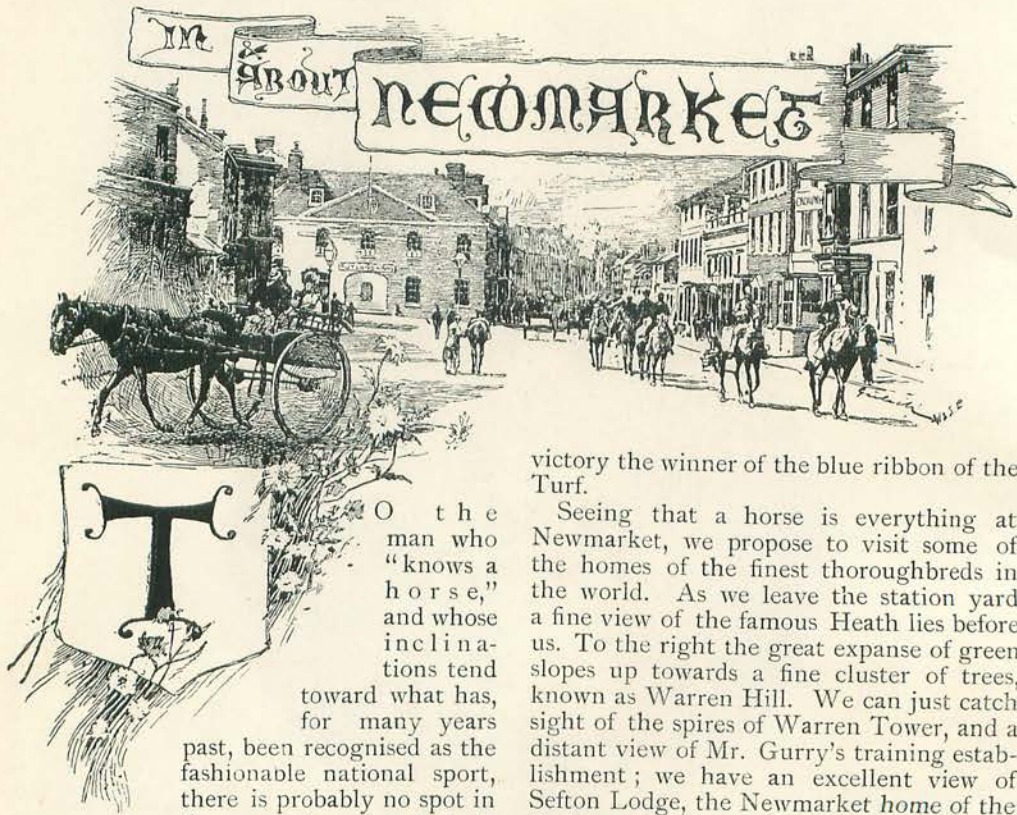


IN
ABOUT
NEWMARKET



O t h e man who "knows a horse," and whose inclinations tend toward what has, for many years past, been recognised as the fashionable national sport, there is probably no spot in the country, or, indeed, throughout the world, around which so much combined interest and curiosity is centred as Newmarket. Newmarket, as a town, is distinctly modest and undeniably unpretentious. Its High-street presents a happy division between modern improvements and old-time associations. There are quaint and odd corners where one can almost picture the gay cavaliers of Charles II.'s time wending their way towards the racecourse at the top of the hill, and even imagine the Merry Monarch himself being summarily interrupted in following his "fancy" as the animal flew over the grassy sward—for was he not at the races at Newmarket when news came of the outburst of rioting at Rye House? To-day Newmarket is the capital of the world of sport. From fifteen hundred to two thousand horses are in course of training here, under the care of some eighty trainers in and around the town, whilst a veritable army of stable boys are patiently waiting and longing to guide one day to

victory the winner of the blue ribbon of the Turf.

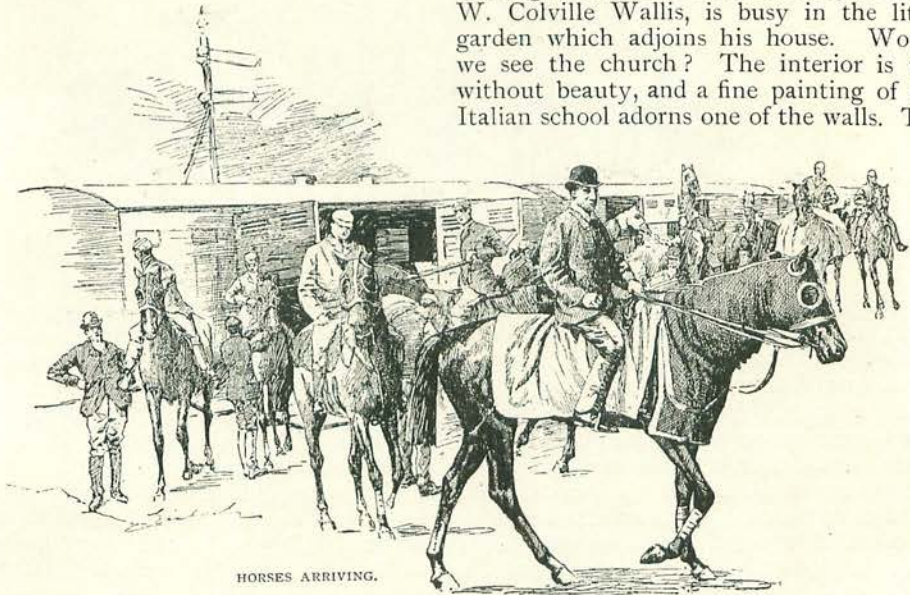
Seeing that a horse is everything at Newmarket, we propose to visit some of the homes of the finest thoroughbreds in the world. As we leave the station yard a fine view of the famous Heath lies before us. To the right the great expanse of green slopes up towards a fine cluster of trees, known as Warren Hill. We can just catch sight of the spires of Warren Tower, and a distant view of Mr. Gurry's training establishment; we have an excellent view of Sefton Lodge, the Newmarket home of the Duchess of Montrose; while to the left is Mr. John Dawson's house and stables, surrounded with magnificent trees and lilac in full bloom.

