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***Devoted to the cause of Republicanism, the interests of Agriculture, the advancement of Education, and the best good of Potter county. Owning no guide except that of Principle, it will endeaver to aid in the work of more fully Freedomizing our Country.

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REFERENCES.—Hon. ISAAC BENSON, Hon. A G. OLMSTED, J. S. MANN, Esq., F. W. KNOX, Esq.
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13 y 1864.

THE BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

[As sung at the Celebration of the Fourth in this place, by the "Olmsted Brigade."

Oh cheery rang the church bells that told the fall of Lee, [Victory!
And merry roared the cannon, that thundered
But merrier now the bells ring, the cannon louder boom, [come home.
For brighter now the morning as the boys
For the cruel war is over, and the boys are coming home.
CHORUS.—Yes, the boys are coming home,
For the cruel war is over, and the boys are coming home!

We waited, ah! we waited, as the weary years wear by; [twas but a sigh,
Our prayer, 'twas but a groaning; our song,
No sunny rays of gladness, our land was draped in gloom, [boys coming home.
For we yearned to see the ending, and the
Thank God, Oh, what a blessing! see the boys are coming home.—CHORUS.

What tho' our boys come wounded, and many a ghastly scar, [of the war;
These are their marks of glory, the trophies
We'll be their hands and feet, yes, and voices to the dumb; [boys come home.
Then let's shout for them a welcome, as the
The crutch it is an honor to the boys coming home.—CHORUS.

But ah, the dead, the absent; who will come home no more:— [plain and shore:
The true, the brave who moulder, on rebel
Be hushed ye cannon peal, and disturb ye not the tomb [come home.
Of the heroes who will never with the Boys
They sleep afar in glory, while the boys come home.—CHORUS.

Our Flag, our Starry Banner, it speaks to us to-day, [torn in tears away.
It speaks from Sumter's walls, whence 'twas
But oh, what voice it utters, tho' torn with shot and bomb, [coming home;
As it leads our gallant fellows, the boys
In this happy happy moment, as the boys are coming home.—CHORUS.

Then enjoy this happy moment, no longer make delay; [day.
And lift your hands to God in gratitude to-
Wives, mothers, sisters join us, here are your darlings come; [were coming home!
Even Victory was worthless, till the boys
Till this cruel war was over and the boys coming home.—CHORUS.

The Husbands' Revenge.

Somewhere about the year 1835, William Bradway, a young man of five and twenty, then living in the interior of the State of New York, left his family consisting of a wife and two small children, and went south on a tour of speculation. He was absent nearly a year, and stated on his return, that he had been very successful, and had purchased a place on the Red river whither he proposed to move his family, and there settle, perhaps for life. His wife pleased with the novelty of the change, readily assented to the new arrangement, and, as soon as their Northern affairs were properly settled, they set off for their new home, which in due course of time, they reached in safety.

But Mrs. Bradway was sadly disappointed in finding the place so different from what she had pictured in her fancy. The settlement was new, and everything was rough. The houses, many of them were built of logs, and even the best of them lacked the finish of her Northern home, while the furniture was generally of the plainest and coarsest description, and scanty at that. But worse that all the rest were the inhabitants; composed principally of rough speculators, negro traders, gamblers, and outlaws from different quarters, with such females and children as looked to them for support.—Mrs. Bradway, who had been well educated and brought up in refined society, sought in vain among them for suitable associates and companions, and, being a stranger in a strange land, soon became depressed and homesick. Under the peculiar circumstances, she unguardedly made some remarks not complimentary to the place and its inhabitants; and these being reported, with such additions and exagerations as scandal-mongers generally use for embellishments, she soon found herself surrounded by open enemies, and subjected to some petty annoyances and persecutions such as little, malicious minds delight to inflict upon those they secretely believe to be their superiors, and both envy and hate for that cause

Six months had not passed away ere William Bradway felt the necessity of removing his family from that unpleasant and lawless locality, and this he was preparing to do, when an awful tragedy occurred which changed the peaceful man into a bloody avenger. Some business at a neighboring settlement called him from home for a couple of days and on his return he found his house in ashes, and learned that his wife and children had all been murdered under the most atrocious and aggravating circumstances—his poor wife, previous to her throat being cut, having been subjected to treatment worse than death by the three ruffians concerned in the horrible affair.

