

To please the dupes, need no one else offend !
So waving such apologies as may,
Tho' counterfeit, pass current in our day,
For abliations that by chance escape,
Our observation in a fractured shape,
It matters nothing how an error came
As right or wrong the printer gets the blame.
We hold correction conferences where,
No guest unbidden is allow'd to share.
Unvarying, if unequal, in the aim
Our hand is kiss'd to the parnassian dame.
Untamed she found us, and untamed remain,
But, are content—no despicable gain
Anticipating as we do a smile,
When told how *vipers nibble at our file* !
Nor seem to know, ere blood comes trickling down,
Such things have teeth cuts keener than their own.