

going on as we are at the rate of a million a year in our population, and we rejoice that we do increase, for we have room enough and food enough and labour enough for all—I hope at no distant day that we, your humble cousins, shall return to you, the farmers of England, to some considerable extent—it must be done by instalments (a laugh)—the great debt we owe to you in the agricultural line for the improvements you have made, for the instruction we have received, and for the great benefits our whole country has derived from your experience. I beg to thank the president and council for the opportunity afforded me to-day of being in this old Roman city of Exeter (cheers) and in this renowned country of Devonshire, distinguished for its rich red soil, its beautiful red cattle, and, in olden time, for its fine red cloaks (cheers), celebrated in poetry as well as in prose. It is renowned as the birthplace of that great and mighty man, Sir Walter Raleigh, the man who first went to the country of my illustrious friend, Mr. Reeves, a man whose name renowned in history will live as long as England exists. But before I sit down I must offer my thanks, as an humble individual, to the inhabitants of this city of Exeter. Wherever these annual exhibitions may take place, I think you will be fortunate if you find a city presenting so much neatness, so much simplicity, so much taste, and so much cheerfulness that one feels at home the moment he enters it (cheers). It is the first time I have ever set my foot in the county of Devon. I can only say I am indebted to the kindness of—I do not know what to call him (laughter); he is a general philanthropist, engaged in every good and great work—Sir Thomas Acland (applause). I believe it is to Sir Thomas I am indebted for the privilege which I enjoy this day. I am certainly indebted to him for his hospitality in entertaining me and my friends yesterday, last night, and to-day. And on the part of myself, of my country, and my countrymen who are now present, I feel under the deepest obligation to the Royal Agricultural Society of England for the opportunity afforded us of being here. I have said it is the first time I have ever set my foot in Devonshire—I hope it will not be the last (loud and long-continued cheering).

The Hon Mr. Reeves, American Minister to the French Republic, made the following observation in his speech. "It was his firm belief, that the pride and glory of England were to be found in that noble Agriculture, which, whilst it had improved the race of their useful animals had almost multiplied the fruits of the earth to an extent of which he could not form a conception,

until he saw with his own eyes that day, the prodigies which had been effected"—Such is the testimony of able, honourable, and disinterested men of the Agriculture of England, and we fervently hope that these "Reports" may have the effect of stirring us up to do all in our power for our Agriculture. How creditable it would be to Canada, if strangers coming to visit the country were to compliment them on the state of their Agriculture in terms similar to those we have copied above?—Yes—indeed—it would be the greatest honor that they ever can become entitled to, and it is in their power to gain such honor.

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EXETER, SATURDAY.—To all intents and purposes the Great Western Agricultural Festival was over with the conclusion of the Pavilion dinner. Exeter next morning was thinning rapidly, and one by one the flags and arches, which made so good a show all the week disappeared.

At one o'clock, the dinner given to the humbler classes in the Pavilion took place, and the affair went off with the greatest possible *éclat*, and the most gratifying expressions of good will. The guests amounted to about seven hundred. At the chairman's table the mayor and corporation of Exeter were placed, and the raised side benches furnished accommodation for a number of ladies on gentlemen anxious to be present and so interesting an occasion. The good things provided were done most ample justice to. Indeed, it was delightful to see the celerity with which the plates were cleared, and the hearty enjoyment visible upon every face engaged in the process. The baron of beef formed the great feature of the entertainment. It was cut into two huge piles of meat, at one of which M. Soyer presided, and at the other his able coadjutor in the pastry department, Mr. Read; and the rush of plate bearers—for to some extent every man was his own waiter—amply proved that the courage of the guests was not abated by preliminary trifling with fowls and lambs. And so the baron *à la* Magna Charta melted like a snow-ball in an oven,

After dinner the Mayor proposed the loyal toasts, and most loyally they were drunk in beer and cyder. The "Prosperity to the Royal Agricultural Society—the Founders of the Feast," was drunk; after which the Mayor passed a high eulogium upon the excellent and orderly conduct of the working men of Exeter during the Meeting. The speech was replied to by a