DAGUERREOTYPES FOR ALL!

—Walker & Horton’s rooms, No. 85 WATER STREET, are daily crowded with those who are wise, seeking to secure their likenesses before it be too late. But, alas! many are now mourning for those departed who have left no SHADOWY TOKEN to wipe the tear from sorrow’s eye. What shall we say? Have the changes of life no warning voice to induce you to secure a shadow, knowing that the substance soon must fade?

Daily are we growing older

Daily do our features change;

Daily old familiar faces

Gather looks most sadly strange.

Forms we knew in youth and childhood,

Booming as the rose with health,

When our shout rang thro’ the wildwood,

And contentment was our wealth,

Now are bent with care and sorrow,

And the voice is week and shrill,

Faint and irksome are the breathings

As they mount the tedious hill

All must travel in the journey

From the cradle to the tomb;

And the heart once strong and hopeful

Now is weak and filled with gloom.

Shall we note the rapid passing

Of the friends we love from earth,

And not seek while time is given

E’en to give an image birth?

Pictures thus secured are precious;

And we wear them in our heart,

Feeling that we have a treasure

That can never thence depart.

What would buy a loved one’s image,
When that loved one is no more?
How our eyes drink in the features
Which we knew in days of yore!
Then let’s seize the passing moment,
And preserve them while we many:
For on every leaf ’tis written—
We are passing fast away.

[End of text.]