

THE EVENING NEWS.

Wednesday, July 3, 1872.

THE DERBY DAY.

A CALIFORNIAN AT THE EPOSON RACES.

LONDON, May 30, 1872.

For nearly a century the Derby Day has been the day of days in merry old England. It is the greatest of Games of Greece revived in this insular realm. No race so thronged—no day so longed for—no gathering multitude of such vast proportions as meet and throng and crowd together on Derby Day. Happy we were as Americans to be permitted to visit this mighty gathering and view this wondrous show. The major includes the minor, I said Lord Coke, and the great Norman Castles of the world, and he who has witnessed the Derby has seen all other races, crowds and multitudes. Yesterday (May 29th) we visited the Derby. The day was as bright as though made for the sport, and the smooth furze of Epsom Downs nestled like velvet beneath your feet. The Derby takes place some twenty-four miles in a southerly direction from London, and the road to and from the race is as much a show as the race itself. Again, as an American, I could not wait to understand why so great an excitement was gotten up about a horse-race, which is a little "off color" in many places in America. But it is only necessary to see the pageant to understand it at once. It occurs at the opening of Spring, when the weather is sure to be fine (on the last Wednesday of May), and after a long, wet winter and a hurried Spring, London has chosen the Derby for its grandest picnic. Hence, it is not simply a horse-race; it is the mammoth May-day of the Titanic picnic of the greatest metropolis of the world. The four million people of London cheer themselves through a long wet winter and Spring (during which not a man ever steps out, rain or shine, without the personal and omnipresent London umbrella), with joyous anticipations of the Derby. And when the last Wednesday of May arrives, the whole people—horse, foot, dragons, four-wheelers, two-wheelers, men, women and children are off for Epsom Downs. Every possible vehicle, drawn by every possible animal, crowd to the Derby, and no crowd on earth equals the "gathering of the clans."

Again, it is a rule that the horse for the Derby must be registered for the race before he is six months old and his entrance fee paid, and so a great multitude of colts are entered that never run; and a large stake is thus accumulated before the race. For instance, there were some two years and a half ago, one hundred and ninety-one horses entered for the Derby of 1872 (this one), each horse had fifty sovereigns paid in for his entrance fee; making in all nine thousand five hundred and fifty sovereigns, equal to forty-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars in American gold. Add to this additional fees and stakes, incident to the contest, and you have a stake worthy of "Bucephalus" himself. Of the great number entered as above only twenty-five started and made the race today.

The track, too, is different from ours. The horses do not start and stop at the same point and on a round and level track, according to our American rule, but rather upon a horse-shoe line. Starting away off a quarter of a mile from the judges stand, and after going up grade and down, over a course covered with grass, and everyone hundred feet wide, they turn what is called "Tattenham Corner," and for half a mile they come thundering away, straight as an arrow, to the judges' stand and the outcome. Along this half mile, the crowd is something wonderful; the "grand stand," at a guinea a head, was thronged with thousands. Here was the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur (sons to the Queen), the Duke of Cambridge (cousin to the Queen, and Commander-in-Chief), and many nobles and dignitaries of the land. From the grand stand cards "Tattenham Corner," for a half mile, being the homestead on both sides of the course, were tens of thousands, while in the centre of the horse-shoe, on what is called "the hill," were tens of thousands more; and all over the grounds were cavalry regiments, and the grassy lawn and dotting the landscape like creamy islands in an emerald sea. It is estimated that about half a million persons were in the ground. But to "our matrons," I am describing the grounds before getting to the course, and we must revert to the trip to Epsom.

It is currently said that no one ever sees the first carriage to Epsom; for look as early as you may and you only see a stream of travelers, whose *avant-courier* started at four o'clock in the morning, four o'clock, one o'clock in the morning, streaming thousands were on the way, and in the early sunlight the streets of London were gay with horses, carriages and cavaliers, decorated with blue and gauzy ribbons, (cavaliers) banners that said to the beholder, "We are off for the Derby!" And from Regent Circus to Epsom Downs one everlasting flood of travelers trotted, cantered, crowded forth for the race. The road to Victoria Station, took the cars, which can be seen on the side of the road, and gave us all the fun and sight without the dust and heat of the trip; had our carriage engaged beforehand, and rode a half mile in the vast "innumerable caravan that moved along" to fill the Epsom downs. Took station close to the track, opposite the grand stand, where "our friends" the Dukes, Princes, nobles, etc., had arranged themselves for our personal satisfaction, and here as a "crystalline place" we debouched about the grounds at will. Having secured a rendezvous in the world this was the greatest. "Let me tell you, sweet ladies," said a Gypsy (evidently from Cork) to my wife, who sat beside me, "Yah! yah! yah! Yaller gal, I'll meet you in the morning!" said a band of ebony minstrels. One penny for a throw at Aunt Sallie," said an urchin, as he set up a scare-crow woman, dressed in illuminated calico, on a shaky pole. "Only a penny for the show!" cried out a man in a blue Canary bird, two cats and two white mice, who sat and shot, and kissed, and hauled each other around in mimic wagons, etc., etc. Of all the carnivals, Babels and rows that ever were conceived of, this was the worst. The Atlantic Ocean, with all its horrors, is here to row a match against the London Club, had a carriage nearby us, and all about were many most agreeable people. But soon the race came off. "Cremorne" won the day; won by Mr. Saville; sire "Parmesan," dam "Rigol-boche," trainer, Gilbert, rider, Matilda; colors, yellow; cap, scarlet. There it is, the "winner of the day," Lord Royston ran "Ruffler," Lord Falkmouth, "Patriarch," Lord Agraforth, "Vanderdecken," Lord Falkmouth, "Queen's Messenger," (third in the race); Baron Rothschild (last year's winner), "Lakeland," Duke of Wilton, "Wenlock," Duke of Beaufort, "Alton," plain Mr. Payne, "Mackintosh," (second in the race), and fifteen or twenty more, who do not mention, as they are only minor friends of the Lords and Dukes whose names I have set down.

