THE BURIAL OF FRED ARCHER.

From An American's View.

NEWMARKET, Nov. 14.—Although your regular correspondent will give you the full particulars of the tragic death and burial of the famous English jockey, Frederick Archer, it may not be uninteresting to learn more of this sad event, and from one not a sportsman, in the professional use of that name.

I had been roaming for months over England, on literary work connected with her splendid cathedral institutions, monastic views, the Pre Reformation Churches, and studying the process of Restoration, which is at this time greatly engaging the attention of all antiquaries; and was on my way from Bury St. Edmunds to London. The railway carriages seemed unusually full, the occupants evidently representing every class of society, while each seemed exceptionally quiet and reserved. I soon learned by their conversation that they were traveling to Newmarket, to attend the burial services of England's most famous jockey. I determined to do likewise, and, with three or four hundred others, I stepped off the train at this ancient town, and slowly wended my way to the spot which had been the scene of so many of Archer's victories.

And what other town in England could be more fitting for his sepulture than this old racing ground, known, either by personal visits or descriptive notices, by every prominent lover of the turf in the New, as well as the Old World. Newmarket is mentioned as a busy town far back in the records of the Plantaganet and Tudor reigns, and dates its prominence in racing matters from the reign of James I. This king lent his personal presence at the Newmarket races, and old horsemen, who have as much pride in their occupation as the lord in his ancestral lineage, frequently speak of the Newmarket course as the conception of a king. Charles II. passed many months of his dissipated reign at Newmarket, but loving cards, wine, and women far more than the horse, he was no credit to the turf, and, in fact, cannot be called a patron of it. Not so, however, with William III. He took the greatest interest in racing, making his first visit to Newmarket in 1689. Macaulev describes this town in those days as "being a place of business rather than pleasure, but in the autumn of that age the gayest and most luxurious spot in the island. It was not unusual for the whole court and cabinet to go down to the meetings. Jewelers and milliners, players and fiddlers, venal wits and venal beauties followed in crowds. The streets were made impassable by coaches and six. In the places of public resort peers flirted with maids of honor, and officers of the Life Guards, all plumes and gold lace, jostled professors in trencher caps and black gowns. For on such occasions the neighboring University of Cambridge always sent her high functionaries with royal addresses, and selec ed her ablest theologians to preach before the sovereign and his splendid retinue." Such was the home of Fred Archer in 1695. William III. took great interest in breeding horses in this town. Mr. Tregonwell Frampton was the supervisor of the royal stud, and he is called to this day the "father of the turf." He lies buried in the parish churchyard (All Saints) in Newmarket, and his monument records the fact of having died in 1728, at the age of 86, and having been keeper of racing horses to William III. and his successors. A great many turfmen visited this grave to day, and exhibited either a mournful silence of veneration or threw a chrysanthemum on this mound of more than a century and a half in age.

The Round Course, very nearly like the present one, was laid out in Newmarket, in the reign of Charles I., and spring and autumn races were held under Charles II. It was not until 1718 that a detailed record of these races were kept; but what a mighty record that is, from that day to this! Then the race was from four to six miles. What progress has been made in speed, in the breeding of horses, in the style of riding, in the system of betting, and how many victories, and defeats, and how much joy and disappointment, how many fortunes have been made and lost, how many public characters have been represented on that turf! What a history this would be! Great stakes have, for more than a century, been contested for at Newmarket, the Great July Stakes being offered in 1786, the Two Thousand Guineas purse in 1809, and the One Thousand Guineas in 1814. The Middle Park Plate, which is perhaps as popular as any, is of more recent date.

Time and space will not permit me to enter into further particulars respecting this ancient racing town. Suffice it to say that Newmarket has, within the past ten years, become once more a very popular racing ground, and more than 1,200 horses which are in training are stabled here. The Dukes of Hamilton and Portland, Prince Soltykoff, the Marquis of Londonderry, Lords Falmouth, Hastings, Zetland, Cadogan, Calthorpe, Durham, and many others have their stables here, while the Prince of Wales is a frequent visitor to these races.

