

Don, which has its home across the Tweed, the noble Yorkshire, the majestic Manchester Coppy, with its self-colored crest overhanging its eyes like the thatch of a penthouse, a very Skye terrier, and other varieties of lesser note all beautiful and engaging, are they inmates of your breeding cages?

The prettiest of our English Finches, the liveliest, merriest, and withal the tamest of his tribe, the Goldfinch; the sturdy Bullfinch; and that delicious songster the Linnet, all of whom have apparently such powers of fascination that but few Canary hens can resist their attentions—do they ever form a part of your consignments of British birds? And taking advantage of the great willingness with which they form an alliance with the Canary, do you ever try to produce those remarkable hybrids, evidences of some frail maiden having loved “not wisely but too well,” and whose family indicate only too closely the direction in which her truant affections have strayed? But not always; for while the greater portion of Goldfinch and Canary mules show unmistakable evidences of their paternity, other rare and consequently valuable specimens bear strong resemblance to their erring mother, having a spotless plumage, and only a faint blush on their faces to show their relationship to the gay little fellow, the impress of whose rosy cheeks they wear. Others, variegated with marvellous beauty and exactness and having the brilliant colors of the Finch intensified by combination with their own bright plumage, occupy the highest positions at our exhibitions, and happy is the man who is the fortunate possessor of a strain of hens which, departing from the usual beaten track, present him with these fair gems in place of the more usual result of the pairing of the Canary and Goldfinch, a family of Creoles.

I ask these questions for information,

knowing nothing of the position of this “fancy” in America; and if there be any desire to know further about the breeding and rearing of these universal favorites, an occupation replete with the deepest interest and becoming alike to the high and the low, gentle and simple, learned and rude, young and old, I shall be happy to supplement this my first chat with the New World by a few hints for the guidance of those who may wish to put up, as we say here, a few pairs either for the purpose of breeding high class specimens for exhibition, or simply having the pleasure of studying their habits during the interesting period of incubation, a matter which has always been a subject of wonder and contemplation to the greyest head amongst us—ever since the day when a grey head, long since laid low, lifted us in his strong arms and showed us in the ivy-covered wall or old hawthorn bush, that marvel of instinct and constructive skill—the wonder and admiration of all time, and sublime illustration of His care of His creatures, without whose knowledge “not even a sparrow falleth to the ground,”—a bird’s nest.

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THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

GODERICH, Oct. 1, 1871.

EDITOR POULTRY CHRONICLE.

DEAR SIR,—I dare say I am a stranger to you, although I sometimes see your valuable little monthly which treats of poultry matters. I have been a breeder of Cochins and Bramhas for some time back, and feeling curious to see what other breeders could show, I took a holiday and paid a visit to the ancient city of Kingston on the occasion of the last Provincial Exhibition, expecting to see a large number of fine birds and that the best birds would get the prizes. In the first place I was not disappointed; there was the largest and finest collec-