

REQUIEM ON THE RHINOCEROS.

- ZOOLOGY, that modern Muse,
In Regent's Park bewails her loss,
Hark how, whilst tears her eyes suffuse,
She mourns her gone Rhinoceros :
- " Your holly with your cypress twine,
And blend your mistletoe with yew.
That loved Rhinoceros of mine
Has paid the debt to Nature due.
- " As 'twere a seven-fold shield, his hide
Was proof 'gainst human thrust or throw,
But that fell shaft which Death hath shield
Lays Hog in toughest Armour low.
- " Yet shall the Prince of Pachyderms,
Although his vital spark hath fled,
Become a banquet for the worms,
As useless creatures do when dead?
- " The Lion's or the Tiger's maw
Sarcophagus more meet would be,
Unless the medicine-men foresaw
That with his tomb he'd disagree.
- " But wheresoe'er his flesh have gone,
We'll piously preserve his bones,
Of him at least the skeleton
Shall ne'er descend to Davy Jones.
- " And fare his carcase how it may,
No greedy grave shall gorge his skin,
It shall be stuffed and stowed away
A fit Museum's walls within.
- " His snout, now sunk in brief repose,
Again in mimic life shall rise,
And so the horn upon his nose
Continue pointing to the skies."

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