Daily Appeal.

MEMPHIS.

SATURDAY.....DECEMBER 3, 1859.

Reading Matter on Every Page.

Largest Circulation in the City.

FIRST AND FOURTH PAGES.

FIRST PAGE—The Hispano Mooriah Question—Its Importance; Foreign Items; Excitement in Central America; China and its War; A Female Smuggler; Progress of the Telegraph; From Utah.

FOURTH PAGE—A Brahmin's Account of his Country; An Enthusiastic Admirer of the Drama; Touching Glasses in Drinking.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING AT RALEIGH.

At the instigation of a large number of our Democratic friends, we announce that a meeting of the Democracy of the county is requested at Raleigh, on Monday, the 5th of December. The object of the meeting is to appoint delegates to the State Convention at Nashville, which assembles on the 18th January, and which will appoint delegates to represent the State in the Charleston Convention. A full attendance is desired.

THE MOROCCO WAR.

Our readers have all heard of "Morocco" leather, a peculiar and fragrant smelling article, used principally for binding books. This leather is manufactured at Morocco, the capital city of the empire of the same name. The manufacture is extensive; it is said that in one manufactory alone 1500 persons are employed. This country of Morocco—as we call it in imitation of the English—is called by the Arabs, from whom the Moorish inhabitants take the name, Makash, and Colton's Atlas, we observe, spells the word not Morocco, but Marocco. The empire of which this is the capital lies at the north-west extremity of Africa; it is bounded on the west by the Atlantic ocean, on the north by the Mediterranean, on the north-east by the French colony of Algeria, and on the east and south by the Sahara or Great Desert; it has an area exceeding that of France. Notwithstanding its extent, it is far from being an important power, for its inhabitants are divided into tribes having no homogeneity. The Berbers are the ancient inhabitants of the country, a large portion are Arabs, both settled and Bedouin, most of whose ancestors entered the country at the time of the conquest by the successors of MOHAMMED, when they compelled the people of the place to substitute the Koran for pagan superstitions. The towns along the coast are principally inhabited by Moors, probably the descendants of those who were driven at the point of the sword from Spain in the fifteenth century. This latter circumstance will suffice to make the reader understand why there should be so strong a hatred on the part of the Moors toward the Spaniards. There are also many Hebrews among the inhabitants. The Moors are the ancient Mauri, or Moriscoes. Their piratical habits, with which history and fiction has made the general reader well acquainted, are believed to have been derived from the old Vandals, who ruled the country. These habits are the authors of the calamities of the people of Morocco, as they have been of those of Algiers, Tunis, and other ports of the Barbary coast. The Jewish population are the descendants of the Hebrews that were driven by the fanatical Catholics from Spain by the council of Toledo in 694. The Empire, as we call it, is governed by a Sultan whom we term Emperor. In 1814 the custom of holding Christians as slaves was abolished, and in 1817 piracy was prohibited by the government. The country is in many respects far from a civilized one. The savage lion still seeks its prey in the recesses of the wild and precipitous mountains of the Atlas. The panther and the ounce haunt the same unfrequented solitudes. In the scattered woods are found the tracks of the wild boar; in the far extending desert the gazelle and the ostrich wander; there wild subjects of the empire roam with their flocks and herds, and from thence the dreaded locusts come, desolating the rich harvests of the plains. Agriculture is carried on rudely; wheat, barley, maize, and millet, are grown. The grape and many other fruits flourish. A large portion of the population live a pastoral life, subsisting on the produce of their flocks and herds.

In the war which has broken out with Spain there is a strange peculiarity. France, which is usually seeking to aid the young Spain, while the Moors are equally aided by the English. These two nations, covertly opposing each other in this war, are allies aiding each other in the Chinese war. The reasons of this singular anomaly are obvious. In China each of the two countries is seeking similar privileges, and neither has existing interests there which interfere with the other; like hounds on a hunt they can run in couples. In the Morocco war there is no such identity of objects, on the contrary strongly opposing interests there exist. France has a portion of her coast in the Mediterranean, consequently she naturally desires to have a predominance of power in that sea. This predominance the English have secured to themselves long ago by taking possession of and fortifying Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean—which commands the entrance to that sea from the Atlantic ocean by the narrow Strait of Gibraltar—also by her strong position at Malta, Aden and other places. This fact alone is sufficient to awaken jealousy between England and France respecting any warlike proceedings likely to involve a change of ownership of territory bordering on the sea. This jealousy is heightened in the present case by the fact that France has a colony in Algeria, a country which bounds Morocco along its whole extent from north to south.

