

"The Higher Law."

We wonder whether Senator Seward is not indebted to the hero of Cooper's novels for his doctrine of the higher law.

In the Deer Slayer and Harry Harvey, in which the doctrine is clearly expounded by the former, speaking of the colonial act giving a bounty for Indian scalps, he denounces it as a bad business, which even the Indians cry shame on, seeing its gain is a white man's gift, adding, "In a state of lawful warfare, such as we have lately got into, it is a duty to keep down all compassionate feelings," so far as life goes, either (French or Indians), but when it comes to scalps it's a very different matter." To which his comrade replies:

"Just hearken to reason if you please, Deer-slayer, and tell me if the Colony can make an unlawful law? Isn't any unlawful law more again nature than scalping a savage? A law can no more be unlawful than truth can be a lie."

"That sounds reasonable, (said Deer-slayer) but it has a most unreasonable bearing, Harry. Laws don't come from the same quarter. God has given us his, and some come from the King and his parliament. When the Colony's laws, or even the King's laws run against the laws of God, they get to be unlawful and ought not to be obeyed."

There is the whole doctrine in a nutshell, as clearly and concisely set forth as it could be done by Senator Seward himself.

Maine Liquor Law.

A dispatch dated Belfast, Maine, Dec. 5th, says: several men were dangerously ill, not fatally stricken at Frankfort, yesterday, in attempting to seize a quantity of liquor, on board the steamer Boston, Capt. Sanford. The steamer was from Boston, bound to Bangor, and reached Frankfort on Wednesday night, where she was detained by the ice. Capt. S. had left Bangor, giving orders not to land the liquor until the charges were paid. Deputy Sheriff Miles, with a posse of officers, attempted to seize the liquor, when he was requested by Louis Taylor, agent of the boat, to wait for the return of the captain. He refused, and attempted to make the seizure, when resistance was made by the crew, and the officers driven off by violence. In the melee officer Staples was very severely wounded and his recovery is considered doubtful. Mr. William Chase, of Frankfort, was last evening reported to be dead. A man named Carlton was also severely injured, as well as two of the boat's crew. The boat afterwards started for Boston, the captain having returned; but on her arrival at this place, she was boarded by Sheriff Rust, and the captain and crew were arrested. The captain gave bail in \$3,000, but the mate and the crew were committed. Mr. Taylor, the agent, who is reported to have directed the crew to resist, was also arrested and held to bail. The first pilot, Davidson, cannot be found. The liquor was finally seized and destroyed.

Great Telegraphic Fear.

Mr. Bulley, the Superintendent of the New Orleans Telegraph Line has lately invented what he calls a "connector," by means of which placed at each station on the line, the operators are enabled to "turn the current of the electricity from their offices, and thus connect the most extreme points." The "connectors," by some ingenious mechanism, only fully understood by the intelligent and practical inventor, have the effect of roving the magnetic force which is applied, by which means the great difficulty of writing in long circuits is wholly overcome. This invention, therefore, would seem destined to become one of the most important aids in the annihilation of space. We understand that the New Orleans line, under Mr. B.'s superintendence, has been supplied with these "connectors," and their practical utility, for the purpose desired, was very satisfactorily tested yesterday, by enabling Mr. Long and his accomplished assistants, in the office in this city, to hold a direct and instantaneous chat with their fellow co-operators in the office at New Orleans, a distance by the wires of 2,300. Business messages were also sent with the same rapidity.—N. Y. Tribune.

Blatant Noses.

A resolution has been introduced in the Kentucky Legislature which provides "that the keeper of the Penitentiary shall procure a suitable chemical dye, such as will stain the outside or outer surface of the skin perfectly black, so that it cannot be washed off, or in any way be removed, until time shall wear it away, and nature furnish a new cuticle or outer surface; and that with this dye he shall have a supply of each male convict painted thoroughly black and renew the application as often as may be necessary to keep it so, until within one month of the expiration of his sentence, when it shall be discontinued for the purpose of permitting nature to restore entirely the feature to its original hue, preparatory to the second advent of its owner in the world." Pike of the Kentucky Flag is in favor of the resolution with an amendment, that the Sheriff of each county be required to catch every delinquent newspaper subscriber in his bullwhisk, and black his nose and keep it blackened until he pays up.

Many persons might help themselves, as some do, by remembering throughout the year on what day the 1st of January fell, and by permanently remembering the first day of each month, which agrees with the day of the year.

