



### For the Journal.

#### The Holydays.

I remember, I remember  
How my childish heart beat high,  
When the dear old month December  
With its mirth was drawing nigh;  
And with what joy 'twas laden  
Tho' the last one of the year,  
To a happy little maiden,  
Who wish'd it ever near.

Oh 'twas festive, oh 'twas festive,  
In my dear paternal home,  
When the many happy glances  
Told the holidays had come;  
And sweeter strains of music  
Have never met my ear,  
Then "a merry Christmas to you,"  
Or a "happy, blest New Year."

We were happy, very happy,  
For many days before,  
In thinking of the treasures  
That the future held in store;  
For we knew the strains of gladness  
From affection's fond did spring,  
And besides the yearly presents,  
That old "Santa Claus" would bring.

Then our father and our mother,  
Oh! I'm sure their hearts were glad,  
For their faces told a language  
Their tongues could not have said.  
Their untold hearts were clinging  
Around that household band,  
And license sweet was springing  
As from a fairy land.

But a dearer than all other,  
For the joy her visit brought,  
Was our aged, good grand-mother  
With a heart so kindly fraught,  
And her pockets, too, were laden  
With many a gift and toy;  
But we valued them less highly  
Than the love light in her eye.

There was beauty, rare beauty,  
In her mild and pleasant face,  
Tho' the rose of youth had vanished  
And age had left its trace,  
And the locks were white and silvery  
Her placid brow above;  
Yet the glory of those features  
Was religion's faith and love.

A thousand memories linger  
Around her place of rest,  
For the turf and wild spring flower  
Her bosom long have pressed;  
And her heart knows no such rapture  
Tho' to womanhood I'm grown,  
As when in love's full purpose,  
With the holidays she'd come.

#### A BEAUTIFUL REMINISCENCE.

From the Apalachi.

In the summer of 1821 I boarded a few weeks at the hotel now kept by Col. B.ehler, in Harrisburg, then called Mrs. Behler's, as the mother of Col. B. was then living, whose kindness and amiable disposition will be remembered by all who frequented her house; and more especially if they were on the sick list, or required any attention to increase their comfort.

At that time Gen. Heister was Governor of Pennsylvania, and Andrew Gregg Secretary of the Commonwealth. Mr. Gregg also made his home at Mrs. Behler's. On Saturday afternoon his office was closed, and he usually spent that part of his time in the reading room, unless invited out, which not infrequently happened.

It often occurred that gentlemen who stopped at Mrs. B.'s sought Mr. Gregg's company, and got him to speak of the early fathers of the republic, almost all of whom he had seen and known—and to me, his relation of matters and things of "old lang syne," were very interesting. He had been a warm Jeffersonian, was elected to Congress, at an early day, by the anti-federal party; was an intimate personal as well as political friend of Mr. Jefferson; having messaged and lodged with him several years, after he was a member of Congress. And after the election of Mr. J. to the Presidency, had been reproachfully spoken of by Mr. Randolph of Roanoke, as the "manager of the house of Commons," Mr. Gregg being the acknowledged leader of the anti-federal Jeffersonian party in the house of representatives. His intimate knowledge of public men and events of those early times as well as the candor and frankness of his conversations, rendered them as I have already said, very attractive.

It was on Saturday afternoon, in August, 1821, that a particular friend of Mr. Gregg's, Mr. J. M. H., then of Cumberland county, who is still living, dropped in at Mrs. B.'s and in course of their conversation, Mr. Gregg related the following little story, which impressed me so forcibly that I have not forgotten it although twenty-seven years have since elapsed. It occurred in Washington city, while he was a member of Congress, and Jefferson was President.

He had just risen, he said, from the dinner table, when a servant announced that two persons on horseback were at the door, who said they were from Pennsylvania, and wished to see "Andy Gregg." Mr. G. went to the door, and found a German from Marietta, with his daughter, bound to Virginia to buy land, but who desired him to accompany them to see Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. G. was rather at a loss how to

arrange matters, and requested them to alight and have their horses put away. This they declined doing, but said if it was not too far to the President's house, they would get off and lead their horses there, as their call must be very brief. The German's tone was positive, and he would take no other course.—They did dismount, and all three walked up to the President's, taking their horses along.—Mr. J. must have occupied at that time the block of buildings near the capitol, that are still pointed out, or were a few years ago, as his residence whilst President.

