

justice when he speaks of the benefits that the industry of his own country has received from the industry of ours. It is but fair that those acquainted with the history of the commercial, and particularly of the manufacturing progress of this country, should here publicly acknowledge in return for the compliment he has paid you, that it is to Frenchmen, and to the sedulous imitation of what Frenchmen have done, by their taste and skill, that we owe no small part of the rapid progress of the day to the manufacturing prosperity of England (applause). And to you, gentlemen, who know nothing, thank God, of rival interests as between class and class, to you I am sure it will be matter of deep satisfaction if you hear from authority so distinguished and illustrious the assurance that some part of the benefits at least which British manufactures have received from those of France have been repaid and compensated in what France has learned from the industry and skill of the British farmer (applause).

M. de Trebonnais said, the toast I have to propose is, "The Railways." If our age wanted an appropriate emblem to stamp its peculiar character in the annals of history—if a great fact was wanted—who, among the living generations of mankind, would for a moment hesitate to proclaim with grateful and exulting acclamations, the words "railways," a mighty engine of peace, civilization, and progress. Like living arteries, they propel through the land life, judgment, and activity. They equalize the remunerations of our labor and industry by bringing the best markets to the door of our barns and the gates of our paddocks. With the swiftness of lightning, the resistless might of steam, they scatter abroad light, knowledge, and morality. They bring near distant men and things; they throw the broad light of comparisons into hidden corners, and deep-rooted prejudices which, beneath their benign influence, melt like the wintry snow before the beams of the spring sun; and raising our speculations to a more solemn and more exalted sphere, are they not the mighty instruments of God's providence, in promoting grace and good-will among men by fostering general acquaintances and connections between communities, and bringing within the ready reach of our wants and comforts all the treasures and luxuries which nature, the work of his almighty hand, has so bountifully scattered in endless profusion and variety all over the world? If as members of the great human family, we are bound to revere this toast with an enthusiasm commensurate with its merits, are we not more so, as agriculturists, as Englishmen or foreigners, and especially as members of the Royal Agricultural Society?—Without the existence of railways, could the truly magnificent spectacle we now contemplate under the ancient walls of this city, have been displayed to our delighted admiration? Could the vast concourse of people which have flocked from this densely-populated neighborhood, from your blue Celtic hills, and even from foreign lands, have gathered together within the frail enclosure which contains such valuable riches? And lastly, let us contemplate with a moment's thought, the great influence this spectacle cannot fail to exert over the agricultural population of this district—an influence which, without the existence of railways, would have been confined and narrowed into a limited circle (loud cheers).

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## THE PROGRESS OF ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

(Continued from Page 108.)

In 1798 the Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, and others, with Arthur Young as honorary secretary, established the 'Little Smithfield Club,' for exhibiting fat stock at Christmas time, in competition for prizes, with a specification of the food on which each animal had been kept. This society has rendered essential service by making known the best kinds of food, and by educating graziers and butchers in a knowledge of the best form of animal. We smile now on reading that in 1806, in defiance of Mr. Coke's toast, 'Small in size and great in value,' a 'prize was given to the tallest ox.' Length of leg has long been been counted a serious fault; for it is the most unprofitable part of the beast. In 1856 a little Devon ox, of an egg-like shape, which is the modern beau-ideal, gained the Smithfield gold medal in competition with gigantic short-horns and Herefords of elephantine proportions; and in 1854 a large animal of