

Few were those who used him roughly  
And refused to buy his ballads,  
Many those who used him kindly,  
Bought his book of poems and ballads.  
And he would, with truthful pencil,  
Draw the portraits of some persons—  
Some pictures of peculiar people  
Whom he met with in his travels,  
And encountered on his journey;  
Sketch their features and their faces  
And their figures free and fully,  
Not from fancy, but from nature,  
Just as they themselves have made them,  
Or as God and Nature made them,



Modified by circumstances  
In which fate or fortune placed them.  
Greatly moved to paint these portraits  
By the treatment he received  
At the hands of different people,  
Who from each other greatly differed  
In the treatment they accorded  
To Our Traveller with the Valise.  
Few were those who used him meanly,  
As compared with the many