

argued with far more bitterness than was all necessary.

The Ayrshire must have made something of the same excuse, for at any rate scarcely half of the entry came into their stalls, where Mr. McCann's fine healthy bull, and Mr. Stewart's really clever younger one, led off. They are famous prize winners, and it is not often we see such good types of the "milking bulls" breeds in which of course the cows show to the advantage. A hundred guineas is coming for a price to be talked of for an Ayrshire cow, both Lord Strathmore's were bought of Mr. Stewart at long prices, but they were bought well, we have the authority of the *North British Agriculturist* for recording the heifer as "the perfect specimen of an Ayrshire brought forward for many years."

As usual there were a number of good crosses quite as much a matter of course these were the Shorthorn bulls. The best of them was a very level grand ox, of immense size for age, fed by the Messrs. Mitchell, and so good they intended to send him on to the Smithfield Club. High feeding here is an art worthy of encouragement, but it becomes a very difficult thing when applied to breeding stock, as Mr. Mitchell should take care to remember. It might very justly impress as much upon the selectors of Clydesdale horses, which are generally fed very high, to anything but their advantage. Flesh may cover a multitude of sins, at the same time it only serves to more palpably demonstrate some of the weak places of the race. A hooded crest, a big carcase, and a back will do much to hide a light girth and weak thigh; while the action of many of these is palpably impaired by the process. The stallions were, as they always are, a very odd lot, with some clever compact powerful ones amongst them, and a number of three-legged things with big ends, and long legs and huddles, that never should be permitted to see a country. The first prize stallion is of the kind known as the large Glasgow sort, a creature of enormous power and weight, but yet inferior in his action to the second prize, a common animal in many other respects to be preferred. The third was also a clever handsome horse; his appearance far away the prick was Nanette, a mare, with her foal at her side. She was really good looking, cleaner about the legs, more bloodlike in her character than is the one here, but not a bit the worse even for her gait on that account; while her foal was admirable; and when you had them out, they still grew on the eye as something to wish for. The third prize mare had a certain want of spirit against her, but she was otherwise uncommonly clever, and for farm work as good as any. Local authority declared the young ones to be better than their sires or seniors, some of the fillies had really no character to be feared about them, and, by appearances, it will be hard to say what they can come to.

Lord Strathmore entered one or two of his recently purchased Suffolks; and Lord Mansfield sent a few of the same sort, but the judges would not look at them. "Nevertheless and notwithstanding" justice compels us to declare that their own first favourites, the Clydesdales, have by no means improved, if even they have maintained their standard of excellence, when this is demonstrated by the Perth Meeting. With the long and well merited repute of continuing to do a great many things they ought not to do, and leaving undone what should have been done, the Executive of the Highland Society still carefully abstains from inserting the homes of the various stallions in their catalogues simply we suppose, because no animal alive is so well known by his name as a stallion, or because all other societies do supply such information.

With that very good exception, the Shorthorn the Scotch agriculturist appears to be well satisfied with what he has. You never see a Devon or a Hereford at a Highland Show; and a cart-horse signifies a Clydesdale. The Cotswolds make little way, and the Duke of Richmond, with Mr. Atcheson, and Mr. Skirving, having it still nearly all to themselves with the South-downs. Then, you never heard of a Scotchman going in against the Thunders, the Owens, or the Meades at Holme Pierrepont. They have a breed of Leicesters of their own by this over the Tweed, so entirely different, or so thoroughly beyond the character of the pure Leicester sheep, that it was gravely proposed at this meeting to make two classes of them; one of English and one of Scotch Leicesters. This was, however, ultimately got over, by agreeing to have none but Scotch judges, who of course awarded all the premiums to Scotch-bred sheep, utterly ignoring those of the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Collie, which were bred from pure-bred rams. There was a very numerous entry of the Highland Leicesters, with many large useful sheep amongst them. It was, in fact, considered a very capital show of them; but they had little type left of high-bred symmetrical English sheep, and the most refined points have clearly been sacrificed to size and hardihood. This last recommendation is one of great matter with the Scotch farmer, and never did the black-faces show better, and never were they in such favor as at Perth. The way in which they lived through the last winter will not soon be forgotten. They really seem to have improved, too, in form, and the most useful properties; while their uniform style was very noticeable, despite the length which the several sections ran. The active, handsome headed rams, with their well-twisted horns and dark muzzles, give, as we have often had occasion to say, a distinctive character to these meetings; but it is not as a "fancy" animal that they are to be appreciated; for general opinion now goes to declare there is no more paying sheep than the Blackface, which will live well where many other kinds would die.