

New Jersey is also a pretty good country for poultry breeding. There are some parts of Monmouth County where the soil is easy of culture, and the presence of great supplies of marl enables the farmer to make his land exceedingly productive. On the other hand, Bergen County is more picturesque, and the lover of mountain scenery will find there much to interest his mind and lift his imagination above the monotony of common life. But in one respect poultry breeding is like virtue—it makes comparatively little difference where it is practiced. The point is to practice it with judgment and perseverance; and, as we have no doubt that our correspondents will exercise these qualities in their new business, we wish them all the success that their industry and their skill may deserve. The same intellectual gifts which make a man a great statesman or a great poet will also make him a great poultry breeder. Our final advice to these young men and to all our other readers is, pay as you go!

Referring to the above I would like to add a few words about my experience with Plymouth Rocks. I have always found them just right. The only hens I have laying at the present time are Plymouth Rock hens and pullets, although I have Brown Leghorns, Langshans, rose-comb and White Leghorns, but seemingly as soon as the weather freezes everything up, it freezes all the other breeds up except the Plymouth Rocks, and they keep panning out the eggs on the same feed and the same care as the other birds. The other letter which follows, in relation to in-breeding, I consider good and worthy of a trial. It is from Mr. Wm. H. Brewer, an authority on the laws of breeding. He says he knows of no case where a new breed has been made out of *two* well-defined ones, the new breed having the excellences of the others, or even the excellences of a first cross. It is a common experience, he continues, that while the first or earlier crosses are reasonably uniform, successive crosses vary greatly. On the other hand, numerous examples may be given of new breeds being formed from the crosses of several, and then, by long continued selection of animals having the desired qualities, from three several breeds. Mr. Brewer further says:

"Again, it is a common experience, particularly in breeding for flesh (but it is true of all character), that in crossbred animals for one or two generations the cross breeds may be better as animals of use than *either* of the parent stocks. But this excellence cannot be maintained with a sufficient uniformity to insure profit. In truth, the whole and sole reason of the enormous prices which thoroughbred animals of various kinds bring, of a long proved pedigree, is not because of the superior excellence of those animals themselves as animals of use, but simply because their characters are transmitted, and those of equally as good mong-

rels are not. The crossing of different breeds of sheep for mutton or for particular grades of wool will long be continued, and is very profitable in many directions; but it is only profitable, so far as I have been able to hear, where these rules are obeyed, and we frequently go back to the pure breed, on one side or the other, for keeping up the excellence.

Now why not in-breed our Plymouth Rock fowls as Mr. James proposes if we want to get size, markings, &c? I am going to try two pens of Plymouth Rocks this season and in-breed them, and two others. I am going to introduce cockerels of the best blood I can secure. In the fall I may be able to give some particulars as to the result of the plan I propose to follow in the spring of 1883.

Yours &c.,

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Morrisburg, Dec. 4th, 1882.

Transportation of Live Birds by Sea.

BY W. H. THICK, OTTAWA.

Some fifteen years ago it was my good fortune to get from my friend, Mr. Bartlett, the curator of the Zoological Gardens, Regent Park, London, England, a student's ticket, admitting me to the Gardens at any time for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the nature and habits of the various birds kept in the grounds. On one occasion, while walking with Mr. Bartlett, we were met by the keeper of the lions' cages, who had huddled up in his arms and covered in the breast of his coat, what appeared at first to me to be two young Newfoundland puppies, but a closer look revealed them to be newly born cubs of the lioness. The royal beast had just given birth to twins, and the keeper was taking them away for the purpose of showing them to Mr. Bartlett. They were weak and delicate, and the keeper had great doubts about rearing them. His fears were well founded, for I believe they died a few days after. "Would you like to take a walk to the pheasantry?" said Mr. Bartlett. I cheerfully acquiesced. "You will I think, see something that will delight you. The keeper has just told me that the Reeves pheasant is in an amiable and amatory mood, and is about to display his charms to his mate. It is seldom we have the chance of seeing the glory of the feathers of his ruff and we like to take advantage of every opportunity." We then turned our steps in the direction of the pheasantry, passing the houses of the storks and pelicans, gorgeous in their plumage, and arriving at the spot were met by the keeper with a caution to walk quietly and peep at the bird, who was strutting around his mate, ruffling his feathers and making a peculiar purring noise. "Look! look!" whispered Mr. Bartlett, and suddenly the brown and rather dingy