

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
RULES."



"DO THIS, AND LIBERTY IS SAFE."
Gen'l Harrison.

NEW SERIES.

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THE USE OF LEARNING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'm tired of going to school," said Herbert Allen to William Wheeler the boy who sat next to him; "I don't see any great use, for my part, in studying geometry, and navigation, and surveying, and mensuration, and the dozen other things that I am expected to learn. They'll never do me any good. I'm not to get my living as a surveyor, or measurer, or sea captain. How are you going to get your living, Herbert?" his young friend asked, in a quiet tone, as he looked up in his face.

"Why, I'm going to learn a trade; or at least father says that I am."

"And so am I," replied William. "And my father wishes me to learn every thing that I can, for he assures me that 'till the useful some time or other in my life.' I am sure I can't see what use I'm ever going to make, as a saddler, of algebra and surveying."

"Still, if we can't see it Herbert, perhaps our fathers can, for they are older and wiser than we are. And we should endeavor to learn, simply because they wish us to, even if, in every thing we are expected to learn we do not see clearly the use."

"I can't feel so," Herbert replied, tossing his head; "and I don't believe that my father sees any more clearly than I do the use of all this."

"You are wrong to talk so," his friend said, in a serious tone; "I would not think as you do for the world. Our fathers know what is best for us, and if we do not confide in them, we shall surely go wrong."

"I am not afraid," responded Herbert, closing the book over which he had been reluctantly poring for half an hour in the vain attempt to fix a lesson on his unwilling memory; and taking some marbles from his pocket, commenced amusing himself with them from the teacher's observation."

William said no more, but turned to his lesson with an earnest attention. The difference in the character of the two boys is too plainly indicated in the brief conversation we have recorded, to need further illustration. To their teacher it was evident, in numerous particulars in their conduct, their habits and manners. William recited his lessons correctly, while Herbert never learned a task well. One was always punctual at school—the other a hater by the way. William's books were well taken care of—Herbert's were torn, disfigured, and broken, externally and internally.

Thus their bigan life. The one obedient, industrious, attentive to the precepts of those who were older and wiser, and willing to be guided by them; the other indolent, and inclined to follow the leadings of his own will rather than the more experienced teachings of others.

As men at the age of 35 we will again present them to the reader. Mr. Wheeler is an intelligent merchant in an active business, while Mr. Allen is a journeyman mechanic, poor, in embarrassed circumstances, and possessing but a small share of general information.

"How do you do, Mr. Allen?" said the merchant about this time, as the latter entered the counting room of the former. The contrast in their appearance was very great. The merchant was well and had a cheerful look, while the other was poorly clad, and seemed sad and dejected.

"I can't say that I do very well, Mr. Wheeler," the mechanic replied in a tone of deep despondency. "Work is very dull, and wages low, and with so large a family as I have, it is tough enough to get along under the best circumstances."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so, Mr. Allen," replied the merchant in a kind tone; "how much can you earn in a week now?"

"If I had steady work, I could earn nine or ten dollars a week. But our business is very bad, the substitution of steam engines on railroads for horses upon turnpikes, has broken in seriously upon the business making business. The consequence is, that I do not average six dollars a week the year round."

"Is it possible that the railroads have wrought such a change in your business?"

"Yes—the harness making branch of it especially in large cities like this, where the heavy wagon trade is almost entirely broken up."

"Did you say that six dollars a week were all that you could average?"

"Yes, sir."

"How large is your family?"

"I have five children, sir."

"Five children, and only six dollars a week?"

"That is all, sir. But six dollars a week will not support them, and I am in consequence going behindhand."

"You ought to try to get into some other business."

"But I don't know any other."

The merchant mused for a while, and then said, "Perhaps I can aid you in getting into something better. I am President of a newly projected railroad, and we are about putting on the line a company of engineers, for the purpose of surveying and engineering, and as you studied these sciences at school at the same time that I did, and I suppose have still a correct knowledge of both; if so, I will use my influence to have you appointed surveyor. The engineer is already chosen; and at my desire will give you all requisite instructions, until you revive your early knowledge of these matters. The salary is one hundred dollars a month.

A shadow still darker than that which rested there, fell upon the face of the mechanic. "Alas! sir," he said, "I have not the slightest knowledge. It is true I studied it at, or rather pretended to study it at school but it made no impression on my mind. I saw no use in it then, and am now as ignorant of surveying as if I had never taken a lesson on the subject."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Allen," the merchant replied in real concern. "If you were a good accountant, I might, perhaps, get you a store. What is your capacity in this respect?" "I ought to have been a good accountant, sir, for I studied mathematics long enough; but I took little interest in figures, and now, although I was for many months at school, and pretended to study book keeping, I am utterly incapable of taking charge of a set of books."

