The Organizer.

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POETRY.

The World is Before Thee.

BY G. L. BANKS.

The wide world is before thee
Go revel in its blaze,
Life's sunshine may restore thee—
The smile of happy days.
I would not in thy bosom,
One bitter thought should spring,
Be like the treasured blossom,
That wears no secret sting.

Soon very strong emotion
Shall droop within thy breast,
The fiercest storms of ocean
At last are lulled to rest.
And o'er the changed scene stealing
A cheering beam appears;
So in the work of feeling,
Hope follows after tears.

MISCELLANY.

From the Liberty (Missouri) Tribune.

Late from California.

LETTER FROM PETER H. BURNET.

We are under obligations to Col. Doniphan for the following extract from a letter addressed to him by Peter H. Burnett, Esq.

SUTTER'S FORT, Upper California,
February 2, 1849.

COL. A. W. DONIPHAN: I am here at this point, having been attracted hither by the unlimited gold region of California.

Men are here nearly crazy with the riches forced suddenly into their pockets. I have had some opportunity, in the course of my life, to study human nature; but the school here is upon a grander scale than you or I ever saw before. Perhaps a few anecdotes may illustrate the state of things, and afford you some amusement. An honest close fisted shoemaker, by the name of Spec, came from Oregon to California about a year ago. After the gold was discovered, he went into the mines and was soon making his hundred dollars a day. A quizical shrewd fellow from Philadelphia, met him one day:

"Well, Mr. Spec, how do you get along?"

"First rate, sir. I would not be a member of Congress with his eight dollars a day, nor the President of the United States. I can make more money than they."

"Well, Mr. Spec, I suppose you will make no more shoes." Our shoemaker thought himself insulted, and indignantly replied, "No, not I. Let those make shoes who will, *I make no more.*". He is now a merchant and deals in goods, wares, and merchandise.

I was here during the Christmas holidays, and saw great numbers of young men who had never worn a cloth coat before, with at least one thousand dollars worth of finery upon them. They were almost loaded down with trinkets. I saw one fellow dressed in a splendid suit of black, over which he wore a superb black cloth cloak; and instead of drawing his cloak around him to shelter him from the cold wind then blowing, he was careful to let it be unfurled, like a flag to the passing breeze, that he might catch the admiring gaze of the passers by. Another gay fellow, dressed equally as well, save the cloak, was strutting up and down before the door of a large tavern. In his right hand he held a large bell, and at short intervals he would stop and tingle his bell: as much as to say, "Look here! *this is me.*" Another dandy went into a store, and took out a fine silk handkerchief, and commenced wiping the mud off his boots.

The merchant said "you will spoil your handkerchief, sir." "Oh that's no difference, I have another. I wipe my boots with one and my nose with the other.' Some time during last autumn a young man was at work in the mines, who had his heart set upon marriage. Whether he had courted the fair one, and she had refused his offer, or whether he had always considered himself too poor to take upon himself the support of a family, I do not know. At all events he had one day rolled aside, by means of levers and props, a large stone, under which there was a deposit of several hundred dollars of pure gold, in small pieces, the size of flax seed. The moment he cast his eyes upon the shining treasure, he threw himself flat upon his back, in an ecstasy among the rocks, clapped his hands, kicked up his heels, and exclaimed "A married man by gosh!" Col. you have been through Mexico, and elsewhere, but you never saw any thing like the state of affairs here. The accounts you have seen of the gold region are *not over colored.* About $25 per day is the amount of the produce of one hand. I was in the mines forty days, and was careful to make an accurate estimate. THE GOLD IS POSITIVELY INEXHAUSTIBLE. ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS will be taken out annually in the course of two years. Town lots at San Francisco are worth $10,000, for the best, and no title at that. Yours, &c.,

PETER H. BURNETT.

LAWYER AND WITNESS.—There is a noted criminal lawyer—and by this term we mean a lawyer in a criminal court—we remember, who in almost every case which comes under his charge, puts the following question to witness at the closing of his cross-examination.

