

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarp'd by party rage, to live like brothers."

VOL. XL.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1839.

NO. 29.

JOSEPH GALES & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS.

Subscription, three dollars per annum—one half in advance.
Persons residing without the State will be required to pay the whole amount of the year's subscription in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For every 16 lines (this size type) first insertion one dollar; each subsequent insertion 25 cents.
Court Orders and Judicial Advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher and a deduction of 33 per cent. will be made from the regular prices, for advertisers by the year.
Letters to the Editors must be post-paid.

LITERARY NOTICE.

HENRY W. MILLER, Esq. will deliver the Address before the Literary Societies of Wake Forest College, on the 20th June, 1839.
May 8, 1839. 28
Star and Standard, please insert.

Cape Fear Navigation Company.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders will be held in Fayetteville on Friday the 31st inst. E. L. WINSLOW, Pres't.
May 6, 1839. 28 3t

W. & A. STITH

Have just received a very large and handsome assortment of
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,
HATS, GROCERIES, &c.
Which they will sell at their usually low prices.
Raleigh, May 4. 27.

FAMILY FLOUR.

50 BARRELS Superior FAMILY FLOUR, just received, and for sale for Cash, by
W. & A. STITH.

WANTED.

An Apprentice to the Tailoring business. One of moral habits and from the country would be preferred.
OLIVER & JOHNSON.
Raleigh, April, 1839. 25

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

OLIVER & JOHNSON,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Fayetteville Street, Raleigh.

WE have just received and are now opening at the old stand of LITCHFORD & OLIVER, a very extensive STOCK OF GOODS in our line, and we think we hazard nothing in saying, the most elegant ever opened in this market. These Goods have been selected with great care, by Mr. OLIVER in person, who spared no pains in their selection, and we confidently recommend them to our customers and the public, as very superior. The old friends and customers of L. & O. are especially invited to give us a call. Our Stock comprises every thing in use, of which the following is a part:

CLOTHS.

SUPERIOR	WOOL	DYED	BLACK,
"	do	do	Blue,
"	do	do	Green,
"	do	Rifle	do
"	do	Drake Neck	do
"	do	Grass	do
"	do	Bottle	do
"	do	do	Dahlia,
"	do	do	Claret,
"	do	do	Brown.

CASSIMERES.

SINGLE AND DOUBLE	Milled	Black,
do	do	Blue,
do	do	Brown,
do	do	Grey,
do	do	Dove,
do	do	Drab,
do	do	Mixed,
do	do	Hind Times and Giraff.

VESTINGS.

SUPERIOR PLAIN	BLACK	VELVET,
"	Figured	do
"	Plain	do
"	Figured	Satins,
"	Plain White	Marsailles,
"	Fig. Colored	do of every kind.

FOR SUMMER COATS & PANTS.

SUPERIOR Plain French BOMBAZINES,
do do Drap d'ee.

FOR SUMMER PANTS.

SUPERIOR Plain White	DRILLINGS,
"	do Brown
"	do Giraff
"	do Zebra
"	do Crape

Together, with a general assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, TENNANT'S CELEBRATED STOCKS, SATIN AND BOMBAZINE, LOW SUMMER STOCKS, A NEW ARTICLE, SHIRT BOSOMS RUFFLED AND PLAIN, ROUND END LINEN COLLARS, VERY SUPERIOR PLAIN BLACK & FIGURED SATIN CRAVATS, VICTORIA AND CORDED SILK CRAVATS, BUCK SKIN SUSPENDERS, SILK & COTTON GUM-ELASTIC DO, BLACK SILK SOCKS, HOSKIN, SILK AND THREAD GLOVES,

And in fact every thing that could be thought of in our line, all of which will be sold on our usual accommodating terms, and made up to order in the most fashionable manner. We have, as heretofore, superior Northern Workmen, and warrant every thing we make, not to be surpassed in any respect North or South. Orders from our friends at a distance thankfully received and promptly attended to. Ladies' Riding Habits, cut and made in superior style. The latest London and Paris Fashions just received.
OLIVER & JOHNSON.
Raleigh, April, 1839. 25 6t

A CARD.

