DAILY DISPATCH.

VOL. XX.---NO. 86. RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1861. PRICE TWO CENTS.

Richmond Dispatch.

BY COWARDIN & HAMMERSLEY.

THE DAILY DISPATCH is served to subscribers at TWELVE CENTS PER WEEK, payable to the Carrier weekly. Price for mailing, $5 a year, or $3 for six months, in advance.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY DISPATCH is issued every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at $3, in advance.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH is issued every FRIDAY, and mailed to subscribers at $2 per annum.

Richmond Dispatch.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

1 square, 1 day	$0.50	1 square, 6 days	$1.50
1...do...2 days	0.75	1...do...7 days	1.75
1...do...3 days	1.00	1...do...13 days	3.00
1...do...4 days	1.25	1...do...1 month	5.00

Larger advertisements in exact proportion.

Advertisements published until forbid will be charged 50 cts. per square of EIGHT LINES for the first insertion, and 25 cts. for each continuance.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR MERCHANTS AND WHOLESALE BUYERS.

SCARCE AND DESIRABLE STAPLE GOODS.

We have in store, and are receiving from various Southern markets, the following Goods:

500 Soldiers' and Bed BLANKETS.
15 cases Bleached Long CLOTHS.
5 cases Fancy Cold and Mourning PRINTS.
20 bales White and Colored FLANNELS.
5 cases Wool Plaid LINSEYS.
2 cases Bleached DRILLINGS.
1 case Colored CAMBRICS.
1 case Rice do.
Brown Linen DUCKS.
Printed Mosalia DE LAINES.
Black and Colored ALPACAS.
Lupin's Black BOMBAZINES.
Black and Colored Silk finished VELVETS.
Black Italian CLOTHS.
Black SATINETS.
Gray Military CLOTHS and CASSIMERES.
India Rubber COATS and LEGGINGS.
Black and Colored SEWING SILK.
" " Patent THREADS.
White SPOOL COTTON, 6 cord.
Pant and Front BUTTONS.
Machine Thread PINS.
Merino SHIRTS and DRAWERS.
Steel HOOP SKIRTS.

With a large stock of—

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

For ladies' and men's wear, which we offer for sale at wholesale and retail.

oc 11—3t WATKINS & PICKLEN.

GENUINE HAVANA CIGARS—Of the most approved brands, (via New Orleans.) Also, the very best LIQUORS and WINES, in bottles and on draught; LONDON PORTER, &c.

BOTTLES WANTED.—The highest cash prices paid for EMPTY BOTTLES, at No. 4 Exchange Block. [oc 11—2t] C. R. BRICKEN.

ENCOURAGE SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.

Do so, and especially if you can obtain as desirable Goods, without paying any more for them than their actual worth. The

CRENSHAW WOOLEN COMPANY,

OF THIS CITY,

Organized last year, and in order to make such Goods as would not compete with, but would rather aid other Southern manufactures by furnishing grades and styles of Goods that have never heretofore been made in Virginia, they filled their Mill with machinery of the best and finest quality. They are now manufacturing FINE CASSIMERES and CLOTHS of every variety, from Fine Virginia Merino and Mestize Wool, and solicit the attention of the trade in the South to their Goods. All who have seen their ARMY CLOTHS, manufactured at first expressly for the Virginia Military Institute, pronounce them at least equal, if not superior in quality, to those they had been buying heretofore, and quite as cheap.

The Virginia State and Central Agricultural Societies, at their Fair held in this city, in October last, awarded to this Company a GOLD MEDAL for their exhibition of Woolen Goods, which included some beautiful SHAWLS, BLANKETS, &c.

Purchasers may rely upon every piece of Goods manufactured by us being what it is represented, and under no circumstances will this Company be induced to work shoddy in their Goods, nor will they card any cotton with their wool.

LEWIS D. CRENSHAW, Pres't.

SAMUEL P. MITCHELL, WELLINGTON GODDIN, JOHN H. MONTAGUE, P. W. HARWOOD, } Directors.

As Agents for the sale of the Goods manufactured by the CRENSHAW WOOLEN COMPANY, of RICHMOND, VA., we have now on hand about 20,000 yards of Fine, Plain and Fancy Single and Double Milled CASSIMERES and CLOTHS, besides a lot of FINE BLANKETS and GENTLEMEN'S SHAWLS—and are manufacturing at the rate of 4,000 yards per week; all of which we offer to the trade at fair prices and on liberal terms, with entire confidence that the enterprise will receive a liberal support.

CRENSHAW & CO., Agents.

se 20—dts Richmond, Va.

HEALTH, HEALTH—BETTER THAN GOLD!

MISS MARY SCOFIELD, PRECEPTRESS, No. 630, BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE—"*Truth Stranger than Fiction.*"—This lady suffered for years with Chronic Inflammatory Rheumatism in its most malignant form. She first contracted the disease when two years old, by being vaccinated with matter from a child who had the white swelling. From this time to womanhood her sufferings were extreme—she never had relief from pain until cured by HAMPTON'S TINCTURE.

