

the best blood in England, although about the worst birds sold that day. I had not then pluck enough to face the bidders; but it is a day to be remembered, for I there first made Mr. Hague's acquaintance, since grown into friendship, and I have experienced very great kindness, and my children also, from him. In the same way I made many other friends, Fowl or Pigeon fanciers, so that some good at any rate is to be got out of it. But to return, having a spare hen, and seeing an advertisement of Mr. Potter's, I went there and saw a sight I should be glad to see again, a loft of about 130 Carriers, nothing else, and such birds, of course greater then in my estimation than they would be now. But the greater treat was to come, when I visited Mr. Hague by appointment, and saw Blacks, Duns, and Blues, the best in England. I was now of course fairly bitten; with small means, and but small knowledge, could I ever succeed. To mate the hen I bought a good cock from Potter, and on bringing it home a little anecdote about a certain gentleman and his money was related to me. Nevertheless when placed in a basket on the dining-room table he was much admired, and as it afterwards turned out realized some forty pounds sterling.

At the end of this year, 1858, I was ordered to move—here was an upset of my Carrier breeding, but I took advantage of Mr. Stevens' auction at 38, King street, Covent Garden, and under the timid title of *Amateur*, sent up my birds, (reserving at home only two pairs, which I considered as many as I could conveniently carry). My astonishment may be imagined when a bird, one month old, sold for £1 6 0. I began to think I was in the right direction but wrong in selling such a bird—but I could not pull him out in a railway car and feed him, so consoled myself with that. I came home quite plucky from

this sale, having paid all expenses and cleared £5., which also I think astonished my friends, as the Pigeons were looked upon with more favor. After this, I invested this five pounds in one bird, and not to be tedious, weeded out every autumn, and any proceeds investing in good birds. I had the satisfaction from 1859 to 1863 to be mentioned whenever I showed, and in the latter year, to take a first, two seconds, a third, highly commended, and commended, at the August show, at Crystal Palace, Sydenham. This was about as quick a career as any ignoramus could well expect,—being also filled in with prizes at other places in England. After this I was compelled to sell off, being ordered to Canada, where you are aware I again began with three pairs only and with unbeaten success. My loft was again broken up by an order for England, afterwards countermanded, and it was at this time I sent some very well bred birds to New York. I may say I gave them away—fortunately keeping a few enabled me to bring home nine the following year, and took with descendants of the old stock, the honors you mention in your March issue. This then is a condensed account of my Carrier career, omitting details which would be irksome to most of your readers.

I will try and explain how I managed to rear and breed them, but the subject is a difficult one, and to breed a good Carrier is about as hard a bit of fancy work as I know,—for instance the exact number of points in the head to begin with—but I don't intend to go into the points in detail, the Pigeon books will give you all that. To breed a Carrier you must be a Carrier fancier, I don't think you can take it up, although good at other sorts of Pigeons, its a life's study I may say. I really don't think I could judge a large show of Carriers, but I ought to be able to do so. I should undertake the task with diffidence. And now let me explain my mode of breeding and rearing Carriers.

*To be continued,*