To a fond husband and father this was a terrible blow: and for a day and a night William Bradway remained beside the still smoking ruins of his dwelling, some of the time walking slowly around them with his eyes bent on the ground, and some of the time standing and gazing at them with an abstracted air, as if he were recalling the past, or looking into the future. He had shown no violent sorrow even at the first, but had received the awful intelligence as one mentally stupefied—as one who could not clearly believe the facts and comprehend the whole extent of his loss. It was observed that his features suddenly became deadly white, even to his lips, and then gradually changed to a livid hue, which remained without alteration, and without being afterwards tinged by even the slightest flush.

"Who did it?" he inquired, in a tone of unnatural calmness.

Three men were named—George Harbaugh, James Fawcet, and John Ellery. These men were known as gamblers and had been suspected of being robbers and murderers. They did not live in the village, but had visited it occasionally, and one of them had, some time previously, had a quarrel with Bradway, and threatened revenge, though the latter little dreamed at the time that anything so terrible was meant as had been accomplished.

It is but justice to say that, though the Bradways, as previously mentioned, had made themselves very unpopular in the place, there were very few of the residents who openly sanctioned the horrid crimes that had been committed, and there were some who boldly expressed a hope that the vile perpetraters would yet meet with a just punishment; but though the ruffians had made no secret of their fiendish deeds, and had even boasted of them before they left the place, no one had made any attempt to arrest or detain them, and they had gone, no one knew whither.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning that William Bradway first saw the ruins of his home, and heard the awful news of his irreparable loss; and all through the remainder of that day and the night which followed it he conducted himself in the manner we have described, seemingly taking no notice of the curious groups that gathered around him, and replying to none of the idle questions put to him.

The next morning he went into a neighbor's house and asked for something to eat, which was given him. He offered to pay for this but the man of the house declined to receive any money, and, with expressions of sympathy, invited him to make his home there for a few days.

"No," returned Bradway, "I intend to leave to day."

"You don't look as if you'd got strength to go far;" said the man in a kindly tone.

"I have that within which will sustain me," replied Bradway.

He then inquired into the particulars of the awful tragedy and the direction taken by the murderers—speaking calmly to all the replies—his features the while retaining their unnatural, livid hue, and displaying no signs of emotion, save perhaps now and then a preceptible quiver of the bloodless lips. As he passed through the villiage, after taking leave of his family, he was several times stopped by different parties who wanted to enter into conversation with him and find out what he intended to do, but he gave them only evasive answers, and slipped off as quietly as possible.

It was about two months after this that George Harbaugh, late one night, was picking his way through the dark streets of Nacogdoches from a gambling house to his lodgings, when a man came up to him and quietly said: "Good evening, sir!"

"Who're you? and what d'ye want?" demanded the ruffian in a gruff, surly tone at the same time thrusting his right hand into his bosom as if to draw a pistol.

"Do not be alarmed, sir!" returned the stranger; "but permit me to ask you one or two questions. In the first place, is your name Geo. Harbaugh?"

"Well, what of it, whether it is or is'nt?" was the uncivil demand.

"If it is, I owe you something, which I wish to pay." returned the stranger; "and if it is not, perhaps you can put me in the way to find the person I seek?"

"What do you owe me for and how much?" inquired the gambler, taking his hand from his bosom.

"I am right then, in supposing, I address George Harbaugh himself?"

"Yes, that's my name. What's yours, wher'd we ever meet before?"

"If I am not mistaken," pursued the stranger, "you with two companions, were at the vilage of———, on the Red river on the night of the sixth of September last?"

