

# THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

J. J. BRUNER,  
Editor & Proprietor.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR  
RULERS."



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

NEW SERIES.  
VOLUME IX—NUMBER 8.

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1852.

## Major Jack Downing's Account of the Democratic National Convention.

BALTIMORE, SATURDAY NIGHT,  
JUNE 5, 1852.

TO JOSHUA DOWNING, Esq.

Postmaster, Downingville, State of Maine.

Dear Uncle Joshua: The job is done, and it's been about the toughest week's work that ever I did. I've sweat like a tiger all the week, and I'm as hungry as a bear; not but what there's been vittles enough, plenty of it, and good too, and a plenty of liquor too, more than the Maine liquor law could upset and spill in six months; but the trouble is, we had so much to do we couldn't get time to eat. I guess I've made out to catch a lunch of a few mouthfuls about twice a day, and got a chance to sleep upon an average about two hours a night. After I've written this letter to you, I mean to turn in and sleep over till Monday, and then streak it home and help get up the mass meeting to ratify the nomination—the ratification of Downingville must be a roarer. You better be getting things ready for it till I come. I wish I could give you some idea of the week's work we have had here. I've worked in the logging swamp, and know what 'tis to handle logs, and pile em on the bank, and roll em into the river; and I've worked on burnt fields in clearing up, and know what 'tis to chop and pile from Monday morning till Saturday night; but I declare to man this has been the tuffest week of log-rolling I ever see. But I don't begrudge the work a bit, we've made such a nice job of it, and saved the country. We've put life into the Democratic party again, that we thought last fall was dead as a door-nail. We've killed off Abolition, we've choked to death Secession, and gin Freesoil the fits; and I expect we've thunderstruck Whiggery so that it never'll get over it. We've got the Democratic party fairly on its legs again, standing on the good old platform that General Jackson left it on; that is, agin the Bank, agin the Tariff, and agin Internal Improvements; and now we've nothing to do but go ahead.

But I must tell you something about the duns. I couldn't get in as one of the regular delegates from Maine, because the President said my name wasn't on the list. But as soon as I told him I was the delegate from Downingville, he took me by the hand, and says he, "All right, Major Downing, I'm very glad to see you here; you can come in as a supernumerary, and you can do a great deal more good than if you was a regular delegate, for you can go round quietly among all the delegates and help to make em harmonize; there's a great deal of that work to be done before we can get along, and I don't know of any body that can do more in that line than you can. In fact, Major, if you hadn't been sent as a delegate from Downingville, you would readily be admitted to take part in the proceedings of the Convention out of respect for the great services that you rendered General Jackson in the times that tried the souls of Democrats." So I went right in and took hold and went to work. There was an awful jam; it seemed most impossible to do anything. But I off coast, and elbowed my way through em from one end of the hall to 'tother; and I pretty soon got the swing of it, so I could tell where to pull, and where to push, and where to put under the handspikes and lift. And when the members got up to make speeches, and got to talking too much, or talking the wrong way, I knew jest when to take hold of their coat tails and pull down on to their seats. And sometimes I had to go into the gallery, too, to keep the people straight up there, and in spite of all I could do they would sometimes hoarh and hiss in the wrong place. So you may judge I've had my hands full all the week. But I was determined to have a nomination, if I worked my hands off up to my elbows. It was very hard to get a nomination this time, and if I hadn't been here, though I say it myself, I don't believe they would a got one at all.

The first real hard piece of sledding we come across was the platform business; that is to say, the question whether we should go to work and make a platform first, or take right hold and to nominate first. It was a knotty question, and seemed to bother some of the members a good deal. Mr. Nabers and Mr. Wise, and some others, insisted upon it that we should begin at the foundation, and make a platform first for the Democratic party to stand on, and then make a candidate to fit to it. No work would ever stand well unless you begin at the bottom and lay a good foundation first. Here's a dozen parties here, every one fighting for their particular candidate, and one hoping to get the nomination. As long as that hope lasts it will hold em all together, and we can make em all work to help build a platform. But the moment one gets the nomination, the rest will all fly off in a tangent; there will be no more working on a platform, and your candidate will be left standing upon nothing. But Mr. Soule, of Louisiana, and Gov. Floyd, of Virginia, rowed jest as hard 'tother way. They declared we never could go to work upon a platform first. If we undertook to go to work upon it now, every one of the dozen parties would be pulling and hauling agin each other, and each

