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For six months, in advance,

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Office.—The office of the American Polanteer is in the sec-ond story of James H. Graham's new stona, building, in South Hanover street, a few doors from Burkhoffier's hotel, and di rectly opposite the Post-office, where those having busivess will please call.

Poetical.

From the Louisvile Journal. THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

Oh. sunny tress, the joyous brow, Where thou didst lightly wave With all thy siret tresses, now Lies cold within the grave.— That check is of its bloom berat; That eye no more is gay; Of all her beauties thou art left A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very soon Since last we findly met— Four years and yet it seems too soon. To let the heart forget.— Too soon to let that lovely face. From our sad thoughts depart, And to another give the place. She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind Retains its sweatest power; it is the perfume fet behind, To whisper of the flower. Each blossom, that in unconents gone flound up this sanny curl, Recalls the form, the look, the tone Of that euchanting girl.

Her step was like an Aeril rain
O'er bede of violets flung;
Her voice the product to a strain,
Before the song is surg;
Her life, twas like a hair blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even,
Her death the dawn, the bloshing hour
That opes the gates of Heaven.

A single, ress I how slight a thing
To sway such manie att.
And hid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart;
At least the back to desys fold—
To her I loyed so long.
Whose locks outsher ne pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erfit wed with song.

Since then, I've heard a thousand lay!
From lips as aweet as hers:
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears:
I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung.
The hear amidter sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining trees of hair
To bid such immories start
But, tears are on its sustre—thero.
I tay it to my heart.
Oh! when in Death's cold arm I sink,
Who, then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me à dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair?

Miscellaneous.

From the N. Y. Tribane.

"Leannot choose but marvel at the way in which our lives pass on, from day to any Learning strange leasons in the human heart. And yet like shadown letting them debart."

The secrety betheline was top plants and part of the control of th How wearly the little news boy plodded along the deserted streets on that New Year's Eve! The cold of

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