[An Extract from the Letter.]

"I often wish my parents had known of this remedy when I was a child, as I believe it should have been saved the excruciating pain I have been subjected to, as well as the deformity of body I must carry to the grave, and my parents would not have been under such heavy expenses from doctors' bills and in sending me, as they did, to the celebrated Springs in England in search of health. I wish all the afflicted world could see me and hear the benefits I have derived from this Tincture of Hampton's. I try to make all acquainted with its virtues with whom I come in contact.

"Gentlemen, I am a thousand times obliged to you, and you are at liberty to use my name and case with.

"I remain yours in gratitude,

"MARY A. SCOFIELD,

"No. 630 West Baltimore street."

Rheumatism, Cough, Dyspepsia, Debility, Scrofula, Eyes, Pain in the side, Back, &c., are cured by it.

FEMALES AND CHILDREN.—This TINCTURE will be found a great medicine for all their diseases.

Call and get Pamphlets, and read many of the most powerful possible certificates of cures of the above diseases of our own citizens.

Sold by PURCELL, LADD & CO., Richmond; by DR. COOKE, Fredericksburg; by all the Druggists in Petersburg; by MORTIMER & MOWBRAY, Baltimore; and by Druggists and Shopkeepers everywhere. $1 per bottle; six bottles, $5.

ap 1—d&ewts

THE GREAT VIRGINIA REMEDY and no HUMBUG.—PETERS' INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR GONNORRHŒA AND ALL SECRET DISEASES.—This great American remedy, containing no Mercurial or Balsamic properties, excels everything heretofore offered to the public in its curative, restorative, and renovating powers; and the medical world are astonished when told that the above remedy will cure the above diseases, and confounded when they have ocular demonstrations of the facts. But the proprietor, who has known of the remedy for twenty-odd years, has known of a case of twenty years' standing to be restored to perfect health, and all other cases of shorter duration to be restored, without a single exception, and therefore challenges any case of Gonorrhœ which the remedy will not cure, provided the directions are carried out with prudence on the part of the patient; and any one purchasing half a dozen bottles, and using accordingly, in his or her case, he guarantees a perfect cure; and in cases of failure, will furnish additional medicine, free of charge, to complete the cure, through his agents; and a cure will be effected without inconvenience to the patient.

Price per bottle, $2; half dozen bottles, $10; Expressage from 25 to 50 cts.

Sold by APPERSON & DUPUY, No. 261 Broad street, and O. A. STRECKER, Main street, Druggists, agents for the city of Richmond. Sold, also, by M. A. & C. A. SANTOS, Norfolk, and CHAS. B. CAMPBELL and WILSON & WILLIAMS, Portsmouth, Va. an 19—6m*

OFFICE SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY.

THE MANAGERS OF HOSPITALS in this city will please leave their ADDRESS at this office, that I may know where to deliver their freight.

an 31—ts J. F. GIBSON, Agent.

OFFICE SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

All GOODS AND PARCELS for Manassa and Fairfax must be prepaid before leaving this office.

an 31—ts J. F. GIBSON, Agent.

BURNING FLUID—For sale by JNO. W. GARLICK, Apothecary, Market Place, Fro-klin street.

oc 4

RUNAWAYS.

RUNAWAY.—From the Spotswood Hotel, during last week, a negro BOY, called BILLY. He belongs to Mr. Erasmus Taylor, near Warrenton, Va.; is of dark color; low and thick set; slow and surly in manner and movements. Any one returning him to the office of the Spotswood Hotel, will be suitably rewarded. oc 10—3t

RUNAWAY—FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Runaway, on the 5th of August, my NEGRO WOMAN, named BETTY; about 28 years old, five feet four inches high, black, who washed to Joseph Davis on Broad street. She has a mark on the face, in consequence of a mustard plaster she had on, which place is darker. She has children in Cumberland county, where I bought her of Mr. J. M. Price. She is probably in this city, or has made her way to Mr. Price's. I will give the above reward, if delivered to me here, or if lodged in jail in the county or city.

oc 7—1m* JOSEPH STERN.

RUNAWAY.—Ran away from the Coal Mines, in Orange county, on the 15th of this month, my boy, FREDERICK. Said boy is a bright mulatto, stout built, about 21 years of age; has a downward look when spoken to; about 5 feet 6 inches high. I will give a reward of $25 for the securing of him in Lumpkin's Jail, so that I get him again. GEORGE W. PARKER,

se 26—1m* Isle of Wight co., Va.

WINTER OATS.—Prime Winter Oats, for sale by EDWIN WORTHAM & CO.

Richmond Dispatch.

SATURDAY MORNING.....OCT. 12, 1861.

FROM NORFOLK.

More Federal Vessels Ashore—Dismay of the Yankees—Native Tea, &c.

