

blood, the earliest and most pronounced Scottish breeder until Cruik shank Brothers used the best at their hands, wise men, but not inspired breeders, they were wise enough to secure what was at hand for them and use it to best advantage. But oh, those "neeps" and the intelligent way in which the herds were managed. No better feeders or better feed can be found than in Aberdeen.

Before leaving Shorthorns, and I know nothing else, I admire other breeds like them, and acknowledge their usefulness, but I cannot bend the knee and worship them. Sir Charles Knightly must not be passed by. He absolutely ran his own herd to his own satisfaction, ignoring both Booth and Bates. What he wanted he was able to buy. He would insist upon milk as the main adjunct of his cows. With the milk instinct came the feminine face, fore quarter and the swinging milk vessel. But what dairy cows they were. To illustrate my appreciation, the first Shorthorn I ever bought in England for my own use was a Knightly Garland. As a landlord, as a genial companion, with his hunting friends, his name will never be forgotten.

We must leave the Shorthorns, though the subject is only approached, and away to the Sussex Down. What Bakewell was to the Long Wool sheep John Ellman, of Glynnede, was to the medium woolled sheep. His work, like

that of Bakewell, was the regeneration of the sheep of his native downs, which as a result of breeding for generations from ill-grown, mis-allienced parents had become so inferior that none but an enthusiast would have undertaken the work. It was attempted, it was consummated in the one man's lifetime, with the aid of the Duke of Richmond. (for reference see Arthur Young's "Annals of Agriculture").

While Bakewell was a "clam" with few friends, John Ellman was a power in the land besides his sheep worship. He was recognized as a pioneer in sheep husbandry, but that is another matter requiring other investigation.

But, while Bakewell was basking in his selfish mood Jonas Webb was welcoming the crowned monarchs of Europe, no show place was so often visited or so great a welcome extended. While Bates was weighing his butter, Jonas Webb was entertaining potentates. My feeling goes out to him for did I ever spend more week ends than at Henry Webb's? Nor did I ever meet a more charming family; nor could any stranger get more near like home than Mrs. Webb's kindly reception; and then to the Village Church for the weekly service makes one of those red-letter days in one's life never to be forgotten.

I can write no more for the reason that I cannot personally record the history of Herefords or Angus cattle, nor of Hamps or Oxfords.