

# 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.

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## Communi- cation.

JAMES C. NOON, Editor of the "Mountaineer."

DEAR SIR: In the course of human events, it has become necessary to hold what our old friend Col. Kean would call a small confab with you. No. 37 of your paper contains an article headed "Gen. R. White," another of those venomous, slanderous and maliciously false attacks upon the writer of this communication, which have disgraced the "Mountaineer" since its 3d No.

I confess, it is rather flattering to me, after having been politically used up, discredited and damned by the small clique of office-seekers around Ebsenburg (who do not always get in) to wake up and find myself famous, and that, instead of being drowned in the dark waters of oblivion, I am still of sufficient importance to attract and deserve the undivided attention of an institution so prominent as the Ebsenburg "Mountaineer."

Fortunate me! Unlike most mortals, I am not condemned to the enjoyment of posthumous fame—to the applause of a posterity I never knew, but have the high gratification while living, of witnessing my exploits made part of the history of the times, and that too by the potential pen of that eminent politician, James Chrysoctom Noon! Having thus endeavored to express my appreciation of your eminent services to myself, let me proceed to the enjoyment of a still higher intellectual gratification. It is especially vouchsafed to me to be the critic of my own historian! Of a surety rarely is granted a cup of enjoyment so full. With a modest distrust of my own powers I approach the task; but as Socrates had his Plato, Dr. Johnson his Boswell, so have I my "Mountaineer" as chronicler, historian and poet laureate; and I reckon upon the generous devotion of my biographer to kindly receive hints from the object of his solicitude. In drawing the figures upon his historic canvass he exhibits a predilection too marked for the somber tints, the wildness and capricious distortion of Rembrandt, of Caravaggio or Salvator Rosa. It would be well if he could acquire something of the fidelity to truth and nature of Michael Angelo, of the delicate sweetness of Raphael, of the light and genial glow of Rubens. Perhaps the name should be left out of the category; but known that Rubens made much use of the white color, that he revelled in that tint, whereas, anything White, or connected therewith, throws my pen-painter into convulsions.

In the article professing to be devoted to me, so much space is given to A. M. White, which is difficult to say whether the shaft is aimed at him. That gentleman is master of his own conduct, and doubtless has sufficient reasons for it. I have my own I dare say that he will treat your malicious insinuations with the same contempt he extends to your fulsome adulation.

You shed crocodile tears over what you are pleased to term an unpleasant duty, which you pretend a remorseless public exacts at your hands. You are about as much to be pitied as the ape, who, having captured a small gunpowder, amused himself by pouring the carb grains upon live coals, and triumphantly succeeded in blowing himself into small ashes!

The serious and solemn and inexorable task devolved upon you, of expelling from all communication with civilized humanity, a man who never injured you, and with whom you say you "have always associated on terms of friendship." Your personal feelings would urge you to pass over the delinquencies of this man, but duty forbids their exercise. Oh, what an example of public virtue! We know not what most to admire, the tenderness and delicacy of that heart, which, like David of old, would have exceeded in friendship, or that sternness of principle, which at the call of high and holy duty, cuts off, roots out every vestige of a friendship that might be injurious to the present or future welfare of mankind. Henceforth let the names of Brutus Scaevola, Junius Brutus be forgotten—inspired by patriotism, the one suffered his hand to be consumed by a slow fire—the other condemned to death his sons, the offspring of his own loins.

These incidents occurred in the earlier and darker ages of the human race, when "Strength was gigantic, valor high, And wisdom soared beyond the sky." But in these latter days of corruption and degeneracy and dwarfishness, on the altar of devotion to the Democratic party, James C. Noon sacrifices that romantic friendship which he was always known to entertain for "Gen. R. White;" thus affording an example of colonial self-denial which future ages will in vain attempt to parallel.

But, it is not to be doubted, that had you dwelt in Sodom or Gomorrah, the fine aroma

of sanctity diffused by you, would have averted that catastrophe which has since stood out as a beacon and a warning, and spared to the venerable Lot the mortification of witnessing the sweet partner of his joys and sorrows, metamorphosed into a pillar of salt and bitterness.

