

pare well with a hundred Herefords or nearly two hundred Shorthorns. The editor of the Devon Herd Book must look up his champions.

The horse ring at Worcester was decidedly the centre of attraction, in spite of the straight-backed bulls, cloathed cows, improved pigs, or sheep with the whitest of wool, clipped in the "last new style" by the most fashionable and scientific of shearers; of steam ploughs, traction engines, thrashing or washing machines, and the most complicated of rat traps. After all that has been said and sung about the deterioration of the breed of horses, one thing at least was very apparent from the expressions that continually broke forth from not only the men, but the lasses in the crowd after crowd that encircled the ring, viz.:—that, if the horse be deteriorated in breed, the Englishman's love for him is in no way diminished, and that we are as proud of him as ever. The roped ring and comfortable boxes, although on a smaller scale, continually reminded one of Battersea, Mr. Tom Pain still being "The Genius," and keeping admirable order in the quietest and pleasantest manner. For the Royal hundred a dozen stud horses entered the arena, all considered by their owners as best calculated to improve and perpetuate the sound and the stout thorough-bred, and which was duly confirmed by the judges highly commending the lot.—Rouble, by Cossack, a neat level, hunting-looking bay, with smallish thighs and hocks; Ancient Briton, a chesnut, very wiry, muscular and lengthy, with shoulder well laid back, rare quarters, short back, long thighs, and hocks near the ground; still he was rather leggy and had not the most agreeable countenance, but is nevertheless a very useful horse; Plum Pudding, a dappled bay, well christened, being a heap of flesh and as round as a dumpling; Malek, a weak-necked, stilty, and flat-sided animal; Cavendish, a rich dark brown, with fine frame, and very muscular—short-legged, and all over a really stout, hardy-looking animal, with fair action, if perhaps a little short in the thigh; Neville, a vulgar looking horse, with a coarse heavy neck, and low harness withers, bad fore-legs, weak arms, elbows in, and pasterns that all but let the fetlock joints on the ground as he threw his legs about; as if he wished to get rid of them—a style of going that ought to have shafted him long ere this into some Lord Tom Noddy's cabriolet. There is nothing like good action; but we do not think that false, flashing, flourishing action ought to be encouraged in the show-yard, because through some ever-varying whim of fashion it now happens to command a price. And we would seriously remind our judges that there are far more graver things to be thought of than the mere capricious tastes of Picadilly dandies, when awarding a prize to a thorough-bred horse for general stud purposes. Let our authorities endeavour to set the fashion, not to follow, by going in for the useful as well as ornamental—for a horse that bends the knee, strikes out from the shoulder, with elbow free,

setting his foot down firm, and at the same time getting over the ground; and not by upholding your flashy Nevilles, throwing their legs about like ballet-dancers— or the pony Tom Sayers, hammering away in the same place like a blacksmith at an anvil. A greater medley never appeared in a ring, consisting of gig-horses, carriage horses, trotting-cobs, clothes-horses, if we may judge them by their wooden looks, and one great lumbering brown, suitable for a carrier's cart. Amongst the better was Sir Peter Laurie, just nineteen years old, and just the very sort of horse we want to get rid of—the modern steeple chaser, a nag with a neck like a giraffe, as leggy as a foal fresh dropped, with a very light middle-piece, and that gone in the back; yet this was the horse that took the first prize, and that thousands were to carry away in their mind's eye as a model to get hunters! Whitmore, a chesnut four-years old, with a little more bone would have been the sort of horse, though only fifteen-two or three; but two years may yet do something for him. Elliott, a short-legged horse, with a stain in his pedigree, of a strong frame, and showing a deal of character, but short in the quarter, and a gingery mover, with a large-capped hock, took the second honours; and Safeguard, a twelve year-old chesnut, up to as many stone, with the true hunter stamp, but lacking the blood of Whitmore, was the third. The Prince of Wales was lengthy and light; and Solferino long, low, and deep-ribbed, and a good marcher was, barring a heavy neck, not an unlikely horse. Solferino, Whitmore, and the Prince of Wales were ordered out of the ring almost before they had completed the circle; whilst Romley, who had a damaged leg, through getting across an awkwardly-placed bar in his box, had the honour of being kept in to the last, making his owner fancy, for a time, the prize was actually going into the land of Bucks! The premium for brood mares for breeding hunters was awarded to Lalarge, a thorough-bred one, with a capital shoulder—a great point in any riding horse, especially a hunter, but a recommendation which, in this class and the others, was rather scarce. Then came the "mares or geldings exceeding four years old, equal to fifteen stone with hounds," which was decidedly the best represented class of the meeting by a very long way, and containing many really fine framed horses. There were in all six-and-twenty, and as they came one after the other into the ring, Worcestershire gave vent to a prolonged note of admiration, "What a fine lot of horses!" But fifteen stone with hounds is a great weight; two stone less would have been more agreeable to many of them. The first prize horse, Mr. Booth's "Beechwood" is up to the weight, with a good shoulder, but greatly disfigured by being fed like a bullock, and having rubbed the hair from his dock. The second best was a nice-looking bay mare, Elastic, with not the best of shoulders nor the shortest of cannon bones.