

Victoria and the Prince Consort, who are supposed to have dreaded any return of the days of the Royal Turfites.

Things were not humming at Newmarket at that time, and it was with great difficulty that the auctioneer obtained a bid from a speculative buyer. The Palace was pulled down shortly afterwards, and on the centre of this property which had seen so many revels, there now stands a Congregational Chapel.

Continuing our progress by the aid of the old plan, we come to the Ram Inn, now the Rutland Arms. The origin of the first name is interesting. About 1750 there stood in this spot an earlier inn, name unknown. The eccentric Earl of Orford of that day was driving his team of four stags from his country seat, Houghton Hall in Norfolk, to Newmarket, a distance of about twenty-nine miles; when nearing his destination the Essex Hounds chanced to cross the road along which he had previously passed, and catching up the burning scent of four stags, they immediately took the line. The music of the hounds naturally alarmed the stags, which galloped off at full speed into the town and dashed through the gates of this inn yard. These were at once closed and the stags saved from their eager pursuers. Shortly after this happened the old inn was pulled down and a new one built which received the name of "Ram Inn" in memory of the incident.¹

The construction of the Rutland Arms was the work of Kent, the grandfather of John Kent, trainer to Lord George Cavendish Bentinck; he was also, by the way, the architect of the New Rooms. The ex-racing judge, Mr. J. F. Clark, who for many years followed the same profession, always said that it was a most successful and well-planned edifice, an opinion

¹ We might expect the racing community of the period to furnish us with some information on the Ram Inn; but they are quite uncommunicative on the subject. For some meagre disclosures we must have recourse to the Diary of a great English entomologist, a reverend parson who died at the age of ninety, and who seems to have lived seventy of his years in an insect world of his own, among the beetles and *Formica Rusa*. He evidently found Newmarket a happy hunting-ground, for he notes on July 3rd, 1797: "Arrived at Newmarket 6 p.m., where the Ram, wide opening its ravenous maw, stood to receive us. We regale ourselves after an expeditious journey, upon a comfortable cup of tea, and then take a walk to the race course, as far as the stands. By the way we observe *Centaurea calcitrapa* plentifully. At some distance we see the Devil's Dyke, and terrified with the prospect, retreat with hasty steps to supper. Soham cheese very fine. July 4th. On going into the quadrangle of this magnificent Inn, I observe a post-chaise, with episcopal insignia; it belonged to our worthy diocesan. On the panel of the chaise door I took a new *Empis*."

N.B.—It is to be hoped that there were at Newmarket no insects of a lower category of specification. They are not unknown in the rooms of old inns!