

with which I most cordially agree, and I even go so far as to say that of all the buildings in the town, this is the most representative of that style at its best.

On the site of the existing Town Hall, and standing some way back from the road, beyond the Rutland Arms, was the cockpit so much frequented by Charles II. In the cellars of this Hall some traces of the old walls are still to be found. Adjacent to the cockpit was another inn, the Red Lion, where Thomas Panton tenanted some stabling; bordering upon this were gardens and plantations which led to the Dalham Road, the Horse Shoes Inn, and a house and small property belonging to William Crofts, Esq.

I am unable to assign a date to Heath House; if it contains any old buildings, they were probably part of the property just mentioned. It will always be remembered as the residence of that great character Matthew Dawson, the much esteemed and respected trainer.

And here ended the town of Newmarket in the old days. The reader would have no interest in the new avenue of villas and racing stables which are of recent growth along the Bury Road; in the 'eighties Mr. Stirling Crawford owned practically the whole of the ground along this highway, from the Severals to the Limekilns.

The road going east towards Dalham presented several points worthy of notice at more than one period. The old station was here, and close to the station was Sir John Astley's cottage, about which he writes with evident affection in his Memoirs:

The cottage . . . was a small one I had rented at Newmarket. It had been built by Robinson the jockey, and had a grass paddock behind it of about an acre, and we kept our hacks at Mrs. Flatman's (the widow of old Nat), next door. In the spring of 1870 I bought this cottage and paddock for £3,000, and I don't think I ever enjoyed any period of my life so much as those pleasant meetings at Newmarket; for we did the thing "proper." We each (wife and I) had two hacks, and never missed a morning, when it was fine, but were out on the Limekilns, or wherever the horses were doing their work, by 8.30, and came in to a delicious breakfast, with plenty of appetite, at 10.30. An hour or so before the races we mounted our fresh hacks, and with a fly to carry our coats, cloaks, and convey our two grooms, we caracoled down to the races, seldom dismounting, but riding from saddling paddock to betting ring, and backwards and forwards between the different courses. If it rained real hard, we hopped off into our fly. Ah! those were happy