

...d with his song—  
King Nabuchodonosor  
Lived in a golden palace;  
He fed from a golden dish, and drank  
His swipes from a golden chalice.  
But John Wilkes he was for Middlesex,  
And they chose him for knight of the shire;  
For he made a fool of Alderman Bull,  
And called Parson Tooke a liar!

"Hurrah!" continued the vocalist, who had  
lost his hat, waving a scratch wig round his  
bare scalp with an abortive attempt to cheer.  
"King Nabu—Nabu—cho—donosor was a  
mighty man—shaking his head with unimpaired  
solemnity—"a mighty man, no doubt,  
But John Wilkes he was for Middlesex,  
And they chose him for knight of the shire."

Hip, hip—Hurrah!"

A burst of laughter rang from the party in  
the tavern, and a gentleman in a laced  
waistcoat shut down the window after throw-  
ing out a crown-piece to the singer in the  
street.

Night was falling, the air felt chilly, though  
it was summer, and the party, who had  
drank several bottles of port, gathered round  
the fire over a steaming bowl of punch.

They were of all ages between twenty and  
fifty. One of them wore a wig, another  
powder, a third had brushed his luxuriant  
hair to the poll of his neck and tied it in a  
plain black bow. Their long-waisted coats  
were cut to an ample width at skirt and  
sleeves; their waistcoats heavily bound with  
lace. Knots of ribbon adorned the knees  
of their breeches, their shoes were fastened  
with buckles, and each man carried sword  
and snuff box. To drink, to fence, to "lug  
cut" as it was called, on slight provocation, to  
sing a good song, tell a broad story, and  
pull a deal of snuff in its recital, were, at  
this period, the necessary accomplishments  
of a gentleman.

The room in which these worthies had as-  
sembled seemed more comfortable than lux-  
urious. Its bare floor was sanded, and the  
chairs, long-legged, high-backed and narrow-  
seated, were little suggestive of repose, but  
the mahogany table had been rubbed till it  
shone like glass, the wood-fire blazed and  
crackled, lighting up the crimson hangings  
that festooned the windows, and though the  
candles were but tallow, there flared enough  
of them to bring relief to the pictures with  
which the unpapered walls were hung. These  
works of art, being without exception of a  
sporting tendency, were treated in a realistic  
style, and seemed indeed to have been paint-  
ed by the same master:—A fighting cock,  
spurred, trimmed, and prepared for battle,  
standing on the very tip-toe of defiance. A  
horse with a preternaturally small head, and  
the shortest possible tail, galloping over  
Newmarket Heath, to win, as set forth in  
the large print below, "a match or plate of  
the value of fifty guineas." The portrait of  
a celebrated prize-fighter, armed with a  
broad-sword, of a noted boxer in position,  
stripped to the waist. Lastly, an ambitious  
composition, consisting of scarlet frocks,  
jack-boots, cocked hats, tired horses and by-  
ing hounds, grouped round a central figure  
brandishing a dead fox, and labelled "The  
Victory of obtaining the Brush."

One of the party had taken on himself to  
hurl out the punch. Its effect soon became  
apparent in the heightened color and in-  
creased volubility of the company. Voices  
rose, two or three at once. A song was de-  
manded, a glass broken. In the natural  
course of events, somebody called a toast.

"Blue-Eyes!" shouted a handsome young  
fellow, flushed with drink, waving his glass  
above his head.

"A fine!" objected the punch-ladler, judi-  
cially. "By the laws of our society, no  
member has leave to pledge a female toast.  
It leads to mischief. Gentlemen, we have  
decided to draw the line, and we draw it at  
beauty. Call something else."

"Then, here's John Wilkes!" laughed the  
first speaker. "He's ugly enough in all con-  
science. John Wilkes! His good health  
and deliverance—with three!"

"Hold!" exclaimed a beetle-browed,  
square-shouldered man of forty or more,  
turning down his glass; "I protest against

...The young gentleman, whose nature and  
fortune seemed to have intended for better  
things, was at present wasting health and  
energy in a life of pleasure that failed egre-  
giously to please, but that succeeded in  
draining the resources of a slender purse to  
their lowest ebb. He came of an old family,  
and indeed, but for the attainder that de-  
prived his father of the lands and title,  
would have been the owner of large estates  
in the North, and addressed by tenantry or  
neighbors as Sir John—that father, devoted  
body and soul to the Stuarts, died at Rome,  
begged and broken-hearted, leaving his son  
little besides his blessing, and an injunction  
never to abandon the good cause, but be-  
queathing to him the personal beauty and  
well-knit frame that Acts of Parliament were  
powerless to alienate. The young man's  
laughing eyes, rich color, dark hair, and  
handsome features were in keeping with a  
light muscular figure, a stature slightly  
above the average, and an easy jaunty bear-  
ing, set off by a rich dress, particularly pleas-  
ing to feminine taste. Hence, while he re-  
pudiated the title of which he had been de-  
prived, it became a jest among his intimates  
to call him "plain John Garnet," a jest of  
which the point was perhaps more appreciat-  
ed by the other sex, than by his own.