It was here that Fred Archer won some of his most brilliant victories, and, loving Newmarket above all other spots in England, he here built a beautiful house, surrounded with gardens, and flowers, and stables, and all the conveniences and appointments which tend to make life pleasant. Here he brought his young wife, whom he loved with all tenderness and devotion; here she died two years ago, leaving a little daughter, who had just begun to smile and prattle with her father, when he was also taken from her. His body was borne to the churchyard and laid beside that of his wife, and hereafter the traveler or resident who visits the grave of Frampton, the Father of the Newmarket Course, will also tarry a moment at the grave of Newmarket's most popular rider.

I shall never forget the day of his burial. I have seen many public funerals in this, as well as in my own country, and have been in the house of mourning when grief and affliction were sad indeed, but there was something about the burial of Fred Archer that was wonderfully solemn, impressive, and sincere. The town, usually noted for so much festivity, music, bunting of all colors, was indeed in mourning. Every house that I saw was darkened, not a shop was open. Every train brought arrivals from far and near. Huge crates and boxes of flowers, and floral designs, were constantly coming by express. So extensive were these floral tributes that there was not room to contain them all. Even the verandah and the porch were covered. Beautiful in design, and rare in floral beauty, were some of them. Naturally, a great many were in the form of horseshoes, and the givers of these tributes were high in station and life. Lord Alington brought the Prince of Wales' offering, and Lord Arthur Grovesner one from the Duke of Westminster. A hundred others, notable in letters, statemanship, business, and in sporting, shared in paying such honor to the dead rider's memory. There were wreaths from France, a dove from Dublin, and a horseshoe from Glasgow, while the American tribute from Mr. Lorillard was of great beauty, and the Derby, with all its glories, was again called to mind by the inscription on Mr. Lorillard's tribute: "In memory of achievements in which America shared." The great triumph of Iroquois in the greatest of English races was loyally recognized. Tiny banners of the stars and stripes decorated the American wreath, and they are bright and pretty as they lie on the grave of Iroquois' jockey.

The body lay encased in an oak coffin with Gothic mou dings. On the plate was simply inscribed his name, his birth and his death. His old father had traveled a long distance to take a last farewell look at the face of his boy, and of whom he was justly proud. The brother and sister were present, while on the coffin was a violet wreath, on which was the touching message, "With baby's love." There was a degree of sadness in that room that pen cannot describe. There was a strange and awful silence, excepting when the heart sighed or the sob was heard.

Nobility, aristocrats, gentry, men of leisure and sport, shopkeepers and jockeys, rich owners of stables, grooms and stable boys, all classes mingled in the long procession which followed the body to the chapel and the grave. The rector of All Saints read the service with a sincere earnestness, for he loved Archer. Although the rain poured torrents, the majority of the great gathering stood, with uncovered heads, during all of the service at the grave, and here the grief knew no bounds, especially as the newly made grave of his wife was opened and the faithful husband and lover, amid flowers and greens, was laid by her side. The service was very impressive, and I doubt if any such representative gathering of all classes of racing men was ever before gathered in any cemetery.

After the services were over I had a most favorable opportunity of conversing with the vicar of the parish, and the best men in the town, respecting the life and character of Archer, and there was not a man but who spoke kindly of him. The representative of Lord Falmouth, Hon. Hugh Boscawen, said: "There was no jockey living who combined so many of the qualities which go to make a first-class and honest horseman as Fred Archer." Lord Arthur Grosvener said: "It would be universally acknowledged that no breath of suspicion has ever been attached to his name, and this was the great reason of his success. The owner who entrusted his fortunes to Fred Archer knew that if his horse was good enough to win, his victory was assured." One of the curates said: "It may not be one of the highest employments of life to steer horses successfully past the winning post, but in devoting himself to his profession with heart and soul, Archer was an example for all horsemen for all time. He loved his horses next to his wife and child, and never was more happy than when he was in the saddle. He resorted to the most severe treatment in order to bring himself to the required weight, and this was what killed him He was an honest, high-minded man," and, as the curate said this, twenty men answered "amen."

