THE INTERVIEW OF SEDAN.

What Bismarck, Moltke and Wimpffen Said at the Surrender.

Wimpffen Talking Sentiment and Imploring "More Honorable Terms"—The Man of Iron, Speaking Through Five Hundred Mouths of Fire, Says "No!"—"The French Will Be Grateful to You," Says Wimpffen—"Do Not Believe in Gratitude," Says Bismarck.

"You Could Not Forgive Us Sadowa, Will You Forgive Us Sedan?"—"Never!"

Where the Sword of the Seden-tary Man Comes In—Moltke's Stern Rebuke to Wimpffen—"Your Officers Had Maps of Germany, but No Maps of France; Presumptuous Nation!"

General Ducrot has just published a book entitled "La Journée de Sedan." It contains the following highly interesting account by Captain d'Orcet, a French officer, who was present at the interview of General Wimpffen with Count Bismarck and Count Moltke after the battle and immediately before the surrender of Sedan. It will be remembered that General Wimpffen was the commander-in-chief of the French army at the time of the surrender:—

"We were introduced into a parlor on the ground floor, where we awaited for about ten minutes the arrival of the man who was to acquaint us with the wishes of King William. At last General Moltke entered, accompanied by Count Bismarck, General Blumenthal and several officers. After a cold salute Count Moltke inquired of General de Wimpffen whether he had proper powers and credentials, and upon the affirmatory reply of the latter asked to verify them. This being done, General Wimpffen presented Generals Castelnau and Faure. Count Moltke desired to know in what character these two generals were present. General Faure replied that he had come as chief of staff of Marshal MacMahon, simply to accompany General Wimpffen, but without any official character. General Castelnau then said that he was the bearer of a verbal, official communication from the Emperor, but that it was only to be made at the end of the conference, in which, however, he was not otherwise authorized to take part. Count Moltke presented Count Bismarck and General Blumenthal by simply pointing with his finger to each of them. We then took seats around a square table covered with a red cloth in the following order:—At one side of the table Count Moltke, to his left Count Bismarck and General Blumenthal; at the other side of the table sat General Wimpffen, alone; behind him, and almost in the background, were Generals Castelnau and Faure and the other French officers. There were also in the room seven or eight Prussian officers, one of whom, upon a sign from General Blumenthal, placed himself near the mantelpiece, on which he leaned forward to take down all that was being said during the conference. After all were seated perfect silence prevailed for a moment, and it was felt that General Wimpffen was embarrassed as to how to begin the conversation; but Count Moltke, seeming determined not to break silence,

General WIMPFFEN began:—I should like to know the terms of the surrender which His Majesty the King of Prussia intends to grant us.

Count MOLTKE—They are very simple. The whole army to be prisoners, with arms and baggage; the officers may retain their arms as a testimonial of esteem for their courage, but they will be prisoners of war like the men.

General WIMPFFEN—These terms are very hard, and it seems to me that the French army deserves something better for its courage. Could not a surrender be obtained on the following conditions:—

"The town and the fortress, with the artillery, shall be handed over to you. You shall allow the army to retire with its arms, baggage and flags, on condition that it will not serve against this war against Prussia. The Emperor and his generals will engage their word for the army, and the officers will pledge themselves personally and in writing to keep the same terms. The army will be conducted to any part of France designated by Prussia, or to Algeria, there to remain until the conclusion of peace."

He then began to enter into details regarding his proposition, seeming to consider the conference near at hand; but General Moltke remained impassible, and contented himself with replying that he could make no change in the conditions. General Wimpffen renewed his request. He first appealed to the sympathies which his personal position might inspire Count Moltke.

General WIMPFFEN—I arrived here only two days ago from the interior of Africa. My military reputation until now has been spotless, and here I am ordered to take command in the middle of a battle and am thus fatally forced to attach my name to a disastrous surrender, the whole responsibility of which I am compelled to assume without having myself prepared the battle that led to it. You, who are a general, like me, you can understand better than any one the bitterness of my position. It is possible for you to soften my sad fate by granting me more honorable terms. Why would you not do it? I know very well that the principal cause of our disaster was the fall at the outset of the battle of the valiant Marshal who commanded before me. He would not, perhaps, have been the victor; but he might, at least, have operated a good retreat. As for me, I do not say that I should have done better than Marshal MacMahon and gained the battle, but I should have prepared a retreat; or, at least, being better acquainted with our troops, I should have succeeded in uniting them in one supreme effort to effect a sortie. Instead of that I am bound to assume the command in the midst of the battle without knowing the situation of my troops. In one day I might, perhaps, have secured a retreat but for an unfortunate incident, which it is useless here to relate. (This was doubtless an allusion to the confusion of orders resulting from the fact that Marshal MacMahon had handed over the command to General Ducrot, who exercised it up to ten o'clock in the morning, when General Wimpffen claimed it on the strength of a letter from the War Minister, of which he was the bearer.) General Wimpffen continued in the same strain, but seeing that Count Moltke was little moved by this personal pleading he took a different tone, saying:—

