

PUGI-LIST-IC.

Seen some fightin' ? yes, you bet—
Some I'd just as lief forget !
Seen what's called by men o' sense
Noble art o' self-defence.
Sullivan I've seen, and Jake :
Made some money on that stake ;
Talked enough 'bout fights to fill
The stomach of a paper mill !

Train you ? give you points ? Not quive !
You're born to better things than fight.
No doubt, my boy, you're squarely built ;
Some school-boy blood, perhaps, you've spilt ;
And with six months of training might
Be tough enough to lose a fight.
I tell you what, it's not all talk ;
You've got to learn to stand a knock,
A stunner—make you reel, and feel
As if you'd met a horse's heel ;
And see more stars and curious sights
Than in a couple o' months of nights !

You needn't laugh, my boy, it's true—
Outside the ropes and inside, too,
I've been, and know it like a book ;
Moreover, something in your look,
Half reckless like, and half refined,
Brings up another to my mind,—
Tom Collins, just about your size,
Same complexion, same black eyes,
Good scholar, too—great friend of mine—
Temperate—never tasted wine.
And smart he was, as a steel trap,
But rather a hot-tempered chap.
Got the pugilistic craz—
Punched the bag for days and days,