

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, APRIL 7, 1858.

VOL. 5, NO 21.

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Professional Cards.
C. D. MURNAY,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
OPPOSITE CHAWFORD'S HOTEL.
[Mar 17, 1858]

WILLIAM A. MURNAY,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
A FEW DOORS EAST OF E. BOB
[Nov 4, 1857]

J. C. NOON,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
IN COLONADE ROW.
[Nov. 11, 1857:11]

M. D. MAGEEIAN,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
No. 7, "Glenade Row," near the
Court House.
[Nov. 7, '54-17]

ABRAHAM KOPELIN,
Attorney at Law—Johnstown
OFFICE in Clinton Street, a few doors north
of the corner of Main and Clinton.
[Nov. 1857]

M. HANSON,
Attorney at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
OFFICE adjoining the Post Office.
[Nov. 24, 1857]

Dr. Henry Hestey,
Dentist
Residing Physician, Johnstown, Pa.
His next door to his Drug Store, cor-
ner Main and Bedford streets.
[Ebensburg, July 21, 1852.]

D. NESTRY,
A. J. JACKSON, Surgeon Dentist
will be found at Thayer's Mount-
ain House, where he can be found
each of each month. Office in John-
stown opposite the Cambria Iron Store.
[Nov. 12, 1856.]

P. S. NOON,
Ebensburg.
FOSTER & NOON,
Attorneys associated themselves for the prac-
tice of the Law in Cambria county, will at-
tend to all business entrusted to them. Office at
No. 2, "Glenade Row," Ebensburg.
[Nov. 17, 1857.]

T. L. MEYER,
Johnstown.
REED & MEYER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
and given in the English and German
languages.
No. 10 High Street Ebensburg, Penn'a.
[Nov. 1856.]

Now for Bargains.
Subscriber has just received from
East a large and splendid stock
of the following articles, all
of equal quality, Groceries such as
Coffee, Sugar,
Tea, and Syrup
Molasses, a little
of the best that has
ever been brought to
this town before. ALSO
Starch Corn which very
delicious for food, in fact he
has everything that is in the
Grocery line. ALSO—a good as-
ortment of fancy stationery and no-
tice. ALSO—he has added to his
stock a good assortment of HARVEST
TOOLS, which is very important to the
people at this time, consisting of the fol-
lowing articles such as
SICKLES,
MACHINES,
RAKES, &c., all of a good qual-
ity. ALSO—a good assort-
ment of DRUGS and
MEDICINES to
mention—
a large lot of GOOD FLOUR. ALSO—
NAILS, and GLASS.
Call and examine for yourselves, you
will be satisfied by doing so.
ROBERT DAVIS,
Ebensburg, July 9, 1856. 27.

Large lot of STEEL WARE, just re-
ceived at the Clap Store.

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Communication.

To P. S. Noon—Editor of the *Mountaineer*.—Your paper published March 25th, ult., contains one of those attacks upon myself, which it would appear have become necessary to your well being. I trust in all fairness, to be permitted to talk a few moments in self-defence, and expect that my fellow Democrats in this county will excuse me for arresting their attention so long.

After much trouble, in the way of insinuation and misrepresentation, you have finally got your design shaped, and have formally commenced a regular warfare upon a private citizen, and you inaugurate the movement in the article headed "Who is responsible?" published in the paper above referred to.

The object of that article is to inform the public that the Democratic organization in this county is distracted, split, rent asunder—and that I caused that state of things. It also contains the following sentence: "There was no necessity for any split in the ranks of the party in this county."

Let me congratulate you on having at last produced one common-sense observation.—You have uttered a sensible truth at least once during your editorial career. This fact should inspire your friends with hope. It warrants the belief that you are not gone past redemption, and that it is not too late "to send the young Machel to school;" you may yet be induced to subscribe into a useful Democrat.

While you deny the necessity for this "split," you premise that it exists; you speak of the "difficulty which now unfortunately divides the Democracy of this county." You take too much for granted; though but an humble soldier in the ranks of that Democracy, I am free enough to deny the existence of this division. Let us cast an "eye on the political horizon of this county," and see if any storm-clouds are looming up. Let us examine the record. We will assume for the sake of the argument, that the 4th day of February, 1858, the day on which the joint-stock concern you are employed to conduct, had its "birth," marks an era in the party history of this county, and will examine what was the position of the Democracy here previous to that day, and subsequently.

