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THE INTELLIGENCER

MARION MOORE.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Gone like the bird in the Autumn that singeth,
Gone like the flower by the wayside that springeth,
Gone like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth from
Round the lone rock on the storm beaten shore.

Dear wert thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Dear as the tide in my broken heart throbbing,
Dear as the soul o'er thy memory sobbing,—
Sorrow my life of its roses is robbing,
Wasting is all the glad beauty of yore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore,—
I shall remember, alas, to regret thee,
I will regret when all others forget thee,
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee,
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Gone like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth,
Gone like the rill on the ocean that floweth,
Gone as the day from the grey mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,—from,
Peace which the Queen of the Earth cannot bar—
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with star—
Oh! to be happy with thee on the morrow, from,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore!

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, 1858-9.

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, now in its seventeenth years old, which was the first penny paper ever started regularly on an Exclusively Cash principle, and the only one that has ever been sold at a single price as low as one cent, and which has attained the unparalleled aggregate of more than 270,000 subscribers, respectfully submits the story of the patronage which the METROPOLITAN PRESS is henceforth to receive.

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