There was a piling around the buildings, to which the horses were hitched and the party proceeded to the main entrance. Mr. G. took the lead. After applying the knocker, a colored servant opened the door, but contrived to place himself so as to obstruct the entrance. "I gave him my shoulder," said Mr. Gregg, "and sent him out of the way so that we all got into the hall. He then told us the President was at dinner; 'I knew the house well,'" added Mr. G. and I opened the room door to our right and invited my friends in, and found seats for them.

"There were folding doors between this room and the dining room, and I heard Mr. Jefferson ask the servant who it was that was in the adjoining room; I also heard him reply that it was Mr. Gregg and two other persons, a man and a woman. Mr. J. then ordered the folding doors to be thrown open, and called to me to come in and join him at dinner, and bring in my friends with me.

"I had dined, but my friends had not—so we all sat down to the table, the old man on Mr. Jefferson's right, the daughter on his left. Mr. Jefferson had the faculty of making every person at ease in his presence, and soon had the old man, as well as his daughter, perfectly at home. He was ever fond of mixing and conversing with plain unphiloctated men, and could offend to them in the easiest imaginable manner. They talked of farming, of the use of the plaster of Paris, of raising clover, and of stock; meanwhile, after dinner, the wine was circulated. It was good wine, and our German friend was no bad judge.

"At length he said to Mr. Jefferson: 'I am going to such a place in Virginia, and would like to know the best stopping places. As you are a Virginian, you can tell me, of course. Yes, said Jefferson, I know the road very well, and will give you directions. Then turning to his private Secretary, Mr. Cole, he said: 'Mr. Cole, just take your pen and note down what I am about to say. He then proceeded to name the places, observing to his guest, that in Virginia he must not expect to find taverns, as in Pennsylvania. But, said he, I am giving you the names of planters, at whose houses you will be kindly received and well entertained; but they will take no pay. This is our way in Virginia, and you will have to conform to our customs. He went on till he named a lady,—by such a day you will reach Mrs. Dandridge's.' 'Mrs. Dandridge!' said the guest. 'Is she the Miss Dandridge who had a child at our school in Litz, that took sick and died at my house, in Marietta, on its way home. Its mother was with us two weeks. I shall be very glad to see her; she was an excellent woman.' 'It is the very same,' said Mr. Jefferson, 'and I am glad you think so well of her, for she is my sister.' 'Your sister!' said our Pennsylvania friend—'is it possible!' and forgetting that he was not in his own well stored house, or a Lancaster county tavern he smote the table with his fist, and cried out, 'Come, by George, we must have another bottle of wine.' 'Certainly,' said Mr. Jefferson, and it was brought, and the President and his guests chatted till near sundown. But our German said he must be at a certain place that evening, and arose to start. Mr. J. accompanied them to the door, but the horses were gone. This was soon explained; the republican chief had even attended to them.—They had been sent to a livery stable and fed. They were brought to the President's and there, after cordial shaking of hands, and kind adieus, the company separated, with the free and social intercourse they had enjoyed, and as regarded our Pennsylvania friend and his daughter, delighted with the kindness and urbanity of the great republican chief, who in his intercourse with his fellow-men, was plain as simple, and as free from artfulness or sham, as the humblest man in the nation."

DEAFTER BROUGHT BACK.—Young Beach, who embezzled \$20,000 or \$30,000 from the Bridgeport (Conn.) Bank, and escaped to Europe, was arrested in Paris and brought back in the steamship Niagara. About \$16,000 was recovered.

#### Gen. Taylor—His Age, Family, &c.

We find in the New York Herald a letter from Baton Rouge, La., from which we make the following extracts:

Let me commence by correcting an error which the press and the people generally have fallen into in regard to his age. General Taylor is not sixty-two or sixty-four, as has been so frequently stated. He is but fifty-eight, and is therefore four years younger than is generally supposed—quite a considerable difference in a man of his age.—As a father and husband, he is unexceptionable. His disposition is exceedingly sweet and amiable, yet calm, cool and firm. He is not liable to be carried away by the emotions of the moment; but thinks twice before he speaks once, and therefore never has cause to regret what he may have said or done.

Mrs. Taylor, his worthy consort is just such a woman as he is a man—plain and unassuming in her manner, courteous and kind to her servants and dependants, and affectionate and confiding to her friends.

They have two daughters, and I believe, one son, living. One of the daughters was married to Col. Jefferson Davis. She married against the consent of her parents, and for a number of years the old General never exchanged a word with her husband. At the siege of Monterey, however, chance placed them closely together, and the opportunity was seized by Col. Davis to restore the good feelings which formerly existed between them. Satisfactory explanations were made; both shook hands; by-gones were forgotten, and the two are now happily reunited in the bonds of friendship. Mrs. Davis died some years since, much regretted by all who knew her.