"If you cannot grant me better terms I cannot accept those which you want to impose on me. I shall make an appeal to my army and to its honor, and I shall succeed in making my way out or in defending myself in Sedan." (It must be owned that he himself did not appear to be convinced of what he said.) He was interrupted by

Count MOLTKE, who replied—I have great pleasure for you, I understand your situation, and am sorry not to be able to do what you ask of me; but as for attempting a sortie, that is just as impossible as to defend yourself in Sedan. Assured you have troops that are really excellent; your crack infantry is remarkably good; your cavalry bold and enterprising. Your artillery is admirable and has done us much harm, too much harm, but the greater part of your infantry is demoralized; we have made to-day more than 20,000 unwounded prisoners. Not more than 20,000 men now remain to you. It is not under such circumstances that you can pierce our lines; for you know I have at present around you 240,000 men and 500 mouths of fire, of which 200 are already in position to open on Sedan. The other 200 will be there by to-morrow's dawn. If you wish to convince yourself I can have one of your officers conducted around the different positions which are occupied by my troops, and he will be able to testify to the correctness of what I have said. As for defending yourself in Sedan, that is quite impossible; you have not forty-eight hours' rations, and you have no more ammunition.

General WIMPFFEN replied—I think it is your interest, even from a political standpoint, to grant the honorable surrender to which our army is entitled. You are going to make peace, and, no doubt, you desire to make it soon. The French nation, more than any other, is generous and chivalrous, and, consequently, appreciative of the generosity with which she is treated. If you grant us the terms which would flatter the pride of our army it would please the country and diminish the bitterness of defeat in the heart of the nation. A peace concluded under such auspices would have a chance of being durable, and your generous act would open the door to a renewal of friendly feelings such as ought to exist between two great nations that are neighbors and such as you desire to exist. If, on the contrary, you persist in using harsh measures toward us you will surely excite anger and hatred in the hearts of our soldiers. The nation would be likewise wounded in her pride and share the same feelings. You would thus awaken all the bad instincts lain dormant through the progress of civilization, and you would risk to inflame an interminable war between France and Prussia.

Count BISMARCK here replied: "Your arguments, General, seem, on first thought, to be serious, but will not really bear discussion.

I HAVE LITTLE BELIEF IN GRATITUDE

in general, and none at all in the gratitude of a people. One might believe in the gratitude of a sovereign, and sometimes in that of one's family; one might even, in some circumstances, place perfect faith in it; but, I repeat, there is nothing to expect from the gratitude of a nation. If the French were a people like any other, if they had solid institutions as our people, if they had veneration for their traditions, or if they had a sovereign firmly established upon the throne, we might believe in the gratitude of the Emperor and his son, and attach some importance to that gratitude; but for the last eighty years the governments of France have changed with such singular rapidity, so much out of the ordinary course of events and beyond all foresight that nothing can be relied upon in your country, and that to found hopes on the friendship of a French monarch would, on the part of a neighbor nation, be simply insanity; it would be like attempting to build castles in the air. Besides, what folly to imagine that France could forgive our successes! You are an irritable people, you are envious, jealous and excessively proud. Since two centuries France has thirty times declared war to Prussia—that is, to Germany—and this time you have declared it as usual, from jealousy, because you could not forgive us our victory of Sadowa; and yet Sadowa did not cost you anything or in the least tarnish your glory; but you thought that victory was a monopoly which was solely reserved for you. You could not bear to see near you a nation equally strong as you. You could not forgive us Sadowa, where neither your interests nor your glory were in the least compromised; and

WILL YOU FORGIVE US THE DISASTER OF SEDAN?

Never. If we were to make peace now, in five years, in ten years—as soon as you were able—you would recommence the war. This is all the gratitude which we could expect from the French people. We Germans are, on the contrary, an honest and peaceable nation, who are never actuated by the desire of conquest, and would ask nothing but to live in peace, if you did not constantly disturb us by your quarrelsome humor. Our patience is exhausted. France must be chastised for her pride and her aggressive, restless character. We want at least to insure the safety of our children, and to do this we must have between France and us a territory, fortressed and frontiered that can protect us for ever from attack on her part.

General WIMPFFEN—Your Excellency is mistaken in judging thus the French nation. You believe that she is like those of 1814, and you judge her after the views of a few poets and the writings of a few journals. The French of 1871 are very different. Thanks to the prosperity of the empire all minds are turned to speculations, to business and to art. Every one tries to increase the amount of his well-being, and thinks rather of his individual interests than of glory. They are ready in France to proclaim the fraternity of peoples. Look at England. What has become of that hatred which once divided France and England? Are not the English our best friends to-day? Such will be the case with Germany if you show yourselves generous—if harsh measures do not revive the extinguished passions.

