

The little Lincolnshire village of Limber—
upon which the successive Grand National
triumphs of Mr. J. M. Richardson with Dis-
turbance and Reuigny shed such brilliant lustre a

few years back—was the recent scene of death of two good sportsmen in Mr. Headley, of Limber, and Mr. W. Wright, of Wold Newton. Mr. Headley, who had reached the patriarchal age of fourscore, owned a few brood mares in his time, including the Queen by Iago, Eliza by Pompey, and Blue Bottle by The Cure; and amongst other good horses he bred Dictator, Elector, Denmark, from The Queen, Peter (the steeplechaser), and Vienna (dam of Atrocity) from Eliza, and Bullion, Bonnets o' Blue, Jutland, and Holstein from Blue Bottle, who is still alive. Poor Billy Wright, as he was familiarly known throughout Lincolnshire, was only 46; and his cheery welcome will never again be heard at the Brocklesby and South Wold meets, or whilst hunting his own little pack of harriers from Wold Newton. The life and fun of every house he entered, Mr. Wright, whose marked squint added increased drollery to his good-natured expression, will be equally missed at all the leading race meetings; and it is not a little singular that he should meet with his death close to the residence of his old friend, Mr. George Nelson, of Limber, who died this time twelve months. Deceased was returning from Mr. Edward Dowson's at Wootton, and persisted in riding home (22 miles) during the frost, when the roads were like ice. Poor Billy was so universally respected in his immediate neighbourhood that his loss will be much felt and regretted by all classes.