

I have not detained you too long. ("No! No!") I will only say further that I trust life and health may be spared to all of us, and that we may see as good a company this time next year at Killow and at Brayton as we have to-day at Whitehall. (Applause.) For I may tell you that Mr. Foster and I are not going to turn tail and run away like Mr. Moore. (Laughter.) We are going to stick to the business till we fill our pockets, and then retire like gentlemen on the profits of farming. (Laughter.) I am happy to tell you that my friend Mr. Foster has within the last two days bought the best bull in England, and we mean in a year or two to have the grandest short-horns in Cumberland which the world has ever seen. (Applause.) Well, make a good beginning to-day. That will cheer us all up. And, before we go into the sale and make a good beginning, let us pay honour to our worthy host—the kind, the hospitable, the generous, the popular Mr. Moore; and in that behalf I call on you now to drink his very good health with all the honours."

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. Mr. Moore responding, said—

"Sir Wilfred Lawson, my lords, and gentlemen,—I feel myself placed in a very peculiar and very embarrassing position. I had a good many ideas in my head, but Sir Wilfred has stolen them all. He touched on several points which I should otherwise have touched upon; but there was one point he did not touch upon, which is very near to my heart; and that is to thank you, particularly our kind friends from Australia and Canada, who have honoured me with their company this day. (Hear, hear.) I wish now publicly to welcome them into Cumberland. They are playing a very practical part in the short-horn world, and perhaps they may play a conspicuous part to-day. (Laughter, and "Hear, hear.") A good deal has been said by Sir Wilfred which is quite true. It was my friend Mr. Foster who got me into farming, and it was my friend Mr. Foster who got me first into short-horns. (Laughter.) He has been my Mentor in this matter; but there is another man in this room who did more to get me into short-horns than even Mr. Foster. My friend Mr. George Drewry was born within half-a-mile of this place; and it is a proud thing to see a man like him who has risen by his own indomitable energy, and perseverance, and integrity. (Applause.) I met him at the first sale Mr. Foster ever had. I had then no more intention of going into short-horns than anybody else had. But I said to Mr. Drewry, "I should like to have two or three of Foster's short-horns; will you just tick me three or four on the catalogue which you think would suit me." Well, he did tick me three or four, and I got the whole. He ticked me three Fantaits. For the first I gave 25 guineas, and two years afterwards I sold it for 365 guineas, and she left me a calf that is to be sold here to-day. (Applause.) I bought another which turned out equally well. I assure you I got intoxicated with my success. (Laughter.) I thought money was to be made far faster in short-horns than in Bow Churchyard, London. (Laughter.)—But altogether my experience, I must confess, has not been quite so successful in the short-horn world as in the commercial world. ("Hear, hear," and laughter.) If I could have seen my way to remain in Cumberland all the year round, to look after them, it

might have been different; but I was bound to be in London more than half the year, and when I was absent things got wrong. I was constantly getting letters saying there was a dead calf, or some other mishap, and one thing and another kept me in a perpetual state of torment. (Laughter.) I feel particularly indebted to my friend Sir Wilfred Lawson. His father was one of my intimate and most valued friends. He commenced short-horns before many of you were born. Sir Wilfred followed in his father's steps. I am glad that my neighbours, Sir Wilfred and Mr. Foster are remaining in that line of business, because when I have friends at Whitehall who are interested in short-horns, I can take them one day to Brayton and another day to Killow, which will effect a great saving to my pocket at all events. (Laughter.) Sir Wilfred was a little boy when I first saw him, and I little expected then that he would raise himself up to a European reputation as he has done. He is an ornament and a credit to Cumberland, and I feel grateful to him for taking the chair on this occasion." (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with "three times three."

SIR WILFRED said, in reply—

"I won't detain you by another speech, but simply thank you for the kind manner in which you have drunk my health, adding this one remark, that although I know I have many bad practices which bring me into disfavour with many people, yet I hope that, after Mr. Moore has sold his short-horns, and when he comes, as he promises, to see me every other day in the week, I shall very rapidly improve. (Laughter.) But we must now attend to business, and I will propose as a concluding toast the health of one who is emphatically a man of business, and a very good man of business too. I mean my friend Mr. Thornton. (Applause.) We owe a great deal to him when we see the great prices he extracts from the pockets of buyers up and down the country, and we shall owe still more to him if he can extract the same prices to-day. One thing I know—he will do his best, and a great good will be that."

