

Matchless, from a Fireaway mare, Forest Queen, that Mr. Hutchins drove for many years to church and market. Old Jennie Bother'em and Forest Queen were not show mares, but, especially the first named, could go one-two-three-four like a shot from a gun, and stay all day.

But to come back to Ophelia. John Wreghitt, acting for the Earl of Lonsborough, "spotted" her as a youngster and bought her for a small sum. He got her up for show, and twice won the female championship at the London Hackney Show—which debarred her from further competition—and she was then only a young mare.

The first time I ever saw Ophelia was at his lordship's Lonsborough Stud Farm, near Market Weighton. I was driving along the road, and she was running in the field. When she heard the rattle of our trap she raised her head, pricked up her ears and stood at attention, a living picture I shall never forget. She had a perfect head and neck, full of character, going back with beautiful symmetry into splendidly sloped shoulders that only Denmark could hand down from his great sire, Sir Charles—the grandest horse and best goer that Yorkshire had then produced.

We got out of our trap, my friend and I, and walked over to the hedge, where we stood looking at her, spellbound, for I recognized that we were in the presence of the finest Hackney mare I had ever seen. She looked 16 hands high, so majestic was her bearing, although as a matter of fact her height was only 15 hands and a quarter of an inch. She was a long, low mare to the ground, with a back as level as a billiard table, and her tail set right on the end of it, with no sign of a droop in her quarters. And when she walked away from us up went her tail as if it had been set up. She walked one-two-three-four, and as my old stud groom, John Hodgson—the greatest Scotchman that ever lived as to Hackneys—used to say, "a dying horseman would turn in his bed to hear her walk." She stood on a set of legs made of whipcord and steel, every thew and sinew standing out clean and distinct, and her feet were like ivory, so dense and close was the texture. If you had put a hood over her neck you would have said her back was too long, but she was wonderfully ribbed up, and her last rib was, I think, the deepest I ever saw on a horse of anything like her size.

Ophelia has never been reproduced in any one of her descendants, although there are many beautiful specimens among them, with many of her characteristics. When set alight, her action was perfect. She lived in the air, and only came down to earth to kiss it. As old Sowerby, the vet. who bred Gentleman John used to say, "she could go as high as wild geese can fly."

The first thing that struck me when I saw Ophelia for the first time was the beautiful balance of her lines and proportions, and I took off my hat to her as my mistress instructor in the balance of a horse. And I want to say right here that until a man knows what balance means he does not know a horse.

In 1912 I stayed with "Tom" Smith, owner of the grandson, Admiral Crichton, and we drove over in the morning with the late William Foster to Frank Batchelor's place for his dispersal sale. There I saw Ophelia for the last time. She was out in the meadow, and the moment we rattled our hats up went her head and tail, and she trotted away with the same fascinating force and elegance as when I had first seen her as a three-year-old, a quarter of a century before.

Recognizing her potential value as a brood mare, Lord Lonsborough had lost no time in making Ophelia the chief matron of his stud, and she remained at this stud until August 16, 1898, when the Lonsborough stud was dispersed, owing to his lordship's being no longer able to take an interest through failing health and increasing years.

This was probably the most memorable sale of Hackneys ever held in England, as it certainly contained the finest and greatest collection of stallions and mares ever brought together in any stud or, for that matter, in any combination of studs. Well do I remember the old Yorkshire auctioneer, Mr. Clark, with flowing white beard, and one coat sleeve hanging loose, for he had only one arm, standing in the rostrum and stating in his introductory remarks that he believed no one in his audience would ever live to see such a grand collection of Hackneys again. And all the principal breeders and owners in England were standing there with approval.

When Ophelia herself walked jauntily into the ring, as she always did, there were thunders of applause, and still louder grew the tumult when, after going great guns, with flag topmast, she was knocked down to Frank Batchelor, than whom there was no better judge of Hackneys.

Then up came her sons, the stallions Mathias by Grand Fashion II, Sir Augustus by Grand Fashion II, and Polonius by Wreghitt's Wildfire, and they were sold respectively to Mr. William Scott, of Carlisle, Mr. S. R. Carnley, and Mr. Burdett-Coutts. I was second last bidder for Mathias, and well it was in the interest of the breed that I did not get him, for I was then buying Hackneys to alter for show geldings.

