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Select Poetry.

ANNABEL LEE.

The following beautiful poem would have given immortality to the name of its author, EDGAR ALLEN POE, even if his other great works had perished:

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee,
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of Heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high born kinsman came
And bore her away from me.
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.
The angels not half so happy in Heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love, it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so all the night tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride:
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

The Fruits of Preaching Politics.

There is a German Methodist paper published in Cincinnati, Ohio, by the name of *Der Apologete*. Its Editor is the Rev. William Nast, D. D., formerly a Lutheran pietist, from Wirtemburg, if we mistake not. He has done much, says the *German Reformed Messenger*, for the denomination to which he now belongs, and may be esteemed a fair witness in matters relating to it. In a late number of his paper he makes the declaration, that the Methodist Church has lost, during the last few years, sixty-one thousand (61,000) members! So much it has gone back. The following explanation of this untoward fact we translate literally:

"We are of the opinion that a deeply-rooted and important cause of this decrease, lies in the want of the Methodist spirit, of earnest, zealous consecration to our work. Earthly interests, lying near at hand, have, for the present, supplanted the heavenly. Our hearts have been exclusively turned to the endangered safety of the nation. *To this object our energies, our press, our pulpit—actively have been devoted.* * * Now, the government stands sufficiently strong and secure to be able to dispense henceforth with the direct offering of our labors in its behalf. We have, therefore, no longer an excuse for giving a secondary place to the immediate work of saving souls."

This extract will bear reading several times. It accounts in the only true way for the heavy loss of membership in the Methodist body.—Such a loss is the legitimate fruit of such a course of conduct. Nothing more natural.—Other bodies, who have done the same thing, will, doubtless, be able to show corresponding results. Is it not strange, too, that the excessively evangelical and pious denominations find it so easy to pass from saving souls to violent political agitation, and anon return again to their first occupation? Nor do they seem to see aught incongruous in it. In that wise they understand the nature of the Church of Christ, and the apostolic commission.

☞A small German baron had occasion, a few days ago, to see Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort. The great financier was writing away for dear life when Baron X ——— was announced. He did not even lift his eyes, but said—

"Take a chair, sir."

The baron, with true German touchiness about titles, said—

"Sir, indeed! I think M. le Baron did not hear my name. I am a baron also—the Baron X———."

"Ah, a thousand pardons," said the banker, still writing, "you are a baron——take two chairs, then, if you will be so kind and wait till I have finished this letter."

☞When Dr. Johnson asked the widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he was of mean extraction, that he had no money, and that he'd had an uncle hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage, that she had no money herself, though she had fifty relations who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

☞A lady, more favored with fortune than with education, at a soiree which she gave, desired her daughter to play "the fashionable new *Malady* she got from London last week." The pretty girl obeyed, and it was very catching.

☞A new counterfeit $5 greenback is out: engraving and color poor.

From the Bellefonte Watchman.

FIVE DAYS IN THE SERVICE.

For the past three years we have, without reserve, expressed our opinion of arbitrary arrests and the treatment of political prisoners. These opinions, our readers well know, were anything but complimentary to the "loyal" patriots that now hold the reins of power. The 'government' feeling and knowing the unbounded influence of our paper, and hoping to convince us that we had been laboring under a grievous error, on the 24 inst., kindly sent us an invitation to visit the military prisons at Harrisburg. The invitation was no formal, half-hearted, careless one, but a real, warm, hearty, in fact *pressing* one—so *pressing*, indeed, that we did not feel like declining it, lest the "government's" feelings, or our own, might be hurt by such a course. In order that we might not miss the place we were requested to call at, and that our visit might not be interfered with by those jealous of the distinguished honors paid us, an armed escort was generously furnished to protect us from all annoyances, pay our fare, furnish subsistence, and bear the expenses generally. Kind and considerate, wasn't it? We appreciated the kindness—who wouldn't? and to the best of our ability, notwithstanding our excessive modesty, drilled the squad of men under our command round town until the time for our departure, to the evident satisfaction of the miscegens, who hoped our visit would prove entertaining enough to keep us in the service ten years, and to the great delight of the progeny of both niggers and abolitionists which in this place are exceedingly difficult to distinguish one from the other. Is it any wonder we felt proud of the position we occupied? hadn't we, like a majority of the shoulder-strapped gentlemen of the day, got a command before we enlisted? What mattered it to us if a few dirty fingered loyalists did point at us and laugh as we passed their places of business. We hadn't to howl war for three years, and pay half we were worth to get our commission, as many of them would be willing to do! We didn't march *behind* our men when on duty as their kind does when there is danger ahead! We can forgive them. They felt envious, and would have taken our place had it led them to Canada or out of the draft. It didn't, however, and we went on, while they remained at home to rejoice over the unexpected honors heaped upon a fellow townsman by their six foot government.

