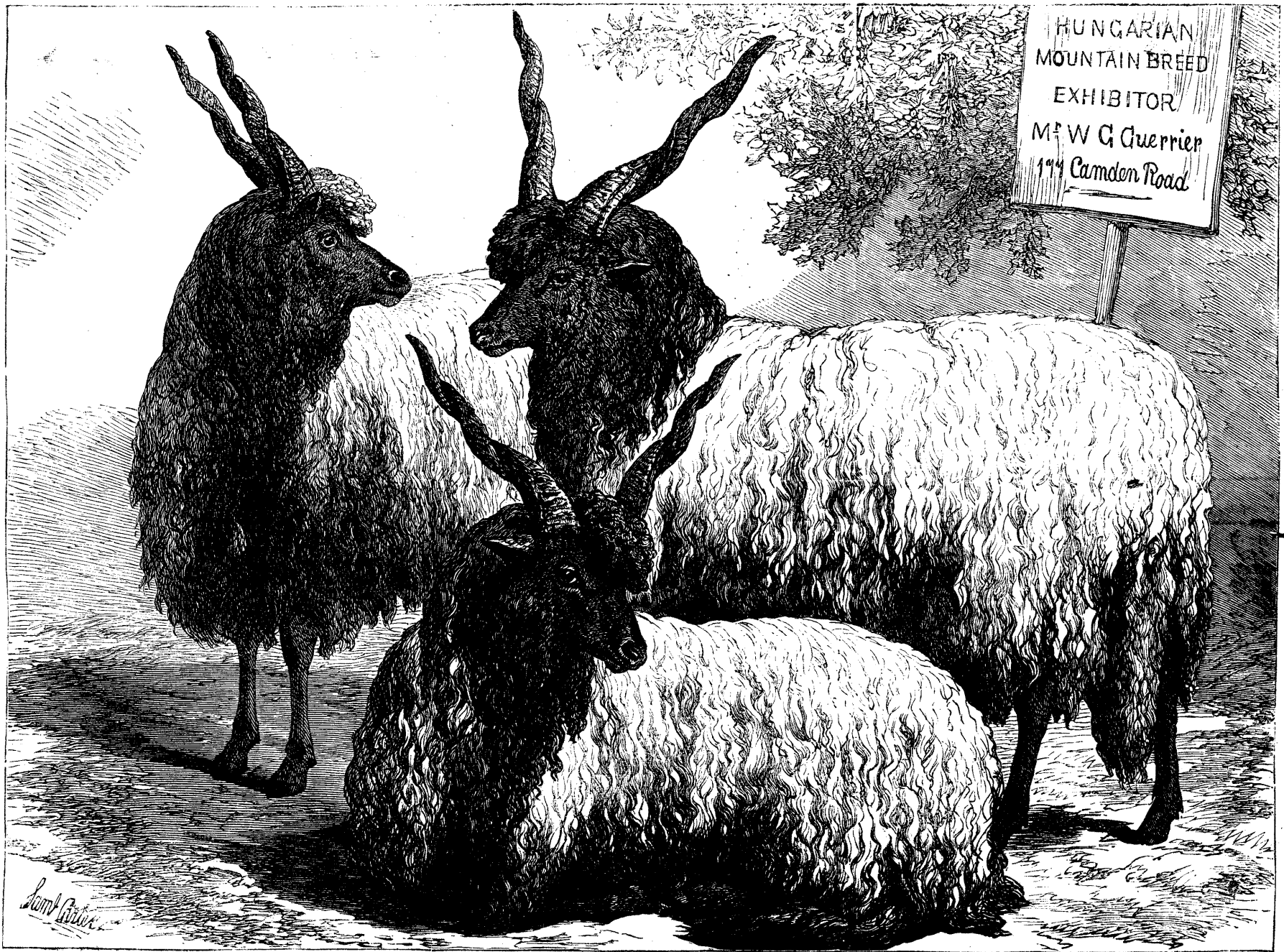


in the wool. Their horns, instead of curling round at the side of the head like a bugle-horn, go out at an angle from the head like those of an ibex, and we hear that this species of horn is peculiar to many of the Hungarian cattle. They were placed, rather to a disadvantage, between a pen of Lonks belonging to Mr. Jonathan Peel and a pen of Scotch black-faced belonging to Mr. McCombie, of Tillyfour, one of which weighed 686 lb. and the other 714 lb. We do not know how their five-year-old mutton would eat, as compared with the four-year-old black-face, whose gravy is said, feelingly, by men of eclectic appetite, "to gush out like brandy" at that age; but they did not give much promise as they stood. In truth, we are afraid that the late Mr. John Moore, of the Old Club, Malton, would not have paused before them, as was his wont when he saw anything especially juicy in a show, and say to himself, "How I should like a steak (or a chop) out of you!"

HUNGARIAN SHEEP.

There is generally some curiosity or other in animal life to break the monotony of the beef and mutton ranks at the Smithfield Club. We have seen Indian bulls, or a curious cross of the kind, with bountiful humps; and last year we had the Eland, which, after being set at a high price by its owner and scornfully refused by butcher after butcher, eventually found its way to a dealer in elephants and "such small deer." This year there was absolutely nothing in the cattle department save a cross between the shorthorn and the Indian cow, in which the latter was completely effaced; but in the sheep department Mr. Guerrier, of 177, Camden-road, exhibited a pen of three Hungarian mountain sheep. They were about sixty months old, and weighed, all together, just 400 lb. In appearance they are not unlike blackfaced Scotch, but far more hairy



HUNGARIAN MOUNTAIN SHEEP AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW.—SEE PAGE 638.