

was no cavil whatever as to the Norfolk Downs having it all their own way, and Mr. Rigden took his beating like a man; the only discussion whatever being over the third and fourth pens of ewes. Lord Walsingham's first were here again about the best out for many a day; capitally matched, with plenty of mutton of fine quality, and wool of undeniable texture; while Messrs Heasman's next best had beautiful heads and necks, with famous legs of mutton at the other end of them, their chief drawback being that they were rather over or badly trimmed. Three of Lord Radnor's five were really admirable ewes for almost any point, size, mutton, or wool; but a want of thorough uniformity in the whole pen stood in their way, and the third prize went to some rather small and delicate sheep of Mr. Farquharson's, but still far away the best that the old Dorsetshire Squire has ever yet set his seal to. The three classes of Southdowns, with such exhibitors as we have referred to, or that the commendations make special mention of, were altogether of a very high order of merit, though disfigured by the presence of a few sheep that had no pretensions to any place in a Royal show-yard.

Still, despite the stand they are still able to make, there is little question but that the old-established firms, like the Leicesters and Southdowns, are gradually losing some of their business, which is going over to such opposition houses as the Cotswolds, Oxfords, Lincolns, and other Long-wools or half-breds. Of these the Cotswolds and Oxford Downs supplied two wonderfully good lots of sheep, the former quite up to their previous repute, and the latter coming to the fore very fast. Never, in fact, was the grant of a class more fairly earned or better supported. The Oxfords, indeed, have a deal of good about them, either in the way of mutton or wool; and in the best flocks, moreover, there is an increasing uniformity of style that speaks to the care with which they are now cultivated. So far, in fact, as Worcester was concerned, the show of the sort was highly encouraging in every respect but one, and that was the shameful way in which many of the sheep were exhibited, the abuse being heightened by some of the worst cases winning the best prizes. At was good to see Mr. Bryan placed first with I fairly clipped clever shearling, though he was only a second at the recent Oxford Meeting; whereas Mr. Wallis' old rams looked as if they had not lost a lock of wool since the day they were lambed. The Duke of Marlborough's ewes, again, may be fine animals; but the judges must be wonderfully "up" in feeling for make and shape if they could exactly say what they were through the mass of wool in which they were smothered. Of course, conscientious men like Mr. Charles Howard and a few others have but little chance, while the Society permits of its representatives in the ring aiding and abetting such monstrous evils as these—practices that tell alike against the conduct of the

Meeting and the character of the sheep. Breeders of other varieties turn away with a smile of contempt from these hapless Oxfordshire Downs, sweltering in a July sun under a two or three years' fleece. They must be bad-framed animals, indeed when their bad points require such elaborate concealment; or, at least, that is the palpable argument which the world will draw from the heavy overcoats so much in fashion with too many of these Oxford mixtures. There were upwards of fifty shearling Cotswold rams entered, and mostly of that grand imposing appearance, for which of late years they have been so celebrated on the show ground. There are certainly, few sheep that tell more when put upon parade, the besetting sin here being still to overmark many of them in the way of condition, or otherwise the Worcester example was very commendable for general excellence, there being perhaps no other so even a lot in the whole catalogue. From some cause or other the Lincolns make no great impression on the show-ground as compared with their accredited worth in the market, and there were no classes at Worcester that attracted less interest than this company of Other Long-wools. Three very good classes of Hampshires and other short-wools owed much of their excellence to the presence of a new exhibitor at the Society's meetings—Mr. Rawlence, who opposed even Mr. Humphrey with quite his share of success. In fact, the three pens of ewes from Bulbridge were the finest lot of West Country Downs ever brought out, and the first five very admirable for nice stile, coupled with good useful qualities.

Firm as has been our faith in the Shropshires, they have not made that general advance of late which we had expected, and there is not much progress to report at Worcester. Either there is no reliable type, or the judges go by very different roads to get at it. Here they went all for magpie faces and speckled legs, and more for mere size than symmetry. Mr. Stubbs' first prize shearling, although with some good blood in his veins, is a very uneven sheep, standing badly before, and nothing extraordinary from behind. He began public life early, however, and was a prize-trimmed lamb at the Staffordshire Meeting last year. He will now, probably, go on hire to Lord Shrewsbury, while one of Mrs. Baker's very sorry lot crosses the Channel for Ireland.

There was, of course, more direct argument for the strong show of Hereford cattle, indisputably the most evenly excellent entry of any breed on the ground; although in mere numbers these did not exceed the Battersea complement of something under a hundred in all. True in their frames, wealthy to handle, and handsome in appearance, the first class of old balls at once betrayed the "weakness" of the white faces: from sires to sons, or cows to calves, there were but too many over-fed; and one or two as we hear and hope, really set aside as too