"Ho! what's this?" cried the ruffian springing back, and again thrusting his hand into his bosom.

He had not time for more, ere with a flash and a crack a ball passd through his breast. As he staggered and fell shouting murder, a sharp knife was drawn across his throat and the name of William Bradway hissed into his dying ear. It was the last earthly sound he ever heard. He was found murdered, but his assassin was not discovered.

During the winter following, James Fawcet went among the Choctaws to purchase horses. While trading with the indians he fell in with a small dealer, who, for a trifling consideration, offeted to assist him in taking his horses to the settlement some two hundred miles distant, where he expected to dispose of them at a heavy profit. The bargain was struck, and, with fifteen horses, James Fawcet set off with his assistant through a long stretch of wilderness. On the second night, as the gambler and murderer sat smoking before the campfire, he was suddenly startled by finding a noose dropped over his head and shoulders and drawn around his body, so as to pinion his arms. In less than a minute notwithstanding a vigorous resistance on his part, he lay stretched on the earth as helpless as an infant.

"What's the meaning of this? Do you intend to murder me?" he demanded in a voice made tremulous by fear.

"I suppose you do not recollect ever having seen me before you met me in the Indian village?" said the man who had been acting as his assistant, as he now stood over his prestrate form.

"No, of course not! where had I ever seen you before?" replied Fawcet.

The other removed a wig of long hair and a patch from one eye, and then quickly said: "Do you know me now?"

"Well, it does seem as if I had seen you before, but I can't tell where," said the ruffian.

"Do you remember the woman and children you helped to murder on the 6th of last September?"

"Ha! you're Bradway!" cried the villain, in a tone of despair.

William Bradway, at your service—the same in name as when you knew me, but not the same nature. Then I would not have harmed you; but now I would execute the vengeance of a wronged husband and father."

"Mercy!" gasped Fawcet.

"Did you show any?"

"You will not murder me?"

"You must die, I have sworn it. I have followed you to rid the earth of a monster. Harbaugh fell by my hand; I shall not spare you, and then to hunt down John Ellery! Say your prayers, if you have any to say, for your minutes are numbered!"

"Mercy, mercy!" grsped the terrified ruffian.

The avenger made no further reply, but deliberately proceeded to fasten a rope with a noose, around the neck of Fawcet. This done, he dragged him to a sapling, bent it over, secured the other end of the rope near its top, and let it go.

With a wild unearthly yell, the second murderer was jerked up from the earth, and hung dangling, swinging, and struggling a few feet from the ground. Bradway looked calmly on, till the body became still in death; and then, mounting his own horse, he rode swiftly away, leaving the other horses and the money on the person of the dead man, to whoever might find them.

It might have been six months after the terrible death of the ruffian just recorded, that two men sat in a private room of a gambling den in Natchez, playing cards for money. Piles of gold and silver and rolls of bank notes were on the table between the men, and each was staking his money freely, and apparantly considering nothing but how to beggar the other by his superior skill or knavery.

"You know," said one of the two men. "that we are to play till one of us wins all."

"Suppose we take another drink on it!"

"Agreed?"

A bottle and tumblers stood on the table just behind the first speaker, who got up and turned round and poured out two glasses—his companion, who had the deal, improving the opertunity as well as he could to arrange the cards so as to give himself a winning hand. The man who poured out the liquor now handed one to the gambler at the table and held the other himself ready for drinking.

"To the cholera!" he said, quietly nodding to the other—for the malady had at that time begun its work of destruction.

"To the cholera be it then, and let it do its work!" cried the gambler, with forced bravado, turning somewhat pale, and tossing off his glass at one gulp.

The other drank quietly, replaced the two tumblers, and resumed his seat at the gambling board. For a few minutes there was no remark made, except what concerned the game; and then one who had partially packed the cards, as he raked down a large sum he had just won, said, looking up, with an expression of alarm, "By heavens! I feel very strange!"

"You look very pale," returned the other—"I think you are going to die."

