



FOR THE FREE PRESS. A Merry Sketch. TO MISS ...

Full many a stalky and speckled, / Mash-kiss'd, who'd grieve had left to learn; / And many a withering stalky, / In smiles that leapt to the near them most.

FOR THE FREE PRESS. How Sweet to Me.

How sweet to me the tranquil hour / When daylight leaves the plain; / No tempest-blows the sky doth low; / Or cause one moment's pain.

AMUSING TALES, &c. FOR THE FREE PRESS. VILLAGE RECOLLECTIONS.

How often are the publick excited, and the sympathetic feelings of the heart agitated, at events that sometimes occur unexpected to many of our friends and acquaintances! While memory holds her sway in a large number of our youthful inhabitants the recollection of the following tale will be ever fresh in their minds.

friends and those of the amiable object of his choice look forward to the time when they should be united in those bands which spread joy and festivity among those acquainted. A year or two however rolled on, and the business of the place not answering his expectations, he removed to his former place of residence.

CARTER'S LETTERS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATEMAN. Letters from Europe. NO. XXXVII. KENDAL, 9th September, 1825.

and the rocks beneath which it gushes, are overgrown with moss. Tradition says that Robin Hood and Little John used frequently to make excursions from Sherwood Forest to this sequestered retreat.

now in a dilapidated condition, and appropriated to some agricultural purposes, as a barn or out-house, its situation is commanding, but retired and lonely, looking into the deep vale of the Ure, far beneath.