Thus this present year began on Wednesday, and the 6th of August is therefore Wednesday, as are the 13th, 20th, 27th. By the following lines the 1st of the months may be kept in mind:

The first of October, year's end (1790-1791,
The second of April, as well as July,
The third of September, which thence to December,
The fourth of June, and no other, remember,
The fifth of March, and the eighth of November,
The sixth of August, and the seventh of May,
The eighth of the present in the name of the day;
But in respect, when leap-month has duly been reckoned,
The month's date will show not the first but the second.

Suicide by a School Girl.

Elsie A. Huxford, aged 19, a pupil of Miss Wells' Boarding School, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, drowned herself on Wednesday, the 31st instant. She left a note stating, as the cause of the rash act, want of friends, troubles and trials in life, novel reading, &c.

THE DEMOCRAT.

The Largest Circulation in Northern Pennsylvania.
1,632 COPIES WEEKLY.

S. B. & E. H. CHASE, Editors.

MONROE, PA.

Thursday, December 25, 1851.

Democratic County Meeting.

The Meeting of the Democratic County Standing Committee for Susquehanna county will be held at the Hotel of William K. Hatch, in Monroe, on Saturday, Dec. 27th, (Inst.) at one o'clock P. M. A full attendance of the Committee is desirable, as business of considerable interest will demand their consideration.

The following gentlemen compose said committee:

O. G. Hempstead, F. B. Streeter,
Joseph L. Murrain, William J. Turrell,
O. Latrop, Thos. P. Phinney,
S. B. Chase, M. J. Mumford.
O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Chairman.

We issued two papers last week—one on Tuesday and one on Saturday, thus making up for the last number. With this paper our volume for this year is complete. No paper will be issued from our office next week. We shall make up our next volume without it. And then, our readers must have a little sympathy for "the Printer boys." From the commencement of the year to its close there is no rest for them—they must be steady at their task. Give them a little chance for recreation once a year, and they will commence the new year with light hearts.

Now, kind patrons, we are not going to ask you; oh, no! we simply wish to intimate that we are in need of funds, and what is more, that we must have some, even if we have to borrow. Our paper bills must be met, our workmen must be paid, and we must have a living, all of which must come from us in cash. Now if the eight hundred or thousand who are owing us a year's subscription or more, which is only a small amount, easy for them to raise at any time, would just forward the money and take a receipt, therefore, how much more comfortable would they feel in their consciences, and of what immense comfort would it be to us. Come, now, try it once.

To the Patrons and Readers of the Democrat.

This number of our paper closes the volume for '51, which makes it peculiarly appropriate for us to offer you a few thoughts. We do so not only because the time is an appropriate one, but also because it strikes us as a pleasant duty—a kind of duty we love to perform. One more year have we traveled on together in the journey of eventful existence, having come again to the threshold of the New Year. The year 1851 has well-nigh buried itself in the Church-yard of Time—nought save its shadows linger about us. Its days are nearly numbered, its weeks have fled away, and its months live only in memory. They have left their trace on the cheek of Youth, the brow of Age, and in the momentous events already chronicled on the open page of the world's History. Returnless as the flight of Time, so may each of us look upon the load of joys, the weight of sorrows, together with all the events that have sprung up in our own history since our last Holiday greeting. They live no longer—they have no further existence, though they may be paged on the record of memory, there to gladden or make sad as their remembrance may be pleasing or painful.

We have ever found, as years roll away some new phase of Life is developed—some new page in its faded Book is opened, revealing strange and still stranger relations, events never dreamed of, and mysteries before hidden from our gaze by an impenetrable veil. We say Time develops these things to us, as we are borne along on its ever-moving current, and from our own, we judge such to be the experience of all mankind. Judging thus, we have come to regard Life as the greatest Romance—one that no pen can ever delineate in its wild truthfulness, bringing to the senses and understanding of men its varied, and ever-varying incidents. It is:

"A dream that is not all a dream."