OWING to causes beyond his control, Monsieur Bessieux is compelled to postpone the commencement of his Dancing and Walking School, (heretofore advertised) until the Fall, when he will certainly visit Raleigh in fulfillment of his promise.
Richmond, Va. May 4, 1839. 28-31

BLACK HAWK—TECUMSEH.

During a residence of several years in what is now the Territory of Iowa, I had many opportunities of seeing and conversing with this noted Warrior, and often look back with feelings of great pleasure to the many tokens of good will and friendship that he has frequently bestowed upon me. His lodge was always open to the stranger, and that with him what he might most want, either his furs and blankets for a couch, or his corn and venison for a repast. He always spoke in terms of high regard of the whites, saying that in war he fought like a brave man, but in peace he wished to forget that his hand had ever been raised against them. His career as a warrior commenced at a very early age; when he was but fourteen years old, his father Pawheese led a war party against the Osages in which expedition he accompanied him; they succeeded in reaching the village of the Osages, which they attacked, and after a very severe encounter, they routed their enemies and burnt their town. In this battle Black Hawk's father was killed, but he avenged his death by killing and scalping the Osage who had slain him. He was fond of recounting his earlier exploits, and often boasted of his being at the right hand of Tecumseh, when the latter was killed at the battle of the Thames. His account of the death of this distinguished warrior was related to me by himself, during an evening that I spent in his lodge some winters ago. In the course of our talk, I asked him if he was with Tecumseh when he was killed. He replied—

"I was, and I will tell you all about it; Tecumseh, Shaupinne and Caldwell, two Potawatami Chiefs, and myself, were seated on a log near our camp fire, filling our pipes for a smoke on the morning of the battle, when word came from the British General that he wished to speak to Tecumseh. He went immediately, and after staying some time rejoined us taking his seat without saying a word, when Caldwell, who was one of his favorites, observed to him—my father, what are we to do? Shall we fight the Americans? "Yes, my son," replied Tecumseh—"We shall go into their very smoke—but you are now wanted by the General. Go my son, I never expect to see you again." Shortly after this (continued Black Hawk.) the Indian spies came in, and gave word of the near approach of the Americans. Tecumseh immediately posted his men in the edge of a swamp which flanked the British line, placing himself at their head. I was a little to his right, with a small party of Sauks. It was not long before the Americans made their appearance; they did not perceive us at first, hid as we were by the undergrowth, but we soon let them know where we were by pouring in one or two volleys as they were forming into line to oppose the British.—They faltered a little, but very soon we perceived a large body of horse (Colonel Johnson's regiment of mounted Kentuckians) preparing to charge upon us in the swamp. They came bravely on, yet we never stirred until we saw the flints in their guns, when Tecumseh, springing to his feet, gave the Shawnee war cry, and discharged his rifle. This was the signal for us to commence the fight, but it did not last long; the Americans answered the shout, returning our fire, and at the first discharge of their guns I saw Tecumseh stagger forwards over a fallen tree near which he was standing, letting his rifle drop at his feet. As soon as the Indians discovered he was killed, a sudden fear came over them, and thinking the Great Spirit was angry, they fought no longer, and were quickly put to flight. That night we returned to bury our dead, and search for the body of Tecumseh. He was found lying where he had first fallen; a bullet had struck him above the hip, and his skull had been broken by the butt end of the gun of some soldier, who had found him perhaps, when life was not quite gone. With the exception of these wounds, the body was untouched; lying, near him, however, was a large fine looking Potawatami who had been killed, decked in his plumes and war paint, whom the Americans no doubt had taken for Tecumseh, for he was scalped, and every particle of skin flayed from his body. Tecumseh himself had no ornaments about his person, save a British medal. During the night we buried our dead, and brought off the body of Tecumseh, although we were within sight of the fires of the American camp."

