generous soul, dropped a tear of sympathy for my unfortunate enemy, and said to myself as I moped along, I had rather be "a tick in a sheep," or "a dog and bay the moon," than to be the "Town Creek Reviewer," notwithstanding he was Generalissimo of that gallant army, that now lay entombed in the filthy abode of frogs, tarapins and tadpoles.

Quit scribbling prose and doggerel, loon,  
Hunt the Town Creek mink and 'coon;  
For this vocation's far more fit,  
Than gibbing me with borrow'd wit.

Tarboro' Bard.

N. B. With the assistance of a huge bull frog, I understand that the Town Creek Reviewer made shift to crawl out of the mire and make his escape, before I could get back to the frog pond to see what had become of him and his followers. I sorely lament that I did not reach there time enough to behold the good old Christian-

hearted frog dragging the General out of the mire. T. B.

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### ENIGMA.

The era in which it first existed has never been known to man. It is more powerful than Jupiter with his thunder; weaker than the creeping reptile. Splendid cities have been made to tremble at its approach, and mourn at its departure. Mountains have been removed at its command, and the most rapid rivers ceased to flow. It was with Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, and without it a fatal overthrow would have attended his whole fleet. It has been instrumental in more victories than any General whose name graces the pages of history; yet it is scarcely ever mentioned by historians. It is heard and felt every where, but it is seen no where. It is in the palace and in the cottage; with the king and with the peasant. It is one of the principal ingredients that constitute human happiness, yet it is often made an instrument for the destruction of mankind; and no man can tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. Solon, the Critic.



## Tarborough,

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1827.

["Amphimedon," and "Acrostic" in our next paper.

May Day... On Tuesday last the Female Students of the Academy in this place, commemorated the Feast of Flowers. The spacious hall of the Academy was fancifully decorated with arches and wreaths of flowers, and a large concourse of ladies and gentlemen attended to witness the ceremonies. At 4 o'clock, the students, between fifty and sixty in number, arrived in procession, and Miss MARTHA AUSTIN, who was elected by her associates to personify the Queen of Flowers on this occasion, was ushered to the throne... an eloquent and appropriate address was then delivered by Miss Della Dancy, and the mimic sovereign crowned Queen of the Day by Miss Mary Joyner. The ceremonies were interspersed with music, and a splendid entertainment served up... the festivities of the day closed with a Ball in the evening. We are pleased to see this custom introduced among us... the reign of Flora is celebrated in almost every civilized country, and the jocund looks and sparkling eyes of the students, their countenances beaming with health and animation, evinced the interest and pleasure which the occasion excited.

Congressional.—The Elections in this State for Representatives to Congress, take place in July and August. In this district, R. Hines, Esq. and Dr. T. H. Hall are candidates.

In the Halifax district, we understand there is no opposition to Mr. W. Alston, the present member—Jas. Grant, Esq. who we sometime since announced as a candidate, having declined.

In the Warren district, Mr. Edwards