

"Motley's the Only Bear"

His habits are by no means like the bear's;
He hibernates up north the livelong summer,
And southward at September's close repairs,
To fill the post of literary drummer.

His labours practical with drum and quill
Leave little space for hobbies sentimental;
Yet in spare time, they say, he dabbles still
In history and lingo's oriental.

With feet on desk, with pipe in mouth, he dreams
Aloud to rows of votaries ecstatic;
And from his lips pour forth commingled streams
Of fragrant smoke and language Asiatic.

Claudel and Francis Thompson, golf and tea,
Gossip, tobacco, book reviews, divinity—
A motley throng of interests has he;
His single brain can compass all infinity.