Count BISMARCK, shaking his head doubtfully at General Wimpffen's boast of the friendship between France and England, replied:—I must interrupt you here, General. No, France is not in a change; it is she that wanted the war, and it is to flatter the popular mania for glory that Napoleon III., in the interest of his dynasty, provoked us. I know very well that the solid and reasonable part of the French people did not clamor for war; still they received the idea with favor. We know very well that it was not more difficult for us than the people that was hostile to us, but the party in France which did clamor for war is even that which makes and unmakes the governments. With you it is

THE POPULACE AND THE "JOURNALISTS"

(he laid a particular stress on the last word.) It is they whom we want to punish, and to do this we must go to Paris. Who knows what may happen? Perhaps there will form itself among you a government which respects rights, which makes laws to suit its convenience; which will not recognize the surrender you will have signed for the army; which will, perhaps, compel the officers to violate their promises; for they will no doubt defend themselves at any price. We know very well that in France soldiers are quickly formed, but young soldiers are not worth veterans, and moreover, what can by no means be improvised, is a corps of officers. We want peace, but a lasting peace, and on the terms which I have already mentioned. To attain this we must take away from France the possibility of resisting us. The fate of battles has delivered over to us the best soldiers and the best officers of the French army. To set them at liberty, so as to expose ourselves to see them again march against us, would be folly; that would be prolonging the war, and the interest of our people is opposed to such a policy. No, General, however we may sympathize with your position, however flattering be the opinion we have of your army, we cannot comply with your request and change the first terms which have been proposed to you.

General WIMPFFEN (with dignity)—Well, then, it is equally impossible for me to sign such a surrender; we shall recommence the battle.

General CASTELNAU here began with a hesitating voice—I think the moment has arrived for me to deliver the message of the Emperor.

Count BISMARCK—We are ready to hear you, General.

General CASTELNAU—The Emperor has charged me to inform His Majesty the King of Prussia that he sends him his sword unconditionally; that he personally and absolutely surrenders himself to his mercy, but that he acted thus only in the hope that the King will be moved by such a complete self-abandonment, and in consideration of it he would grant to the French army a more honorable surrender, such as it deserves for its courage.

Count BISMARCK—Is this all?

General CASTELNAU—Yes.

Count BISMARCK—What manner of sword is that which the Emperor Napoleon III. surrenders? Is it the sword of France or his own sword? If it is the sword of France the conditions may be slightly modified and your message would be of a very grave character.

General CASTELNAU—It is only the sword of the Emperor.

Count MOLTKE (hurriedly and almost joyfully)—In that case there is no change in our terms. The Emperor will obtain for his person all he may be pleased to ask. (Here there appeared to be a secret difference of opinion between Count Bismarck and Count Moltke; for the former, it seemed, would not have been sorry to terminate the war, while Moltke was, on the contrary, desirous of continuing it).

General WIMPFFEN replied, "We shall recommence the battle."

Count MOLTKE—The truce expires to-morrow morning, at four o'clock. At four o'clock precisely I shall open fire.

Here all arose, and gloomy silence prevailed for a moment.

Count BISMARCK again addressed General de Wimpffen:—Yes, General, you have valiant and heroic soldiers. I doubt not that they will do wonders of valor to-morrow and cause us serious losses; but what good will it do you? To-morrow you will not advance any further advanced than to-day, and you will have on your conscience the blood of your soldiers and that of ours, which you will have uselessly caused to be shed. Let a moment of mortification not prevail on you to break up the conference. General Moltke will convince you, I hope, that to attempt resistance would be folly on your part.

All took seats again, and

General MOLTKE said:—I assure you again that a sortie can never succeed, even if your troops were in the best condition. For, independently of the great numerical superiority of my men and artillery, I occupy positions whence I can burn Sedan in a few hours. These positions command all the outlets by which you would attempt to break the circle that encloses you, and are so strong that it is impossible to carry them."

General WIMPFFEN—Oh, they are not so strong as you would have us believe—these positions are not.

Count MOLTKE—You do not know the topography of the environs of Sedan; and here is a droll fact which exposes your presumptuous and inconsistent nation. At the outset of the campaign

YOU DISTRIBUTED MAPS OF GERMANY

to all your officers, when you had not the means of studying the geography of your country, since you had no maps of your own territory. Well, then, let me tell you, our positions are not only very strong, but formidable and impregnable.

General WIMPFFEN had nothing to reply to this stern truth. After a brief silence he said: I shall avail myself, General, of the offer you kindly made me at the beginning of the conference. I shall send an officer to see those formidable forces of which you tell me, and on his return I shall take a decision.

Count MOLTKE (in a dry tone)—You will send nobody. It is useless; you can believe me. Besides you have not much time to refect, for it is now midnight and by four o'clock to-morrow morning the truce expires and I shall not grant you an instant of delay.

General WIMPFFEN (already abandoning the plan of examining the position of the enemy)—And yet you must well understand that I alone cannot undertake such decision. I must consult my colleagues, and I do not know where to find them at this hour in Sedan. It is impossible for me to give an answer by four o'clock, and absolutely necessary that you should grant me a prolongation of the truce.