You are compelled to say that the course of R. White "during the last campaign has been such as to stamp him a traitor to the Democratic party, false to its vital interests, and therefore unworthy of the confidence of any Democrat." These are the charges.—You say that "they are strong and we would not make them did we not know them to be true." Now, in what was I derelict? where were the vital interests of the Democratic party in the campaign just passed? Every one will agree that those vital interests were bound up with the success of the State ticket, and of the candidates for the National and State Legislatures, because there the issues were issues of principle alone. Was I wanting in support of those candidates? Did I refuse to support Porter and Frost, Pershing and Thomas H. Porter? That is not alleged, nor can it be. The record is too clear on those points. So that, thus far, I was not false to the vital interests of the Democratic party.

But it appears that Messrs. Myers & Lloyd forgot to get votes enough to be elected to a couple of County offices. There is the rub. Here it is where something seems "to pile you." Were the vital interests of the Democratic party bound up with the success of those two individuals? You have neglected to clear up this point, which is "vital" to your case. We will consider it as rapidly as possible—"We must be brief when traitors brave the field."

You say that in the County Nominating Convention of last summer, a resolution was passed, pledging the cordial support of the Delegates to the ticket there nominated.—That assertion is a mistake. The delegates from Washington voted no when it was proposed to make the nomination of Myers and Lloyd unanimous; so did many other Delegates; and it is well known that so soon as Mr. Myers was announced to have a majority, many Delegates left and did not return to the Convention.

But "who killed Cock Robin?" Myers and Lloyd were defeated—who did it? Do you hold me accountable, and therefore the attack in the "Mountaineer" No. 37, or will you give every citizen who casts his ballot against them a charitable notice, similar to the one given me? It is difficult to say what you want. In No. 26, October 13, you say: "The defeat is mainly attributable to the disaffection which existed in the Democratic ranks in the south end of the county," and to the Rolling Mill. You think that the "Democrats of the South acted with the utmost childishness." You further say:—"There was yet another cause which contributed largely to the defeat of Messrs. Myers & Lloyd, and that was the course pursued by the greater portion of the Washington township Democracy." And you say: "this part of our subject we approach with pain"—whether "under the apron," or not, we are not informed.

There, we have it now. Myers and Lloyd were defeated by the Democrats of the South and of Washington township. That explains the mystery to your satisfaction, and certainly to that of everybody else. It is plain that such a combination was bound to win.

After you had the matter thus cleared up, you next week, shift your ground, and publish the article to which I am replying. Your object now is, to insinuate that Myers and Lloyd were defeated in pursuance of an arrangement between A. M. White and myself, and that in consequence of that arrangement, I defeated them, thus contradicting yourself and everything like probability.

Sir, you do "me honor over much." You attribute to me more power than is wielded by any man in this Republic, and infinitely more than I ever could claim. I never pretend to dispose of any man's vote except my own—that I will cast as soon as I choose, without consulting you. I do not recognize the right of yourself, or of any other man, to call me to account for the way in which I cast my ballot; but in order to meet the misrepresentations of those individuals in your town, who are unceasingly engaged in "laying out Dick White," in "beating him to death," in slandering and lying upon him, from Sunday morning until Saturday night, I will show briefly some of the motives which actuated me to ballot against the two gentlemen in question.