one bawing and cutting and carving to make the platform to suit his own candidate. In that way we never could make a platform if we should work from the first of June to the end of time. The fact is the platform must be made for the country; that is, for the Democratic party, and not for a candidate. As soon as the candidate is ketched and hattered and tied to a stump, we can all set down calmly and work together, and make a platform to suit the whole Democracy. The dispute went on pretty high nearly all day, and was got over at last by a sort of compromise to have the platform and the nomination both going on together. So a committee of one from each State was appointed to go to work and build the platform while the Convention went on to nominate; then, as soon as the candidate was nominated, the platform could be all ready to set him right on to it.

Then come the nominating, and that was all an up hill business for about three days and two or three nights. It was found on the first pull that the Old Foggies was a good deal too strong for Young America, and there hadn't been so many Old Foggies in the field we should a got a candidate the first haul. General Cass and Mr. Buchanan each started with a very smart team. Mr. Cass was a little ahead, and he kept the lead for about twenty pulls, and we thought by sticking to him like wax we might be able to get him over the hill. But his team begun to lag after ten or a dozen pulls, and now at the twentieth pull it seemed to be slowly backing down hill, and the Buchanan team struggled up and got ahead. Then we thought we better hitch on to Buchanan, and may be we might fetch him over the hill. We spurred up for a few pulls pretty well, but didn't get near to the top before the Buchanan team got stuck, and then begun to back down the hill, and all we could do we couldn't start it ahead again. But the Cass team, which had backed down almost to the bottom of the hill, after resting and breathing a little, now took a fresh start to come up. At that we hitched on again and determined if possible to shove him over this time. We whipped, and spurred, and pulled, and pushed, and hollered, and screamed, and the team hauled well. The old ox-bows creaked, and we begun to think we should reach the top. But when we got about two-thirds the way up, team got stuck agin; and though it took eight or ten smart pulls after this, it didn't get any higher, but every time backed down a little.

It was pretty clear after this that it was gone goose with the Old Foggies. We hadn't no hopes of em any longer. If the Cass and Buchanan teams could a been hitched together, they would a walked over the hill as easy as a cat could lick her ear. But there was so much quarrelling among the drivers that this couldn't be done. Every driver was proud of his own team, and would stick to it and have nothing to do with 'tother. The Virginny delegation went out a good many times to consider of it and make up their minds, and every time they come in they marched right up and took their stand by the Buchanan team. They stuck to that team without flinching, for thirty-three steady pulls; and for the last ten or fifteen pulls I couldn't think of nothing else but "old Virginny never tire." But there was a good many others stuck it out full as long, and some a good deal longer than old Virginny, before they gin up. We tried a few pulls with the Marcy team and a few with the Butler team, but it was no go. We became satisfied there wasn't an Old Fogy in the field who could ever reach the top of the hill. We begun to look round now to see how Young America was getting along.

The Douglas team was made up mostly of young steers; and it was a pretty smart team, well trained, and pulled well. But it wasn't equal to the Old Foggies for a heavy pull; it hadn't so much bone and sinew and bottom. Howsometer, it made a pretty scratch of it, and kept gaining gradually up the hill; so we thought we would take hold and give Young America a boost, and see if we couldn't get a candidate that way. To tell the truth, we begun to feel rather streaked for fear we shouldn't get a candidate at all, and felt willing to hitch on to most any thing. But the best we could do with Young America, we couldn't get only about half way up the hill before the steers begun to back down agin, and we see 'twas no use, they couldn't come it. Well, there we was all in a fix. We couldn't see no other chance; we'd got to go without a President because we couldn't nominate a candidate. One of the members actually fainted away here, and all of us felt a good deal wobblecropt and down in the mouth. But "old Virginny never tire;" and when we was all hitchin on round for the thirty-fifth pull, old Virginny marched into the field with a bran new team. Every body started, and cried out, "What team is that? What team is that? And when they heard the answer, "The Franklin Pierce team, of New Hampshire," they wouldn't hardly believe their own ears. But it was a fact, and Virginny drove the team one pull all alone. Then one or two others hitched on with her and tried eight or ten steady pulls. All of us looked on and watched the working of that team. At last folks begun to

