

# "If God be on our side."

BY S. S. D.

Why should I care for the heaving billows,  
Or for the foaming waves?  
I've launched upon the sea of life,  
And rely on Him who saves.

Yes! may the vivid lightnings flash,  
And the thunders loudly roar;  
I'll place my trust in Eloheim,  
And his name forever adore.

On Him, mine eye of faith I'll keep,  
And onward I'll pursue my way;  
Up-born by the unyielding waves,  
And the pelting storm around me play.

Friends may rage, and foes unite,  
To sink me in despair;  
But God, my Father and my Friend,  
Will overthrow them there.

Yes! pirates are a cruising round,  
They're passing to and fro  
Upon this boundless sea of ours,  
Our ship to overthrow.

But our Captain is at the helm,  
My all-sufficient Friend;  
And the storms may rage eternally,  
His arm will still defend.

He has been my hope and trust,  
And has led me 'on my way;  
He will not leave me, nor forsake,  
In the great and trying day.

He knows the desires of my heart,  
And that to do his will;  
I am an erring child of dust,  
On him dependent still.

My anchor always shall be hope,  
And faith shall be my shield;  
The word of God shall be my sword,  
Which, with his help, I'll wield.  
G. S. L. City, July, 1856.

## Dow Jr.

This is the shape and size of the text to my present discourse:

What's possible, perchance may come—  
What must be, sure will hap, alas!  
But what's impossible, can't be,  
And never, never comes to pass.

My HEARERS—This is a world of possibilities, probabilities, dead certainties and impossibilities.—Some things are possible, many probable, a few fatal, and now and then one (supposed to be) impossible; yet possibilities, probabilities, impossibilities and infallibilities are so snarled up and tangled together, that to separate them without snapping innumerable threads, requires all the ingenuity and patience that human philosophy can muster. For my part, it ties my thinking faculties all up into a hard knot to make out what is possible and what isn't.

At the marvelous feats performed upon the magnetic telegraph, and at the antics said to be cut by Spirits on a visit from another world, I can do nothing but stand still and gape, like a fool at a sewing machine. That Intelligence can run a race with Thought around the globe, and come out about neck and tie, and that we can obtain fresh news from Heaven at any time by beckoning down its spiritual inhabitants—engage them to assist us in moving our furniture; or to work all day at pile-driving, by lifting up and letting drop with unseen hands that all-thundering cast iron fifty-six, at which a young steam boiler so unnecessarily tugs and frets—is remarkable—'werry!' The only difference between Electro-Magnetic Telegraph Manifestations and Spiritual Manifestations is, as far as I can see, that—one seems just about as impossible as the other.

But there they are, my friends, palpably demonstrated; and the more I cogitate upon the matter, the more I wonder, like the tadpole when his tail dropped off, 'what the d—l's going to happen next!' First, my brethren, of possibilities.—These are the mere refuse of probabilities—uncertain as old flint-lock muskets with damp powder in the pan. Their visits are wholly unexpected, and usually attended with wonder and surprise.

But let me mention, my beloved, a few things which may possibly happen; so that when they occur, your astonishment may not receive too sudden a boost. It is possible, that by the next arrival from the Atlantic States, we may learn that a Speaker to the House of Representatives has been picked out of the huge pile of rubbish there conglomerated; and that the Whigs, Democrats, Know Nothings, Abolitionists, Hard Shells, Soft Shells, Sheddors, Hunkers, Flunkers, Flounders, and other similar fry, are all chowdered together in the political caldron.

It is possible, that some kind Spirit Rapper will inform us who is to be our next President, and thereby save poor Uncle the trouble and expense of holding elections on the subject.

It is possible, that our city Fathers may mend their ways, before the last plank of their salvation shall have rotted from beneath their feet: that their Joint Resolutions—unlike those of dogs over a knuckle bone—may be unanimously concurred in, and without an eye to the morsel of meat attached thereto.

It is possible, that Wisdom may yet reign in our legislative Ass-embly—that its members may become 'wise as (other) serpents,' and harmless as toads, instead of making as much mischief as so many monkeys in a printing office.

It is possible, that plain piety may take the place of showery pretension in some of our fashionable city churches—barely possible.