Mr. Myers I have always esteemed for his good qualities, and until recently, entertained for him the kindest feelings. It is not my fault that they have been changed. On the 9th of Feb., 1858, the Democratic County Committee had been called together,

by the proper authority, to select conferees to meet with others from Blair and Clearfield counties, and choose a Senatorial delegate to the 4th of March Democratic State Convention. The weather being unfavorable, but few members attended. Six of us met in the Court Room—the Chairman, (Mr. Durbin), Mr. Boggs, Mr. Myers, two other gentlemen and myself. The large majority of the Democratic party in Cambria county being in favor of sustaining the Kansas policy of President Buchanan and his Cabinet, it was desirable that a majority of the conferees to be by us chosen, should feel and act in that direction. For the purpose of governing the action of our conferees, I offered two or three brief resolutions, approving of Mr. Buchanan's policy—I offered none in relation to Gov. Packer. That gentleman's name was not mentioned in any of the resolutions offered by me—there was no question about him. He enjoyed a universal popularity in Cambria county, and of course there would be no difference of opinion as to him on the part of any conferees we could select. But there was a difference prevailing at that time in regard to other matters, and it was the right and duty of those entrusted with the selection of the conferees to instruct them.

The Resolutions which I offered were all adopted.—Mr. Myers voting for them all. We then balloted for conferees. One friend of the President's policy, Mr. Boggs, and one opponent, Mr. Riddle were elected. For the 3d conferee, Mr. Myers was disposed to vote for an opponent of the President's policy, but at the solicitation of Messrs. Durbin, Boggs and myself, he voted for a friend of that policy, Mr. Reusch, and thus a majority of the Cambria conferees were secured for Buchanan.

I have been thus careful to state some of the details of that committee meeting, because a remarkable state of things grew out of it. Two days after it, the "Mountaineer" announced that the committee had done nothing. This announcement took everybody by surprise. The secret was this: The "Mountaineer" clique were determined if possible, that this Senatorial district should be represented by an anti-Lecompton delegate. With this view, two anti-Lecompton men, as they were called, Messrs. Piper and Lloyd, were quietly slipped down to Tyrone city, to contest the seats of the two Buchanan conferees from Cambria. But the thing did not "hold water," they did not get in, and the "Mountaineer" was deprived of its expected triumph.

A Delegate friendly to Buchanan was elected from Blair, Cambria and Clearfield. The rage of the "Mountaineer" clique knew no bounds. The next week they commenced that crusade of malice and slander against me which has frequently been alluded to during the past year, and which yet continues. Without a shadow of foundation, my conduct was misrepresented, my motives impugned, and baseless charges of corruption and every dishonorable action, were heaped up against me by tongue and press.

On the 25th of February, Mr. Myers, by what means I know not, was induced to give his name to those who were slandering me, and he was made to come out over his own signature and say that I had offered a resolution in that committee meeting laudatory of Gov. Packer, and that he had not voted for Mr. Reusch. The cards signed by Jas. Myers were paraded as conclusive evidence of the truth of everything said by the "Mountaineer" clique against me. Why he turned against a friend, and took part against a citizen who was doing nobody any harm, is a mystery. I never gave him any provocation. Every man will guard his good name—it is the most precious possession, more valuable than gold or jewels—to be held dearer than life itself, yet Mr. Myers lent his name to those who were attempting unjustly to destroy mine.

Could it, under these circumstances, be expected of me to cast my vote for him? I claim to have the feelings of a man. I am not of a temperament to lick the hand that holds the lash. If I am struck, I will surely strike back. I will go all lengths with my party, but if they ask me to abnegate all feeling, I must halt. I could say more upon this subject, but I will not take up time. God forbid that I should inflict upon him or his the injury attempted to be inflicted upon me.

You say: "A few days before the election Richard pledged his word to Mr. Myers that he would do nothing against him." This is positively false. I can, if necessary, prove it to be so. A few days before the election, Mr. Myers was in Washington township for a few hours. I met him at the Post Office in Hemlock. He remarked that the election was an unusually quiet one; he did not ask me to vote for him—he said, "do not forget me on the election day," or something to that effect; I told him that I certainly would not, and I do not think that I did. This is the

only communication I had with Mr. Myers. Your own statement shows the falsity of your assertion. You say that, "he (White) had not the manliness to tell Myers that he would oppose him, because if he had, Mr. M. could have put the honest voters of Washington on their guard." Yet in No. 36, the week previous, you had said: "The treachery which defeated Myers & Lloyd was known before the polls were opened, and they by selling the Washington township candidate, could have saved themselves" &c. &c. Which of these statements is to be believed?