make up their minds that that was the team to pull and straighten out the Democratic traces, and with proper help it might be got over the hill. Old North Caroliner hitched on, and Georgia hitched on, and Tennessee hitched on, and by and by there was a general race all over the field to see who should hitch on first. It didn't make no odds who, Old Hunkers and Barnburners, and Free-Silers and Abolition, and Union and Secession, and State Rights, and Old Foggies and Young America, all run helter skelter and hitched on to the Pierce team. That team I tell ye went up the hill like smoke. Some of the States run till they was almost out of breath for fear they shouldn't hitch on before the team got to the top of the hill. But they all made out to hook on, and every State was "in at the death" and ready to jine in the general hoo-rah.

After this we hadn't no more difficulty; everything went as regular as clock work. The master told us we had read and spelt well, and we might all go cut till four o'clock. So we went out and took a little bit of spree, and then come in and took hold and worked together jest like brothers, and hauled Mr. King right up to the top of the hill in two pulls, and made him Vice-President.

Then the committee brought in the new platform, and we all danced on it. In the crowd and confusion we couldn't see what it was made on, but we was told it went agin the Bank, and agin the Tariff, and agin Internal Improvement, and was a first-rate platform; so we all jumped on and said it couldn't be no better.

P. S. I've telegraphed to General Pierce to save the Downingville Post Office for you; so you may feel easy on that score.

I remain your loving nephew,  
MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

## FAUST OF WITTENBERG, AND FUST OF MENTZ.

It were well if writers on the origin of typography would obey the injunction of Sir Thos. Browne, who thought it not inexpedient for those who seek to enlighten mankind on any particular subject, first to acquire some knowledge thereof themselves, so that the labor of readers should not so generally be profitless. In an article by Bishop McIlvaine, and another in Frazer's Magazine, by an anonymous contributor, the exercise of necromancy is imputed to Fust, the inventor, or supposed inventor, of printing. Nine of every ten persons who write anything on the subject, fall into the same error; they have something always to say of Fust and the devil; curious anecdotes to rehearse of the multiplication of copies of the Scriptures in Paris and elsewhere; spells and incantations by the inventor of the "black" art to describe, etc. But this is all induced by ignorance of the facts.

John Fust, the pretative inventor of printing, was a shrewd silversmith, and we suspect a knavish one, for without having anything to do with the invention of the "art preservative of arts," he managed to rob another of the credit and profit of it. He was, however never in Paris; he was never in his lifetime accused of the exercise of magical arts; he simply endeavored to make as much money as he could in Germany by underselling the copyists in the book market. All stories in which necromancy is attributed to him or to any other printer; all accounts of the opposition of the priest, to typography as an infernal invention; in fine, the popular idea of Fust and the devil, is a modern contrivance, and originated in this manner:

Some bookmaker, about the year 1880, undertook to write a history of printing. He had an indistinct recollection of Prof. Faustus, of the University of Wittenberg, and in his book blended as many of his adventures as he could remember with the memoirs of John Fust the printer; and from that day a succession of ignorant chroniclers have considered two men, of totally different characters, living at different times, as one individual.

Faust, the necromancer, was born in the duchy of Weimer, in 1461, twenty-five years after the printer is understood to have died. He is mentioned by Melancthon, Wierus, and many other contemporary writers, and was probably in his time not less distinguished as a magician than Agrippa or Albertus Magnus. It is related of him by Godwin, that he was in his youth adopted by an uncle, dwelling in the city of Wittenberg, who had no children. Here he was sent to college, and was soon distinguished by the greatness of his talents, and the rapid progress he made in every species of learning that was put before him. He was destined by his relative to the profession of theology; but he is said ungraciously to have set at naught his uncle's pious intentions. He went through his examinations with applause, and carried off all the first prizes among sixteen competitors; he therefore obtained the degree of doctor in divinity, but his success only made him proud and headstrong. He disdain his theological eminence, and sighed for distinction as a man of the world. He took his degree as a doctor of medicine, and aspired to celebrity as a practitioner. About the same time he fell in with certain cotemporaries, of tastes similar to his own, and associated with them in the study of Chaldean, Greek, and Arabic science, of

strange incantations and supernatural influences, in short, of all the arts of a sorcerer.