Our Norfolk letter of yesterday informed the readers of the *Dispatch* of the stranding of several Federal vessels along the coast. The following additional news comes in a subsequent letter, dated on the same day:

NORFOLK, Oct. 10, 1.15 P. M., 1861.

A large Federal transport steamer has gone ashore in Lynnhaven Bay. General Huger, on receiving the gratifying intelligence, has sent down a detachment of artillery, with rifled cannon, to the scene of adventure. The Yankees cannot run far, and it is very stormy.

Two Federal schooners, loaded with stone, are reported ashore near Cape Henry, and will be duly attended to by our watchful troops stationed along the coast. Four men have drifted ashore from one of the schooners in a boat, and have been taken prisoners. They say the object is to abandon Hatteras Inlet; after which, the Federals would abandon Hatteras Island, as being rather too tough for them this stormy season.

Recently the trade in Yo-pon tea has increased in this city and vicinity, the price of the article from China having considerably advanced, as well as that of sugar and coffee. The Yo-pon tea is produced in the lower section of Princess Anne county, and along the coast of North Carolina. A dealer here has changed the name, and advertised Pungo-Hyson Tea which he sells at $1.25 per *bushel*. It is jocularly asserted that the King of Pungo has prohibited the sale of Pungo-Hyson tea, at a higher price than the above figures. This tea is said to be a wholesome beverage, and is used by persons who cannot afford to pay the high prices of that which is so skillfully manipulated by John Chinaman.

The King of Pungo is a well-known hero, who fought bravely in the Mexican war, is now an officer of the Confederate Army and on duty near this city.

[For the Richmond Dispatch.]

ON TO WASHINGTON?

BY GEO. FITZHUGH.

Although the exertions of the North in carrying on war against us, the magnitude of its preparations and the number of its forces have far exceeded any apprehensions we entertained when hostilities commenced, yet its success has fallen still further short of those apprehensions. We feared, yet expected, and were prepared to bear up against, an invasion into the very heart of the South. We knew that each step of advance, on their part, would weaken their force and increase our means of defence. Had the "Grand Army" fought at Culpeper Court-House instead of Manassa, the "Grand Army" would now have been a thing of the past. The fate of Braddock, Burgoyne, Cornwallis, Ross, and Packenham had taught us to believe that any serious invasion of the South would be attended with utter destruction to the invaders.

But, instead of invading us, our enemy has been exhausting his resources, both in men and money, in defeating Washington. They now boast that it is impregnable as Gibraltar. We do not believe that, but on the contrary think that with immense loss of life on our part, we might take it; yet it is certainly their strongest point, defended as it is by the broad Potomac, by their fleet, which commands its navigation, by immense artificial fortifications, and by an army of a hundred and fifty thousand men. It is their strongest point, and they invite and advise us to attack it. Shall we turn foolhardy and swear like the school-boys that "we won't take a dare," or shall we assail them where they are weakest, not where they are strongest?

Suppose they winter in Washington, is not that failure on their part; success on ours? When they look coolly at their position next spring, and see that after a year of active hostilities, after many disastrous defeats and no victories, after the loss in camp, or on the battle-field of a hundred thousand lives, and after the expenditure of five hundred millions of dollars, they have not even begun to invade the South; but, on the contrary, have lost Missouri and Kentucky, which belonged to them when the war began—and almost lost Maryland—is it probable that they will be disposed to carry on any longer so hopeless a war?

But if we could take Washington, would it be advisable to do so? So far, the North has expended almost all its men and means in defending that city. It has few forces or munitions of war to send to Missouri or Kentucky, or to Western Virginia; but, on the contrary, is continually removing forces from the West to strengthen its capital and increase its Pretorian Guard; so that, no matter what becomes of the Republic, the sacred persons of Lincoln, Scott, and McClellan, shall receive no detriment. The defence of Washington has completely paralyzed the strength of the North. If we take it, Lincoln's body guard of a hundred and fifty thousand will be at once available as a force wherewith to invade the South.

Cincinnati and Philadelphia have none of the strength of position, natural or artificial, which Washington enjoys, and are much more inviting points of attack.

If we march into Maryland, we must leave half of our army on this side to prevent the enemy's advance on Richmond. Then, the two divisions of our army would have a very precarious and inadequate means of intercommunication, or of concerted action, whilst the enemy, holding the Potomac with abundant means of speedy transportation, could, at any time, bring his whole force to bear on either half of ours. Besides, New York and Pennsylvania would send another hundred thousand men, in a week, into Maryland, to defend the capital. Whence could we obtain any considerable number of troops wherewith to strengthen an invading army? How long would it take to recruit them and bring them to the shores of the Potomac? And, when brought there, what surety have we that we could transport them into Maryland?

