



McORUM & ALLISON,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

McORUM & ALLISON, Publishers and Proprietors.

For a year, (payable in advance) \$1.00

All papers discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

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PROSPECTUS

ALTOONA TRIBUNE.

FOR 1858.

THE CASH SYSTEM ADOPTED!

The Cheapest Paper in the County!

With the present number, the Tribune has entered upon its third volume. Commenced at a time when the confidence of the citizens of Altoona in newspapers and newspaper publishers was considerably shaken, it got totally annihilated, it has slowly but surely restored that confidence, and now stands upon a sure foundation, and is generally acknowledged to be one of the first institutions of our town. But this result has not been achieved without a hard struggle, and considerable expenditure of time and means on the part of its editors. The steady increase of patronage, however, has afforded undeniable evidence that their labors have been appreciated.

In entering upon the new volume it is almost unnecessary to say that the Tribune will continue to be "Independent in Everything," being biased neither by fear, favor nor affection, in favor of parties or sects. In this respect it is only necessary to say that the past affords a fair index as to our future course.

It has always been our aim to make the Tribune a reliable first-class LOCAL PAPER, as we believe that in that character alone, country papers can successfully compete with their flashy city neighbors. To this end we have secured correspondents in various parts of the county, who furnish us with all the items of local interest in their vicinity. We purpose adding others to our list as soon as we can obtain them. During the next year we shall redouble our efforts to make the Tribune a perfect compendium of HOME NEWS—a RELIABLE, FIRST CLASS LOCAL PAPER, second to none in the country, and as such a welcome weekly visitor to our patrons, whether at home or abroad.

But while the Local Department shall be our special care, we shall also devote a considerable space to LITERARY MATTER, FUN AND HUMOR, and the chronicle of events of general interest to our readers. We purpose also publishing from time to time "Original Sketches of Men and Things" which will be furnished by our contributors. We have made arrangements also to have a weekly letter from Philadelphia, and judging from the reputation our correspondent sustains as a popular writer, these letters will be a rich treat to our readers.

As we are decidedly journalists of the progressive school, we have concluded to adopt the cash system in our business. The neglect of quite a number of our patrons to pay up promptly, and the necessity of others, has compelled us to adopt this course. Time and experience have fully proved to our satisfaction that the credit system will not work with newspaper publishers. From this date no paper will be sent from this office, unless paid for in advance, and at the expiration of the time paid for, if not renewed, will be promptly stopped. This arrangement does no injustice to our patrons, while it will protect us from the impositions of soulless scoundrels, and enable us to devote more attention to our paper.

Recognizing the principle that contracts to be satisfactory should be fraught with mutual benefits to both parties, and as money in large amounts, in advance, is of more value to us than when received in dribbles, as an inducement to numbers who would otherwise discountenance, as well as to those who have never yet taken the paper, we offer it at the following low rates for the coming year:

1 copy, one year, \$1.50

10 copies, (\$1.25 per copy) 12.50

20 " (\$1.00 per copy) 20.00

and all above 20 at the same rate—\$1 per copy.

The money must, in all cases, accompany the order.

By the above it will be seen that our paper is emphatically the cheapest in the county. As to its merits we leave it to the public to decide. We can send you our friends throughout the county to "give us a lift," as we have no doubt each of them can readily obtain a club in their neighborhood.

CARRIERS WANTED.—Several energetic business men wanted to canvass the county for subscribers to the Tribune. Address the publishers, McORUM & ALLISON, Altoona, Pa.

Select Story.

THE DESPERADO'S LAST LAUGH.

By CHARLES SUMNER.

From the N. Y. Sunday Times.

Hero worship is an instinct of the human heart. In all ages and nations, and with every class of the species, it bravely commands the key which opens the door to the temple of fame, and, with its fierce hand, writes the passport to universal popularity. Prowess is the master-word of all history, and has the force of a magical incantation to move the mind or inflame the feelings of both old and young. It is the envy of the one sex, and the admiration of the other. It inspires poetry, eloquence and art, and forms the life-breath and being of the political world.

Some philosophers endeavor to degrade this glorious attribute by the contemptuous epithet of "mere brute bravery," as if the unreflexing ferocity of the wild beast could be compared with the conscious courage of intelligent man. The lion and tiger, in their most bloody battles, have at most but a dim perception of the consequences to result from their encounters, and, therefore, their fury flows from animal impulse, without fear only because without the sense of individual peril. But what we admire in the rational hero, is the dagger, and yet defiant of death, that marshalled face to face with that almighty foe; for in this case the prowess must be in a great degree mental and voluntary, rather than physical—a pure manifestation of the will far more than the effect of organization.

