

In youthful days where objects intervene—  
 Makes no pretension in old age to tell,  
 Precisely of when there he saw so well.  
 And, silently avoiding what was not  
 Within his vision when upon the spot,  
 He faithfully, what time consents to spare  
 Unto the little faces round his chair—  
 Delineates as he can ; so thus do we  
 Some shadowy forms, thro' memry's vistas see,  
 Far off loom up 'mongst wreaths of mistiness,  
 All in the costumes they did erst possess,  
 That, once were actors in provincial scenes.  
 Tho' five decades between us intervenes,  
 And now, presumptuous as it may appear,  
 'Tis our design, to photograph them here.  
 No flourishes that's fanciful, we feign,  
 Perhaps not unexceptionally plain ;  
 As is the Artist in his native mood,  
 Such are his tracings cursory and crude  
 No hunting after what is grand or gay—  
 Merely to flash, and then to fade away !  
 No decorations of a dubious kind,—  
 Only to dazzle or distract the mind ;  
 No labor'd ornament, or borrow'd grace,  
 Can on our pages be allow'd a place ;  
 Willing to have the likenesses portray'd  
 Upon our preface—the criterion made.