Having made such progress as he could by dint of study and intense application, he at length resolved to prosecute his purposes still further by actually raising the devil. He happened one evening to walk in a thick, dark wood, within a short distance from Wittenberg, when it occurred to him that that was a fit place for executing his design. He stopped at a solitary spot where four roads met, and made use of his wand to mark out a large circle, and then two small ones within the larger. In one of these he fixed himself, appropriating the other for the use of his expected visitor. He went over the precise range of charms and incantations, omitting nothing. It was a dark night, between the ninth and tenth hours. The devil manifested himself by the usual signs of his appearance. "Wherefore am I called?" said he, "and what is it that you demand?" "I require," rejoined Faustus, "that you should sedulously attend unto me, answer my inquiries, and fulfill my behests."

Immediately upon Faustus pronouncing these words, there followed a tumult overhead as if heaven and earth were coming together. The trees in their topmost branches bended to their very roots. It seemed as if the whole forest were peopled with devils, making a crash like a thousand wagons, hurrying to the right and left before and behind, in every possible direction, with thunder and lightning, and the continual discharge of great cannon. Hell appeared to have emptied itself to furnish the din. There succeeded the most charming music from all sorts of instruments, and sounds of hilarity and dancing. Next came a report as of a tournament, and the clashing of innumerable lances. This lasted so long, that Faustus was many times about to rush out of the circle in which he had inclosed himself, and to abandon his preparations. His courage and resolution, however, got the better; and he remained immovable. He pursued his incantations without intermission. Then came to the very edge of the circle a griffin first, and next a dragon, which in the midst of his enchantments grinned at him horribly with his teeth, but finally fell down at his feet and extended his length to many a rood. Faustus persisted. Then succeeded a sort of fireworks, a pillar of fire, and a man on fire top, who leaped down, and there immediately appeared a number of globes here and there red hot, while the man on fire went and came to every part of the circle for a quarter of an hour. At length the devil came forward in the shape of a gray monk, and asked Faustus what he wanted. Faustus adjourned their further conference, and appointed the devil to come to him at his lodging.

He in the mean time busied himself in the necessary preparations. He entered his study at the appointed time and found the devil waiting for him. Faustus told him that he had prepared certain articles to which it was necessary that the demon should fully accord—that he should attend him at all times when required, for all the days of his life; that he should bring him everything he wanted; that he should come to him in any shape that Faustus required, or be invisible, and Faustus should be invisible too whenever he desired it; that he should deny him nothing and answer him with perfect veracity to everything he demanded. To some of these requisitions the spirit could not consent without authority from his master, the chief of devils. At length all these concessions were adjusted.

The devil on his part also prescribed his conditions. That Faustus should adore the Christian religion and all reverence for the supreme God; that he should enjoy the entire command of his attendant demon for a certain term of years; and that at the end of that period the devil should dispose of him, body and soul, at his pleasure, (the term was fixed for twenty-four years) that he should at all times steadfastly refuse to listen to any one who should desire to convert him, or convince him of the error of his ways, and lead him to repentance, that Faustus should draw up a writing containing these particulars, and sign it with his blood, that he should deliver this writing to the devil, and keep a duplicate of it himself, that so there might be no misunderstanding. It was further appointed by Faustus that the devil should usually attend him in the habit of a cordelier, with a pleasing countenance and an insinuating demeanor.—Faustus also asked the devil his name, who answered that the was usually Mephistophiles.

Numerous adventures of Faustus are related in the German histories. It is said that the emperor Charles V. was at Inspruck, at the time when Faustus also resided there. His courtiers informed the emperor that Faustus was in the town, and Charles expressed a desire to see him. He was introduced. Charles asked him whether he could really perform such wondrous feats as were reported of him. Faustus modestly replied, inviting the emperor to make a trial of his skill. "Then," said Charles, "of all the eminent personages I have ever read of, Alexander the Great is the man who most excites my curiosity, and whom it would most gratify

my wishes to see in the very form in which he lived." Faustus rejoined that it was out of his power truly to raise the dead, but that he had spirits at his command who had often seen that great conqueror, and that Faustus would willingly place him before the emperor as he required.—The emperor promised compliance. After a few ceremonies, therefore, Faustus opened a door, and brought in Alexander exactly in the form in which he had lived, with the same garments, and every circumstance corresponding. Alexander made his obeisance to the emperor, and walked several times around him. The Queen of Alexander was then introduced in the same manner. Charles just then recollected he had read that Alexander had a wart on the nape of his neck; and with proper precautions Faustus allowed the emperor to examine the apparition by this test. Alexander then vanished.