Count Moltke obstinately refused. Count Bismarck bent toward him and whispered a few words in his ear, which seemed to signify that the King would arrive at nine o'clock and that it would be better to wait. Count Moltke, in fact, arose and told General Wimpffen that he consented to a prolongation until nine o'clock, but that it would be the last limit. The surrender was by this time, in principle, decided upon by General Wimpffen, and if he did not sign it immediately it was only to save appearances and to diminish the responsibility which fatally fell upon him, by dividing it as much as possible with the other generals.

The Council of War Accepting Count Moltke's Terms for the Surrender of Sedan.

The following is the official report of the decision of the French council of war which was held in Sedan a few hours after the above interview took place:—

HEADQUARTERS AT SEDAN, Sept. 2, 1870.

This day, 2d September, at six o'clock in the morning, a council of war met at the summons of the Commanding General, to which all the generals in command of divisions, the Chief of Artillery and the Chief of the Military Engineers were invited. The commanding general gave the following explanations:—"In obedience to the commands of the Emperor, and in accordance with the armistice concluded between the two armies, I met General Count Moltke, who had received full powers from the King of Prussia, in order to obtain the best possible terms for the army which had been driven into the fortress after an unsuccessful battle. After the first words of our interview I perceived that Count Moltke was unfortunately thoroughly informed as to our situation, and knew that our army was neither supplied with provisions nor ammunition. General Moltke yesterday gave me to understand that he had fought with an army of 200,000 men, which surrounded us on every side. "General," he said to me, "we are inclined to grant honorable terms to your army, which fought so bravely to-day. These conditions, however, must not be opposed to the demands of our policy. The French army must capitulate. Your troops will become prisoners of war. The officers will retain their swords and their personal property. The weapons of the men will be deposited in one of the arsenals of the town and surrendered to us." The General then asked the generals who composed the council of war whether they considered it possible to continue resistance. The majority replied in the negative. Only two generals expressed an opinion that an attempt should be made to defend the citadel or to make a sally. Their attention was then drawn to the facts that it was impossible to defend the citadel, as the provisions and ammunition were entirely exhausted; that the town was so crowded with men and carriages as to render all traffic impossible; that under these circumstances the fire of the enemy, who had taken possession of the heights around the town, would cause terrible bloodshed without any useful result, and that a sally was impossible, because the enemy had already seized the barriers of the town and directed his guns against the narrow entrances. On this the generals withdrew their opposition to the views of the majority. The council of war consequently declared to the Commanding General that, in consideration of the material impossibility of continuing the struggle, we are compelled to accept the conditions offered, as every delay would expose us to the danger of painful consequences.

Wimpffen, Ducrot, Forgeat, Lebrun, Douay, Dejean.

THE HOBOKEN MURDER.

Conclusion of the Trial—The Jury Out Five Hours and No Verdict.

The trial of Moses Henry for the murder of Thomas McMahon, at Hoboken, on the 14th of last month, was resumed yesterday in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, at Jersey City, before Judge Bedle.

George Henry, a brother of the prisoner, was examined, after which the case for the State was closed.

The prisoner was then placed on the stand and he testified as follows:—I live with my brother, at No. 42 Adams street; I work for my brother; I recollect Saturday night, October 14; at about ten o'clock I was in to see my father, and then went into Connell's saloon; McMahon came in, said he had lost his money, and was ordered out; I went after him when he was on Connell's stoop as I went out; as I walked around the stoop he tried to trip me; I grabbed for him and we clinched, and so remained until an officer separated us; after the officer separated us I went to my father's room; I stayed there for fifteen or twenty minutes, then went home; I stopped in the water closet in the rear of the yard on my way out; when I passed through the yard on my way to the water closet there was no one in the yard; when I came back I saw a man go over the fence towards Newark street; the first thing after that I knew I was stabbed by McMahon in the stomach; I struck at him; then he grabbed me and pushed him away; he made another lunge for me and I retreated through the alleyway, and got over the fence and fell; I finally reached my house at 42 Adams street, and was admitted; I had no knife in my possession on that night, nor did I stab or attempt to stab the deceased.

Mr. William T. Hoffman summed up for the defence in an address which was a masterly appeal to to the jury on behalf of his client. District Attorney Garretson, in his reply, cited the vital points of the evidence, which, he maintained, established the charge of murder. Judge Bedle charged the jury, and they retired at ten minutes past five o'clock; but up to half-past ten last night they had not agreed on a verdict.

MURDERER CONVICTED.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Nov. 1, 1871.

The arguments in the case of Frederick M. Kusey, now on trial here for the murder of policeman Joseph E. Clarke, of Baltimore, on the 22d of May last, closed about three P. M. to-day. The jury, after about twenty minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. The prisoner seemed much gratified at the verdict. He had evidently expected a worse fate than now awaits him. The wife and two little children of the murdered man, dressed in deep mourning, were present in the court room during the day, and seemed much affected. There is considerable surprise at the verdict, as the State proved a clear case of willful murder and no palliating circumstances were presented by the defence.

