

'sickly constitution,' or 'spare.' Tom Sayers' only conqueror was as near as possible 100 lb. of bone and muscle, like steel and whip-cord. Yet every man who witnessed the fight, and knows a tittle about fighting, feels assured that had Master Tom been five or six pounds lighter than he was—i.e., in better condition—he would have won. Therefore, I say, Don't—because your correspondents say they have seen Nat Langham (they have *not* seen *him*, they have seen his shadow), and that he is slim, sickly, &c., &c.—think, therefore, that Heenan must whip Sayers.

How Heenan stood up to Grantley Berkeley, I know not; he might have disguised his real fighting attitude for the reason 'G. B.' has assumed, but I have seen him spar when he was not aware of an Englishman being present, and I echo the *baronet's* opinion, that if that is his attitude and those his tactics, that he will be licked as sure as his name is Heenan.

"Yours truly,

MORTON PRICE."

I must also give you a specimen of my most-difficult-to-be-worsted opponent's style, and I think you will admit we were well matched:

LETTER FROM "VERITAS"—REPLY TO "MORTON PRICE."

"No Man's Land, Feb. 22nd.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede ye tent it;

A chiel's amang you takin' notes,

An' faith he'll prent it."

"DEAR SPIRIT,—You may perhaps call to mind an interrogatory that appeared frequently at the head of articles in the daily papers, a few years since, when the Rev. Ebenezer Williams, of Indian Missionary memory, was 'Heir apparent to the throne of France'—viz., "Have we a Bourbon among us?" If we may be allowed, for a moment, to believe in the transmigration of souls, we may safely congratulate ourselves in having at the present time in our midst one of the famous sporting celebrities of the olden times—perhaps the founder of the 'Olympic Games,' who, having shifted his 'mortal coil' from one tenement to the other, has come down through many generations, and after appearing for a time as 'Pierce Egan,' or 'Mr. Jackson,' *aut*