

When the Wiltshire Recter heard that a Bath clergyman, Mr. Bullen, was winning high honors with his pouters at the best shows, his curiosity became so great to see these birds and their owner at home that he hunted them up, and this is a little of what he says of what he saw :

"The Pouter, as most know, requires quite different treatment to any other pigeon. Like a baby if he is shy he is not worth looking at; and as a baby must see company, and be talked to, and drawn out, so must a pouter. He must be familiar to sauciness; far from being afraid of you, be pleased and proud to make your acquaintance. In short he must be made a companion in order to be companionable. To achieve all this and keep his birds in show, Mr. Bullen has given up a room in his house to them—a room looking to the back, which with another tenant would have been the house keeper's room. Here live the Pouters in state, in pens of goodly proportions; and through the open window they can pass into a wired enclosure, the whole space of a town garden being appropriated for their flight. Surely no city living pouters were ever better cared for. The room immediately below the one in which live the pouters—a cellar in fact—is occupied by the feeders, which also have their place of flight as well. These feeders are good sized runts, their size being kept up by an occasional cross with a prize bird. Now let us in thought enter what I will call Mr. Bullen's pouters' parlor, for a papered room in a Bath house is too good to be called a pigeon loft. Around at a suitable height for inspection—that is, about the height of a table, are arranged the spacious pens in which at the time I saw them the birds were confined. Some of the pens are made of smooth, round bars of wood; these Mr. Bullen prefers, as they, unlike the wire, cannot injure a feather. Others are of the usual wire, but of different shapes and sizes. Mr Bullen keeps his birds warm—this is a great point—and they are healthy. The food usually given is peas and tares; in the show season Indian corn and beans. Sand and gravel are at hand. The sexes are separated in the winter season, a plan which is, I believe on the whole the best. I forgot to mention that the pens are 22 inches in height, and two feet broad and deep. An open space is in the middle of the pouter parlor.

All men have not a turn for pigeons, but those who have and are compelled by profession to reside in a city, may take example by Mr. Bullen and see how they can utilize their space and have and enjoy their pets. I could not help noticing anon, what I have often noticed before, how different to all other pigeons is the Pouter. Not alone his upright man-like form—for this bird does stand up like a man and look at you—but how unlike other pigeons he is in gesture and bearing. They are,

as a rule, little flyaway birds; he stands, and stares, and struts near you. How companionable the fellow is; what a social fellow he is; how much more there is in him than in others. He keeps one from being dull, for you cannot feel alone in his company. I have heard of a clergyman who said he used to go out and thin his grapes between the heads of his sermon. Perhaps Mr. Bullen finds petting his Pouters equally successful, and after a run into his "pouter parlor," there come to his mind and pen

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

My Poultry Yards, &c.

Editor Review,

I feel diffident in making a beginning, as, never before having written an article for publication, I am at a loss for such subject matter as would be of sufficient interest and importance to claim the attention of the critical readers of the popular Review.

I will, however, give you a short description of my poultry yards and a partial resume of my work for the year which is now near a close.

The Mount Pleasant Poultry yards, on which I have been located a little over a year, are situated about five miles from Brantford, on the East side of the street leading to the village of Mount Pleasant; and contain 20 acres of land, having a pleasant exposure to the South-east, gradually sloping down from the level of the street, and being well sheltered from the West and North-west. There is a large orchard on this slope. When I came here there was, besides the dwelling house, a large barn, and I erected on the North and East sides of it, two large lean-to houses—the one on the South containing 8 pens, 8 by 10 feet, and the other containing 4 pens, 8 by 12 feet, with passage way and double room of coops on inside for single birds. Into these houses I brought part of my stock from my previous place of business. Since that time I have erected 8 new houses in places easy of access, and in sheltered situations on the slope of the hill. Each of these houses contain two or three pens each, with cages on the side for single birds, and with an outside run to each of about 8 by 30 feet. I am just now finishing a large new house running North and South, 120 feet long by 18 feet wide, with 12 pens, with outside runs for each pen, 10 by 30 feet, passage way, and double row of coops for single birds. I would like to have given you the plan and elevation of this house, as the arrangements and conveniences are the most complete of any poultry house I have seen, and I think it could be adapted to the requirements of any one who needs to build a new poultry house.

I am breeding about 60 varieties of land and water fowls, all my houses being now full, and