"Hem! Witness—*were you ever in the State Prison?*"

Of course the almost invariable reply, amidst the astonishment of the embarrassed witness, is "*No Sir.*"

"You can step down," continues the lawyer, without a syllable in explanation, and the jurymen stare at the witness as he moves away, while the counsel pauses, and utters an expressive "*ahem*"—as much as to say, "gentlemen of the jury, you can judge of *this* fellow's character for veracity; I say nothing—I don't—I couldn't prove it readily; you may believe as much as you like!"

Occasionally, however, the learned counsel alluded to meets with his match. Not long ago he ran foul of a "knotty customer," whom he sifted thoroughly to the end of his customary chapter, and to whom he put his final stereotype question, "Ahem! were you ever in the State Prison?" when, to the attorney's evident surprise, the witness replied in a subdued tone:

"Yes, sir!"

"Ah! I thought so," continued the counsel, "I thought so. Gentlemen you will please give your attention to the witness. You have been in the State Prison, then?"

"Yes, sir," continued the other, meekly.

"And how long since?"

"About two years ago, sir."

"Two years ago, gentlemen—you will please bear in mind—this witness, now by his voluntary confession, admits he was in the State Prison."

"Yes sir."

"His memory, as I have already taken pains to impress upon your minds, gentlemen, is most extr'onnery; and you can place as much confidence as you think proper in a man's testimony who has been an inmate of the State Prison."

"How long were you there, witness."

"About an hour, sir."

"Eh! A-*hem!* How long?"

"I was there, sir, about an hour, *on a visit* of curiosity to examine the prison, and I very well remember seeing *you* there at the time, and *took you to be a convict!*"

"A-hem—*you can step down*, sir!" said the discomfited attorney, and though the above uncourteous reply might almost have been construed into a contempt of Court, yet, in this case, a smile pervaded the faces of Judge and Jury, and the witness "respectfully retired!"

There is a disposition to worry and hamper witnesses, altogether too common among the legal fraternity, and it is high time that this evil should be abolished. The cause of justice and equity requires this—but as these are matters with which lawyers have very little to do, and which they care far less about—as a general thing—the wrong must find its first corrective elsewhere than among the members of the bar, we presume.

From the Memphis Appeal.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE MEMPHIS CONVENTION.—The existence of the cholera upon the Western rivers, the panic prevailing in regard to it, and the solicitude expressed by many distinguished citizens throughout the Union, that the meeting of the Memphis Convention be postponed until autumn, in order that they may be enabled to be present, have engaged the earnest attention of the Committee of Arrangements, and upon mature deliberation they have resolved and hereby announce that the time of the meeting of the Convention be postponed from the 4th of July until the 16th day of October next.

We hope the friends of the proposed Convention will see reasons which have led to this resolution, and will concur in the expediency of the postponement.

In the meanwhile, the efforts here and elsewhere to carry forward the projected movement, and to assemble a convention of imposing character and power in October, and to collect and disseminate information, will be pushed on with unabated vigor. We beg our friends every where not to flag in their labors, but to continue, by all proper means, to assist in the assembling and conducting of the Convention, whose action may be hoped to lead to the completion of the most magnificent work which has been attempted in the tide of time.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

J. T. TREZAVANT,
ROBERTSON TOPP,
JOHN POPE,
LEWIS SHANKS,
HENRY G. SMITH.

Memphis, June 5, 1849.

SERMON MANUFACTURE IN ENGLAND.—In England there are persons—generally deposed clergymen or superannuated schoolmasters—who make a business of writing sermons for the ministers of the various sects, who thereby save themselves this labor, and gain time for hunting, attending race courses, &c. A good composer can command about five English shillings per sermon, and the Rector can well afford this, as his living comes by tithes, out of the public. Some sermon makers can earn twenty or thirty pounds per year by the business. No matter what are their private doctrines or characters, be they infidels or knaves, if they can but write sermons conforming to the standard doctrine of the Church, and they are tolerably well written, so as to be read without difficulty, they are sure to find clerical purchasers. Rev. Dr. Trusler made quite a fortune a good many years ago by having a *fac-simile* of a sermon composed by him, engraved on copper-plate from which he took a great many impressions and sold them all over the kingdom to clergymen, who preached them to their congregations as their own.

