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Bellefonte, April 29, 1860.

Select Poetry.

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.
BY RAYMOND TAYLOR.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department came:
He sought the Chief who led him on many a field of fame—
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foe.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again!"

"Have I forgotten," said the Chief, "my brave old soldier? No!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General," cried the veteran—a flash upon his brow—
"The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now;
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane—our old red, white and blue—
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true."

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old gun,
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them one by one;
Your Minnie rides and such arms it nait worth while to try;
I couldn't get the hang of them, but I'll keep my powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief—
"God bless your loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to have their part;
They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it down!"

"But General!" still persisting, the weeping veteran cried;
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide:
And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that at least can I;
So give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to die!"

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the Colonel in command
Put me upon the rampart, with the flag staff in my hand,
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shells may fly,
I'll hold the stars and stripes aloft, and hold them till I die!"

"I'm ready, General, so let a post to me be given
Where Washington can see me, as he looks from highest Heaven,
And say to Putnam at his side, or may be, General Wayne,
There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at Lundy's Lane!"

"And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly—
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the air,
If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's and not to Arnold's place!"

Miscellaneous.
COL. ELMER ELLSWORTH,
BY ONE THAT KNEW HIM.

There has not been an evening since Sumpter fell, so full of life and hope, so replete with the eager whispers of the waiting crowd—as was last Thursday evening. The town was murmurous with flying rumors—all hopeful and promising. General Scott was going to show his hand, and the dandies of the Seventh and the lambs of the Fire Department were to have an opportunity to wear off the dust of a month's idleness.

People talked cheerfully of Alexandria and Arlington, and invented model campaigns for the departing regiments, with all the spirited ignorance and illogical enterprise with which civilians essay warlike vaticination.

But on Friday morning the tone of feeling and conversation was strangely changed. With the earliest dawn a ghastly horror of floating surmise clouded the town. The rumor ran rapidly through the usual gamut of shocked assertion and reckless contradiction, until doubt was hunted out from every resting place, and we all knew that "Ellsworth was dead."

When that was ascertained no one cared to ask further questions. The details of the assassination, the projected defenses, the march of the regiments—which at any other time would have furnished the most palatable food to the jaded news-hunters at Wilbur's—were unnoted and disregarded. It seemed enough for one day that we had lost the cheering presence of the brave young colonel. It seemed impertinent to speak of other things.

A sudden gloom fell on the city. A hundred banners slipped sadly to half-mast. Men walked quietly through the streets, forgetting their business. Soldiers talked low and earnestly, with clenched hands. Why was this so? This public grief seemed to scorn precedence. He was not

an old and honored warrior, but a boy of twenty-four, who had never seen a battle. The praise of the people naturally follows wealth; but Ellsworth had no fortune but his sword, and his aged parents live in the quiet seclusion of a country village in New York. It was not the manner that roused him as one, he enjoyed in a measure of which the world will forever remain ignorant. He exercised an immense, almost mesmerizing, power of personal fascination, with whom he was brought in contact. I have seen him enter an armory where a score of awkward youths were going sleepily through their manual, and his first order, sharply and crisply given, would open every eye and straighten every spine. No matter how severe the drill, his men never thought of fatigue. His own indomitable spirit sustained them all.

Besides that, his personality was very prepossessing. There was something cheery and hopeful about the flash of his white teeth when he smiled, his face was always alert and intelligent, and the honest, sincere good fellow he seemed out of his handsome eyes. His heavy black curls never looked affected or vain. They set off admirably the firm and statuesque pose of the head. And his dress was always in keeping with the man we knew.

Add to this his youth and his fame, his patriotism which no rebuffs could daunt, the energy which bore him down to recognize, the work he had done, and the work he was expected to do, and you have some idea of the reasons that made people desire a victory that his sacrifice made a thousand times worse than a defeat.

And the people for once are right. You shall not find between the seas a man who can in all things take his place. In the hearts of his friends, and in the ranks of his country's defenders, he has left a void which is not to be filled.

His life presents few salient points of romance or interest. He was at a very early age thrown upon his own resources by the financial reverses of his father, (a common fellow now) and he was forced to earn his own living. He was a man of no unimpaired, and his whole career from boyhood to his death is a touching drama of struggle with circumstance, always strenuous and severe, but always self-reliant and unflinching. Very dark would have been the passage through some scenes of his life in Chicago, had it not been lit with a healthy good humor that nothing could depress, an energy that misfortune was powerless to daunt, and a stainless honor that freed him from even the temptation to wrong. In spite of mean lodgings and scanty fare the great soul kept a firm foothold in the muscular body, and outside of the daily toil and privation, the young student revelled in an ideal realm, not of selfish indulgence or sorrowful reflection, but of benevolent and selfless action. This aim and purpose did not exhaust itself in dreams. He worked steadily towards its realization.