RACING IN ENGLAND.

The Cesarewitch Stakes—An Impostor Favorite—Another Success for Baron Rothschild—The Middle Park Plate—Victory of an Outsider—The Baron Just Done.

LONDON, Oct. 12, 1871.

The hoarfrost on the grass, as we flew along to Newmarket on Monday morning—the almost naked branches of the trees of the plantation skirting the great heath—the chilly "feel" of the air in the late afternoon—all warn us that our English racing season is drawing to a close. In another month it will, by law of the Jockey Club, be impossible to run horses on the flat—that is, if they are to have any hope of running at meetings over which the club has any control. Into that month, however, is crowded an immense amount of work; for, to say nothing of the last of the three autumn meetings—the Houghton—at "headquarters," the lessees of the "back end" meetings will have gatherings extending over a week each, commencing on Monday morning and ending on Saturday night. This is surely "too much of a good thing," at all events for the non-professional sportsman; as for the bookmakers, they would go at it morning and night from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. The meeting at Newmarket, which commenced last Monday, is now going on, and will not conclude till to-morrow night, is called the "Second October," and is the middle one of three that are all held within six weeks. To show the

ARDOR OF ENGLISH SPORTSMEN,

and the vast extent to which racing is carried, especially at the headquarters of the turf, I may mention that on Monday there were seven races, on Tuesday ten and yesterday nine; to-day there are twelve and to-morrow there will be ten, making in all forty-eight races run off within five days, over various distances, from five furlongs to two miles and a quarter, and finishing at widely remote parts of the heath. This may give some idea of the amount of hard work which is undergone by English turfmen in pursuit of their favorite pastime; and when it is noted that all the spare portions of the day at Newmarket are filled up with betting either on the heath or at the subscription rooms, the reader may think they make a toil of a pleasure. The weather, however, was this week so delightful and the racing of so high a character that the days passed very rapidly and pleasantly; but to witness the chief events—the Cesarewitch, now the most important of English handicaps, and the Middle Park Plate; the greatest two-year-old race in the world—far fewer people were present than usual.

THE HANDICAP FOR THE CESAREWITCH

was, as has since been proved, one of the very best productions of that veteran Admiral Rous, but was much denounced by the grumblers, chiefly on account of its lenient treatment of Colonel Pearson's Noyre Tauren ("black bull"), a five-year-old, with 90 pounds, who had not been heard of since he ran wretchedly badly as a two-year-old, and who recently served as a hack for Colonel Pearson's daughter. This mysterious animal was long the ruling favorite in the betting, and was backed with such extraordinary eagerness that before the fall of the flag he was quoted at as little as 4 to 1. The most extraordinary rumors were afloat regarding him, some having it that he was a magnificent horse and would "walk in;" others that he was a wretched brute, who had not a leg to stand on and who would not be able to gallop the course. The general verdict, when he was seen at Newmarket, was decidedly unfavorable, but the public, nothing daunted, rushed on him to the close. At the commencement of the betting Lord Falmouth's Kingcraft, four years, 115 pounds, the Derby winner of last year, was believed to be so "well in" that he was at once made favorite; but his defeat a fortnight ago by Nobleman and King Cole, which seemed to show that he was deficient in stamina for a race of two miles and a quarter, and that he was apt to show the "white feather," drove him back. Lord Zetland's horse King Cole, four years, 111 pounds, was defeated on the occasion referred to by Nobleman, but he showed so much gameness that he continued a strong favorite to the close. The top weight, Mr. Pryor's Cardinal York, five years, 126 pounds, who won the race last year, was called upon, with his weight, to perform a feat never before accomplished in this race; but he has grown into such a splendid horse that his party were extremely confident, and Mr. Pryor having got on his money at a good price—an indispensable condition in his case—the public followed suit and the horse was for a long time in great demand. Corisande, three years, 110 pounds, as the property of the lucky Baron Rothschild, was found to be a favorite, the more so as she had run well on several occasions and was reported to be better than her stable companion, the great Hannah, winner of the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger. Mr. William Day's Cedric the Saxon, 3 years, 99 pounds, ran second for the Goodwood Stakes, which many believed he would have won had he had a stronger jockey on his back, and the reports of his improvement were so satisfactory that throughout he was near the top of the quotations. Mr. Case's Anton, 3 years, 111 pounds, was one of the best two-year-olds of his season, and though there was a doubt as to his staying the course, he, too, was a prominent favorite. Mr. "Lombard," the Frenchman, who is now the leading owner of race horses in England, ran two—Manille, 3 years, 99 pounds, and Barford, 4 years, 125 pounds, of whom the former was heavily backed. Count Juvigny's filly, Fleur de Pêche, 3 years, 91 pounds, was also a notability, on the strength of having won the French Omnium (equivalent to the Cesarewitch), though she was subsequently defeated by two moderate animals at Paris.

THE RACE FOR THE CESAREWITCH.