We shall do well if we compel our enemies to winter in Washington. Shall we risk everything in the rash and perilous effort to do better? When time, means, and opportunity combine to make it prudent and advisable to "On to Washington," we have no doubt our army will march to the assault. Until then, we may quietly repose on the laurels which we have already won in many a field. Besides, if we are not advancing in the East we are advancing in the West, where there are no precious souls like Lincoln, Scott, and McClellan to be guarded and defended. On the whole, the war has everywhere been conducted with success and ability on our part, and we can see no room for complaint or repining.

THE STEAMER PATRICK HENRY.—The following extract from a private letter has been furnished to the Charleston *Courier*:

C. S. STEAMSHIP PATRICK HENRY, Off Mulberry Island, on James River, Va. }

Dear ——: Since I wrote to you last, two accidents have happened on board of our vessel, one of which ended fatally. On last Friday morning, 27th ult., we hove anchor and set sail up the river to get into fresh water so as to replenish our tanks. After proceeding a few miles the sails were cast loose. One of the men, named Pemberton, in assisting to furl the foresheet, fell overboard.—The cry, "man overboard," "stop the engines," was instantly heard. And he was in a truly perilous position, for the steamer was at full speed, and the paddle-wheel threatened to crush him. As soon as he fell in the water he commenced kicking from the ship so as to keep clear of the paddles, but yet he came just within a few feet of being caught by them. The engines were immediately stopped and a boat sent out after him which brought him back.—It was truly a narrow escape, and he said that had they not picked him up then he would have been drowned, as the current was very strong. At three o'clock P. M., we reached a small place called Apple Brandy, where we remained till Sunday, when our business being done we came back here. On our way down here another accident happened, which resulted in the death of one of our firemen. He went into the engine room to get a bag, when going past some of the machinery the crank of the port walking-beam struck him on the head, killing him instantly. His face was frightfully swollen.—He was buried yesterday morning, Sept. 30, He was a fine man. The accident was the result of his own carelessness. G. W.

THE BANK OF PITTSYLVANIA.—President W. W. Keen arrived here on Saturday last, bringing with him a sufficient amount of specie to place this bank upon a footing equal to any bank in the State as regards its proportion of specie on hand. Mr. John O. Steger, a commissioner appointed by the Executive, has made a report of the condition of the bank, in which he says:

"From the best examination I have been able to give to the affairs of the bank, I can discern no reason to doubt its solvency or to discredit its paper, other than the simple fact that it has not the amount of specie required by law."

The "amount of specie required by law" being now in possession of the bank, we presume its credit is unimpeachable, and some of the merchants here, we understand, have already re-commenced receiving its issues.—*Danville Register.*

A DARING HIGHWAYMAN.—The Leesburg (Va.) *Mirror*, of Wednesday, contains the following account of a Dick Turpin exploit in that vicinity, a few nights ago:

A most bold and daring robbery was perpetrated a short distance from Leesburg, on Friday night last, by some unknown scamp.—Two citizens of this county, Mr. John Bontz and a Mr. Simpson, left town for their homes shortly after nightfall in an open wagon; when about a mile on their way they were overtaken by a man on horseback, who, with a heavy stick, struck Bontz senseless, and then dismounting, overpowered Simpson, and rifled the pockets of both—obtaining from the former about $40 in money, which he coolly fobbed and rode off, leaving his victims to mourn treasures lost—when they come to their senses. Two cavalry men came up at this time, however, and gave chase to the retreating highwayman, and pursued him so closely that he dismounted and took to the woods, where, in the darkness of the night, he made his escape. His horse, a fine bay, supposed to be more than a fair equivalent for the money lost, was made prisoner and brought to town; but he, alas! also proved to be stolen property, having been taken from the door while his owner was enjoying a cup of tea with a friend. Nothing has yet been heard from the thief.

FLORIDA IMPROVEMENTS.—Col. G. W. Morris, contractor for an important enterprise in Florida, is visiting Charleston on business, and is at the Mills House.

The St. Johns and Indian River Canal, which he is now executing, is a State work. It is situated in Volusia county, Florida, in latitude 28½. It is an open drain, twelve and a half miles long, fourteen feet wide at the bottom, with slopes of about one to one.—The depth of cutting at the ends is about seven feet, with a gradual rise to the summit, where the depth of cutting will be about twenty-five feet.

It is intended to connect the waters of the St. Johns and Indian River, commencing on the St. Johns at Lake Harney or Deep Creek, and running due east.

The first three miles is prairie, the balance is scattering yellow pine, small saw palmetto, and prairie, alternately, without any undergrowth.

The canal crosses one cypress swamp, about three or four hundred yards across. In this there is two or three feet of water; also two other patches of cypress, where the water stands during the wet season.

Test pits have been dug, which shows the nature of the materials to be mostly sand, or sandy loam. All of which can be spaded with the greatest facility.

The bottom is dry, and very healthy. Good water, and an abundance of provisions, very cheap.

A line of steamers runs from Savannah, Ga., to Palatka, on the St. Johns river. A railroad runs to Jacksonville, connecting with another regular steamer running direct to Enterprise, which is fifteen miles by land to the canal. Transient steamboats, keel boats, and sail boats, run direct to the canal from all points below on the St. Johns river.

