

*quicumque alius*—easy of translation—has now deigned to appear to us once more under the guise and cognomen of 'Morton Price.' But, sir, whoever or whatever he may be, it must be evident to all unprejudiced persons that he is a real phenomenon in athletic literature—a perfect mass of 'experience' in all sporting matters—a conglomeration, if one may thus express it, of all the Nos. of *Bell's Life*, from the moment of its inception down to the present time; and in our ring matters a volume of a new style of tactics, bound in 'sheep,' to which a 'certain Price' is affixed, but which is nevertheless free—(*Igitur gaudeamus*)—to all those "seeking information, but in ignorance where to apply." (N. B.—For the above Latin phrase, please overhaul the Psalms of David, and when found turn down a leaf!)

"Why, sir, his name should be embalmed in all our memories and handed down from father and son, to future generations of disenthralled Yankees, as the self-abnegating philanthropist, the very personification of disinterested benevolence, who, 'in spite of wind and weather,' dared to cross the stormy waters of the Atlantic—who knows but in mid-winter, without mittens—for the noble purpose of dispensing his exhaustless stores of *Priceless* intelligence to the American people, 'based' on the solid foundation of a long-tried experience. (Hear!) And, moreover, the author and getter-up of a series of grand tournaments, on American ground and water, of all the sports congenial to the disposition of two great peoples!

"Magnificent *ideah*! and well worthy of the genius of its overwhelmingly renowned progenitor!—who, *en passant*, may be induced to enter for a prize in one or other of these tournaments, and having himself 'trained for a few four-mile rowing matches,' he will have an excellent opportunity to show up his artistic skill with an oar, or a pair of sculls, as M. Berger with his cue to gaping crowds of awe-struck greenhorns (*Anglicè*, muffs); and we shall thus see at rowing—as from the other 'at billiards'—'what we never yet beheld!' And as he will then have ('or think he has') 'two to one the best of it,' with the good fortune which is invariably the follower of skill and pluck, while teaching his Transatlantic cousins to skilfully toss an oar, he can with equal grace