THE CESAREWITCH STAKES—A free handicap of 25 sovereigns each, 15 forfeit, with 200 added, for three-year-olds and upwards; winners extra; the second received 50 sovereigns out of the stakes. Cesarewitch Course (2 miles, 2 furlongs, 28 yards). Sixty-six subscribers.

Baron Rothschild's b. f. Corisande, by King Tom, 3 years, 110 lbs. 1
Mr. Pryor's b. h. Cardinal York, 5 years, 126 lbs. .. 2
Lord Wilton's br. m. Sylva, 5 years, 85 lbs. 3

Twenty-seven ran.

BETTING AT THE START.

Four to 1 against Noyre Tauren, taken; 15 to 2 against Cedric the Saxon, taken; 9 to 1 against King Cole, taken; 12 to 1 against Corisande, taken; 12 to 1 against Cardinal York, taken; 12 to 1 against Anton, taken; 700 to 6 against Marmora, taken; 100 to 6 against Manille, taken; 20 to 1 against Flurry, taken; 20 to 1 against Kingcraft, taken; 30 to 1 against Veranda, taken; 33 to 1 against Fleur de Peche, taken; 50 to 1 against Barford, taken; 50 to 1 against The Dwarf, taken; 50 to 1 against Indian Ocean, taken; 50 to 1 against Lord Hawke, taken; 50 to 1 against Moorlands, taken; 50 to 1 against Sylva, taken; 100 to 1 against Autolycus, taken; 100 to 1 against Penniless, taken; 100 to 1 against Maid, taken.

The horses got down to the post, where most of them were put through their toilets in presence of a vast crowd of critics in excellent time, and despite the size of the field were got off in a few minutes. The course is in the shape of a very wide letter V, with an extremely obtuse angle, and the two legs meet at the old Roman mound generally called the Ditch, through a gap in which the horses stream and then run straight for home at the Cesarewitch stand. The spectators massed at the latter point could, even with the best glasses, make out but little of the part of the race previous to the field reaching the Ditch, but the facts were easily ascertained. The running was made to the gap by Mr. Lawrence's gelding Ismael, five years, 113 pounds, who was followed in a cluster by Miss Sheppard, Marmora, Cedric the Saxon, Veranda and Fleur de Pêche, and the succeeding division consisted of Kingcraft, King Cole, Barford, The Dwarf, Noyre Tauren and Ploughboy, with Manille and Cardinal York last. At the gap Ismael compounded and his place was taken by Cedric the Saxon, who was followed to the front by Sylva—stable companion of Cardinal York, but running in a different interest—and Fleur de Pêche, Cedric the Saxon, determined to prove himself a bit of an imposter, was in trouble before the Rowley mile starting post was reached, and then the running was taken up, to the general astonishment, by the sixty-to one chance Sylva, while her friend Cardinal York, who had hitherto been at least a hundred yards from the front, dashed through the horses as if they had been standing still and took up his position on the left of Corisande, who had just previously taken second place. Her advance had been simultaneous with the "cracking up" of Kingcraft, who, at one time, looked formidable, but failed, as usual, when the great effort was required of him, as did King Cole, who, though a stout animal, was quite outclassed and could not go the pace. On reaching the Bushes Hill—an elevation of the gentlest kind—Sylva was still leading, with Corisande, Cardinal York, Manille and Fleur de Pêche well up, but the others were widely scattered. Coming down the "descent" Sylva was passed by Corisande, and in the "dip" by Cardinal York, and the race was now left to the pair. As they began the final "ascent"—also a very gentle one—for home Parry was compelled to call on the Cardinal, and the gallant horse did his best under his terrific weight, but could never reach Corisande, who, roused a little by Maidment, won cleverly by half a length, while Cardinal York defeated his stable companion by a length only. Manille was a moderate fourth, Fleur de Pêche fifth, Barford sixth, Indian Ocean seventh, Noyre Tauren, who, under his light weight, ran a tremendous bout, eighth; all the others, several favorites included, "nowhere." Time, 4:05, which is 3¾ seconds slower than the race of last year. Net value of the stakes, $6,925. The result was received with

IMMENSE CHEERING FOR BARON ROTHSCHILD,

who is, indeed, nowadays, one of the favorites of fortune on the turf, as he is in the monetary world. He has long struggled with adversity in the sport, endured many bitter disappointments; but this year he has reaped the fruits of his courage and patience as no man ever did before. This season he has won the 1,000 guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger with Hannah, the Derby and the Brighton Cup with Favonius, and the Cesarewitch with Corisande; and it is only ten to one that he will not win the Cambridgeshire with Favonius, who is first favorite for that event—the last great handicap of the year. The performance of Corisande is the best in the history of the race, for those of Faugh-a-Ballagh and Julius, who each won as three-year-olds, with 112 pounds, were, considering sex, inferior. Cardinal York, too, proved himself one of the best horses of the time; but with the disgraced favorite, Noyre Tauren, Colonel Pearson was so disgusted that he put him in a selling race to-day, vowing that if he did not win he would shoot him. I see that, fortunately for the poor "black bull," who appeared to know of the threat, he did win, and has consequently got a new lease of life.

