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Selected Poetry. WHO ARE THE BRAVE?

Who are the brave! Sure not alone, Those who, with nerve undaunted, stand And beat the rebel foeman back With manly strength and steady hand.

Not those who, by ambition led, Toil up the rugged steeps of fame, Crashing beneath their iron will Joy, health, and peace, to gain a name.

Not he who, on the rolling main, Trusts to the treach'rous plank his life, Bares to the storm his naked breast, And dares the elements to strife.

'Mid humbler scenes than these we find A heroism nobler far

Than ever led the volunteer To tread the gory path of war.

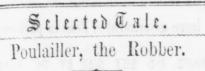
The widow, silent, sad, and lone, Waked to a sense of dutious joy, Gives to her country all she has, Her only child, her darling boy.

The nurse, forgetful all of self, Bends o'er the racking couch of pain ; Inhaling foul contagion's breath, She bids the sufferer live again.

The wife who sends her loved one forth. With cheering smiles her grief concealed, Shows courage true as that which nerves Her husband on the battle field.

He is a hero true who fights Life's battle with unconquered will ; With resignation takes, and hope,

His mingled share of good and ill. Who are the brave? Sure not alone Those who, with nerve undaunted, stand And beat the rebel formen back. Those traitors to their native land



A Breton legend asserted that the devil life and the robber's doorn. adopted Poulailler from the hour of his birth.

bles and all his papers, an Italian noblemanthe Marquis Petrucci, of Sienna. On Tuesday, he was ready for another stroke of business .-Posted on the top of a steep hill, he watched could have anticipated.

the road which wound up to the summit on one side, while his followers were enscouced on the road which led down from it on the other. The prize expected in this case, was the travelling carriage (with a large sum of money on the inside) of the Baron de Kirbergen. Before long Poulailler discerned the carriage afar off, at the bottom of the hill, and in advance of it, ascending the eminence, two ladies on foot. They were the Baron's daughters-Wilhelmina, a fair beauty ; Frederica, a brunette-both lovely, both accomplished, both susceptible, both young. Poulailler sauntered down the hill to meet the fascinating travellers. He looked, bowed, introduced himself, and fell in love with Wilhelmina on the spot. Both the charming girls acknowleded, in the most artless manner, that confidement to the carriage had given them the fidgets, and that they were wasking up the hill to try the remedy of a gentle exercise. Poulailler's heart was touched, and his generosity to the sex was roused in the nick of time. With a polite apology to the young ladies, he ran back by a short cut to where his men were posted. "Gentlemen !" cried the generous posted. ceptible-the band demurred. Poulailler knew

While Monsieur Herault was at breakfast in his study, the Count de Villeneuve was announced as wishing to speak to him. Knowing tively trifling amount. Poulailler was far too third and last time, by way of attempting an the Count by name only, as belonging to an ancient family in Provence, or in Languedoc, Monsiens Herault ordered him to be shown in. A perfect gentleman appeared, dressed with stances. Accordingly, Madame de Brienne Maddened by jealous ruge, Wilhelmina cast an admirable mixture of magnificence and good received her warrants with a note of apology taste. "I have something for your private ear, Sir," said the Count. "Will you give orders that no one must be allowed to disturb "in consideration of the false reports of your us ?" Monsieur Herault gave the orders .--" May I inquire, Count, what your business If I had of known what your pecuniary eir- mistress to a farewell interview. His contempt-Poulailler," answered the Count. " I am Poulailler." his lips the robber produced a pretty little your warrents. But if you are at all pressed dagger and some rose-colored silk cord. "The for money in future, I shall be proud to assist point of this dagger is poisoned," he observed; so distinguished a lady by lending her, from startled by a ghastly change in the face of his and one scratch with it, my dear Sir, would my own ample resources, double the sum of companion. be the death of you." With these words, Pou- which I regret to have deprived her on the lailler gagged the lieutenant of police, bound present occasion." him to his chair with the rose colored cord, lightened his writing desk of one thousand pis- night taking the air and watching his opportoles. "I'll take the money down, instead of tunities on the roofs of his houses, a member thief, "in the charming name of Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, I charge you all, let the Baron's ly offer," said Poulailler. "Don't trouble your to assist him in case of necessity. While in The carriage pass free." The band was not sus ceptible—the band demurred. Poulailler knew A few weeks later, while Monsieur Herault an open back-garret window caught his ear. them. He had appealed to their pockets - throughout Paris, business took Poulailler on bled him to climb down and look in. Starv-"Gentlem n !" he resumed, " excuse my mo- the road to Lille and Cambrai. The only in- ing children surrounding a helpless mother mentary misconception of your sentiments .- side passenger in the coach besides himself was and clamoring for food, was the picture that