Still there was another son to come forward, and almost the last horse in the sale. This was a chestnut gelding that had been registered as a stallion, by name Fortinbras, but was then a gelding five years old by Wildfire, and thus a full brother to Polonius. He was sold to me, Mr. Burdett-Coutts being the runner-up. That horse I broke to harness. I showed him as the Ophelia gelding, and was never beaten with him. I sold him to Mr.—now Sir—Alfred Goodson, who

named him Heathfield Squire. He was the only horse that ever beat Forest King, and he did so on his merits on the day, as the going was too heavy for the latter and the ring too big. I never saw a horse that could go with such force and pace in heavy going. Heathfield Squire probably won more blues and championships in harness than any other horse that ever lived.

The only filly Ophelia foaled while at Lonsborough was Miss Terry by Garton Duke of Connaught, a mare that afterwards achieved championship honors at the leading shows, and was acquired by the late Frank Batchelor, who bred her to Royal Danegelt, and produced the London winning stallion Admiral Crichton, whom many think the most beautiful stallion living to-day. I purchased this stallion at Mr. Batchelor's sale, and gave \$6,000 for him. Champion Miss Terry is now a matron in the stud of my friend Mr. Ernest Kerr, of Harviestoun Castle, Dollar, Scotland.

Besides the animals mentioned, Ophelia, prior to August 16, 1898, had produced the stallion Rosenkrantz by champion Rufus, sold to the Argentine Republic, and Lord Hamlet by Lord Derby II, who spent many years in the Island of Islay, close by Lagavulin.

At her new home, Hopwood, she produced to Royal Danegelt Hopwood Viceroy, champion stallion of the London Hackney Show, and this honor was achieved after the horse had been exported to Argentina, and he was brought back to win it and afterward re-exported. Now that the English Stud Book is open to American breeders, I hope one day to see a stallion bred in America sent across and achieve similar honors.

Ophelia also produced there Royal Ophelian, winner at the London Hackney Show, by Royal Danegelt; also Ophelia's Daughter Grace, winner in London and other leading shows, and Hopwood Goldwave, also by Royal Danegelt.

The only animal direct from Ophelia ever exhibited in harness was Heathfield Squire, and undoubtedly it was this horse's great performances that called the attention to breeders to the value of the blood for show-harness purposes through her sons, Mathias and Polonius. The first animal by Polonius to be exhibited in harness was the famous mare Lady Lathom. I brought her out at the Glasgow Show, and she was unbeaten before being exported to the Continent.

It is difficult to estimate the value of the stock this great mare Ophelia produced. If one is to reckon the values obtained for even only the tops among her sons and grandsons and her daughters and granddaughters, two and a half million dollars would not be far off the mark, as I calculate it.

An incident in connection with the memorable Lonsborough sale is this: Previous to advertising the sale Mr. Robert Whitworth, who had taken the Lonsborough Stud Farm, was negotiating for taking over the whole stock of Hackneys for a lump sum. There was only \$2,500 difference between the price asked and the price offered, but the parties did not agree, and consequently the sale was held, and I think the stud realized exactly double the price offered. Afterwards Mr. Whitworth had to give \$10,000 for Polonius alone to Mr. Burdett Coutts, who obtained him at the sale for a little under \$4,000, and it was the cheapest horse Mr. Whitworth ever bought, for he brought him in a profit, after deducting all expenses, from stud fees of \$100,000.

LIVE STOCK.

Our Scottish Letter.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

July has in the latter half of the month belied its beginning. We have now had a fortnight of great summer weather. The sun has asserted himself, and the heat on several days has been oppressive. The season will be a late one, but should this weather continue for another fortnight great leeway will be made up, and we may yet see heavy cereal crops with an abundance of fodder. The sun has done a great deal for the root crops, especially potatoes, which love the sun, and the other roots are getting away all right. The chief difficulty in many districts is undoubtedly labor, and yet it is surprising how the work is being got done. One great trouble in connection with the wet weather was the abundance of weeds. Whatever else fails the weed crop never. The splendid sun heat of the past week withers up the weeds better than anything, and altogether the outlook for agriculture is much brighter to-day than it was a month or even a fortnight ago. There is a heavy hay crop almost everywhere, and it is now being very well got.