"One moment, sir."

A friendly porter tells us that the horses are just returning from the Manchester Races. Newmarket station sees the arrival and departure of many animals in the course of a year. Last year no fewer than 91 were sent to Epsom, 105 to Goodwood, and 106 to Ascot. The special train has just come in, and the next moment the great horse-boxes are opened. The boxes are, in reality, travelling stables, for they are all fitted up exactly on the same principle, with accommodation for "two." A small "third-class" compartment is attached for the lad who accompanies the horse on its journey. The platform is carpeted with straw, and no sooner are the huge doors opened than the occupier evinces the greatest possible desire to get out. But these stable lads seem to know every weak spot in a horse's disposition, and their methods of pacification are a

delightful blending of professional tact and indisputable kindness. No sooner are the horses out, than the lads are on their backs

little higher up the road is the Memoriam Church of St. Agnes, erected by the Duchess of Montrose in 1886, in memoriam of Mr. Stirling Crawford. The minister, the Rev. W. Colville Wallis, is busy in the little garden which adjoins his house. Would we see the church? The interior is not without beauty, and a fine painting of the Italian school adorns one of the walls. The



HORSES ARRIVING.

guiding them along the platform. One boy is peculiarly attractive. He is the smallest stable boy in Newmarket, and is familiarly known as "the Midget." No wonder, for as this diminutive youngster sits, the picture of health, on his horse's back, it is no easy matter to see him amongst the great heap of rugs and horse cloths which are on the saddle with him.

Though the majority of training establishments at Newmarket are practically conducted on the same principle, every one of them, however, has something of particular interest about it. The description of the stalls in one stable would fully typify those in the next twenty, and we would ask those trainers to whose establishments special reference is omitted not to think this due to any want of courtesy on our part, but solely to the great similarity which, in many instances, characterises them.

We have crossed the Heath, staying for a moment to watch a hundred horses exercising in small detachments, and in single solemn file. Here is the corner of the Bury-road. Nothing could be prettier than the grounds in front of Sefton Lodge—the verandah is completely hidden by trailing leaf, and the flower-beds are sparkling with tulips, red and white. At the back of the house is the training stable, where twenty horses are passing through "a course." A

church is lit by electric light, which is supplied from the house. A single monument, depicting "Calvary," is on the adjoining land, exquisitely carved in marble. It stands in a square plot of ground, round which is a border of neatly-trimmed furze, and marks the grave of Mr. Stirling Crawford.

Mr. J. Jewitt's establishment is the first we come to. Mr. Jewitt trains for Lord Calthorpe and Captain Machell, and the Captain has a very charming residence adjoining. The principal stables are built of stone and cement, relieved with brick, and with the fine old tower, with its clinging ivy—which stands over a well some sixty feet deep—the whole picture is striking to a high degree. No fewer than sixty-three horses can be lodged here, and young animals are broken in on an extensive meadow at the back. Wending our way across the yard, we learn that the blacksmith's shop here is the only private one in Newmarket. He of the brawny arms is certainly a fine strapping fellow. From a heap of shoes he singles out a plate covered with dust and rust, but to him decidedly precious. He straightens it out a bit with his hammer, and holds it up as a memento of a famous horse. It was worn by Seabreeze, who won the Leger and the Oaks. Our friend of the forge shoed



SEFTON LODGE—THE DUCHESS OF MONTROSE'S HOUSE.

Humewood, who carried off the Cesarewitch, and Harvester, who ran a dead heat with St. Gatien for the Derby.

"A pair of shoes lasts about three weeks on the average, sir," he said, replacing the little reminiscence of the triumph of Seabreeze. "Of course the horses don't run in ordinary shoes, such as they exercise in. Previous to running in the race, the shoes are taken off and the plates put on. This work is done by two brothers, whose special work it is to travel from one meeting to another for this particular purpose." Considering that the fee is 7s. 6d. for this, it seems to be a very profitable business. Then the blacksmith opens a door leading from the smithy into the "Bath." We had an excellent opportunity of seeing exactly what the "bath" was for; the morning was rainy, and the boys had come in soaked from exercising on the Heath.

In front of a great fire, hanging on huge clothes-horses, were the boys' garments "steaming," and the coloured horse-cloths undergoing the same process of drying. "The Bath" is a decidedly useful institution in wet weather. We had looked in at the harness room—every bit and bridle is in order, and every single trapping, whether part of the trappings of The Deemster or Blavatsky is

known—and were just noting a dozen jockeys in *embryo* struggling with pails full to the brim, when an interesting spectator, pointing to a little lad, said: "He's the second smallest in Newmarket, sir, and runs the Midget very close for quarters of inches."