and arrived at the top just in time to band the young ladies into the carriage. "Charming man !" said the white Wilhelmina to the brown Frederica, as they drove off Innocent coul! what would she have said if she had known that her personal attractions had s ved her that her personal attractions had s ved her in the use to be the merit of suggest. The part of suggest is prevent of suggest. The part of the personal attractions had s ved her in the beau, "you are a stranger, S.r.-and, moreover, I wish to keep the merit of suggest. The personal attractions had s of the personal attractions had s ved her in the personal attractions had s ved her is the personal attractions had s ved her intervent of the personal attractions had s ved her intervent of the personal attractions had s ved her is the personal attractions had s ved her intervent of the personal attractions had s ved her intervent of the personal stranger, S.r.-and, intervent of the personal stranger on the personal stranger on the personal stranger of the personal stranger on the personal stranger of the personal stranger on the personal stranger

- and the master thrashed hun "He wont the baron, at which the Bar depondlated; linen was stolen from the gar in the interesting interview, when a second of the poliece waited at his office, in the prejudice a chance. There was a time when the storm without and the thoughts within to company of two French gentlemen who I feit it myself; I regret to fell it no longer. deuce take Poulailler's boy !" was the general cry. "The deuce has got him," was Poulail-trucci, of Sienna," replied the stranger. "Im-ler's answer. "And yet he is a nice looking possible !" said the servant; "his lordship is sumption of his victim's name. At the ap-it left? Here !" He struck his heart--and "Let us the two Marquises stood face to face. Pon- arrested in spite et his protestations ; the pa band, " how can I show my gratitude ?" provior hum," said Madame Foulailler. "Let latter's composure was not shaken in the least; pers of the mardered Fotter were found on as the bad come first to the house, and behad got him, and he was dragged off to the police office being and the posse of the mardered Fotter were found on Madame," answered Poulailler. Madame start-bas been thrashed till all the sticks in the mell' cried the true Petrucci. "You are drank, mell' cried the true Petrucci. "You are drank, we will try him with the rope's end next," mad, or an impostor," retorted the false Pe We will try him with the rope's end next, mad, or an impostor, refored the faise re-storted his father; "he shall go to sea and trucci. "Send to Florence, where I am re in an atmosphere of thrashing. Our son hall te a cabin boy." It was all one to Pou-apostrophizing the Baron. "Send to Florence you done ?" they exclaimed in horror; "this they be the shall be poulailler.— you done ?" they exclaimed in horror; "this they be the shall be poulailler.— they be the shall be poulailler.— they be the shall be poulailler.— the shall be pou ler Junior-he knew as well as his father by all means," echoed the other, addressing is not Poulailler-here is our venerable friend; erous tear, and departed here is the Deau himself ?" At the same mo-

sum he expected ; and a pocket-book, which tried twice to rid himself of his unhappy mishe took away with him to open at home. It tress—ouce by the knife and once by poison contained some stock-warrents for a compara-and failed on both occasions. For the contained some stock-warrents for a comparawealth, which alone induced me to enter it .-cumstances really were, on the honor of a gentleman, Madame, I should have been incapaer," answered the Count. "I am Pou-Before Monsieur Herault could open two thousand louis d'ors by post, as I return

