

Montrose, August 21, 1851.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The rights and duties of Editors. The late California papers announced the murder of Dr. Gwin, formerly this city, for an article that appeared in his newspaper. It now appears that the announcement was a mistake. The occasion, however, is fit one to say a word respecting the rights and duties of editors.

Next in atrocity to hanging a man by lynch law, ranks murder perpetrated under these circumstances. The press is justly considered the palladium of liberty. But the press can never be free while its members are liable to be assaulted by every low ruffian, for the honest expression of opinion.

If an editor lives in a state of society, where horrid offices are the replies to his argument, he either learns to fear speaking the truth, or else becomes himself a bully. In each case he degrades his high vocation. Practically, the profession, in communities of that description, falls to a great degree into the hands of men of careless principles who elevate the code of honor above law, and thus become the powerful advocates of disorder. Public opinion should, therefore, reprobate an assault on an editor under any circumstances.

It is true there are cases in which, though there may be no justification for an assault, some persons may consider there will be more or less of palliation. Certainly the world has little sympathy for an editor who has been chastised for a libel, written to gratify personal revenge. Public opinion, with a sort of savage equity, holds that the writer, who takes advantage of his position to slander a private citizen, has no right to complain if the private citizen takes advantage of his strength to castigate the libeller. Yet, even in this case, the friends of order mourn to see society outraged. It is not the violence done to the slanderer that is revolting; it is the offence against the public peace and good morals. Two wrongs do not make a right. It would be wise, even in such cases, if the slandered party would appeal to law. The courts of justice, thanks to an enlightened legislation, afford redress for every wrong which can be perpetrated; and while this is the case, it grieves of anarchy for any person to take the law into his own hands. And if it is thus of mere assaults, how much more so, it where murder is committed.

An upright editor will never unjustifiably assault another; he will attack no man from private pique, but only for the public good, a guardian may defend an orphan, a husband neglect his wife, a child be cruel to an aged parent, or other private wrongs of an even more horrid character be perpetrated; yet an editor has no right to publish this to the world, unless the criminal, by seeking office, or otherwise making his character a public concern, justifies the allusion. The courts furnish remedies for all private wrongs, and the seeking redress should be left to the parties injured. We know that it is the custom with many journals, and with some intent to pretend to respectability, to use a large license in personalities, and we daily see the private affairs of individuals in consequence, more justifiably disgraced before the public. We do not, however, excuse the act. We will not defend our order sooner than we will defend others, if it is in the wrong, and in canvassing private characters, except in the instances we mention, the press surely outrages private rights.

How shall this evil be best corrected? By the press itself. Journalists will respect the rights of others, their own will be but rarely violated. Let the press be but true to itself, and these outrages, though they may not entirely disappear, will become comparatively scarce. More often, when they do occur, public opinion will unite to execute the offender, instead of publishing the crime, as it is too frequently does at present. Wrong begets wrong; but justice gives birth to justice.

## Scene in a Fashionable Hotel [Dining Room. Yankee at a table eating Soup.]

"Yankee.—I say, my Waiter! This soup ain't so clean as I have seen!"

"Waiter.—Sir, I don't know what you mean by such an insinuation. I must speak to Mr. Carinikins about that."

[Waiter runs to Head Waiter, and brings that officer to Yankee's chair.]

"Head Waiter, looking ready to face—"

"Sir, shall I have the pleasure of saying to the Superintendent, that you remarked the soup is dirty?"

[Yankee, throwing himself back in the chair.]—"Look here, you can report to the Superintendent, if you've got such an officer over yonder—I's p'ased they had Superintendents in Sunday Schools, but I never heard of one in a tavern before—you can just say 'twix what I said to that linin' jacket teller, there—and mind, now, if you per'rapt the truth, I'll teach ye that o'f the hunting are a valin' thing, in just no time at all. Tell the Sewp what I said, but don't yer lie."

"Superintendent, [coming forward].—Anything the matter here, Thomas?"

"Waiter.—He says the soup ain't clean, sense sir."

"Yankee.—That's a teetotal lie. I didn't say 'twas dirty—I didn't say 'twasn't clean."

I shouldn't have said anything misapprehension, the question, and received the same answer. The rope was then cut and the two were launched into eternity." Bayard's dying declaration of Anderson's innocence has shaken the convictions of many people who before were satisfied of his guilt. Whatever the truth may be, will remain a secret until the final day of reckoning, as no living eye witnessed the deed. —*Carbon Dem.*

*Schooner River Down.*—Several lives lost. During the thunder storm of Friday night last, the steamboat South America, while near Hamburg, ran into the schooner Ellen, (of Lancaster) Capt. Abijah Barker, laden with coal, and bound to Darien, Conn. The shock was so violent that the schooner went down almost immediately after the collision. Besides the captain there was also on board Henry Clay Barker, grand-son of the captain, and son of Israel Barker, of Brooklyn; Martin Holley, of Eastchester, and Martin of Brooklyn, all of whom were drowned. —*N.Y. Evening Post.*

*Superintendent.*—"My dear sir, that was only our bill of fare, designed simply to indicate what dishes may be called for. Our prices at dinner are uniform."

