Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

VOL. 6--NO. 29.] GETTYSBURG, Pa., MONDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1835. [WHOLE NO. 289.

THE GARLAND.

——"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

THE AUTUMN WOODS.

AN EXTRACT.

And now revealed amid the perfect day,
High-towering oaks their changeful purple spread;
Broad branching elms, in fading yellow, gay,
And graceful maples with their glossy red,
The beech, the lover's record, rears its head,
(Mid nature's falling pride,) in green array'd;
While fondly o'er the consecrated dead,
The first to blossom and the last to fade,
The solemn willow droops o'er nobler things decayed.

Such varied glories of the autumn woods,
No other land beneath the sun may boast;
Their tinted leaves bright showering o'er the floods,
Checking the waves, in whirling eddies lost.
And when the fierce north-west with chilling frost
Sweeps their sacred honors down the mountain side,
How like some shoreless sea, sublimely tost,
Their forest vast in billowy forms divide,
While on each heaving surge, the blasts, wild shrieking ride.

AN AMUSING TREAT.

[NO. XVII.]

JAPHET,

IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

[☞Continued from No 27 of the Star.]

The next morning Timothy had procured me another vallet, and throwing off his liveries, made his appearance in the evening, sending up to say a man wished to speak to me. He was dressed in high-low boots, worsted stockings, greasy leather small clothes, a shag waistcoat, and a blue frock overall. His face was stained of a dark olive, and when he was ushered in, neither Harcourt, who was sitting at table with me, or the new servant, had the slightest recognition of him. As Harcourt knew all my secrets, I had confided this: but had not told him what Timothy's intentions were, as I wished to ascertain whether his disguise was complete. I had merely said I had given Timothy leave for a few days.

"Perhaps you may wish me away for a short time," said Harcourt, looking at Tim.

"Not at all, my dear Harcourt, why should I? There's nobody here but you and Timothy."

"Timothy! excellent—upon my word, I never should have known him."

"He is going forth on his adventures."

"And if you please, sir, I will lose no time. It is now dark, and I know where the gipsy hangs out."

"Success attend you then, but be careful, Tim. You had better write to me, instead of calling."

"I had the same idea; and now I wish you a good evening."

When Timothy quitted the room, I explained our intentions to Harcourt. "Yours is a strange, adventurous sort of life, Newland; you are constantly plotted against, and plotting in your turn—mines and counter mines. I have an idea that you will turn out some grand personage after all; for if not, why should there be all this trouble about you?"

"The trouble, in the present case, is all about Fleta; who must, by your argument, turn out some grand personage."

"Well, perhaps she may. I should like to see that little girl, Newland."

"That cannot be, just now, for reasons you well know, but some other time it will give me great pleasure."

On the second day after Tim's departure, I received a letter from him by the two-penny post. He had made the acquaintance of the gipsy, but had not extracted any information, being as yet afraid to venture any questions. He further stated that his new companion had no objection to a glass or two, and that he had no doubt but that if he could contrive to make him tipsy, in a few days he would have some important intelligence to communicate. I was in a state of great mental agitation during this time. I went to Mr. Masterton, and narrated to him all that had passed. He was surprised and amused, and desired me not to fail to let him have the earliest intelligence of what came to light. He had not received any answer as yet from his agent in Dublin. It was not until eight days afterwards that I received further communication from Timothy; and I was in a state of great impatience, with anxiety, lest any accident should have happened. His communication was important. He was on the most intimate footing with the man, who had proposed that he should assist him to carry off a little girl, who was at a school at Brentford. They had been consulting how this should be done, and Timothy had proposed forging a letter, desiring her to come up to town, and his carrying it as a livery servant. The man had also other plans, one of which was to obtain an entrance into the house by making acquaintance with the servants; another, by calling to his aid some of the women of his fraternity to tell fortunes: nothing was as yet decided, but that he was resolved to obtain possession of the little girl, even if he were obliged to resort to force. In either case Timothy was engaged to assist. When I read this, I more than congratulated myself upon the man's being on the wrong scent, and that Timothy had hit upon his scheme. Timothy continued:—that they had indulged in very deep potations last night, and that the man had not scrupled to say that he was employed by a person of large fortune, who paid well, and whom it might not be advisable to refuse, as he had great power. After some difficulty, he asked Timothy if he had ever heard the name of Melchior in his tribe. Timothy replied that he had, and that at the gathering he had seen him and his wife. Timothy at one time thought that the man was about to reveal every thing, but of a sudden he stopped short, and gave evasive answers. To a question put by Timothy, as to where they were to take the child if they obtained possession of her, the man had replied, that she would go over the water. Such were the contents of the letter, and I eagerly awaited a further communication.