"Such being the case, I really do not know what I can do with you. But stay! I am about sending out an assorted cargo to Buenos Ayres, and thence round to Calao, and want a man to go as supercargo, who can speak the Spanish language. I remember, that we studied Spanish together. Would you be willing to leave your family and go? The wages will be \$100 a month."

"I have forgotten all my Spanish, sir. I did not see the use of it while at school, and, therefore it made no impression on my mind."

The merchant really concerned for the poor mechanic, again thought of some way to serve him. At length he said, "I can think of but one thing that you can do, Mr. Allen, and that will not be much better than your present employment. It is a service for which ordinary persons are employed—that of chain carrying to the surveyor, on the proposed railroad expedition."

"What are the wages, sir?"

"\$35 a month."

"And found?"

"Certainly."

"I will accept it, sir, thankfully," the man said. "It will be better than my present employment."

"Then make yourself ready at once, for the company will start in a week."

"I will be ready, sir," the poor man replied, and then withdrew.

In a week the company of engineers started, and Mr. Allen with them as chain carrier; when, had he, as a boy, taken the advice of his parents and friends and stored up in his memory what they wished him to learn, he might have filled the surveyor's office at more than double the wages paid him as chain carrier. Indeed we cannot tell how high a position of usefulness he might have held, had he improved all the opportunities afforded him in youth. But he perceived the use of learning too late.

Children and youth cannot possibly know so well as their parents, guardians, and teachers, what is best for them. Men who are in active contact with the world, know that the more extensive their knowledge on all subjects, the more useful they can be to others; and the higher and more important use to society they are fitted to perform, the greater is the return to themselves in wealth and honor.

A Beautiful Anecdote.—The Washington Republic, in the course of an editorial article, introduces the following beautiful anecdote of the Father of his Country, from Sparks' Life of Washington:—

"By a vote of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, the Speaker, Mr. Robinson, was directed to return thanks to Washington for his distinguished military services in behalf of the colony. Upon his appearance in the House, Mr. Robinson discharged that duty with dignity and eloquence. At the conclusion of the Speaker's address, the historian tells us that 'Washington rose to express his acknowledgments for the honor, but such was his trepidation and confusion that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second, when the Speaker relieved him by a stroke of address which would have done honor to Louis the Fourteenth, in his happiest moments:—

"Sit down, Mr. Washington, (said he, with a conciliatory smile,) your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I can express."

Prolific.—A Singular, but True Statement.—At our present writing, there is a lady in this county 82 years of age, who has had 21 children. Two of her daughters also reside in this county. One of them, the wife of Mr. Wm. Faircloth, has had 16 children 14 of whom are now living. The other wife of Mr. Mathew Faircloth has had 23 children, 18 of whom are now living—9 sons and 9 daughters. These ladies are in the prime of life with every prospect of increasing family. Another sister Mrs. Parker, recently died in Scriven county, at the age of 38 years, who had 25 children. The children of the Mrs. Faircloth's were all born in this county. If any county in Georgia can beat Baker, either in luxuriance of its productions, or the domestic increase of its population, we would like to hear from it.—*Albany (Geo.) Patriot.*

THE ROLLER.

Among the many implements of husbandry, says a writer in the Olive Branch, which science has lately brought to the aid of the farmer, we may enumerate the roll or "roller," as by no means the least important. As its form is various, so also are the uses to which it is applied. It is, in fact, impossible to dispense with it in any complete system of tillage, let the nature of the soil be what it may. In remaining upon the practical importance of the roller, a late foreign author very correctly observes:

"The first object usually aimed at in the application or use of this instrument, is to break those clods or indurated masses of earth which have resisted the action of the harrow; or, at all events, to bury them in the ground, so that, at the next harrowing—which, when thus buried, they cannot well escape—they must necessarily be somewhat diminished in size."