The work was commenced on the 18th September, and is making good progress. It will immediately open to thorough cultivation a valuable region, and will furnish a base for additional and important improvements.—*Charleston Courier.*

LIFE IN THE CAMPS.—The following extract from a letter of a member of Col. Kershaw's regiment, S. C. V., has been furnished for the *Courier*:

MUNSON'S HILL, ADVANCE PICQUET, Army Potomac, Sept. 23d, 1861. }

* * * * So you are still under the impression, you folks in Charleston, that we are starving—we are much better off than hundreds of families at home. I will give you an average day how we live, so you can judge for yourself. There are nine men in my mess at present; we have for breakfast coffee, beefsteak, or fried bacon, and nice raised bread, sometimes potatoes. Our dinner yesterday was roast beef, Irish potatoes, cabbage, bacon, and tomatoes and rice boiled together. Our mess bill up to this date, from the 23d July, is only four dollars and a half, which is for extras. We have men in this company who, if they were in Heaven, would not be satisfied. I can now make good raised bread.

A TIMELY ARRIVAL.—We are pleased to chronicle the arrival in our city, yesterday, of Capt. J. F. Gilmer, formerly of the U. S. Corps of Engineers. He comes directly from the Pacific, with his family, having been stationed at San Francisco for several years past. On arriving at New York in the steamer, he pushed directly through, taking the Western route, and succeeded in reaching Nashville in safety, where he tarried for some days, awaiting the arrival of his family, whom it was deemed prudent to leave behind in charge of friends.

Capt. Gilmer sent on his resignation last spring, and immediately on reaching the Confederate States, he reported himself, by letter, to the Government at Richmond for duty. His extensive scientific acquirements and high reputation in the army make him a most valuable accession to our cause in the present crisis. From his perfect familiarity with the coast of Georgia and all its assailable points, we had hoped to have his effective services in our defensive preparations; though, we regret to learn, there are reasons for apprehending that he will be assigned to a different field of duty. We unite with his numerous friends in welcoming him cordially back to Savannah.—*Savannah Republican.*

MAIL FOR FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—The New Orleans *Picayune* says:

"Mr. Auguste de Mesgrigny, appointed by the Postmaster of this city special mail carrier for the New Orleans and Mexican mail, connecting at Tampico with the English steamers for the West Indies and Europe, has just completed the necessary arrangements at Tampico, and will start from this city with the first mail on the 10th inst., when the double daily stage line of four-horse post coaches between New Iberia and Niblett's Bluff will be running to carry passengers to and from the Texan frontier. The office for the reception of letters, 16 Custom-House street, will be open every day from 9 o'clock in the morning to 3 in the afternoon, and the first mail will close on the 9th, at 5 o'clock P. M."

FROM BRUNSWICK.—We hear verbally, says the Macon Telegraph, that strong efforts are now being put forth, under the personal supervision of Gen. Wayne, to make up for lost time and give the enemy a reception. He is expected confidently. Strong assurances have been received from Richmond that Brunswick is the destined point of assault, and the hostile fleet is looked for only too soon—say, in about a week. Meantime, the most judicious disposition possible is being made of the means of defence at hand. Gen. Wayne has, probably, no superior in the country as an engineer, artillerist, or a scientific soldier generally; and there are few men equal to him in executive tact and energy. He will do what can be done in the limited time and with the scanty means; and he is also assisted by two experienced civil engineers from this place.—They are all looking for lively times and hot work at Brunswick.

RECOVERY OF PRISONERS.—We learn, says the Mobile *Register*, from a correspondent, that of the four prisoners of war which escaped from the cars at Enterprise, two were arrested on Tuesday morning at Tamola, by Messrs. John G. McArthur, W. P. Brantly, T. J. Clay, Jr., and turned over to Messrs. Null and Ashburn, who undertook to deliver them to the proper authorities. They were both armed with Colt's repeaters, which they said they had managed to keep concealed since the time of their capture at Manassa.—This should suggest to the officers who have the prisoners in charge, to give them a thorough overhauling. The recaptured prisoners hail from Maine, and are described as being intelligent young men.

NORTH CAROLINA CAVALRY.—The Wilmington *Journal*, of Wednesday, says:

The regiment of North Carolina Cavalry, stationed at "Camp Beauregard," in Warren county, has received marching orders, and will leave for the seat of war in Virginia to-morrow. They are a noble body of men, splendidly mounted and equipped, and, no doubt, well drilled. They will make their mark, sure.

GROUNDLESS CHARGES.—Dr. J. Alexander Waddell, Surgeon in charge of the Soldiers' Hospital at Staunton, has investigated the charges made in the Lexington *Gazette*, (and published in this paper,) respecting the appropriation of sick soldiers' "good things from contributors," by some of the physicians engaged there, and declares them to be groundless. It is gratifying to learn this, and we cheerfully give place to the correction.