It is possible, that a thunderbolt may knock some of its gliding off against the toughest of you case-hardened sinners before another month, perhaps a week, rolls round. My brethren: we have

been visited by a little possibility, which, no doubt thought 'great shakes' of itself at the time; and I, for one, feel somewhat inclined to flatter its vanity. Of course, I have reference to that nice specimen of an earthquake that shak'd 't'other morn—awoke the priest, unshaven, unshorn—Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, tattered and torn—the editor, sleepy, weary and worn—that frightened the maiden all forlorn—your humble preacher, 'in a horn'—that shook the houses, cracked the walls, unshelved old bottles, and went it quite loose in the city that San Franciscans built.

Your servile preacher, my brethren, is a very early riser, by force of habit and a few fleas, generally shedding his night shirt at the first cock-crow; but on the morning in question, the little Quaker was 'up and stirring' almost as soon as myself. Well, who was afraid? Not I; for my lowly habitation—composed of wood, cotton sheeting and brown paper—was built upon as solid and righteous a bill as can be found in this vicinage.—Therefore was I bold as a lion; while the wicked, and those of a 'lower grade' generally, took astonishing frog leaps for the Plaza, as if salvation was centered there.

No wonder that the ominous spasm seemed of fifteen or twenty seconds (a miniature eternity) duration to you poor frightened sinners. Poh! do you imagine an earthquake, that is in any sort of a hurry, is going to loaf away its precious time in that idle manner? If you do, you make a slight mistake. A circle of five seconds in dimension is plenty large enough for any decent sized earthquake to thrash about in, and make sufficient mischief to satisfy the most devoted lover of extra excitement. For my part, I am not willing to extend the area of freedom a single inch beyond it to any such ticklish phenomena.

Now, my friends, for probabilities. The probability is that this recent terrestrial ague-fit is but the fore leg of some bigger runner; therefore, I warn you cheating, grasping, grabbing, Mammon-serving San Franciscans to beware! Your houses are all either built upon the sand, or on rotten sticks stuck in the mud; and, as for your mortal structures, they rest upon equally shaky foundations. There is a big chunk of wrath in the storehouse of the future for you. O ye hypocritical crocodiles! You have had a warning—and unless you turn from the error of your ways, cease your mutual robberies, and worship something else in the place of slugs, specimens and other golden images, the probability is that the fate of Korah and his hosts and the idolatrous Jeddaites will be yours. You live in a volcanic country—your very natures have become volcanic, and all the elements necessary to the constitution of an elephantine earthquake are concentrated in your midst.

Beware! My brethren: what is to be must be, and there is no such thing as scaring it off by sour looks and ugly faces. If you are predestinated to be hung (as you deserve to be) you can never serve as physic to an earthquake. But I advise you to imagine that no such fate as either awaits you; and strive so to live, behave yourselves and employ your valuable time, as to give even predestination itself such a shake, as to leave it but an equivocal concern at the best.

As to impossibilities, my friends, I hardly recognize any such stumblers in this wonder-working age. Nothing seems impossible now-a-days, except to make a hoop without a hole in the middle, and the discovery of some process by which self-righteous mortals can be converted into penitent sinners, and broken down politicians into useful members of society! So mote it be!—[Golden Era.]

SCOTT RUSSELL'S 'GREAT EASTERN' STEAMER.—The new number of the Quarterly Review has an article entitled the 'Triton and the Minnows,' devoted to a wholesale laudation of this leviathan, whose dimensions are illustrated by some curious examples.

It is said that ten water-tight bulk-heads, 60 feet apart, divide the ship transversely; whilst two longitudinal iron walls, 366 feet apart, traverse 350 feet of her length.

If we could take Mivart's Hotel, and drop it into one of these; take Farrances, and drop it into the second; take Morley's, at Charing Cross, and fit it into a third; and adjust the Great Western Hotel, at Paddington, and the Great Northern, at King's Cross, into compartments four and five, we should get some faint idea of the accommodation to be afforded. Each compartment will be a distinct hotel, with its splendid saloons, upper and lower, of 60 feet in length, its bedrooms, its kitchen, and its bar.

The 'big ship' is destined, be it remembered, to carry 800 first-class, 2,000 second-class, and 1,200 third-class passengers, making a total of 4,000 guests, independent of the crew.

The total length of the vessel will be 692 feet. To make the capacity of these figures better understood, it may be stated that neither Grosvenor nor Belgrave Square could take the Great Eastern in; Berkeley-square would barely admit her, and when rigged her mizen-boom would project some distance up Davis-street, whilst her bowsprit, if she had one, would hang a long way over the Marquis of Lansdowne's garden.