On another occasion Poulailler was out one this position, sobs and groans proceeded from Here is my one half share of the Marquis Petrucci's property. If I divide it among you, fell into talk on the one interesting subject of beautiful; and Poulailler's hand impulsively will you let the carriage pass free?" The band knew the value of money, and accepted the terms. Pontailler rushed back up the hill, and arrived at the top just in time to hand the tather's property? Was she ever to see the moreover, I wish to keep the merit of suggest-charming man again? Yes : she was too see ing the plan to myself." "Do you think the ing the plan to myself." "Do you think the isomebody. I thought of you-I thought of he children-I seized the suspicious stranger was hereafter to link her fast to the robber's life and the robber's doorn. Confiding the direction of the band to his trick at his own breaklast table." "He will Confiding the direction of the band to his trick at his own breaklast table." "He will my two valuable snuff boxes,' he said 'but first heutenants, Poulailler followed the car- see Dean Potter, of Brussels," was the reply, spare my life.' I took them." "Noble-The product of the product of the

The bills were posted all over Paris—and, the next morning, they produced the very last re-sult in the world which the lieutenant of police and louis d'ors, which was nothing like the Poulailler's patience became exhausted; he

well off to care about taking them, and far too experiment of another kind, he established a the last fragments of her fondness to the winds. She secretly communicated with the policeand Poulailler met his doom.

A night was appointed with the authorities and the robber was invited by his discarded uous confidence in her fidelity rendered him careless of his customary precaution. He accepted the appointment ; and the two supped together, on the understanding that they were henceforth to be friends, and nothing more .--Towards the close of the meal Poulailler was

"What is wrong with you ?" he asked. " A. mere trifle," she answered, looking at

her glass of wine. " I can't help loving you still, budly as you have treated me. You are a dead man, Paulailler-and I shall not survive

The robber started to his feet, and seized a knife on the table. You have poisoned me !" he exclaimed.

" No," she replied. " Poison is my venreance on myself-not my vengeance on you. You will rise from this table as you sat down to it. But your evening will be finished in prison ; and your life will be ended on the

As she spoke the words the door was burst open by the police, and Poulailler was secured: I'ne same night the poison did its fatal work ; and his mistress made atonement with her life for the first and last act of treachery which had revenged her on the man she loved.

Once safely lodged in the hands of justice, the robber tried to gain time to escape in by promising to make important disclosures. The manœuvre availed him nothing. In those days the Laws of the Land had not yet made acquaintance with the Laws of Humanity .--Poulailler was put to the torture-was suffered to recover-was publicly broken on the Wheel-and was taken off it alro to be cast into a blazing tire. By those murderous means Society rid itself of a murderous man, and the idlers on the Boulevards took their evening stroll again in recovered security.

HOME AND WIFE ON SATURDAY .- Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it on a Saturday night. A house, no matter how small, provided it will hold two or so-no matter how it is farnished, provided there is hope in it ; let the winds blow-close the curtains !

What if they are calico, or plain, without border or tassel, or any such thing? Let the rain come down-beap up the fire. No mat-ter if you have no candle to bless yourself with was that the Cherokees had turned traitors, for what a beautiful light glowing coals make, and the secession soldiers were immediately reddening, clouding, sheding sunset radience ordered to charge upon them. They did so, through the little room; just enough to talk and for an hour a terrible fight ensued among

Atrocities of the Indians.

An eye witness of the battle of Pes Ridge writes as follows :

The Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek and Seminole Indians, of whom some three thousand were engaged in the battle, under the command of Col. Albert Pike, a Northern man, who deserves, and will doubtless receive, eternal infamy from his efforts to induce a horde of savages to butcher brave men who had taken ep arms to prevent the subversion of the Republic-repeated the outrages open civilized warfare, and the shocking barbarities with which our early history has made us familiar.

Scalping and robbing were, as of yore, their favorite pastime. They plandered every wounded, dying and dead Unionist they could find, and very frequently murdered those they dis-covered so badly hurt as to be incapable of offering resistance.