Nevertheless, there are strange mysteries and caprices connected with the subject, as there are many varieties of human courage. Some heroes, that can confront the most awful perils of a peculiar character, shrink like the veriest cowards from others of a different and often less frightful description. The bold orator, whose unrivalled thunders and fearless manner literally appalled the fierce democracy of Athens, fled ignominiously from the field of Cheronæa; and the world's highest hero, who rushed through the horror of fierce hall that swept the blood stained bridge of Lodi, and gazed with a fearless eye on the carnage of a hundred battles, yet turned pale and trembled before the Council of the Five Hundred.

Among the desperados and duelists of the south and west, I have never known one who had not his "cowardly dish"—seasons when he would use every dexterous means to avoid the very personal difficulties which at other times furnished his chief amusement and delight. Some men are heroes only when intoxicated. Others borrow all their bravery from the passion of love and revenge. Many fight well in the ranks of an army, yet fly in terror from an individual foe; while some display the most reckless daring in all single combats, but run away at the first glimpse of a platoon!

The most remarkable peculiarity and inconsistency of desperation may be found among the Mexican braves of the Rio Grande, who evince the utmost fear at the sight of pistols, especially revolvers, but shrink not from the most terrible combat with bowie knives; indeed, they never refuse the challenge of even an American, provided they can have the choice of these their favorite weapons. As it may naturally be supposed, they become wonderfully expert in the use of their deadly implements. I have frequently seen them stand, and without terror or token of affright, hew each other in pieces, until one or both of the adversaries sunk down dead or exhausted.

But, woe to the unfortunate enemy who did not possess their marvelous dexterity with the naked dagger! The first blow, one mortal Mexican stab, always, in such cases, terminated the struggle by piercing the combatant's heart.

Among the most notorious duelists in this savage species of conflict, Pedro Palacios, of Brownsville, was altogether pre-eminent. He boasted, and doubtless with entire truth, of having slain a score of men on the Rio Grande, besides unknown numbers in other parts of Mexico. He followed the profession of a gambler, and therefore, wandered from the mouth of the river to Laredo, and in every neighborhood might be seen the graves of his victims, until his name became the terror of the whole frontier.

It may seem strange to persons unfamiliar with the country, that he was not doomed to legal punishment for his deeds; but the singular fact admits of easy explanation. For two or three years after the war the courts were not organized, and, besides, he perpetrated all his various homicides in fair fight, and according to the forms recognized by the code of honor and, moreover, when prosecutions assailed him, he obtained security in the character of the jurors called to try the issue.

It must not be imagined, however, that his countless quarrels originated at the gaming-table, or grew out of the questions relating to his fairness in dealing cards; the cause was both more romantic and revolting. His wife Juana, one of the most fascinating women ever born in Mexico,

accompanied him as a partner, and bewitched the adverse players as much by her extraordinary beauty as the husband did by his skill; while on every occasion, and wherever she went, her charms inspired the beholders, with a sort of frenzied passion that, in spite of reason, prudence and peril, brought adventurous lovers to her feet.

But Pedro Palacios was jealous even to madness, and the slightest attentions to his bewitching siren aroused his murderous wrath and vengeance, and he never failed to throw the onus of the challenge on his enemy, or to provoke the first assault, when one blow of his bowie knife usually settled the controversy, and silenced the wailing of his rival forever!

In the month of September, in 1852, the District Court was inaugurated in the town of Laredo, and a grand "findings" was given on the first night in honor of the new judge, and to the boundless delight of the lawyers in attendance. The multitude assembled in the public square, and full moon, in cloudless splendor, rendered the air so luminous as to require no lamps or torches. The entire Mexican population turned out, besides the members of the bar, and all the young officers of the army from the neighboring fort.

A scene of greater gaiety or animation could not well be pictured, as the merry dancers floated like fairies in the moonlight, and every face seemed radiant with smiles of love and happiness. But all did not enjoy themselves thus innocently. Near one corner of the old stone church, which occupied the centre of the square, gathered a large circle of both sexes around that altar of Mexican worship—the monte table.

Juana Palacios was dealer of the cards, while her husband loked down the money won, or paid the lost bets. And never did a stronger contrast present itself than that which stood revealed in the appearance of the couple just mentioned. He was a man of Herculean mould, with dark, towering, ferocious features, mostly concealed by coarse masses of black hair and a long, bushy beard; indeed, little of his visage could be seen, save a pair of sinister flashing eyes, and a nose resembling the beak of a hawk. His clothes were costly, and adorned with glittering jewels, while the silver handle of his enormous knife shone conspicuous above the snowy ruffles of his shirt bosom.