Previous to that day, five newspapers were published in Cambria county. One of them was a ferocious Know Nothing and Black Republican organ; the other four were Democratic, and all boldly and firmly sustained Mr. Buchanan and his Kansas policy. The K. N. organ of course opposed both.

On the 4th of February the number of newspapers in the county was increased to six by the apparition of the "Mountaineer." That paper took ground against the administration of Mr. Buchanan, on its vital measure, which opposition it has continued up till this time. At this day the count stands thus: 4 Democratic papers which sustain Mr. Buchanan's policy, and two which oppose it; one of these calling itself democratic, but working harmoniously with the notorious Swank against the democratic organization.

So that the democratic Journals of this county sustained Mr. Buchanan's policy previous to the appearance of your paper and they do so yet. There has been no split there.

The 4th No. of your "Mow-er," published on February 29th, contained a call with several names to it, asking those Democrats who were opposed to Mr. Buchanan's Kansas policy, to meet in the Court House, in Ebensburg, on March 21. That meeting has never yet been held; and many gentlemen who signed the call have published that their signatures were obtained through misrepresentation.

On the other hand, a Mass Meeting of the Democrats of the county, regularly held under a call from the Chairman of the County Committee, on Monday, March 1st, at the Court House, in Ebensburg, unanimously adopted Resolutions approving of Mr. Buchanan's Kansas policy.

Further, an article appears in your paper of March 4th, purporting to be the proceedings of a Democratic meeting held somewhere in this county, at which resolutions are said to have been offered by John S. Rhey, Esq., and unanimously adopted; among them is one endorsing the legislative course of our Senator, Hon. John Cresswell, and our Representative, Hon. George N. Smith. Now, it is well known that both these gentlemen have uniformly and to the fullest extent, sustained Mr. Buchanan's Kansas policy wherever it was discussed in either branch of our State Legislature.

So that the record of Cambria County, as made up from public journals, public meetings and the course of her Representative in the Legislature, shows beyond the possibility of contradiction, that her Democracy sustained the Administration of Mr. Buchanan previous to the first appearance of your sheets, and that position they at this day hold.

Now sir, where is the desire of which you talk? Where is the "split" over which you shed Crocodile tears? If there is a "split" you must constitute it. It begins with you and it ends with you; your vanity has played a trick upon your judgment. The only "split" recognized in this county, is that you are rapidly getting yourself into a "split stick."

The "difficulty which now unfortunately divides the Democracy of this county" being thus conclusively shown by the record, not to have any existence outside of your imagination; your charge that I am the author of the difficulty, is of course an absurdity. It is one of those assertions without foundation which have disgraced your paper.

In order to save time and trouble in the future, let us now endeavor to place a correct estimate upon the truthfulness of your antecedents, when they are unsupported by other evidence. As we are now on your track, let us as the huntsman says, "try back" and overhaul the record you have been making for yourself since the 4th of February; we produce here some elegant extracts, which will be found to be instructive and entertaining.

On the 9th day of February last, the Democratic County Committee met at the Court House in Ebensburg to elect Conferees to meet at Tyrone city with others from Blair and Clearfield counties. They elected three conferees, and as usual in such cases, instructed them by resolutions.

In reference to the matter, you published in the 24 number of the *Mountaineer*, February 11th, the following:

"In pursuance of a previous notice, a portion of the Democratic County Committee met at the Court House on Monday. There were but four members present, as there was not a quorum, there of course could be nothing done."

The next week, you published February 18, the 34 No. of the *Mountaineer*; containing a long article, showing that the committee, in your opinion, instead of doing "nothing" had had done entirely "too much!" The article is too long to quote here; the public will however recollect it.

These two articles contradict each other point blank. They cannot both be true.—Which of them did you then, or do you now wish the people to believe? For the sake of brevity we will call this Lie the first, or No. 1.

In that same number, (Feb. 18,) you attack myself; speak of my having orders from government, &c., and you say: "It was in fulfillment of that agreement, that the meeting in December was adjourned."