In time we reached Harrisburg, the city where justice sits enthroned in the State Capitol and virtue and nobility decorate the streets (!)—not however, without having numerous compliments paid us by loyal friends(?) who declared there was no one more deserving such a mark of distinction than our humble self. Not wishing to keep the agents of our friend the "government" in suspense, and having a desire to relieve our escort from the arduous duties of attending to our wants, we proceeded forthwith to the office of the provost marshal, to ascertain what we could do for our country and suffering humanity. That protector of the people's liberty not being present, some one that was acting in his stead amably remarked that we could take a position in a corner and await his coming. We did so, while he proceeded immediately to station our escort between us and the door, in order, as we suppose to protect us from the fury of any enemy that might have been lurking without. Considerate, wasn't it. We thought so at least. Well, we waited for a considerable length of time for the dispenser of our rights to make his appearance; he didn't appear, however, but quite a number of individuals honored in the same way we were, with an invitation and an escort did, among them an old veteran whom we shall remember as long as memory lasts, in consequence of the smell he brought with him, and the degree to which he was overcome by gratitude—or whiskey. After waiting a while longer, we concluded that if the government wanted us to get an insight into its military prisons, Bastiles, &c. for the benefit of the human race, it had better be bringing them along, and was about telling our amiable friend behind the desk that such was our conclusion, when he politely invited us to take a new escort that was in readiness and proceed immediately to the quarters prepared for our reception. We did so, in company with several others and the veteran aforesaid, and in due time reached our destination, into which we were ushered by a file of soldiers, the bayonets of whose guns protected our rear from flank attacks from any quarter. The door was closed behind us, and two rugged looking sons of Mars stationed on either side thereof. There we were; and there, too, were scores of other recipients of the blessings of this great free country—men of all classes, colors and conditions, from the aged father, whose gray hairs plead piteously for him, to the youth scarcely out of his teens, niggers and whites, drunk men and sober men, all tumbled in promiscuously, numbering upwards of an hundred.

After satisfying the curiosity of our new associates as far as possible by answering the many questions put to us, we set about making an examination of the habitation of which we had so lately become an inmate. The main room, termed in military parlance, "guard house," is about fifty feet long by twenty broad, built of plank, about twelve feet high. There are three windows, with lattice work of iron across them, which answers as a checkerboard for those who desire to play checkers with their nose, and also for light and ventilation. The floor, which was laid flat on the earth, in order to save the "government" the expense of sleepers or joists, is made to answer a triple purpose—floor, seats and beds. (We do not wish it to be understood that persons there are compelled to sleep upon the floor in order to atone for offence given to some of the agents of the "government." Not at all—it is entirely owing to the desire of those in power to be economical—habits that they have contracted since taking possession of the public treasury.) In order that every thing may be handy, and that the boarders may not be troubled going out when the weather is damp, or when it is not, to attend to the calls of nature, a trough is fixed up in one end of the apartment, which serves admirably for the purpose, and also as a water and wash stand. The odor that arises from this is accepted as a substitute for the roses and flowers of spring, and saves the "government" the expense of furnishing boquets and vases of flowers to perfume the air. Ingenious, aint it? Economical, very! This trough, together with a bucket, wash pan and stove, constitute the furniture and utensils of the room.

Hunting "graybacks," which are as plenty as abolitionists will be in the regions of Pluto hereafter, is the principal occupation and amusement of persons in this branch of the Government service, and trying to keep clear of these little "pets" that "stick closer than a brother," furnishes any amount of exercise.

