

and third are both well bred and well made. But "the field" behind those placed was terribly scattered. The bulls were generally better, and the first prize one, bred by Mr. Bolden, goes back to the Duchesses; although, like many of the Bates breed of bulls, he is nothing so very extraordinary to look at. He was the first prize two-year-old at Aberdeen, and Mr. Gulland's was there third in the same class, so that they still keep their relative positions, but there is now very little to choose between them. The third was the third aged bull at Aberdeen, and the first at Dundalk last week, and perhaps for appearance, size, and symmetry he was here, too, the first of his order. It must have been "the quality" that beat him. The two-year-olds were a good but small class, and the yearlings not of such equal excellence. In this lot Lord Kinnaird had the best for shape and symmetry, and Mr. Smith for touch and pedigree. The latter, indeed, is very highly connected, being by a son of Booth's Crown Prince, and bred by his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. His quality is certainly very fine, but he is "just" a ragged animal to look on.

We have already spoken of the remarkable excellence of the native breeds, and we may dwell more especially on the Highlanders and Ayrshires. In our many visits to the north we have never seen such a show of the former. Indeed we began to think they were growing out of date of late, but they quite recovered themselves at this meeting. There was more size, as usual rare constitutions, good forms, and that hardy picturesque appearance that would, above all things, go to qualify them for those regions from which they take their title. The bulls were very grand, the cows more useful; but if we were to select a class, it would be the three-year-old heifers. If we were to go yet further, and name three animals as perfect specimens of their kind, they would be Mr. Douglas' shorthorn heifer *Venus de Medicis*, Mr. Drew's Milking Ayrshire cow, and Mr. Campbell's three-year-old Highland heifer. The last named of these is certainly the finest-looking Highlander we ever encountered. There never was such a head, so grand, of such wild beauty, with the wide-spreading horns, and singularly expressive eye. If *Rosa Bonheur* wants a fitting model for her easel, she must go to Jura. But Mr. Campbell's heifer does not "go on her head" merely. She is famously fleshed, has a capital coat, and is not only handsome, but useful. She was well supported throughout; and although we cannot see that this should be just the district for them, the Highlanders have never mustered before in such force.

Almost as much might be said for the Ayrshires, which were more particularly distinguished by the presence of two animals—the first prize bull and the first prize cow—a long way the best of a very good entry. The cow is the sweetest-looking, cleanest, prettiest marked milker that even the lads and lasses of Ayr ever had amongst them. In a little higher condition, and with her backbone not quite so prominent, she would have been a perfect picture. There were others far better covered, but none had her fine appearance or graceful beauty. Her owner Mr. Drew, had a coarser cow, also the first of her class, which has occasionally had the preference of the favorite here; but for her especial purpose—the dairy—there was nothing to compare with the milking cow. The black polled cattle were not very numerous, but there were some well-known animals amongst them. The Angus cows were especially good; Mr. Collie's first having been second at the great show at Aberdeen last year. The cross-breeds were chiefly noticeable for the presence of Shorthorn blood in them. Almost all of them had some of it, while in some it was so strong that they might have been pardonably taken for pure bred beasts. In fact they frequently were, and many a visitor, without going to the trouble of consulting his catalogue, put them down as "just another lot of Shorthorns."

In the sheep as with the cattle the Scotch kinds were very superior. In truth, neither the Leicesters nor the Southdowns showed to much advantage. The former had no uniformity of character, and English and Scotch judges would have differed materially in settling the awards. The Scotch Leicester is, indeed, of quite another sort of sheep, and occasionally, we should say, anything but a pure one. The Southdowns were completely overridden by the presence of the prize sheep from Warwick. The Society was particularly anxious that the Duke of Richmond should make some entries and his Grace was kind enough to do so. He sent not only some from his flock at Gordon Castle, but others from Goodwood. Those from Sussex included the famous first prize shearling ewes, and the comparison was almost too cruel. Even the Duke's own Scotch sheep suffered materially, and nothing of course had a chance with the grand, handsome animals that made so great a sensation at Warwick. It is remarkable that the Sussex shearling ram is a twin, and although both were reared, the brother