The first fruits of his efforts were the perfecting of the "Chicago Tribune," and the "Western Mail." The rest of his life was a series of plaudits that their challenge trip occasioned, though the great military sensation of the age, was utterly unworthy of the subject, as he followed a first foot-hold in the military world's work. While it dwelt on the agility and unerring precision with which these scarlet machines performed their gymnastic lesson, they left out of view the end of the discipline—the identification of spirit of Ellsworth and men—the aim that, derived from their idealized leader, inspired these eight young men and annihilated their susceptibility to buffet food fatigue. Was it not also a great triumph for this war-drinking Colonel to abolish by the force of his own will, with a practice against which the anti-alcoholic forces, under a thousand aliases, have warred for years in vain?

I know the trial excursion of the Zouave Cadets was not undertaken from any motives of display, but by the force of contrast, to demonstrate the fact in a way that people could understand, that our ordinary militia is a very unweildy and useless affair, and cannot be made serviceable except by a vast expenditure and endless annoyance and delay. And although in the last six weeks the people have wonderfully seconded the efforts of the government, a candid review of their operations, from the proclamation until to-day, will convince any one of the necessity of a thorough reconstruction of the militia laws of most of the States, and such a re-organization of the citizen soldiery as will nourish a more decided military spirit, and establish a higher standard of discipline.

To a great extent, that trip was a great success. In its wake sprang up hundreds of new military companies like phosphorescent sparks in the track of a ship. Several States reconstructed their militia laws, and a general military revival was perceptible throughout the land. It had an effect, also, in disseminating some sensible ideas in regard to uniform. Inside of the flashy absurdities of crimson and gold, for which it was responsible, there was a germ of sound judgment in the easy, careless flow of the Zouave costume, which hardly touches the war.

Ellsworth went back to Chicago, for his brief hour the most talked-of man in the country. He quietly organized a skeleton regiment upon a plan of his own, and made his best men the officers of it. He offered this to the Governor of Illinois and to the President. "For any service consistent with honor." This was the first offer of an organized force to sustain the Constitution and the laws. With soldierly instinct he foresaw the inevitable struggle, and predicted the very manner of its beginning.

Leaving Chicago, he came to Springfield in the midst of the most exciting campaign known to political history. It was not possible for Ellsworth to be neutral in any long, or idle while others were working. With the whole energy of his nature he entered into the struggle. He became one of the

most popular speakers known to the school-houses of Central Illinois. The magnificent volume of his voice, which I never heard surpassed, the unflinching flow of his hearty humor, and the deep earnestness of conviction that lived in his looks and his tone, were the qualities that struck the fancy of the Western crowd. Besides, it was very novel and delightful to see a soldier who could talk.

An administration in harmony with him was elected, and Ellsworth hoped to be able to put into practical operation those plans which had formed the goal of all his former efforts. My space will not permit an analysis of these plans. They looked to an entire reorganization of the militia of the United States. They had the approval of some of the best military minds on the continent. With the hope of being placed in a position where he could be of service in this way, he accepted Mr. Lincoln's invitation and joined the Presidential traveling party. He soon became indispensable. No one could manage like him the assemblages of turbulent loyalty that crowded and jostled at every station.

At Washington he was placed in a false position. He never wished office for its honor or its profit, but you never can get office seekers or office dispensers to believe any such story. His delicate sense of honor felt a stain like a wound, and the amiable gentlemen of the press never can withhold the sly stab when they think a man is falling.

These weeks were the least pleasant of Ellsworth's life. They were brightened by the society of those he trusted most, and by the unvarying friendship and confidence of the President and his family. But Sumpter fell, and the gale of aroused patriotism, sweeping down from the North, scattered every the cobwebs of political chicanery, and educated the true men of the time. When war was in the land, there was no more dancing attendance for a man who knew that God had made him a soldier.

The rest transcends memoir and passes into the sphere of history. How he conceived the novel idea of the fire brigade—how he formed the most muscular regiment that the annals of warfare have mentioned—how, by the mere force of intellect, he controlled the fierce turbulence of these untamable men—how he armed them and brought them to the Capital—how he made the soldiers of the first brigade a Gothic spirit of light upon well-ordered channels—how he captured the first rebel town—and how he made the splendid morning march memorable to all time by the march shall all be told when some future historian writes the story of this new crusade of freedom.

His loss at this time cannot be too deeply deplored. He had every requisite for great military success; he had a wonderful memory and command of details—immense industry and capability of enormous mental and bodily labor, great coolness of head, an original and inventive brain, and more than all, the power of grasping to his heart with hooks of steel the affections of every man with whom he came in contact.

