

may be a second Waterloo yet. And though I do not wish to enter into the lists in any way with 'America' (I mean your correspondent), excepting that of good fellowship, I must say, I think if he threw a little less nationality into his opinions, and left Paul Jones and his victories in British waters out of the argument, his letters would be accepted by both your American and English readers with much more pleasure. I do not think it can be the wish of either to create feelings of animosity in the coming contest. I say, Studiously avoid that! Remember, Heenan is now in the land of strangers, one of whom he is going to fight—not because he is an Englishman, but because he is the champion boxer of the world. Tom will think no more of Heenan's being an American than if he were a Frenchman or a Nigger; he knows he has to fight, and lick if he can, a man a good deal bigger than himself, and that's all. I don't think Tom's historical and geographical recollections extend to a knowledge of the *locale* of English and American successes and defeats, and if you mentioned Paul Jones, he would probably ask 'What was his weight?' But there are others of more education than Tom; who will read with displeasure such novel training instruction as that proffered by 'America' to Heenan—viz., 'Let him (that's 'the Boy') on some clear morning, climb to the top of some chalk cliff, &c., and call to mind the achievements of Paul Jones, &c., &c., &c.' The climbing I don't object to, but I feel assured that Heenan will have other things to think of than 'Paul Jones' when the event comes off, and I hope that no national war-cries will be heard or needed, to stimulate either combatants to greater 'deeds of daring.' I am, in a small way, doing my very best to bring about some far more interesting matches (at least I consider them so) than this of Sayers and Heenan. 'Veritas' laughs at my calling the coming contest between these boxers a fight with fists, between a big man and a little one; but he cannot alter the fact any more than he can, that a large proportion of, at all events English, admirers of manly sports won't care a button which gets the worst of the pummelling. Should Umpire win the Derby, Epsom Downs will witness such a scene of enthusiasm as it never yet has done. I'll take odds both the horse and the jockey are carried back to the weighing