

"Is this a bear garden, gentlemen?" he asked sternly, "or a convivial party of sportsmen? Silence, you, Richmond—silence—you'll get your ring, if you stop howling. We follow the game, and it has rules. The game now is fight. Let's try the new blood at once, and give Bill Richmond his ring. Someone hold the black, and I'll arrange the preliminaries. Who says a purse?"

As he spoke he held out a hat.

"Five guineas," Sir John said at once, and dropped the coins in the hat.

"Five here." "Three from me." "Here's a couple," they began to cry, and a stream of golden coin fell into the receptacle which Jackson held.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, hastily counting. "The purse is thirty-five guineas—enough for a merry mill. The hour is twelve-thirty. The fight begins at day-break, and the winner takes all. Bill Gibbons will make a ring at Hyde Park; Paddington Jones will second Hen Pearce; Firby will second Richmond. I will act as referee. Do you all agree?"

"Agree." They nearly raised the roof with their wild cheering.

"Henry Pearce, Bill Richmond—shake hands. This isn't a beerhouse quarrel—it's a fight before noble sportsmen."

Pearce held out his hand in obedience to Gentleman Jackson's command, and Richmond sulkily took it.

With the making of the impromptu match all the devils were let loose at the "One Tun." The house seemed to boil over. Corinthians, pugilists, tradesmen from the bar, and hangers-on danced with half-