

panions about him, and drank his brandy cold in summer, hot in winter, or mixed up favourite toddies with the cunning of an artist at the punch-bowl. Truth to tell, the man of fashion was not quite so refined or polished as is the wearer of his mantle to-day; not nearly so aloof from the common interests in life; not half so prone to pretty speeches or ways, and rather given to the simpler delights of loving his pipe and glass, his friends of the same kidney, his horses, pet fighting-men and dogs. He was a different man of a tougher fibre; he lived a harder life, and took fiercer hazards almost every hour of his day. Best of all, he loved a fight, whether he took part in it with the rabble of the streets, at midnight, or looked on, as a polished Corinthian sportsman and backer, the while his nominee whipped his adversary to a standstill within the ropes of a crowded arena.

The One Tun Inn was a small, rambling tavern, dimly lit with candles and lamps. Its rooms were irregular and low, and the old house rambled in a perfectly hopeless manner. Stumbling from the darkness outside into the feeble light within, one found an entrance-hall leading to a square bar, fenced in by the old-fashioned glass partitions. Through the bar was a snuggerly; on the right of the passage was a tap-room; to the rear was a bigger room used for dining purposes. The public rooms were plainly furnished, with oaken seats running round each apartment; there were a few plain tables and chairs and a rack or two for pipes, while a liberal supply of sawdust and spittoons covered the bare boards of the floor.

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