The next day I called at Long's hotel upon a gentleman with whom I was upon intimate terms. After remaining a short time with him, I was leaving the hotel, when I was attracted by some trunks in the entrance hall. I started when I read the address of "A. De Benyon, Esq., to be left at F——hotel, Dublin." I asked the waiter who was by, whether Mr. De Benyon had left the hotel. He replied that he had left it in his own carriage that morning, and having more luggage than he could take with him, had desired these trunks to be forwarded by the coach. I had by that time resumed my serenity. I took out a memorandum book, wrote down the address on the trunks, saying that I was sorry not to have seen Mr. De Benyon, and that I would write to him.

But if I composed myself before the waiter, how did my heart throb as I hastily passed through Bond Street to my home! I had made up my mind, upon what very slight grounds the reader must be aware, that this Mr. De Benyon either must be my father, or if not, was able to tell me who was. Had not Mr. Masterton said that there was a clue—had he not written to Dublin? The case was to my excited imagination as clear as the noon day, and before I arrived home, I had made up my mind in what manner I should proceed. It was then about four o'clock. I hastily packed up my portmanteau—took with me all my ready money, about sixty pounds, and sent the servant to secure a place in the mail to Holyhead. He returned, stating that there was a seat taken for me. I waited till half past five to see Harcourt, but he did not come home. I then wrote him a short note, telling him where I was going, and promising to write as soon as I arrived.

"Ireland is to be the ground of my future adventures, my dear Harcourt. Call upon Mr. Masterton, and tell him what I have done, which he surely will approve. Open Timothy's letters, and let me have their contents. I leave you to arrange and act for me in every respect until I return. In the mean time believe me,

"Ever yours,
"J. NEWLAND."

I gave the letter to the valet, and calling a coach drove to the office, and in less than five minutes afterwards was rolling away to Holyhead, felicitating myself upon my promptitude and decision, little imagining to what the step I had taken was to lead.

It was a very dark night in November when I started on my expedition. There were three other passengers in the mail, none of whom had yet spoken a word, although we had made several miles of our journey. Muffled up in my cloak, I indulged in my own reveries as usual, building up castles which toppled over after one another, as I built and rebuilt again. At last one of the passengers blew his nose, as if to give warning that he was about to speak; and then enquired of the gentleman next to him if he had seen the evening newspapers.—The other replied in the negative. "It would appear that Ireland is not in a very quiet state, sir," observed the first.

"Did you ever read the history of Ireland?" enquired the other.

"Not very particularly."

"Then, sir, if you were to take that trouble, you will find that Ireland, since it was first peopled, never has been in a quiet state, nor perhaps ever will. It is a spieces of human volcano—always either smoking, burning, or breaking out into eruptions and fire."

"Very true, sir," replied the other. "I am told the White Boys are mustering in large numbers, and that some of the districts are quite impassable."

"Sir, if you had traveled much in Ireland, you would have found out that many of the districts are quite impassable, without the impediment of the White Boys."

"You have been a great deal in Ireland then, sir," replied the other.

"Yes, sir," said the other with a consequential air, "I believe I may venture to say that I am in charge of some of the most considerable properties in Ireland."

"Lawyer—agent—five per cent—and so on," muttered the third part, who sate by me, and had not yet spoken.

There was no mistaking him—it was my former master, Mr. Cophagus; and I cannot say that I was very well pleased at his intimation of his presence, as I took it for granted that he would recognise me as soon as it was daylight. The conversation continued without any remarks being made upon this interruption on the part of Mr. Cophagus. The agent, it appeared, had been called to London on business, and was returning. The other was a professor of music bound to Dublin on speculation. What called Mr. Cophagus in that direction I could not comprehend; but I thought I would try to find out. I therefore, while the two others were engaged in conversation, addressed him in a low tone of voice. "Can you tell me, sir, if the College at Dublin is considered good for the instruction of surgical pupils?"

