—The following little poem has been so much admired, that, although it has been frequently published, we cannot refrain from giving it a place in our columns.

**THE BABY IN DAGUERREOTYPE.**

*BY ANNA L. SNELLING.*

**WHAT!** put her in daguerreotype,
And victimize the pet!
Those ruby lips, so cherry-ripe,
On lifeless silver set!

The frisking, laughing, bouncing thing,
So full of life and glee—
A restless bird upon the wing—
A sunbeam on the sea!

Put shadows on that forehead fair—
That look of quick surprise—
And give a dull unmeaning stare
To those blue laughing eyes!

Now, do you think a chance you’ve caught?
Out with the colors quick;
She’s screaming at the very thought
Of such a shabby trick.

Now she is still—fly to the stand;
The smiling features trace!
In vain—up goes a tiny hand,
And covers half her face.

Give up the task—let childhood be
Nature’s own blooming rose!
You cannot catch the spirit free,
Which only childhood knows.

Earth’s shadows o’er that brow will pass,
Then paint her at your will;
When time shall make her wish, alas!
She were a baby still.

[End of text.]
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