I have written this letter from a feeling of deep sympathy, and especially from an interest I have thus accidentally gained in the life of a race-horse rider. Surely such a life is no easy one. Every moment his thoughts must be on his existing life. He must be strictly temperate, and, to win a good name as well as good races, he must be thoroughly honest, and thus slander and insinuations avail nothing. Such a man was Fred Archer, and he went on in his eventful life, passing from one triumph to another, until he had scored 2,749 victories, and then as a man of honor, truthfulness, temperance, lively sympathy, and a heart full of generosity, he met his doom.

Yours, H.

IN MEMORIAM.—SANDS HALL, SEDGEFIELD, COUNTY DURHAM, Nov. 15.—England's (I think I may safely say the world's) greatest jockey is dead. Frederick Archer, the child of fortune, as he was termed, died, by his own hand, on Sunday last, and the sporting community here mourns for the loss, in a fit of mania, of one who was an example to his profession for matchless ability, combined with a high sense of honor and duty. I can hardly yet realize the poor fellow's death, much less describe it, though I know you would like a detailed account of the great horseman's feats for your columns, so I send the graphic description written by one of my confrères, which presents about the best and most accurate account I have perused. I was glad to observe that American sportsmen did not fail to pay a tribute to the poor fellow's memory, and the floral wreath sent by Mr Lorillard will do much towards further cementing the good fellowship at present existing between American turfites and ourselves. The feelings that prompted so kindly an action are, I am happy to say, widespread; indeed, universal in its original sense. Peace to the poor fellow's ashes. We shall ne'er see his like again.

Yours, OSSIDINE.

A BOOK FOR HORSEMEN.—Every horseman should read that pleasant book, "Knights of the Sulky," by L. C. Underhill. This work is a series of sketches of noted trainers prominently identified with the trotting turf, containing the principal events in the lives of Mace, Murphy, Doble, Bair, Bither, Hickok, Van Ness, Dougrey, Dustin, and others, with portraits. It is the only work of the kind ever issued, and contains a fund of valuable information, interesting to all connected with trotting matters. It is elegantly printed and bound, and will be forwarded, post paid, on receipt of 50 cents. Address THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, New York City.

BILLIARD AND TEN PIN BALLS.—Messrs. F. Grote & Co., 114 East Fourteenth Street, New York City, have now in stock one of the largest selections of billiard, pool, and ten pin balls in the country, to which may be added billiard cloth, cues, cue tips, chalk, etc. They are manufacturers of ivory goods, and are always prepared to furnish poker checks, dice, keno sets, dominos, chessmen and playing cards, while in ivory, shell and pearl fancy goods, toilet sets, fans, etc., they have a beautiful selection. Parties desiring to fit up billiard halls, or ten pin alleys will do well to pay a visit to F. Grote & Co.

SALE OF EDMONIA AND A TYRANT FILLY.—Johnson Bros., Greenville, Mich., have purchased from H. D. McKinney and F. L. Smith Janesville, Wis., the bay mare Edmonia, foaled 1878, by Dictator dam Leah, by Woodford Mambrino; 2d dam Maud, by Alexander's Abdallah. Price $1,200. H. D. McKinney has purchased from Hon. John L. Mitchell, Milwaukee, Wis., a bay filly yearling, by Tyrant, brother to Phallas, dam Mollie Bradley, by Milwaukee; 2d dam by Stevens' Bald Chief, sire of Minnehaha.

"TIPS AND TOE WEIGHTS."—We have copies of Mr. J. C. Simpson's latest work, "Tips and Toe-Weights," a book every practical horseman should have. It treats of a natural and plain method of horse-shoeing, giving numerous methods of the value of tips. It also has an appendix treating of the action of the running horse and trotter, as shown by instantaneous photography. Price, by mail, in leather covers, $1.50. Address THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, P. O. Box 938, New York City.