We had about finished making an examination, when the order came to prepare for dinner, and along with the rest, niggers, drunks and all, we marched forth to receive a piece of dry bread, and a tin cup full of something that was called "bean soup"—we couldn't see the beans; but learned afterwards from one that had been in the service several months, that for the purpose of economizing still farther, the "government" had ordered them to be cooked in a bag and kept over for the next days rations. Didn't we feel thankful that we were a citizen of the greatest government devised by man? Didn't we sing "Hail Columbia and "Long live the King," as we sat on the dirty floor, supping "bean soup" and eating "dry bread?" Didn't we shout "*Vive la Abraham*," as we watched the regiments of "gray backs" seeking for a friend whom they might "devour" with kindness? Didn't we turn "loyal" and denounce "copperheads" and democrats, as we scented the sweet perfume of our residence and chewed at the dry end of a burnt crust? Didn't we swear arbitrary arrests were right? Didn't we conclude that Provost Marshals, spies and detectives were an honor to a Republic? Didn't we consider that Bastiles, guard houses and political prisons were institutions for freemen to boast of? *Perhaps we didn't!*

Let that be as it may, after remaining two days and a half in the guard house, for fear we would become too "loyal," those in charge, invited us to other quarters, known as the *Hotel de Bastile*, that stands just opposite. Here, although "graybacks" are not furnished in such profusion, other matters are a little more plentiful. A few rough benches, and bunks; without bedding, decorated the room. There were at the time about forty occupants, mostly citizens of Clearfield and Cambria counties. Some of whom had been serving their country three months in the various forts, Bastiles &c., in consequence of disagreeing with the "government" on the "African" question. Perhaps the kindness(?) shown them by the "powers that be," will cause them to repent and become "loyal." Perhaps it won't. Of this place and the friends we met there we shall have more to say hereafter.

The "government" after permitting us to subsist on its bounty, for the space of two days and a half more sensibly concluded, that we had seen enough for the present, and without the trouble of *examining into our qualifications to conduct our own matters*, generously dismissed us from the service, for which act several abolition friends (?) were *not* profoundly grateful.

HON. MR. PENDLETON.

Probably no man in the presidential campaign was so thoroughly and outrageously slandered and abused by his political opponents as was Mr. Pendleton, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency; but the recent action of the House of Representatives, which accorded him one of its last and most precious hours by unanimous consent, was a significant mark of respect. The speech he made on the occasion was worthy the distinguished abilities of its rising author, was listened to with close attention by all parties, was a brilliant close to a long and useful career in the House of Representatives, and we are sure that many of the best Republican members will sincerely regret to lose his valuable services, particularly on the Committee of Ways and Means, of which he has been one of the most useful members. Between such a man and the representative of the Republican party chosen by them to be their second representative in the government, what a contrast!—Both of these men within a few hours of each other were the observed of all observers in Washington, standing before the gaze of men, each addressing the assembly of which they were members. Surely the grand old Democratic party with all its proud antecedents was not disgraced by *its* representative; would to Heaven we could say that our country was not humiliated in the eyes of the world by the representative of the Republican party, the successful opponent of Mr. Pendleton for the Vice Presidency.—*Boston Post.*

☞Substitute for Butter—Marry the nicest girl you know. You will then have her to preside at your breakfast table, and unless you are a sad dog indeed, you will not require any *but-her*.

☞Young ladies who faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to consciousness by just whispering in their ear you were only joking.

☞When you see a full grown, healthy Abolitionist outside of a military uniform, either "the truth is not in him" or else he is a coward at heart.

☞"I'll pay your bill at sight," said the blind man to the doctor, who in vain attempted to cure him of blindness.

Hanner Tiffin to her Dear Neamire.

[The following letter was presented to our own correspondent by an intelligent contraband who said he found it on the field of battle:]—*Freeman's Journal.*

DARKEYSDALE, MASS. Feb. 10, 1865.

MY DEAR NEAMIRE: Your last letter has jes come teu hand, and the ear-rings teu.—Kezier says she's much obleeged teu you; she looks fust rate in 'em. I guess that southern gal felt kinder shaller when you took 'em eout o' her ears. Serve her right, the cruel trol'p for livin' on the sweat o' the poor colored men's breows. Last week, Capt. Bigelow sent his darter Jemimy a splendid pyanner he captered from a gothic vandel woman deown there.—She had the impudence teu call him a brute and a thevin' Yankee; but he got some o' his men teu set fire teu her dress, and she soon sung another teune. Your brother Job has failed agin in business and made atween thirty and forty thousand dollars, and neow he's got the handsomest pew in church.