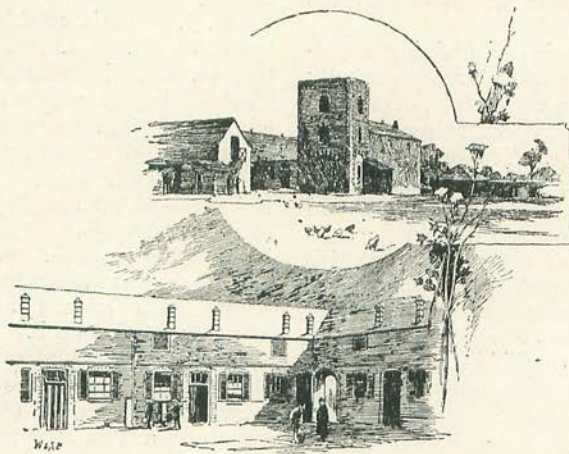
The young gentleman referred to as "he" answered to the name of Williamson, declared his age to be fifteen, and his height to be 4ft. 4in. He was sketched whilst standing the picture of ease and comfort at the coachhouse door.

Just opposite the sign-post which directs the traveller to Fordham, Soham, and Ely, is the house of Mr. Tom Jennings, Sen., who trains exclusively for Prince Soltykoff. The house and stable are built almost entirely of red brick. The great square yard,

round which run the stables, has in the very centre a curiosity in its way. It is an old railway carriage, and a peep inside will reveal the fact that it is very usefully utilised for various domestic purposes of a culinary character.

In the immediate vicinity are Mr. J. Enoch's, Mr. Percy Peck's, and Mr. Matthew Dawson's establishments.

Mr. Percy Peck's place becomes more interesting from the fact that he lives in the late Fred Archer's old home, "Falmouth House." The house itself is architecturally



WATER TOWER AND COURTYARD OF J. JEWITT'S STABLES.



1. Mr. J. Jewitt.
2. Mr. A. Hayhoe.
3. Mr. J. Dawson.
4. Mr. J. Porter.
5. Mr. T. Jennings.
6. Mr. Enoch.
7. Mr. Sherrard
8. Mr. Mat Dawson.
9. Mr. R. Sherwood.
10. Mr. J. Ryan.

SOME WELL-KNOWN TRAINERS.

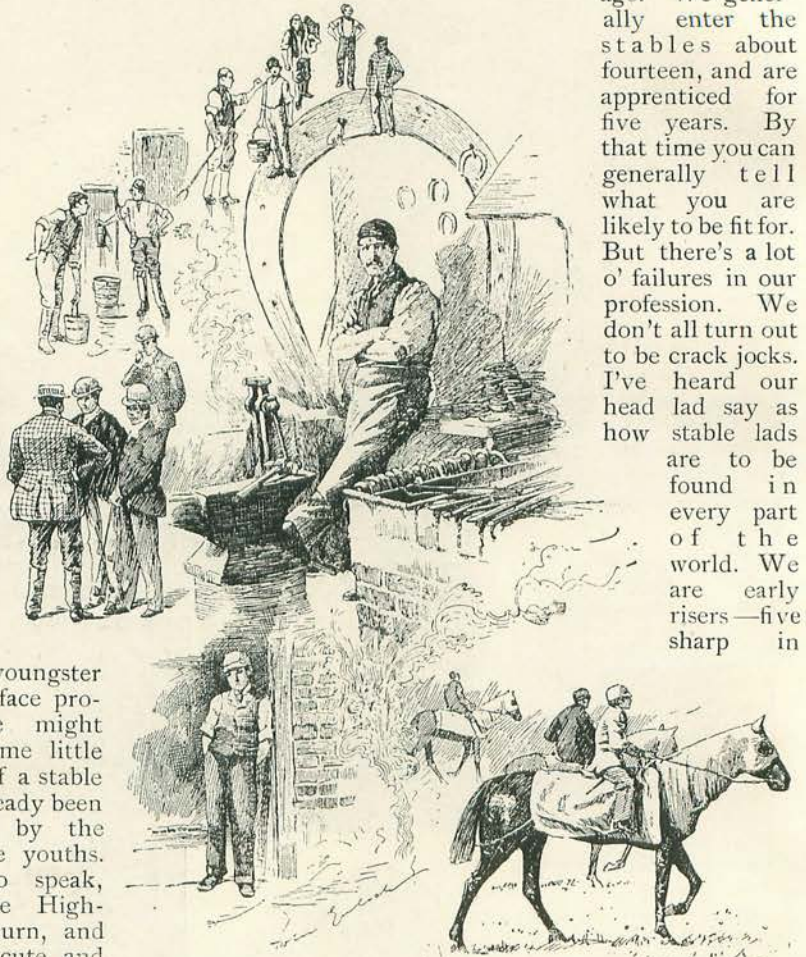
striking, and the grounds very beautiful. In Archer's time there were no stables here except those erected for his own horses; now they are capable of receiving some thirty or forty horses, principally owned by Mr. Blundell Maple and Mr. R. Peck. The stables run in a straight stretch, and are separated from a well-kept lawn in front by the whitest of white palings.

