

hon's entries, and I do not think they were present. Any how, the *official list* of entries is full of errors, and utterly useless as a book of reference to compare with the prize list: for instance—in the Authorized Official list, under the head, *Durhams, 4 year old bulls*, there is no entry of Mr. Cochran's 2nd prize animal, in the Galloways, Mr. Hickson's 1st prize 4 year old bull is not mentioned at all, et sic de ceteris; all of which makes a correct report very difficult, and I hope will account for any blunders I may commit in giving an account of those groups of which I was not one of the judges.

*Devons.*—Is it generally known that there are three distinct kinds of red horned cattle in England, the Sussex, the South Devon, and the North Devon? The difference between the two Devon tribes was, curiously enough, perfectly exemplified in the entries of Messrs. Whitfield and Wotherspoon, the one small and bloodlike, and the other of a much stronger and coarser type. On the almost barren moors of N. Devon and Cornwall, these thorough bred looking beasts hold their own against the storms from the Bristol Channel and the Atlantic gales; while those are more at home in the sunny combs (Cwm in Welsh) of S. Devon and Somersetshire.

Of the bulls of this breed, Mr. Whitfield's 2 year old is a perfect model, in form, style, and colour. His shoulder is quite worthy of study, and the head and horn, loin and quarters, are rarely equalled. He comes from the stock of Mr. Farthing, Nether Stowey, Devonshire, whose cattle have been prominent winners at the English Royal shows ever since they were established. Mr. Whitfield's bull calf is, to all appearance, likely to be as good as his sire when he arrives at maturity. The whole class deserved commendation. Mr. Wotherspoon would find it answer his purpose to cross his stock with Mr. Whitfield's—it would add style to his, and produce a more compact animal. Mr. Farthing's herd had been for a number of years bred strictly in line, so, no doubt, the bulls have as great pre-potency as the Booth or Bates Shorthorns.

A very fine collection of *Jerseys*. The first prize for old bulls went to Rougemont for an immense beast, good all over in colour, quality and form. This and the first prize 2 year old Devon would do credit to any show-yard. Mr. Whitfield's 2 year old will in time make a good bull. It was curious to see how like a Devon he was; in the distance, as he was coming up to the ring, I really fancied his leader has made a mistake, and was bringing out a yearling of the latter breed. There is no doubt that the origin of both races is the same.

The Jersey cows gave us more trouble than all the rest of the groups put together. They were very good, and the whole class ought to have been *highly commended*, but this practice, universal in England, seems unknown here. All three of us fixed at once on Mr. Browning's cow as worthy of the first prize, a beautifully shaped udder, the skin of it soft and velvety, and the teats full and squarely placed; head placid in expression, with a sad and gentle eye, the horns creamy, and the tail fine and not set on too high. Altogether a very sweet animal indeed. I need not advise her owner to secure at the earliest opportunity an alliance with the Rougemont aged bull. The two together ought to produce something marvellous. (1)

Mr. Stephens, St. Lambert, had several good cows and heifers; good, useful cattle, and a credit to their breeder. It is a pity the list for Jersey herds did not fill, for, as a whole, M. Stephens' lot was better than individually, and the matching of colour would have been very taking to the judges' eyes—the first prize

(1) Mr. Browning's cow, comes from Mr. Stephens' herd, and does the buyer's judgment great honour.

yearling heifer is very promising, and ought to be in a forward position next year; young ones of this breed are not generally handsome in their first year, but they improve wonderfully afterwards. Most of the cows that came under our notice showed the effects of the dry summer and of the large quantities of milk they had been giving. They were all in their natural condition, and, as I said before, were very hard to classify, so I was delighted to find that no one of the men in charge with whom I compared notes on Friday had a word to say against the decisions.

In the two year old heifer class, the three prize animals were exceptionally good, but we had no difficulty in giving the two first to Mr. Whitfield and Mr. Stephens; Mr. Browning's heifer, a marvellously strong, well developed animal, being rather coarse in the tail. I cannot agree with the gentleman in question in his practice of not letting his heifers calve till 3 years old, they are not to be beef producers but butter-furnishers, and one year's loss is of importance. This class, again, ought to have been *commended*.

In the class of yearlings, I rather disagreed with my brother judges as to giving a prize to the third.

One or two of the group had *white tongues*! All *Jerseys'* tongues ought to be *black*; this defect would have been fatal in a close contest. I may as well mention that my friend Mr. John McClary, Compton, who is known as one of the best judges of cattle in the Townships, holds that the *Escutcheon* test is of value as indicating persistence in milking; Mr. James Drummond, on the other hand, holds that persistence in milking is produced by education, that is, if a heifer, after the first calving, is milked for a long time, she will get into the habit of giving milk for a long time.

*Kerry.*—Some years ago a friend of mine was looking on at a group of these cattle in an English show-yard. Happening to speculate audibly on the quality and quantity of grass the little creatures were in the habit of finding in their pastures, a bystander observed: "grass, Sir, they never taste such a thing, they eat heather."

The statement was nearly literally true. The Kerry mountains are singularly barren, and nothing but the native race of cattle, goats, and black-faced sheep, could pick up a living there. *En revanche*, the climate is wonderfully mild, the Arbutus thrives there better than on the sunny shores of Calabria, and the myrtle loves the soil. The hills are all aglow with the rich purple of the heather, and attract every summer crowds of wanderers sated with the business and pleasures of great cities. Two hundred years ago, the country was a desert. The inhabitants, long reputed the fiercest and most ungovernable of the aboriginal population, had been driven to the wildest recesses of the glens and mountains, taking with them the hardy cattle which formed their only riches. But not long after the Restoration, Sir William Petty, an ancestor of the present Marquis of Lansdowne, determined to form an English settlement in this rough district. There was plenty of fish; seals supplied oil for the lamp during the long winter nights; but the most important product of the country were the forests of Oak and Arbutus, which Petty used to smelt the iron ores sent there from Kent and Sussex, where the woods were nearly exhausted. *Kenmare*, as the new settlement was called, soon became the seat of a thriving trade, the wolves, which hitherto had freely roamed the country, were destroyed, and Celtic rapine and improvidence gave way to Saxon industry and thrift. The English loved beef, even then. No doubt, they availed themselves freely of the native herds, as they produced, like all semi-wild cattle, highly flavoured meat; and, in process of time, the race underwent that improvement which superior intelligence invariably impresses on everything which comes under its influence.