This is somewhat different from the account which is commonly given of Tecumseh's death, yet I believe it to be true, for after hearing Black Hawk relate it, I heard it corroborated by one of the Potawatami Chiefs mentioned by him. I asked him if he ever fought against the whites after the death of Tecumseh. He said not—that he returned home to his village on the Mississippi, at the mouth of Rock river, and there he remained until driven away by the whites in the year 1832. The wish to hold possession of this village was the cause of the war which he waged against the whites during that year. He told me that he never wished to fight; that he was made to do so; that the whites killed his warriors when they went with a white flag to beg a parley, and that after this was done, he thought they intended to kill him at all events, and therefore he would die like a warrior. In speaking of his defeat, he said it was

what he expected, that he did not mind it, but what hurt him more than any thing else, was our Government degrading him in the eyes of his own people, and setting another Chief (Keokuk) over him. This degradation he appeared to feel very sensibly; still he continued to possess all his native pride. One instance that came under my observation, I recollect well, in which it was strongly displayed. He happened to be in a small town in Iowa on the same day in which a party of Dragons, under Capt. —, arrived, and in paying a visit to a friend with whom he always partook of a meal when ever he stopped at the village, he met with the Captain, who had been invited to dine. Black Hawk remained also, expecting the usual invitation to stay and eat with them, but when the dinner was ready the host took him aside, and told him the Captain, or rather the white man's chief, was to dine with him that day, and he must wait until they had finished. The old Chief's eye glistened with anger as he answered him, raising the forefinger of one hand to his breast to represent the officer—"I know the white man is a Chief, but I," elevating the finger of the other hand above his head "was a Chief and led my warriors to the fight long before his mother knew him—Your meat—my dogs should not eat it." Saying this, he gathered the folds of his blanket about him and stalked off, looking as proudly as if he still walked over ground that he could call "my own."

Black Hawk possessed, to a great degree, one fine trait which it is not usual for us to concede to the Indian—kindness and affection for his wife. He never had but the one, and with her he lived for upwards of forty years; they had several children, three of whom still survive, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son is now one of the most promising young braves of the Nation and bids fair to be one of its most noble men. The daughter is still quite young, and is considered to be the most beautiful Maiden belonging to her tribe.
Baltimore American.

RAIL RIDING.

The following sketch, the scene of which is laid near Tallahassee, Florida, explains how to outwit Judge Lynch. It is from the Augusta Mirror.

Now, of all other men, perhaps John Rodgers had the greatest aversion to "settin on a rail." He would rather have died than suffer such indignity; and immediately on receiving this intelligence, he resolved that he would not be caught "sleepin byer sound." He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, exclaimed in a whining tone of voice:

"Ride me on a rail!—Why I'll be shot, if I'd be rid on a rail, for five thousand dollars."

"Well, you'd better put out, then," said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle and popped the 'pic,' in the drawer. 'Judge Lynch has said it.'

"Well, now I'm not a gwin to be served no such trick," said John, 'Judge Lynch be hanged!'

Jolie sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself, 'I'll blow 'em all to—', if they come a projectile on this child."

He then stepped into a store, and purchased three pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pocket handkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars, lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him, and as he saw them gather around the door, he began to puff away at his cigar and mutter curses against 'the whole infernal pack of 'em.'

"Yes," said he, 'you come tryin' that are, and you'll get waked up wor e than ever you was afore—blast nation seize your pieters. You jest fool with this child—that's all—and if I don't blow you to kingdom come—see if I don't!'

The crowd which had assembled round the door, now gradually entered the room, and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar and cry:

"Jest you tetch, now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirlin', if this here powder's good for any thing. I don't care for myself—I'd rather be blowed through the roof of this here store than be rid on a rail—a confounded sight!"

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

"Ha, what dat you say?—blow off de roof from my house!"

"Lay hold of him," said the judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentences in person, 'lay hold of him, fellows!'

"Stand off! stand off!" exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held the powder in one hand and the cigar in the other.

"Do you see this 'ere cigar, and this 'ere powder? jest you lay hands on me, and I'll tetch 'em together. If I don't now, dad burn me!"

