Daddy Donk's Sermon at Timber-Gut.

On recurring to the manuscript of the "pious" friend who took notes of "Father Donk," the "Two-Seed divine's" sermon, I see that only the peroration of that memorable discourse has been preserved. Future generations must remain ignorant even of the text. What has been preserved, however, by the hand of my friend, I proceed to give you:

"My breethren," continued Father Donk, "there's a thing been on my mind all the time I've been talkin' to you this morning. Looks like the Lord has been callin' all day for me *to talk it right out!* But, my breethren,"—here the parson's voice faltered, and he wiped his eyes with the tail of his hunting-shirt—"I nately hate to say the word, bekase it's consarnin' givin' up the church on Timber-Gut Creek, whar I've sowed the good seed, glory to the Lord, and where it sprouted and brought forth fruit, some fifty and some an hundred fold. Breethren, the Lord knows I love you Timber-Gutters; but, my breethren the Church and me seems to be a-defferin' (differing), on some points o' faith, and I reckon I'd better go. Yea, Lord, Thy will be done, but Timber-Gut is dear to the heart of old Daddy Donk! Here I've striv, and here I've rastled, and here I've snake-poled Satan as far as the Lord has give me strength. Praise the Lord. I've give the old varmint's hide some mighty tight dressin's, but he's a-gittin' the upper hand of old Daddy Donk now!

"Yes, breethren;" here the speaker warmed up evidently, "you that lives away down here on Timber-Gut, don't know what's a-doin' away up yonder to Jacksonville; but I'll tell you, breethren! Yes, I'll raise my voice and tell it so loud that there shan't be a man, nor a woman, nor a child, on all Timber-Gut, but shall hear it—*Satan has had another flirt with the old strumpet of Babylon*—and what d'ye reckon she's brought forth? I say, *what* has the old slut of Babylon brought forth? Why, SONS-O'-TEMPERANCE!

"Yes, breethren, and 'fore you know, you have a cross of the same stock down here on Timber-Gut! I see it comin'! And right here, breethren, this fetches me up to the pint I was aimin' at awhile ago. Bless God, breethren, you all know that when old Daddy Donk fust come down on Timber-Gut, about a year ago, there warn't but two or three breethren of the Two Seed faith on all Timber-Gut! But your old Daddy preached and prayed in the neighbors' houses, and by-and-by the Lord begun to move, and many were added to the Church! And by-and-by, breethren, we got a 'scription to build a house to the Lord, and the breethren was liberal and we built this nice house—and breethren, we had seven dollars and a half over and above buildin' the house of the Lord! And the Lord prospered the Church on Timber-Gut on every hand, and we took the money that was over and above the buildin' of the meetin'-house, and we laid it out in fifteen gallons of good corn whisky for the breethren to use on meetin' days! Oh! glory to the Lord, them was the days when the church on Timber-Gut was like a green bay tree! Then you might a-seed the breethren a-flockin' in of Sunday mornin'! Then was the time your old Daddy Donk went down into the water with something or another every meetin' day! And, breethren," here the speaker sobbed between his, "there was added to the Church *ondurin' the time we had that sperrits, forty five members!*

"Praise God! it was just adzactly *three to the gallon, brethren!*

"But now, breethren," continued the venerable Donk, with a trembling, plaintive intonation, "but now, breethren, them sperrits has been out for two meetins'. Your old Daddy comes down every month to see you, and preach for you, and fight Satan for you, and thar's not a drap in the kag. The Church, too, is lukewarm, and Satan seems to be a-gittin' it all his own way. Breethren, I hope the Lord will bless the Church on Timber-Gut, but the way things is fixed, breethren, your old Daddy Donk is satisfied in his own mind that the Lord is about to call somebody else to take charge of the Church on Timber-Gut, for your old Daddy do not feel willin' to rastle for souls with Satan, *and give him all under holt!*"

It is but justice to the highly intelligent congregation of Parson Donk, to state that a committee was raised immediately upon the conclusion of the Parsons discourse, and a sufficient sum raised to procure a suitable supply of munitions of war, and that that venerable pastor consented to continue his ministrations on Timber-Gut. I doubt not the devil will get some confounded hard falls, now that Daddy Donk has in a (tin) measure deprived him of his "under holt."—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

The Battle of Snaptown.

