

mode. Their heads were round and close-cropped. Their noses showed a tendency to depart from the lines along which Nature had moulded them. Some had puffed ears, others had the marks of old scars, showing vividly against the dull red of their inflamed faces. There was a bull-dog look about the set of their eyes and mouths, and they carried the expression of that animal to the point of seeming to convey, even under restraint, a lust for battle which was only curbed by the leash.

Imagine these men: gentlemen, many slightly discovering signs of indulgence, but preserving the effects of breeding in the manner of their address; pugilists, some sullenly ill at ease, and others genial and inclined to make too free with the guests at the table—all boisterous, a few a trifle tipsy and tending to the uproarious, noisily calling to each other across the table.

"Some of the best in London—the real thing," old Will Warr kept whispering to his intimates, as he passed in and out of the room to the bar to keep an eye on his waiters and serving wenches. And so they were.

In the chair was Mr. Fletcher Reid, a man of means, a stout, ruddy-faced gentleman, a brewer, and host of the evening. He had that afternoon wagered two hundred guineas that Bill Richmond, the black pugilist, would run from St. James's market to Chalk Farm in an hour, and had won. Richmond, with forty guineas in his pocket, and looking as pleased as his ugly face would permit him, sat low down at the table, and had evidently eaten and drunk as determinedly as he had run during the