



C. D. MURRAY, Editor. W. C. ZAHM, Publisher.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1859.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

We have only a few words to say in reply to the column and a half of diluted dish water concerning the Editor of this paper, which appeared in the Mountaineer last week. We entertain a very exalted opinion of our neighbor, and are always pleased when he displays his natural and cultivated graces to the best advantage. His refined sarcasm cuts like a "two edged blade," and richly deserves to be recognized as the prince of scolders. "What do you read, my lord?" said Polonius to Hamlet; "words, words," was the answer. In answer to a similar interrogatory, a reader of the Mountaineer might appropriately adopt the answer of Hamlet—"words, words, sir; for ideas are like angel visits, few and far between."

Our neighbor a few weeks ago sneered at us because we dared to say that we despised the course pursued by the renegade Forney. He seemed to think that it was superlative impudence on our part to censure the political conduct of a city Editor. Never having entertained or endorsed the aristocratic doctrine that a man is above or has a right to regard with contempt the merited censure of the humblest of his fellow citizens, because he occupies a prominent position before his fellow countrymen, we stated our views on the subject in the next number of our paper, in as few words as possible. Little did we then apprehend the volley of wrath and sarcasm that has since been showered on our devoted head, as the just punishment of our folly and presumption. But for the present the storm is over, and we will survive. We need not fear another tornado before at least another week.

Our neighbor charges us with having assailed the sanctity of Mr. Forney's private life. This we deny. We have never said anything concerning him calculated to produce the impression that he was not in private life a kind-hearted and amiable man. We may, however, say on this subject that J. C. Noon, Esq., Editor of the Mountaineer, was the first person we ever heard denounce Col. Forney, for having written the famous "Consuelo Letter." He maintained that the fact of Col. Forney having written that letter was a good and sufficient reason to justify Democratic members of the Legislature in refusing to vote for him for United States Senator. This occurred some two years ago, and it is wonderful what changes a few short months will bring about. The Editor of the Mountaineer was then the enemy, we might almost say the calculator, of John W. Forney—he is now his follower, his disciple, although he would fain deny the fact. But our neighbor is an adept at changing his position with regard to political issues. His views, therefore, with regard to Col. Forney at the present time are not at all surprising. He performed a still more remarkable somersault at March court, last year, when he appeared on the political arena as a ranting anti-Lecomptonite. Three months previous to that time he was a fierce Lecomptonite. We pray Heaven that his next somersault may not land him in the Black Republican ranks.

Our neighbor charges us with having expressed through the columns of our paper, a determination to oppose Senator Douglas for President in 1860, if he should be the candidate of the Democracy for that office. Two weeks ago we refuted this vile calumny, and proved that our neighbor, in order to place us in a false position, resorted to the low trick of misquoting us. We have said in our paper more than once, that if Senator Douglas is willing to be spoken of as a Northern man, as the especial advocate of the rights of the North, he never can and never will receive our support. The Democratic party knows no North, no South, under the Constitution. If Senator Douglas really endorses the treasonable doctrines of John W. Forney, is Mr. Noon prepared to say he is acting the part of a sincere Democrat? If Senator Douglas is willing to be spoken of as the enemy of the South, and the friend of the North, is he a national Democrat? Was not this the position in which Col. Forney sought to place him, in the speech which we quoted? These are interrogatories which our neighbor will please answer at an early day. We made no attack on Senator Douglas—we merely asked, "does he endorse John W. Forney?"

With regard to "disciples and masters," we have only to say that we did not intend to insinuate that Mr. Noon was the tool of Col. Forney. If unfortunately we pressed his views, we are sorry for it. Our neighbor should not be so sensitive, or so ready to retaliate a supposed injury by calling hard names. When he asserts that we are the tool of any man or combination of men, he asserts that which is untrue. This stale calumny which appeared in the Mountaineer some six or eight months ago, we thought had been abandoned. It is now what Daniel Webster would have called "the very cast off slough of a polluted and shameless press." The Editor of a joint-stock newspaper should be the last man in the world to talk about a "life of vassalage" and a "state of subservency." Being himself the tool of a clique of demagogues, it is but natural that he should seek to place others on the platform which he occupies. Although our neighbor proclaims himself to the world as the P-7-o-p-r-i-e-t-o-r of the Mountaineer, we have good authority for saying that he is not—or at least that he was not three weeks ago the proprietor of that paper.—Less than three weeks ago, a respectable citizen of Washington township told us that he was one of the owners of the Mountaineer; that it was a joint stock concern; and that he was a stockholder to the amount of fifty dollars. This statement was not made in confidence to us. We will give his name, if required to do so.

