

The Organizer.

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POETRY.

The World is Full of Beauty.

There is a voice within me,
And 'tis so sweet a voice,
That its soft lispings win me
Till tears start to mine eyes;
Deep from my soul it springeth,
Like hidden melody,
And ever more it singeth
This song of songs to me—
"The world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!"

When plenty's round us smiling,
Why waxes this cry for bread?
Why are crush'd millions toiling,
Gauzy-clothed in rags—unfed?
The smoky hills and valleys
Blush ripe with fruit and grain,
But the lordling in the palace
Still robs his fellow-men.
O God! what hosts are trampled
Amid this press for gold;
What noble hearts are sapped of life,
What spirits lose their hold!

And yet upon this God-bless'd earth
There's room for every one;
Unguarded food still ripens,
To waste, rot in the sun.
If gold were not an idol,
Were mind and merit worth,
Oh, there would be a bridal
Betwixt high heaven and earth!
Were truth our utter'd language,
Angels might talk with men,
And God himself earth should see
The golden age again.

For the leaf-tongues of the forest—
The flower-lips of the sod—
The birds that hymn their raptures
Into the ear of God—
And the sweet wind that bringeth
The music of the sea—
Have each a voice that singeth
This song of songs to me:
"The world is full of beauty,
As other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bishop George and the Young Preacher.

An aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging his tired beast, just as the sun drooping behind the range of hills that was bounded by the horizon of the rich and the picturesque country, in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty-five miles since morning, his pulse throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained by one who had ministered to him for his Master's sake of the benefits himself received from the hand which fedeth young lions when they lack; and he had travelled on refreshed in spirit. But many a weary mile had he journeyed over since then, and now as the evening shades darkened around, he left the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when the day's pilgrimage should have been accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the anxiously looked for haven of rest. A middle aged woman was at hand, to whom he mildly applied for accommodation for himself and horse.

"I don't know," said she, coldly, after scrutinizing for some time the appearance of the traveller—which was not the most promising, "that we can take you old man. You seem tired, however, and I'll see if the minister of the circuit, who is here to-night, will let you lodge with him."

The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and consequently swinging up to the old man, examined him for some minutes, inquisitively, then asking a few pertinent questions—and finally, after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, feeling his smooth shaven chin, consented that the stranger might share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel entered the house, and the circuit preacher was to be here, great preparations were made, and a number of the Methodist young ladies of the neighborhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger as he entered—no one taking the

slightest notice of him, as he wearily sought a chair in the corner out of the direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on. And his anxious eye showed that he was no careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the frivolity and foolishness of a city beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with a young lady, and now engaged with another in trifling repartee, who were anxious to seem interesting in his eyes.

The stranger after an hour, during which no refreshment had been prepared for him, asked to be showed to his room, to which he retired unnoticed—grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister, taking from his saddle bags a well worn bible, he seated himself in the chair, and was soon buried in thoughts, holy and elevating, and had food to eat which those who passed by him in pity and scorn dreamed not of. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old worn down traveller to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Towards eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and, without pause or prayer, hastily threw off his clothes and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was the resting place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the aged stranger rose up, and after partially disrobing himself, knelt down and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul soon arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some reproofs of conscience for his neglect of duty.

The old man now rose from his knees; and, after slowly addressing himself, got into bed, or rather upon the edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre, and would not voluntarily move an inch. In this uncomfortable position the stranger lay some time in silence. At length the young preacher made a remark, to which the old man replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On this he moved over an inch or two and made more room.

"How far have you come to-day, old gentleman?"

"Thirty-five miles."

"From where?"

"From Springfield."

"Ah, indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey for one of your age."

"Yes, this poor body is much worn down by long and constant travelling, and I feel that the journey of to-day has exhausted me much."

The young minister moved over a little.

"Then you do not belong to Springfield?"

"No—I have no abiding place."

"How!"

"I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears."

Another move of the minister.

"From Philadelphia? (In evident surprise.) The Methodist General Conference was in session there a short time since. Had it broken up when you left?"

"It adjourned the day before I started."

"Ah, indeed!—moving still further over towards the front side of the bed, and allowing the stranger better accommodation. "Had Bishop George left when you came out?"

"Yes—he started at the same time I did—we left in company."

"Indeed!"

Here the circuit preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space.

"How did the Bishop look—he is getting quite old now and feeble, is he not?"

"He carries his age tolerably well. But his labor is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength."