"Country good at all events—plenty to practice—broken heads—and so on."

"Have you ever been in Ireland, sir?"

"Ireland! never—don't wish to go—must go—old women will die—executor—botheration—and so on."

"I hope she has left you a good legacy, sir," replied I.

"Legacy—humph—can't tell—silver teapot—suit of black, and so on. Long journey—won't pay—can't be helped—old women always troublesome—live or dead—bury her, come back—and so on."

Although Mr. Cophagus was very communicative in his own way, he had no curiosity with regard to others, and the conversation dropped. The other two had also asked all the questions which they wished, and we all, as if by one agreement, fell back in our seats, and shut our eyes, to court sleep. I was the only one who wooed it in vain. Day broke, my companions were all in repose, and I discontinued my reveries, and examined their physiognomies. Mr. Cophagus was the first to whom I directed my attention. He was much the same in face as when I had left him, but considerably thinner in person. His head was covered with a white night cap, and he snored with emphasis. The professor of music was a very small man, with mustachios; his mouth was wide open, and one would have thought that he was in the full execution of a bravure. The third person, who had stated himself to be an agent, was a heavy, full-faced coarse-looking personage, with his hat over his eyes, and his head bent down on his chest, and I observed that he had a small packet in one of his hands, with his fore finger twisted through the string. I should not have taken further notice, had not the name of *T. Irving*, in the corner of the side on which the direction was, attracted my attention. It was the name of Melchior's London correspondent, who had attempted to bribe Timothy. This induced me to look down and read the direction of the packet, and I clearly deciphered, Sir Henry De Clare, Bart., Mount Castle, Connemara.—I took out my tablets, and wrote down the address. I certainly had no reason for so doing, except that nothing should be neglected, as there was no saying what might turn out. I had hardly replaced my tablets when the party awoke, made a sort of snatch at the packet, as if recollecting it, and wishing to ascertain if it were safe, looked at it, took off his hat, let down the window, and then looked round upon the other parties.

"Fine morning, sir," said he to me, perceiving that I was the only person awake.

"Very," replied I, "very fine; but I had rather be walking over the mountains of Connemara, than be shut up in this close and confined conveyance."

"Hah! you know Connemara, then? I'am going there; perhaps you are also bound to that part of the country? but you are not Irish."

"I was not born or bred in Ireland, certainly," replied I.

"So I should say. Irish blood in your veins, I presume."

"I believe such to be the case," replied I, with a smile, implying certainty.

"Do you know Sir Henry de Clare?;

"Sir Henry de Clare, of Mount Grunnis Castle, is he not?"

"The same; I am going over to him.—I am agent for his estates, among others. A very remarkable man. Have you ever seen his wife?"

"I really cannot tell," replied I; "let me call to mind."

I had some how or another formed an idea, that Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior might be one and the same person; nothing was too absurd or improbable for my imagination, and I had now means of bringing home my suspicions. "I think," continued I, "I recollect her—that is, if she is a very tall, handsome woman, dark eyes and complexion."

"The very same," replied he.

My heart bounded at the information; it certainly was not any clue to my own parentage, but it was an object of my solicitude, and connected with the welfare of Fleta. "If I recollect right," observed I, "there are some curious passages in the life of Sir Henry?".

"Nothing very particular," observed the agent, looking out of the window.

"I thought that he had disappeared for some time."

"Disappeared! he certainly did not live in Ireland, because he had quarreled with his brother. He lived in England until his brother's death."

"How did his brother die, sir?"

"Killed by a fall when hunting," replied the agent. "He was attempting to clear a stone wall, the horse fell back on him, and dislocated his spine. I was on the spot when the accident happened."

I recollected the imperfect communication of Fleta, who had heard the gipsy say that "he was dead;" and also the word *horse* made use of, and I now felt convinced that I had found out Melchior. "Sir Henry, if I recollect right, has no family," observed I.

"No; and I am afraid there is but little chance."

"Had the late baronet, his elder brother, any family?"

"What, Sir William? No; or Sir Henry would not have come into the title."

"He might have had daughters," replied I.

"Very true; now I think of it, there was a girl, who died when young."

"Is the widow of Sir William alive?"

"Yes; and a very fine woman she is; but she has left Ireland since her husband's death."

