

up grandly by showing that our separating grain from straw, and grinding the latter, was all artificial and due to man's interference. But when the animal gathered its food in a wild state it did gather the stalk and grain together and so did it chew them together, as in his, the method advised by him. Now if we have any uncertainty as to how young birds were fed, and the amount of exercise taken by them gaining their food, let us take an animal which has also been domesticated, and yet is still not subject to man for their supply of food, like the sheep, being supplied by the dams. Domestication has not interfered with the arrangement of nature. Now what means the constant running and skipping of the young lambs, is this not the fulfilling of a necessary condition of sound, strong, physical development? Certainly. Then when we coop up the mother hen and fill the young chicks to repletion are we not interfering with the natural laws of physical improvement, and when the farmer's hen brings out her chicks from under a rail pile and drags them about from place to place is she not fulfilling this natural law? Of course, if there be an undue scarcity of food, too much dragging may be done, but from time to time the hen stops and broods the chicks, as if to impart a stimulant to further exertion, and if one in that flock is not able to stand this ordeal he succumbs, and we prove in this case. And so when we supply it as the lamb is supplied we should, at the same time, fix in its nature the disposition to jump, and hop, and frisk.

So I conclude that we lay the foundation of the "roup" and other diseases in adult fowls by a violation of nature's laws in youth. What is leg weakness? simply arising from this same violation, not because the bird grows too fast but because it is not sufficiently packed, if I may be allowed the expression. And we violate this natural law all through life. When our hens receive their orthodox warm stuff in the morning

what do they do all day? why just sit about and die gradually.

ROUP.

BY J. M. CARSON.

To answer the question before me, viz., the causes of roup, &c., would require me to write a whole book on the subject before it would be exhausted, and even then the question would still remain to a certain extent in obscure darkness. However, the principal cause of Roup in my opinion, is a cold, damp, wet and dirty floor, in this case a warm house is of very little advantage if the floor is such and the ventilation imperfect.

You may freeze a fowl to death by cold and open houses, but it will neither die of Roup or take it, this will prove to you the importance of free ventilation. Such fowls, however, and fowl houses, I would say must be perfectly free from the germs of the disease. In my opinion the disease becomes hereditary, caused by breeding from rousy fowls from year to year which have been partly or apparently cured of the disease, and whose heads should have been cut off when from three to six months old. But after the disease is once established around the premises of any breeder, and where fowls have rotted and died of the disease, I mean the chronic form of the disease, and where the very buildings are saturated with germs of the disease, I claim that any fowl or breed of fows, even the barn-door fowl, will take the disease.

For the acute or violent form of the disease, which is evidenced by a sudden swelling of the head with frothy eyes, I have found nothing better than large chunks of butter and brown pepper, say the size of a large hazel-nut, three or four times a day for two or three days until it purges the fowl. This has cured mine in nearly every

case if taken in time. As for chronic Roup, when the inside of the head begins to rot, I never could do anything for it, nor do I believe there is a person living on earth who can.

"RAH FOR YANKEE DOODLE!"

Editor Review:—

It gave me great pleasure to read in the March No. of REVIEW the letter from its old time Editor, MR. JAS. FULLERTON. It was in his day I first became acquainted with our Canadian journal, and I much regret that the pleasure I anticipated of a personal acquaintance with that gentleman was not realized. And I often wondered that we lost sight so entirely of that staunch friend of the REVIEW. Let us hope he will now fall in line.

If there is one quality I admire in a man more than in another, it is overwhelming admiration for his pets. I hereby bow, and make my bow, "sal-aam" to MR. HEWITT; he "is in deep," and no mistake. MR. EDITOR, I am afraid to let my tears fall (for fear of blots.) But, there is, alas, no more glory, usefulness, or beauty, in any breed but the "Red Caps." I look at my noble Langshan, my stately Brahma, and all the other unfortunate breeds I have been heretofore thoughtlessly imagining were beautiful and good; and the tears will start when I think they must hide their diminished heads and retire vanquished before this out and out, extra superior yet-to-be-tried (in this country) new breed of Red Caps. I fancy I can hear the death rattle in MR. BOGUS' poor Dorkings, "WILLIE McNEIL's (worthless now) Cochins and Hamburgs, and all the useless, worthless trash we have been fondly, oh! so fondly cherishing. In the midst of grief, I cannot help wishing that "Hold Hingland" had found out the superior excellence of the "Red Caps" before she had deluge!