INTERESTING TO HORSEMEN.—Prof. O. R. Gleason is handling and taming vicious horses at Philadelphia, Pa., for the next week, closing Dec. 13. The Professor is willing at all times to show to the public that vicious and unruly horses can be tamed and made to understand that man is their master. He is always ready to handle vicious horses, free of charge, at his public exhibitions.

HE INDORSES BEGE.—POUGHKEEPSIE, Nov. 8.—VEAZIE & Co., Elmira, N. Y.: Inclosed I send you $1 for another bottle of your "Bege." The other bottle was broken before it was half used, but the results already attained were satisfactory—enough to warrant me in trying another bottle. Yours, A. F. BOOTH, m

A GREAT BOOK OF REFERENCE.—As a holiday gift there is nothing more useful or acceptable than a copy of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." It contains 118,000 words, 3,000 engravings, a world's gazetteer, and a biographical dictionary. Published and for sale by G. & C. Merriam, Springfield, Mass.

SOCIETY belles are learning to take their admirers by the hand and read them like a book. Thus with Venus in the ascendency, Apollo learns his fate. "Dick's Palmistry Made Easy," gives full instructions, published by Dick & Fitzgerald for 50 cents.

A DAY AT RUNNYMEDE.

LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 29.—My trip to Runnymede Stock Farm, the home of Hindoo, once famous on the turf, and fast becoming so in the stud, was one of both pleasure and satisfaction, as I had for some time promised myself a day to see Hindoo and his weanlings.

On arriving in Paris I found Col. Clay in readiness to drive over to Runnymede. As it was about 4 P. M we could only see the weanlings that evening. To say I saw a fine lot would be to "damn them with faint praise." Words fail me to express how fully I appreciated all I saw. There were thirty in all; thirteen by Hindoo, three colts and ten fillies, and seventeen by imported Billet, eight colts and nine fillies. While I had come especially to see the Hindoos, I could not overlook several good-looking ones by Billet. One, in particular, I was greatly taken with was a filly out of a Bonnie Scotland mare. I was fully rewarded for my trip by seeing the Billets alone, to say nothing about the greater pleasure I derived from seeing the Hindoos, which were all my fancy painted them. One which, in my judgment, is the best weanling I have seen, is a bay colt out of Nannie McDowell, being a full sister to Mr. Corrigan's Hinda, and about the same color, and nokes, not from Hinda's record, but from other of Hindoo's get that have appeared on the turf, I am satisfied that this colt and other Hindoos I look at will be winners.

After partaking of Colonel Clay's hospitalities, we spent the evening very pleasantly talking over the [illegible] Miss Woodford, and, as the Colonel always likes to talk of [illegible] 4 year old McD[illegible] great racing qualities, and all about her as a filly, and what a [illegible]rful escape she had from being permanently injured, and thus [illegible] racing. During the fall before she was a year old she got her hind leg caught between the boards, and it was a wonder her leg was not broken before they got it loose. The sale of Miss Woodford and the purchase of Hindoo were also talked over, and I learned all the particulars, which, I have no doubt, will prove as interesting to your readers as they did to me. The Colonel said he wrote Dwyer Brothers, asking them to price Hindoo, and they answered by saying they had given Mr Young the refusal of him for a certain time, and if, at the end of that time, he had not decided to take him, they would price him. Shortly afterward the Colonel received a communication from the Dwyers offering to sell Hindoo and two mares for $15,000. He answered by saying they would take the three at that price if they would take Miss Woodford at $7,000. They said they would if she was sound, and the exchange was made upon those conditions. Soon after the Dwyers got the mare home they began to fear that she would not train on account of her front leg being slightly enlarged, and after a veterinary examination was decided to be unsound and not likely to race. Dwyer Bros. informed them that it was the opinion of both the veterinary surgeon and Mr. Rowe, their trainer, that she would not stand a preparation, and at once they despatched the Dwyers to ship mare and draw on them for $7,000. In answer to this, Messrs. Dwyer said that would not be treating the Colonel fairly, as the fact of them returning the mare would show her unsound, and thus prevent them selling her, but this they would do (if he were willing), keep the mare, and if she trained for a race, allow the $7,000 and if not, allow $4,000, which to the old Colonel seemed fair, and he accepted their offer. The result is well known to all.