The second object, according to our own author, is to give greater compactness to the soil, and to effect a union of its component parts. The third use to which it is applied, is to press down and make firm the ground about the seeds, and to cause the latter to adhere better to the soil. The fourth is to cover with mould, or to press into the soil the roots of those plants sown in the preceding autumn which have been detached by the frost. Lastly, it is employed for the purpose of destroying insects which injure the young plants, and which, particularly during the night, come up to the surface to seek their food. The shape of the roller is various. It is generally round, yet we have the hexagonal and octagonal, and a roller armed with long-pointed iron spikes, intended not only for pulverizing and breaking the indurated clods, but for scarifying the surface of soils that have become bound out, and which require renovating by breaking and manuring. This is a valuable instrument. By passing it over old grass lands, and spreading a coat of manure on the scarified surface just before rain, and then smoothly rolling it with the cylindrical roller, a decided improvement is at once effected.

LONG, LONG AGO, vs. WAGONS.

Fifty six years ago witnessed the first rattle of a wagon wheel in the county of Buncombe; it was brought from New Jersey by Beaden and Zebulon Baird. It was as great a curiosity as an elephant or giraffe to an untutored savage! People dropped their plow and hoe handles, left their houses and gardens, or patches, and all run to see "the wagon." Col. J. Barnett afterwards used to charge \$5 for helping persons to get wagons to Buncombe. His plan was on the hill sides, to put both hind wheels on the lower side and to tie saplings to the axels to keep them from turning a somersets! The first road to or across the mountains from South Carolina to Tennessee, was opened by Col. E. Earle, who was employed and paid to do it by the State of South Carolina for \$2,000. If any one wants to know the whereabouts of that road, and will go to the highest hills and ridges in our country, he may find it. Getting up a hill was never thought about in ancient road making—the idea was always, first and last, to get on a long ridge!

B. and Z. Baird brought the first goods that ever came to Buncombe. A jewsharp in those days created as great a sensation as the telegraph, or a railroad across the Atlantic now!

An old friend and citizen in town, had a jewsharp given to him, which forever immortalized the giver in his estimation, and produced as much gratitude as 'Yankee Doodle' would produce merit now upon that instrument, from the lips of that gentleman, in the midst of his friends. We expect in future to gather up incidents of the olden time in Buncombe, and give them to our readers.—*Asheville Messenger.*

A Wonderful Deformity.—A crowd of persons were gathered around a country wagon, which standing in front of the Farmers' Bank, on Monday afternoon, to look upon one of the most repulsive and remarkable instances of human malformation probably in existence. The unfortunate person is a young man from Rowan County, N. C., apparently about 21 or 22 years of age. We are unable to describe the deformities anatomically, and words can hardly convey an adequate idea of them. Instead of hands, the bones of his arms have forked out at the wrist, making a malformation at the termination of each arm resembling the letter V, on the ends of which are the usual appendages to fingers. We will not attempt to describe his nether limbs, as it would be both a difficult and revolting undertaking. The young man stated that his health was very good. What his motive was, in coming so far from home, we are unable to say.—*Richmond Rep.*

Two Baltimoreans, Capt. Wilson Fowler, who has just died of cholera in Missouri, and Capt. Washington Hand, who died at sea of cholera, few weeks since, paid \$34 each to our Life Insurance company, securing to each of their widows \$2,000, which has already been paid.

Baltimore Paper.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The following letter from Dr. Alexander M. Henderson in relation to the late difficulty between the Hon. Green W. Caldwell and myself, explains the object of this publication. It speaks for itself and is submitted without one word of comment. In order that the whole subject may be judged of fairly and fully, copies of the printed articles "C." and "A Voter," referred to in the correspondence, are also appended.

RUFUS BARRINGER.
Concord, Sept. 11th, 1849.

Letter and Statement of Dr. H.
Salisbury, Sept. 10th, 1849.

MY DEAR BARRINGER:

I learn that in Mecklenburg, reports are in circulation prejudicial to your conduct in the late difficulty between Capt. Caldwell and yourself. At this I am exceedingly surprised, for I never knew an affair of the kind more honorably and satisfactorily adjusted; and your conduct throughout was most unexceptionable. And I am happy to learn that these reports are in no way attributable to Capt. C. or his "Friend" Mr. Davidson, who, I think from their gentlemanly bearing during and subsequent to the negotiation, will fully concur with me in this opinion. But be this as it may, as your "Friend" I deem it due both to you and myself that the Public should be put at once in possession of the facts; and, therefore, advise the publication, without delay, of the entire correspondence with the subjoined statements of my own:

When you called upon me to act as your "Friend" and handed me the "note" of Capt. C. of the 17th ult. addressed to yourself, I at once unhesitatingly pronounced it a direct invitation to the field. Such you told me was your own opinion as also the opinion of three different friends, to whom you had occasion to divulge the subject; and that acting under this belief you had already made the necessary preparations for any contingency. And such I found to be the fact.

