

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers*, May 30, 1891 to February 6, 1892)

Lines on my portrait in a Newspaper
By a victim

Before

O! Summit of glory; O! dream of delight;
O! Vision of beauty in Ebon and White;
Great Fortune has crowned me with laurel & bay,
For my likeness appears in the paper today.

Let Rafael look to his lessening fame;
So wondrous a work from his brush never came;
Nor can any Museum in Europe display,
Such a marvel as this in the paper today.

After

Confound all the printers and Editors too;
Confusion upon the pestiferous crew;
Instead of a portrait I only secure,
A libel - a horror - a Caricature.

Some enemy poisoned the ink at the press,
To give to the picture it's look of distress;
With ambiguous glance and a mouth out of place
And the nose but a blot on a featureless face.

Just look at the sheet; on the very same page
Are a burglar, a saint and a queen of the stage;
And there is my rival, as ugly as sin,
With a truculent eye and a smooch on his chin.

If this is a niche in the Temple of Fame,
Her weakness to envy and greatness to claim,
Let gentle oblivion keep me obscure
While papers and portraits and printers endure.

F. W. Clarke

Cincinnati Literary Club
Hon Joseph Cox Editor
Dec 26th 1891