Mr. Matthew Dawson's stables, "St. Alban's House"—which are under the charge of Mr. Briggs—are probably the only ones of their kind in Newmarket. There is little or no yard attached, but the forty or fifty horses in training here can come to their doors and look out upon a luxuriant lawn, laid out with trees and shrubs. Mr. Dawson himself lives a little way out of Newmarket, at Melton House, Exning, an illustration of which we give, together with Lord Randolph Churchill's charming country residence, Banstead Manor at Cheveley, three miles away.

It was whilst walking along the road leading back to the town that we fell in with a youngster whose intelligent face prophesied that he might possibly throw some little light on the life of a stable boy. We had already been much impressed by the Newmarket stable youths. They are, so to speak, dotted about the High-street at every turn, and are, perhaps, as cute and smart as any lads in the land. Their very business leads them to assume an air of mystery which makes their individuality more marked, but we must frankly admit (and we questioned quite a number of them) that their dispositions are hearty and genial

and brimming over with merriment. The head stable lad at one of the principal trainer's declared them to be "the best in the world." But let the lad who has just joined us speak for himself. His chat went a long way to prove that the happiness of these boys all rested on—a horse.

"Horses, sir, I love 'em. That's what made me leave home. Yer see, sir, if a chap once takes to a horse, it's no good either him doing anything else, or his father putting him to anything else. There's hundreds more like me. I left my home, just outside London, two and a half years ago. We generally enter the stables about fourteen, and are apprenticed for five years. By that time you can generally tell what you are likely to be fit for. But there's a lot o' failures in our profession. We don't all turn out to be crack jocks. I've heard our head lad say as how stable lads are to be found in every part of the world. We are early risers—five sharp in



SKETCHES AT JEWITT'S.

the summer. Each boy has his own horse to groom and exercise, and we looks after them as careful as though they was our own. You see, supposing that horse should win. Well, I might drop in for a fiver. Healthy!

I should think it was. Supposing you got up just after the sun, gave a thoroughbred a couple of handfuls of corn, jumped on his back, and did a couple of hours' gallop over the Heath before breakfast. You'd have to travel many a mile before you'd

There is a Stable Lads' Institute in connection with All Saints' Schools, where these boys may pass a good evening at all kinds of games, except cards. We also visited the Temperance Hotel, where a score or two of lads seemed to be enjoying cups of excellent coffee, cake, and similar delicacies. In

the reading-room adjoining the temperance buffet others were reading the daily, illustrated, and sporting papers, whilst one youth was playing a merry air on a piano in the corner.

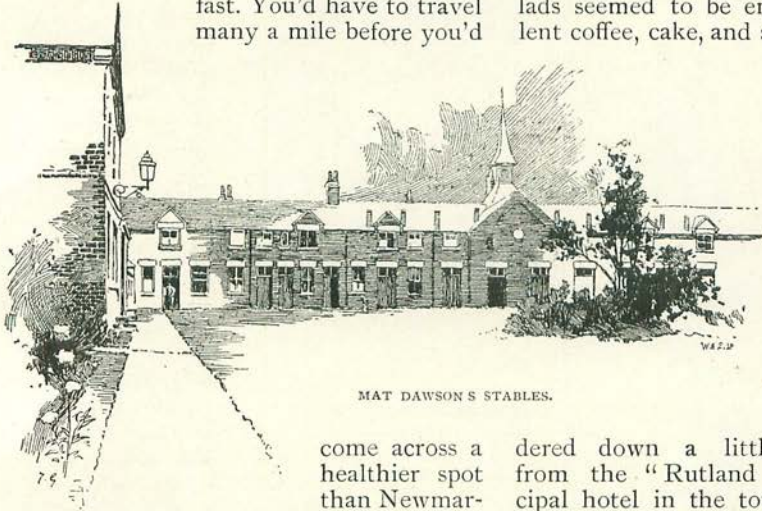
It was whilst turning back again in the direction of Mr. John Dawson's, Sen., that we wandered

come across a healthier spot than Newmarket Heath.

dered down a little by-street, leading from the "Rutland Arms"—the principal hotel in the town—and came across one of the prettiest stables we had seen. This was Mr. A. Hayhoe's, who trains for Baron A. de Rothschild and Leopold de Rothschild. Nothing could be prettier. The stables are white, with green shutters, and creeping plants are everywhere. In the centre of the yard a bed of shrubs has been laid out, in the midst of which stands a quaint-looking, old-fashioned pigeon-house, surmounted by a weather-

Why, people come here, after they have found the sea air no good to them, and find the very thing to brighten them up," and the lad's eyes glistened, and his tanned face became more flushed as he went on. "When a race is on, the boy in charge of a horse takes it away, and really lives with it until it comes home again. We get six shillings a day for that. The regular wages vary up to 14s. or 16s., according to the time of service. Many of us live 'indoors,' that is, on the premises, and others lodge out. Clothing is expensive, and you must dress, you know, sir. These little cricket caps, which every lad wears, cost 3s. 6d., his leggings half a guinea, and his breeches twenty-five shillings."

We had arrived in the middle of the High-street, and our future wearer of the pigskin bid us "good-day." It is gratifying to learn one thing.

