

**THE PLEASURES AND
PROFITS OF OUR
LITTLE POULTRY FARM**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649434473

The Pleasures and Profits of Our Little Poultry Farm by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**THE PLEASURES AND
PROFITS OF OUR
LITTLE POULTRY FARM**

**THE PLEASURES AND PROFITS OF
OUR LITTLE POULTRY FARM.**

THE PLEASURES AND PROFITS
OF
OUR LITTLE POULTRY FARM

"No profit grows where is no pleasure taken."

SHAKESPEARE.



LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY
1879

189. g. 250.

INTRODUCTION.

WE are sure no justification is required for bringing the following pages under public consideration. At the present moment, when the provision question is the most important subject of the day, any endeavour to solve the problem of food supply, by showing how to develop our national resources, by making home produce plentiful, will, we are convinced, receive serious attention from all who are interested in the prosperity of our country.

In the statement of our successes we have simply recorded our *bonâ-fide* experiences, and we hope we shall be the means of exciting emu-

lation and causing an extension of so interesting a pursuit as poultry-farming in England, so that the diligent may derive profit and the patriotic feel less dependent upon the domestic industry of foreign countries.

THE PLEASURES AND PROFITS
OF
OUR LITTLE POULTRY FARM.

It happens to many people at some period of their existence that they become unaccountably possessed with a desire to break through the trammels of conventionality, and, although apparently surrounded with every accessory of enjoyment, forego the amenities of what is called polite society, to seek for keener happiness under more humble conditions—to descend, as it were, from the cold regions of the world's heights for the sake of tasting the more sterling pleasures afforded by the peaceful valleys below. We all know the charm of change is so great to most of us, that even those whom circumstances have rendered almost as inseparably attached to their domiciles as the snail is to his habitation find it occasionally desirable to migrate, if only

“from the blue bed to the brown,” while the more free and enterprising sigh for those “fresh woods and pastures new” which temptingly lie open to the conquest of all who have health, energy, and liberty to set forth and enjoy them. Some years ago, without our having to our knowledge any taint of Bohemianism about us, we grew restless, the restrictions of London life chafed our spirit, and we began to indulge in a day-dream of not only taking our usual summer fitting to the country, but of leaving the busy turmoil of town for good, and permanently establishing ourselves in some rural spot where the enjoyment of sacred quiet and pastoral joys would more than compensate us for losing the empty honour of being considered citizens of the world. This vague longing for emancipation soon assumed the shape of a definite intention to achieve our wishes. Our ideal was a rustic retreat of the smallest dimensions, far away from noisy neighbours, yet not altogether out of the world. But how was it possible to discover the envied little Elysium we had fixed our hearts upon? We were ambitious of *buying*, not

merely renting, a place. Most diligently we applied ourselves to studying the estate sales advertised in the London daily papers, and we likewise provided ourselves with the provincial newspapers of the localities we thought most desirable. We also consulted agents. Country quarters appeared plentiful enough in every direction, and, according to the descriptions given of them, their attractions were perfectly irresistible, and appeared to embody everything we wanted; but when we came to make inquiries or venture upon an inspection—which in many cases was an expensive exploit—the reality fell sadly short of the picture that had been presented to our view. As a last resource, we resolved to advertise for what we wanted, *i.e.* a small freehold detached cottage and a few acres of land. We received many answers to our advertisement, but in every instance the property offered was, both in size and price, very wide of our requirements. Residential estates instead of small rustic homesteads were all we could hear of, except in some cases where we ascertained to our cost that what had been