And we dream-like from its own reality. Thus we look back over the past year, and thus we remember the cloud of strange events that has marked our intercourse with our patrons and readers. The lesson we have learned we trust we are much wiser for, and trust also that it may redound to our future profit;—that henceforth, in the battle of Life, and in the discharge of responsible duties, we shall be better prepared to meet events in store for us, by having lived once over the year '51. No person, unlearned by experience, can appreciate aught of the trying difficulties, the load of anxious care, the life-harrowing perplexity, that racks the mind and haunts the peace of one, whose ill-starred fate it is to bear the responsibilities incident to the editorial profession, especially where he is, above and beyond all, anxious to discharge his duties with honor to himself,—with justice to his readers.—Such is the influence exerted by the Press in all communities that no man, perhaps, can be placed in a position where he is, or should be, more responsible and more directly answerable. It is on him more than on many other agencies, that the responsibility rests to give tone and current to public opinion and sentiment, upon the purity and correctness of which, in this country, hang the most weighty considerations—the peace of society, the welfare and happiness of community,—the force, effect, influence and permanency of our laws and institutions,—our national existence itself. So comprehensive have all these become,—so varied, intricate and entangled the interests, social relations, and political prejudices of community,—so momentous, unlooked for, and various, the political events that are every day coming to pass, that one needs be possessed of a prophet's ken to penetrate all, foresee their consequences and effect, and plant himself in that proud position from which he may guard the interests of community, and direct public sentiment in the right channel. Such is the seat on which an Editor, who appreciates

rightly his position and is anxious to discharge its obligations, is tossed. A sea though often explored, it has never been and never will be, mapped out. Its shoals and quicksands, its tempest-winds and breakers, its currents and under-currents, its rocks and treacherous shores, are ever-varying, ever-drifting, and when he feels most secure and all seems fair and smooth, most frequently the storm is nearest and most fearful,—exigencies arise which no one is prepared, all is uncertainty, and yet demanding from him the most prompt and decided action—the most unlimited sagacity.

The above picture is not overdrawn—it cannot, by our pen at least, be drawn to truth—to reality. On such an ocean have we passed another year. Surrounded by such cares, perplexed by such perplexities, and harassed by such fatigues, we come to its close. We come too, conscious that the past year covers many errors and has registered many follies; but not to its close do we come, loaded down with the reflection that those errors and those follies, towards our readers, have been the result of intention—errors of the heart and purpose. We claim to have endeavored to discharge our duties with fidelity and faithfulness, regardless alike of our own ease and personal preferences, and we find a palliative, if not an excuse, for our errors in the fallibility of our own judgment, and the impossibility for human understanding to meet, perfectly, the responsibility of the position.

It is easy for every person to step in his own mind what a paper should be to meet his views, and probably no one would exactly agree, while the mass would widely differ.—Hence the difficulty, hundreds and even thousands shall be to be consulted. Our aim is and shall be, first to find out our duty as conductors of the Press, and then, come what will, to discharge it. In such a path we have been in the past, and expect in the future to be situated so as to see on the one hand our own course, on the other our duty. We have endeavored in those circumstances to follow the latter path boldly and independently. From such a position we cannot be driven. Threats shall never intimidate, blandishments seduce or affection savor us. We will use the liberty of the Press to expose corruption and wrong talk on whom it may; and when our heart becomes so covetously as to wink at Wrong and suffer, without exposure, the rights of community to be invaded, then we will resign our pen to hands more worthy to wield it. We have often dwelt with delight upon the following sentence uttered by the immortal SHERIDAN:—"Give me the liberty of the Press and I will shake down corruption from its height, and bury it beneath the ruins and abuses of ages." A sentiment that should be inscribed on the heart of every American citizen.

The writer of this article has been made aware that an idea is prevalent to some extent, that he intends to withdraw from the paper at the close of this present volume. It is true that he has anticipated a temporary absence, and had made arrangements accordingly, but untrue that he has anticipated a withdrawal from the paper. Recent events, however, have induced us to relinquish that engagement, so that no change whatever may be looked for in the conducting of the paper the coming year. For the future we promise to devote ourselves entirely to our calling, and trust that we shall merit and obtain that liberal and increasing patronage of which we have been the thankful recipients in the past. To our patrons and friends we acknowledge ourselves under the deepest obligations, and in hope we shall not forfeit their generous confidence. Trusting that we may be honored and aided still further with that confidence and patronage, we close by invoking all worldly good to follow you ever, and happy Holidays to meet you now.

Canal Commissioner—Rights of the North, &c.