"He is expected this way in a week or two, how glad I shall be to shake hands with the veteran of the cross! But you say you left in company with the good old man—how far did you come together?"

"We travelled alone for a long distance."

"You travelled alone with the Bishop?"

"Yes, we have been intimate for years."

"You intimate with Bishop George?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Bless me! Why did I not know

that? But may I be so bold as to inquire your name?"

After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied:

"George!"

"George! George! Not the Bishop George?"

"They call me Bishop George," meekly replied the old man.

"Why, why! Bless me, Bishop George!" exclaimed the now abashed preacher, springing from the bed;

"You have had no supper. I will immediately call up the family. Why did you not tell us who you were?"

"Stop, stop, my friend!" said the Bishop gravely. "I want no supper here, and should not eat any if it were got for me. If an old man, toll worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the long summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to have set up the altar of God in their house, Bishop George is surely not. He is at best but a man, and has no claim beyond common humanity."

A night of severer mortification the young minister never experienced. The Bishop kindly admonished him, and warned him of the great necessity there was of adorning the doctrines of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly he endeavored to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and directed him to trust more in God, and less in his own strength.

In the morning the Bishop prayed with him long and fervently before he left the chamber, and was glad to see his heart melted in contrition. Soon after the Bishop descended and was met by the heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies. He mildly silenced them, and asked to have his horse brought out. The horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the Bishop taking up his saddle-bags was preparing to depart.

"But surely, Bishop," urged the distressed matron, "you will not thus leave us? Wait a few minutes, breakfast is on the table."

"No, sister L., I cannot breakfast here. You did not consider a poor, toll-worn traveller worthy of a meal, and your Bishop has no claim but such as humanity urges."

And thus he departed, leaving the family in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not rise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson, such as they would not easily forget.

Six months after this time the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati, and the young minister was to present himself for ordination as a deacon, and Bishop George was to be the presiding Bishop.

On the first day of the assembling of the conference, our minister's heart sunk within him as he saw the venerable Bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation, that he was obliged to leave the room. In the evening, as the Bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. R. was announced, and he requested him to be shown up. He grasped the young man with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful inquiries, and found since they had met before a great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble and pious as he was before worldly minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did the good man receive this erring but contrite brother. They mingled their tears together, while the young preacher wept like a child upon the bosom of his spiritual father.

At the session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.

A YANKEE TALK.—During the exhibition of a menagerie in a country village in Maine, a Yankee was on the ground, with a terrible itching to "see the elephant," but had not the desired "quarter." Having made up his mind to go in "any how," he stationed himself near the entrance, and waited until the show was over. Assuming a patient and unexcited tone, and with the fore finger of his right hand placed on the right corner of his mouth, he exclaimed, "For God's sake Mister, did you going to give me my chance?" Your chance, said the door keeper. "Yes, but my chance! I'd give a dollar as much as a half an hour ago, and I'd not give my chance yet." The Yankee handed over three quarters in change, and he walked the Yankee in hand.

CONVENTIONS, ASPIRANTS, &c.—It has long been the custom of the Democratic party, and indeed of all other parties in this country, when in the ascendant, to hold conventions for the purpose of ascertaining as near as possible, the choice of its voters relative to some particular office that is to be filled. The reason why this system has been adopted is obvious to all. It is known to be the only means by which harmony and united action can be secured in the ranks of a numerous and wide-spread party. But notwithstanding the necessity which exists for the holding of conventions, it is not unfrequently the case that disappointed aspirants and would-be great men, who had always before advocated the system, quite suddenly, upon finding that they have not been chosen, raise a cry against conventions; because, forsooth, they have not been nominated. It is invariably by them, then asserted, that these meetings are in the hands of, and managed by a few; that the mass of the party has had no voice in them. The prejudices of voters are appealed to. They are told that their rights have been trampled upon—their wishes regarded not, and a candidate thus forced upon them; together with many other cant and choice sayings which are always quite flippantly used: such as "caucus dictation," "sacrifice of the right of suffrage, privileges of freemen," &c. Such things, sometimes occur, and in view of the fact, that there is shortly to be a Convention held in this Congressional District, and one for the State at large, we have deemed it not altogether unnecessary to refer to the tricks which office seeking demagogues frequently embrace.