When the parties met at the Catawba Springs on the 27th ult. in the further prosecution of the affair, I learned from a source entirely reliable, though not at all authorized by Capt. C. that his note to you of the 17th ult. was not intended as a challenge.

This information, of course, altered my position as your "second" and rendered it my imperative duty to learn directly from Capt. C. whether such was the fact: otherwise there was but one course left me—to deliver your note of acceptance, and arrange the preliminaries for an immediate meeting in the field.— This explains the cause of my addressing the note of the 27th ult. to Capt. C. But knowing also that he (on a point of etiquette) could not receive a communication from me, without first hearing from you, I asked you to write a formal note to him to accompany mine.

On the reception of Capt. C.'s reply to my communication, disclosing on his part that his note of the 17th ult. was not a challenge, I remarked to you that it was now your duty to furnish such explanations of the alleged offensive publications as would be consistent with justice both to yourself and Capt. C. You thereupon wrote the letter, approved of by me, which was accepted as satisfactory by Capt. C. and a reconciliation immediately took place.

Respectfully
Your Friend,
A. M. HENDERSON.
RUFUS BARRINGER, Esq.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Charlotte, N. C. August 17, 1849.

SIR:—I have been informed that you have acknowledged, that you wrote the communication "C." published in the Hornet's Nest;—and I also learn that you are the author of the article which appeared in the Charlotte Journal, bearing date 23rd July 1849—over the signature of "A Voter."

Now, sir, both of those communications (especially the latter) I consider a gross and unprovoked attack upon my character, for which I demand of you satisfaction.

This note will be handed to you by Mr. E. C. Davidson, who will act as my friend in this matter.

Yours respectfully,
G. W. CALDWELL.

R. BARRINGER, Esq.

Catawba Springs, August 27th, 1849.

SIR:—This note will be handed to you by Dr. A. M. Henderson of Salisbury, who will act as my friend in the difficulty now pending between Capt. G. W. Caldwell and myself.

Your ob't serv't,
RUFUS BARRINGER.

E. C. DAVIDSON, Esq.

Catawba Springs, August 27, 1849.

SIR:—Your communication dated August 17th, directed to my friend Mr. Rufus Barringer, by the hand of E. C. Davidson Esq. is now before me.

I confess it places me as the friend of Mr. Barringer in an awkward position, for it may be understood either as a peremptory invitation to the field, or a demand for explanation.

It is a matter of absolute necessity that I, as the friend of Mr. Barringer should understand my own position as well as that of Mr. Barringer before I can take any step in the affair now pending.

The course of a friend in matters of this sort is a plain one, and he, having the honor of his principal as well as his own at stake, is compelled to act promptly and decisively; to do this, he must understand his position—Hence the above communication directed to you, which emanates solely from me.

Respectfully
your ob't serv't,
A. M. HENDERSON.

Catawba Springs, August 27, 1849.

SIR:—Your note of the 17th Instant was handed to me at Morganton on Tuesday evening the 21st of this month. Its contents are now under consideration, but at the suggestion of my friend Dr. A. M. Henderson, final action

thereon is postponed (for reasons which he will give,) until he can address a line to you and receive an answer, when you may again expect to hear from me.

Very respectfully
your ob't serv't
RUFUS BARRINGER.
Capt. G. W. CALDWELL.

Lincoln Co., N. C. August 27, 1849.

SIR:—Your letter of the above date has just been handed me by my friend E. C. Davidson. You say that my note of the 17th inst. to R. Barringer Esq. places you as his friend in an "awkward position"—because you do not know whether it is an invitation to the field or a demand for an explanation.

It was not intended as an invitation to the field, but a demand for satisfaction for the communications signed "C." and "A Voter," and especially the latter the whole of which I thought personally offensive.

G. W. CALDWELL.
Dr. A. M. HENDERSON.

Catawba Springs, Aug. 27, 1849.

SIR:—Your note of this date directed to my friend Dr. A. M. Henderson, in reply to a communication of his, has just been laid before me by Dr. H.—in which you say that "an invitation to the field" "was not intended" in your note to me of the 17th inst.