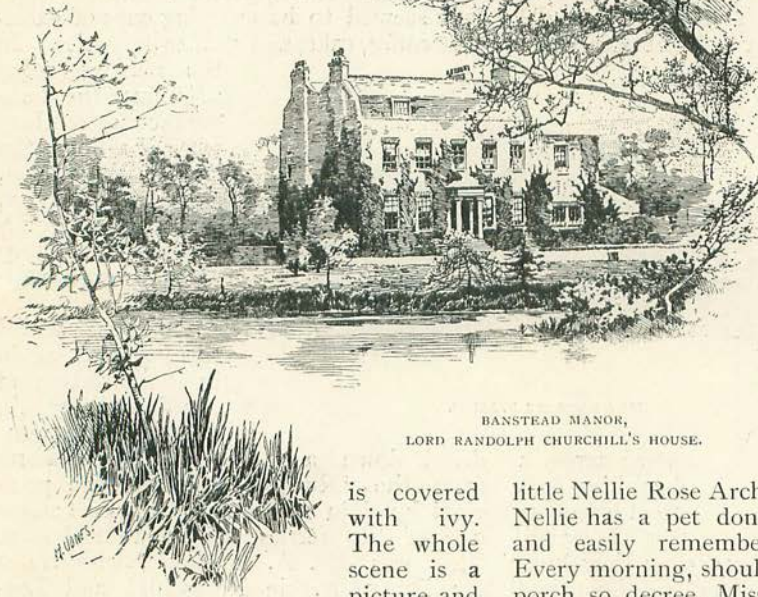


MAT DAWSON'S STABLES.



MAT DAWSON'S HOUSE.

cock and a jockey on horseback. The house—where the trainer lives—looks on to the yard, and



BANSTEAD MANOR,
LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S HOUSE.

is covered with ivy. The whole scene is a picture, and more so

now, for the gravel path has been strewn with straw, and the lads are riding round in a circle, as a little preliminary to going on to the Heath.

Baron Rothschild's house is exactly opposite. It is a great square building, the bricks of which are almost entirely hidden from view by the ivy which runs round every window. It stands on the site of the old palace, as does also the Congregational Church and schoolroom in the immediate vicinity. Just here, too, another bit of old Newmarket may be met with. Westley's yard constitutes the site of a half-dozen old-time abodes, with the roof casements of long ago. The residents of Westley's yard may point to their pump with pride. It supplies them with good spring water, and is one of the few reminders of bygone days.

Certainly not the least interesting house we visited was that of Mr. John Dawson, Sen., who trains principally for Sir R. Jardine. "Warren House" training establishment is situated at one corner of the Heath—already referred to as being in close proximity to the station. An hour or two spent here did much to show exactly how the work of a training establishment is carried on. Previous to going through the stables, however, a pretty little incident

occurred, which should find a place in these pages. We were standing for a moment beneath the porch of the house, where great bunches of sea-weed hung, those useful marine prophets of the movements of Clerk of the Weather. Immediately the door was opened a bright little girl of some six summers, in a pretty plaid dress and frilled white pinafore, came bounding down the stairs. It was

little Nellie Rose Archer. Now little Miss Nellie has a pet donkey, with the simple and easily remembered name of Billy. Every morning, should the seaweed in the porch so decree, Miss Nellie has her pet harnessed to the prettiest of diminutive wagonettes, and taking the reins, goes for her morning drive.

Billy, be it known, is a racer. A short time ago some local sports were taking place in Newmarket, in which there was a race confined exclusively to donkeys. What more natural than that Billy should be entered? Billy *was* entered, and, what is more, won the prize. Great were the efforts brought to bear upon little Miss Nellie to allow her pet to run in another race; but no, the six-year-old mistress was immovable. And why? Well, we heard a part of this story from the child's own lips, and when we put this question to her the reply was:—

"Because I wanted Billy to have an unbeaten record!"

Our picture of little Miss Archer (page 170), for which she specially had the not-to-be-beaten Billy harnessed, was expressly taken for this magazine.

The stables at Warren House are admirably built in white brick, and are of effective design. Something like thirty-six horses could be stabled here at one time. Passing down the stables, painted buff and white, some of the boys we observe plaiting the straw which makes a neat and trim edging for the stalls, whilst others are grooming

their horses, accompanied by that unexplainable hissing noise. The kicking-boards are of hard elm. It is noticeable, too, that the pails of the establishment are painted

a pair of feline jockeys on it. We stay for a moment to admire Rentpayer, which cost 2,350 guineas, and we are by no means unmindful of the beauty of Lady Primrose, a sister of Lady Rosebery.

Then the head stable lad imparts a highly sensational bit of information. It was away back to 1875 when Prince Batthyany's Galopin won the Derby. Our friend here had charge of the horse. "Why, do you know, sir," he said, "I slept in the same stall as that horse did for three weeks, so as to make sure that not a living soul got near him; and then when



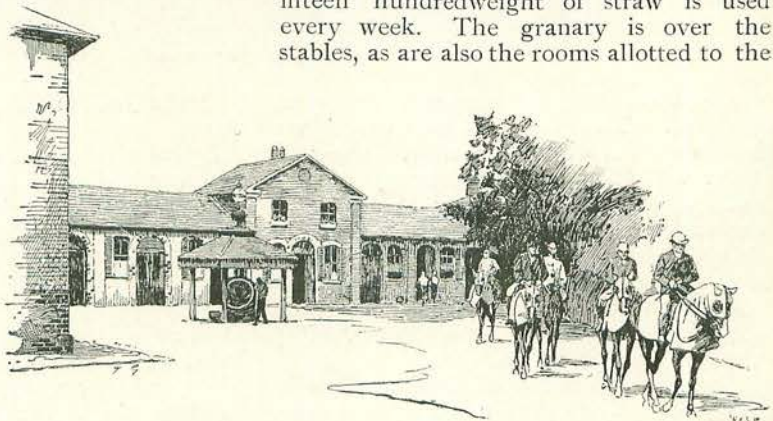
A CORNER OF A. HAYHOE'S STABLES.

with the colours of the trainer. The jockeys who ride for this stable invariably wear a blue jacket and black cap, hence the pails are painted blue, with black hoops. This rule seems to be general.