"Well, you're a pretty comforter, I must say!"

"I think you will find me so presently."

"Ah?" groaned the gambler, dropping the cards and clasping his stomach with both hands, "I am on fire inside."

"Of course you are!"

How, of course? What do you know about it? Have I got the cholera?" demanded the gambler somewhat fiercely.

"Listen to me a few moments, and you will know and understand all. There were once three companions named Geo. Harbaugh, James Fawcet, and John Ellery. A little more than a year ago, they murdered an innocent woman and two children, in the village of———, while the husband and father, William Bradway, was away. When he returned and learned all the horrid particulars, he swore a solemn oath that he would never rest in peace till he should have hunted them all down, and put an end to their guilty lives. George Harbaugh was assassinated in the streets of Nacogdoches, James Fawcet was hung in the west, and John Ellery was poisoned in Natchez."

"But I am John Ellery!" cried the gambler the very picture of horror.

"No need to tell me that, who have hunted you to your death!" said the other. I am William Bradway!"

"Good Heaven! am I then poisoned?" shrieked the wicked man, as new pangs seized him.

"Yes, beyond hope! in five minutes you will be a corpse."

"Murder!—help!" the dying man began to cry.

"None of that!" said Bradway, springing upon him like a tiger, and forcing a hankerchief into his mouth, which he held there till the man fell down in spasms when he turned to the table and quickly selected his own money from the gambler's and put it in his pocket.

The poison was quick and sure and in less than half an hour from his last drink of spirits the murderer was a corpse.—Waiting only to be certain of his death, Bradway went down stairs and told some of the people of the house that his companion either had the cholera or had fallen down in a fit, and they had better go up and see to him. He then hastened down to the river, got on board the first passing steamer, and before night was many miles away from the scene of his last act of vengeance.

William Bradway subsequently went to Texas, joined a band of rangers, and was finally killed in a fight with a party of guerrillas on the western frontier. His companions all spoke of him as a quiet determined man, who was never known to smile.

"ONE OF MR. LINCOLN'S HIRELINGS."—On Monday, while a Lancaster soldier who had just returned from a four years' campaign in the Army of the Potomac, was giving the result of his observations of the Peninsular campaign of 1862, in which he was an actor, he incidently remarked that General Grant could do more work in an hour than Gen. McClellan could do in months. There happened to be a trio of Copperheads present, one of whom putting in practice the teachings of his organ, remarked, "that's one of Lincoln's hirelings!" Although the author of the insult was half as big again as the soldier, the latter, in less time than it takes us to write it, administered a severe punishment to the offender and commenced on his companions who sought safety in a hasty exit out of the back door. In the afternoon a third party undertook to revenge the punishment of his friend but was disposed of about as quickly as the original offender, and was glad also to beat a hasty retreat.

It is in such breaches of the peace as this that we see the fruits of the teachings of those tory organs which denounced the Union soldiers as "Lincoln's hirelings" and stigmatized the President whom the soldiers so devotedly loved, as a "tyrant" "usurper," a "Caligula" and a "Nero." When their organs indulge in this style of infamous aspersions with impunity, their more ignorant dupes very naturally take up and use the offensive language thus put in their mouths, knowing that no soldier of any spirit will submit to such insults. Such breaches of the peace, however ought to be prevented, and every graduate of the tory school who attempts to befoul a soldier with such epithets, should be at once arrested and punished by law for inciting a breach of the peace. It would be almost impossible to find a jury that would not convict such appellings of Booth.—*Lancaster Express.*

A movement is on foot, with ex-Gov. Pollock at the head of it to provide a home for disabled soldiers, and their orphans. It contemplates the purchase of several hundred acres of land at some suitable locality, for light agricultural pursuits, provided with workshops, school house and church, where our brave defenders who have been disabled, can enjoy the comforts of a home

SOMETHING CURIOUS.—The N.Y. *News* the leading organ of the rebellion in the North singularly enough advocates the bestowal of suffrage upon the freedmen of the South. That it speaks by authority of some party or clique down there we have no doubt; yet it is perfectly well known that the leading politicians of that section, who are getting back into the Union oppose it savagely.