I did not venture to ask any more questions. Our conversation had roused Mr. Cophagus and the other passengers, and as I had reflected how I should behave in case of a recognition, I wished to be prepared for him.

"You have had a good nap, sir," said I, turning to him.

"Nap—yes—coach nap, bad—head sore—and so on. Why—bless me—Japhet——Japhet New—yes—it is."

"Do you speak to me, sir!" enquired I, with a quiet air.

"Speak to you—yes—bad memory—hip! quite forgot—old master—shop in Smithfield—mad bull—and so on."

"Really, sir," replied I, "I am afraid you mistake me for some other person."

Mr. Cophagus looked very hard at me, and perceiving that there was no alteration in my countenance, exclaimed, "Very odd—same nose—same face—same age too—very odd—like as two pills—beg pardon—made a mistake—and so on."

Satisfied with the discomfiture of Mr. Cophagus, I turned round, when I perceived the Irish agent, with whom I had been in conversation, eyeing me most attentively. As I said before, he was a hard-featured man, and his small gray eye was now fixed upon me, as if it would have pierced me through. I felt confused for a moment, as the scrutiny was unexpected from that quarter; but a few moments' reflection told me, that if Sir Henry de Clare and Melchior were the same person, and this man his agent, in all probability he had not been sent to England for nothing; that if he was in search of Fleta, he must have heard of my history. "I appear to have a great likeness to many people," observed I, to the agent, smiling. "It was but the other day I was stopped in Bond Street, as a Mr. Rawlinson."

"Not a very common face either, sir," observed the agent; "if once seen not easily forgotten, or easily mistaken for another."

"Still, such appears to be the case," replied I, carelessly.

We now stopped to take refreshment. I had risen from the table, and was going into the passage, when I perceived the agent looking over the way-bill with the guard. As soon as he perceived me, he walked out into the front of the inn. Before the guard had put up the bill, I requested to look at it, wishing to ascertain if I had been booked in my own name. It was so. The four names were—Newland, Caphagus, Balzi, M'Dermott. I was much annoyed at this circumstance. M'Dermott was, of course, the name of the agent; and that was all the information I received in return for my own exposure, which I now considered certain; I determined, however, to put a good face on the matter, and when we returned to the coach, again entered into conversation with Mr. Dermott, but I found him particularly guarded in his replies whether I spoke about Sir Henry or his family, and I could not obtain any further information. Mr. Caphagus could not keep his eyes off me.—he peered into my face—then he would fall back in the coach. "Odd; very odd; must be; no; says not; um." In about another half hour he would repeat his examination, and mutter to himself. At last, as if tormented with his doubts, he exclaimed, "Beg pardon; but you have a name?"

"Yes," replied I, "I have a name."

"Well, then—not ashamed. What is it?"

"My name, sir," replied I, "is Newland;" for I had resolved to acknowledge to my name, and fall back upon a new line of defence.

"Thought so—don't know me—don't recollect shop—Mr. Brookes's—Tim—rudiments—and so on."

"I have not the least objection to tell you my name; but I am afraid you have the advantage in your recollection of me. Where may I have had the honor of meeting you?"

"Meeting—what, quite forgot—Smithfield?"

"And pray, sir, where may Smithfield be?"

"Very odd—can't comprehend—same name, same face—don't recollect me don't recollect Smithfield?"

"It may be very odd, sir; but, as I am very well known in London, at the west end, perhaps we have met there. Lord Windermear's perhaps—Lady Maelstrom's—and I continued mentioning about a dozen of the most fashionable names. At all events, you appear to have the advantage of me; but I trust you will excuse my want of memory, as my acquaintance is very extensive."

"I see, quite a mistake—same name—not same person—beg pardon, sir—apologies—and so on," replied the apothecary, drawing in a long sigh.

I watched the countenance of the agent who appeared at last to be satisfied that there had been some mistake; at least he became more communicative, and as I no longer put any questions to him relative to Sir Henry, we had a long conversation.—I spoke to him about the De Benyons, making every enquiry that I could think of.—He informed me that the deceased earl, the father of the present, had many sons, who were some of them married, and that the family was extensive. He appeared to know them all, the professions which they had been brought up to, and their careers in life. I treasured up his information, and as soon as I had an opportunity, wrote down all which he had told me. On our arrival at Holyhead, the weather was very boisterous, and the packet was to depart immediately. Mr M'Dermott stated his intentions to go over, but Mr. Cophagus and the professor declined; and, anxious as I was to proceed, I did not wish to be any longer in company with the agent, and, therefore, also declined going on board. Mr. M'Dermott called for a glass of brandy and water, drank it off in haste, and then, followed by the porter, with his lunggage, went down to embark.

