

The other families of the herd are 5 Clarets, 5 Minas, 3 Clementinas, 3 Bettys, 3 Bellas, 3 Nonpareils and 1 Rosebud. Further comment on the richness of the blood here represented would be out of place. The stock bull, Baron Lenton (49081) was bred by A. Cruikshank, Sittyton. He is of the Lavender family, and although not in the strict sense of the term a show bull, has proved himself a worthy sire.

SPRING BROOK FARM.

Some eleven or twelve miles more brought Spring Brook Farm, owned by the Messrs. J. & W. Russell, Richmond Hill. This farm is but one mile from Richmond Hill post office, three miles from Richmond Hill station, and four and a-half miles from Thornhill, on the N. R. On the way the home of Mr. A. Russell was passed, reluctantly, without a call. Mr. Russell brought out an importation of Clydes referred to in our Scotch letter in December issue.

The Messrs. Russell's farm contains 250 acres of land, well worth \$100 per acre. A small brook running across it winds its way through seven fields. Mr. Wm. Russell, now in his 86th year, the father of the present members of the firm, is a fine specimen of the generation of pioneers who grappled so manfully with the difficulties of wilderness life, of whom but few now remain. He was present at the dispersion sale of Mr. Robinson, of Ladykirk, more than sixty years ago, and spent twelve and a-half years in that vicinity. It will be remembered that many of the pedigrees in the Sittyton and Kinellar herds trace to foundation stock purchased at this sale.

At the Centennial, held in Philadelphia, 1876, Mr. J. Russell, the senior member of this firm, exhibited a herd consisting of four females and a bull, and brought back from there one gold and five silver medals. The former was won by the cow Isabella as best animal in the field, although four different breeds competed in the beefing line. The silver medals were for Shorthorn bull, cow, heifer and herd.

The herd now numbers 34 head and some young calves. Of the bulls five are home bred yearlings, one a two year-old, and three imp. calves of the spring of 1887, from the Kinellar herd of Mr. S. Campbell.

The home-breds are by Mr. J. Isaac's Cruikshank bull Baron Lenton (), and by Royal Booth 2nd, of the Bright family, with Saxon Queen for dam. No less than 11 of the females are descendants of the famous Centennial cow Isabella, of the Nonpareils 4, and Rose of Autumn 4. Other tribes are represented, as the Gipsy Queen, Mary Booth and Bessie.

The three bull calves imported are, *Tothills*, a red, of the Claret family; *Windsor*, a red, of the Bessie family, and *Killerby*, a roan, of the Jessamines. They are all by Gravesend (46461), and are a trio of admirably built bulls. Stronger than the average of Kinellar cattle, and fine handlers, they should be eagerly picked up by those who are really seeking stock bulls of the first order.

The three imp heifers, the *Royal Princess*, calved February, 1885, an 1886 heifer of the *Miss Ramsden* family, and an 1887 heifer of the *Minas*, are all roans. *Royal Princess*, admirably furnished, with flesh nicely covering a well built frame, is by *Star of the West* (48789), and out of the dam *Vail Princess*, by *Wind sor Vail* (44273). She earned first at the Highland Society's Show as a yearling. Three of the *Miss Ramsden* family were sold by this firm to Mr. L. Adams, of Storm Lake, Iowa, for \$1200.

The cattle of this firm are fine, strong specimens, in the pink of condition, and compare very favorably with those of the best Shorthorn herds in the province. The same remark applies equally to the Cotswold

sheep and Clyde horses. With the former, numbering some 40 head, there were already 16 strong young lambs.

The stud of Clydesdales consists of the imp. stallion *Young Hartington* (3515), and three home-bred mares, which won 1st and silver medal at the Toronto Industrial, 1887, as best Clyde mare and two of her progeny. *Young Hartington* is a horse of fine character, bred at Blackburn, Aberdeenshire. His sire is *Hartington* (1450), by *Newstead* (559), a first prize Highland Society winner, and on the dam's side a brother to the illustrious *Darnley*. His dam, *Gip* (reg.), is by *Lord Raglan* (1203). This excellent horse thus combines the blood of *Newstead* (559), *Darnley* (222) and *Prince of Wales* (673), three 1st prize winners.

Brief Notes of a Visit to Scotland.

EDITOR CANADIAN LIVE-STOCK AND FARM JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request it affords me much pleasure to pen you some notes hastily prepared of a visit to the land of Robert Burns.

A brief day in August last was spent in Ayr, that town famous for "its sonnie lads and bonnie lasses." Following the course of the great throng of tourists I went to see Burns' monument, the thatched cottage in which he was born, the auld kirk and all the other six-penny shows. The road to the monument and cottage was literally crowded by visitors from all parts of Europe and America, who had come to pay homage to Scotland's immortal peasant bard.