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE,

the greatest of our two-year-old races, founded by Mr. Blenkison, the eminent breeder, who recently died, was run for yesterday. It attracted to the post some of the best youngsters of the season, but not the very best—Mr. Savile's Cremorne, who has run ten times and been defeated only once, and Baron Rothschild's Chopette, who has also run ten races and won seven of them. The principal performers were Mr. Graham's colt Helmet (four pounds penalty) and Mr. Braydon's Nuneham, both of whom have cut a very respectable figure this season, but both of whom, it will be seen, were defeated in the race. Baron Rothschild was represented by Laburnum (three pounds allowance), who has been twice defeated, but came out with a good reputation. The Newmarket people were to a man "on" Mr. Joseph Dawson's Prince Charlie (three pounds allowance), a great strapping colt, while Laburnum is rather small. The Duke of Beaufort's Almoner had run twice, only moderately, but he was "served up hot," and Captain Machell's Vanderdecken (four pounds penalty), who has run very well, was also in demand.

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE of 500 sovereigns, added to a sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns each, 20 forfeit, for two-year-olds; colts 121 lbs., fillies and geldings 118 lbs.; winners extra; maidens allowed 3 lbs.; the second received 200 sovereigns and the third 100 sovereigns out of the stakes. Bretby Stakes Course (six furlongs); 110 subscribers.

Mr. Joseph Dawson's ch. c. Prince Charlie, by Blair Athol—Eastern Princess, 118 lbs. 1
Baron Rothschild's b. c. Laburnum, 118 lbs. 2
Mr. Braydon's br. c. Nuneham, 121 lbs. 3

Sixteen ran.

BETTING AT THE START.

Five to 2 against Helmet, taken; 11 to 2 against Nuneham, taken; 6 to 1 against Almoner, taken; 100 to 15 against Laburnum, taken; 11 to 1 against Prince Charlie, taken; 12 to 1 against Highland Fling, taken; 100 to 8 against Vanderdecken, taken; 25 to 1 against Landmark, taken; 25 to 1 against Selina filly, taken; 1,000 to 15 against Dominante, taken.

The lot were sent off to a capital start, and for fifty or sixty yards they ran almost in line, when Prince Charlie was seen to emerge from his horses in the centre of the course, behind him on the left being Vanderdecken, Laburnum, Nuneham and Almoner, and on the right Helmet, Nightstar, Dominante, Highland Fling and Landmark. There was little change to the Bushes, where Prince Charlie improved his position and held a clear lead over the "hill," Laburnum going on second and Nuneham third, the three having an advantage of several lengths over the others as they entered the "dip." Rising the "hill" for home—the same finish as in the Cesarewitch—the race was confined to the three, Vanderdecken, Almoner and Helmet dropping back. A magnificent struggle then took place between Prince Charlie and Laburnum, both showing great gameness, but at length the Prince's vast stride told in his favor and he now led a head, three lengths between second and third, Almoner a bad fourth. Time, 1:22½. Net value of the stakes, $12,650.

Baron Rothschild just lost, it will be seen, by a head, but, strangely enough, while Prince Charlie is quoted at 40 to 1 for the Derby, Laburnum figures at 10 to 1—an anomaly due to the fact that the Prince is a "roarer."

SALE OF THE CLIFTON STUD.

A Number of Splendid Animals Under the Hammer—Stallions, Mares, Two-Year-Old Fillies, Yearlings and Weanlings—Tolerably Good Prices, But a Small Attendance.

The Clifton stud of thoroughbred horses, owned by Mr. R. W. Cameron, was sold yesterday at auction by Mr. R. W. Underwood, at the Clifton Stud Farm, located about three miles and half from the third ferry landing on Staten Island. The attendance of buyers was not very large, owing, doubtless, to the absence of sportsmen at recent events in distant parts of the country, as well as to the disagreeable state of the weather yesterday morning. The sale opened soon after one o'clock, the first animals appearing being

THE STALLIONS.

Glen Nevis was bred by General Angerstine, in England, in 1866, and is a rich dark brown, with black points, stands over fifteen and a half hands, and is growing rapidly. He is very blood-like, perfectly sound, with superior shoulders and propelling powers and very fine action. His pedigree is a very rich one. He was bought by M. G. Hampton for $730.

Hampton Court was next put to the hammer. He is a bright bay, with star, is very powerful, fifteen and three-quarter hands and growing. He is brother in blood to The Earl, a horse sold in England two years ago for £8,400, and whose subscription for this year is full at thirty guineas a mare. The pedigree on the other side shows his unexceptionable breeding. He was sold to G. Carter Brown, of Providence, R. I., for $3,000.