Deciding, did not an individual from Ebsenburg, who might preside the election, traverse Washington township, and tell the people, that if Myers was cut in Washington, Pershing should be beaten, and that the Ebsenburgers would refrain from voting until they had a report from Washington, and that if everything was not reported all right for Myers there, they would tomahawk Pershing in Ebsenburg; and when he was asked why Mr. Pershing should be made to suffer, he replied that "one of Dick White's friends, Jeremiah McGonigle, had \$1,000 bet on that election, and that they would cause him to lose that because Dick White's friends were active against Myers," and the same individual returned to Ebsenburg on election morning, and reported "all right in Washington." You surely are not ignorant of these matters, and I refer to this delightful anecdote, only to show the high state of political morality which prevails in the circles of the "upper crust" Democracy of Ebsenburg. It enables us to see behind the masks of these ferocious defenders of the honor of the Democratic party, and to understand that when they can not get a bone to gnaw, they will, like Mr. Banks with the Union, let the principles of that party "slide."

Now, as regards Mr. Lloyd, "a short horse is soon curried," and we will dispose of his case very rapidly. My reason for voting against him was purely political. Personally, I have no unkind feelings in the world against him. You recollect well the Democratic County Meeting of Monday, March 1st, 1858; that memorable night, which, in the striking language of Gen. McDonald, "produced an impression on the minds of the people of the county that neither time nor fire will ever efface." You recollect well that the Democracy of the county assembled by hundreds to sustain the President. You recollect well the efforts of a few men, assisted by the boys and Black Republicans, to prevent the people from giving an expression of opinion in favor of Buchanan. You well recollect that those men considered that their political existence depended upon not letting the public know that Cambria county was for Buchanan, and that they deemed it remarkably sharp practice, whilst the meeting was still in session, to hurry off somebody to the nearest telegraph station, for the purpose of telegraphing everywhere that Cambria county had declared anti-Lecompton! Who were selected for this part of the play? Why, Abel Lloyd and the premium mules! That exceedingly fast young gentleman was whirled off to Wilmore, and he despatched to the east and west and north and south, that Cambria county was against Buchanan! After that operation, he could not get my vote—at least not "this load of poles." I would as soon have thought of voting for John W. Forney or James C. Noon!

You say that I, "professing to be a Lecomptonite of the strictest sect, worked for Linton, who was and is avowedly and openly an anti-Lecompton democrat." All that I know upon that subject is this: I had one conversation with Mr. Linton upon that subject, and but one. That occurred in February, at the time when the so-called anti-Lecompton men were getting papers signed for a meeting to oppose Mr. Buchanan's Kansas policy. Mr. Linton told me then that he would have nothing to do with any such meeting—that it would injure the harmony of the party, and that all unnecessary agitation should be avoided. That was a sound Democratic position—just the one you and I held at the meeting got up in December, 1857. I had no fault to find with him then—I do not know that he ever had any other position.

You say that I supported Fisher, who is a Know Nothing. I have never seen Mr. Fisher. I am informed that he is a very honest man, and a German by birth. I do not comprehend how such a man can be a Know Nothing. I am told that he is a political opponent of the Democratic party, but I do not know that he ever injured that party, and were he to live to the age of Methuselah he could not damage it as much as Abel Lloyd and his fellow-conspirators did in one night.

There are many other reasons which I could adduce, but it is unnecessary at this time. If the "sifted Democracy" up there in Ebsenburg have not yet got a sufficient lesson, they will find others in store for them, and the reasons alluded to will be discussed

at the proper times and places. Heretofore your clique have thought that all that was necessary for you was to get upon the ticket and then you must go through, and you could say, in the language of one of your clique, "Yes would like to have voted against me, but yet darsent vote against the ticket, and I don't thank ye." That time has gone. If the Democratic organization in Cambria is reduced to a mere machine for the elevation of the members of a contemptible clique to office, the people will none of it! You have already nearly ruined it by your despicable plotting—other measures must be taken for its perpetuity and integrity. This thing of half a dozen of you porcupining out the county offices for one, two and three years to come must be done away with. Every man must have an equal chance—the people must be consulted, and principles, not spoils, must be inscribed upon the banner.