There are some half-dozen cats about the place, and whilst the various horses are being pointed out a sight is presented, of frequent occurrence here, but highly interesting to the stranger. Wiseman is a beautiful chestnut of six years. The horse has a splendid record, and from a "two-year old" upwards has brought many valuable prizes to its owner. But Wiseman is never so happy as when a pet cat is lying down on the straw of its stall and purring at its feet. The cat, however, has strayed from its customary place, and has managed to get on to the back of Nickel, another horse some distance from Wiseman's place of abode. The cat, moreover, has also taken up a kitten with it, and Nickel's back presents a most pleasing picture with

the beauty was sent to Epsom to run in the great race, and win, sir, as I knew he would, although there were a couple of detectives watching, yet I stood outside the stable door all night. I was rewarded though, sir, wasn't I? Didn't the beauty ride home grand?"

A sort of trap door above is pointed out to us. This is the shoot down which the corn comes, and the hay and straw is brought down in a similar fashion. Some fifteen hundredweight of straw is used every week. The granary is over the stables, as are also the rooms allotted to the



COURTYARD, JOHN DAWSON'S STABLES.

boys who live on the premises. One hundred and forty sacks of oats can be easily stored away in the granary, and it is

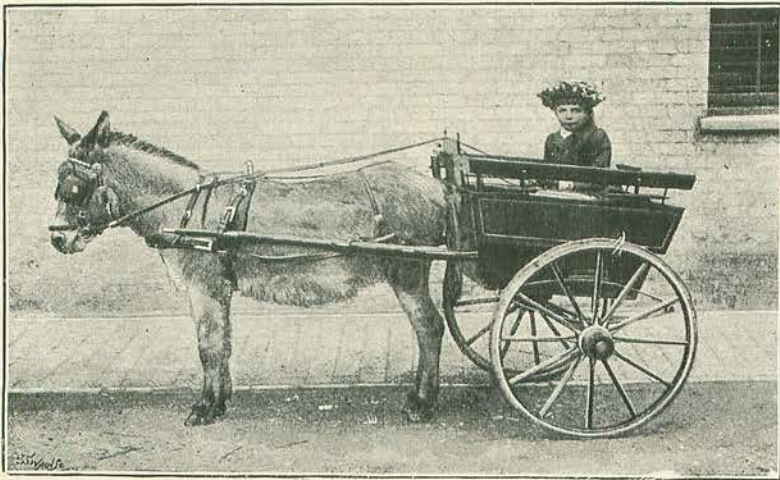
necessary to always have a plentiful supply, for, to put it in the words of one of the stable lads, "orses eat 'earty." It is all a mistake to think that horses in training are starved. Such is far from the case. They are well fed, and always regularly to a moment. When a horse is going to run in a race, the animal will be kept short of water, and it will be sent on its momentous journey with a meal of a couple of handfuls of oats; but otherwise, your racing horse fares well, and on the best of everything.

Next to the granary is the "Wardrobe," where all the best things are kept. The boxes are full of smart clothing, which is only worn on special occasions. Then we try the weighing machine which is used for trial weights, and examine great pieces of lead which are strapped into the saddle

—black and blue. A couple of perambulators, now no longer needed, are in the far corner, one of which is particularly interesting. It is of wicker work, lined with blue satin, and decorated with hand-worked flowers. It was brought from America by little Miss Archer's father as a present. A beautiful cross in Newmarket Cemetery marks the grave of poor Archer, where he, his wife, and infant son William lie buried.

"But that's not a race-horse," we exclaim, suddenly coming across an old black hack, whose appearance is scarcely so spick and span as its neighbours.

"No," replies our guide. "You see, the head lad never rides a horse that is in training, but always a hack;" and with this information we hurry across the yard, down the street leading from the station,



MISS ARCHER AND "BILLY."

cloths to make up the necessary weight as required. The very saddles which we handle are not without interest. Many of them are great heavy specimens of the saddle-maker's art, weighing 21 lbs., and others delicate little samples of workmanship, which are used for racing, and when weighed with stirrups and band, and all complete, would just about turn the scale at 3 lbs. The saddles used when exercising the horses weigh 10 lbs.

Noticing the many effectual appliances in case of fire, we pass once more into the yard where is Miss Archer's carriage-house. The door is drawn back, and there in miniature is a victoria and the identical wagonette already mentioned. These two are painted in the colours of Warren House

past the Jubilee Clock at the top of the town.

