

There's two chaps, though, in the Bible whose stories I never forgot;
 One's Samson wot licked the Philistins, and let 'em have it so hot;
 Tother's David, wot tackled the giant with only a stone and a sling;
 It warn't wot you'd call a reglar mill, but a wonderful plucky thing.
 And the big chap had blustered and bullied, cos he didn't think nobody'd
 fight;
 So I cheered when the light weight knocked him out, for I thought it
 sarved him right.
 Them as sets up for being so pious says prize fighting's terrible sin,
 So it is—when yer sells yer backers, and doesn't go in to win.
 A sneaking cuss wot would go for to play sich an out and out blackguard
 trick,
 Hadn't ought to be squarely fought, but pitched from the ring like a dog
 with a kick.
 Fights aint so dangerous, not by half, as many a kind of sport
 Wot a cove may take up, and nobody to care to say as he hadn't ought.
 There's soldiers, firemen, railway men, and a heap of others too,
 Has a much better chance, o' being killed, a'most everything they do.
 In usef' professions, yer'll say perhaps, it's right to risk life and limb,
 Well, wot gets a feller his living, says I, is precious usef' to *him*.
 A rattling mill is a roughish sight, when claret's flying about,
 Or a nose gets smashed, or a chap goes down with a regular clean knockout.
 Howsomdever sich things is trifles to *us*. They'd finish the likes o' you;
 But a good man—in proper condition o' course—is all right in an hour or two.
 And the fuss is all made by fellers as hasn't no right to speak,
 Whippersnappers o' straw which a tap on the jaw would knock 'em slap
 into next week.
 That's just where the trouble comes in, yer see; folks don't know wot
 other chaps feel;
 And yer soft mollycoddles han't no idee wot it is to have muscles like steel,
 And a bull-dog's head on yer shoulders, wot a sledge hammer hardly could
 break,
 And a great lion's heart in your body, wot's ready to give and to take.
 Tother chap, maybe, gets on your ribs with his right, and shoots his left
 straight in yer phiz;
 And just as he's thinking to knock yer out, you gets right and left upon his;
 And yer backers cheer like mad, and bets more free as yer puts in the
 blows;
 There a sort o' wild Injun joy in it all sich as nothing comes nigh wot I
 knows.
 Just shake off the parson a minute, and look at it straight like a *man*;
 Here's stalwart chaps with a living to get, and to get the best way they can.
 How's coves like us to get on in the world as aint overburdened with brains?
 Would yer have us go working as navvies with spades, and laying down
 roads for trains?
 We'd fight just the same, cos it's in us, but in drunken quarrels, like fools,
 Instead o' fair matches with London P. R., or Markis o' Queensbury rules,
 And get into fights without training, and some of us p'raps be killed,
 For its that wot does it; I shudder to think wot a lot o' blood might be
 spilled.
 Folks natral cottons to things in wot they can knock all comers out,
 And men wots *good enough men* can't see no harm in a friendly bout.
 There's many a bloke you'd think wos a saint, the way he takes on abouts in,
 But meetings and preachings is *his* P. R. wot he finds himself champion in.
 And we fight as a matter o' business, not in malice, that aint our plan;
 And a true boxer 'd hit an old woman as soon as hurt an ornary man.
 There was Billy the Kentucky chicken, a feller wot took his place
 On a railway car, when he gave him his mind, up and hit him square in
 the face.
 If he'd knocked the bloke's head off his shoulders 'twould hardly have
 been unfair,
 But he jest ketched hold of him, collar and pants, and held him up in the air.
 For a second or two, then laid him down, as a mother might lay her child,
 And when he begged pardon, let him up, and shook his hand and smiled.
 Us pugilists aint all brutal. No sir; I denies it flat;
 And I rayther think as none but a pug would have done sich a thing as that.
 In the matter o' liquor, and wuss than that, we's much like others I think,
 But a pugilist aint never good for much wot's regular given to drink.
 Yer can't go stoopidly fooling round with a heavy fight to come.
 And its all times best, if a feller knows how, to keep clear o' the women
 and rum.

So in training I allus lived strictly square, but when business was all got
 through,

I drank pretty free and sometimes had—well I did as *you gentlemen* do.
 And it's that wot makes me feel so bad, and that's the only thing
 As I sees any call to be sorry for, and hooray! says I, for the ring.
 But I wants to make my peace with God, so I likes to hear you preach;
 Its awful to think o'standing up to sich odds in weight and reach.
 So I keeps on saying again and again that little bit of a prayer,
 And I hopes to Heaven they'll let me in—but *is there no prize fights there?*
 A. B.

A CHAPTER ON WOMEN.

Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of his pleasant 'breakfast table' chats, says: "Whether there will be three or four women to one man in heaven is a question which I must leave to those who talk as if they knew all about the future condition of the race, to answer. But very certainly there is much more of hearty faith, much more of spiritual life among women than among men, in this world. * * When they become voters, if ever they do, it may be feared that the pews will lose what the ward-rooms gain."

In the problem of human life in these days, woman might be said to be an 'unknown quantity.' During the last twenty years, many additions have been made to her educational privileges, and her political importance has been greatly advanced. Of her educational facilities she seems to have taken the fullest advantage, and her efforts have been crowned with many brilliant successes. Her political aspirations have been no less pronounced than her educational ones, and although in the case of the candidate for President of the neighbouring Republic, at the late election, they were not altogether successful, still both in that country and in this, in many municipal contests, and perhaps in some of the elections for the legislature, her influence had very material effect upon the result.

In the city of Washington, there will be held, sometime during the present year, a congress of women, from all parts of the world, to discuss the state of their affairs, and probably to take steps to promote their educational and political interests.

Everyone, we think, will wish them all good, but we are dubious when we look forward to women taking an active part in political affairs.

We are inclined to be conservative on the subject of woman's social position in the world, we have a fondness for the old state of things. Not that there is any privilege or honour of which she is unworthy, nay, but that her position now, is one of such peculiar honour, that any modification would seem to be a step downward.

If there is to be a shred of chivalry left in the world, if woman is to be the object of man's love and reverence, if she is to be the embodiment of all that is gentle and courteous, all that is honourable and beautiful, it is necessary that she should keep herself from the sordid contamination of public life.