The eccentric but pious Rev. Rowland Hill tells, in his Village Dialogues, (vol. ii. 137,) a pretty anecdote illustrative of the danger of too many clergymen purchasing copies of the same sermon for delivery. It is as follows:

"An egregious blunder once happened even in the famous University of Cambridge at what is commonly called the Sound church; Dr. Trusler has a notable sermon on these words, "See that ye fall not out by the way." And so it fell out that it was preached by different ministers in the same Sound church three Sundays running. The clerk on the fourth Sunday admonished the preacher not to give them a fourth edition of "See that ye fall not out by the way," for that parish was all very peaceable."

The reply was that he had no other in his pocket, so that the people must hear that or none. The reader would not dispute the probability of this anecdote if he knew after what sort of a fashion the churches in and about the neighborhood of the English Universities are unfortunately served.

FLYING MACHINE.—The New York correspondent of the New Orleans Bulletin gives the following account of the last exhibition of the new flying machine:

"In company with some hundred and fifty invited guests, I attended last evening at the Coliseum a private exhibition of Messrs. Porter & Cobjohn's aerial flying machine, a model of which, sixteen feet in length, was exhibited. So far as the navigating a room two hundred feet long is concerned, the machine succeeded beyond the cavil of the most skeptical men present. Let me trouble you with a brief description. A long and narrow elliptical balloon, made of oiled silk supported from its ends and centre, by cords, a little boat. In the latter was a miniature steam engine, which put in motion a centre wheel over the centre of the boat. Around this wheel ran a band which extended over two wheels, one at each side of the boat, in an elevated position, which running from the centre wheel, put in motion by their axles at the extremity, and turned exactly like the old fashioned windmills—the sail paddles revolving with an inside motion towards the boat. At the extremity of the balloon was a rudder, that was capable of a transverse and horizontal motion.

The alcoholic lamp in the hold of the boat, whose heat generated the steam necessary for the propulsion of the machine which hung in the air, was duly lighted, and in a few minutes the steam began to puff, the piston to work, the wheels to revolve, the paddles to beat the air, and the machine to scud along at a very pretty rate amid the heartiest cheers I ever listened to—cheers from many a skeptic, one of which I am free to admit, was your humble servant. As the machine moved along, a pull of the rudder with a little string, turned its head, like that of a vessel, to the right or left; and when the head of the machine had an upward tendency a motion of another rudder up or down, depressed it. The balloon is divided into compartments, to obviate the defect of having the gas collect in one portion of it more than in another, when either end should be a trifle the highest.

It was, I assure you, a very interesting sight, to see a machine at even height and in even lines puffing thro' the air. The next thing is to try the machine in an open space, when we shall see what we shall see. Who knows but "Robjoin" (the inventor.) may not be a name to associate with Fulton and Watt in future ages? As I remarked, in a former letter, it is one thing to navigate the atmosphere of a room with a machine six feet long and carrying a weight of four pounds, and another thing to navigate the atmosphere about us with a machine that, like John Gilpin's horse, shall "carry weight and ride a race."

ORAL TELEGRAPH.—For many years Morse, the inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph, struggled in darkness and obscurity, while he endeavored to make the world believe in him, and the idea of his life. And for many years he struggled in vain. There were plenty of sagacious men, full of common sense, who told Mr. Morse that he was a dreamer; that his idea was good but impracticable; that he had better give it up at once, and betake himself to something in the way of stock speculation, or try his hand at Dry Goods. Morse, having no fear of "common sense" before his eyes, steadily pursued his way, and now the whole world rings with his name, uttered with the same breath with the name of Fulton and Franklin. We were forcibly reminded last Saturday of the struggles and success of Morse, while conversing with a gentleman, who has discovered a means of communicating sound—even the sound of the human voice—by electricity, in the same degree that the Telegraph now communicates written and printed language. This discovery will enable a man in Boston, to hold an actual, spoken conversation, with his friend in New Orleans. The sound, the very tones and accents of the voice, will be transmitted from one end of the globe to the other by means of electricity. People will talk by lightning. Instead of sending or receiving a printed despatch, people will hasten to their respective telegraph offices, and converse with other people, at the distance of hundreds and thousands of miles.