The Dillabys and Metcalfs and Dewlittles, and a good many more o' our nabors, has gone deown teu Savannor teu git holt o' confiscated property. Your father thinks they've went deown a leetle mite teu soon; for he says until them southern confedert cusses is eout and eout exterminated, he calclates they'll be likely to preowl areound o' nights and murder and set fire tew the loyal eastern folks in cold blud, and I teu, for by all ackeounts they're jest as savage as wild injins and wunt stay confiscated, no matter what eour great and noble president says. Kezire says she wonders yeou hain't sent her any silk dresses yet; she says mebbe yeou got some sweetheart deown there teu give 'em teu; but I guess that's only her fun, for she knows you wouldn't think 'o takin' a shine teu any such gothic vandels. All the folks in this section goes for a vigerous persecution of the war, but purty much all on 'em has sloped for Canady to git clear o' the draft.—We've got a new minister here. He's only preached the tew last sabbeths; he goes in strong for war and extermination. He says that if he had his way he'd soak the hull confederacy in kerosene ile, and set fire teu 'em, men, wimen, and children, all but the colored folks. We like him better than any minister we ever had in Darkeysdale, he's so good.—Debby Peabody has gin her little boy to a french woman that was stayin' here a spell last summer. She made Debby some presents for lettin her take little Enoch, and neow the french woman has taken him away to France. Debby says the hand of providence was inteu it, 'cause it will save her all the expenses of his clothin', schoolin' and provissions. There's so many o' men folks gone away from here, it seems as if there was'nt nothin' left but wimin, and they're cuttin' up wus than Satan. I don't know what'll become o' the critters if the southern confederacy ain't exterminated soon; so that their husbans and brothers can git home from Canada teu see teu 'em. Gineral Butler has been makin' speeches on teu Lowell and Boston about savin' his sojers. Old Stanchard, the pizen copperhead, says he guesses Butler saved more money than sojers, and he come in the other night and showed a picter (a carickateur he called it); it was a dog, with Gineral Butler's mineteur for its head; it's got a collar on its neck with "Shyster" wrote on it.

There was three tin kittles tied teu the dog's tail, with "big bethel," "duch gap," and "fort Fisher" wrote on the kittles, and there was a road-post with "Lowell" onteu it, and Mr. Lincon was a standin' with a wip in his hand, a sayin' teu the dog "git eout," and there was a pious lookin' person on teu the picter, a sayin' "its amboninable!" Your father told old Stanchard arter he seen it that he ought to be sent teu fort warren. Most all the officers deown south from these parts has been sendin' home pyanners and picters and marvel statters; but I think they'd a good deal better send on silk dresses an' jewelry, and let the sojers burn the statters and picters. Your father says you must hurry up an' git the south exterminated as soon as you can, for then we're comin' deown there teu confiscate an' locate, and so is most of the folks aboout here, an' yeour father wants yeou teu let him know the very minit they're exterminated and subjugated, so he can git deown there ahead o' anybody else. Kesire says don't forget some silk dresses for her, and yeour brother Job says if you can capter a good gold watch an' a diamond pin he don't mind allowing yeou a second-hand price for 'em in petrolyum stock which he's president of the company. Exterminate as many of the gothic vandals as you can, and capter all the property yeou can find, and don't forgit teu read your bible steddy, is the wish an' prayer of yeour affeeshenit mother.

HANNER TIFFLINS.

Oh! p. s. I forgot teu tell you that deacon Pardon's darter, Mehitable, is goin' teu be married next harvest time teu a colored man that skewered his libity from bondige in the southern klimes, by settin fire to his gothic master's manshun and burnin' up the family, an' skewrin' their jewlry an' then 'scapin' inteu Massachusetts, the sylum o' the pressed colored man.—He's good an' noble an' pious though he ain't teu say good lookin'. Mehitable brought him reound teu eour heous tother evenin' on a visit; the room was pooty warm an' he smelt a little leoud, but Mehitable says she's fond o' the sent, 'cause mister Generation that wrote a book abeout it, says it's healthy.

Old copperhead Stanchard stept in a short spell arter they went eout, and we couldn't beat it out of his stubborn head that there wasn't a skunk in the cellar. Mehit says that Mr. Swankey (that's her colored beau's name) Romeo Swankey, is goin' to study for a lawyer.—Mehit's a learnin' him his letters, an' she's only been tew weeks at it, an' he knows A and W and izzard when he sees 'em aready, an' yet that abomnable pizen old copperhead, old Stanchard, says when that nigger learns teu read there'll be good skatin' in hell. Them was his very words, the horid old blastedfemer.

WHO GOVERN THE COUNTRY?