Thus understanding your note of the 17th, I am free to say, under the advice of my friend Dr. H. and which also meets with my own views of justice between gentlemen, that I designed nothing personally offensive to you in either of the communications alluded to in your note. I merely intended charging you with political inconsistencies—particularly in voting in Congress, for one of the peculiar measures of Mr. Tyler's administration; and I considered that in afterwards accepting office from Mr. Tyler, you laid yourself open to the imputation of having been more or less influenced by interested motives in giving that vote; but if in this I have done you individually a wrong, I have no hesitation in making you ample reparation by withdrawing all expressions conveying any such imputation.

In the allusion made in those communications to the time and circumstances of your volunteering in the winter of 1847, I do not question your patriotism. I intended saying that, in addition to motives of patriotism, there may have also been other considerations (probably of a Party cast), which were believed by many to have somewhat influenced your conduct, but these considerations were by no means of an improper or unworthy character. My intention was to guard the Whigs against voting for you on the ground of having volunteered, when it may have been a part of your purpose (not at all wrong in itself) to advance the interest of your Party by so volunteering. And finally I suggested that ample remuneration had been received by you for whatever services you may have rendered, without designing to cast any stain or reflection on your character as a gentleman, in part of either of the communications.

Your ob't serv't,
RUFUS BARRINGER.
Capt. G. W. CALDWELL.

Lincoln Co. N. C., Aug. 27th 1849.

SIR:—Your note in answer to mine of this morning addressed to your friend Dr. A. M. Henderson, was handed me this evening by Mr. Davidson. And in reply I will say that your explanation of the communications referred to in our former correspondence, are received by me as satisfactory, and are such as one gentleman had a right to expect from another.

Very respectfully
your ob't serv't,
G. W. CALDWELL.

R. BARRINGER, Esq.

APPENDIX.

MR. EDITOR:—The candidates for Governor—the Hon. Edmund Deberry and Capt. G. W. Caldwell—addressed the citizens of Cabarrus on the 17th inst., being Tuesday of County Court. It was the first time they have confronted each other. The public may desire some account of this conflict of arms.

Mr. Deberry rose first; and just as our eye fell upon his erect and robust form, we could not help wishing the Editor of the "Lincoln Republican" had been there, in order to have ocular demonstration of how near the truth he was when he said Mr. Deberry was a weak, feeble, senseless and deaf old man!

Mr. Deberry proceeded to state his devotion to Whig principles and to Gen. Taylor. He vindicated the policy of the administration as far as developed—denying that in any instance it had violated its promises or disappointed the just expectations of the country. He dwelt at some length on the matter of proscription about which democratic papers are making so much ado, and shewed incontestably that Gen. Taylor had displaced no man who had not prostituted his office to party purposes or was wanting in one or the other of the essential qualifications of the Jeffersonian standard—capacity—honesty—fidelity. He condemned in unmeasured terms that spirit of war and conquest which characterizes Democratic policy; and concluded with a firm but moderate expression of his determination to adhere to the rights of the South on the slavery question. We do not aim at any sketch of his remarks. It is sufficient to say that it was a model speech, as the man himself is a model Whig politician, candid, honest, conservative, patriotic and devoted to the Union. It made a favorable impression on the audience, satisfied every Whig with the selection of the Convention, while its straightforwardness elicited praise even from the Democrats themselves.

Capt. Caldwell rose to reply; and really we wish we were master of the stenographic art; for we would like to publish in your columns his remarks entire. Sincerely we think if Capt. Caldwell could see his speech in that form, he and his party would be utterly ashamed of it; for it would be next to impossible to read over coolly such a rignole of effrontery and contradiction without being covered with the blush of shame.

The first of his speech was taken up with a flourish about how he had driven three competitors from the field; with a tirade about the evils of conventions—the most offending of all which bodies was the Abolition Convention, because it snatched a seat from under him in which he confidently hoped to luxuriate at the next session of Congress, and finally, with a lecture to the Whigs about proscription. All this part of his remarks was spoken to Democratic ears.