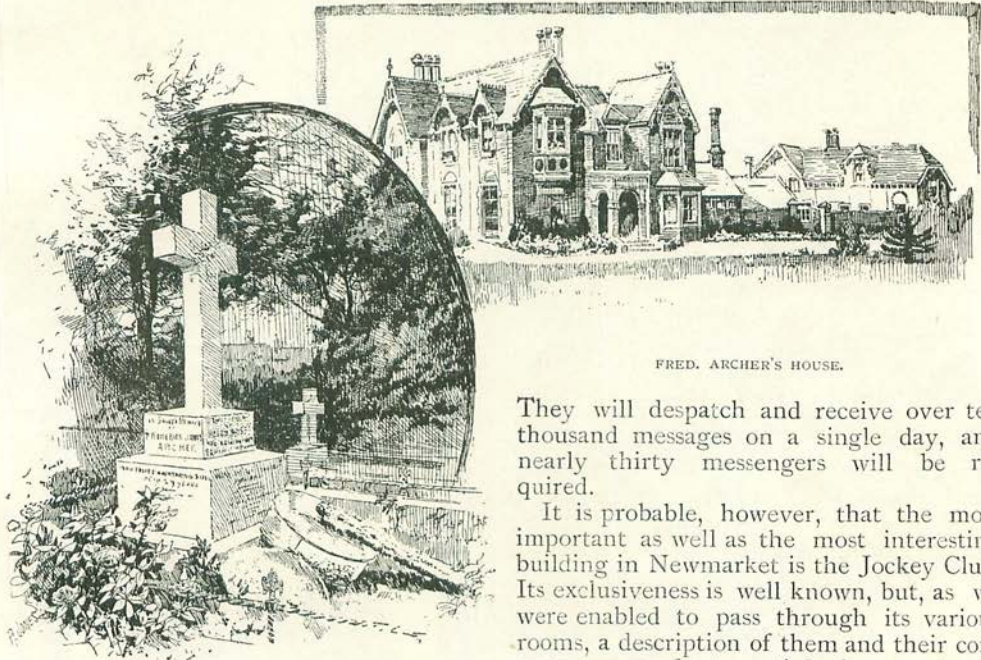
It was night when we turned up a narrow pathway leading to Lord Durham's training establishment, presided over by Mr. A. B. Sadler. The bells of St. Mary's, the parish church, were ringing merrily, and the rooks were making their presence known amongst the boughs of the fine trees which overlook the meadow at the back. The horses were shut up for the night, and our reason for coming here was to note the aspect of the all-important stable at the close of the day. Not a sound was to be heard, only the playing of the stable boys—for through a window looking on to the yard might be seen these playful youths, with their coats and waist-

coats cast aside, boxing, dancing, chatting, and indulging in innocent play, whilst their laughter was all that disturbed the stillness of this picturesque corner.

Having thus visited many of the principal training establishments, there is plenty yet to interest one about the town itself. The High-street at early morn presents a most picturesque sight. Scarcely a vehicle is to be seen, the fine wide thoroughfare is given up to the horses, who, with the stable lads on their backs, are walking slowly in the direction of the Heath for their customary "before breakfast" exercise. Picture the scene in the High-street on the day of a race

in the olden days); the Beacon Course, which is practically straight, and is just over four miles in length; and the Rowley Mile, a trifle over the mile. These principal courses are split up into a score of smaller ones, over which special races are run.

The Post Office at Newmarket is a busy place on a big race day. It is not without a history, for it was originally a gambling house, and though the exterior remains just as it was years ago, the interior has undergone all the requisite alterations. Ten telegraph clerks are employed here at ordinary times, but when a great day comes round this number is increased to fifty.



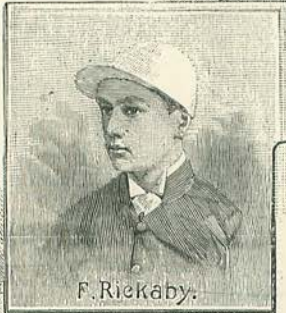
FRED. ARCHER'S HOUSE.

FRED. ARCHER'S GRAVE.

meeting. To really see Newmarket, so to speak, at its best, one must visit it on such a day, when it is one long procession of brakes and four-in-hands, wagonettes and dog-carts, and indeed all sorts and conditions of conveyances on their way to the top of the hill where the race-courses are situated. There are three principal race-courses at Newmarket: the July Course, which runs over the Devil's Ditch—(the Devil's Ditch, by the bye, is a cutting in the Wash, very much like a railway cutting, with all the ground thrown up on one side. It runs for several miles, and tradition says that it was a popular resort for cockfighting

They will despatch and receive over ten thousand messages on a single day, and nearly thirty messengers will be required.

It is probable, however, that the most important as well as the most interesting building in Newmarket is the Jockey Club. Its exclusiveness is well known, but, as we were enabled to pass through its various rooms, a description of them and their contents may go far to satisfy those curiously inclined. The premises of the Jockey Club are almost exactly opposite the Post Office, and are distinguishable on account of their unpretentious aspect. Inside, the furnishing is more simple still. Every room is furnished, with one exception, in the same style—mahogany, upholstered in brown Russian leather; the reading-room alone has green leather in place of brown. The entrance is through a long passage, the entire length of which is white enamel, charmingly decorated with a fresco. Here is the Committee-room. Over the mantel-board—exquisitely carved—is a picture of a horse which won thirty-seven races. A bust of Admiral Rous is near the window, and there are pictures, too, of the late Duke



R. Taylor & Co.



SOME WELL-KNOWN JOCKEYS.