She is the eighth of a mile in length, and consequently four turns up and down her deck will afford the passengers a walk of a mile. Her width is 83 feet, the width of Pall-mall; across her paddle-boxes her breadth is 114 feet; and if she had to steam up Portland-place, she would scrape the houses on each side.

This floating town will be propelled by three powers—paddle, screw and sail. Her paddle-wheels, 56 feet in diameter, or considerably larger than the circus at Astley's, will be propelled by four engines.

The screw is 24 feet in diameter, and the four fans remind the spectator of the blade-bones of some huge antediluvian monster. Its shaft is 160 feet in length, and weighs 60 tons.

Thus the ship will be pulled and pushed in its course like an invalid in a Bath chair, and sails will only be used with a strong wind in the direction of her course—say a breeze going twenty-five miles per hour, for which she is prepared with seven masts and 6,500 square yards of canvas.

As speaking-trumpets would be useless aboard a vessel of the dimensions of the Great Eastern, a semaphore will be used to signal to the helmsman by day, and a system of colored lights by night.

The engineer will be communicated with by the electric telegraph.

A standard compass will be placed upon a stage forty feet in height, and the helmsman will either read off the points through a transparent card, illuminated like a clock-face, or the shadow of the needle will be projected down a long tube upon a card below, so as to avoid the necessity of the helmsman looking up, and to obviate the difficulty which would be felt in fogs.

Her ten anchors will weigh 55 tons; her 800 fathoms of chain cable, 98 tons; and her capstans and warps, 100 tons; total, 253 tons of appliances for making her fast.

Gas will be manufactured on board, and laid on to all parts of the ship; and the electric light will be fixed at the masthead.

The operation of launching will be as great a novelty as the vessel herself. Notwithstanding that her weight when that moment arrives will be no less than 12,000 tons, she is to enter the water broadside on, by means of an inclined plane, which is the reason why she is building parallel to the river.—[Albion.]

VENTILATION OF THE SCHOOL-ROOM.—People are quite ready to acknowledge the necessity of an abundant and pure supply of air, but they recognise the abstract principle far more readily than they act upon it.

In former times, when buildings were much more open than at present—when the broad throats of huge fire-places yawned across half the side of a room, and received within their jaws, for a single fire, a pile of wood sufficient to supply a stove for a week—when every window and door clattered in its frame, and admitted the outside atmosphere in quantities ample enough to make up for the draft of the chimney and the breathings of the inmates, there was no necessity for entering into any scientific arrangements for ventilation. The very absence of science in construction obviated its necessity, and made up for all deficiencies.

But at the present day, when brick and stone are constructed into air-proof walls—when doors fit their casings, and windows their frames, in perfect joints—when roof, and ceiling and partition, allow neither of admission nor exit for a breath of air, it is all important that attention of the builder be called to the subject of ventilation. Especially should this be the case in school-houses and churches, where large numbers of persons are congregated.

Put one hundred pupils in any school-room, and let the ventilators be closed for half a day, and a person entering it from the fresh free air of the street, will perceive instantly a very offensive and depressing atmosphere. It contains all the elements of a subtle poison, and one, which carried to a higher degree of concentration, would produce almost instantaneous death.

Bad ventilation produces ill consequences in two ways; first, by depriving the respiratory organs of the necessary supply of oxygen, and secondly, by substituting a poison in the shape of carbonic acid in its stead. The former gas, inhaled in the air, supports in the animal system a slow combustion of the carbon elaborated from the food, and carried into the circulation. The result of this combustion in the animal economy, as in a fire-place, is carbonic acid accompanied by the evolution of heat; and the new gas is then exhaled in place of the exhausted oxygen. Provision must be made for its removal, and for a fresh supply of oxygen, or disease and death will ensue. There are more scholars, twice told, injured, we venture to say, by sitting in ill-ventilated school-rooms, than by over mental or deficient physical exertion.—[Rural New-Yorker.]

THE BLACK LION OF NORTHERN AFRICA.—There are three varieties of lion in Algeria: the black, the gray and the tawny. The black lion is not so numerous, nor quite so large as the others; but his head is nobler, his chest broader, his limbs stronger; altogether, he is the most formidable animal. His mane alone is black—long, thick, terrible; the rest of his robe is of a tawny hue, deepening at the ends and fringes into brown.

The gray and tawny varieties differ only from the black in the color of their mane, and, as before said, they are a little larger, and not so thick-set.

