

An Imaginary Portrait.

"Here is a Sharpener in the Air" W. Sharp.

These imaginary descriptions of real individuals are peculiarly interesting, in that they open up a wide a field of speculation. In all we see through different glasses, and as one man's meat is another man's poison, so is one man's sharp another man's waddington.

To begin with personal appearance we are inclined to give the subject of this paper a grey beard, mild eyes black clothes & a soft — hat. His age, from certain patriarchal passages scattered through his writings, might be Eighty, but on the other hand some of his productions would shame a boy not out of his teens. However we will put his years at 50. He is a furrowed man. His conversation is constantly larded with such expressions as — "as my friend Rosetta used to say" — or "Rosetta once said to me —".

With great effort he sometimes produces a whole piece —
a re-arrangement of other poet's ideas it is true but
skillfully disguised — then he gets one of his Co-Editors,
for the man Scott, to include it in his anthology — for
they all compile anthologies — & praise it in the preface
sometimes it gets into two different collections.

We give an instance — here is the editor's praise
"Readers will note I have chosen to represent Mr William Shakspeare
among poets of our our day with fine lines etc —"

Here are the fine lines in some of them.

one we when the cold snow lay white along the silent street a little child all clothed in light and with a smile most sweet.	O little child I said art thou Some message divine He pointed to his tender brow Remind what soft light did thine
x x x x	x x x x

and while I looked he faded slow
and vanished from my sight
only the gusty wind did blow
The wild snow through the night. William Shakspeare

Then editors of his are ad captivum beings — one of them
has been entrusted with such different writers as
Coleridge, Shelley, Blake, Poe & Burns
a little while ago his opinions of the finest passages in prose
& verse was asked. The man is a humbug — rather than

select his true ideals - namely from the works of Rossetti
Eric Mackay, Martine & Ernest Rhys he gave extracts from
the classics & the poets. O Scribble Scribbler! was it
not fashionable to quote from these high authorities!
But the words 'celebrated living men of letters' had turned
his addled brain.

But of these he one man who thinks he is the greatest literary
light of modern times that man is - William Sharp.

Ed.

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