He now turns and addresses the Whigs in the blandest manner and in the most conciliatory style. A man never looks so ridiculous as when he is attempting to prove himself to be what his whole life proves him not to be—judge, then, how Capt. Caldwell looks while trying to make out that he is a very decent sort of something in the shape of a whig! If his object were not too obvious to be misunderstood, we might be tempted to congratulate the whig party upon his accession to their ranks. But we have no notion of hugging a delusion or of bosoming a serpent. He wants whig votes. He cares not the value of a penny for Whig principles; and his own course shows this. In May he addressed the same audience which he addressed on Tuesday and in the same church and from the same stand. We ask Capt. Caldwell if he remembers his avowal then, that he was not a Democrat, but an ultra Democrat? We ask him and the country how that avowal comports with his attempt last Tuesday at Concord, to make himself out as little objectionable to a whig as Gov. Graham or Mr. Deberry? But mark the motive for the avowal and its subsequent recantation! In May he had three opponents. He knew with such opposition, if he could secure the full vote of the democratic party, he would be elected. Hence he went the whole length of terrified Locofocoism and scouted, or at least, was indifferent to whig aid. In July he has one whig opponent; and he knows now that beaten he must be, unless he can wheedle whigs to his support. Hence we are told that we have all been mistaken about the character of Green Caldwell, that he is a tolerable whig—hardly, indeed, a whit behind the veterans of that party! Strange and sudden tumbling, that!!! The trick won't take, at least we venture to say, in Cabarrus. Allow us, Mr. Editor, to express our surprise that the gallant Captain should condescend to become a political juggler.

But, says Capt. Caldwell, there are no issues at present—no next to none between the parties, and taking into consideration my other merits, whigs may well vote for me as Mr. Deberry. This is another piece of news which Capt. Caldwell carried over to Concord. We did not know before that the Democratic had deserted their side of all the important questions before the country and had come over, on nearly every one, to the whig side. We are sure the whigs are standing to theirs.

But, Mr. Editor, we close with a few words. The whigs of this district are too well acquainted with Capt. G. W. Caldwell and his course and his politics to be charmed at this late day into his support—charm he never so wisely. We remember how he accepted office under the man (John Tyler), who so basely betrayed our interests and principles. We remember how he allowed his partisan feelings to carry him to the point of contempt for the State authority—because a whig Governor appointed a whig Colonel of the Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers. We remember how he spent all last summer in a war of words against the illustrious soldier under whom he had served in Mexico. These things and many more we remember; and we see too clearly through his tergiversations during this campaign. Consequently he cannot succeed in seducing from the path of duty any true whig.

The universal belief is that it is only another attempt to betray with a hiss; and the whigs are determined not to leave Gen. Taylor at the mercy of such friends as Capt. Caldwell. His administration is to establish the Peace policy of the general Government. He is to put down the thirst for War abroad in the land. The great issue before the country as the distinguishing one between parties at the present day is whether the future intercourse of the United States with other nations is to be one of war and enmity, or one of peace and friendship.—Those who vote for Mr. Deberry go for the "country as it is"—for the constitution and for peace. Those who vote for Mr. Caldwell are indirectly encouraging the leaders of the Democratic party to plunge the nation in more unnecessary Foreign wars—are in favor of blood-shed and conquest—are in favor of subduing and subjugating other countries to gratify an useless ambition and avarice. Remember the issue—mark the prediction and think of the result.

For the Charlotte Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Capt. Caldwell has (I learn) the effrontery to claim votes from the People of this district on the ground of having resigned a lucrative appointment and volunteered to go to Mexico. Now, sir, do the people remember the circumstances under which Col. Gaither was removed from the Mint and Capt. C. appointed in his stead? The facts are these:—

In 1841, Mr. Caldwell was chosen a Representative in Congress. The then President—accidental John Tyler—having betrayed the whigs, and not meeting with the favor he expected at the hands of the mass of the Democratic Party, was wholly without friends in Congress. The traitor set to work to manufacture some. The enormous patronage of the Government was at his command. A certain measure known as his "Fiscal Agent" scheme for collecting and disbursing the Public revenue was employed as a feeder in the House of Representatives. This absurd financial project received only some twelve or fifteen votes in the House. That number consisted of Henry A. Wise, Geo. H. Profit, W. W. Irvine, Green W. Caldwell and others. It is known, sir, that nearly every member who voted for that abortive measure received from John Tyler a lucrative appointment. Mr. G. W. Caldwell received the best office in North Carolina. To make way for him Col. B. S. Gaither was rejected. Does Mr. C. think the people have forgotten these things?

But, says Capt. C., I did voluntarily resign my fat office to go to Mexico. There are some people who have never been satisfied on this point. If patriotism alone prompted the ex-Superintendent, why did he not answer the call of his Democratic President in the summer of '46? Why did he not lead off immediately on receiving the second call in the winter of '46—'47? I have heard it alleged that nothing but party zeal and party pride induced Capt. C. to step forward, when he saw his Democratic friends in Mecklenburg were about to bring disgrace on themselves and the party in N. C. by refusing to raise a single volunteer to aid in extricating the country out of the unnecessary