

The amelioration of this native race has evidently been brought about by selection, and not by crossing. It is something marvellous to one who saw these cattle in their homes 30 or 40 years ago, to look at such an animal as Mr. Whitfield's bull—1st. prize 4 year old. Measuring not more than 38 inches high at the shoulder, as well as I could judge without a standard, he shows many of the points of a good Devon. His shoulder is a little upright, and the loin rather slopes off towards the *hooks* or hips; but the bone is fine, the touch (handling or quality) good, and the carriage ludicrously grand for so small a beast. In fact he looked as if were giving himself airs, and imitating the solemn march of a Shorthorn. The cows were not nearly so full of style, though gentle, familiar looking-creatures. Their teats seemed to me to be placed too near together. The udders, however, were well shaped, the whole form that of a true milch cow, and, judging from the colour of the skin, I should say that the milk was rich in butter.

At the Royal Show at Kilburn one of the prize goats was as high as the 1st prize Kerry bull! I should judge that at three years old the steers and heifers, well fed, would weigh from 400 to 450 pounds, and the quality of meat is superior to any other, except, perhaps, the Scotch Shetlanders, and they are smaller still, having never been improved.

We recommended the Rougemont breed of Kerrys for an extra prize, there being no class, as yet, established for them. On the poorer soils of the French country they would pick up a road-side living better than any *well bred* stock I have yet seen, and when slaughtered they would bring the highest price in the market at Montreal, or in any of the towns where people are judges enough to pay for quality. I should not like to play tricks with the bulls, for they seem ferocious little creatures, and roar threateningly; but, that, perhaps is only from the audacity always inherent in diminutive animals, human as well as bovine, and means nothing.

Grades, or cross-bred cattle. Here arose our only real trouble. We had no guide to tell us whether the group was to be judged as to the milk producing qualities, as to the suitability for beef, or for general appearance.

Referring to the Committee, through the Steward of the ring, we were told that we must act on our own responsibility; which was decisive, if not pleasant. As it was, we gave the 1st prize to a wonderful cow, bred by Mr. Cochrane, by his Royal Commander out of a Highland, or Kyloe, cow, and resembling her dam in head, hide, hair, and horns, as much as she resembled her sire in touch and build. I should like to see the, say, fifth descendant of this cow by pure Shorthorns—it would, I take it, be very like a *Duke* or *Duchess*.

The other cows were useful farmer's stock, but small and with no style or quality. One fair cow we rejected altogether, as being a pure Ayrshire, and consequently having no business in the group. I can understand a class of *milch* cows, but a class of *grades* seems to me to be an absurdity, unless the points for guidance are distinctly set before the judges. In the 2 year old class, Mr. Nesbitt's 1st prize heifer was a pretty little thing, but too small to be of much use. It narrowly escaped dis-qualification on account of age, the first ring on the horn being developed. However, on inspecting its mouth I found the teeth pretty right, so it was allowed to compete; but I think it a doubtful case after all, and should have liked a Vet.'s opinion. We had too much on our hands to spare time to fetch one.

I don't know much about *Ayrshires*—I wish I did; so I suppose I am hardly justified in saying that some of the decisions surprised me. One herd, that I in my ignorance supposed to be the best in the Island of Montreal, received scarcely any notice, and the general run of the breed seemed hardly as good as I have seen elsewhere. I fancy, from what

I heard, that they are going out of favour—Mr. Cochrane told me that he bought a *first rate* cow at Mr. Gibb's sale, at Compton, for \$32, and that they were no longer popular.

As for the *fat cattle*, Mr. Tozer's ox and heifer were in luck, there being no competition, for they were as coarse as well could be. Mr. Cochrane's prize cow (Shorthorn) was a miracle of fatness, and the meat was all on the top; but I, fond of fat as I am, should not much care to eat it.

The *working oxen* prize fell, deservedly, to Mr. Cochrane's yoke: fine upstanding animals, with first rate bone and sinew. Are these classes likely to be continued? I don't think, considering there were only two exhibitors and eight animals for 5 prizes, they will do much good.

Nothing in the sheep classes generally calls for much remark, until we come to the short woolled breeds. The Southdowns were villainous little things: bad in wool, in form, and in head. They looked more like the *tegs* on their return from the heavy lands of the Weald of Sussex just before shearing, and suffered from contrast with the two magnificent pens of Shropshire-downs exhibited by Mr. Cochrane. Hampshire-downs were not represented (I don't know of any in Canada), but the Shropshires were a host in themselves. One pen, bred by the Duke of Portland, took the first prize at Nottingham, and the second at the Yorkshire Agricultural show. I was (maliciously) pleased to see several white hairs in the faces of one or two of the ewes, as my Hampshire friends would be ashamed to show any thing of the sort until old age changed their natural colour. Joking apart, these sheep were superb specimens. Their necks, loins, and legs of mutton, were splendid, and oh! the shearing was much more artistic than the work of most Montreal hair dressers: whoever judged the two pens of ewes must have made good use of his hand, for, notably, every point in the form was brought out to the greatest advantage, and all weak places concealed, by the infinite dexterity of the Duke's shepherd; and it was not till one handled them that their enormously good backs could be believed in.

I have seen better *Berkshire pigs*: still, Mr. Dawes' lot are good enough for anything. There was a very mongrel look about some of the others, almost amounting to a dis-qualification.

As for the *large and small white breeds* and *Essex pigs*, Mr. Featherston, of Credit, Ont., on whose name I won't make a pun, carried off 31 prizes, of which all but a few were for a whole class. If all the Ontario stock are as good as the Credit pigs, we Quebecois may rejoice they were not more largely represented at Mile End, as very few prizes would have remained in the Province. Too many prizes for pigs—What on earth can be gained by giving three to boars over two years old, or to sows and boars under six months.

It seems there were 96 prizes offered, and only 92 awarded, for want of competition. Forty prizes of double the value would be, *me judice*, quite enough, and more attractive to a really enterprising set of men.

The *implements* were much the same as in 1876: some improvements in mowers and reapers, and no two-furrow ploughs, which are not much in vogue anywhere just now, as far as I hear. A really effective weapon for scaring stubbles is still wanted—weight, as well as strength, is needed to keep it steady in its work, and no two-horse affair can be efficient. The ordinary grubber used here is quite unfit for the purpose. I rather like a gang-plough in Mr. Evans' collection, but the harrows in general are no better than those used before Howard, Ransome, and the others brought out their wonderful improvements in the tines and bulls. None of the modern ploughs with the two-wheeled arrangement, rendering the farmer, on land without stones; perfectly independent of skilled ploughmen. Horseshoes good, for rough land, but imperfect for old, well-tilled soils.