The wife was a fair, slender woman, of exquisite shape—every limb and feature being alike full of grace—with shining ringlets, black as the raven's hue, a face beaming and beautiful as a star, and eyes so large, dark, dreamy, and overflowing with fire, that they seemed every moment melting with the warmest emotions of unutterable love. And this look of tenderness passion could tread the magic of her power—the indehensible and resistless charm which enlivened the gazer's heart, and fettered every thought to the footstool of the mighty enchantress.

Several officers wearing the uniform of the United States, and a young attorney, esteemed the most handsome man in Texas, one Elbert Wallace, approached the monte table, and uttered simultaneous exclamations of surprise when they beheld the lovely vision presiding as dealer at the game.

"How beautiful!" cried Captain Brewton.

"She is an angel!" added Lieutenant Tucker.

The black whiskers of the jealous husband curled with ire, like those of an infuriated tiger, and such a terrible gleam shot from his diabolical dark eyes, that a dozen of the spectators grew pale with fright, and several retreated from the circle in anticipation of an immediate explosion.

But the young lawyer, Elbert Wallace, who was himself of a most fierce and irascible disposition, and who felt insulted by the scornful glances of the gambler, pre-empted the catastrophe by an act of reckless audacity. Taking two steps forward, he thrust his fingers playfully into the shower of raven ringlets, and, addressing the beautiful Juana in tender tones, he said:

"Pretty one, come, leave that ugly headdress, and go home with me to Brownsville. I will make you mistress of a fine mansion, and that will be better than following such a monkey-like vagabond as the wretch beside you!"

She smiled and blushed a look of nameless fascination, and he was on the point of urging his suit in perhaps warmer and wilder words, when the impatient husband snatched up a handful of silver from the table, and dashed it in his face with such fury as to bring blood both from his lips and nose, crying out at the same time—

"There, take that as an insult from the ugly greaser, and fight about it if you dare!"

defeat, and shouted in accents of thunder—

"Dog of a Mexican, I defy you to mortal combat! One of us two shall never quit this ground alive!"

"Do you challenge me?" inquired the gambler, in tones of savage triumph.

"Yes, yes!" replied Wallace, in a wild phrensy of ungovernable passion.

"I accept," answered the other, with ferocious joy. "I choose bowie knives, and will settle the affair as soon as you like!"

"Let it be now, then—this instant!" cried Wallace.

"Oh, no, my friend," remonstrated Capt. Brewton. "Surely you will not meet a Mexican gambler, and half negro at that, on equal terms?"

"What else can I do?" demanded the lawyer, fiercely. "No gentleman would advise me to endure such shame!"

"Take a pistol, and shoot the rascal down like a wolf!" said Lieutenant Tucker.

"Yes; that is the way to serve him!" echoed twenty tongues together.

"Never!" exclaimed the high-souled attorney; "never will I slay a human being, whatever may be the provocation, without giving him a fair chance for his life. I would die myself a thousand times rather than murder the meanest wretch in Mexico!"

In vain the judge and all the members of the bar essayed to shake the young man's iron resolution. The preliminaries were speedily arranged, and the two mortal antagonists assumed their stations at the distance of ten feet apart, waiting for the word to rush upon each other with uplifted knives, or advance slowly, as pleased them best.

The countenance of each presented a very different appearance. The fair features and vivid blue eyes of Wallace evinced calm, collected, chivalrous bravery—the ideal of honor and lofty heroism, without a touch of malice or token of revenge. But the bearded visage of Palacios, with those fiendish, sinister eyes, so cruel and gleaming, and those thin sneering lips writing in a murderous smile, looked absolutely infernal in its lurid rage and unutterable hatred; while the naked knife of each glittered in the clear moonbeams like a blade of burnished silver, as a thousand spectators stood around in a great circle to witness the horrible strife.

At last, Capt. Brewton as the friend of Wallace, gave the signal; and the young lawyer leaped like a lion towards his foe, and aimed, an awful blow at his bosom, which the other as rapidly parried, and returned with a thrust like lightning. It was the true Mexican stab—one, only one, that needed not repetition—for it penetrated the heart of the attorney, who fell upon the earth, and expired without a groan.