His other daughter, well known as "Miss Betty," and who it is presumed, will be the presiding genius of the White House, is a beautiful girl. It is generally supposed that she will become the better half of gallant Colonel Bliss, and that they are engaged to be married, and have been so for some time. Col. Bliss is perfectly at home in the old General's house; he eats there, and is always treated by him as a son, and he looks up to General Taylor as a father. The second daughter living is married to Dr. Wood of the United States Army, residing in Baltimore.

A short time after the General was nominated by the Whig Convention in Philadelphia, he received a number of letters from distinguished politicians, urging him to travel to the North, in order to promote the chances of his success; but he turned a deaf ear to all of them. One day he was asked why he would not do so, when it was evident that it would help him in being elected. To this he made a characteristic reply. "Sir," said he, "I would not so far degrade myself as to go as far as that terry, (pointing to a terry close by,) to influence the public choice, or to secure my election. I have never solicited the nomination, and never aspired to the Presidency. If the people elect me of their own free choice, my humble services will be at their disposal. If they elect some other candidate, I shall not be in the slightest degree mortified."

It is supposed, by those who are competent to form an opinion on the subject, that Gen. Taylor will select Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, as Secretary of State or Attorney General. He has been heard, on many occasions, to express himself in the highest terms of commendation of that gentleman's talent and ability, and it is believed that several letters have passed between them within a short time.

GEN. SAM HOUSTON.—We met the savior of the streets yesterday, shortly after his arrival here, en route for Washington. Though more than three score years—years too, full of excitement, and crowded with stirring events—have passed over his head, Gen. Houston still maintains his erect and manly port, easy and graceful manners, and benignant expression of countenance. Nor has he lost all the eccentricity for which he has ever been distinguished. His dress was quaint in the extreme, and betokened more the frontier farmer and hunter, than the grave and reverend senator. A light brown frock coat with pantaloons to match, and seamed with blue velvet, a seal-skin cap, and parsonized white caravat, a faded straw-colored shad-belled satin vest, "all buttoned up before," and huge shirt ruffles, not sufficient, however, to conceal the handle of a large butcher's or hunter's knife, which extended from an inside pocket, made up the costume of this able and remarkable man. Gen. Rusk, the colleague of Gen. Houston, is also in the city.—New Orleans Delta, Nov. 22.

#### A LITTLE WATCH.—The New Orleans

Picayune of the 5th inst. notices a most astonishing piece of mechanism, in the form of a watch, at the store of Mr. Louis Muh, in that city. It is a perfect bijou, says the Picayune, and is the work of Mr. Augustin Matthey, of Geneva, and was over three years in being completed. Of course, he was only occupied at intervals in producing this extraordinary piece of workmanship. This wonderful time-piece is perfect; keeps good time. It is about as thick as three half dimes laid upon one another—including case, crystal and all—and measures in circumference just half the size of a half dime. It has a spring case of enamel, gold dial, and steel hands, cylinder escapement, with ten holes jewelled in ruby. It runs twenty-five hours without winding up. Besides, it is so arranged as to admit of being worn either in a brooch or finger-ring. It is, to our minds, in fact, a rare curiosity. Mr. Muh authorizes us to say that he will give \$1000 reward to any watchmaker who make a similar watch in the space of two years. He also goes further, and promises to pay any one who will take the watch to pieces and put it together again, \$200—provided they first deposit its estimated value, (\$1500.) as a guarantee not to ruin it in the attempt.

THE FIVE CRADLES.—A man who had recently become a votary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an intermediate state of booziness. That is to say he was comfortably drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and by sleeping off his inebriation, conceal the fact from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without creating much disturbance, and after ruminating a few moments on the matter, he thought if he could reach the bed-post, and hold on to it while he slipped off his apparel, the remainder of the feat would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cradle stood in a direct line with the bed-post, about the middle of the floor. Of course, when his shins came in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with a perfect looseness, and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backwards in an equally summary manner. Again he struggled to his feet and went to headforemost over the bower of infant happiness. At length with the fifth fall, his patience became exhausted, and the obstacle was yet to be overcome. In desperation, he cried out to his sleeping partner, "Wife! wife! how many cradles have you got in the house! I've fallen over five, and here's another before me!"