The savages indeed seemed demonized, and it is said the Rebels did everything in their power to excite them to frenzy, giving them large quantities of whisky and guppowder a few minutes previous to the commence of hostilities.

The appearance of some of the besotted savages was fearful. They lost their sense of caution and fear, and ran with long knives against large odds, and fell pierced by dozens of bullets. With bloody hands and garments, with glittering eyes and horrid scowls, they raged about the field with terrible yells, and so often frightened some of our soldiers for a few seconds as to escape the fate that should have befallen every one of their number.

It appears the Rebels suffered from their aboriginal associates nearly as much as the Unionists themselves, and in a manner they could have least expected.

The Secessionists overcharged their dusky machines, and when they were fired, the truly guilty suffered from the recoil.

The Indians in the midst of the excitement and under the stimulous of their burning potations became frenzied, lost to every sense but that of slaughter.

Friend and foe were alike to them ; they fired at the nearest mark, and their long knives indiscriminately fell upon all within their reach. For more than twelve hours they continned this impartial warfare, killing and wounding more of the Missouri and Arkansas troops, it is believed, that they did of ours.

On Saturday morning a body of 300 or 400 Indians were discovered on the north side of Sugar Creek, below the curve of a hill, firing from thick clusters of a post-oaks into three or four companies of Arkansas soldiers, marching in McCulloch's Division toward the upper part of the ridge. The Major of the battalion seeing this, hallowed cut to them that they were firing upon their own friends, and placed his white handkerchief on his sword and waved it in the air.

The Indians either did not see or did not care for the symbol of truce ; but poured two volleys, into the Arkansas killing among othsuffered severely, as they were driven from their hiding places, and shot and butchered without merey. A person who witnessed this part of the fight says it was the most bloody and desperate that occurred on the field-beng conducted with the most reckless and brual energy by the two parties, of whom it wo'd be difficult to say which was the more barber-

low as could be seen in all France. a years old.

After two years of the rope's end (applied Florence accordingly. te effectually) the subject of this memoir Before the messenger had advanced ten bed his captain, and can away in an Engtight rope, he acted, he sold quack medicines, justice. be altered his mind again and returned to the army. Here be fell in love with the vivandier Poulailler planned and executed that vast sysof the new regiment. The sergeant-major of tem of perpetual robbery and occasional homithe company, touched by the same amiable reakness, naturally resented his attentions to the lady. Poulailler (perhaps unjustifiably)

asserted himself by boxing his officer's ears .--Out flashed the swords on both sides, and in went Poulailler's blade through the tender heart of the sergeant-major. The frontier was lose at hand. Poulailler wiped his sword and Sentence of death was recorded against him

his absence. When society has condemned re return the compliment? By condemning society to keep us alive, or, in other words, by tobbing right an left for a living. Poulailler's of was now accomplished. He was picked out to be the greatest thief of his age ; and then Fate summoned him to his place in the world he stepped forward and took it.

His first exploits were performed in Germa-They showed such novelty of combination, h daring, such dexterity, and even in his host homicidal moments, such irresistible gai-I and good humor, that a band of congenial rits gathered about him in no time.

pray for him," said Madame Ponlailler. "Let lailler's composite was not shaken in the least; pers of the mardered Potter were found on o had adopted him-he cared for no earth- himself to the Baron also. "Gentlemen," re discipline-and a cabin boy he became at pled the noble Kirbergen, "I will do myself ment a servant entered with a letter. "Dean lailler's career in Paris. The lighter and more

miles on his journey Poulailier had said two a port. London became the next scene of words in private to the susceptible Wilhelmiis adventures. At twelve years old he per ua, and the pair cloped from the baronial res saded society in the Metropolis that he was idence that night. Once more the subject of forsaken natural son of a French duke .- memoir crossed the frontier and reentered British benevolence, after blindly providing for France. Indifferent to the attractions of rural in for four years, opened its eyes and found life, he forthwith established himself with the him out at the age of sixteen ; upon which he beloved object in Paris. In that superb city durned to France, and entered the army in he met with his strangest adventures, performthe capacity of drummer. At eighteen he de- ed his beidest achievements, committed his serted, and had a turn with the gipsies. He most prodigious robberies, and, in a word, did told fortunes, he conjured, he danced on the himself and his infernal patron the fallest

