



THE CHAMPION.

## DEATH IN "THE RING."

WELL! so I've 'floor'd' these 'fancy' fighting-cocks,  
 And 'finish'd' them in style! Presumptuous  
 fellows!  
 They 'chaff'd' of *Science*—and, forsooth, would box  
 With one whose 'hits' are sure to touch the  
 'bellows'!  
 Conceited mortals! thus to 'spar' with DEATH,  
 Whose fame's almost as old as the Creation!—  
 For knock-down blows, which take away the breath,  
 I've ever had a first-rate reputation:  
 And yet these *heroes* of the science fistic,—  
     Poor stupid drones!—  
 Thinking I couldn't 'come it pugilistic,'  
 Threw up their 'castors,' stak'd the 'ready bustle,'  
 'Peel'd,' and prepar'd with DEATH to have a  
 tussle—  
 As though their *flesh*, and *blood*, and *muscle*,  
     Were proof against my *bones*!

*They* talk of championship!—what next, I wonder!  
Did they imagine DEATH would e'er 'knock under'?

Could they, in fact, suppose  
*I* car'd about their blows?

*I!* who can 'draw the claret' when *I* please—  
'Fib,' or 'cross-buttock' 'em, or close their  
'peepers'?

*I!* who can 'double up' the 'swells' with ease,  
And make 'em senseless as the seven sleepers!\*

Not *I*, indeed;—and so, it seems, they found,  
For there they all lie sprawling on the ground:  
They'll never 'come to time' again—no, never—

At least, not *here*—

For, 'twill appear,  
When *I* their business do, 'tis done for ever!

\* Whether DEATH here alludes to the *seven giants*, who, lying down to sleep on Salisbury Plain, slept "to wake no more," as an old west-country nursery legend so truly tells; or whether the simile has reference to some seven animals (the dormouse, &c.) whose torpid existence during the winter months has given *them* the appellation of the "seven sleepers," we pretend not to determine. That there should, however, be a degree of mystery attached to the metaphor will by no means be considered a poetical defect; and as it may probably induce certain learned commentators to discuss the question, and to favour the world with many a curious hypothesis in eliciting the truth, we are right glad, for the sake of mankind in general, that DEATH was not more communicative on the subject.



The greatest champions that the world e'er saw,  
By turns have bow'd obedient to my law.

Look back at History's page,

In every clime and age,

You'll find I ' mill'd' the mightiest of them all ;

No matter how they sparr'd,

*My* blows were *sure* and *hard*,

And when I threw them, fatal was their fall.

From Alexander down to Emperor Nap,

Whene'er I chose to give the rogues a slap,

Not one could parry off a single rap ;—

No, no !—nor had they each a thousand lives,

Could they have stood against my rattling ' bunch

of fives !' †

† DEATH has not merely the authority of Pierce Egan, Lexicographer and Chronicler to "The Fancy," for using the *scientific* terms here introduced, and specially marked for the benefit of the uninitiated, but he is also sanctioned by the classic Blackwood, in whose pages may be found some high encomiums on the transcendant merits of that eloquent style of composition vulgarly called *flash*. And is not its use also sanctioned by the sweetest of all sweet poets—the "bard of Erin?"—What better precedents *would* the Critics have!

S. M.