Then Palacios held up the reeking knife in the moonlight, and uttered a loud laugh, so wild, fearful, and unearthly, that it sounded more like the battle-cry of a devil than any intonations of mere human organs! But it proved to be his last laugh; for at the moment the pistol of a Texan ranger rared on the night air, and the Mexican dropped down on the corpse of his enemy, with a blue bullet hole through the centre of his forehead. And such nearly always is the end of the desperado!

Operations in Wall Street.

"The operations in Wall street," or the scenes about the Stock Market in New York, furnish a theme for a funny article in the New York Herald, of Tuesday, of which we give the following sample paragraph:

"The Olympic games, so intimately connected with the rise of Grecian power and influence, are destined to immortality. The game of poker on the consecrated soil of Arkansas and Mississippi, has achieved a prominence equally classic, and is to the intellectual vigor of the Southwest what the Olympic games were to the manhood of Greece. Whether practised across a whisky barrel over a 'picayune anty' with the chance of 'doubling the pot' with the suggestive bottle and revivifying contents on one side, and a tallow candle on the other, under the shade of a cotton wood on the grass, in the apartments of the hotel, or in the cabin of the steamer during the short hours of night, where the 'pot' sometimes runs up to hundreds before the call, poker is the pride of every class—planter, merchant, raftman, deck hand and darkey. He who in the future seeks to perpetuate the memories of the glories of the sunny land discovered by De Soto, will collate the many traditions and tales connected with the game of poker, and with these as the basis of his literary labors, and with a julep at his side to set the wheels of inspiration in motion, he will depict his subject in all its poetic grandeur."

To this follows a showing up of the operations in stock gambling, compared to which "poker" and "far bank" gambling are declared to be but a bagatelle, and on the whole we guess the Herald is right, in this instance.

A young man without money among the young ladies, is like the moon on a cloudy night—he can't shine.

The Slave Trade Re-opened.

We have already mentioned editorially a concerted measure for "whipping the Devil around the stump," and importing African slaves, in guise of apprentices, by some of the southern States. A telegram to the New York papers, dated February 26, says:

An editorial article in the Delta of today asserts that the South has already opened the African slave trade, and that a regular depot has been established on Pearl river, in Mississippi, where cargoes have been received, and the negroes sold and put to work. The Delta says the vessels engaged in the trade generally use the French flag, because the British cruisers on the African coast will not trouble it.

Pearl river is a large stream which debouches into the Gulf of Mexico, and is seldom prevented by U. S. cruisers, as usual, and easy an opportunity is there afforded for debarking slaves as at Cuba.

We scarce know what to think of this announcement. It may be a canard of the most pro-diabolical sort, but if it be true, then it amounts to a declaration as important as it is startling. It is not for a moment to be supposed that the United States Government will quietly sit by and see their most sacred laws openly and shamelessly violated through any such miserable subterfuges and transparent sophistries as have been concocted among plotting slave States.

These traitors and flesh-traffickers may dress up and disguise their measures as they please, and call them by what names they please, but it will all scarcely deceive any others than they who are immediately interested in the movement. Strip this dark and horrid plot of all nonsense and tomfoolery, and it remains nothing else than the African Slave Trade, revamped and revived with all its horrors, in the nineteenth century, too, and on American soil, which, if we be not mistaken, posts call the "land of the free and home of the brave."

Should the Southern States attempt to legalize the introduction of slaves, or evade the United States laws by any such ridiculous stuff as importing them under the name of apprentices, it requires but little skill in divination to presage a very short and less grace allowed them. Kansas, in the event of any disturbance therefrom, would have to "pale its ineffectual fires."

High Price for Indians.

William Bowlegs, Esq., head man of the two hundred Indians, negroes, half-breeds, mulattoes, &c., in Florida, yelp Seminoles, has, for a term of years, been one of the leading heroes in the war-like annals of the United States. Singly escorted in the fastnesses of the everglades, William has been vainly sought by martial bands of dragoons, mounted riflemen, and the like, at the rate of we know not how many hundreds of thousands of dollars per annum to the National Treasury. All sorts of schemes have been tried to catch him, and as none have succeeded, an attempt is now in operation to bribe him and his followers to go to the West; it will scarcely be credited, yet a Florida paper soberly tells us the fact, that the government now has an agent in Florida, authorized to offer Bowlegs and crew ten thousand dollars in cash, at once, if they will only go to the Seminoles tract, west of Arkansas, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars immediately on their arrival there, twenty-five thousand dollars per annum forever after, and land to be given for cultivation, with farmers, blacksmiths, ect., to do their work, under pretext of teaching their civilization. Under such circumstances, there are a great many white folks who would like to be Seminoles, as the offer secures a handsome future to every man, woman and child of the whole two hundred. If Billy scorns that bribe, it will be a question which predominates in his composition, the patriot or the fool.