THE GEORGIA ELECTION.—The Columbus *Sun* deems it unnecessary to publish further returns of the election from different counties in the State, as it is reduced to a certainty that Gov. Brown has been re-elected by a large majority—not quite 20,000, however.

A GOOD USE.—The first trip over the Macon and Warrenton Railroad, (designed ultimately to connect Macon and Sparta, Ga.,) was made on the 13th of September, over the iron which was used in "Stevens's Battery," on Morris's Island, in the investment of Fort Sumter.

BUY PRETTY POLLY!

Do you know the great Liverpool thoroughfares; those roaring streets with their endless processions of reeling, rocking, rolling wagons, piled high and heavy as if with the wealth of half a world? Do you know their pavements, down which the tide of life flows so strangely mingled; where men of all nations meet face to face; where the returned convict jostles the merchant-prince, and tawdriness and rags flutter with the gay dress of the merchant's wife and daughters? Will the women of the wealthy classes in our overgrown manufacturing towns ever find out, by the by, how much better a simple style of dress, and sober colors, would suit dingy streets and tall chimneys? At present, it seems to be the rule, that the more smoky a town, the more conspicuous the ladies will make their out-door toilet.

These remarks Mrs. B. and I were exchanging, *sotto voce*, in respect of a bevy of fair Lancastrians in showy dresses, pink bonnets, and light gloves, who, like ourselves, were waiting at the top of one of the principal streets in Liverpool for the chance of a safe crossing, when the repeat which heads this paper—Buy Pretty Polly!—screamed out close behind us, put an end to our criticisms. It came from the beak of a gray parrot in a cage over a shop-door—much like a little old man with a whitish head and a gray satin doublet, and just reminded my wife that she had always wished for a parrot—that I had promised to buy one, which I didn't at all remember—that there wasn't a better place for the purchase than Liverpool, and we can't we leaving to-day, and might never be there again—facts not in my power to gainsay. The upshot was, that we found ourselves in the shop the next minute. The place looked more like a warehouse than a shop; it was lined with cages from the ceiling to the floor—a complete Noah's ark of feathered fowl. Nobody seemed to be guarding them, and for some minutes we stood watching the caged crowd within, screeching, whistling, fluttering, singing, in curious contrast, and yet not without a certain likeness to the perambulating crowd without. Here, too, was a babel of notes and voices; here was the strut, the swagger; here were beaks like hooked noses, both owned by birds of prey; hard, cruel eyes—eyes vindictive, melancholy, bright, restless, treacherous, suspicious, shy. Furry owls blinked out from one corner with the air of well-to-do fathers of families; and you might have sworn the monkeys, peering through their cages on the ground, were own cousins to the street-boys.

Some had ragged suits—fowls roughly used by the world; others wore respectable black, brown, gray, like their fellow-creatures without; and how that scarlet macaw, and those lories, put to shame the finest feathers of the finest birds outside! The longer I looked at the feathered people round me, the stronger the likeness grew to my own species; and I don't know what point it would have reached, if the master of the shop had not started up from somewhere—a little dry old man, with a bright eye and fluffy yellow hair, standing nearly upright, own brother he looked to the cockatoo winking on its perch behind him. Our negotiations, which had to be carried on at the extreme top of our voices, and eked out by dumb show, so deafening was the din about us, ended in the old man offering me my choice among fifty young parrots for a sovereign. I picked out the youngest of them, a shy, quiet bird, not fully fledged, and about six months old. Just as the old man was putting it into the traveling-cage, I said in a tone meant to be highly impressive:—"Now, mind, you warrant that bird free from all defects; and if he dies as soon as we get him home, I shall look to you to make it good."

"I dunno about that," replied the seller, eyeing me over his shoulder mere like a cockatoo than ever. "Ye look healthy, and like to live, both of ye, and so does Polly; but we may be gone to-morrow, and so may she.—We must all go, men and birds. Na, I don't promise to make her good."

What could mortal man find to say against this rejoinder? not made impertinently or doggedly, but simply, as if it were the most natural thing to say. I retreated somewhat discomfited, and felt more than usually disposed to buy insurance tickets when we got to the Lime Street Station that morning.

