

Dear Sir or Madam, — (for your sex or age  
I ask not) be thou <sup>slightly</sup> dull or wise,  
rightful or fair, whether thy <sup>rank or</sup> ~~rank or~~ <sup>swarm</sup>  
condition, it is all the same,  
Come thou by ~~the~~ <sup>any</sup> way, from far or near  
Present thy petition to my ~~love~~ <sup>love</sup> ear.  
Without the life would be a ~~dead~~ <sup>dead</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~just~~  
One such dead ~~head~~ <sup>head</sup> of ~~babbling~~ <sup>babbling</sup> ~~and~~  
without thy services I had naught to do  
And post-men would be idle but for you.  
Oh, blessed beggar, if thou know'st a matter  
Cousin or aunt or any other brother  
In further end on earth's remoter isle

To The Autograph Collector

Dear Sir or Madam

- From your six or eyes

I ask not - be thou dull or eyes

~~With~~ Frighful on fair, ~~what~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~  
Rue or exhibition it is  
Dare not thou to see all the same.

Come <sup>thy</sup> by ~~units~~ or by ~~temp~~ ~~time~~ ~~fun~~ ~~or~~ ~~near~~  
Sweep ~~as~~ ~~thy~~ ~~prayers~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~.

Without them life ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~gone~~ ~~fast~~  
One ~~dark~~ ~~region~~ ~~of~~ ~~darkness~~ ~~rest~~.

Without thy gentle ministrations I had enough to do

And life were vain and empty but for you.

Oh blessed beggar, if thou know'st another

Cousin or aunt or any other brother

In furthest Ind or Earth, ~~remotest~~ ~~is~~

I pray thee send him with thy sweetest smile

To go and do <sup>as</sup> what thou hast done. For what is fame

Except to have ~~men~~ ~~and~~ ~~thy~~ ~~name~~

To ~~post~~ ~~upon~~ ~~an~~ ~~album~~ ~~page~~

Except to have his fellows prize his name?

And let him burst too. The time is ripe.

I've half a dozen autographs in type

And if he <sup>to</sup> ~~find~~ ~~any~~ ~~tests~~ ~~will~~ ~~send~~ ~~gladly~~ ~~and~~

Free gratis to each fastidious friend

A catalogue of samples where to choose

The style that suits his market or his views.

And if still unenticed still he insist,

I might send him ~~any~~ ~~free~~ ~~as~~ ~~well~~ ~~as~~ ~~my~~ ~~fish~~.

'Tis a privilege rare to be sought far and near  
To be told by so many my name is so dear  
To know that an hour or two's work every day  
Will give so much pleasure to those far away.  
But alas, so sweet the pleasure of fame,  
No. Barker grows kind at the sight of my name,  
But scanning it closely and rubbing his jaw  
Says "that kind of a name ain't a good one to show."  
It's no use to tell him it's good on a note  
To judge by the number already afloat;  
An splendid to garnish the cultured ~~table~~ page  
Of the Russia-bound albums which now are the rage  
It seemed for a time there was no way at all  
For making a penny of such ~~kind~~ ~~kind~~ ~~kind~~  
But a quick-witted friend at length furnished me tight  
By purchasing squarely the copyright  
Of feathers and fish - which he sold before night  
The <sup>name</sup> for a label for some sort of tea  
A new-fangled style of concocted token!  
While a quack bought the <sup>reserving all rights</sup> face ~~with all rights reserved~~  
To use it to harrow the dying with fright  
As a sample of what man is likely to come to