Plain John Garnet looked somewhat pre-  
occupied now, sitting moodily over his punch,  
and the influence of his demeanor seemed to  
steal upon the company in general. Mr.  
Gale, indeed, held forth loudly on horse-  
racing, cock-fighting, and such congenial  
topics, but spent his breath for an in-  
attentive audience, not to be interested  
even by a dissertation on West-country  
wrestling in all its branches—the Cornish  
hug, the Devonshire shoulder-grip, and the  
West Somerset "rough-and-tumble catch  
where you can."

At an earlier hour than usual the reckon-  
ing was called, and the guests, not very  
steady, assumed their swords and hats to pass  
downstairs into the street. Mr. Gale by ac-  
cident, John Garnet by design, were the last  
to leave the room.

The latter placed himself before the door,  
observing in a quiet tone, that the other's  
reckoning was not yet wholly paid up. "How  
so?" asked Gale, in his loud, authoritative  
voice. "The oldest member has taken my  
half-guinea, and entered it in due course.  
Will you satisfy yourself, my young friend,  
by calling the landlord to produce his club-  
books? Pooh, pooh! young sir; the punch  
is strong, and you have drunk too much!  
Stand aside, I say, and let me pass!"

He did not like the set look of John Gar-  
net's mouth; he liked less the low firm tones  
in which that gentleman repeated his asser-  
tion.

"You may or may not be in debt to the  
club—it is their affair. You owe an apology  
to one of the members—that is mine."

"Apology!" stormed the other. "Apolo-  
gy! what do you mean, sir? This is in-  
solence. Don't attempt to bully me, sir!  
Again I say, at your peril, let me pass!"

"Do you refuse it?" asked John Garnet,  
in a low voice, setting his lips tighter while  
he spoke.

"I do!" was the angry reply. "And what  
then?"

"Nothing unusual," said the other, while  
he moved out of the way.

"Drawer! Please to show us to an empty  
room."

A frightened waiter, with a face as white  
as a napkin, opened the door of an adjoining  
chamber, set a candle on the chimney-piece,  
and motioned the gentlemen in.

Garnet bowed profoundly, making way for  
his senior to pass. The other looked about  
him in uncertainty, and felt his heart sink,  
while he heard the voices of their departing  
companions, already in the street.

He had little inclination to his task. For  
one moment the burly, square-shouldered  
man wished himself safe at home; the next,  
that intermittent courage which comes to  
most of us, in proportion as it is wanted,  
braced his nerves for the inevitable encounter  
and its result. He grasped his rapier, ready  
to draw at a moment's notice, while the other  
coolly locked the door.

...ence, were serious matters even in a time  
when every man carried a small sword, by  
his breeches-pocket; and to be taken red-  
handed, as it were, from the slaughter of an  
adversary, would have entailed unpleasant  
consequences to liberty, if not to life. While  
it had been established that a gentleman was  
bound to defend his honor with cold steel, it  
seemed also understood that in such en-  
counters every victory might be purchased  
at too dear a price. Nevertheless, so riotous  
were the habits of the day, encouraging to  
the utmost card-playing and the free use of  
wine, so lax was the administration of the  
law, and so stringent the code of public  
opinion, that scarcely a week passed without  
an encounter, more or less bloody, between  
men of education and intellect, who would  
have considered themselves dishonored had  
they not been ready at any moment to sup-  
port a jest, an argument, or an insult, with  
naked steel. John Garnet, therefore, ob-  
serving an ancient watchman pacing his  
sluggish rounds, turned aside into a by-street  
rather than confront this guardian of the  
peace; and hastening on as he became less  
certain of the locality, was aware that his  
strength began to fail, and his shirt clinging  
to his body, wet and clammy with some-  
thing that must be blood.

For an instant he thought of turning back  
into the more frequented thoroughfare; but  
the hum of voices, and increasing tread of  
feet, seemed too suggestive of discovery, and  
he stumbled onwards, in faint hope of reach-  
ing the dwelling of some obscure barber-sur-  
geon who might staunch his wounds, and send  
for a coach to take him home.