This was the ninety-third annual Derby; the track was a little over a mile and a half—partly up and down, and a descent; the time two minutes and forty seconds.

The race closed at three o'clock and twenty minutes, and in ten minutes thereafter the first train for Portland, Italy, Egypt and India, as I learn by this morning's papers, and I suppose also New York and San Francisco. Al- though you ought to have heard of it about nine hours before it happened, as you do now about three weeks before.

RAILROADS.

UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Pioneer Line of Utah.

MONDAY JULY 17th.

1872.

Trains will leave Salt Lake City daily at 7 a.m. and 2:45 p.m. arrive at Ogden 7 a.m. and 1:15 p.m. leave Ogden City at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. arrive at Salt Lake City at 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

In addition to the above

MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN

DAILY, SUNDAYS, EXCEPTED

Leaving Salt Lake City at 5:30 p.m. and arriving at Ogden at 8 a.m.

Passengers will please purchase their tickets at the office. Fifty cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to

M. H. DAVIS, Ticket and Freight Agent.

JOHN SHARP, SUPERINTENDENT.

1872.

UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

ON AND AFTER JAN. 21, 1872.

MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN

DAILY.

Leaving the Utah Central Depot, Salt Lake City, at 7:10 a.m.; Draper 5:45 p.m. and Sandy Station (nearest point to Little Cottonwood Canyon), at 6:30 p.m.

AN EXTRA TRAIN WILL RUN ON SUNDAYS.

Leaving Draper at 8:40 a.m.; Sandy, 9:10 a.m. Salt Lake City, 4:10 p.m.

FARES.

Salt Lake to Big Cottonwood Station 50 cts.

Sandy 10 cts.

Draper 10 cts.

Twenty-five cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

M. H. DAVIS, General Freight and Ticket Agent.

FERAMORE LITTLE, SUPERINTENDENT.

1872.

UTAH NORTHERN RAILROAD.

TRAINS

ARE NOW RUNNING

DAILY.

For the transmission of

Passengers & Freight

between

BRIGHAM

JUNCTION WITH C.P.R.R.

and

HAMPTON'S

MONTANA.

LEAVE HAMPTON'S ARRIVE AT BRIGHAM

No. 1 7:30 a.m. 8:45 a.m.

No. 2 1:15 p.m. 2:30 p.m.

LEAVE BRIGHAM ARRIVE AT HAMPTON'S

No. 1 8:15 a.m. 9:30 a.m.

No. 2 3:15 p.m. 4:30 p.m.

FARE: \$1.50 Each Way.

REDUCED RATES TO EXCURSION PARTIES.

Passengers will please purchase their tickets at the Company's Office.

JOHN W. TOURS, General Agent.

1872.

C.P.R.R.

February 24th, 1872.

San Francisco and Sacramento.

Leave going East

4:30 p.m. 7:30 a.m.

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MILBURN WAGON.

These Wagons are made from the

best quality of Lathum Selected Timber—

thoroughly seasoned and put together by ex-

perienced workmen.

For style, finish, and easy running, they can-

not be excelled, and are made expressly for the

UTAH TRADE.

We challenge a comparison with any Wag-

ons in the market.

Depot opposite Sevenside Hall.

JOHN MILBURN.

4104 1/2 St.

SAN FRANCISCO TRADE.

(Successors to Wells & Co.)

Importers and Manufacturers of

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

221, 223 and 225 Front St., corner Sacramento,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. MARTIN & CO.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS.

No. 68 Front St., SAN FRANCISCO.

Proprietors of

MILLER'S EXTRA OLD BOURBON.

And Sole Agents for

J. P. CUTTNER'S EXTRA OLD BOURBON.

WHISKIES

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of all the

standard brands of Whiskies.

Foreign and Domestic Wines.

779 St.

ATWOOD & BODWELL.

Manufacturers of the

EXCELSIO

and

GOLDEN STATE

WIND MILLS

Little Giant Horse Powers

BRASS PUMPS!

Water Tanks, &c.

N. B.—We have made the M. manufacture of the

above Machinery a Specialty for the last two

years and guarantee all our work

solidly and well.

A. P. MOTALING & CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

J. H. CUTTNER

OLD BOURBON WHISKY.

And Importers of

FINE WINES AND LIQUORS

431 Jackson St. San Francisco.

J. H. CUTTNER

OLD BOURBON WHISKY.

Distilled, Louisville, Kentucky.

These Trade and Consumers are notified

that the above is the only genuine brand

of the above Whisky for sale in this city.

All other brands claiming to be "Cuttner" Whisky are

only cheap imitations. In order to be cer-

tified, the names of the Agents are burned

on each barrel, and blown in each bottle.

With the signature of the firm over-

riding the barrel. Some other brands

are sold in this city, but they are not

genuine. A. P. MOTALING & CO., Sole Agents for

San Francisco, 431 Jackson Street, San Francisco,

California.

OTTENSTON & CO., Agents for Salt

Lake and Utah.

TO THE TRADE.

For Sale in Store and Warehouse:

2,500 bar. J. H. Cuttner Whisky.

500 barrels Daniel Boone Whisky.

500 barrels J. H. Cuttner Whisky.

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WALL PAPER.

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For style, finish, and easy running, they can-

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