As Faustus was approaching the last year of his term, he seemed resolved to pamper his appetite with every species of luxury. He carefully accumulated all the materials of voluptuousness and magnificence. He was particularly anxious in the selection of women who should serve for his pleasures. He had one English woman, one Hungarian, one French, two of Germany, and two from different parts of Italy, all of them eminent for the perfections which characterized their different countries.

At length he arrived at the end of the term for which he had contracted with the devil. For two or three years before it expired his character gradually altered. He became subject to fits of despondency, was no longer susceptible of mirth and amusement, and reflected with bitter agony on the close in which the whole must terminate. He assembled his friends together at a grand entertainment, and when it was addressed them that this was the last day of his life, reminding them of the wonders with which he had frequently astonished them, and informing them of the condition upon which he had held this power. They, one and all expressed the deepest sorrow at the intelligence.—They had the idea of something unlawful in his proceedings; but their notions had been very far from coming up to the truth. They regretted exceedingly that he had not been unreserved in his communications at an earlier period. They would have had recourse in his behalf to the means of religion, and have applied to pious men, desiring them to employ their power to intercede with Heaven in his favor. Prayer and penitence might have done much for him; and the mercy of heaven was unbounded. They advised him to still call upon God, and endeavor to secure an interest in the merits of the Savior.

Faustus assured them that it was all in vain, and that his tragical fate was inevitable. He led them to their sleeping apartment, and recommended to them to pass the night as they could, but by no means, whatever they might happen to hear, to come out of it; as their interference could in no way be beneficial to him, and might be attended with the most serious injury to themselves. They lay still, therefore, as he had enjoined them; but not one of them could close his eyes. Between twelve and one in the night they heard first a furious storm of wind round all sides of the house, as if it would have torn away the walls from their foundations. This no sooner somewhat abated, than a noise was heard of discordant and violent hissing, as if the house was full of all sorts of venomous reptiles, but which plainly proceeded from Faustus's chamber. Next they heard the doctor's room door vehemently burst open, and cries for help uttered with dreadful agony, but in a half suppressed voice, which presently grew fainter and fainter. Then everything became still as if the everlasting motion of the world was suspended.

When at length it became broad day, the students went in a body to the doctor's apartment. But he was nowhere to be seen. Only the walls were found smeared with blood, and marks as if his brains had been dashed out. His body was finally discovered at some distance from the house, his limbs dismembered, and marks of great violence about the features of his face. The students gathering up the mutilated parts of his body afforded them private burial at the temple of Mars, in the village where he died.

**Sharks.**—A party of young gentlemen of this city started yesterday morning at five o'clock on a shark-catching excursion in the Harbor, and were fortunate enough between that hour and noon to take three off Castle Pinckney, while feeding on the carcass of a dead horse. One measured nine feet six inches, another nine feet, and the third eight feet. The same party captured also a clam cracker of unusually large dimensions.—*Char. Courier.*

**Death from Lightning.**—During the thunder storm that visited our city and neighborhood on Monday afternoon last, four negroes engaged in bringing a fleet of lumber through Wappo Cut, were struck by the electric fluid, two of whom were stunned, while the others were instantly killed by the severity of the shock.—*Char. Courier.*

W. R. King, thirty six years ago, voted in the House of Representatives for a bank of the United States—the identical monster over which Nicholas Biddle for a long time presided.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

The Resolutions adopted at Baltimore declare that Congress has no power to charter a U. S. Bank and that such an institution is one of "deadly hostility to the best interests of the country." Gov. Reid denounced the Bank with equal earnestness in his speech here.—Which is the true Democratic doctrine? Mr. King's or Gov. Reid's?—*Fay. Observer.*