I was forced to reply publicly to the personal abuse contained in that article, and in the reply reminded you that your brother, Jas. C. Noon, Esq. had made the motion on which the meeting was adjourned. The next week, February 25th, you made some strictures on my reply; among other things, you speak of that operation of Jas. C. Noon and you say: "What the motives of James C. Noon, Esq. were, we know not, nor do we care."

Here is another contradiction. Which do you desire people to believe; that the meeting was adjourned in fulfillment of some bargain between myself and persons not yet disclosed, or that you do not know nor care about the motives of the gentleman who did it?

We will call this Lie the 2d, or No. 2.

After resting a month, you have concluded to try it on another time. In the "Mountaineer" of last week, dated March 25th, you again publish an article for my benefit—you say:

"Every honest Democrat looked upon it as a question about which men could and did honestly differ, without in any way, dividing them, as against a common foe. It was therefore, unnecessary to have any expression from the party of this county, and when a meeting was called in December for the purpose, it was agreed that it should be adjourned without transacting any business."

Here we have another statement in regard to the adjournment of the celebrated December meeting. What are the readers of the "Mountaineer" to do in these premises? Are they to disbelieve the other two yarns, and attach credence to this latest hantling, or must they reject it, and—but here the question recurs, which of the other two is the original John Diamond? Here, as Long Lumpkin would say, is "a confectionation accordingly," a confusion worse confounded—a complication of difficulties most intolerable and not to be endured. In the first place, you say, that famous adjournment was brought about because I had received orders, &c.—then J. C. Noon does it, and you neither know nor care about his motives," and finally you announce that it was effected by previous mutual agreement! This good-sized whopper, we will call Lie 3d, or No. 3.

This No. 3. is one of the coolest Lies, on record. Do you think that people have forgotten the arrangements at this time, to denounce Mr. Buchanan? How the name of

the Chairman of the Committee was used in the first place without his knowledge or consent? How a gentleman redolent of "Kansas, snuff and nigger" had the Black Republicans drilled or mustered up to help you? How the great Stokes was to deal death and destruction upon the Administration, how you were on hand for "a chance" and how the live thunder, leaping from the summit of the Alleghenies, was to shake the Capitol from dome to base and cause the occupant of the White House to awake with terror? and how J. C. Noon took the wind out of your sail and beat Mr. Stokes's time by making the adjournment? And yet you have discovered that "it was agreed that it should be adjourned without doing any business." If that meeting was unnecessary why was it called? What was the use of holding a meeting, if as you say, nothing was to be done at it? Why hunt up men and bring them together merely to tell them that they were not needed, and might go about their business?

Of a verity, the writer of the article in your paper of March 25th, possesses a talent for indiscriminate falsehoods, which, if properly cultivated will cause Baron Mun Chausen, Joe Smith and all the great professional liars to fainced into a shadow.

Appropos. A remark here in the interest of your readers, may not be out of place. Those who read only your paper will imbibe fearfully wized up notions of things generally, unless you adopt some plan to guide them, and indicate to them the small modicum of truth which impudently necessary may occasionally compel you to insert. There is an anecdote told of an Indian Chief, with whom, in former times, a governor of the then Province of Pennsylvania, had directed several treaties to be made. The Indian went thro' all the forms, but systematically violated all the agreements. Finally the Governor went in person, had a big talk, and concluded a treaty with the red skin; the ink with which the instrument was drawn up and signed happened to be red. The chief being asked if he would consider the treaty mentioned, as more binding than the others, answered that he would, because when he made his marks with red ink, it meant something; said he, "black ink no good for Indian, uh!" and bounded off into the forest.

Now how would it be were you to act on this hint, and adopt the Indian's plan? When you print what is true and honest and reliable use red ink—then your readers will understand where they are. The red ink, it is true, would be expensive; but then, you know, you have occasion for so little of it!

Similar extracts from your record might be multiplied to a great extent, but it would be useless. Beyond all doubt enough has been produced to show clearly as a mathematical demonstration, that an assertion found in your paper, is not, in the absence of other evidence, entitled to any credence.

Now then, what becomes of your charge, "It was therefore Gen. Richard White who threw the apple of discord into the ranks?" The record shows it to be a wilful, deliberate, malicious falsehood, uttered to screen yourself from the consequences of your own impudence or venality.