At this particular crisis of our political affairs, it behooves the Democratic party of the entire country to act with great circumspection and unanimity in bringing forward and supporting their candidates for Congress. The Executive department of our national government is now in the hands of our political opponents, the Senate is Democratic, whilst the House as it now stands, is somewhat whiggish. It is in our power, if the Democracy of the country perform their duty, to gain the ascendancy in the popular branch of Congress, and thus certainly put it out of the power of our humbugging adversaries to lay violent hands upon the cherished measures of our party; for which we have long battled, and which have time and again received the sanction of the country. We have but nine additional members to gain in the elections which will come off this year to secure the House. It is confidently expected that five of them will be obtained in Virginia, leaving us but four more to gain in other States, provided we lose nothing elsewhere.

Under these circumstances, how important is it, that the Democracy of Mississippi should stand firm, and at all events, return to the next Congress as many as we sent to the last. It is for this purpose that we call upon the Democracy of this District, and of the State, to promptly frown down every attempt, or indication of an effort to divide the party in the coming election. We do not know that we shall have any difficulty in settling the claims of our aspirants in this district, we trust, and believe that we shall not; but at the same time we earnestly hope, if any one should presumptuously thrust himself forward in opposition to the voice of the people as expressed through their representatives in convention assembled, that he may receive a small reward! It is true that we all have our preferences; and it is equally true, that they cannot all be gratified. In common with others, we have our opinions, and we have also expressed the belief, that our distinguished fellow-citizen R. O. Deane, would come nearer concentrating the Democratic forces in this District than perhaps any other man in it. But should a majority of the delegates composing the Convention think otherwise, however much we may regret it, we will nevertheless, extend to the nominee all the assistance in our power; ever bearing in mind that the great object of Democracy is to advance WISDOM and NOT MEN.

—Editorial.

A COOL STORY.—A Boston paper relates the following story, the truth of which the editor says is too good for.

About thirty years ago, a young man left Boston as a common sailor, in a ship bound to the Pacific, to trade

After some two year's absence the ship was on the coast of California, and here our young adventurer, who was a friend of the captain, got leave of absence for a short time, to proceed inland, and send down some of the natives to trade. An unexpected casualty detained him longer than he anticipated, and the captain, supposing he had been treacherously murdered, set sail without him. He remained among the natives for some two years, before an opportunity occurred whereby he could return to the United States. During this time he lived a hunter's life, and on one occasion was surprised, while hunting in the valley of the Sacramento, by the appearance of glittering particles which he discovered in a stream, and in the sand on its border. He gathered a handful or so of the grains, dust and all, and put them in his pack, to take away as a curiosity.

He returned home to Boston at last, and one day discovering the little package of earth in his chest, he took it to a gentleman of high respectability, and who was a personal friend of the discoverer, telling him that he was welcome to the stuff, and suggested that he should analyze it. This was done, and to the surprise of both, the dust was found to be the purest of gold! Let it be remembered that this was thirty years since. An expedition was at once planned by the citizen referred to with ample means and materials, the whole to be under the guide of the young discoverer, who declared that he could conduct the company to a valley where they could get bushels of the dust. He could not describe the spot; so as to render its discovery by others easy, but he could lead them the shortest way from the coast to the gold sands. The utmost secrecy was maintained, and all preliminary arrangements were made for the early departure of a mining company.

Unfortunately the young discoverer was seized at this time with a violent fever, and delirium came on before any definite directions could be taken from his lips, and as death soon after closed his career, the design of the company was soon after relinquished. They had no locality specified, except that of a country so wild, unexplored and extensive, that it was deemed hardihood to attempt to prosecute the purpose at first entertained. The parties engaged in this affair have never felt authorized to make public mention of it for fear of ridicule, perhaps, until the subject of the gold discovery is no longer a problem. It was the will of divine providence that the gold should not be discovered at that time, or that it should not be disseminated in the land, for some good and wise reason; but chance has again brought the treasures of this Eldorado to light, and its riches are pouring into our Atlantic ports, by each arrival from the Sandwich Islands and the Pacific coast, in quantities that will enrich thousands upon thousands.

A NIGHT NEAR THE DEAD SEA.—On this subject, Mr. Ferguson, in his "Pops of Reason," says:—"Determining to pass the night on the shore, I pitched my tent, and lighted my pipe, and sat watching the shades of evening draw round the mount of Moab, and cast a gloom upon the brightness of daylight."