We never made common cause with the enemies of the Democratic party, and always supported its men and measures. We never in our Editorial capacity or at the ballot box, opposed any of its regular nominees. We voted for Mr. Myers last fall, because he was the nominee of the party, and not because he had promised us the patronage of the office of Sheriff in the event of his election. Towards him we have always cherished the kindest of emotions. He is an honest man and a sincere democrat. But unfortunately a few demagogues who wished to elevate themselves on the shoulders of an honest man, to a respectable position before the people of Cambria County, placed him in a false position before the Mountain Democracy. We supported him with as much zeal in our paper as did the Editor of the Mountaineer, and we voted for him as cheerfully as did any member of the Mountaineer clique. If a few demagogues and one horse politician, who cared more about the spoils of office than the principles of the Democratic party, had not tied themselves to his coat-tail, he would doubtless have been elected. Immediately after the late election, our neighbor made an attack on General White for having refused to support Messrs Lloyd and Myers. To that attack General White replied through the columns of this paper. The controversy before it closed assumed a personal character. We published General Whites communications without either note or comment. Personally he is our friend. In politics we think and act for ourselves, and consequently are not the tool of any man or combination of men. However it may not be improper for us to state that several of the political friends and favorites of Mr. Noon, opposed him once during their political career, more than the regular nominees of the democratic party. Was not the democrat that opposed a regular nominee of the party nine, eight, seven, six, five or four years ago, as much of a traitor to the democratic party as the man who opposed a regular nominee of the party last year? General White we presume will and can defend himself. Our neighbor commenced the controversy with him and he has a right to carry it on with him. We never had and never intend to have anything to do with it. Those who pursued the controversy between Messrs Noon and White can decide which party was used up—the assailant or the assailed.

On perusing what we have written, we find that we have said more than a few words in reply to our neighbor. We therefore conclude with a few interrogatories to him which he will please answer as soon as it is convenient for him to do so. If Senator Douglas endorses the principles and doctrines enunciated by John W. Forney in his editorials and speeches, is he a sincere democrat? If it was treason to oppose a nominee of the democratic party last year, was it not equally treasonable to do the same thing in years previous to that time? Is it not in rather bad taste for the editor of a joint stock newspaper to call a brother editor a "Hessian, leading a life of subservency?" We pause for a reply.

EBENSBURG, Feb. 9, 1859. Mr. P. B. KINPORTS.—Dear Sir:—I have perused your communication in the last Mountaineer addressed to me, and you are now a very distinguished individual, I have determined to drop for the present the editorial "we," and have a short talk with you in the sociable and familiar style recommended in epistolary composition. Believe me, dear sir, I am duly grateful for the honor of your correspondence, and sincerely hope I will often hereafter have the pleasure of hearing from you. You are certainly (your speech and letter prove it) an embryo genius; or perhaps a "mute inglorious Milton;" an orator worthy the "applause of listening Senates to command;" and, as I remarked in an editorial article a few weeks ago, I rejoice that your light is at length taken from under a bushel. You challenge me to meet you at Cunningham's school house on Tuesday evening, Feb. 1st.—Now, your communication was intended for publication in the Mountaineer published on the 2d day of February—the day after the one on which you challenge me to meet you. It is hard to account for your blunder in this matter. You publish in the Mountaineer of February 2, a challenge to the Editor of the Sentinel to meet you (in mortal combat, I presume,) at Cunningham's school-house, on February 1st. Do you pretend to say, sir, that your notice was sufficient? Mr. Noon, Editor of the Mountaineer, informs me that you did not request him to show me the manuscript copy of your communication. I have been told that you attended the afore-said meeting, that you "splurged," and that the audience were considerably bored by your remarks. A gentleman who was present remarked to me yesterday; "that fellow, Kinports, affords a capital illustration of the truth of the saying of the poet, 'Asses and owls unseen, themselves betray.' When these attempt to hoot or to bray." Entertaining rather kind feelings towards you, I told him I thought he was a little too severe. Although I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I entertain no doubt but that you are a good natured soul, with the organ of self-esteem very large, and unfortunately blessed with a very small supply of that important article called common sense. But you are a young man yet, and your friends should not despair of you altogether. Heaven knows, but you may come to something yet. You seem to think that you are something more than the Ajax of the Pine County movement—in a word, that you can carry it on your shoulders. Do you really think that your balderdash and twaddle will influence or induce any sensible man to advocate the erection of Pine county? If you do, you have even less common sense than I give you credit for. You seem hurt by some editorial remarks I recently made with regard to your speech which appeared in this paper. I am confident there was nothing ungentlemanly or unkind in my comments—nothing at which you could justly take offence; and I think you owe me a debt of gratitude for allowing such bifalutin balderdash to be published. Sincerely do I hope you will never afflict your fellow mortals with such an effusion again.

