

show in some further remarks upon the subject in another column.

The Hereford and Devon breeders too have been wide awake. There never have been finer shows of all our leading breed, and this is also true of the more strictly local kinds—The Ayrshire, Galloway, and Kyles; the Sussex, Norfolk, and Channel Islands.

Of Sheep too the display has been magnificent. The Leicesters probably have been equalled formerly, and the Southdowns have been equal to anything that has been seen in former years. But look at the advance here made in public estimation by other classes. The immense display of that lordly sheep the Cotswold, owing probably the local indignation excited by an imagined slur thrown on them by the Society, has never been surpassed. Carrying wool which is now of the highest market value, the quantity of surface bearing it—unlike that of the Merino disposed in ugly folds and wrinkles, which are deluded on the score of increased quantity of fleece—is spread tightly over one of the best formed carcasses of which the perseverance and intelligence of our breeders can boast. Both mutton (for quantity) and fleece (for quantity and quality) are unequalled by any other kind; and it is well that the spirit of the Cotswold breeders has been called forth to make such a magnificent display as is here exhibited.

The Shropshires, too, are a splendid show, and of some other breeds reports will be found in other columns.

It is impossible to doubt that a collection so multifarious and so large, and in either view extraordinary as the produce of "a little island in a Northern sea," thus displayed before men of all countries, and fully alive to the importance of improving their own agricultural resources, must prove of immense service to English agriculturalists.

TRIAL OF STEAM PLOUGHS AND CULTIVATORS AT FARNINGHAM, KENT, UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SOCIETY.

We take the following from a correspondent of the *Irish Farmer's Gazette* only premising that the display of implements and machinery in Battersea Park is said to have been unrivalled, both as to extent, quality, and practical adaptation: although no money awards were given on the occasion. This opportunity of bringing their productions before the eyes of the most intelligent and enterprising agriculturists from all parts of the civilized world being deemed a sufficient compensation by the makers.

STEAM CULTIVATION AT FARNINGHAM, AND NOTES OF THE SHOW.

"On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the trial of the different steam cultivators will

take place, at Farningham, Kent; 24 miles from the Victoria Station, London. Trains every hour. This was the announcement in all the journals; it was enough to bring out the agricultural world in force to see a rare and, to them particularly a very interesting sight. So we went. The very first thing that struck us was the great preponderance of foreigners at the station—the babel of tongues, in which English, decidedly did not predominate. A great many were going; the fare was very moderate; and the day, for London, usually fine—the only drawback was the extreme probability of accident, which they manage rather regularly on this line; and as we didn't start for a quarter of an hour after the proper time, we expected something, as a matter of course.

Twenty-four miles from London! That is a pretty stretch—that should bring us into the veritable country; far from London brick and mortar. But it didn't; for 16 or 18 miles from the Victoria Station, and it is the great city still. Everywhere along the line you see terraced villas rising, grounds cut up into building lots, large painted boards on either side with "This freehold to be sold for building; everything done with an eye to its becoming a suburb of London. Occasionally you see dairy or fattening cattle in luxurious old grass; sheep and lambs, almost wholly west country Downs—large, coarse species, not much known in Ireland, on indifferent pasture, but now and then on clover or vetches, in pens; the hay harvest nearly over, and the country in all its glory. But the home country soon to be ran over by the bricklayers. At St. Mary Cray the country begins to appear in its natural state, and for the first time, to the native Irish eye, a strange production; not field so much so as patches of hops, growing like enormous vines. Tickets, gentlemen—next station is Farningham. We arrive—we see around the smoke of the steam engines in the fields; we are in haste to be off across the country; when some one discovers a traction engine and three waggons ready to draw us along the way to the working ground. We jump in—we go, down an incline easily enough, slow around a sharp corner to the left, and along level road; painfully and slow up an ordinary farm waggon way; great whistling of engines, rush and scramble, and we are beside Fowler's steam plough, going steadily, and doing its work thoroughly well. There were three different kinds of Fowler's apparatus on the ground and working, but to my eye there was only one; his plough, turning four furrows—*charrue a quatre socs*. Next to him was Howard, of Bedford. The ploughing the same every particular, and the whole finished in style that you don't see once in a hundred—in a thousand—times by hand. It was a magnificent success; the machinery moved regularly and constantly. There was not a long