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A man who struggled with a malignant disease, approached that crisis in its stage on which his life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep, might ensure his recovery. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed; her servants, exhausted by constant watching, had all left her.—It was past midnight—a door was open for air; she heard, in the stillness of the night, a window open below stairs, and soon approaching footsteps. A moment more, and a man with his face disguised, entered the room. She instantly saw her husband's danger, and, anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband and pressing her finger upon her lips to implore silence, held out to the robber her purse and keys. To her surprise, he took neither. Whether he was terrified, or charmed by the courage of affection, cannot be known. He left the room, without robbing a house sanctified by such strength of affection, and departed.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S VIEW OF THE ELECTION.—"How these men do talk about the exercising their right of sufferings!" said Mrs. Partington, "as if nobody in the world suffered but themselves. They don't think of our sufferings; we poor creatures, must suffer and say nothing about it, and drink cheap tea, and be troubled with the children and scour and scrub our souls out, and we never say anything about it. But a man comes on regularly once a year, like a farmer's almanac, and grumbles about his suffering; and then it's only just to choose a governor, arter all. These men are hard creatures to find out, and ain't worth much after you have found 'em out."

MORE NULIFICATION.—In the Legislature of South Carolina, on the 8th inst., a resolution was offered declaring that the application of the Wilmot Proviso to Southern territory, will be resisted at any and every hazard.—Several resolutions of similar import had previously been submitted, but none of them have yet been acted on.

#### HIGH, LOW, GAME.

(SCENE IN FRONT OF A FASHIONABLE HOTEL.)

Gentleman (dismounting from his horse).—Stabler attend—refrigerate my beast by allowing him thrice to circumambulate yonder fountain; that accomplished, to imbibe a moderate quantity of nauseous particles; conduct him then with care to the repository for wearied beasts; and, having clothed in lustre his dusky skin by a gentle application of the vegetable material vulgarly called straw, suffer him in quiet to partake food which shall afford nourishment and generate repose.

Stabler, (laughing).—Wha-a-a-t, sir? Gent.—What, sir! Stand ye thus like one who has no reason in his soul, while this poor beast whose every pore's a fount of gushing strength grows valitudinarily 'neath Sol's oppressive rays? Ye volatile barbarian!

Stab. (Laughing still more unrestrainedly).—"I can't understand a word you say sir; but I 'spose you want your horse put up."

Gent.—"Stupidity unequalled! Landlord fulminate your censures against the tardy churl, who thus manifests opposition to my desire; and conduct me to secluded apartments, and bring restoratives of the most vivic character, to reinstate in their former power the varying energies of my exhausted frame!"

Landlord, (laughing).—"I will, sir." Gent.—"Preposterous! and you, sir unite in the disgraceful merriment of your minion! I should really surmise myself the first of the species you had ever beheld."

Landlord.—(Laughing still more).—"Indeed you are sir."

Gent.—"Terminate this prolix scene, and officiate as my guide to apartments. At the hour of dinner summon me; if weariness should have caused me to be recumbent in repose, gently reanimate me with the breath of a fan."

(SCENE 2.—THE DINING HALL.)

Gent.—(Seating himself at the table—dinner over—others standing in the room.) "I should judge veracity and ignorance the prevailing characteristics of this mansion. I see nothing amid these reeking ruins worthy the regard of a gentleman's palate. Waiter, I desire a female fowl, sufficiently but not abundantly made edible by fire." (It is brought.) Waiter, dissect with care the same; do not violently separate the parts, lest my joints suffer dislocation from the discordant sound." (It is done.) "Waiter, place a tender portion of the breast upon my plate, with the necessary accompaniments." (It is done as ordered, and the gentleman commences his dinner.)

(A wag, who with others had observed these proceedings, seats himself at the table opposite our hero.)

Wag.—"Waiter, furnish me with a female fowl; be sure of her virginity."—(The waiter understands the joke and does as he is bid.)

Wag.—"Waiter, dissever now her component parts." (It is done.)

Wag.—"Waiter, divide these parts into portions suited to my labial capacity."

Wag.—(Opening his mouth and throwing himself back in his chair.) "Waiter, place one of them in the orifice before you." (Our hero begins to understand the quiz, and is evidently discontented.)

Wag.—"Waiter, wag my jaws!"—(Amid roars of laughter, and with curses on his lip, our hero rushes from the room.)

#### Anecdotes of Duelling.

In Japan, instead of fighting duels, the parties endeavor to show their valor by committing suicide. It is related that two officers of the Emperor's household, meeting on the stairs, their sabres happened to tangle; words arose, one imputed it to accident, adding, that the quarrel was between two swords, and that one was as good as the other. "We shall see about that," replied the other, and instantly plunged his weapon in his own heart. The other, impatient to show his courage, ran up, and waited upon the Emperor, returned, saying he was sorry to let the other get the start of him, and threw himself on his own sword; thus proving that one sword was as good as the other.