A word as to your remarks upon the Democracy of Washington township. It is evident that you would like to pitch into them, but you dare not. You tell them that they are "oblivious, high minded" but they "were deceived," &c., &c. Your insinuation that they are carried in the pocket of any man, is a gratuitous insult to a body of men, each one of whom is as good, and most of whom are better men than yourself.

Now, sir, who made you a Judge in Israel? Who gave you the right to sit in judgment upon men who are at least your peers? It is to be presumed that a judge himself is untainted with the crime which he judges and punishes. Let us examine your record, and see whether you have "kept the whiteness of your soul." Whether you have been true "to the vital interests of the Democratic party."

I will return the compliment you have extended to me, and furnish for general circulation a few rough notes from your political career. That begins at the nominating convention in 1857. You were then a candidate for county treasurer. You did not make that, but you were chosen to represent Cambria county in the State convention of March 1858. At the December court in 1857, a few gentlemen undertook to get up a fuss. They needed some hobby or other on which to ride into office. It occurred to them that "popular sovereignty" was in danger, and accordingly they agitated the subject. The people of Cambria county having for a long time been sovereigns themselves, the dodge did not win. The old birds were not to be caught with chaff. Nevertheless the agitators continued their operations, in a limited sphere of action. They undertook to hold a county meeting, pretending that they had the sanction of that tried and trusted Democrat, Augustin Durbin, chairman of the county committee. You were down upon that meeting; proclaiming that it was unnecessary—would engender ill feeling—and injure the harmony of the party. The agitators played out their hand—they wanted a fuss for the sake of a fuss. The meeting assembled. Of course every Black Republican present in Ebsenburg, marshalled by Charles Ellis, rushed into the Court House, to help the agitators. In five minutes after the meeting had been organized, you moved that it adjourn sine die. Your motion was carried and the meeting did adjourn.

The agitators were beaten, but the people applauded you; they said you were right.—Your youth, your apparent ingenuousness, the just desire you manifested to save the party from dissension, made you many friends. It was predicted that you would make a consistent and unflinching Democrat—mayhap the future hope of the party in the county.

The conspirators though disheartened did not give it up. They were determined that Cambria should be considered an anti-Buchanan county, and should be misrepresented in the approaching Convention in Ebsenburg, marshalled by Charles Ellis, rushed into the Court House, to help the agitators. In five minutes after the meeting had been organized, you moved that it adjourn sine die. Your motion was carried and the meeting did adjourn.

The agitators saw that they were caught up. They saw that the people were aroused against them, and were upon the spot. Nevertheless, they determined to avail themselves of all that trick and falsehood could do. When county meetings are held here on Court week, it is the custom to meet after supper-time, at the ringing of the bell.—On Monday evening, the town was full of people, nearly all for Buchanan. Before supper-time, when there were few people in the Court House, and whilst his Honor, Judge Taylor, was directing the crime to adjourn the Court, your brother, P. S. Noon, then nominally editing the "Mountaineer," motioned to Thomas Collins that he (Collins) be President of a meeting. Before the Judge had left the bench, and whilst the few people in the Court House were leaving, Thos. Collins marched up to take the chair from which his Honor was just arising. Augustin Durbin and Gen. McDonald were on hand, and by

their promptness and energy, prevented the consummation of the ingeniously laid plan to forestall the peoples' action.

The alarm was given. The people gathered into the Court House, Gen. McDonald was chosen President by acclamation, the meeting was organized, and notwithstanding the efforts of a few reckless men, assisted by all the Black Republicans and Know Nothings then in Ebsenburg, to disturb the meeting, and prevent an expression of opinion, Resolutions were passed, amid a whirlwind of applause, sustaining the National Administration in its Kansas policy, and instructing you to sustain that policy in the 4th of March Convention.