"Mon Due! Mon Due!" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "Go out my house, sair—begone with your powder and cigar—what le diable?—will you blow up my property?"

"Well let 'em let me alone then. I'll blow all hands up, and myself too, before I'll be rid on a rail."

"Gather him up, gentlemen," said the judge; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd, which had now increased in number, gradually drew round the besieged Rodgers and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

"Here goes, then!" exclaimed Rodgers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief. There was a sudden rush to the door, and a confusion of voices crying out, 'stop! stop!'—'Don't! don't!'—above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman crying out, 'Murder! murder!'

"Well," said Rodgers, as the crowd dispersed, 'I'd just as lieve be killed, as rid on a rail!'

"I tell you one, two, several times, to be gone vid your powder magazine, and your cigar. Will you leave my house, sair?" But Rodgers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his position against the wall, until the old man had prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from his door. He then left the house much to the relief of the old Frenchman; but ever as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination, and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Bring the rail!"

"You try it," said John; and if you don't get into a hornet's nest, it'll be because fire won't burn powder, now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close around him, but as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again suddenly left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerably, by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat dashed it to the ground and exclaiming 'Non comatible in statue combustibus!' abandoned the attempt. The rest of the posse soon imitated his example, leaving Rodgers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch, for the first time witnessed the utmost contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rodgers a better man, and from that time forth he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch of T. Florida.

Singular loss of muscular power.

"It requires all sorts of people to make a world." The following singular case is related by Dr. Smith in the Medical and Surgical Journal:

A man has been walking the streets of Boston lately, from the eastward, who has suffered such a perfect loss of contractile power in the posterior muscles of the neck, that he is wholly unable to hold up his head. Such is the sensation of weight, and so inconvenient is it to have it dangling, as it were, on the breast, wholly interfering with the use of the eyes or mouth, that a somewhat complicated machine has been invented expressly to remedy the case. An iron rod runs down the line of the spine, supported by straps from the hip upwards; encircling the body. Upon the top of the rod a broad band embraces the forehead, and thus the organs of vision are kept on a horizontal line—and thus the poor fellow threads his way over the city, hopped up almost like a cask. How admirable, simple and symmetrical is the apparatus nature employs—snugly packed away on the back of the neck, which maintains the head in an upright condition far more perfectly than the clumsy contrivances of man, when his ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost.

THE MORUS MULTICAULIS fever is a-bating. A gentleman of our acquaintance who had provided himself with a score of buds, which were set out with much precision in a raisin box, fitted with choice mould, after waiting 3 hours to see them expand, found them turning rusty on his hands, and in a moment of exasperation threw his fortune out of the window. Another, a negro, who had also entered into a speculation to the amount of a few buds, had the satisfaction to find the leaves burst forth, but as the silk worms did not sprout out with the leaves, he concluded that he had been imposed on, and was nursing into existence young crab apple shoots, instead of the genuine morus. Another of the sable race, upon purchasing a dollar's worth of eggs, was told by the dealer that he might keep them any length of time and hatch them whenever he pleased. 'O massa,' he replied 'I buy'd 'em to-day, a purpose, kas I got a hen now jest a gwin to set.'—Baltimore Patriot.

A Sailor's Veracity.—A sailor one evening, was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued; the tar took the robber, and bore away his prize to a justice. When the magistrate came to enquire into the nature of the assault, he told the sailor that he must swear, 't'at the robber had put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit him. The sailor looking steadfastly at the justice, answered, "He? he put me in bodily fear? No, nor any man that ever lived, therefore, if that is the case you may let him go, for I'd not swear to such a lie."

The greatest wisdom of speech is to know when, and what, and where to speak; and the next to it, is silence.

Commercial Convention.

Substance of a Speech, part of which was, and the remainder of which ought to have been delivered at the late Dinner to the Southern Convention in Charleston, as a response to the following toast—

NORTH CAROLINA.—She was up and doing when the battle was fought for Independence from abroad, she is not found wanting when we strive for Independence at home.