The reader may treat this statement with incredulity and scorn, but the gentleman who has made the discovery, is remarkable for his original mind, and no less remarkable, for scientific attainments of the most profound character. Other scientific gentlemen, after hearing an explanation of the discovery, have been, and are convinced of its practicability and success. This week, the discoverer makes a Declaration in the Patent Office at Washington; next winter, it will be presented for the consideration of Congress. "The Vocal or Oral Telegraph," may be in operation before another year. We do not feel at liberty to give the name of the discoverer at this time; we merely ask our readers, to bear in mind a year hence that ours was the first paper in the world, that made a public announcement of this great discovery.—*Gazette City.*

PRACTICAL FREE-SOILISM.—The following paragraph we clip from the Washington correspondence of the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph. What will Taylor Democrats have to say to this?

"The coolest piece of impudence was revealed in this city last week. Daniel Webster, it must first be remarked, procured a situation for a black negro in the Home Department, under Mr. Ewing, as a messenger, when fifty poor white men would have been delighted to receive it. This darkey was with Maj. Webster in Mexico as a servant, and it was in character for "black Dan to provide for black Peter." Emboldened by the success of their brother nigger, two "colored gentlemen," as they were called, came to Washington, all the way from Massachusetts, fine specimens of "charming boys," so elegantly spoken of by Mr. Palfrey of that state. They entered the ante room of the Home Department, and inquired for Mr. Ewing. They were dressed in the best broad cloth, and wore large gold chains to their watches. A wag assumed to be the official attendant, and in the course of conversation learned from them that they were seeking *clerkships!* It has not been ascertained that they met with success—the only bar to preference being public opinion. As they voted for General Taylor, and are his political friends, why not "help to share the burdens of government?" If Webster, Corwin, Hudson, Palfrey, and such statesmen, think negroes good as white men, why not provide them with clerkships! They ought not to be ashamed of their allies. The truth is, these impudent negroes are emboldened to look for "loaves and fishes," from the fact that in the course of a week, two negroes were appointed messengers or laborers in the State Department, two in the Treasury Department, and two in the Home Department. And I have myself seen negroes writing in the passages of the Departments, directing packages—while white men were scrubbing the floors! It is enough to make the blood boil to think of these things. A whig member of Congress from Tennessee recommended one of the negroes named Warner, as one of the most perfect gentlemen he met with in Washington, and a Senator from the same State helped him into office. These are a few of the many facts which have lately transpired."

PRESSURE OF THE SEA.—If a piece of wood which floats on the water, be forced down to a great depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will force it into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight that it will no longer be capable of floating or rising to the surface.—Hence the timber of ships which have foundered in the deep part of the ocean never rises again to the surface, like those which have sunk near to the shore. A diver may, with impunity, plunge to a certain depth of the sea; but there is a limit beyond which he cannot live under the pressure to which he is subject. For the same reason, it is probable that there is a depth beyond which fishes cannot live. They according to Joslin, have been caught in a depth at which they must have sustained a pressure of eighty tons to each square foot of the surface of their bodies.

NEW USE OF BRANDY.—While the friends of temperance condemn the use of brandy, and prove that it is injurious to health and life, we discover that it is recommended for the purpose of keeping fish alive. We cannot answer for the truth of the receipt, but publish it, in order that the curious may try its saving properties upon the piscatory tribe:

TO KEEP FISH ALIVE.—This may be done by soaking the soft part of bread in brandy, and inserting it into the gill of the fish while yet it is alive, and afterwards sprinkling it over gently with brandy. Thus prepared, and carefully packed in straw, the fish will keep alive ten or twelve days, as may be proved by putting it into fresh water at the end of that time; when, after a few hours' immersion, it will recover from its protracted drunkenness.

