

cester, and purchased at the Tortworth sale. It is rather curious that we do not find more animals from this celebrated herd at our different stock shows. Mr. Gunter and his Duchess, for instance, might surely shine here. Mr. Towneley's young animals were remarkably forward, giving every indication of that early maturity which is argued as one of the greatest recommendations of the Shorthorn; while the first and second prize cows—Mr. Booth's Bridesmaid and Mr. Douglas's Rose of Summer—have, perhaps, taking them together as first and second, never been surpassed. Indeed, to show the excellence of this class, we may mention that Mr. Stritton's Matchless, herself a very perfect animal, claims only a simple commendation.

It would be difficult to say from what cause, but there is no breed of animal which is so uncertain an exhibitor as the Hereford. Of late years, in fact, the meetings have been generally against them. Even at Gloucester, if we recollect aright, the entry was but a poor one. At Carlisle, on the contrary, it was very good, and, taking the whole of the classes, considered by far the best we have had for a long period. There were many good judges, not so wedded to the Durhams, who considered Lord Berwick's bull as the best in the yard.

Of the Devons there was but a small show—compensated for, however, by the excellence of Messrs. Quartley's and George Turner's stock. Mr. Turner's cows were very generally admired, and certainly nothing could show higher breeding or finer quality. Mr. Farthing, who was only competitor against the Devon men, received some well-merited commendations—the “*highly*” proves how close he was to the prize animals.

Coming on to the Scotch Cattle, strange to say, we have the entries yet more limited. In four distinct classes for Ayrshires there were altogether but a dozen entries—for the best bull of any age but one bull sent. In the Angus and either Polled Breeds there were four classes, with just four animals to contend for them—one in class one, none in the next, two in the third, and one in the fourth. The Highland and other Horned Breeds numbered four classes and three beasts! Nevertheless, almost all the prizes offered were awarded, although beyond a pick or two from the Angus and the Ayrshire there was nothing of extraordinary merit. It was the weak feature of the whole show. In the special prizes offered by Mr. Head, the Galloway showed much stronger. Every class was well-filled, and both in the cows and bulls there were some animals of much excellence which came in for a great deal of observation from breeders who had hitherto seen but little of them. We cannot help thinking that our Scotch friends have sadly missed their opportunity, and that it would have been to their advantage to have shown us even something more than Clydesdale horses, Galloway cattle, or mountain sheep.

Co-equal in every way with any other department—taking at length their proper position in the exhibition of an English agricultural society—we have the show of horses. It is but a very few years since that we heard members of the Council assert that it was impossible to obtain anything like a becoming entry of horses for the majority of those prizes they might wish to offer. It is but two years since that we saw at Gloucester one of the very weakest collections of horses, of almost any sort, that any such public occasion could be supposed to make up. It is only right to add that this extraordinary improvement is no merely lucky chance, or turn in the

wheel of Fortune. Much has been done in the interim. Something by the Council of the Society, and more by those friends they have since visited. As members of and spectators at the recent meetings of the national society, we owe something far beyond any formal vote of thanks to the mayors of Lincoln and Carlisle. By their judicious aid a new spirit has been infused into a weak place, and it will be our own fault if this be not only kept up, but yet still further encouraged. Despite ploughing by steam which is to come, and travelling by steam that has come, there is no branch of a farmer's duties that needs more impressing upon him than this greater attention to the breeding of horses. And this is not merely to the breeding of heavy draught horses, but even of hacks and hunters. The Lincolnshire farmers—not the worst in the world—breed their hacks and hunters. The Yorkshiremen have theirs, too, and both with a profit. There are other good farmers, a sad majority so far, who have not a cart-horse fit to show, or a hack that ought to be ridden off their holding.

It is these gentlemen that the Royal Agricultural Society can now aid. It is in ministering to this common want that the English Society now stands pre-eminent. Neither the Scotch nor the Irish national associations have anything like a *generally* good show of horses; nothing, in fact, so far as we have seen, worthy of them. It is, so, rather a proud thing to say, that if you want to see a good horse you must go to the English show. You have him here of every variety—the best to breed race horses, hunters, coach horses, and cart horses. At least, we speak from what we saw at Carlisle; and no one who was there will gainsay us.

But a very short time ago—we must still look back to see what has been done—perhaps one hunter stallion might be ready to take any premium offered under the auspices of the Society. They would not show, it was said. The owners of horses, already in repute, would not risk their being deteriorated by the awards going against them. The best answer to this is the Carlisle Meeting. For the Mayor's prize of forty guineas, there were thirteen thorough-bred stallions shown, and these not merely some of the best breed—with the fame not only of race horses—but many of them winners of prizes at local agricultural societies, as stallions to get hunters. Amongst these were The Era, St. Bennett, A British Yeoman, and The Cure. The premium, it will be seen, was awarded to an Irish-bred horse, Ravenhill, but now standing in the neighbourhood of Carlisle; his chief opponent being The British Yeoman. It must, indeed, have been a very nice point between the two, the Yeoman being certainly the finer horse. A great many of his stock, of all ages, from foals to three-year-olds, were in the yard, and a more promising lot from one horse has seldom been brought together.

The class of coaching stallions, also a special prize from Mr. Richard Ferguson, the owner of Ravenhill, hardly produced so strong a class. This, however, was well carried out by another series of special prizes from the Local Committees, which included, and particularly shone in, hunter and harness mares and geldings. Some of the brood mares were very far beyond even what one is accustomed to rank as “a good sort.” If we might instance one, it would be Sir Wilfred Dawson's Retriever mare, “Madam,” which, with three-year-old colt by The British Yeoman, made up a wonderful family trio. They were classed as harness horses—we should be inclined to put them to something better. The