"Yankee.—The duse it is, well the fact is, I didn't mean anything agin her, sir. What I was again to say is this, that the soups wasn't as clean as I have seen, for so when I was travellin' id Pennsylvania, I had some mon at one tavern, so clean that if you should dip a white crumby ham-cake into it, wouldn't give it?"

"Lodging per diem, and when jester, 1000."

"Yankee, amid great laughter from the company.]

## Touching Incident.

At the conclusion of the oration of Mr. Sprout, at "Washington's Head Quarters," in Newburg, on the 4th, he introduced Henry Gibson, a survivor of "Washington's Little Guard" to his hearers. This aged veteran commenced his 100th year on the 18th of February last, but still retains his strength and recollection in a remarkable degree—the reward of a temperate and well-spent life.

He was in the battle of Princeton, Trenton, and Yorktown, was with Washington during his encampment at Newburg, and remembers all the excitement produced by the publication of the celebrated "Newburg Letters."

He has resided in the town of Monroe, in Orange county, since the close of the Revolution, supporting himself by his labor as long as he was able to toil; but is now, and has been for years, the grateful recipient of a pension from the Government—the reward of his early toils, privations and sufferings, which, with the assistance rendered by his charitable neighbors, has given him a comfortable support.

The citizens of Newburg intend placing him in the old "Head Quarters" now owned by the State and in charge of the Corporation of that village, where his every want will be supplied, and where he will remain to the end of his days, surrounded by scenes of his early sufferings helped to go to a serene, receiving the homage of his grateful countrymen.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

## A Glance at the past.

The history of Pennsylvania tells powerfully against Whig rule. The editor of the *Gazette*, in an earnest inquiry into what specific claim his excellency Gov. Johnston has on the gratitude of the people, has with pencil in hand, gone into figures; here are some of them: When Gov. Wolf retired from office, the State Debt was a little over \$24,000,000; and when Gov. Porter came into power, it amounted to more than \$35,000,000—being an increase of \$10,000,000 during the three years of Ritter's misrule. It is true, that Ritter, in his last Message, attempted to show that the State Debt was just as he found it; but subsequent investigations disclosed a large number of unadvised claims due to domestic creditors on account of extravagance and useless improvements commenced by virtue of the Act of Feb. 18, 1826, chartering the monster Bank of the U. States, and for other purposes, amounting to the aggregate to \$10,000,000. The existence of these claims was purposefully concealed, and their adjustment, shored off, in order to blind the people to the state of affairs and cast-doubt upon the shoulders of Ritter's successor. To this enormous expenditure we must add nearly \$8,000,000 received from the General Government, out of the surplus revenue, and about \$1,500,000 from the Bank of the U. S., on account of the bonus it entitled to pay for its charter; all of which was squandered by the Ritter "Directory" in improvements which afterwards passed into private hands at a ruinous sacrifice to the State, or were totally abandoned. This is a faithful exhibition of the sort of "economy" which characterized Whig rule from 1836, to 1839; and to prove that the same disposition still prevails in the party, we have only to recall the attempt made last winter by a Whig Senate, at the instigation or with the concurrence of Gov. Johnston, to increase the State debt by a permanent loan of \$100,000,000 issuable in "redeemable" "shinglers." Fortunately for the people, this dangerous measure was foiled by the resolute opposition of a Democratic House of Representatives, and that body deserves the credit of having shaped an appropriation bill whose estimates were confined within the ordinary available means of the Treasury.

## Executions.

Week before last two men were hung in York, for the murder of a person on board. Last week two others were hung at New Castle, Del., for the murder of an old man, by beating him with a large stick. No one saw the deed, but circumstances pointed to Empson Bayard, a man of about 21 years, as the guilty wretch, and upon his arrest he confessed the deed, and implicated James Anderson, aged 50 years, as his accessory. Anderson denied it, and declared his innocence. The motive for the deed was a desire to possess five dollars that the old man had been seen to receive at a store. On the trial, some of the money found on Bayard was identified as that given to the old man at the store. Anderson accounted for all the money in his possession except one piece, which was not identified as the old man's. After the two had been together, Bayard retreated to his charge against Anderson—as was supposed in consequence of Anderson's influence over him. This produced a diversity of sentiment out of doors as to the guilt of Anderson. They were however both condemned. At the execution, on Thursday last, Anderson persisted to the last in asserting his entire innocence; and when the Sheriff asked Bayard if he had any thing to say before his execution, he answered "Jim was not there." The Sheriff then said, "Do you mean to say that Anderson had nothing to do with the murder?" he answered "yes." The Sheriff, to avoid any misapprehension, repeated the question, and received the same answer. The rope was then cut and the two were launched into eternity. Bayard's dying declaration of Anderson's innocence has shaken the convictions of many people who before were satisfied of his guilt. Whatever the truth may be, will remain a secret until the final day of reckoning, as no living eye witnessed the deed. —*Carbon Dem.*

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*Evening Post.*

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