The death of a much-loved man, who mourn him in tears as the truest, tenderest, most loyal-hearted man that ever died. This is the head-roll of all his virtues. I do not remember but two faults that he had, and they were trifling ones. He was too generous and too brave.

The one subjected him to the cruel slanders from sordid men, and the other caused the dictatorial which has plunged a people into mourning.

All classes seem to regard his death as a personal affliction. The family of the President went down to the Navy Yard on Friday, and the dictatorial which has plunged a people into mourning.

As for the Zouaves, all other emotions are swallowed up in the manly grief that hallows revenge into religion. They have surprised every one by their silence. Bitter as is their rage and despair, they remember that they are Ellsworth's men, and are too soldierly to be lawless. But they have sworn, with a grim earnestness that never trifles, to have a life for every hair of the dead Colonel's head. But even that will not repay.

The ripples of private grief are never taken into the account of the grand sorrow of a public sorrow, but it is certain that no man could have died more deeply lamented than the young hero who is moving to-day in solemn grandeur toward the crushed heights that sadly await him in the North. Scattered over the land, severed by wide leagues of mountain and prairie, the few who knew him well are mourning in the utter abandonment of irremediable anguish, as if all the earth had for them of bright or beautiful or brave, went out with his last breath. Yet they are grieving thanks to God that they were permitted to know him, and to keep ever green in their souls the memory of him who always seemed to his friends not like the people one meets every day, but like a splendid type of the courtesy and valor that dignified the leathern cavaliers of the great days that are gone.

One last word. May he rest forever in peace, under the Northern violets and the Northern roses. May his example sink into the hearts of Northern youth, and blossom into deeds of valor and honor. His dauntless and stainless life has renewed the bright possibilities of the antique chivalry, and in his death we may give him the grand cognizance of which the world has long been unworthy.

"Le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

ARTEMUS WARD IN THE SOUTH.

HIS TRIALS AND ADVENTURES.

I had a narrow escape from the sunny South. "The swings and arrers of outrageous fortune," alluded to by Hamlet, warry'th nothin in comparison to my troubles. I came pesky near swearin some profane oaths more'n once, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promissed she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) that I'll jine the Meatin House at Baldinsville, as soon as I can scrape money enough together so as I can Vord to be plus in good style, like my welthy naburs. But if I'm conficated agin I'm afraid I shall confiner in my present benighted state for sum time.

I figgered conspicuously in many thrilling scenes in my tower from Montgomery to my humsted, and on several occasions I thought "the grate comic paper" wouldn't never be briched no more with my tribulations. Arter hidden adeo to Jefferson D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a playin on a banjo. "My Afrikin Brother," sed I, cootin from a Track I ont red, "you becom a very intellibent man. Your masters is goin to war exclosively on your account."

"Yees boss," he replied, "an I wish 'em honest graves." and he went on playin the banjo, lartin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wraitable life was the scaliest, rickyt, iest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this stirring of second hand cofus leave? I inquired of the depot master.

He sed directly, and I went in & set down. I hadn't more'n fairly squated afore a dark lookin man with a swimster expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principel.

"Secesh!" I answered. "I'm a Disso-lutor. I'm in favor of Jeff. Davis, Bourgeois, Pickens, Capt Kidd, Lieberhard, Munro Edards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?" "Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war and of the next war, and I've been in favor of the next war for the last sixteen years!"

"War to the knife!" sed the man. "Blud, fargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't ongerenal with me. Them words was rit by Shakspeare, who is ded. His Mantle fell onto the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's going to have a spring overcoast made out of it.

We got under way at last, 'an proceeded on our journey at about the rate of speed which is generally observed by properly dressed funeral processions. A hansom yung gal, with a red musketer hat, on the back part of her bed, and a assy little black tail over her forehead, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Secesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was a gon for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offered her my blanket.

"Father livin'!" I axed. "Yees, sir." "Got any uncles?" "A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded, tho." "Peace to Uncle Thomas' ashes, and success to him!" I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me, my pretty Secesher, and linger in blissful repose!" She slept as securely as in her own house, and didn't disturb the calm stillness of the night with "bry a shore."

At the first station a troop of sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on board. That was the day respective stile in which they referred to me. "Becaws if Old Wax Works is on board," sed a man with a face like a double breasted lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works!"

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sed I, a guttin up and taken off my Shappee, dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw me, and he was a gon for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offered her my blanket.

"And who be you?" "I'm a stooident in Senator Benjamin's law ollis. I'm goin up North to steal sun spuns and other things for the Southern Army."

This was satisfactory, and the intossicated troopers went off. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and sed she was gut out there. I bid her a kind adeo and giv her some pervisions. "Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbread!" sed I. She thank me muchly and tript galy away. Therey considerable human water in a man, and I'm afraid I shall allers giv aid and comfort to the enemy if he comes to me in the shape of a nice young gal.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced me, and to show he had no hard feelings agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by pinchin my stumtnick suddinly agin his right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face.

