

PHOTOGRAPHER.

ty. They hope to read in
e reports of the meetings;
ic papers read at the meet-
with the permission of
rs, always be at your dis-
ablication.

you success, I am,
s, respectfully,

COLEMAN SELLERS,

101 North Eighteenth Street,
of Photographic Society of Philada.

YOU CAN HELP US.

not want to be considered
when we ask you to help
one will admit that unless
be given us, our new enter-
be unsuccessful and short
things in their youth must
y trained and supported, to
n grow and gain strength,
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eed. You can help us, and
ou to do so. You, brother
her, can send us useful con-
, and can chide and correct
ve are in error. When you
k" for information, send us
ies and we will try to help
If you make a discovery, let
t, and you will lose nothing.
help us, worthy reader, by
is all the subscribers you
- subscribing yourself. We
y drop of water, every grain
re can get, to make us grow
ish. It will cost you but
rt; it will help us a great
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re friends of our youth, and
ou the consciousness of hav-
a good act by getting your
to subscribe to a good Ma-
voted to a good cause.

The Dead Soldier's Children.*

BY K. H. W.

Uron a field which War's red hand
Had strewed with dead and dying;
When the foe, who late so boastfully
Came on, in shame were flying;
In a spot where thickest lay the dead,
Most fierce had been the battle,
Lay one who never more should hear
The guns' death-dealing rattle.

Three wounds, and all in front, told plain
How bravely he had fought;
One grazed his cheek, one broke an arm,
The third his breast had sought.
At night when o'er the scene of strife
The moon her pale rays shed,
In hurrying groups, men moving round
Are burying the dead.

They reach our soldier, note his wounds,
And wonder, "Who was he?"
No sign betrays his name, or ought
About him,—ah! but see!
As they lift to lay him in his grave,
A card falls flutteringly.
One stoops and picks it up,—“Look here!
'Tis a picture—children three.”

A happy group! they well might be
A parent's joy and pride,
But oh! what anguish must have filled
The heart of him who died,
To think he ne'er again should see
Those faces bright and fair,
And they, so young and weak, must live
Without a father's care.

* After the terrible slaughter at Gettysburg,
a Union soldier was found in a lonely spot, where,
alone and uncared for, he had laid himself down
to die. In his hands was found a picture of three
little children. On this picture his eyes were
fixed in death. His last look was upon them,
and his last prayer for their good and God's
blessing. He was without any mark of recogni-
tion. The picture has been copied by some of
our best Photographers, and is being sold in large
quantities by several leading houses. It was
hoped that by multiplying and spreading this
picture, the whereabouts of the children might
be found, and the profits of the sales handed to
them. That hope has been realized, we learn.
Being so intimately connected with the art we
advocate, we give it this notice, and publish the
above beautiful lines inspired by looking upon
their three tiny faces.

EDITOR.

Somewhere—oh! where?—in Northern State,
A little homestead lies,
Whose inmates oft for tidings watch
With eager, anxious eyes.
Their hearts are worn with waiting long,
Are sick with hope deferred,
For since that bloody battle-day
They have not heard a word.

“Can we not hear? shall we ne'er know
How died he? where he lies?”
So ask the weeping children oft,
The mother's heart so sighs.
Yes, still hope on; some future day
It surely shall be shown,
And by this little picture's aid
Their father's fate be known.

“THE LOAN OF A BITE.”

In the publication of this journal
we shall endeavor to present our sub-
scribers with a specimen photograph
that will be useful, acceptable, and
valuable. With a market overladen
with engravings, we shall have to
select and copy the rare; and among
so many noted personages in this
war-time, we can place in our por-
trait-gallery only those men in whom
the public are particularly interested
at the time.

Our subjects will not be confined
to any one class, but will be varied.
Occasionally we propose to present
a fine view of some place of interest;
at other times a portrait, a street
picture, or copy of an engraving. In
this number our specimen is of the
latter class. We have copied Mr.
William Mulready's, R. A., “Loan of
a Bite,” engraved by H. C. Shenton,
and photographed by F. Gutekunst,
of Philadelphia. The photograph
was made with a Harrison Globe
lens, and is a photographic success,
as will be seen by the sharpness of
the figures and distinctness of lines
in the print. It is a peculiar picture,
and the artist has certainly given us