The list of Standing Committees of the United States Senate shows, most unmistakably, by whom the important legislation of the country is prepared. Out of the *twenty-six* Standing Committees, New England monopolizes *twelve* chairmanships—all the most important ones, and such as furnish the greatest patronage and pickings. Below will be found a recapitulation and comparison:

NEW ENGLAND.

To Audit and Control Contingent Expenses of Senate—Lot M. Morrill, of Maine.

Finance.—W. P. Fessenden, of Maine.

Claims.—Daniel Clark, of New Hampshire.

Foreign Relations.—Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts.

Military Affairs.—Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts.

Pensions—Lafayette S. Foster, of Connecticut.

District of Columbia.—James Dixon, of Connecticut.

Manufactures.—William Sprague, of Rhode Island.

Printing.—Henry B. Anthony, of Rhode Island.

Post Offices and Post Roads.—J. Collamer, of Vermont.

Library.—Jacob Collamer, of Vermont.

Public Buildings &c.—Solomon Foot, of Vermont.

THE BALANCE OF THE COUNTRY.

Commerce.—L. Chandler, of Michigan.

Pacific Railroad.—J. M. Howard, Michigan.

Territories.—B. F. Wade, Ohio.

Agriculture.—J. Sherman, Ohio.

Public Lands.—J. Harlan, Iowa.

Naval Affairs.—J. W. Grimes, Iowa.

Judiciary.—Lyman Trumbull, Illinois.

Private Land Claims.—Ira Harris, New York.

Indian Affairs.—J. R. Doolittle, Wisconsin.

Enrolled Bills.—T. O. Howe, Wisconsin.

Revolutionary Claims.—Alex. Ramsey, Minnesota.

Patents and Patent Office.—E. Cowan, Pennsylvania.

Engrossed Bills.—H. S. Lane, Indiana.

Mines and Mining.—John Conness, California.

It will be observed that although each of the New England Senators has a chairmanship, and Collamer, of Vermont, two, the States of Delaware, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, New Jersey and Oregon are entirely ignored. True, about four of these are Democratic States, and, of course, they deserve no representation.

In the formation of the committees the Democratic Senators are treated most scurvily, and every important committee is so arranged as to be entirely under New England control. A single glance at the above exhibit will convince the most stupid reader that all the more important affairs of the Government are entirely in the hands of New England Yankees. Look, for instance, at the great Empire State—put off as it is with a chairmanship of "Private Land Claims," and the Old Keystone with one on "Patents and the Patent Office!" At the same time New England has control of all the military and financial affairs! How do our Pennsylvania "Dutchmen" like the picture? Is it not pleasant to be under Yankee domination?

The injustice of allowing New England thus to monopolize the legislation of the country—not to mention the disgrace of it—will be more manifest by consulting the following figures.—By the census of 1860, the six New England States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut had a white population of 3,110,572. By the same census Pennsylvania had a white population of 2,840,266—or only 251,305 less than those whole six States. In the same year New York had 3,831,750—*or seven hundred and twenty thousand one hundred and fifty eight* (720,158) more than the whole six Yankee States! Again. The six New England States polled, at the late presidential election, 515,650 votes. At the same election Pennsylvania polled 572,707—or *fifty seven thousand and fifty seven votes* MORE THAN ALL NEW ENGLAND! [GOV. Andrew, of Massachusetts, gives the key to this result—their population is superabundantly female; the males being largely engaged down south, cotton speculating and reconstructing rebel States by "conventions," etc.] New York, at the same election, polled a vote of 730,721—or *two hundred and twenty-five thousand and seventy one* (225,071) VOTES MORE THAN ALL THE YANKEE STATES COMBINED! And yet, after these facts, these two great States are tendered the chairmanships of committees to deliberate upon "private claims" and mechanical "models!"—But, as these are days of humiliation, Pennsylvania, as well as her sister States, must bow down and be silent.—*Pat. & Union.*

☞There are three faithful friends—a good wife, an old dog, and ready money.

☞A bill has been introduced in the Legislature to fix the standard weight of potatoes at fifty-six pounds per bushel.

☞It is a good thing to laugh at any rate, says Dryden, and if a straw can tickle a man it is an instrument of happiness.

☞The New York *Herald* has dubbed the oil millionaires "Petrolians." "Why not call them Gent-iles?" asks the Venango *Spectator*.

☞If a lover finds a pleasant note from his sweetheart stuck into the keyhole, it is the keyhole to his heart.

☞The Kansas papers complain of the great increase of crime in that State, and say that murders are of daily occurrence, most of them attended by circumstances of atrocious brutality.