

able Lumley Savage, who had just paid Mr. Johnson one thousand guineas for Solomon, and was the talk of the racing world; the Hon. Cavendish Bragshaw, a rattle of a sportsman, a notoriously fine swordsman, and a source of gossip in the boudoirs of the West End; Sir Harry Fane Tempest, a man of fashion, a friend of princes, a wonderful judge of a horse or a pretty face. There might have been a dozen more, men of the town and the sporting world, including perhaps the most notorious hero of the ring, Gentleman Jackson, who was negotiator-in-chief for both sides concerned with the sport of pugilism, the nobility who supported the ring with their money, and the men who fought for it. Starting life as a fighter, after beating the Jew, Mendoza, he had become first a tutor of boxing and then finally mentor and arbiter of the sport, and the confidential henchman of its most influential supporters.

Of the fighting-men present, little need now be said—many have their parts in this story. There was Paddington Jones, who lost to Belcher, a fine, upstanding man with a frank and open face and a jovial disposition. Next to him was Bill Richmond, the black, an astounding figure, in a purple coat and a waistcoat of yellow and black stripes. His ugly black face looked evil in the flickering lights; he was much the worse for drink, and was talking fiercely and noisily of his walking triumphs during the afternoon. Near the black sat the bishop of the ring, corpulent Bill Gibbons, a droll figure with a heavy jowl and a series of double chins, about which hovered a perpetual smile. Bill was the spoilt child of the fancy, and an audience was ever ready