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BloomSBurg Democrat.

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New Star-Spangled Banner to Suit the Times.

O, say can you see since the war's deadly blight, Our time honored flag, without sadly regretting The fate of a people who sold their birth-right, And beheld now the sun of their liberty setting? And the tax we now pay (near two millions per day), Gives proof that fanatics and tyrants bear sway— While the Star-Spangled Banner in mockery waves, Over bonddholding tyrants and tax-ridden slaves.

Speech of Gen. Richard Coulter.

He Abandons the Radical Party and Supports Seymour and Blair. General Richard Coulter made a speech at Ligonier in Westmoreland county, recently, which we wish our Radical "friends of the soldier" would read and publish as a campaign document. It certainly contains valuable information for unarmy citizens, as well as soldiers.

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Even France, in her most despotic days, never made such proscription as the Republican party now proposes to do in the South.

Why should the Southern negroes be allowed to vote? What claims have they to superior merit? They aided and assisted in the rebellion, and they built the vast earth-works for the defence of Richmond and Petersburg, the taking of which caused the shedding of the blood of many a white man, and the death of many a true-hearted man. But it is not the white men of the South, according to the Republican programme, who are to govern the South—it is the New England carpet-bagger, manipulating the nigger, who is to hold office and rule the rebels. They make officers of those that please them, and of those only who will

subserve their own purposes.

Arkansas has two Senators—one comes from Wisconsin, and the other from Minnesota. South Carolina has a Governor from the army, and so in other of the reconstructed States. They pick up a fellow from anywhere and make a Senator, or a congressman, or a judge of him, no matter what his State.—We become accustomed to this state of affairs and laugh at it, and it sounds like a good joke on the rebels, but let me tell you it will make trouble in the future; it is but the entering wedge of similar operations here at home, and you yourselves may some day feel its effects. I say here, that could this state of things have been foreseen in 1864, when the men of the regiments whose term was about to expire were asked to enlist for another period of three years, to stand by the government while longer—could it then have been known that such governments would be established, that such poor, helpless wretches as we had turned into Washington from Culpepper, along the Manassas road, and Orange Court-House, should be allowed to vote, and the white men be proscribed, not a veteran would have taken the oath of re-enlistment.—Bounties and furloughs would have been rejected, and all along the Rapidan would regiments and divisions of men have turned their back upon the enemy, and marched away from the conflict. The long lines of true men, who raised their hands on high in renewed obligation, would have turned their faces homeward, and abandoned in disgust the bloody struggle which was to have for the fruits of victory such wrong and such injustice. I speak now what I know, and I see men around me now who know it as well as I do, and who will tell you the same thing.

The Custom of Burning the Dead in Japan.

A letter from Japan says: The burning of the dead is largely practiced among the Japanese; and of the thirty-five different forms of worship practiced here—all equally false—but two demand burial in preference to cremation. My acquaintance with their mode of burying the dead is limited to two funerals, which casually came before my notice. On one occasion I was returning from a walk, and my path led beside one of the little cemeteries near Kobi, in which a small party was gathered. It was the hour of sunset, a fitting time for an event of tender sorrow. The mourners were dressed entirely in white, which contrasted with the gaudy robes of a small group of priests.—The corpse, in its enclosure, lay upon a bier, and an offering of green rice and of flowers was made as though to the manes of the dead. Then came the beating of bells and the clang of cymbals. The receptacle which contained the corpse was shaped like a half barrel, and in this the dead was placed in a sitting posture, and all vacant places were filled with combustibles.

The Young Witness.

A little girl, nine years of age, was a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a crime committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being put in the witness box, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath." "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer. "There, your Honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is there anything further necessary to show the force of my objection? This witness should be rejected. You see she does not know the nature of an oath." "Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my little girl."

A Distant Relation.

An incident occurred some time ago at Cincinnati, on board the steamer Buckeye, just as she was about to depart for New Orleans. A tall countryman, carrying a pair of saddle-bags on his arm and covered with perspiration, and who looked as though he could tell his head from a bunch of shingles, rushed into the cabin, calling at the top of his voice: "What is Colonel McIntosh? Is Colonel McIntosh on the boat?" "No one answered."

I AM DYING.

The following beautiful poem we copy from the Memphis Bulletin. It is rarely we find such contributions to the columns of a newspaper. It is sweetly, beautifully said: Raise my pillow, husband, dearest, Faint and fainter comes my breath; And these shadows stealing slowly Must, I know, be those of death. Sit down, close beside me, darling, Let me clasp your warm, strong hand, Yours that ever has sustained me, To the borders of this land.

Lager Beer not intoxicating.

We saw the man last night who won't believe lager beer will intoxicate. He stopped us on Vine street to say "Mos' harm'ess be've'ge in the 'orld. Man can drink fl'y glasses a never see it mor'n I am this mink."

All sorts of Items.

The "wicked man's" cigars are the latest novelty. "Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, Clem; but I've seen the cats kill mice!" "Ma, what is revenge?" "It is when your dad scolds me, and I hit him with the broomstick."

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