In an article last week we spoke with some freedom in reference to what we conceive to be the just claims of the Democracy of the North upon the party in the State. We urged then, and insist now, that we are actuated by no sectional feeling above what we consider to be justice; and that, above and beyond all the interests of the whole State, we demand that such justice shall be administered. We ask it not merely because fair representation would give it,—but because the vital interests of the great Democratic party of the State demand it. This is our position, and such the motives that actuate, influence, and control us. Could we see differently; could we see that the interests of our party, and consequently the paramount interests of our principles, would be better served by nominating a candidate in some other section of the Commonwealth, though justice and fair representation would give it to the North, we would most cheerfully forego the latter considerations and acquiesce in the former. But when, as now, we conceive that all these considerations blend together and point to the North for the man, we cannot but urge our cause with earnestness. Our reasons for thinking such to be the state of things we repeat last week, and it is quite unnecessary to repeat them here.

Such being our position and views, the question, what and where is the North, becomes an important one. We will answer this by pointing out the North of what we consider, this subject, and matter. It is indeed still further towards the pole, than the politicians of the State have formerly considered, though not quite so far into the Arctic regions as Old Joe Rimer penetrated, when he found himself in the lovely village of Binghamton, New York, and in rapture exclaimed,—"I did not know that dar wash such pitty downa in norf of Pennsylvania!" In short, we would like to have our brethren in other sections understand that "the State line" is some distance above Wilkesbarre and Williamsport, where, politically, it has always seemed to be located! We would like them to understand that it is in the neighborhood of that line, too, from whence comes those never-failing majorities in the hour of most urgent necessity, that carry dismay to the ranks of Whiggery, and joy and victory to the Democracy. We would like to have them understand, too, that our

green hills and lovely valleys are fast becoming loaded down with fertility and wealth, that it is pouring into the Treasury of the Commonwealth its full and equal proportion of our revenues,—that our people are excelled by no section of the State in intelligence, enterprise and worth,—that we have men in our party, here of true hearts, of noble purpose, capable to discharge, and worthy to be honored with, any position in the State government. We should like to have our party understand and appreciate these things for then we are certain that the democratic spirit of our party will be aroused and justice be cheerfully meted out.

The News from France.

The news from France, which we print in another part of to-day's paper, is of the most startling interest. Truly, we live in times when every day is big with the most important events,—events that change every aspect in the world's history. Europe is in commotion,—its heart heaves like a volcano, and what will be the end of all those things no one can tell.

We, however, do not look upon these events with the fearful apprehensions that many do. We are satisfied that a terrible crisis is approaching,—a crisis, perhaps, that will venturate in a world of war, and steep in blood the loveliest fields of Europe. And, perchance, too, our own country may be involved and entangled in the grand melee, for we are prepared now for almost anything and any event, after what has transpired.

We say we do not indulge those fearful apprehensions that many do, in view of the prospect in future. It is plain to see from whence arises these terrible convulsions in the old world, and seeing this, we apprehend that all will eventually right, even though rivers of blood must first flow. The struggle in the old world now is not a struggle among and between its monarchs and governments for conquest and subjugation. No such work of wild ambition is going on. On the contrary there is a general understanding,—"a fellow feeling" among them. There is a general banding together of the forces of Despotism to crush the spirit of Freedom which has got such fast hold of the masses of the people there. The recent struggle in Ireland—the French Revolution of '48, the struggles in Italy, Hungary and other smaller provinces, had their foundation in the determination of the masses to overturn the order of things and erect governments by their own hands liberal and republican-like. France only fully succeeded, but so universal has the spirit of Democracy become rooted in the hearts of the whole people of those countries that there is scarcely a Throne in Europe that stands only by the popular suffrage, which is likely to end its indulgence at any day and when, by a general outbreak, every government with which it comes in contact. This is the true state of things. The convulsions in Europe are produced by the struggle that is going on between Democracy and Monarchy, between the People and Royalty.—The time has come when the Monarchs of Europe see that they have either to relinquish their sceptres or make a final struggle to smother entirely the principle of Liberty that is doing such fearful ravages with kingly prerogatives. A spark of our own Revolution was taken home to France by the brave souls who fought here. It ignited there soon after, dethroned the Bourbons and established something like Republicanism in place of the throne on which they sat. The sovereigns of Europe then combined to restore Monarchy to France and did so. The fire was smothered, not quenched. It has been continually bursting out, here and there, and now, pervades every nation. The final struggle has long been averted but to all appearance it cannot be much longer. The question must be settled, and settled too by the sword, whether Europe shall be free or Absolutism prevail,—whether Man shall be possessed of his natural rights, or be longer the slave of usurped Power. The settlement of this great question cannot longer be postponed, because the people are demanding their rights in full and preparing to enforce their demands at all hazards.