I had sundry good reasons for not choosing our acquaintance at the shop-door; first, in consideration of many accomplishments, his price was five pounds; second, I had a curiosity to watch a young bird grow up to full-grown parrot's estate under my own eye; and lastly, that highly educated fowl might very likely have some words in his vocabulary which Mrs. B. would not like to listen to. That such things have been, we could both bear witness. Though the thing took place years ago, yet could anybody who was present at that confirmation-luncheon at Waterwold vicarage, forget what happened then? Our vicar, the Rev. Arthur Simpson, had not long been transferred from a curacy to Waterwold, and his wife, who, with a large family and small means, had not often played the hostess, felt this entertainment, to which a number of guests were to be asked to meet the bishop, a very nervous affair. In her perplexity, Mrs. Simpson consulted Mrs. B., who prides herself on being *au fait* in such important matters. Ye Gods! what solemn discussions went on between those two ladies about the game, and the fowls, and the waiting, and the creams, for a week beforehand.—I knew every dish, and could have mapped the whole table out on paper. By dint of hearing so much about the luncheon, I naturally came to take a deep interest in its success, so that when on the great day we were ushered into the vicarage dining-room, I was as Mr. Pepys says, "mighty pleased that the table did look so handsome," and shared my wife's satisfaction on observing that the great jelly-lion—for a long time a refractory beast, bent upon coming out of its mould minus its head—had been melted down into submission, and shook the terrors of its mane, every hair complete, in full view of the bishop. He was a grave but genial man. The party proved particularly pleasant; and poor Mrs. Simpson, towards the middle of the luncheon, found leisure to think how well it was going off, when his lordship took notice of a parrot which, swinging in his cage suspended from a hook in the ceiling by the window, looked down on us all with a sort of vindictive surprise.

"You have a fine bird there, Mr. Simpson," said the prelate; "I keep one myself at Fulford. Does yours talk much?"

"No, my lord. I've taught him every day myself for the three weeks I've had him, but he won't say anything."

"Indeed!" (The bishop looked benignly at the bird through his spectacles.) "Why, Coco, can't you talk? Haven't you anything to say to me, Coco?"

At the sound of "Coco," his own name, which he had not heard at the vicarage, the bird set up all his feathers; perhaps he was excited, too, by the sight of so much company and good cheer, perhaps he felt bound to answer when addressed by a bishop.—Opening his beak with a scream which made everybody jump, he burst into the heartiest commination service a bishop ever had the luck to listen to. You may imagine, though I can't describe the commotion. The ladies held their ears, the best thing they could do; the servants could not reach the cage to get it down; and how that bird went on while the steps were being brought, and our host, very red and nervous, unhooked and hustled him out of the room at last! The vicar came back in a minute or two, with his finger and thumb bitten, I believe in an attempt to wring the creature's neck. Nothing short of such a measure could have stopped the bird, and this had not succeeded, for all the rest of the luncheon, though everybody tried hard to seem as if they didn't hear it, there was a perpetual grinding growl, the exact voice of the Irish sailor, Coco's previous owner, issuing from the dark closet under the stairs, to which he had been consigned. Of course, we all felt what very naughty words the bird was saying, and the conversation flagged forthwith; somehow, it wasn't easy to keep up church-talk, and school-talk, and religious societies' talk with the accompaniment of a swearing parrot in the background.—After such an experience, you may suppose I should avoid the purchase of a bird which might, like Coco, talk "not wisely, but too well."

For those who have any curiosity in observing the steps by which an animal grows perfect in its little round of experiences and actions, a young parrot is a most interesting study. A bird of six months is a quiet little thing, two-thirds of its full size, sitting stupidly on its perch all day long. Besides getting its full feathers, and growing a fine red tail, it has to accomplish a great deal in the way of education. Of course, in the case of a solitary individual, where instinct is not helped on by the imitative faculty, the process is much more slow and difficult. Its natural note—not a pleasant one, half plaint and half chirp—has to be changed through the range of inarticulate sounds from the first faint gabble up to perfect human speech. That its beak is an anchor, a lever, and a means of transport, as well as of mastication, the creature has yet to find out; and it must learn this before it can perform its monkey feats of climbing,* swinging, and suspending itself head downwards, precisely like a bird hanging in a larder. And, finally, it has to arrive at the knowledge which seems to come last of all—that his claw is a prehensile organ.

Have parrots any notion of the sense of words? A question which has been often mooted, and most writers, with Pope at their head, give a verdict against the bird's intelligence. To some extent, they do know what they say; attaching, like cats and dogs, certain meanings to certain sounds. My parrot, for instance, knows his own name—Coco; and that the words "Pussy," "Scamp," represent the cat and dog, the meaning of some words of praise and blame. He gives their respective names also to inmates of the house. He goes a step beyond even, for when a pet-robin walks in at the window for his daily dole, Coco calls out patronizingly: "Pretty bird—pretty little bird!" and addresses the house-canary in the same way. Here he shews a power of generalization; he has an idea that a creature with beak and feathers is a bird like himself. "Kiss Coco," and "Coco pecks," are also phrases understood, for he suits the action to the word. When he calls for food, he calls intelligently; and if shewn apples, nuts, &c., of which he is fond—the name at the same time being repeated—he soon picks up the word, and attaches it to the object. It is plain, therefore, that the bird is more or less intelligent in respect of words which represent an object or action perfectly familiar to him; beyond this, his speech becomes mere imitation of sound. A very sagacious parrot of my acquaintance offers a good example. Its master will peep into the room where Polly is, who calls out instanter: "Ah, there you are, Mr. Clarke!" If another gentleman looks in the same way through the half-open door, Polly cries: "Ah, there you are, Mr." ——, and always stops—it knows the name is not "Clarke." But this same Polly was the property of a sailor, who must have been a bit of a coward in a stiff nor'-wester; and when the wind blows hard, the bird will cry by the hour together in the most distressed and supplicatory tones: "Lord have mercy on Bob Barnard!" attaching, of course, just as little meaning to its words as one of its kind in Antwerp, which repeats the Paternoster and Ave Maria exactly as if it were saving a rosary—a pious accomplishment it required from being, like the famous Verivert, pet-parrot to a convent.