A few days later a most enjoyable trip was made into the heart of the Highlands. At Greenock our party boarded the magnificent steamer *Lord of the Isles* and sailed through the Kyles of Bute and Loch Fyne to Inverary Castle, the seat of the Duke of Argyll. I shall not attempt to describe the most beautiful scenery I ever saw. O! those heather-clad hills were grand beyond description. I never read any description and I am sure I never will, that can in the faintest degree approach the reality of this happy scene. The sun shining down on those great hills, all glorious in their purple heather robes, reflected them in the water. Now the steamer shot through a narrow gorge, then again over some wide stretch of water clear as crystal, and onward into an ever-shifting, ever changing fairyland scene. Taking coach at Inverary we drove twenty-four miles through one of the most mountainous districts of the Highlands. The road has been built at great cost, part of it as a Government road, at the time of the rebellion in the Highlands, and in many places so steep that the guard had to stand on the brakes. At other places we had to get out and walk. The scenery here is grandly rugged, the mountains varying from two to three thousand feet above the sea, Ben Lomond looking down calmly over them all. All through this region we saw nothing but the black-faced, long-horned Highland sheep, and little dun and black native cattle.

Here was seen pastoral life in all its simplicity—the "wee thatched hovel," with the reek coming slowly out of its mud built chimney, the children and the chickens mixing in happy contentment in the dingy surroundings. The shepherd, surrounded by his dogs, moving slowly, as shepherds always do, over the hills, or leaning on the dry stone dyke, happy no doubt in his own rustic way, not troubled with an over ambition nor at all concerned about the Saturday half holiday or the eight hour movement, and whose aspirations never go much beyond a new plaid or a good supply of dried mutton from the "braxie" sheep found dead on the hills, to meet the needs of winter. Is not this man at least as contented as the average workman of the city, with his morbid discontent at the nature of existing arrangements?

Sailing back on the morrow and skirting the base of Ben Lomond on the other side, at the end of the lake some splendidly equipped four horse coaches were in waiting to take the party to Inversnaid, six miles distant. From this point we rose by a steep and winding path six hundred feet, and yet were but a short distance from the starting point in a straight line. It almost made one giddy to look down. This drive took us through the heart of the Rob Roy country. At Inversnaid we again took steamer on Loch Katrine, passing through the scenes made famous in the *Lady of the Lake*. Next came the Trossachs, where

there is a woodland road with branches of the oaks meeting over our heads.

The Tay bridge is of great length, taking a train running at good speed three and a-half minutes to cross it. It will of course long be associated with the dreadful catastrophe which occurred a few years ago, when an entire train was engulfed, not one person escaping from the wildest plunge ever made by locomotive.

A few days later and we were taking in the hospitalities of Tarves. The stock at that time at Tarves were purchased steers—a fine lot they were. A whole day was spent at Sittyton in going over the six hundred acre farm of the man whose name can never die while the term Shorthorn lives. The head of Sittyton is an old man of a splendid stamp, and one can well understand the high estimation in which he is held by all who know or who have had dealings with him. The following day was given to the inspection of Mr. Wm. Duthie's farms and stock. The home farm, Tarves, contains 80 acres; No. 2, four miles distant, 220, and No. 3, two miles, 200 acres. There is but little doubt in my mind that the 100 head of Shorthorns to be seen on these two farms make one of the finest herds, all in all, in Scotland. They are large, fleshy, exceptionally level and even, very few of them old cows, nearly all of them being four years and under. The bulls used are the best that money will buy.

The head of Collynie impressed me as being a first-class specimen of the high class Scotch farmer. Had his farm been in the competition of 1886 it would have been an easy task to have said a good deal about it well worth reading. Eight men the year round are kept on each of the outlying farms, and one of the best foremen that can be obtained is put on each. There is no getting over the fact, though, that even on these and other well managed farms that I have been on in this country, there is less work done in a given time than with us.

Not many days later the great ram sale at Kelso came off. As your readers know, this annual sale is the most important of its kind in Britain. Four rings are made and an auctioneer stands in each, being timed to sell a sheep a minute. Lord Polwarth, as usual, headed the list. One of the most noticeable features of this great gathering to me was this—the very high average of the general appearance of the farmers. I never saw a finer looking lot of men. I was afterwards told that this is always a noticeable feature of this sale and one that is commented upon by those who, like myself, come there for the first time. The farms in that part of Scotland and across the border as a rule are large; the occupiers for generations have been well-to-do and have received a liberal education.

A pleasant day was spent in taking in the pretty little Scotch town of Melrose and in driving to Abbot'sford. There are few lovelier places in Scotland than those of this part of the country, along the banks of the Tweed and Gala water. The many drives are especially fine, and the two hours' hard work that my friend and neighbor from Guelph put in with me in climbing to the top of the Gildon hills one Saturday morning was by no means labor lost. The sight from there is one of the grandest in Scotland. It takes in the very richest of the farming lands of the country and some of its prettiest towns. The silvery Tweed winding through the rich scene adds not a little to the beauty of the landscape.

We had a most enjoyable time with Mr. Biggar, of Chappletown and Dalbeattie. Mr. B. has reached his strong financial position by close attention to business. The Galloway herd at Chappletown (some of which are now on this side of the Atlantic, to go to Mr. T. McCrae, of Guelph, as noticed in your February issue), comprised about 40 females, many of them possessing great individual merit and were noted prize takers. In addition to Chappletown with its beautiful residence and modern steading, all built by themselves, the Messrs. Biggar have another large farm adjoining, rented. They have made their money largely in the seed and artificial manure business, where the appliances are very creditable. The artificial manure is mainly made of ground bones. The supply of bones is got mainly in other countries and are unloaded on the wharf at the works, five miles distant from Chappletown, but connected by telephone.

Some days were given to Sheffield, with its endless furnaces and tireless wheels. One of the most interesting spots to me was Mosborough, for schoolboy