Twice he reeled against the wall of a cer-  
tain dark passage, called Deadman's Alley,  
down which he staggered with uneven steps,  
and had almost decided that he must sink  
into the gutter, and lie where he fell till a  
passer-by should pick him up, when he de-  
scribed a red lamp in a window ahead, and  
summoned all his strength to make for it as  
his last hope. Half blind, half stupefied, he  
gropped and blundered on, with a dull, strange  
fancy that he was on deck of a ship, labor-  
ing in a heavy sea while she made for a  
harbor-light, that seemed continually to dip  
and disappear behind the waves. The illu-  
sion, though not so vivid, was similar to a  
dream, and the languor that accompanied it  
something akin to sleep; till in a moment,  
while through his brain there came a whirr  
as in the works of a watch when it runs  
down, the light widened, broke into a hun-  
dred shafts of fire, went out and all was  
dark.

## CHAPTER II.

### PORLOCK BAY.

High-water in Porlock Bay. The tide  
upon the turn—sand-pipers, great and small  
dipping, nodding, stalking to and fro, or sit-  
ting along its margin waiting for the ebb;  
a gull riding smoothly outside on an un-  
troubled surface, calm as the soft sky over-  
head, that smiled lovingly down on the  
Severn Sea. Landward, a strip of green and  
level meadows, fringed by luxuriant wood-  
lands, fair with the gorgeous hues of sum-  
mer; stalwart oak, towering elm, spreading  
walnut, stately Spanish chestnut, hardy  
mountain ash, and scattered high on the  
steep, above dotted thorns and spreading  
hazels, outposts, as it were, of delicate fea-  
thering birches, to guard the borders of the  
forest and the waste; fairland brought  
here to upper earth, with all its changing  
phases, and variety of splendor. The wild-  
bird from her nest in Horner Woods needed  
but a dozen strokes of her wing to reach the  
open moorland that stretched and widened  
ridge by ridge, and shoulder by shoulder, till  
its rich carpet of heather was lost in the  
warm haze that came down on Dunkerry  
Beacon, like a veil from the sky.

Far away towards Devon lay a land of  
freedom and solitude, haunt of the bittern  
and the red deer, intersected by many a  
silent coombe and brawling river, to expand  
at last on the purple slopes of Brendon, or

"Indeed, Parson," she answered, "you  
never spoke a truer word in the pulpit, nor  
out of it. I've turned it over in my mind till  
I'm dazed with thinking, and I can't get her  
to sit, do what I will."

"Sit!" exclaimed the other. "Where  
and how?"

"Why, the speckled hen to be sure!" an-  
swered Nelly, rather impatiently. "If she  
addles all these as she addled the last hatch,  
I'll forswear keeping fowls, that I will—it  
puts me past my patience. How do you con-  
trive with yours, Mr. Gal.? though to be  
sure, if I was a parson, like you, I wouldn't  
keep game-cocks. I couldn't have the heart  
to see the poor things fight!"

Parson Gale made no attempt to justify  
this secular amusement. He was one of  
those ecclesiastics, too common a hundred  
years ago, who looked upon his preferment  
and his parish as a layman of the present day  
looks on a sporting manor and a hunting-box.  
Burly, middle-aged, and athletic, there were  
few men between Bodmin and Barnstaple  
who could vie with the parson in tying a fly,  
setting a trimmer, tailing an otter, handling  
a game-cock, using fists and cudgel, wrestling  
a fall, and on occasion emptying a gallon of  
cider or a jack of double ale. Nay, he knew  
how to harbor a stag, and ride the moor after  
him when the pack were laid on, with the  
keenest sportsman of the West, and if to  
these accomplishments are added no little  
skill in cattle doctoring, and some practical  
knowledge of natural history, it is not to be  
supposed that the Reverend Abner Gale  
found much leisure for those classical and  
theological studies, to which he had never  
shown the slightest inclination.

"It is but their nature," said the parson,  
reverting to the game-cocks, of which he  
owned a choice and undefeated breed. "It  
comes as natural for them to fight, as for me  
to drink when I'm dry, or for your old grand-  
father to sit and nod over the fire. Or for  
yourself, Mistress Nelly,"—here the parson  
hesitated and tapped his heavy riding boots  
with his heavier whip—"to bloom here in  
the fresh air of the Channel, like a rose in a  
bow-pot. There's a many would fain gather  
the rose, only they dursn't ask for fear of  
being denied."

The latter part of the sentence was spoken  
low enough for Nelly, even if she heard it, to  
ignore.

"And what brought you here this after-  
noon?" she inquired in her frankest tones.  
"It's a long ride across the moor, Parson,  
even for you, and not much of a place when  
you get to it. If it had been Bridgewater  
now, or Barnstaple, sure you would have  
seen a score of neighbors, men and women,  
to tell you the news, and wind up the night  
with a junket or may be a dance. But here"  
and Nelly burst into a merry laugh, "our  
only news is that the speckled hen seems as  
obstinate as a mule, and Farmer Veal  
brought a roan nag horse home this morn-  
ing from Exeter. I daresay you've seen it  
already. As to dancing, if you must needs  
dance, Parson Gale, it will have to be with  
grandfather or me!"

