

TO AN UNAPPRECIATIVE UNIVERSITY

WITH all my mental pabulum I like to be a ruminant,
Not gobble up too hastily my fodder ;
My mind is busy as a bloomin' spider or a bloomin' ant,
But I don't despise the necessary plodder.

I'm assured by all who knew me I'm a most transcendent
genius ;
I'm as clever as a Cayley or a Newton ;
I breast the tape with Kelvin, and with Ramsay, and
Arrhenius,
But I copy the Stolidity that's Teuton.

I envy not the lightning of the insight of an Oscar Wilde ;
My mental motto is Festina lente ;
I might have made the eminent composerman of " Tosca " wild,
I admit that I have certainly made plenty.

But I find that in a Tripod ('tis the Moral Scientific)
I have never time to understand the question ;
When the clock strikes I am only just beginning a terrific
Answer after the completest of digestion

It's a pity that they'll plough me, for I should have made
my mark at last,
If I only became master of a College ;
My mighty mind was bound to have dispelled the dark at
last,
That covers all the rudiments of knowledge.

I should not have been expected in that station to produce
a thought,
Or do anything but draw a little salary ;
And I would one day eventually most graciously let loose
a thought
On some subject such as Maeterlinck or Malory.

But good-bye to thoughts of greatness amid men of Major
Schol. degree !

It's the first step that regards me with defiance ;
They'll allow me, p'raps, the General, or possibly the Poll
Degree,
For my papers in the Trip. of Moral Science.

So I, who might have risen to the fame of such a man as
Hobbes,

Or Leibnitz, or St Paul, or Dr Whewell,
Remain a mediocrity (excuse a water-can o' sobs !)
Exactly for my excellence—it's cruel.