

land standing at a public-house door, with a large white patch over one eye, and a deep purple streak under the other. He reminded me exceedingly of Bill Sikes, in the illustrations by Cruikshank of *Oliver Twist*. For two mortal hours had he stood up, under the broiling sun of the previous day, to knock down, and be knocked down in turn, all in a lather of blood and sweat, and surrounded by a ring of the greatest scoundrels in the kingdom. And the ninety-third round had determined him the best man of two, and the champion of all England. I felt convinced, however, like the old king in the ballad, that England holds

“Within its realme,
Five hundred as good as hee.”

There had been sad doings in the neighborhood, — not a little thieving in the houses, several robberies on the highway, and much pocket-picking among the crowds; in short, as the reporter of a sporting paper, “*The Era*,” who seemed to have got bitten somehow, summed up his notice of the fight, — “had the crowds brought together been transported *en masse* to Botany Bay, they would have breathed forth such a moral pestilence as would have infected the atmosphere of the place.” Pugilism has been described as one of the manifestations of English character and manners. I suspect, however, that in the present day it manifests nothing higher than the unmitigated blackguardism of England’s lowest and most disreputable men. Regarding the English *ladies* who take an interest in it, I must of course venture nothing untender; indeed, I saw but a single specimen of the class, and that for but twenty minutes or so, for the robust female left us at the first stage.

A pugilist, notwithstanding his pugilism, may be, I doubt not, a brave fellow; the *bottom* he displays is, in most instances, the identical quality which, in the desperate tug of war, so dis-