

What puerility in a man of Mr. Sotham's pretensions to write about testing the milking properties of different breeds of cows on land 2 or 300 miles apart, when, perhaps, there shall be from 15 to 30 per cent. in the quality of one pasture over the other in producing milk, say nothing of the vast difference that the influence of temperature, rainy weather, or dry weather must have—the age of the cows, the time of calving, the manner of feeding six months before they calve, their condition at calving, and a dozen other things that might be named—all of essential consequence to the carrying out fairly and honestly the trial of which Mr. S. speaks.

Of course we will not take into account the circumstance of Mr. S. being *now* on one of the best, if not the very best tract of land (the Genesee Valley) in New York State! Let me ask Mr. S. if he would have been as anxious for this trial had he *now* been on the land he formerly occupied in the vicinity of Black Rock?—where I understand he has said he could not get his Herefords fat, or that the land there was not fit to feed Herefords on, notwithstanding I have seen as good beef and dairy cows produced in that neighbourhood, of the Durham breed, as I would wish to see.

At the time I suggested the desirableness of the milking properties of the different breeds being fairly tested, if possible, did Mr. Sotham imagine that I for a moment supposed that a fair trial could possibly be arrived at in the manner proposed by him? Why, Sir, a child of ten years old would not have thought of suggesting any thing half so absurd—and that such a proposition could come from one so *thoroughly skilled* in his profession as Mr. S. *premises* to be, is indeed a real puzzler to me. As far as I can see of the matter, it would be perfectly futile. In fact, nothing short of the animals being brought up together from the time they are calved, and each fed and managed exactly in the same way. Even the amount of food weighed to each animal, and then the milk and butter or cheese weighed for two years—the number of each breed to be not less than twenty. The result of this plan, could it be carried out, would be something like a fair test—and, in my humble opinion, nothing short of this would be conclusive; but I do not even know that *that* would be, with the losing party. Cows vary so very materially one season with another in their milk, particularly with their first and second calves, that *two years* trial, therefore, would be far more satisfactory; and if others can be found to contribute to this proposition being carried out, I am quite willing to be a party to it.

Mr. S. may *rodomontade* as he pleases of the milking properties of the Herefords, but who ever heard them in England spoken of excelling as a herd for milk? Mr. S. may allude to single cows as having given large quantities of milk or butter, but what does that show or prove? That *all* Hereford cows will do the same? I leave others to judge. It would indeed be strange, as I believe I remarked in my former letter, if some good milkers were not occasionally found in so old an established breed of cattle; but, that they

are celebrated as a herd for milking properties, I most positively deny.

And will Mr. Sotham plead ignorance to the fact, that where there is one Hereford cow to be found in the extensive Islington Dairies, numbering from 3 to 5,000 cows, that there are not less than 50,—aye, I may safely say 100,—Short Horns and grade Short Horns! Let me then ask if there is not something in this for him to reflect on? Besides, as Mr. Sotham's Herefords are such great milkers, how comes it that they never show their milking properties at the several Fairs I have attended in New York State? He has always a number of Beef Cows there, but never any indications of milk about them. Is it, as I heard more than one gentleman suggest, that he was obliged to dry them of their milk that they might be passable at the Fair? Mr. S. speaks of his cows as not having been in good condition at the Fair at Rochester; how came they to be so, I wonder, when they were *not* in milk, and *fresh from the Genesee Valley*? Was not the land even good enough there for them? Three or four of them that handled well were, as I thought, in very fair order; but others that handled almost as hard as the Bulls, which I complained of, were certainly in very inferior condition, and no wonder at it. And Mr. Sotham must permit me to tell him, since he has made so free with my name, and his opinion of my judgment, or rather *not* my judgment, in his last letter, that if he continues to breed from Bulls with such hides as the two I saw at the Rochester Fair (equal almost to those of a rhinoceros or elephant) he will require land of even a *better quality* than the Valley he is now upon, before he can make them what he would wish. Had they been mine, I hesitate not to say that I would have had their throats cut before they had been ten days old. At any rate, *they* should have had no chance of propagating their species. But the most amusing part of the matter is, that on expressing my opinion, after being asked of a Short Horn Breeder regarding the hard handling of the Bulls, he told me in a very quiet way that Mr. Sotham assured him (and of course others also) that *that was characteristic of the Hereford Bull!* Oh, ye gods and little fishes defend us! What next, I wonder? Well, I certainly am prepared for anything from Mr. Sotham's pen or tongue after this!

And now, Mr. Editor, although I have taken up more space with this letter than I intended, and would indeed be glad to drop my pen;—I do not see that I can do so in justice to myself, without alluding in terms most condemnatory of the *coarse* and *unjustifiable* manner in which Mr. S. has thought proper to bring my name before the public, in your April number. His *ad captandum* style of writing I cared not for, nor did his extracts from different letters from time to time (a number of which I could also have made in favour of Short Horns) or his own garbled statements respecting Herefords, trouble me in the least; but when a man can discard all decency of feeling and set at nought every consideration of courtesy and professional usage that is due from one breeder to another, that he may