BAZENEZ AND LAGARDE.—A ruffian of the court of Henry IV., noted for his brutal deeds, named Lagarde Balvis, anxious to make a trial of skill with another named Bazenez, sent him a hat ornamented with feathers, accompanied by a message for him to wear it at the peril of his life. Bazenez immediately put it on his head, and went out in quest of Lagarde, who was in search of him. They met, and after a change of civilities, the contest began. Lagarde inflicted a wound on the forehead of the

other, but the skull being harder than the steel, his sword was bent. The next lunge he was more fortunate, and penetrated his body, exclaiming,

"This is for the hat!" another thrust was equally lucky, "This for the feathers!" giving him a third, "This for the loo!" During this polite conversation, seeing the blood streaming from his opponent's wounds, he complimented him on the elegant fit of the hat, when Bazenez, infuriated, rushed upon him, breaking through his guard, stabbed him in the throat, chest, and stomach. At each stab the wretched man roared for mercy, but the other replied at each thrust, "No! no! no!" However the prostrate Lagarde was not idle; he bit off part of Bazenez' chin, and fractured his skull with the hilt of his sword, and only lost his courage with his life.—During this scene, the seconds were amusing themselves, and one of them was laid dead upon the field of honor. This Lagarde was as concise in his epistles as when fighting.

The first duel fought in America was in 1830, between Edward Doty and Edward Sester, two servants in Massachusetts. We find the particulars in Holme's annuals. They fought with sword and dagger, and were both wounded, one in the waist, the other in the thigh. Both were punished, by being tied together for forty-eight hours, without food, then to receive twenty-five lashes on the bare back. This punishment we recommend to young gentlemen as a sure cure for wounded honor, in preference to Gloucester point, and Biadensburg practice.

In the expedition of the Duc de Guise in Italy, in 1557, under Henry II., a duel was fought at Fenera in the presence of the Duc Hercules d'Este, and his brother the Cardinal, in a hall of the palace, which was brilliantly lighted for the purpose.

In the 18th century, St. Foix, who was a noted duellist, entering a cafe in Paris, at dinner time, saw a gentleman drinking a *Bavaroise*, (a mixture of Ornet and Tea) and exclaimed, "that is a confounded bad dinner for a gentleman!" The stranger, thus insulted, insisted on immediate satisfaction; which was granted, and St. Foix was wounded. Notwithstanding this injury he coolly said to his adversary, "If you had killed me sir, I should still have persisted that a *Bavaroise* is a very bad dinner."

ANECDOTE OF PATRICK HENRY.—When the celebrated Patrick Henry, of Virginia, was near the close of his life he laid his hand on the Bible, and addressed a friend who was with him: "here is a book worth more than all others printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have read it with proper attention until lately." About the same time, he wrote to his daughter: "I have heard it said that Deists have claimed me. 'The thought pained me more than the appellation of Tory; for I consider religion of infinitely more importance than politics, and I find much cause to reproach myself that I have lived and given no decided proof of my being a Christian.'"

#### A Good wife.

A friend of ours, who has been spending a few weeks in the country, and who has visited some of the private dwellings of the rustic inhabitants, tells of a singular old man who lives near Brookfield. He was one day visited by a small party of ladies and gentlemen, who went to hear his "talk." "Now young gentlemen," said he, "I will give you some directions how to tell a good wife. A good wife will be like three things, and again she will not be like three things. She will be like the snail who stays at home, and she will not be like the snail who carries all it has on its back. She will be like the echo that speaks when spoken to, and she will not be like the echo always to have the last word. She will be like the town clock, that speaks at the right time and she will not be like the town clock, heard all over the town!"

#### Temperance.

We have been somewhat surprised says the Home Journal, that Temperance Societies (on the lookout of course for tokens and symbols by which to recognize and promote fellowship in their vast league of reformation) have never adopted the *temetum kiss* which prevailed in the temperance times of old, and which is thus mentioned in Holland's Pliny:—"It was the custom that men should kiss women when they met them, to know by their breath whether they smelled of *temetum*: for so they used in those days to term wine; and therefore drunkenness was called *temv'entia*."—Fancy the temperance medals that would be called for, if any gentleman with a coin of total abstinence hung round his neck might fulfill the holy mission of seeing whether the ladies' breath "smelt of *temetum*."