Your course and object has been a mystery to me. I cannot believe that you have undertaken this crusade against a private citizen, of your own motion; that supposition would violate probability and the laws of human nature. Until the publication of your first attack, I was your friend, and you knew it. You confided in and consulted with me, politically; I assisted in making the reputation which you had. I never gave you cause of quarrel, openly or secretly, directly or indirectly. No man can believe that you began this hostility, wherein so much bitterness is manifested, merely because I could not see eye to eye with you on a question in regard to which yourself says: "Men could and did honestly differ."

If your object was to break down Mr. Buchanan's strength and popularity in the county, by crushing his friends, why did you single me out? He has friends in this county who have been with him in sunshine and in storm; through good and evil report, for more than a century—who have grown gray fighting his battles, and some of them I know are near and ought to be dear to you. He has friends here who have been such, far longer than I have been—who have been more active in his behalf—who were more capable of aiding him than I am—who are more able to direct public opinion than I am—men to whom the people of Cambria always look for advice and council,—whose names are household words in the county, and who are its boast, ornament and pride abroad.

During the brief existence of your paper it has been characterized by a steady opposition to the policy of the National Administration, & remarkable for the violence of its onslaught upon myself. Every other friend of Mr. Buchanan has been let off easy. In the meet-

ing &c. where I have acted in a manner to insure the displeasure of the *Mountaineer*, there were other men who acted as I did—who were as efficient as I was—yet they are all dismissed with a passing remark, while the full vials of your wrath are poured out upon my head. Why is this?

Having already shown that you have no cause of quarrel with me, nor I with you, I am constrained to believe that you are doing mean and dirty work for other men. I am constrained to believe that you are being used as a tool by a few men, hardly half a dozen, who imagine that they have grievances to revenge against me, but who have no just foundation for hostility, unless it be because I have rendered them favors and services which they can never repay—a title to the ingratitude & unyielding hate of men stronger than all others, is I believe the lesson taught by the history of poor human nature.

It would seem as though these gentlemen have been pleased to think that one of the essentials to their happiness and fortune was the social and political destruction of myself. Deeming that a public newspaper was a necessary working tool, having no literary ability themselves, they have presumed you had sufficient, made themselves master of your weak points, and engaged you by some motives, to do that which they had neither the courage nor the ability to do; all the circumstances corroborate this conviction. Our former relations—the tone and manner in which your articles are conceived—the singular incoherences, and want of consistency potent in them—the total forgetfulness from week to week of what you have personally published—the period of time which has elapsed since I found it necessary to make a public reply to you, and the fact that during that time, nothing has occurred to give you even the color of affront for your recent attacks,—all this goes to show that this quarrel is not your own; but that whenever the pangs of envy jealousy or revenge become intolerable to your imperious masters, they compel you to attack, without regard to the proprieties of time or circumstances.

Recent experiences have made these feelings well nigh agonizing to your masters.—They have found that the strong nerved Democrats sweep away like cob-webs the artfully contrived meshes of their intrigues. They have found with what contempt they look upon the attempt of an impertinent scribbler, hardly dry behind the ears, to demolish the chief of the great American Republic—a man who has come through the ordeal of a thirty years struggle in public life without a stain upon his reputation, and who is at this day, the purest, the most honored and most trusted Statesman the world has to show. Yes, gentlemen, you have learned how strong are the bonds which unite the Democracy of Cambria. You have been made to realize the depth and strength of the attachment of her people to the Democratic organization, and you have discovered that they regard the preservation of that organization as tantamount to the preservation of the Union of the States, an object which is more proudly cherished in their patriotic bosoms than any earthly feeling. You have learned how determinedly they will resist any attempt to impair the integrity of that organization, and the bright idea struck you that you might turn this feeling to account, by causing me to appear in their eyes as guilty of insubordination and mutiny, and receive the punishment yourselves have earned!

Unable to figure in a great national party, awe-struck, dwarfed into littleness amid the grand proportions of the Democratic temple, you slink off into the retirement of some guerilla cavernous *Colonnade*, convenient to the *Great Central Road*, to wealth and power, where you hope to become the giants of a clique—establish a private nursery of sucking Sheriffs, Senators, Judges, Congressmen, mayhap Governors and Presidents—and from which point you expect to excite a generous people to take up your personal feud and fight them to a successful termination!

