

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 upan a white man's gift," adding, "In a state of lawful warfare, such as we have lately got into, it is duty to keep down all compassionate feelings," so far as life goes, "gray 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 every unlawful law more agin nature than scalpin' savages? 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 parliament. When the Colony's laws, or even the King's laws run agin 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 after being stabbled at Frankfort, yesterday, in attempting to seize a quantity of liquor, on board the steamer Boston, Capt. Sanford. The steamer was from Boston, bound for 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 that place, she was boarded by Sheriff Rusell, and the captain and crew were arrested. The captain gave bail in \$5,000, 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 FEAT.—Mr. Bulkley, 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 to renew the magnetic force wherever 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 communication with their fellow co-operators in the office at New Orleans, a distant by the wires of 2,300. Business messages were also sent with the same rapidity.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

BLACK NOSES.—A resolution has been introduced to the Kentucky Legislature which provides "that the keeper of the Penitentiary shall procure a suitable chemical dye, such as will stain the entiles 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; that with this dye, he shall have the pose 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 jurisdiction, 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 what day the 1st of January fell by perenially 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 key to the months may be kept in mind:

"The first of October, you'll find it you try,

"The second of April, well, you see,

"The third of September, this may be remembered,

"Tis but of January, March, June, and November,

"Tis but of April, July, and October,

"Tis but of the year in the name of the day;

"But in leap-year, when leap-month has duly been struck.

The monthes will show the first but the sec-

ond end."

SUICIDE BY A SCHOOL GIRL.—Elsey A. Huxford, aged 19, a pupil of Miss Wells' Boarding School, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, drowned herself on Wednesday, the 3d instant. She left a note stating at the cause of the rash act, want of friends, troubles and trials in life, novel reading, &c.

THE DEMOCRAT.

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

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

MONTROSE, 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 Montrose, 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, J. F. P. Streeter,
Joseph L. Morrisius, William J. Turrell,
O. Lathrop, Thos. P. Pliny, S. B. Chase,
M. J. M. Chairman.

O. G. HEMPESTAD, Chairman.

We issued two papers last week—one

on Tuesday and one on Saturday, thus making up for the lost 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 con-

venience 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 now a year, and they will commence the new year with light hearts.

Now, kind patrons, we are not going to do you; oh, no! we simply wish to inti-

cate 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

case. Now if the eight hundred 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 therefor, how

much more comfortable would they feel in

their consciences, and of what immense con-

fidence 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—a kind of day, 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 rung out 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 joy, 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, tho' they may be paged on the record of memory, and 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 fate Book is opened, reveal-

ing strange and still stranger realities, 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 Ro-

mance—one that no pen can ever delineate in

its wild truthfulness, bringing to the senses

and understanding of men its varied, and ever-

changing incidents. It is

"A dream that is not all a dream,"—

and more 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 pa-

rents and readers. The lesson we have learned

is, that we trust, 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 ap-

praise the art of the trying difficulties, the

complexities, the responsibilities incident to

the conduct of the State.

It is the first step to accomplish that result,

to demand that such justice shall be adminis-

tered. We ask it not merely because fair repre-

sentation would give it, but simply because

justiced demands it,—but because the vital inter-

ests 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 set that the interests of our party, and

consequently the paramount interests of our

principles, would be better served by nomi-

nating a candidate in some other section of

the Commonwealth, though justice and fair

representation would give it to the North, we

would most cheerfully forgo the latter con-

siderations, and acquiesce in the former. But

when, as now, we conceive that all these con-

siderations 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

have 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, be-

comes 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 con-

sidered, though not quite so far into the Arctic re-

gions as Old Joe Ritner penetrated, when he

found himself in the lovely village of Bing-

hampton, New York, and in rapture exclaimed,

"Ish did not know dat dash sukey putty

dows in norf Pennsylvania!" In short, we

would like to have our brethren in other sec-

tions understand that "the State line" is some

distance above Wilkes-Barre 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 majori-

ties in the hour of most urgent necessity, that

carry dismay to the ranks of Whigety, and

joy and victory, to the Democracy. We would

like to have them understand, too, that our

cause is the sea on which an Editor, who appre-

ates rightly his position and is anxious to dis-charge his 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 fre-quent the storm is nearest and most fearful, especially the storm is nearest and most fearful, the exigencies arising of which no one is prepared, all is uncertain, and yet demanding from him the most prompt and decided action—the most unlimited sagacity.

The above picture is not overdrawn—it can-not, by our pen at least, be drawn to truthto reality. On such an ocean have we passed another year. Surrounded by such cares, perplexed by such perplexities, and harassed by such fates, 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 fidelity 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 sleep in his own mind what a paper should be to meet his views and probably no two would exactly agree, while the mass would widely differ. Hence the difficulty, hundreds and even thousands such as 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 cause, 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