Actoated by a desire to see whether the Secesher had been vaxinated, I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat-sleeve and tore it to the shoulder. We then vintily butted our heads together for a few minits, danced around a little and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet again & by a suddin and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms, and fell under a two horse wagon. I was very much exhausted, and didn't care about guttin up agin, but the man said he reconed I'd better, and I conceeded I would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't been on my feet more than two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me on the head. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zactly see where the lafture come in. I riz and

we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hand of my antagonist and threw him into the ravine. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cock hat cum up and sed he felt at the a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, axed him if his wife and little ones was so's to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopped at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wanted. It was the heartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rake the next day, a bunch of blazin firecrackers bein tied to my otles. It was a fine spectacle in a dramatic pint of view, but didn't ingry it. I had other adventures of a starlin kind, but why continer? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these hear things? Sufisyt to say I got across Masons & Dixon's line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted but she with whom I'm harisised for life failed to recognize, in the emashed bein before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certain black bottle.—"Kissin it to you lips, I sed. "Here's to you old gal!" I did it so natral that she knewed me at once. "These form! Thou voice! That natral stile of doin things!— "Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swounding myself.

No more to-day from yours for the perpetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix.

ARTEMUS WARD.

FUN AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

A letter from Washington says:—I am living luxuriously, at present, on the top of a very respectable fence & fair sumtiously on three granite biscuits a day and a glass of water weakened with bandy. A high private in the twenty second Regiment has promised to let me have one of his square pocket handkerchiefs for a sheet the first rainy night, and I never go to bed on my comfortable window brush without thinking how many poor creatures there are in this world who have to sleep on hair mattresses and feather beds all their lives. Before the great rush of the Zouaves, the rest of the menagerie commenced, I boarded exclusively on a front stop in Pennsylvania avenue and used to slumber regardless of expense in a well conducted ash box; but this military monopolize all such accommodations now, and I give way for the sake of my country.

I tell you, my boy, we're having high old times here just now, and if they got any higher I shan't be able to stand any more. The city is "in danger" every other day, and as a veteran in the Pennsylvania line, I remark, there seems to be enough danger lying around loose on Arlington Heights to make a very good blood and thunder fiction, in numerous paves. If the vigilant and well educated sentinels happen to see a nigger in the city, they are bound to shoot him. "Here they come!" and the whole blessed army is snapping caps in less than a minute. Then all the reporters telegraph to their papers in New York and Philadelphia that "Jeff Davis is on the march," and all the Free State send six more regiments apiece to crowd us a little more. I shan't take the side of either party, but I once in full now and there were six applications yesterday to rent an improved knot hole. My landlord says that if more than three chaps set up housekeeping on our post, he'll be obliged to raise the rent.

The greatest confidence in Gen. Scott, is felt by all, and it would do you good to see the old gal hero take the oath. He takes it every morn, and the first thing when he gets up in the morning.

Those Fire Zouaves are fellows of awful section. I tell you. Just for greens, I asked one of them, yesterday what we came here for? "Hah!" says he, shutting one eye. "We come for to strike for your altars and your fires—especially your fires." General Scott says that if he wanted to make these chaps break through the army of God for he'd have a fire on the Rebels. He says that half a million traitors couldn't keep the Fire Zouaves out of that district five minutes. I believe him, my boy!

PARSON BROWNLOW'S DAUGHTER.—A gentleman just arrived in Chicago from Knoxville, Tenn., brings intelligence of affairs in that city. He says that 2,500 Secession troops are stationed there, for the express purpose of over-awing the Union men. It is a part of their business to engage in quarrels in saloons, and in street fights, with all who are not friendly to Secession. Two men were last week shot for no other offence than speaking words of loyalty to the Federal Government. The house of the celebrated, bold-hearted, and out-spoken Parson Brownlow, is the only one in Knoxville over which the Stars and Stripes are floating. A few days ago, two armed Secessionists went at six o'clock in the morning, to haul down the Stars and Stripes. Miss Brownlow, a brilliant young lady of twenty-three, saw them on the piazza, and stepped out and demanded their business. They replied that they had come to "take down them d—n Stars and Stripes." She instantly drew a revolver from her side and presenting it, said: "Go on! I'm good for one of you, and I think for both!"

By the books of that girl's eye she'll shoot," one remarked. "I think we'd better not try it; we'll go back and get more men," said the other. "Go and get more men," said the noble lady. "I got more men and come and take it down, if you dare."

They returned with a company of militly armed men, and demanded that the flag should be hauled down; but on discovering that the house was filled with gallant men, armed to the teeth, who would rather die than see their country's flag dishonored, the Secessionists retired.

Old Shari says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.