As soon as he was gone I burst out into a fit of laughter. "Well, Mr. Cophagus, acknowledge that it is possible to persuade a man out of his senses. You knew me, and you were perfectly right in asserting that I was Japhet, yet did I persuade you at last that you were mistaken. But I will explain to you why I did so."

"All right," said the apothecary, taking my proffered hand, "thought so—no mistake—handsome fellow—so you are—Japhet Newland—my apprentice—and so on."

"Yes, sir," replied I laughing, "I am Japhet Newland." (I turned round, hearing a noise, the door had been opened, and Mr. M'Dermott had just stepped in; he had returned for an umbrella, which he had forgotten; he looked at me, at Mr. Cophagus, who still held my hand in his, turned short round, said nothing, and walked out.) "This is unfortunate," observed I, "my reason for not avowing myself, was to deceive that very person, and now I have made the avowal to his face; however, it cannot be helped."

I sat down with my old master, and as I knew that I could confide in him, gave him an outline of my life, and stated my present intentions.

"I see, Japhet, I see—done mischief—sorry for it—can't be helpe'd—do all I can—um—what's to be done? be your friend—always liked you—help all I can—and so on."

"But what would you advise, sir?"

"Advice—bad as physic—nobody takes it—Ireland—wild place—no law—better to go back—leave all to me find out—and so on."

This advice I certainly could not consent to follow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Public Document.

LETTER OF THE P. M. GENERAL.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
22d August, 1835.

To Samuel L. Gouverneur, Post Master at New York:

SIR—Your letter of the 11th inst. purporting to accompany a letter from the American Anti-Slavery Society, and a resolution adopted by them, came duly to hand, but without the documents alluded to.—Seeing them published in the newspapers, however, I proceed to reply without waiting to receive them officially.

It was right to propose to the Anti-Slavery Society voluntarily to desist from attempting to send their publications, into the Southern States by public mails; and their refusal to do so, after they were apprised that the entire mails were put in jeopardy by them, is but another evidence of the futuity of the counsels by which they are directed.

After mature consideration of the subject, and seeking the best advice within my reach, I am confirmed in the opinion that the Post Master General has no legal authority, by any order or regulation of his department, to exclude from the mails any species of newspapers, magazines or pamphlets. Such a power vested in the head of this department would be fearfully dangerous, and has been properly withheld.—Any order or letter of mine directing or officially sanctioning the step you have taken, would therefore, be utterly powerless and void, and would not, in the slightest degree, relieve you from its responsibility.

But to prevent any mistake in your mind or in that of the abolitionists, or of the public, in relation to my position, and views, I have no hesitation in saying, that I am deterred from giving an order to exclude the whole series of abolition publications from the Southern mails only by a want of legal power, and that if I were situated as you are, I would do as you have done.

Postmasters may lawfully know in all cases the contents of newspapers, because the law expressly provides that they shall be so put up that they may be examined; and if they know those contents to be calculated and designed to produce, and if delivered, will certainly produce the commission of the most aggravated crimes upon the property and persons of their fellow-citizens, it cannot be doubted that it is their duty to detain them, if not even to hand them over to the civil authorities. The Post Master General has no legal power to prescribe any rule for the government of postmasters in such cases, nor has he ever attempted to do so. They act in each case upon their own responsibility, and if they improperly detain or use papers sent to their offices for transmission or delivery, it is at their peril and on their heads rests the punishment.

If it be justifiable to detain papers passing through the mail, for the purpose of preventing or punishing isolated crimes against individuals, how much more important it is that this responsibility should be assumed to prevent insurrections and save communities! If in time of war, a postmaster should detect the letter of an enemy or spy passing through the mail, which if it reached its destination, would expose his country to invasion and her armies to destruction, ought he not to arrest it? Yet, where is his legal power to do so?