Now, whilst the true and tried Democrats of the county were rallying to the support of their party thus traitorously attacked in its principles and organization—whilst James Myers was standing, with his hands in his pockets, complacently beholding the efforts of a few reckless politicians to hand, bound hand and foot, over to the enemies of the Constitution and the Union, that party to which he professed to belong, and which he was afraid to help in its time of need because he was a candidate for a good office at its hands, and might offend somebody if he took a part—whilst Abel Lloyd and the cream-colored donkeys were rushing to the telegraph office to circulate reports which he knew to be false, where were you—the delegate—the man in whom the Democracy of the county had placed their confidence—the man who was so anxious to represent fairly and impartially that party—what was your position?

Instead of aiding the party whose representative you were to be, or at least standing aloof and forming an impartial judgment, when you found that the two dozen disorganizers were defeated by the uprising of a people, when you found that the people were giving you instructions upon the point in question, you, sir, with an incident haste, with an uncontrollable anxiety to prove "traitor" to the vital interests of the party, retreated into a corner, and reading a gentleman up on a chair, you held a candle to him whilst he read to you something out of a paper, which nobody else could hear, but which is presumed to have been a private instruction "to vote against any resolution endorsing the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution." So determined were you upon frustration that you finally instructed yourself, whilst the Democracy of the county were present and in your hearing, giving you the instructions you had asked for.

You and a "butte" who imagined that he was representing an adjoining county, started off to Harrisburg. During the 48 hours preceding the Convention you cut an awful swarth. You inhabited the entire town.—You were numerous, imposing, tremendous. Through Abel's boys' dispatches, you were able for a few hours to make people believe that you were "punkins." The Convention met. Your position was understood. The administration was triumphantly sustained. Your "butte" was kicked out, neck and heels. You betrayed your constituents, and crawled out at the little end of the horn.

Such is a faint outline of the manner in which you fulfilled your first political trust. It is collected from public documents and the records of the Democratic party, and will be found to be correct. It displays a precocity of treachery, a climax of duplicity that nothing can rival, unless it be the exquisite tact you have displayed in opening this controversy. It is not of my seeking. You have commenced it without provocation. The election is over—the people have spoken—their fiat should be submitted to. There is nothing to be made by stirring up the waters of bitterness; but when attacked I have a right to reply. I have as much right to overhaul your public acts as you have my private ones. The difference is this. You attack a more outsider—one, who at the best, can claim only to be one of the "oblivious, high-minded," but "deceived" Democrats of Washington—and about whose vote nobody cares; whereas, I make strictures upon the public acts of one of the best men in these diggings—a great party leader, who has just emerged in triumph, covered with laurels from a hard-fought campaign.

A small hint before I close. In a former scribble with the "Mountaineer," the fact was developed, that among the allies and contributors to that squeamishly Democratic journal, was A. C. Mullin Esq., the accomplished Chairman of the opposition county committee. He is a heap with the pen; he opened up on "Dobbins" and "Neptune" and your humble servant in a way that was uncommon—indeed it was—and the variety of his performances remind one of Alfred Jingle Esq., in Pickwick. If, as is probable, you can not make it alone, you can get him to assist. Of course he will. The campaign of 1855 and '56 are yet fresh in his recollection. He ought to have the same chance now to contribute to a Democratic paper that he had in March, and in December, and to turn his back upon "Themis," and seize the tinsel lyre. You can inform him that I still retain that taste for the language, the customs, and the beverage of the "Waterland;" and as before he favored us with a lyric in the very lowest Dutch, he may this turn go the other extreme and give us a touch of the highfalutin—unless by mutual agreement you and I reserve that field for ourselves.

This document is nearly as possible proportioned to the length of the subject—you measure over six feet, and you will observe that this communication goes into you at the rate of a column to the foot.

Hoping to see you spread yourself, let me remain, your fellow-biographer,  
RICHARD WHITE.  
Linstock, Oct. 20th, 1858.