This last movement on the part of the President of France we regard as having its head quarters in the heart of European despotism—Russia and Austria. A Republic like France—so powerful in war, so potent in influence—existing in the midst of Thrones is the most complete barrier to Absolutism that could be erected. Hence, the first object is to crush it down, cautiously but with the deadliest effect. This last act of President Napoleon is the first step to accomplish that result. The plan is clearly developed; it has been most artfully contrived and thus far most skillfully executed. We believe him a despot at heart, and in league with the despots of Russia and Austria to suppress Freedom in Europe, restore Monarchy to France and Absolutism to the old world. No bolder usurpation ever marked the history of a despot than those perpetrated by the overthrow of the French Assembly and Constitution, the imprisonment of resisting members and the summary edict by which new elections are ordered which shall place the Executive absolute for ten years. This high-handed usurpation upheld, and the first and most important step is gained towards Monarchy,—a step reaching full as far as that of the elder Napoleon, when he overthrew the Directory and caused himself to be proclaimed first Consul of the nation. It is a counterpart, evidently, of the same movement and designed to reach the same result.

How artfully has all this been contrived.—He has proclaimed universal suffrage, thus appealing to the widest impulses and weakest passions and prejudices of the French people, who are proverbially, enthusiastic, impulsive, and idolizing. He has ordered a new election for President, immediately, giving no time for discussion and dispassionate deliberation. His people have received from his hand the boon for which they have so long struggled—universal suffrage—and the enthusiasm created by that will more than likely place him in the chair of State for the next ten years, and give sanction to past usurpations, which he will not be slow to use as precedents for still bold ones. We predict that such will be the result, and if so, the greatest, the bloodiest

struggle the world ever saw will be opened, and Europe will be one great battle field where Freedom battles for Empire and Despotism for dominion.

This last movement explains the reason of Kossuth's treatment by the French President. The plan has been long maturing, and is not yet half developed. The object is palpable,—and the question must now be met by the advocates of Freedom. They must meet it, conquer and be free, be conquered and be slaves, or tamely submit. We apprehend the former will be the finally, but perhaps the desire is father to the apprehension.

Congress.

We would publish the proceedings in Congress could we find anything further than the following to publish: Each day, at 12 o'clock, they march up the hill, and then march down again. The above is the programme of proceedings—"the order of exercises." Some excited discussion is had in the Senate on Mr. Foote's resolution in reference to the Compromise, and that is about all.

Henry Clay has resigned his seat in the Senate, and an election for the vacancy will be held next Tuesday by the Kentucky Legislature.

—GRAHAM, of Magazine notoriety, must have "a soul as big as an ox." We like him; by the way we know he has rich things in store for his subscribers in '52. He incloses us a Circular from which we make the following extract. We invoke our subscribers to read it.

—CURTIS, of Kentucky, intend to Kentucky, to blacken the noses of all convicts, so that if they escape they may be detected. Pike of the Flag, suggests that the operation be extended to all delinquent subscribers to periodicals and newspapers—he knows.

—GRAHAM lays down and expounds the law as it ought to be applied to those who forget to pay up once a year.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said: 'This is the paper—and 'tis read I'll go and pay the printer. Then let his face be covered o'er That he may face it out—no more. But if he don't pay up his score, Remain an aquaintance—er."

—GRAHAM wrote the above under the inspiration of the discovery that he has over \$10,000 due on his books in little California towns of \$3—and is poorer than he was last year—which he resists and don't intend to stand.

—GRAHAM had occasion last year to say "take your country papers"—and good doctrine it is too—he says now, "GO AND PAY FOR THEM! TIME'S UP!"

FOREIGN NEWS.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS FROM FRANCE.

Louis Napoleon's coup d'etat—the dissolution of the Assembly, and imprisonment of some of its members.—Paris in a state of siege.—Restoration of Universal Suffrage.—New form of government, etc.

The news from France is most important; and the affairs in that country have engrossed attention in Europe, to the exclusion of everything else.

The long dreaded coup d'etat of Louis Napoleon has been made. The President has seized the reins of government, dissolved the Assembly, declared a state of siege, arrested the leading opponents of his policy, and appealed to the people.