From the specimens I have seen of Anti-Slavery publications, and the concurrent testimony of every class of citizens except the abolitionists, they tend directly to produce in the South evils and horrors surpassing those usually resulting from foreign invasion or ordinary insurrection. From their revolting pictures and forvid appeals addressed to the senses and the passions of the blacks they are calculated to fill every family with assassins and produce at no distant day an exterminating servile war. So aggravated is the character of those papers, that the people of the Southern States, with an unanimity never witnessed except in cases of extreme danger, have evinced, in public meetings and by other demonstrations, a determination to seek defence and safety in putting an end to their circulation by any means, and at any hazard. Lawless power is to be resisted; but power which is exerted in palpable self-defence is not lawless.—That such is the power whose elements are now agitating the South, the united people of that section religiously believe; and so long as that shall be their impression, it will require the array of armies to carry the mails with safety through their territories, if they continue to be used as the instrument of those who are supposed to seek their destruction.

As a measure of great public necessity, therefore, you and the other postmasters who have assumed the responsibility of stopping these inflammatory papers will, I have no doubt, stand justified in that step before your country and all mankind.

But perhaps the legal right of the abolitionists to make use of the public mails in distributing their insurrectionary papers throughout the Southern States, is not so clear as they seem to imagine. When those states became independent they acquired a right to prohibit the circulation of such papers within their territories; and their power over the subject of slavery and all its incidents, was in no degree diminished by the adoption of the federal constitution. It is still as undivided and sovereign as it was when they were first emancipated from the dominion of the king and parliament of Great Britain. In the exercise of that power, some of those states have made the circulation of such papers a capital crime; others have made it a felony punishable by confinement in the penitentiary; and perhaps there is not one among them which has not forbidden it under heavy penalties. If the abolitionists or their agents were caught distributing their tracts in Louisiana, they would be legally punishable with death; if they were caught in Georgia, they might be legally sent to the penitentiary; and in each of the slave holding states they would suffer the penalties of their respective laws.

Now, have these people a legal right, to do by the mail carriers and postmasters in the United States, acts which if done by themselves or their agents, would lawfully subject them to the punishment due to felons of the deepest die? Are the officers of the United States compelled by the constitution and laws, to become the instruments and accomplices of those who design to baffle and make nugatory the constitutional laws of the states—to fill them with sedition, murder, and insurrection—to overthrow those institutions which are recognized and guaranteed by the constitution itself?

And is it entirely certain that any existing law of the United States would protect mail carriers and postmasters against the penalties of the state laws, if they should knowingly carry, distribute or hand out any of these forbidden papers? If a state by a constitutional law declare any specific act to be a crime, how are officers of the U. States, who may be found guilty of that act to escape the penalties of the state law? It may be in vain for them to plead that the post office law made it their duty to deliver all papers which came by mail. In reply to this argument, it might be alledged, that the post office law imposes penalties on postmasters for "improperly" detaining papers which come by mail, because their circulation is prohibited by valid state laws. Ascending to a higher principle, it might be plausibly alledged that no law of the U. States can protect from punishment any man, whether a public officer or citizen, in the commission of an act which the state, acting within the undoubted sphere of her reserved rights, has declared to be a crime. Can the United States furnish agents for conspirators against the states and clothe them with impunity? May individuals or combinations deliberately project the subversion of the state laws and institutions, and lighting their firebrands beyond the jurisdiction of those states, make the officers of the United States the irresponsible agents to apply to the flames? Was it to give impunity to crime, that the several states came into the Union and conferred upon the general government the power "to establish post offices and post roads?"

In these considerations there is reason to doubt whether these abolitionists have a right to make use of the mails of the United States to convey their publications into the states where their circulation is forbidden by law; and it is by no means certain, that the mail carriers and postmasters are secure from the penalties of that law, if they knowingly carry, distribute or hand them out. Every citizen may use the mails for any lawful purpose. The abolitionists may have a legal right to its use for distributing their papers in New York where it is lawful to distribute them; but it does not follow that they have a legal right to that privilege for such a purpose in Louisiana or Georgia, where it is unlawful. As well may the counterfeiter and robber demand the use of the mails for consummating their crimes and complain of a violation of their rights when it is denied them.

Upon these grounds a postmaster may well hesitate to be the agent of the abolitionists.

[CONCLUDED ON THE FOURTH PAGE.]