The facility with which my pretty Polly picks up inarticulate sounds is really astonishing. Distant street-cries, conversations with great variety of voices and tone, yet without any articulate utterance, the creaking of a gate, the rolling gravel with a garden roller, running-water, coughing, sneezing, &c.—all these, and many others, will be faithfully given by our bird-ventriloquist, and the more discordant, the better they seem to please it. If the reader is an F. R. S., the name of my friend Caleb Forncett, and his learned treatise on Methylethylamylophenylammonium, will be familiar to him; if he is not, and ignorantly supposes this little word to be coined out of Polly's inarticulate sounds, I beg to refer him to *Philosophical Transactions*, 1851, p. 380. Forncett lives principally at Waterwold, for the sake of the quiet, he says, in a small house, and mostly shut up in a small study; a pale-faced, nervous bachelor, who makes his housekeeper go about in list-shoes, and would make the cat do so also, had not nature, in consideration of Mr. Forncett's nerves, given her a pair of velvet of her own. About a month back, as I was getting out of a railway-carriage at our little station, who should I see but Caleb Forncett getting into one! After we had shaken hands, he in the carriage, I standing on the platform, and he had told me that he was off to London for a fortnight, he exclaimed: "Oh, R., we've got a parrot, and Morris doesn't know how to feed it. She gave it some of her supper last night—bread and cheese and beer. Will you tell us what they ought to have?"

"Of course. But how came you by such a thing? Why, I should have thought you the last man in the world to buy a parrot."

"I didn't buy him," explained Forncett.—"The canary died on Tuesday; and when Mr. Smith, of Yelverton, called that afternoon, he said he would send me a bird I should like instead. I was quite surprised when the parrot came in a great cage by the Yelverton carrier yesterday. Such a quiet bird, I think I shall like him. But what are you laughing at, R.?"

Off went the train with a tremendous whistle, and off went my friend, holding his ears very hard. I finished my laugh as I walked up from the station. The idea of poor Forncett and his prize was really too ridiculous. I knew the bird well; the noisest vixen that ever sat in a cage. The Smiths were blest with a large little family, and it had all the nursery uproar at its tongue's end. They found the bird intolerable at last, and had generously given it away half-a-dozen times; but it always came back, like a bad sovereign, to its owners.

That day fortnight, when Caleb Forncett stood at the door of his house, he could scarcely believe it was his own. It might have been appropriated as a foundling-hospital during his absence: out of every door and window, as if the little dwelling were bursting with sound, there poured volumes of nursery-cries, slaps, screams, scoldings, vociferations, all in one breath. As the housekeeper answered the door, shrieks of "Mamma, mamma!" rang through the passage. Had quiet bachelor ever such a welcome home before?

"Morris, what does this—this infernal clamor mean?" asked her master in a shaky voice, intended to be stern.

"Mean, sir!" shouted Morris, coming out that she might hear herself speak. "Why, don't you know it's that bird of yours, sir—He's got the voices of all them little Miss and Master Smiths; and ever since Tuesday was a week, he began, and has been going on like that. I"——"Cough, cough, whoop, whoop, whoop, till the house rang again." "There! now he's in the autumn."

"Good Heavens, what shall I do?" cried Caleb aghast.

"I know what *I* shall do, sir, now you're come back—I shall speak my mind, which is, that one or that bird packs off this very afternoon!"

I need not add that Forncett caught eagerly at the suggestion, and that the parrot went back, as he came, by the carrier that day.

Common report says that Polly, like the phoenix, sees out its century; but from fifty to eighty years is the term of its natural life. Le Vaillant, the celebrated naturalist, describes an octogenarian gray parrot he saw at Amsterdam; it was decrepit and doting like a very old man, had lost both sight and memory, and was kept alive with biscuits dipped in Madeira. After sixty, its memory began to fail, and it lost its words by degrees, returning to its native jackdaw note. At sixty-five, its moult became irregular; the tail feathers dwindled, and were replaced by dull yellow instead of red. After this change the bird never renewed its plumage. Three conditions are essential to Polly's health and comfort—warmth, proper food, and cleanliness. The diseases to which these birds, when in captivity, become subject, are brought upon them through ignorance or neglect; for when properly treated, they are perhaps the healthiest of all our feathered prisoners. How often a bird may