All this was done at an early hour on Tuesday the 21st inst. Preparations for it had been perfected with consummate skill and secrecy during the preceding night; and it was completed before any one had the least idea it was in progress, or even in contemplation.

An entirely new ministry was formed during the night of Monday.

Proclamations dissolving the Assembly, appealing to the people, restoring universal suffrage, and proposing a new system of government, were printed at a private printer's in the Blysee, and posted throughout Paris before daylight on Tuesday.

Copies of these proclamations, and of circulars from the ministry and the Prefect of Police, printed in like manner, were despatched to all the provinces, announcing what had been done, appealing to the nation at large, and conveying stringent orders and instructions to all the officers of the government throughout the country.

The President's proposal is the instant restoration of universal suffrage—the instant election, by the people and the army, of a President, to hold office for ten years, supported by a council of state, and by two houses of Legislature—and that, during the few days required to complete the election, the executive power shall remain in the hands of the President.

The election is fixed to take place during the present month; and the President promises to bow to the will of the people, whether they elect himself or any one else; and he declares that he holds power only until the will of the people can be made known.

Meanwhile, he demands a preliminary vote, from both the people and the army, to declare whether they confide to him the executive power *ad interim*—the army to record their vote within forty-eight hours—the citizens being allowed a longer time.

The President declares himself to have been forced into this measure; and it is ascertained that Chateaubriant, Le Moniteur, Thiers, and others of his opponents, had decided to demand his arrest and impeachment in the very act of confirming this decision, when they were themselves arrested and conveyed to Vincennes.

The temporary hall used for the Assembly had been taken down by the government; and whenever members have attempted to meet officially, they have been ordered to disperse, arrested if they refused.

Two hundred members of the Assembly had been arrested in all; many, however, were released in a few hours. But all the leaders of the opposition are imprisoned.

Many members of the Assembly have given their adhesion to the President—it is said as many as three hundred—during the first days.

No organized resistance to the government was attempted, and telegraphic reports from the departments declare the news to have been hailed with enthusiasm by the provincial population.

Subsequently, however, partial attempts at opposition were made in Paris; and rumors reached that city, from the provinces, hostile to the alleged unanimity of feeling in the provinces.

Barricades were erected in the more turbulent quarters of Paris, but were all broken down by the troops. At one of these, two members of the Assembly, taking prominent places, were killed in the conflict.

A section of the Assembly contrived to meet together in Paris, on Tuesday, and had decreed the deposition of the President and his impeachment for high treason—but the meeting was dispersed by the troops, and the decree ridiculed and disregarded on all hands.

In addition to arrests, troops were placed in the houses of some of the ex-officers of the Assembly who were exempted from arrest; amongst others, that of M. Dupin, President of the Assembly, was occupied by troops, and he himself placed under a sort of durance, although not actually arrested.

The full rigor of martial law had been proclaimed against all persons concerned in barricades, and they were accordingly shot without delay.

Up to Thursday night the success of the government seemed certain, and London advices to Friday night did not vary materially from the same prospect. But new elements were constantly mixed in the struggle, and so long as any actual contest continued, there must be more or less uncertainty. The difficulty of obtaining reliable information was indescribable.

The Latest.

PARIS, Friday Morning Dec. 5, 1851.

A decree appears, ordering the vote on the 20th inst. to be secret instead of public.

There were rumors of the fighting having been continued to day; but the latest accounts show that the insurgents were put down, after a severe struggle. The provincial reports are satisfactory.

It is said that several hundred French refugees left London for Paris on Thursday evening. It is also stated that the French government have stopped the transmission of despatches by telegraph.

The movements of the troops are silent and firm.

During the day, barricades have been thrown up in earnest.

At half past one o'clock this morning, an immense crowd, of about five thousand troops, moving along the Boulevards, was fired on from the neighboring passages and houses. The fired was returned by the troops; and the combat lasted for half

an hour, with cannon shot and musketry.

At the same time, but further down the Boulevards, a brisk firing was kept up till P. M. It had then nearly ceased in the neighborhood of the Boulevards, at Times, but continued in other quarters.

Full particulars cannot be got. Nothing is certain but that this sanguinary struggle has actually taken place.

Many passers-by were injured, and a gentleman and his daughter are reported to have been killed.

At six o'clock, on the Boulevard des Italiennes, the firing had almost entirely ceased.

