

method of fixing the halters, are highly meritorious, and ought to find a place in every well-managed stable.

Tree & Co., 22 Charlotte street, Blackfriars-road, exhibit Ewart's cattle-gauges, which few intelligent farmers now want; also, Bedington's patent horse-halters.

In comparing these observations with our notebook, we find many details in the latter, of necessity avoided, for want of space. The brevity of our remarks may demand indulgence, but no apology. We never have, on any previous exhibition in the bazaar, had so little occasion to find fault, or so much good cause for general commendation. As a whole, the exhibition may be taken as an index that the state of British agriculture is highly prosperous, while it proves in the most satisfactory manner that our implement-makers are not so far behind the other arts in the manufacture of machinery as many imagine, and that farmers are following them as fast as the stubborn circumstances of the soil will permit.

In concluding our report, we beg to express our great gratification at the result of the meeting: seldom have we had such a successful one. We rejoice to see our Princes and Nobles competing in friendly rivalry with the humbler classes for the various prizes, and many of which they have deservedly carried off. What a contrast to the feudal ages!—no danger of the prophet's warning, "Woe to thee when thy princes eat in the morning," that is, luxuriate instead of attending to useful duties and employments. We trust the efforts of the Smithfield Club will long be blessed with great prosperity, and realize many such interesting meetings.

BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.

This Exhibition came off the week succeeding that of Smithfield, and appears to have been eminently successful. It has been established about from four to five years, and is evidently doing good service, particularly to the Midland counties. The situation of Birmingham, as the centre of a vast system of railways, is peculiarly favorable for getting up displays of this kind. We are indebted for the following description to the *Mark Lane Express*:—

What cattle shows have done for our stock, this show has done for our poultry. The *rara avis in terris* is such no longer. The one good bird or so, which came only to prove how bad were nearly all the others, can now expect no such distinguished position. In nearly all classes nearly all were good, and the judges confessed they never had their experience so hardly tried as they found it at this meeting. But poultry, we must repeat, is no longer a mania. It may still certainly be more or less the especial pursuit of the amateur; shorn, however, of nearly all that "fancy" character which once made it his business alone. Our breeds of chickens

were unquestionably never so good, while they were as certainly never so easily to be obtained. We hear no further of hundreds and thousands, except as a joke. Birds are sold for what they are worth, and a lot, even of prize Cochin China, may be had by the catalogue figures at a pound a-piece.

Self glorification is but an ungrateful task; it may be remembered, though, that some two or three years since, when this same Cochin China was in the very height of his ascendancy, we were the first to dispute his claims. We argued that for almost any purpose, either appearance, quality, or economy, we had fowls long known amongst us immeasurably his superior. For the farmer particularly we maintained there was no bird like the Dorking. Time, too, has fully justified us in this. For real use, the direct object for which poultry are supposed to be kept, there is no bird like the Dorking. This was the chief attraction of last week's show. If there had been a gold medal for the best pen of fowls of any kind, to this sort must it have been awarded. For beauty, or really fine plumage and shape, there is only one variety superior to the Dorking cock; while for the table, there is none, we believe, equal to it. The handsomest, or to use a yet more significant term, the most "thorough-bred" of all, is the Game fowl. A new and very commendable feature in the Birmingham Show of this year was a series of prizes for the best cock, singly, of each particular kind. The Game, as might be expected, were very strong here. The first prize-bird was decidedly, as far as form and plumage went, the best of the whole exhibition. It is seldom so perfect a one has been shown. He was the property of Mr. France, of Ham Hill, Worcester, but sold at the price marked in the catalogue—five pounds.

Nearly co-equal with the Dorking and Game came a Spanish, a breed which for general purposes many maintain are amongst the very best we have. They have been considerably improved upon of late, and never made a better display than on this occasion. We are here again, studying barn-door capabilities. The Hamburgs, on the other hand, though of almost every possible tint and spangle, were thought to be on the decline. The same may be yet more decidedly written of the Malays; whereas the Cochin Chinas, that once fashionable color more particularly known as the "Buffs," were much better than of late. There appears, however, not the slightest chance of their regaining anything of their quondam popularity. It was amusing, indeed, to notice the common neglect with which they were treated. Their warmest supporter, Mr. Surgeon, now ranks no higher than "a commendation," though Mr. Punchard still holds his own as a first prize man.

It would be impossible for us to find room for a prize sheet, running to such an extent, and divided into so many sections as that of the poultry department of the Bingley Hall Show. We have endeavored, however, to convey some notion as to its general character, as well as of the state of the market. The dearest of all now