

James M. Lambing's Letter.

Editor Review,

It is a long time since you heard from me, but you may be sure I have not forgotten the REVIEW nor its genial editor. The fact is, between business and rheumatism I have been kept pretty busy night and day—the former by day, the latter by night. But I am still a chicken fancier, yet in a small way, as getting ready to change my place I have sent all my stock out but Light Brahmas and Black Hamburgs, and these are the only ones I have this season.

Well, the tail end of the longest winter I ever saw is beginning to make its appearance, and the boys can now begin to set the hens and get ready for the seasons campaign. Asiatics ought now to be out of the shell and getting a start so as to go out doors as soon as the weather will permit. For if not out now it will be hard to get them large enough for the winter shows, and impossible to show them at the early shows. For the smaller varieties, however, we have more time, and need not get to work on them yet, but can wait for the warmer days to come. But of this I may say more next time.

Well, how did your stock do last winter? I found with us poultry did fully as well, if not better, than last winter, for although cold it was not changeable, and consequently more healthy. I find but little roup in my neighborhood, and no complaint of diseased stock.

I see by the REVIEW the boys still have their sport at the shows, and of course do not all see alike. Well that is quite natural, and in fact we cannot expect to entirely agree on the fowl question. Even on the Standard of Excellence it is hard to unite all and make the crooked ways straight.

Exhibitions have been pretty successful the past season, showing that the interest in fancy poultry is still as strong as ever. And from the enquiries I am having for eggs and stock I am satisfied those having good stock will have a liberal patronage the coming summer. I see also our Western friends are waking up to the poultry fancy, and from friends at Denver I learn that were it not for the exorbitant express charges we could sell large quantities of fancy stock in that country. But next month I will give you something more readable on chicken matters.

JAMES M. LAMBING.

Parker's Landing, March 7th, 1881.

A thorough cleaning up of the hen-houses and yards is now in order, and should not be delayed. Lime wash, coal oil and carbolic acid will do their work more effectually now than in the very hot weather

Artificial Incubation.

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(Continued.)

I judged if dung could be applied with any success, it must be by constructing a sort of chicken oven over it; that is by disposing it so that it might surround some great cavity which it should warm the air of, and by contriving methods of knowing from time to time the degree of the heat of that air, and of increasing or diminishing it as one should find proper, and that in that air the eggs ought to be placed because of its being always kept in an exact temperature, and because it was there and no where else one might hope to see chickens hatched. I thought it proper to begin by trying if two beds of dung not so wide as those of our kitchen gardens, and that should like those be parted by a narrow path, would not completely answer all these views. All I added to so plain a construction was, that I filled each extremity of the path with dung about two feet and a half. I had by this measure an oblong oven or a long deep cavity of nearly three feet and a half, the air of which was continually warmed by the dung. A cover made with a couple of broad boards completed this oven; it was designed to hinder the air from being too easily removed, and to confine it long enough to give it time to grow warm. Rough and coarse as this construction was it wanted no essential part of which the intended experiments required. The sides of this long rectangular oven being warm of themselves, warmed the air which they helped to confine, and it was easy to know at any instant the degree of heat by consulting thermometers placed in the different parts and corners of the oven. A few days after it had been constructed the thermometer informed me the heat of the oven was greater than that I wanted. As soon as it was abated and was reduced to the degree desired, I introduced two hundred eggs into the oven. The greater part of the said eggs were ranged upon shelves, and the rest put in baskets, but I made certain that they were all kept very nearly in the same degree of heat they would have had under a hen.

I could hardly let the first four and twenty hours pass without attempting to view the affect which a well proportioned and well managed heat had produced in the eggs. I broke two, in which I had the pleasure to see the beating of the little heart, which was by this time unfolded; to see the small drop of blood that was sufficient to fill it, enter into it, and then see it go out of it. This was a sight which a naturalist could not be tired of were it to last much longer than it does, it always ends too