I understand your programme, gentlemen, well enough to know that your hostility would extend further than to my own person, while it is your plan to impugn my motives, distort my acts, and blacken my character. When you ascertain that I entertain feelings of kindness, or friendship, or gratitude towards this man or that man, you would hope to make him obnoxious to the same obloquy you expect to excite against myself, and thus circumscribe my right of private judgment, and deprive me of the exercise of the feelings incident and natural to humanity.

I would say to you, gentlemen, try it on. I am ready to go before the Democracy of this county, and compare records with any of you. If either of you, or any man, can show that the fact of my membership in the Democratic ranks has been prejudicial to the organization, I yield the point. If you can

show that I have been a slothful, or timid, or unfaithful soldier, I will ask for a dismissal. You are destined, gentlemen, to another disappointment—the failure of your fancy scheme—you cannot get up a faction fight at least not with my name as a war cry. I unlike yourselves, am not an applicant before the people for any office. I am not endeavoring to be conspicuous, or to be meddlesome, I have not offended the people, in any way; you cannot make them parties in the monstrous injustice you are doing me, and induce them to join in the hue and cry of persecution against an individual who asks only to be left alone in the enjoyment of the essential rights of man—Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The issue which you are trying to force, while it is unmatched in warlike malice, is equally impolitic. Did it ever occur to you, that you "might raise a devil you cannot lay?" You certainly know that we unsophisticated Democrats who live in the woods, have been most patient and obedient to the commands of a few of you gentlemen who dwell in the atmosphere of Olympian exclusiveness up there in Ebensburg; when you annually deign to descend into proximity to the common herd, so that we may hear your high commands, have we not always bowed in obedience, like the Sultan's vassal, even though the unyielding edict forced us to submit our own necks to the bow-string; you have mixed up many bitter doses, still we have always swallowed them—and yet, in your feverish anxieties about "the local politics of the county," you would force us into hostility! You would drive into opposition the very men whose votes you need to reach the fat offices for which each and every one of you is an applicant now and in the future! Do not forget the terror conveyed in the figurative language of holy writ. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn?"

I now say to you, Mr. Noon, that I have done with you. I have spent sufficient time in controversy with the *lucky*. In the future I would desire to turn my attention to the masters. I shall henceforth let your abuse pass by unheeded. I trust that you will pour it out without stint; it is more desirable to me than your praise. Although indifferent to me, it may serve to amuse the public, who will look upon it with that pitying curiosity with which we regard other aberrations of the human intellect.

In conclusion, let me call the attention of yourself, and of the men whose tool you are, to the following picturesque aphorism which are to be found in a modern author, who is destined to notoriety if not celebrity. They are these.

"Truthfulness has, at all times, been considered one of the bright particular virtues of an honest man. The falsifier, no matter how talented and accomplished, no difference what his position in society, however sacred may be his calling or profession, whether rich or poor, humble or exalted, is a curse to the community in which he moves. Fraud is such an evil in itself that its merest touch is contamination."

That your heart may be opened to an appreciation of the moral beauty of these sentences, is the prayer of

Yours, &c., RICHARD WHITE.
Hendock, March 27, 1858.

"Madam," said a polite traveler to a teaty old landlady, "if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?"

"I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand that you've struck the wrong house. There ain't a first hair in the milk, for as soon as Dorothy Ann told me the cat was drowned in it, I went and strained it over."

The horrified young man declined partaking of the cat-flavored milk.

A French engineer was traveling upon an old Ohio steamboat. He observed to the Captain:

"But this engine is in very poor condition."
"That's so," was the reply.
"And how long do you expect to run it?"
"Till it bursts," was the cool reply.
After the next landing place there was one Frenchman less aboard that boat.

A New York punster challenged a sick man's vote at a recent election, on the ground that he was an *ill legal voter*.

Poehaps it was the same person who challenged a squint-eyed voter because he was not *natural eyes ed*.

While a party of Boston ladies and gentlemen were skating one day last week at Jamaica Pond, a young lady promised any man who could beat her across the pond a kiss. As the young lady was rather pretty, all started off, and at the end of the journey it was found that a young "darkie" was the winner. The lad says the lady gave the "buss" as though she was used to the business.

Just one lie to fill out the column.