Mr. Hale returned thanks for the honor done his State, and said,

Mr. President, I have heard with surprise the admission of the Hon. gentleman from Columbia, (Mr. Preston,) that the State of South Carolina must have been buried in a profound sleep ever since the Revolution, or she could not have remained an unresisting spectator of that system of legislation, and the progress of those events, which have conspired to destroy her trade, diminish her wealth and impair her rights. Asleep for sixty years! Why, sir, that was thrice the length of Rip Van Winkle's nap, which the Hon. gentleman, it is said, once thought my State had taken! Sir there must have been a mistake of the printer. It was South, and not North Carolina, according to his present impression, which has enjoyed this comfortable repose. I am inclined to think, sir, that he is right; for I find that she is now as ignorant of every thing that has happened in North Carolina, as the honest Dutchman was of the occurrences in the neighborhood of Sleepy Hollow.

Whist our fair sister is rousing herself from her long slumber, and is engaged in the interesting employment of rubbing her eyes and adjusting her looks, I propose that she accompany me on a short voyage of discovery, in the course of which I think she will be as much surprised as old Rip was at the death of his wife and the regeneration of his country.

First, then, let us stroll to one of the wharves of your noble city. "What mean these floating palaces, (you ask,) whose swallow-like proportions seem fitted for parting the waves with scarce a ripple, and whose gay and luxurious interior may well satisfy the extreme desire of voluptuous man?" These are specimens of N. Carolina enterprise. The first bears her honorable name, which could not be borne by one more worthy of her. The second is called after him who so skillfully directs our helm of State. The third—but no matter for her name—it is like a certain Senator of Congress I wot of—an accidental one. I grieve that these, fair sister, have not received a heartier reception on your shores. But let that pass.

Step on board, and accompany me on an excursion. See, a few hours brings us to the ruins, scarce perceptible now, of the town which you knew in your days of wakefulness—old Brunswick. That has long since given place to Wilmington. Wilmington! you ask me, what is she? For hospitality of the noblest order, ask that starving and sunblistered remnant of the once brilliant throng which graced the splendid saloons of the Palaski—ask the Lamars of Georgia and the Seabrooks of South Carolina,—they will tell you of lives risked in their rescue; of doors thrown open to the survivors; of oil poured in on bleeding wounds; of sympathy never surpassed and seldom equalled.

For her patriotism, look at this magnificent enterprise, which, for extent and noble daring, throws your own works into the shade. Charleston, it seems, can never boast sufficiently of her Hamburg Rail Road. That is a noble work; it is 137 miles in length, and was undertaken and carried through mainly by a city of 30,000 inhabitants. This is a Rail Road of 170 miles, and was commenced by Wilmington alone, a city which you have scarcely heard of, containing a population of 3,000 souls! After she had put her own shoulder to the wheel, and had accomplished one-fourth of the work, Hercules came to her aid,—the State granted her two-fifths of the means necessary to accomplish the stupendous work. You point me to your magnificent Charleston and Cincinnati Road. That, too, will be worthy of your fame; but even that, all things considered, sinks in comparison with this Wilmington enterprise. You have not only enlisted the energies of your whole State on a work only four times as great as this, but you have four other States to aid you. Wilmington is almost alone; and she may challenge the world for an example of a greater undertaking by so small a community.

Accompany me, fair sister, up the beautiful Cape Fear, to Fayetteville—

"What Cross Creek was, is FAYETTE now." You may well start with astonishment at the works which now meet your view.—Manufactures are springing up here; they are rapidly changing the face of things.—They bring comfort into doors where poverty and squalid poverty had reigned; they deal strong blows for Southern Commerce and Southern prosperity. Soon will they have to resort to you to supply them with the products of your cotton fields, and in return they will send you that which, now, you can only procure from New England—the fabrics which clothe your laboring people. North Carolina will soon be a MANUFACTURING STATE!

Shall I lead you to our beautiful Capitol, and show you the finest building of which the whole South can boast! Shall I point you to the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road, as an evidence that North Carolina has not

been asleep? Will you explore with me her mines of gold, and silver and lead, and copper, and iron, and coal! Shall I introduce you to her GASONS and her BADGERS, among the living, and tell you of the glorious dead whose names will live upon the page of history? You would tire of so long a story as I might tell you.