The former varieties, too, lead a wandering life, like most beasts of the forest; but the black lion, having established himself in comfortable quarters, often abides there for thirty years. He rarely descends to attack the douars or villages, but does not extend this forbearance to the herds, which he takes care to meet on their return at evening from pasture. In summer time, too, when the days are long, he leaves his den at sunset, and posts himself by the side of a mountain path, in wait for belated travelers.

The roar of the lion, as Gerard, the French lion hunter, first heard it, is worth description. After waiting for an hour, the first grumblings reached his ear, as if the lion were talking to himself; and these grew louder and louder, till the very roof of the hunter's hiding place trembled at the sound. The roarings were not very frequent—sometimes a quarter of an hour or more elapsed between each. They began with a sort of sigh, deep and guttural, yet so

prolonged that it must have cost no effort; this sigh was succeeded by silence for a few seconds, and then came a growl from the chest, which seem to issue through closed lips and swollen cheeks. This growl, beginning in a very bass note, gradually rose higher and louder till the roar burst forth in all its grandeur, and finished as it commenced. Thus the lion always roars.

The Arabs call it raa (thunder); and certainly nothing earthly can compare with it. The bellowing of a furious bull is no more like it than a pistol shot is like the sound of a 32 pounder. Imagine what a terror such a roar must inspire, heard in the lonely mountain passes and under the silent stars!—[N. Y. Dispatch.]

PRACTICAL PREACHING.—AN UNDERSTANDABLE COMPARISON.—Dropping into an African meeting house we found the sermon just commenced. The topic seemed to be the depravity of the human heart, and the sable divine thus illustrated his argument:

"Bredren, when I was in Virginny one day de ole woman's kitchen table got broke, an I was sent into de woods to cut a tree to make a leaf for it. So I took de axe on de shoulder, an I wander in de depths of de forest. All nature was beautiful as a lady going to de wedding. De leaves glistened on de maple tree like new quarter dollars in de missionary box, de sun shone as brilliant, and nature looked as gay as a buck rabbit in a parsley garden, and de little bell round de ole sheep's neck tinkled softly and muzically in de distance. I spied a tree suitable for de purpose, and raised de axe to cut into de trunk. It was a beautiful tree. De branch reached to de four corners ob de earth, and raised up high to de air above, and de squirrels hop about on de limbs like little angels flopping their wing in de kingdom ob heaven. Dat tree was full ob promise, my friend, just like a great many ob you.

Den I cut into de trunk, and de chip fly like de mighty scales falling from Paul's eyes. Two, three cuts I gave dat tree, and alas! it was hollow in de but.

Dat tree was much like you, my friends, full ob promise outside but holler in de but."

The groans from the amen corner of the room were truly contrite and affecting, but we will venture a wager that that was the most practicable sermon preached in the city on that day at least.—[Ex.]

SIDNEY SMITH ON SWEARING.—Sidney Smith, when traveling in a stage coach one day, long before railroads were dreamed of, was terribly annoyed by a young man, who had acquired the polite art of swearing to such an extent, that he could not help interlarding his discourse with it, as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there was a lady present, the matter was doubly annoying. After enduring the young man's displays for some time, the "wag, wit, and wicar," as one of his Cockney admirers called him, asked permission to tell the company a little anecdote, and thus commenced:

"Once upon a time (boots, sugar tongs, and tinder boxes) there was a King of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) England who, at a grand ball (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) picked up the Duchess of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) Shrewsbury's garter (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) and said, 'Honi soit qui mal y (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) pense,' which means in English, 'Evil be to him, who (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) evil thinks.' This was the origin of (boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes) the order of the garter."

When Sidney Smith had concluded, the young gentleman said: "A very good story, sir—rather old—but what the devil has boots, sugar tongs and tinder boxes to do with it?"

"I will tell you, my young friend, when you tell me what 'd—n my eyes,' &c., have to do with our conversation. In the meantime, allow me say, that's my style of swearing."

PATERNAL DUTY.—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort.

I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely, well cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents and brethren and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing.—[Wayland's Moral Science.]

There is a physician in Troy who now and then deals in a little sharp practice. Whenever business is dull he gives a juvenile party, and so crams the rising generation with pastry and warm lemonade, that in less than twenty-four hours, a cholera morbus gets in among "his young friends," that keeps him profitably employed for the next three months.