HIGH-STREET, NEWMARKET.

of Portland and the late Duke of Richmond. Round the sides of the room are portraits of all the members. That nearest the door is interesting; it is the only portrait there of which the original is living—the present Duke of Richmond. A magnificent cut glass chandelier hangs from the ceiling.

The dining-room is a fine apartment. There is a picture of Ormonde, and a canvas depicting the first racecourse at Newmarket, presented by the Duke of Beaufort. The two marble fireplaces are of the period of Queen Anne, and in a far corner is a huge champagne urn, carved in mahogany, and lined with silver, which, it is said, has not been filled for over twenty years. It was filled the first night it was presented. The coffee-room—an oblong apartment—contains a life-size portrait of Admiral Rous, with top-boots and riding whip. It bears the inscription: "Presented to Admiral the Hon. Henry John Rous by the Jockey Club and

members of Tattersall's Room, June 18, 1886, as part of the testimonial subscribed by them in grateful acknowledgment of his long and valuable services on the Turf." The reading-room stands on the site of the old courtyard, years ago part of the street. The library (arranged on four bookshelves) over the mantelpiece consists of a great number of volumes of a sporting nature. The card-room looks on to a fine tennis

lawn, and the little card-tables, covered with green baize, with spaces at the corners for the insertion of silver candelabra, are freely scattered about. A picture of the July Course hangs here, which Lord Falmouth pronounced to be by Hogarth.

Looking out of the great French windows, one has a good view of the residential chambers of the members of the great Sporting Club when staying at Newmarket. It is a handsome building of red brick, which runs the length of the lawn, contains some fifty rooms, and reached by a passage from the Club, the walls of which contain many



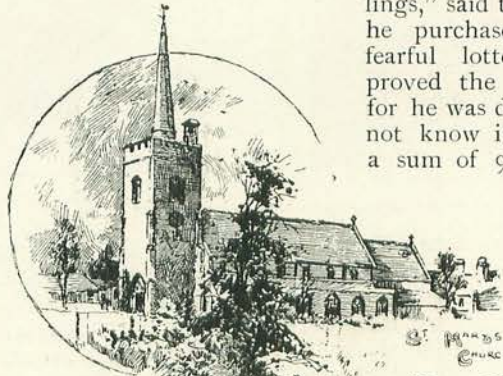
JUDGE CLARK.

small Hogarths. The first suite nearest to the Club premises are those used by the Prince of Wales. They are very quietly furnished in light wood, and the decorative portion is principally confined to a few pictures and odd knick-knacks in china. Amongst others who have rooms here are the Duke of Cambridge, Duke of Beaufort, Sir Frederick Johnstone, General Owen Williams, Mr. Chaplin, and other staunch supporters of the Turf.

We give portraits of as many of our leading jockeys as we could possibly find room for, and also those of some of the principal trainers. Mr. John Porter, to whom no previous reference has been made, is head of the Kingsclere stables, and, amongst others, trains for the Prince of Wales, Duke of Westminster, and Baron Hirsch. Mr. J. Ryan has the largest stables in Newmarket, at Green Lodge, and he looks after the interests of Mr. Douglas Baird, Mr. J. H. Houldsworth, and other owners. Mr. Robert Sherwood has horses belonging to Lord R. Churchill, Lord Dunraven, Colonel North, Colonel Montague, and Mr. Brydges Williams. A peep into Mr. Sherwood's hall discloses a fairyland. Flowers are everywhere, hanging in baskets, creeping round pillars, and gathered round fairy lamps. A

pair of weighing scales find a place, and on either side of the hall are paintings of St. Gation—trained by Mr. Sherwood—and Harvester, who ran level for first place in the Derby of 1884.

A portrait of the gentleman familiarly known as Mr. "Judge" Clark will be interesting to many. Mr. Clark resides at Newmarket, and until his retirement from the position was "judge" of the races for something like a period of fifty years. The view, too, at Tattersall's sale yard on a busy day will give a good idea of this famous resort, in which horses are bought for fabulous prices who afterwards win very little, and horses are bought for very little who afterwards win fortunes. "Yearlings," said the late Mr. Merry when he purchased Doncaster, "are a fearful lottery"; and the event proved the truth of the remark, for he was drawing a prize and did not know it—he was, in fact, for a sum of 950 guineas, purchasing



the Derby winner of 1873. Thormanby, the Derby winner of 1860, which belonged to Mr. Merry, cost only £350. Voltigeur and Caractacus fetched less than 300 guineas each. Kettledrum was obtained

for 350 guineas. Early Bird's price was only 70 guineas. The blood stock from which yearlings descend is of proportionate value. Formosa changed hands at 4,000 guineas, Scottish Chief was bought for 8,000 guineas, and Blair Athol, described by Mr. Tattersall, when he was led into the sale ring, as "the best horse in the world," was purchased for £12,000. Doncaster, whose yearling price we have

already mentioned, changed hands for £14,500.

In conclusion, thanks are due to all those who so readily assisted the writer in gathering the information required for this article, and without whose help it would have been impossible to have written as varied an account of Newmarket as we have been able to give, in the space at our disposal.



TATTERSALL'S SALE YARD.