But to turn once more to yourself. Some have thought, notwithstanding the admission of the Hon. Senator, that South Carolina was awake in the days of Nullification. No. That was but a nightmare, which sat upon your bosom, and conjured up horrible phantoms of drums, and blunderbusses, and blood. It was whilst this incubus sat upon you, that you dreamed that N. Carolina was asleep. Happily, that has passed, and you are now really awake, and can see how wide awake the good old North State is.

Mr. President, I have availed myself of the candid admission of the Hon. gentleman to tell you, in a jocular way, some plain truths, which it well became me to utter, and you to hear. You have had your turn, and I have now had mine. We are even. Candor obliges me to say, however, that I think we have all been a LITTLE drowsy, and the sooner we wake up thoroughly, and stand in the cause of Southern improvement as we stood on the plains of Guilford and Camden, and on the heights of King's Mountain, shoulder to shoulder, and breast to breast, the better for us all.

I propose to drink a bumper to

The City of Charleston.—May she continue to fight the great battle of Southern Commerce, until the sun of her prosperity having reached its meridian, it may be commanded to stand still forever.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

The remarks of Mr. Hale brought out Mr. Preston, who good humoredly conceded that he had on one occasion, at a meeting of his constituents, half in jest and half in earnest, at a period of great political excitement, called North Carolina "the Rip Van Winkle of the South," but if he had imagined it would have given offence, or that it would have travelled beyond the walls of the building where it was spoken, he would never have uttered it. He was free to confess, however, that he thought there was then a little truth in the remark, and he must claim to himself the credit of believing, that it may have done N. Carolina some service—he had freely mingled since with her generous people, and believed in his heart they had forgiven him for it. He admitted that she was now wide awake, and a worthy competitor of her sisters in the race of enterprise and glory.

NEW-YORK, MAY 9.

The old Regency party in Albany, elated by the victory won for, not by, them in New York city, attempted to take the Capitol in Albany. Their struggle was one of the hardest they have made for years. They reasoned, that, "if we can carry Albany, with New York city, we can make every body out of the State believe New York State is recovered for Mr. Van Buren." The Whigs have carried every thing in Albany, but a part of the 5th ward, with an aggregate majority of nearly 400. Almost all the local election results in the great interior are after this fashion.—The temporary capture of the Metropolis, by "the Butt-enders," so they named themselves, is no sign of the public opinion of the population of the interior.

This City, in many parts, now looks like Rome amid its ruins. Wall street is altogether impassable, even by cars, so many buildings are going up and so many more are torn down. Broadway, also, in many parts, is in a state of dilapidation.—Some of the business streets of the city seem as if they were to be re-modelled. Harlem Railroad, which is ultimately to reach Albany, is now brought down to the Park and the Post Office.

The commercial news by the Liverpool, generally speaking, is having a very favorable effect upon the money and business markets here. The apprehensions respecting the curtailment of its circulation by the Bank of England have subsided. All the fears about a war are over. Things are less equally in France, Russia and England look more peaceable, Holland and Belgium have signed a treaty. The whole aspect of affairs upon the Continent of Europe is peaceable. It is very true that England is pushing her arms into the remotest East; but with these arms go arts, civilization, the missionary, the Bible, and the law of order. The mercantile man sees fair weather ahead. There are no specks in the horizon to alarm him. The whaler of Nantucket now feels secure about his ships on the Indian and the African seas. The insurance companies have not the calamities of war to add to those of the ocean and flame. Enterprise lets loose its wings—and what is there now but a bad Government at home, to arrest the tread of such a People as ours?

March of Mind.—It is stated in an exchange paper that there is a Postmaster in Arkansas who does not possess the "accomplishment" of being able to read—and "when the mail comes he is under the necessity of measuring it, and sends about three pecks to Little Rock, (the capital,) two pecks to Batesville, and dwindles down to a gallon when he comes to the out counties."