

They stop for breath, the fight's renewed,
Till blackened, blooded too, and blued,
Fatigue near spent breaks up the match,
They can nor kick nor bite nor scratch :
But they can drink a little more,
And would again fight as before,
Did not peace maker sleep advance
To draw off the drunk combatants. 290
And now they soundly snore as tho'
They neither gave nor got a blow.
Heedless, oblivious of the past,
They snore away, (in peace at last,)
In coarse black canvass sheets and damp,
Fit to give a rheumatic cramp.
Sheets that may have been washed but four
Times annually and not more :
Like those in many a hotel,
And sprinkled weekly, ironed well ; 300
But scenting rarely soap, and which
Oft to travellers give the itch
Or lumbago, for a keepsake,
With other things I'd fain not take.

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