In the morning we (in company with Mr. Woodford, his partner) visited the stallions and broodmares. First were those owned by Dwyer Bros., viz.: Pontiac, Tom Martin, Winfred, Inspector B., Joe Cotton, and Barnes. They all looked well, except Winfred, and he has greatly improved since I saw him at Sheepshead Bay. Pontiac certainly looks well, and to me his ailing leg seems so much improved in appearance that I am of the opinion that he will race again. Barnes' front legs are enlarged, and look worse than they really are. While it is impossible to say whether he will ever race again or not, as those bony enlargements differ greatly in different horses (for with some an apparently small splint causes lameness, while on others all manners of splints don't lame them, but merely sort of decreases their action, thus going groggy for a short distance; others becoming lamer the farther they go), I give it as an opinion that Pontiac, Tom Martin and Barnes will train and race, but it is very doubtful about Inspector B. ever racing again. Joe Cotton looks sound and well.

Now came the only Hindoo. Grand and all as he often looked passing under the wire, triumphantly winning his great races, he now certainly appears the greatest of the great, "every inch a king." He has filled out and covered up those rather rough-looking hips and the apparently deficient loins that so often caused the remark, "A poor weight carrier." But it was with him as with Rarus (the trotter). Their weak-looking backs were not what they looked, but quite the reverse. This again proves the saving of the Hon. Chas. E. Stuart, of Kalamazoo, Mich.: "That in all forms they go fast, and in all forms they fail to go."

After a good look over the object of my visit, and remembering what so many stable boys can be heard to say when others brag of their best, "He may be fast and game, but he will never make a Hindoo." So I looked him over again and again. He is perfectly sound, his legs are clean and smooth, and free from spot or blemish. No doubt he would train and race yet but with his present prospects in the stud, he is doing more for his owners, and the country at large, than he could do as the winner of races and with less risk. Hindoo was now turned into his lot again, and apparently knew we were done looking at him. As he galloped off to the far side of his paddock and back again with that look of more than ordinary horse intelligence.

Next came imp. Billet. I looked him over in his box, and I am really at a loss as to how to express myself about him, his formation is so exceedingly peculiar. With all due allowance for age, he is certainly queer in his make-up. He is a sort of knock-kneed, both in front and behind. His breast projects out in front of his legs at least as far again as any other horse I ever saw. So it is with the muscles on his shoulders, too. But it is useless to comment on such a noted horse in the stud—one that has sired such as Miss Woodford and a score of other good ones. Therefore, we will pass him by without any more talk.

On our way back to the house we looked over the broodmares among them, or rather, in a lot by herself, I saw Explosion, the dam of Dewdrop, and to me she is a good-looking broodmare all over, and apparently in foal. As we drove along the rest of the broodmares were looked at, and, as a whole, their appearance and breeding are hard to beat. With the best of wishes for the future success of Runnymede, I bid it adieu for the present, with an invitation to [illegible] I may not be able to get there before the sale of yearlings, [illegible] not, I hope to be there then, and take my chances by [illegible] It is simply one (if any go cheap) that suits my fancy. One [illegible] that all have who go to buy at the annual sales of [illegible] are alike equal, and no by-bidding.

Yours, HOPEFUL.

[illegible] Julia Clay is a black roan, 15¼ [illegible] has been [illegible] Ward, by Harry Ward (son [illegible] Victor [illegible] Van Orden P. O. Box 203, [illegible] Clay. [illegible] brother to Julia.

[illegible] The bre[illegible] is wanted by Jas [illegible] Hambleton [illegible] ty. He must be a [illegible] finish and [illegible]. Address Mr. [illegible] upon addr[illegible]