A MAN SHOT BY A WOMAN IN CANADA.—Miss Munson a school teacher accompanied by another young lady drove out from Bowmansville, C.W. on the 28th ult., and called at the house of James Kerr, at Orono, five miles from this village. They asked Kerr to take a drive with them, and when about two miles from there Miss Munson shot Kerr with a revolver, mortally wounding him. She is now in custody. Various rumors pervail, but the real animus of the affair is not known.

The country is now divided into five grand military divisions. The following are their names and commanders:

Military Division of the Atlantic—Major-General Meade.

Military Division of the Mississippi—Major-General Sherman.

Military Division of the Tennessee—Major-General Thomas.

Military Division of the Southwest—Major-General Sheridan.

Military Division of the Pacific—Major-General Halleck.

The Andersonville Prisoners.

Gov. Curtin, in conjunction with Surgeon General Philips, has procured a reliable list of the Pennsylvania soldiers who died at Andersonville, which will soon be published. Among the accompanying papers is a list of Federal prisoners received at Andersonville, which totals 17,524. Of these 403 took the oath of allegiance to the rebels, doubtless to preserve their lives from starvation. Six of the prisoners were tried by a court marshal and executed within the stockade in one day. The total number of deaths were 12,834. The highest number of deaths in a single day, the 23d of August, were 128. The several lists embrace only the prisoners confined at Andersonville from February 26th, 1864, to March 24th, 1865.

Our Finances.

As everything relating to the wealth, resources and financial ability of our country, are matters of special interest at the present time, we subjoin a few facts and figures, taken from a pamphlet issued by Messrs. Jay Cooke &Co., and prepared by Dr. Wm. Elder, of the Treasury Department.

Our national debt, at the close of the war, is estimated at three thousand millions of dollars. Our debt, at the close of the last war with Great Britain, was one hundred and twenty seven millions of dollars, which was $14.67 per head upon the entire population, and 7 per cent. upon the estimated value of the country.—This debt was paid in nineteen years, and was not felt by any one. The average interest of our debt, including five hundred and fifteen and a half millions of "greenbacks" and fractional currency, is 4,35 less than 4½ per cent. The wealth in 1850 (excluding slaves) was ten thousand seven hundred millions, and the products of the year two thousand eight hundred and seventy millions, or 26.8 per cent. of the capital. Taking these amounts and rates as a basis, we now have a result of sixteen thousand one hundred and twelve millions, and an annual product of four thousand three hundred and eighteen millions, in which sum the hundred and twenty six millions of interest would be 2 91 per cent. Assuming this basis as correct, we shall have a wealth in 1870, of twenty four thousand two hundred and eighteen millions, and an anual producing capacity of six thousand four hundred and ninety millions. In 1880 forty eight thousand two hundred and thirty nine millions, and a producing capacity of twelve thousand fifty nine millions, which gives the interest required at 1.35 per cent., or less than one and a half per cent. of the producing capacity of the country.

Our revenue from our internal taxes last year was two hundred and sixty millions, and is estimated at three hundred and twenty five millions this year. It is computed that the entire debt can be paid in twenty years from 1870. The enormous debt of Great Britain, of over four thousand millions of dollars, is only 12 per cent. of her entire wealth, and she has carried this heavy burden and has continued to increase in wealth. And as she has been able to do this, and none will question this fact, how much more able are we to bear this debt, and at no distant day liquidate it. We have the finest country in the world, abounding in mineral resources of the richest quality, and a climate and soil which will produce almost anything that can be grown any where in the world. We also have room for a vast population; some have set the number down at three hundred millions. We see no grounds even for despondency, for we think we can successfully eliminate this financial problem and pay this enormous debt. Industry, courage, and faith, are the great trinity under which we have labored, and by this sign we are able to conquer now.