"Pray, tell me my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh! such a disgrace! I have opened one of your letters, supposing it to be one addressed to myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? No great harm is done."

"But the contents—such a disgrace!"

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit for my wife to read?"

"Oh, no! It is couched in the most chaste language. But the disgrace!"

The husband eagerly took up the letter, and commenced reading the spiggle that had been the means of breaking his wife's heart. Reader, you couldn't guess the cause in a coon's age. It was no other than a bill from the printer for nine year's subscription.

Sharp.—The chap who suggests that there is reason to believe that one of the descendants of Aaron, the High Priest, was a native of Ohio. See Ezra VII, 3, which reads, "The son of Zerubbabel, the son of Uri; the son of (a) Bukki."

One of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration was, "Woman I, she requires no eulogy—the speaks for herself."

Mexico.

The accounts hitherto given of the state of affairs in Mexico since the flight of Comonfort have been by no means favorable to the Liberal party. The leaders of that party have been represented as divided among themselves, and rather engaged each in strengthening, or attempting to strengthen, his own position than in combining to resist the reactionary Government established in Mexico. They have also been represented as numerically inferior in military forces to the reactionary Government, and as likely to submit so soon as they could secure terms. We publish elsewhere a letter from Vera Cruz, received by the last arrival, and in the correctness of the statements contained in which we have every reason to place confidence. That letter puts quite a different aspect upon the state of Mexican affairs. According to it, the united forces of the Liberals under Parodi were far superior in numbers to those which Zuloaga had been able to send against them, and the writer believed that a battle must already, before the date of his letter, have established their ascendancy. In the State of Vera Cruz itself there was, besides garrisons, a disposable Liberal force of three thousand men with eighteen pieces of artillery. If this writer's anticipations can be relied upon, the next mail may be expected to bring important information. From the fact that all the sea ports and almost the entire interior were held by the Liberals, Zuloaga seems to have been under the necessity of assuming the offensive, since by success in that alone could he obtain the means of supporting his army and carrying on his Government. From the great unanimity with which all the Mexican States denounced the attempted coup d'etat of Comonfort and the zeal exhibited by them in favor of the Constitution, we have still great hope that the Liberal party may come triumphantly out of the present struggle. Should they do so, they will occupy stronger ground than ever before, and the project of secularizing the church estates will receive a new impulse.—N. Y. Tribune.

Wanted.

A plate of butter from the cream of a "joke."

A small quantity of tar supposed to have been left where the Israelites touched their tents.

The original brush used in painting the "signs of the times."

A bucket of water from "All's well."

Sonp with which a man was washed overboard.

The strap which is used to sharpen the water's edge.

The pencil with which Britannia ruled the wave.

A portion of the yeast used in raising the wind.

A dime from the moon when she gave change for the last quarter.

The saucer that belonged to the cup of sorrow.

A fence made of the railing of a scolding wife.

The chair in which the sun sets.

The hammer which broke up the meeting.

A buckle to fasten the laughing stock.

Eggs from a nest of thieves.

Hinges and lock from the trunk of an elephant.

A sketch from a politician's views.

The Legislature of Kansas recently appointed an officer to take the census of Oxford precinct. The result of his labor is reported, and it shows that Kansas precinct contains THIRTY-THREE legal voters, all told, and seventeen of them are Free State in politics. The Lecompton Constitution was reported as receiving 1300 votes at Oxford. A few more such exposures will show a vote so small for "Lecompton" that its warmest friends will blush to say it expresses the legal will of Kansas.—Logan Pharo.

TO OBEY PAINT.—Never use a cloth, but take off the dust with a long-haired brush, after blowing off the loose parts with the bellows. With care, paint will look well for a long time. When soiled, dip a sponge or a piece of flannel into soda and water, wash it off quickly, and dry immediately, or the strength of the soda will eat off the color.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES.—The New York papers state that several remarkable conversions to religion have taken place in that city among the "shoulder hitters," and other "hard cases," but in Philadelphia a still greater conversion is reported, for an old "not-shaver" is said to have turned "philanthropist!"

VERILY.—Why, Siah, I'm astonished, said a very worthy deacon to an inebriate he met on the street; "didn't we take you into our church a short time since?" "I believe so," hiccupped Siah, "and between you and me, it was the darndest 'take in' you ever saw or heard of."