

others who were near him. However, Carey, who had come for the express purpose of picking a quarrel with Etherington, waxed more insolent as the evening progressed, until at last, carried away by his seeming failure to "draw" the other, he rose in his place, and, excited by his potations, proposed the toast of all traitors and rebels, and coupled with it, in an intention of insult, the name of Captain Etherington. He was about to resume his seat, when a glass in the former's hand, whizzed across the table, and struck him in the face, cutting his cheek, while the wine spilled all over his cravat.

In an instant there was an uproar, all present rising to their feet. Etherington stood where he was in silence, but feeling his whole body tingle with indignation, being carried quite beyond himself; while Carey, whose face was pale with passion, cried out that he would have his life, and attempted to draw his sword.

It was plain to all present, that Carey had acted from the first with an intent to insult, and then challenge the other; however, the company was broken up, and the men's friends kept them apart, and got them home to their quarters. Here Etherington sat by the fire with Jarvis and Robinson, awaiting the challenge, which he knew was sure to ensue, although the custom of duelling had greatly declined as a fashion.

In half an hour, there came a loud knock at the door, and Carey's friend entered. Captain Carey, he said, in insolent tones, would be pleased to meet Captain Etherington at the Don Valley, or where else he pre-