

For Duchess of Gloucester, of a rich red (not too dark a shade, as was the red on some of the animals of Princess descent), and with pretty white spots in the family places—beauty spots, and worn like patches by Georgian belles—there was great competition, and had she been without pedigree, she would have been pronounced “a very sweet heifer.” She was put up at a thousand, and quickly rose up to 1,500, then more slowly to 1,750, when she was knocked down to Sir Curtis Lampson; but a dispute occurring as to who was the last bidder, the glass was once more set running, and thirty-five more guineas had to be promised before she was allowed to belong finally to the gentleman whose name had been given as her buyer. The elder Oxford heifer should hardly have been allowed to be shown, for she evidently was one of the “misfits” which occur in all establishments, if she was quite sound. Lady Elizabeth, a yellow-red, and a tall, had been seen with her dam and her younger brother (lot 8 among bulls) in the paddock before the sale, and these (the dam's fine udder especially) were points in her favor. She was the first of the American-bred Princess calves sold (and another, Rosalie, got by an American-bred Princess bull, was coveted by a good many spectators, running up quickly from 250 to 700 guineas). This, too, was of a very nice shade of red, having, moreover, white underpart and charming fore-quarters. Lady Wellesley, of similar origin, was also a very good calf. Geneva's Minstrel (of Princess tribe, but Gwynne family) had the staring red and white, with hind legs looking as if dipped in lime-wash, which is an orthodox Teeswater color, yet not a popular mixture; she seemed one of the cheapest lots of the day.

When the sale of the bulls began, the difference in value between the two sexes in this strain of blood made itself more than commonly evident. Fifty pounds for a first bid (and no advance on that) took the place of hundreds, shifting from one to two, and two to more, with wonderful rapidity. It must be admitted that the bulls on this occasion (though some were gay, stylish calves) did not so much flatter their descent as did the heifers; they were little in demand, in comparison with some sales. The bids came slowly, and reached no high limit. The general public does not care to go to three figures for a bull, let the pedigree be ever so long, and the relationship to highly priced lots be ever so loudly vaunted. Duke of Goscote (lot 2) was no discredit to the very useful tribe of the Darlington, and Lord Blanche, though ugly in his color, had a better middle than some; yet these two together did not make a hundred; while

Mr. Sheldon's two bulls (put into the sale) did not even equal the price of this pair, though one (Duke of Chetisia) was of similar breeding to Cherry Queen (the highest priced lot at Underlay) and to Mr. Torr's Cherry Queens, which have made (and will again) great sensation in show yard and sale ring. This bull had been badly “done by,” either from accident or oversight; and no one knows better than Mr. Lynn (who bought him) how to remedy the consequences of both, and get out of the bull the real value that is certainly inherent in his blood. Mr. Pavin Davies sent four Kirklevington females, one of which (the oldest, heavy in calf) was as thick and good a cow as man can wish to own, and the youngest as stylish a heifer of the strain as can be found. They averaged about £400 apiece, and quite sustained the character of the cow, descended from Mr. Maynard's stock, which gave birth to the ancestresses of three or more fine families now greatly sought after by Bates breeders. One of this tribe was sire to the unbeaten Queen Mary. Lord Garland (Mr. Sheldon's second bull) is descended from a knightly tribe, and was probably as good a bull as was shown to-day. But after all, it must be said, beautiful as are some of these animals, and generous as is the treatment of the general visitors on occasions of the kind, these sales of Bates cattle at enormously high rates are not to be regarded wholly as business transactions. It would be simply ruinous for cattle breeders generally, who look to get their money home again from the butcher or the open market, to accept the decisions arrived at at these auctions as safe guides as to what should be sought after to consume the ordinary produce of the farm, and themselves to enter into consumption in their turn.

*From the North Sydney Herald, Oct. 14, 1874.*

The Exhibition just closed was the most successful thing of the kind ever attempted in our province. With more imposing ceremonies, than ever before on a similar occasion, it was opened by our worthy Governor with a Guard of Honor of one hundred men from the 63rd Volunteer Battalion, and the opening and closing were honored with the presence, besides that of our most influential men, of His Honor Governor Tilley and Lady of His Honor Governor. The introductory speech of Governor Archibald carefully traced the progress of Agricultural in Nova Scotia, from the time when “Agricola” first penned his eloquent and forcible letters on the subject that turned the attention of the thinking men thereto, down to our last Provincial Exhibition. The strides we have made are wonderful indeed. The incentives to yet further

exertion are strong and in no point is there a discouraging fact or feature that should cause us in any way to take a retrograde step. The farmer's employment is a noble one and he should honor and dignify it by placing it on an equal footing with the professions and vocations that are so rapidly, in these modern times, increasing the sphere of their labors and extending the prerogative of their rule.

Fully seven thousand people are supposed to have visited the Exhibition Grounds the first day. Everything has been arranged in most perfect order, and the Committee of Management deserve credit for the expeditious and harmonious manner in which so many varied departments, were, by their foresight, opened to the gaze of the public. Every section of the Province, if we except Cape Breton and one or two counties in the Province equally as lethargic in relation to our industrial affairs, appears to have been represented by the produce of the farm in some way. Stock or vegetables, horses, cows, bulls, pigs, sheep, turnips, potatoes, beets, grains, apples, pears, &c., all found a ready welcome, and upon the hundreds of strangers, especially Englishmen who blindly talk of “bleak Canadian snows,” made a good impression of the agricultural resources of our Province and the almost inexhaustible capabilities of our soil. As we run our eye over the list of prizes and find counties really inferior to our own in every respect, stepping to the front and winning the laurels that we should bear off did we possess the same enterprise, we feel ashamed. We get, as farmers, half a dozen big potatoes, a large horse-radish, or a wonderful hen's egg, and on our own dung-hill we make a terrible ado thereabouts—but when asked to compete with our fellow-farmers in other sections of the Province and compare the results of our industry and toil with theirs, we are in the background and will allow a large Provincial Exhibition to pass by, without sending to it as much as a billy-goat.” Fie, farmers, awake up and improve more than heretofore the wonderful means a kind Providence has placed in your hands. The alarm note we sounded in your ears months ago and bid you to prepare for this very Exhibition, in which your brother agriculturists throughout the Province have outstripped you. This year no excuse could be made for want of transportation. Modes of conveyance were at your very doors. Your stock, roots, grains and your precious bodies, for a mere trifle, could in a few hours have been placed on the Exhibition Ground. There is no excuse; self-condemnation naturally follows. But, will you be advised? Will you at least try to gain the rank in an agricultural point of view that, we believe, a little trouble and exertion will give you? The