The Hamilton "Intelligencer" contains an account of a recent battle at the little village of Winton, south of Hamilton, familiarly known as Snaptown. There had been a lottery-drawing a short time before the battle at the Winton House. Some of the ticket holders who drew blanks, determined to assert their rights, forcibly if they must. Eight of them banded together for the purpose, headed by one Wilson, brother-in-law to mine host of the Winton. They entered and took some *potations* to rouse their courage, demanded of the landlady, who was alone, a return of the money paid for the tickets, which being refused, they declared they must have it or blood. They were ordered out by the landlady, assisted by Mr. Butler, who has a small store adjoining. They refused to go, and one of the men drew a pistol and aimed at the woman. Her noise attracted a neighboring German, who took sides with, and gave her a shot-gun. She held open the door and insisted on their leaving, which they refused to do, and she fired the shot-gun in their midst. One fell, others were wounded, and in confusion they retreated. The Snaptowners reinforced the woman, and they prepared to repel any new assault, but were not again disturbed. Some of the assailing party have since been bound over to court. Well, Mrs. Kimball, the landlady has good *grit*, behaved bravely, and deserves credit. She is, we understand, for woman's rights.

Rules for the Journey of Life.

The following rules, from the papers of Dr West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general waymarks on the journey of life:

Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may be to you.

Never show levity when people are engaged at worship.

Never resent a supposed injury till you know the views and motives of the author of it. On no occasion relate it.

Always take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never think worse of another on account of his differing from you in political or religious subjects.

Never dispute with a man who is more than seventy years of age, nor a woman, nor any enthusiast.

Never affect to be witty, or to jest, so as to wound the feelings of another.

Say as little as possible of yourself and of those who are near to you.

Aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Never court the favor of the rich by flattering their vanity or their vices.

Speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently review your conduct and note your feelings.

GOD GAVE ME TO THIS HOME.—One winter evening, while the family were, as usual, gathered around the centre-table, a neighbor drove up, and entering soon with hearty friendliness, had Kitty on his knee. "Come, Kitty," said he, "won't you go home and live with me?" The child looked up into his face; the golden curls fell backwards to her shoulders, and her deep blue eyes met his, as she answered, "God gave me to this home."

The tone was simple as the words, and the silvery voice was childhood's; yet, for a moment, the sound seemed as if it walted from a far-off world, where angels only dwelt. A shadow—no, not a shadow, but a sober brightness, as of something profound and holy, was cast over the meditative mood of the dwellers in "this house," and every heart within it swelled with gratitude for the great God's gift.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ He that gives to a grateful man, puts his money at compound interest.

☞ An upright judge has more regard to justice than to men.

Abdul Medjid,

THE SULTAN OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

Abdul Medjid was born on the 20th of April, 1824, and was but sixteen years of age when called to succeed his father, whose death was announced on the 1st of July, 1839, though it is supposed that it occurred some days before. The ceremony of installation was performed on the 11th. when he was girded with the sword of Osman with all the ancient formalities. He is tall and well formed; his head is fine and regular; his deportment is graceful and noble; his auburn hair is always covered by a red calashe, similar to that worn by the meanest of his subjects; his eyes are of a grayish blue, full and penetrating. His habitual costume is the military dress of his empire—a dark-colored tunic, buttoned up to the neck; no warlike accoutrement except a sabre suspended at his side, and similar to that which every citizen may gird in the hour of danger; no golden embroideries nor dazzling honors upon his habitual dress.

The decorations which the Sultan confers, have the form of a sort of gold medal, on which is engraved his signature, and the importance of which depends upon the number and value of the diamonds which surround it. The supreme mark of favor of this kind, the most enviable decoration, is the miniature portrait of the Sultan, surrounded by jewels, and suspended to a chain; women may receive this decoration, which they wear attached to the left shoulder. Three Christian ladies possess it at this moment. One of them, the Princess V——, lately received this august present in Moldavia, in presence of a young Turk in high office, who had been brought up near the person of Abdul Medjid. "Behold him," said he, inclining himself profoundly before this portrait: "behold him! that master whom we revere, not because he is powerful, but because he is good!" "Never," added he, "has that angelic heart permitted a drop of blood to flow, either to extend or to secure his power; the life of others is so sacred in his eyes, that when it behooves him to pass sentence of death, even on a criminal, he takes refuge in the retirement of his apartment, secludes himself there, and becomes inaccessible to all; there he, in anguish, asks within himself if God can have given him the power to blot out forever a man from the number of the living." On his accession to the throne, it became necessary for him, in accordance with the custom, to sacrifice a lamb. He refused to do it. "If that is the price of the throne," said he, laughing, "I choose to renounce it."