At seven o'clock a fight occurred in the streets, in the Quarters St. Martin and St. Denis.

The insurgents, however, is quelled in all parts, and the troops have returned to their barracks.

The barricades of the Faubourg St. Denis and St. Martin, and the Boulevard near the Bastille, had been destroyed when the troops retired.

The Herald and Chronicle's correspondents state that General Castellon, at Lyons, and General Baygar, have declared against the government; but the reports are also said to have risen, and doubt entertained of General Migon.

The Daily News states that General Newmeyer is marching with four regiments from the north.

The Times says that an attempt at an emute at Droyer Amaud, energetically suppressed.—N. Y. Herald.

Kossuth and the Ladies of New York.

Governor Kossuth met the Ladies of New York, at Altropquin Hall, on Saturday afternoon, and the scene, says the Tribune, was probably the most beautiful that has yet to the eye of the great Magyar since he came to America. The immense Hall was densely filled with an assembly of 3000 persons, of whom 2500 were females.

The Hon. George Bancroft, addressed Kossuth on behalf of the ladies of New York. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Tappan, who introduced and welcomed the illustrious stranger. Kossuth's speech was a very fine one, it would give us pleasure to publish it, but can only find room to-day for the following beautiful extracts:

"It is no wanton praise—it is a fact that I say—that, in my hard task to lead on the struggle, and to govern Hungary, I have more powerful auxiliaries, and no more faithful executors of the will of the nation, than in the woman of Hungary. You know that in ancient Rome, after the battle of Cannæ, which was won by Hannibal, the victor was afraid to come down to the very walls of Rome. The Senate called on the people spontaneously to sacrifice all their wealth on the altar of their fatherland, and the ladies were the first to do it. They jewels, every ornament, was brought forth, so much so that the Tribune judged it necessary to pass a law prohibiting the ladies of Rome to wear jewelry of any silk dress, in order that it might not appear that the ladies of Rome had not, by their own desire, done so. Now we wanted in Hungary no such law. The women of Hungary felt all that they had [great applause.] It would have been astonished to see here the most wealthy houses of Hungary if we were invited to dinner, you would be asked to eat soup with iron spoons; and as the wounded and the sick—and many of them we had because we fought hard—the wounded and the sick were not provided as it would have been our duty and our pleasure to do. I ordered the ministry and the respective public functionaries to take care of them. But the poor wounded went on suffering, and the ministry went on slowly to provide for them. When I saw this, one single word to the ladies of Hungary, and in a few hours there was provision made for hundreds of thousands of sick [applause from the gentlemen present.] And I never met a mother who would have withheld her son from sharing in the battle; and I know many who ordered and commanded their children to fight for their fatherland [applause.] I saw many and many ladies who urged on the bridegrooms to delay their day of happiness till they should come back victorious from the banks of their fatherland. Thus acted the ladies of Hungary. That country deserves to love; which the women as much as the men, love and cherish. [Applause.] But have a stronger motive than all these to claim your protecting sympathy for my country's cause. It is her nameless, nameless sufferings. In the name of this ocean of bloody tears, which the suffering hand of the tyrant rung from the eyes of the childless mothers, of the bride, who beheld the hangman's sword between her and her wedding day—in the name of these mothers, wives, brides, daughters and sisters, who, by thousands of them, weep over the graves of Magyars so dear to their hearts, and weep the bloody tears of a patriot [as they all arose] over the fate of their beloved native land—in the name of all those torturing stripes, with which the flogging hand of Austrian tyrants dealt to outrage humanity in the womanhood of my native land—in the name of this daily curse against Austria, with which even the prayers of our women are met—in the name of the nameless sufferings of my own dear wife [here the whole assembly arose and cheered vehemently.]—once arose and cheered vehemently. For months and for months was hunted by my country's tyrants, like a noble deer, to have, for months, a moment's repose; to pose her wearied head in safety, and to hope, no support, no protection but the humble threshold of the hard-working people, as noble and generous as they are poor—[applause]—in the name of my children, who so young, are so conscious of their life, had already to lose what an Austrian prison is—in the name of all this; and, what is still worse, in the name of down-trodden liberty, I claim the rights of New York, your protecting sympathy for my country's cause."

A Lofter happened in one of the printing offices in Lynn, a few days since, and asked the question—"What's the news?" "Two dollars a year in advance," was the reply. He subscribed.