In England the crops generally are no better than one would like to see them. This is particularly true of the area south of Crewe and north of London. In Cheshire the cereal crops are reported to be the heaviest known for many years. There will be a very heavy supply of fodder—a great matter in a cheese-dairying county like Cheshire. The hay crop has been water-logged, and is a month late in being saved down south. It will not be such a wholesome crop as that of 1915, which although short was of excellent quality. The moisture in the crop this year will not admit of its being cured so effectively as in a year when the harvest was earlier. It is a significant

fact that it would be impossible to "put up" hay in Scotland and Ireland in the fashion which is popular in England. The hay stack in Scotland and Ireland must be built in one day. It is bad farming to be interrupted in building your hay stack. If the Scots or Irish farmer were to stack his hay in the damp condition in which it is harvested in England it would degenerate into "muck." In England the only effect is that the hay ferments a little, and as a matter of fact seems to be rendered more palatable to stock. In a season like the present a farmer in Scotland and Ireland must be very careful how he stacks his hay. It contains so much moisture that even when dry on the outside the inside may be too damp and there may be heating. It is a curious fact that Irish hay cannot be compressed by the baler so firmly as Scottish hay, and the difference is equal to 5s. per ton on the price. If Irish hay is selling at 45 15s. per ton, Scots or English hay of equal quality will make 46 per ton solely because it will compress so much better.

Stock markets are still ruling very high. Meat and milk are selling dear to the consumer. To such an extent was this the case that representatives of trade bodies have got a special committee appointed by the Government to inquire into the causes of the advance in food prices to the consumer. The members of this committee seemed to have entered on this inquiry obsessed with the idea that the greatly enhanced cost (said to be 61 per cent. since the War began) was due to some malign effort on the part of producers to exploit the consumers. The representatives of various farmers' organizations asked to be heard, and the result seems to have been the imparting of a good deal of useful information to the representatives of the working classes. It is certain that farmers and food producers generally are doing very well, and that prices have reached a level unheard of for many years before the War. But the cost of production has increased enormously, and this is especially true in connection with milk. The advance in price to the consumer is in this case out of all proportion to the increase in price which has come to the dairy farmer. All kinds of feeding stuffs have advanced in prices; in the case of some the advance has been as high as 75 per cent. In general it has run from 20 per cent. up to 50 per cent. Milk as supplied by the producer to the distributor has not advanced in anything like an equal ratio. Large profits are undoubtedly clinging to the middleman's fingers. In London especially the price of milk to the consumer is out of all proportion to the cost to the middleman. In the majority of cases the milk producer got no advance on his prices until May, 1915, and from the outbreak of War in August, 1914, to that date many dairy farmers were producing milk at a loss. Feeding stuffs and labor advanced in price very rapidly, but the farmer used to work out his contracts on the 1914 basis. The meat producer has not been so badly hit, or rather he has all along done better. The prices of store stock last autumn were in proportion to the prices of fat stock, fairly reasonable, and feeders in spite of enhanced costs of production have for the past year been making large profits.

Pigs are at a premium, and there can be no doubt that no class of stock have left more profit to their owners than pigs. More interest is being taken in pigs than has been the case for many years, and efforts are being made to preserve certain old breeds or varieties from extinction. We never had any special breed of pigs in Scotland, whereas in England the principal breeds are easily distinguished. Apart from them there are certain old local varieties possessing characteristics of their own which are well worth preserving. Notable among these are the Lincoln curly-coated variety, the Gloucester Old Spots, and the Cumberland pig. This last variety is famed as the foundation of a special brand of bacon which enjoys a wide vogue. There can be no doubt that Cumberland farmers have had an eye to the style and type of pig which produced the bacon, but they also knew how to cure the bacon when they got it, and one is not quite sure which of the two agents, the type of the pig or the method of curing, should be credited with the popularity of the bacon. Anyhow a movement has been inaugurated to establish herd books alike for the Gloucester Old Spots and the Cumberland pig. The Lincoln curly-coated variety arrived at the dignity of a pedigree register some years ago.

In the stock-breeding world there is considerable activity. Various sales of well-bred Shorthorns have recently taken place and good averages have been recorded. A. W. Hickling, Adbolton, Nottingham, is giving up his farm. He has made a name for himself as a breeder of Hackneys and Shorthorns. His Shorthorn herd was dispersed the other week, and the splendid average of £141 8s. was made for 43 head. William Duthie, Tarves, was a buyer, and as usual carried off the best things. When Mr. Duthie begins to bid for an animal he almost invariably buys. He bids to buy, and is a good friend at an auction sale. A joint sale of Shorthorns was held this week at Crewe, when 51 head made an average of £85 12s. 10d. The whole herd, owned by Mrs. Dixon, Gunthorpe, Oakham, was dispersed. Her lot of thirteen made the splendid average of £124 10s. 11d. Drafts were presented from the herds of Mr. Kellock, Highfield, Audlem, Cheshire, (who owns the first-prize bull at the Royal this year, Jack Tar) and R. Cornelius, Bankfields, Eastham, Cheshire. Mr. Kellock sold chiefly young heifers, and his 22 head made an average of £60 12s. 1d. Mr. Cornelius has frequently exhibited very good things. His