



REMINISCENCE OF THE RING-ROUNDER BY A. CONAN DOYLE

CHAPTER XII. THE COFFEE ROOM OF PLADINGS. So boy Jim went down to the George at Crawley under the charge of Jim Heicher and his uncle to train for his great fight with Crab Wilson of Gloucester, while every club and bar parlor of London rang with the account of how he had appeared at a supper of Cornishians and beaten the formidable Joe Berks in four rounds...

It was but a few days before the battle that my father made his promised visit to London. The woman had no love for cities, and was happy when wandering over the downs, and turning his glance upon the tops of hills which showed above the horizon, than in finding his way among crowded streets, where a crowd of people was impossible to keep a course by...

When you think that in the last year of the war we had 340,000 seamen and marines, and that half of these had been turned off with the peace of Amiens laid their ships up in the Hamaze or Purtsdown creek, you will understand that London, as well as the country towns, was full of seamen...

There's a man whose life might help you to trim your own course," said my father, as he pointed to a man who was sitting at a table in the large room in which we were sitting...

"I nearly broke my heart to have missed it," I have not yet outlived it. To think of such a gallant service and I engaged in harnessing the market, being the miserable cabin boy of a French frigate...

They loved to gamble, these old salts, for as soon as one had shot of his grievance his neighbor would follow him with another, each one more bitter than the last. "Look at our salt," cried Captain Foley. "Put a French and a British ship at anchor together and how can you tell which is which?"

There was a general laugh at this, and then at it they all went again, setting off to speak all those weary broodings and silent troubles which had rattled during the night through, and never to pull a lanyard, or take the tampions out of my guns. Twice I opened my pistol case to blow out my brains, and it was but the thought that Nelson might have a use for me that held me back.

"I had thought, sir, that it was inland," said my father. "Collingwood took a little black bag out of his pocket and showed it to me. 'That is good work for the feet there. What do you suppose I had in this bag?' 'Bullets,' said Troubridge.

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