You seem afraid that but few ladies perused your speech. I beg leave to assure you that you are mistaken in this. I speak confidently on this point, because quite a number of ladies have asked me recently; "Who is this Mr. Kinports who made the great bifalutin speech you published in your paper the other week—is he a single man?" I gave them all the information concerning you that I possessed, and even went so far as to state that I had heard of you a remarkably good looking gentleman. Heaven forgive me! I had never heard anything of the kind. One of them went still further, and asked me if I didn't think you would be a very nice young man for a small tea-party; and I told her I entertained no doubt that you would. I'll wager a dime at least that you receive any amount of valentines from your fair admirers in this region of country on the 17th inst. As you seem anxious to have a talk with me, I beg leave to say that I will be happy to meet you at Carrolltown on any evening you may select. I will expect three days' previous notice, and will not, of course, regard a notice a day "after the fair" as "good, legal and sufficient." I propose that we discuss the following question:—Would the erection of Pine county render a majority of the citizens of Chest and Susquehanna townships wealthier, happier, or more prosperous than they now are? Of course, you will maintain the affirmative—I the negative. The Ebensburg Brass Band will accompany me, and enliven the occasion with soul-inspiring music. If you have a star-spangled banner in your brough, please bring it along with you. As you will doubtless deliver a "spread eagle speech," it should of course be pronounced beneath the stars and stripes. I propose Carrolltown as the place of meeting, because it is about half way between Ebensburg and your place. But let me again entreat you, my dear sir, to be careful about the notice.

In conclusion, permit me to say that, inasmuch as you and I are entire strangers to each other, it is impossible that any unkind feelings should exist between us; and if acquainted, it's ten to one but we would be sincere friends. Sincerely do I wish you health, happiness, and a long life.—And with equal sincerity do I hope, that in the event of the erection of Pine county, you will be its first representative in the State Legislature; and that it will not be many years until the "thunder tones" of your voice are heard in "Congress Hall."

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You seem afraid that but few ladies perused your speech. I beg leave to assure you that you are mistaken in this. I speak confidently on this point, because quite a number of ladies have asked me recently; "Who is this Mr. Kinports who made the great bifalutin speech you published in your paper the other week—is he a single man?" I gave them all the information concerning you that I possessed, and even went so far as to state that I had heard of you a remarkably good looking gentleman. Heaven forgive me! I had never heard anything of the kind. One of them went still further, and asked me if I didn't think you would be a very nice young man for a small tea-party; and I told her I entertained no doubt that you would. I'll wager a dime at least that you receive any amount of valentines from your fair admirers in this region of country on the 17th inst. As you seem anxious to have a talk with me, I beg leave to say that I will be happy to meet you at Carrolltown on any evening you may select. I will expect three days' previous notice, and will not, of course, regard a notice a day "after the fair" as "good, legal and sufficient." I propose that we discuss the following question:—Would the erection of Pine county render a majority of the citizens of Chest and Susquehanna townships wealthier, happier, or more prosperous than they now are? Of course, you will maintain the affirmative—I the negative. The Ebensburg Brass Band will accompany me, and enliven the occasion with soul-inspiring music. If you have a star-spangled banner in your brough, please bring it along with you. As you will doubtless deliver a "spread eagle speech," it should of course be pronounced beneath the stars and stripes. I propose Carrolltown as the place of meeting, because it is about half way between Ebensburg and your place. But let me again entreat you, my dear sir, to be careful about the notice.

In conclusion, permit me to say that, inasmuch as you and I are entire strangers to each other, it is impossible that any unkind feelings should exist between us; and if acquainted, it's ten to one but we would be sincere friends. Sincerely do I wish you health, happiness, and a long life.—And with equal sincerity do I hope, that in the event of the erection of Pine county, you will be its first representative in the State Legislature; and that it will not be many years until the "thunder tones" of your voice are heard in "Congress Hall."

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