Ouce established in the French metropolis. cide, which made him the terror and astonishment of all Paris. In doors, as well as out, his good fortune befriended him. No domestic auxieties harassed his mind and diverted him from the pursuit of his distinguished public career. The attachment of the charming creature, with whom he had eloped from Germany, survived the discovery that the Marquis Petrucci was Poulailler, the robber. True to

the man of her choice, the devoted Wilhelmina shared his fortunes and kept his house .-s to die, if we are men of any spirit, how can And why not, if she loved him ?--in the name of Cupid, why not?

Joined by picked men from his German fol owers, and by new recruits gathered together in Paris, Poulailier now set society and its safeguards at flat defiance. Cartouche him self was his inferior in audacity and cunning. In course of time the whole city was panicstricken by the new robber and his band-the very Boulevards were deserted after nightfall. Monsieur Herault, l'entenant of the police of the period, in despair of laying hands on Poulailler by any other means, at last offered a

reward of a hundred pistoles and a place in his boudoir

ed in these words : " Venerable Sir, - Profit by the lesson I have given you. Be a Christ the picture must now present. Comedy and tian for the future, and never again try to inare a man unless he tries to injure you. En- farewell. Horror enters next on the stage, and irely yours, Poula ller."

These facts of cool andacity were matched y others, in which his generosity to the sex achievements in the art of robbery may be real sserted itself as magnanimously as ever.

Hearing, one day, that large sums of money rere kept in the house of a great lady, one burage, Poalailler undertook to rob her in

stout pair of leather straps and buckles in as a coschman and footman, he followed Madame de Brienne one night to the theatre. Just before the close of the perfomance the lady's coachman and footman were tempted away for five minutes by Poulailler's disguised subordinates to have a glass of wine. No attempt was made to detain them, or to drug their liq nor. But, in their absence, Poulailler had slipped under the carriage, had hang his leath-

er straps round the pole-one to hold by, and one to support his feet-and, with these simple preparations, was now ready to await for events. Madame de Brienne entered the carriage-the tootman got up behind-Pon- emoiselle Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, and seclailler hung himself horizontally under the pole, and was driving home with them, under these singular circumstances. He was strong enough to keep his position, after the carriage on him. As it was, the extremes of love and had been taken into the coach house ; and he only left it when the doors were locked for the night. Provided with food beforehand, he waited patiently, hidden in the coach-house, for two days and nights, watching his opportunity of getting into Madame de Brienne's

"You can permit me to kiss the hand of

The last anecdote closes the record of Ponthe honor to take your advice ;" and sent to Florence accordingly. Potter. To the care of Monsieur Herault, Lieutenant of Police." The letter was express-been designedly presented in discreet remembrance of the contrast which the tragic side of Sentiments twin sisters of French extraction, enters welcomed.

The nature of Poulailler's more serious ized by reference fo one terrible fact. In the police records of the period more than one hundred and fifty men and woman are reconed Madame de Brieuwe, whose door was guarded, up as having met their deaths at the hands in anticipation of a visit from the famous thief, of Poulailler and his band. It was not the by a porter of approved trust-worthiness and practice of this formidable robber to take ife as well as property, unless life happened pite of her precautions, and succeeded. With to stand directly in his way ; in which case he immediately swept off the obstacle without his poeket, and with two of his band, disguised hesitation and without remorse. His deadly determination to rob, which was thus felt by the population in general, was matched by his deadly determination to be obeyed, which was felt by his followers in particular. Oue of their number, for example, having withdraw from his allegiance, and having afterward attempted to betray his leader, was tracked to his hiding place in a cellar, and was there walled un alive.