The Sultan Abdul Medjid, has conducted the administration of Turkey upon the policy of his eminent father. Called, when yet a child, to the exercise of absolute power in an immense empire, his father bequeathed to him the overwhelmning burden of a country weakened by unfortunate wars, and undermined by secret intrigues. His first step, on ascending the throne, was to entirely reorganize the army, upon the best European model. With the utmost liberality, he granted to the Christians privileges and immunities; he founded schools where Catholics, Greeks, Armenians, Jews and Mussulmen live side by side, instructed each by the Ministers of their respective religions, and attended each by persons of the same religious persuasion; and the grateful Christians contributed the aid of their experience to all the reforms of the young sovereign. They assisted him to establish his schools; they organized his armies; they exercised his navy. Thus has been realized by the son that great saying of the father, "I wish my subjects to be recognised, the Mussulman only at the church, the Jew only at the synagogue." In his reign, taxes have been equalized, and the general prosperity of the country so much advanced, that its population is annually increased by immigrations of the subjects of neighboring States, drawn to Turkey by the comforts of an enlightened and comparatively free government. In carrying out the new system of reform called Tanzimat, the present Sultan has encountered the most formidable obstacles, both by rebellions at home and by ambitious tyrants of other countries, who seek to despoil him of rich and valuable territory. The reform undertaken by the Sultan Mahomed, with the design of giving unity to the Ottoman Empire, and pursued with an implacable will through fire and blood, has been continued with singular good fortune by means quite different. The mere exercise of justice, tempered by a touching goodness, has sufficed to the Sultan Abdul Medjid for rallying around his throne all the diverse races subjected to him, and which a little while ago implored the succour of Europe. Reform has been pursued with unwearied ardor. The amelioration of the discipline, the equipment and the organization of the army, concessions in favor of the establishment of railroads and the creation of a bank, were about to place Turkey in a position to encounter force as well as civilization. Once entered into the family of European interests, she would have eluded all dangers by the transformation. To prevent this result, at any price, is the object of the attack now made upon her.

Influence of Memory.

We know an old man, who, having led a long career of vice and crime, was at lenght banished from his country, and who, while undergo ng his period of banishment, amidst the wilds and jungles of a distant land, heard, in the summer eventide, a sweet female voice, singing in his own language, the very song which had lulled him to his infant slumbers, when he knew crime but by name, and knew it only to abhor. It had been sung, too, by the cradle of an infant sister, a little one who had died young, and was now in heaven; the mother, too, was no more. But the song—the old song—had not lost its influence over him yet. Back came trooping upon him the old memories, which had so long slumbered down there in the unsunned depths of his heart; the mother and the father; the household gatherings; the old books; the old schoolhouse; the time worn church, half hidden by the old yew-trees, where he had first heard the Bible read all came back upon him, as fresh as if it were but yesterday; and, overpowered by his feelings, he gave vent to them in a flood of tears. And then the old man grew calm, and his latter days were his best days; and when the term of his banishment expired, he came back again to his father-land, and there, in that old village grave-yard, amid whose grassy hillocks he first played and gambolled, and where the mother and her little one were sleeping, he laid down his weary limbs, and sank peacefully away into a common grave. —*Eliza Cook.*

Preventives of Crime.

We have tried every shade of system but the right. Ingenuity has been on the rack to invent every sort of reformatory means, from the iron rule of Milbank, to the affectionate fattening at Pentonville—except one, and that happens to be the right one. Punishment has occupied all our thoughts—training, none. We condemn young criminals for not knowing certain moralities which we have not taught them, and—by herding them with accomplished professors of dishonesty in transit gaols—punish them for immoralities which have there been taught them. * * These, and a thousand other facts too obvious for the common sense of our readers to be troubled with, induce us to recommend one other "great experiment" which has never yet been tried. It has the advantage of being a preventive as well as a cure—it is, compared with all the penal systems now in practice, immeasurably safer, more humane, and incalculably cheaper. The "great experiment," we propose, is national education.—*Charles Dickens.*

BRAINS AND DIGESTION.—The question, "Why do not printers succeed as well as brewers?" was thus answered: "Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have stomachs, but one has brains."