The Bedouins of my escort having tobacco at my expense, seemed determined to make the most of it, and sat up smoking till it was almost morning. I heard the sound of their quiet mirth, in the stillness of the night, and looked out the door of my tent. There they were sitting round a handful of hot ashes, with a cracked coffee cup and an old battered pipe among the ten of them, and yet, poor fellows! their cup of pleasure seemed as if it would hold no more. A half-penny worth of tobacco, and a half-penny worth of coffee, is a cheap receipt for sea men's happiness. It was now found what a great mistake it is to suppose that the Dead Sea produces no living thing. For the mosquitoes which are infested on all salt waters, make no exception of this, and they gave me no peace the whole night. "No fly," says the author of the "Eolian," in his brief but powerful description of the Dead Sea, "but by permission of the omniscient God, I would I could say the same as when I visited him of the enormous number of mosquitoes, my dear friend, and been distressed by one of them, the pleasure is identical as Aphrodite's being dipped in the Styx was thereby invulnerable, so I from having bathed

ed in the Dead Sea, might have acquired in some degree, a similar property; or in other words that I might have received a coating of bitumen salt and what not, that would have resisted or disgusted the mosquitoes as I fleas.

But I made a great mistake, for, on the contrary, they seemed to look upon it only in the light of an agreeable pickle to give a piquancy to their repast; and with one outside and the other inside, I felt all alive on the shore of the Dead Sea. About two hours before sunrise, a strong wind arose, and tugged at the pins of my tent till it began to show symptoms of being turned inside out; and being by this time rendered thoroughly uncomfortable, I got up and walked to the lake. Now the scene was truly solemn and sublime. The lake, which in daylight I have seen still and silent as the grave, was now heaving and swelling as if the grave gave up its dead. And as, by the faint light of the stars, the sea writhed and howled within its rocky prison, and spat its bitter foam of its anquish in my face, I could well fancy, how a fervid imagination like Chateaubriand's might have conceived that the spirits of the men of the damned cities were struggling again with the doom that overwhelmed them.

A TOUCHY STORY.—Talk not of tough stories in Yankee newspapers after reading the following from a St. Petersburg journal:—A return-traveler from the north tells me of a curious mode they have in Siberia, of procuring the skin of the Sable. Their fur is in the greatest perfection in the depth of winter, at which time the hunter proceeds to the forest armed with a pitcher of water, and some carion meat; he deposits the bait at the foot and climbs himself to the top of a high tree. As soon as the animal, attracted by the scent arrives, the man drops some water on his tail, and it instantaneously becomes frozen to the ground! On which, descending from his elevation with incredible rapidity, his pariter with a sharp knife, cuts him transversely on the face. The Sable, from the excess of pain, taking an extraordinary spring forward, runs off, and (his tail being fast to the ground) out of his skin of course, leaving it a prey to the hunter! Upon expressing a slight doubt as to the probability of this mode of skinning the animals, my friends assured me that he never could have believed it, had he not frequently beheld it himself.

EDITING A PAPER.—The majority of readers seem to think that nothing can be more easy or pleasant than to edit a paper; out of all the different employments by which men make their bread and butter, there is none, we believe, that so taxes the mind, temper and flesh, as that of editing a paper. There is none requires a nicer tract, a sounder judgment, a more certain application, a quicker wit, or a kinder heart. A choleric temper could never succeed as an editor; nor a narrow minded man, nor an ignorant one, nor a hasty one, nor an unforgiving one.

An editor must of necessity turn himself out to the public; he cannot be a hypocrite in his wife. He must expose himself in all that he does; as much in selecting the thoughts of others, as if publishing his own, and the better way for him in the outset is, to begin frankly, to save himself from after contradiction and mortifications. Whoever succeeds tolerably well as an editor, is something more than an ordinary man, let his contemporaries say or think of him as they will.—Holt's Magazine.

WHAT WAS.—We copy the following item just as we find it—shell and kernel—let the lesson in it:

Eighty years ago slavery existed in Massachusetts, and was here practised by some as cruelly as now on the vast sugar plantations of Louisiana. Mrs. Child, in her History of Woman, says: "A wealthy lady residing in Gloucester, Mass., was in the habit of sending away the infants of her freed slaves, a few days after they were born, as people are accustomed to dispose of a litter of kittens. One of her neighbors begged an instruction, which, in those days of comports, she granted. She said, 'I would I could say the same as when I visited him of the enormous number of mosquitoes, my dear friend, and been distressed by one of them, the pleasure is identical as Aphrodite's being dipped in the Styx was thereby invulnerable, so I from having bathed

Shall I write