> To attempt the arrest of such a man as this by tampering with his followers was impossi ble. If he had unconsciously paved the way to his own capture, first by eloping with Madondly by maltreating her, it is more than doubtful whether the loug arm of the law would ever have reached far enough to fasten its grasp hatred mee at last in the bosom of the devoted Wilbelmina ; and the vengeance of a neglected wopan accomplished what the whole police force of Paris had been powerless to achieve. Poulailler, Lever famos for the constancy of his attachments, had wearied at an early period of the companion of his flight from Ger-

On the third night the lady went to a grand many-but Wilhelmina was one of those womthe highway, and robbed of all his valua- one who would apprehend the robber alive. ball-the servants relaxed in their vigilance | en whose affections, once aroused will not take spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower. off, can keep so.

Then wheel the sofa round before the fireno matter if the sofa is a settee, and uncushioned at that-if so, may it be just long enough for two, or say two and a little one .-How sweet the music of silver bells from time to time, falls on the listening ear then. How mounfully swells the chimes of " the days that ous. are no more."

Under these circumstances, and at such a time, one can get at least sixty-nine and a half miles nearer "kingdom come" than any other point in this world laid down in "Malt Brun.

STRONG ARGUMENT VS. STRONG BUTTER .-Why is it my son, that when you drop your bread and butter it is always the butter side down ?"

"I don't know. It hadn't orter, had it ?-The strongest side ought to be up, and this is the strongest butter I have ever seen."

" Hush up ; it's some of your aunt's churn-

" Did she churn it ? the great lazy thing." "What, your aunt ?"

"No, this here butter. To make that poor old woman churn it, when its strong enough to churn itself."

" Hush, Zeb, I've eat a great deal worse in the most aristocratic hcuses."

" Well, people of rank ought to eat it."

"Why people of rank ?" " Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint you ! what makes you talk so smart !"

"Cause the butter has taken the skin off my tongue."

"Zeb, don't lie ! I can't throw away the butter.'

" I'll tell you, ma, what I would do with it. Keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over as soon as they touch it." "Zeb. don't aggregate ; but here is a quarter, go to the store and buy a pound of fresh butter."

An Englishman and Yankee being in a promiscuous company, the latter was so much struck with some bold air sung by the former, that he asked the name of it. 'Oh, nothing but the tune the old cow died

on,' was the response.

The Yankee struck up Yankee doodle. What is that ?' asked his companion. 'That is the tune old bull died on !' was the prompt reply. No further questions were asked.

Good nature, like a bee, collects its honey from every herb. Ill nature, like a Der He's a wise man who, when he is well

DESPERATION, NOT COURAGE .--- Platarch relates an anecdote of a soldier of Antigonus, remarkable for bravery, but who had an unhealthy appearance. On account of his courage, Antigonus put him in charge of his own physician, who succeeded in curing the disease : but the character of the soldier became entirely changed, and he no longer exhibited his former bravery. This being observed, and the reasop asked, he said that he was made less bold by being relieved from misery, by which his life was made bateful to him. The story may be fabulous, but something analogous has doubtless fallen under the observation of every one. The bold and adventurous are generally most dying with dysentery at the time of his desperate but successful attack upon Quebec : to Nelson, at Trafalgar, mutilated in former encounters with the enemy, having but a single arm and eye, and now seeking only for a glorious death.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE -A correspondent of a Boston paper, describing the ccupation of the rebel hatteries at Cockpit Point, 58VS :---

" Among the men left behind by the rebels, was one who c'aimed to be a Union man, and that because he refused to accompany them to Richmond, they had threatened to handcuff him, when he deliberately took out a razor and cut his throat. This necessitated his being left ; and having been called apon by our As sistant Surgeon, Dr. Monroe, he freely told the circamstances to him, claiming to be a Union man, and entitled to Union protection. Thousands are willing to cut the throats of their evemies for the Union, but very few, we imagine, carry their attachment so far as to cut their own. The man, with good care, will undoubtedly recover."

"A fine ould Irish gentleman,"at Lynn, who did not own a flag, wishing to clebrate the Union victories, hung out a blue shirt and a white one, together " wid the ould woman's red petticoat," saying, " Be jabers, I'll have the imblems out any how.