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—An old clergyman preaching before some of the American Army at Corpus-Christi, made use of the remark: "Ten thousand dollars is a sum large to most of us; yet what would it profit' You cannot carry it out of the world. Then what would you do with it, sir, you, sir, you sir, you?" pointing with an oratorical flourish, at each repetition to different individuals before him.—At length an old sleeper, well known to the Corpus Christi army, Judge H—n, could contain himself no longer. Wheeling hence pointed at him and in the momentary panic succeeding the searching question, the Judge broke the solemn silence by answering, in a loud, shrill tone, "*Lay it out in mules!*"

Shall I attempt, says the narrator, to portray the effect? The audience was convulsed. The holy man maintained himself with becoming gravity and self-possession for a moment, and made a feeble attempt to proceed, but soon gave up in despair.

GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.—The Rochester American, alluding to Bradshaw's Telegraphic Sewing Machine, on exhibition in that city, says:

"Of all amazing, novel, curious yankeeism this is the greatest. It is contrived so ingeniously as to do the labor of eight persons in a style that will compare with that done by the carefulest hands, and yet so simple as to be worked by a child, without the slightest possible liability to get out of order. A pair of pantaloons can be made by it, the button holes and the sewing on of the buttons excepted, in thirty minutes. We have never seen any work so strongly put together as the work of this machine.—And this is also the opinion of many manufactures of clothing who have borne testimony thereto."

"It is truly one of the greatest labor saving machines of the age, and we should think for good or ill, one that must work an entire revolution in the seamster's art."

A TYPOGRAPHICAL RACE!—There has been considerable excitement for some days past in the typographical circles, in consequence of a proposition to run a race between the "fast man of the Delta," and Mr. Pace, of the Bulletin. They are regarded as the swiftest compositors in the United States, Mr. Pace being equal to two ordinary compositors, and Mr. Wat. Smith having set up two thousand an hour on bourgeois type. To set up one thousand an hour in bourgeois type, is regarded as an extraordinary feat. It is expected the proposed match will come of to-morrow. The bet is for one hundred dollars a-side, the compositors in the two offices having staked the money for their respective friends. The match has created an interest among our brethren of the type, which persons of that profession only can feel and understand. As they are both of them favorites with us, we say "success to both sides!" and the devil take the pi of the hindmost.—*N. O. Courier.*

Bell's Life in London relates an anecdote of a pugilist named Shelton, who, after a day's pleasure at Hampstead, England, gambled away his money and clothes at pitch and toss; upon which he tossed with his companion to see which should hang himself, the survivor to have the money and clothes of the loser. The lot again fell upon Shelton, who actually borrowed sixpence to purchase the halter, and commenced fulfilling his engagement. A watchman came up at the moment and cut him down; for which service the poor fellow was knocked down by Shelton, in the excess of his indignation for the interference. He was tried for the assault and deservedly sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

MRS. FARNHAM OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.—This enterprising lady, after all her efforts, has had to leave for California with a very small number of ladies accompanying her. The ladies of America are much less disposed to engage in a hazardous undertaking than the men, and seem disposed to "let well enough alone." But that was not the spirit of their forefathers, to whom they owe so much. The following are all the ladies who sailed in the Angelica for California, from New York, on Saturday week, there being also fifteen gentlemen:—Miss Farnham, two children and servant.

WOMEN IN THE ARMY FIGHTING.—The late German papers say that Hungarian ladies are fighting with the same enthusiasm for freedom as their countrymen. Among one hundred and forty Hungarian captives taken by Gen. Simonich, there were sixteen Hungarian ladies, with muskets in their hands, and dressed in military uniform. A countess of the highest rank has raised a regiment at her own expense, and her sister is the commander of this regiment.

☞ At the latest dates, Gen. Riley, the great temperance lecturer, was offering the drum sellers of St. Louis twenty five cents an hour to listen at him.