"He who does his best,
Angels could no more."

(Applause.) Therefore I propose the health of Mr. Thornton. (Renewed applause.)

MR THORNTON replied—

"My lords and gentlemen,—When I was a little boy I was taught to go into the water, and the first plunge took away my breath. (Laughter.) I came into Cumberland years ago, and the hearty welcome and the ringing cheers you gave me then, took away my breath, as they do now. But I have learned to swim since then, and I must say I have been borne up by the most generous public favour, for which I am deeply indebted. If I can extract a few guineas from your pockets, it will make me very happy, and it will make my employers happy also. But, as I said the other day, so I say now,—there are men in this country who, I won't say for centuries, but for many years, have been gradually building up, I may almost say painting, works of art in the animal creation which the public at large are just beginning to appreciate and—to pay for. (Hear, hear.) I have attended short-horn sales for almost 20 years, but I never heard more eloquent speeches than that Sir Wilfred Lawson de-

livered to-day, and that delivered by Lord Cathcart in praise of Mr. Torr. To-day our prospects are somewhat marred by the abominable foot-and-mouth disease, which has attacked Sir Wilfred's and Mr. Foster's herds, and a portion of Mr. Moore's. Therefore the conditions under which we sell them will be somewhat different from the usual; but you may rest assured that Mr. Moore, in that great large heart of his, which does so much good, will do fairly by every one who buys at this sale to-day. (Applause.) As to the disease itself, I would remark that when I was in Ireland, I sold one little heifer, which no one cared for, as it was ailing, and which sold for 100 guineas; but very soon afterwards it brought 700 gs. No doubt the disease will entail somewhat of a loss to Mr. Moore, and be to your advantage. I will only say in conclusion that I never knew better animals than are comprised in the Whitehall, Killow, and Brayton herds; and I am sanguine, that if I can only induce you to give me some good prices to-day, Mr. Moore will yet be converted from the error of his ways, and take again to short-horns." (Laughter and applause.)

The company then adjourned to the ring, where, at two o'clock, the sale began, and was conducted by Mr. Thornton in that prompt and able manner which characterises him. He at the outset briefly addressed the company, commending the great judgment with which Mr. Moore had managed his herd, and briefly indicating its chief qualities. These, however, are well set out in the preface to the catalogue, which we quote:—

"The Whitehall herd has been most carefully selected and bred from the celebrated herds belonging to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Bowly of Siddington, Mr. Harward of Winterfold, Messrs. Lacey, Foster, Howard, Tracy, and other eminent breeders, the principle being to select animals possessing great merit in themselves, combined with fashionable blood. Foremost among the cows will be found that magnificent specimen of the Oxford tribe, Grand Duchess of Oxford 11th, and her red heifer calf by Fifth Duke of Wetherby, 31033, who was purchased from Colonel Gunter for 2000 gs., also Duchess (and her offspring), and Rarity 3rd of the favourite Charmar tribe; Wild Maid, and Lady Worcester 10th of the Wild Eyes family; Lally 16th and Baroness Lally of the Lally tribe, as well as Siddington 9th, of the valuable Kirklevington strain, and Flighty Gwynne with her splendid produce, Lily Gwynne and Gwynne of the Forest, together with other excellent and well-descended animals, including a number of very choice young bulls. The sires have been first-class bulls of the most approved pedigree. Seventeenth Duke of Oxford 25994 and Twentieth Duke of Oxford 31000 have both been in service; also Sir Wilfred Lawson's Sixth Baron Oxford; the late Mr. Fawcett's Eighth Duke of York 28480, and at the present time Colonel Kingeote's celebrated sire Duke of Hillhurst 28401 (sire of Duke of Connaught, recently sold at Dunmore to Lord Fitzhardinge for 4500 gs., is in service.)"

Mr. Thornton added that seven or eight of the most valuable animals had lately had the foot-and-mouth disease, while they were at Killow and Brayton. They were now quite well, but were kept apart, and would be sold with Mr. Moore's complete guarantee.