Warminster, foaled in 1852, is a rich dark bay on short legs, stands 15½ hands, long and level powerful quarters, back and loins, without blemish, and sound. His pedigree is a peculiarly rich one in the favorite strains of Eclipse, Herod and Matchem, of which he combines no less than thirty-five strains. He was a stout, game racehorse. His first appearance was as a three-year-old in the month of April, when, with 125 pounds on his back, he beat Lotterer (giving him seven pounds), Prince Imperial and others, two miles, at Warwick, winning easily by two lengths. He did not start afterwards until the Doncaster St. Leger, in which he was unsuccessful, but was looked upon in England as one of the best three-year-olds of his year. He was bought by Mr. Davidge for $1,650.

Bangweola, got by Leamington; dam Pussuy, by Diophantus, second dam Agapemone, by Bay Middleton; sold to H. S. Russell, for $500.

Botheration, ch. colt, two years old, got by Leamington; dam Gerista, by King Tom; second dam Scrubbing Brush, by Touchstone; sold to J. Duer, for $1,200.

Glen Athol, ch. colt, two years old: got by Blair Athol; dam Greta, by Voltigeur; second dam Mountain Flower, by Ithuriel; sold to S. Brine, for $1,400.

MARES.

Casemate, ch. m., foaled in 1863; bred by Mr. Sam Smith, England; got by Chatham, dam Photograph, by Wood Pigeon; second dam Camera-Obscura, by Ellis; H. S. Russell, for $300.

Belle Boyd, ch. m., foaled in 1864; bred by R. C. Naylor, Esq., England; got by Longbow, dam Heroine, by Neasham (Athena's dam); second dam Maid of Saragossa, by Jereed; Colonel J. Bruce, for $810.

Eleanor, br. m., foaled in 1856; bred by Mr. J. Newton, England; got by Voltigeur, dam Themis, by Touchstone; second dam Rectitude (dam of Dr. Caiust, by Lottery; S. Bruce, for $810.

Invercauld, br. f., foaled in 1866; bred by R. W. Cameron, Clifton, S. I.; got by St. Albans, dam Eleanor, by Voltigeur; second dam Themis, by Touchstone; Colonel S. Bruce, for $1,500.

Stolen Kisses, b. m., foaled in 1864; bred by Mr. Eyke, England; got by Knight of Kars, dam Defamation (Saccharometer's dam), by Iago; second dam Caricature, by Pantaloon; P. W. Hudson, for $1,000.

Inverlochy, br. f., foaled in 1866; bred by Sir John Hanmer, England; got by Old Calabar, dam Veronica, by Cruiser; second dam by Physician; A. Welch, of Philadelphia, for $900.

Invercluasa, br. f., foaled in 1866; bred by Sir J. Hanmer, England; got by Old Calabar; dam Juniper, by Bay Middleton; second dam, The Fawn, by Venison; Colonel S. Bruce, for $600.

Lady Spang, br. m.; bred by Dr. E. Warfield, of Kentucky; got by Gazan; dam by Bertrand; second dam, Antoinette, by Snowstorm; H. S. Nicholas, for $150.

Rebecca, ch. m., foaled in 1853; got by imported Glencoe; dam, sister to Big Aleck, by Medoc; second dam, Morocco, by Tiger; C. Reveire, for $500.

Sophia, br. m. (dam of Morrisey), foaled in 1860; got by imported Bonnie Scotland; dam Lady Spang, by Gazan; second dam by Bertrand; Messrs. Guiness & Co., for $400.

Floride, ch. m., foaled in 1852; bred by Mr. John Turnbull; got by Wagner; dam Ann Watson, by imported Glencoe; second dam Clink, by Humphrey Clinker; Mr. Winpenny, for $400.

Rejected, b. m., foaled in 1866, by imported Hartington; dam Columbia, by Glencoe; second dam Fleur de Lis, by imported Sovereign; Messrs. Guiness & Co., for $400.

Margravine, foaled in 1868, by Kentucky (the dam of Versailles), by Margrave; second dam Mistletoe, by Cherokee; Dr. Conover, for $300.

Mignonette, b. f., foaled in 1868, by the Marshal; first dam Ellen Bateman, by imported Glencoe; second dam by imported Trustee; Messrs. Guiness & Co., for $400.

TWO-YEAR-OLD FILLIES.

Invergarry, b. f., foaled in 1869, by Leamington; dam Nellie Graves, by imported Eclipse; second dam Esta, by Bolivar; R. W. Cameron, for $400.

Inverary, br. f., foaled 1869, by Leamington; dam Stolen Kisses; P. J. Hudson, for $2,400.

Invernaid, bl. f., foaled 1869, by Leamington; dam Floride; though named on the bills is now in Baltimore, and hence there was no bidding.

Two-year-old gelding Manitoba, by Leamington; dam Belle, by imported Monarch; second dam Lady Spang; A. Rodgers, for $265.

YEARLINGS.

Bay filly, got by Leamington or Hampton Court, foaled April 5, 1870; dam imported Jerusalem, by Jericho; second dam Sel