

But this was not sufficient ground
 'Twas India he relied on—
That hot, mysterious, jungle land,
 With elephants to ride on.

He bagged the stealthy tiger-cat,
 With blood-red fangs and horrid,
He stretch'd him in the jungle flat,
 A bullet through his forehead.

For greater conquests still he sighed,
 For Africa unknown,
Where lions roam the desert wide,
 To huge proportions grown.

Where mighty elephants and wild,
 Gigantic, fierce and cunning
And never by man's yoke defil'd
 Or matched 'mong beasts for running.

Where crocodiles by scores abound
 In pools along the rivers,
And the rhinoceros is found
 Enough to give you shivers.

The tusky elephants he slew,—
 Ferocious lions roaring
He traversed lands that no man knew,
 And carried all before him.

HUNTING THE MOOSE

Hunter! The moon's full splendor
 Rides in the zenith high,
Whilst myriad stars attend her
 Queen regent of the sky.

In glorious pride ascendent
 She queens it o'er the night,
With glory for attendant
 Diffuses she her light.

Upon the waves it dances,
 It falls upon the green,
And from the rocks it glances
 With soft illusive beam.