"And I'd dance all right with both," he  
answered, "to be sure of a kind word from  
one of them in the morning. Do you really  
care to know what brought me here to-day,  
Mistress Nelly, and will you promise not to  
be hard on me if I tell you the truth?"

There was something ludicrous in the con-  
trast of his rough exterior and timid manner  
while he spoke. He was a thick, square-  
made man, built for strength rather than  
activity, with a coarse though comely face,  
bearing the traces of a hard out-of-door life,  
not without occasional excesses in feasting  
and conviviality. His short grizzled hair  
made him look more than his age, but in  
spite of his clumsy figure, there was a light-  
ness in his step, an activity in his gestures,  
such as seldom outlasts the turning-point of  
forty. He was dressed in a full-skirted rid-  
ing coat, an ample waistcoat that had once  
been black, soiled leather breeches, and  
rusty boots, garnished with a pair of well-  
cleaned spurs. Even on foot and up to his  
ankles in shingle, the man looked like a good  
rider, and a daring resolute fellow in all mat-  
ters of bodily effort or peril, not without a

...maining sands in so quiet and obscure a re-  
treat. Of old Carew's history he only knew  
thus much, that the veteran had passed a  
wild unbridled youth, a stormy and reckless  
manhood; that he had been tried for rebel-  
lion in '16, and risked his head, already gray,  
once more in '45, escaping imprisonment  
and even death on both occasions by the in-  
terposition of powerful friends and in con-  
sideration of his services on the continent  
during the war. Even John, Duke of Marl-  
borough, spoke out for the man he had seen  
at Malplaquet, holding his own with a pike  
against three of the Black Musketeers, and  
who carried his weapon in a cool salute to  
his commander the instant he had beaten  
them off. But Carew never prospered, de-  
spite his dauntless courage and military  
skill. Now some fatal duel, now some wild  
outrage on discipline and propriety brought  
him into disgrace with the authorities, and  
men who were unborn when he first smelt  
powder, commanded regiments and brigades,  
while he remained a simple lieutenant, with  
a slender income, a handsome person, and a  
reputation for daring alone.

Such characters marry hastily and im-  
providently. Carew's wife died when her  
first child was born, a handsome little rogue,  
who grew to man's estate the very counter-  
part in person and disposition of his grace-  
less sire. He, too, married early and in de-  
fiance of prudential considerations, gambled,  
drank, quarrelled with his father, and lost  
his life in a duel before they had made friends.  
Old Carew's hair turned gray, and his proud  
form began to stoop soon after his son's  
death, for he loved the boy dearly, none the  
less perhaps because of those very qualities  
he thought it right to reprove. Then he took  
the widow and her little girl to live with him  
at a small freehold he inherited near Porlock;  
but young Mistress Carew did not long sur-  
vive her husband, and the old man found  
himself at threescore years and ten the sole  
companion of a demure little damsel not yet  
in her teens, whose every look, word and  
gesture reminded him cruelly of the son he  
had loved and lost.

These two became inseparable. The child's  
mother had imparted to her a few simple  
accomplishments—needlework, housekeep-  
ing, a little singing, a little music, the French  
language—as she had herself acquired it in a  
convent abroad; above all, those womanly  
ways that not one woman in ten really  
possesses, and that make the charm of what  
is called society no less than the happiness  
of home.

Little Nellie was still in her black frock  
when, taking a Sunday walk hand-in-hand  
with her grandfather, she looked up in his  
face, and thus accosted him:—

"When I'm big," said she, "I'll have a  
little girl of my own. I shall take her out a-  
walking, and be kind to her, as you are to  
me. You won't like her better than me,  
grandfather, will you?"

"You may be sure of that, Nelly," was  
his answer, while he marvelled how this  
blue-eyed mite had come to be dearer to him  
than all his lovers and memories of the past;  
wishing he could have shaped his whole life  
differently for her sake.

"I shall always be your little girl, grand-  
father," continued Nelly; "I couldn't do  
without you, and you couldn't do without me,  
so you need not be afraid of my ever going  
away to leave you—I promise—there!"

"But if you marry, Nelly?" said he,  
laughing, for to his little maid this affirma-  
tion was the most solemn form of oath.

"I shall never marry," answered Nelly,  
with exceeding decision, "no more shall my  
little girl."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hoyle and Schenck to the contrary not-  
withstanding, it was conclusively proven in  
a poker game in this town night before last  
that a jackfall on Derringers best four aces.  
The holder of the former was a coal-burner  
from the primeval forests of McGeary, while  
the elevator of the latter was a gentleman of  
Eureka. The latter laid down his hand and  
passed—out of the door.—Eureka (Nev.)  
Sentinel.