Exactly opposite from Morocco lies the peninsula of Spain, at the extreme end of which lies the British possession of Gibraltar, the width of sea rolling between the Spanish and African coasts, is only fifteen miles at the narrowest part. If, therefore, France could obtain possession of the point on the Morocco side, it would, to some extent, neutralize the advantage the British have in possessing Gibraltar. All this becomes very plain on glancing at the map.

At the extreme point on the Morocco side lies the seaport town of Ceuta; (pronounced Sota,) it has a castle which occupies the highest point of a mountain, which mountain is one of the ancient pillars of Hercules, the other being Gibraltar. Ceuta has many points of resemblance to Gibraltar, and if strongly garrisoned would be all but impregnable, like that celebrated rock. It originally belonged to the Moors, from whom Portugal took it in 1415; in 1640 it came into the possession of Spain, which country has held it ever since.

Near the west entrance to the strait of Gibraltar stands the fortified seaport town of Tangier, belonging to Morocco; it is located on an elevation and is defended by walls, a castle, and several forts. The buildings are generally wretched huts, the harbor has been greatly neglected, and the defenses are in a dilapidated condition. The situation is a fine one, but the Moors have not even preserved the fortifications built there.

MR. DOUGLAS IN VIRGINIA—HOW HE IS REGARDED.

The Petersburg *Press* is distinguished for its ability and prudence, and never fears to express its opinions frankly and timely. Regarding the coming presidential election, it says that "the Charleston Convention will have to decide the fortunes of Democracy for years to come, and may determine the existence of the confederacy, for it is idle to attempt to disguise the fact that the question of Union or dissunion will rise through all disguises to mold the conduct of the next national convention."

The *Press* then proceeds to define its position on the question of candidates; and, while it admits that Senator Hunter, of that State, is its first choice, it very strongly presents the case of Mr. Douglas in the following mild and truthful argument. It is well worthy of further circulation over the country:

For our own part we are free to confess our decided preference for a gallant son of our own State. We conceive him the man of all men in the country to present as the embodiment of just this issue—a dauntless assertion of our rights to the ultimate limit—a friend loyal to the extremest devotion to the Union—a man who is not afraid to be logical, but next to him, we have no hesitation in avowing our preference for that long-tried and true friend of the South, Senator A. Douglas, and this for reasons which we propose to sketch very briefly.

He is the only northern politician (that may be considered a presidential aspirant) who has been able to sustain himself for the last ten years, in the front rank of aggressive assault on Abolitionism.

We make no imputation upon the honesty, the courage, or the ability of any man, but we point to the fact, and challenge contradiction, that he is the only man that has weathered the storm. Dix was and Cushing, and Dallas and Shields, to whom every other prominent northern man who dared to offer resistance to the fanatical tide, was swept away, and not even the reasonable name and mixed services of Cass could purchase exception from the general fate.

Nothing is easier than to charge a man with inconsistency by a contrast of his opinions with those of others—nothing is easier than to convict a man if you permit evidence of another's guilt to compromise him, but the justice of such a course is too obvious that its facility. What we want, and what we have never yet seen, is a conviction of Douglas of insincerity, inconsistency, or disloyalty to the South on the evidence of his own acts and utterances, and till this is produced, we claim for him the praise and position of admitted services and sacrifices in the cause of the South and the Union.

We believe he is the only northern national man who can carry more than one Northern State.

This, of course, is a matter of opinion, but the opinion is based upon the notorious fact of the last four years campaigning.

We remarked above that only thirteen of the new northern members were Democrats; and it is worthy of notice that four of those thirteen came from Illinois, and comprise every new member that hails from that State. In almost every other instance throughout the North, in which the member has been changed, a Black-Republican has followed a Black-Republican or superseded a Democrat.

That this exception in Illinois is due to the personal exertions of Judge Douglas, no one will doubt who remembers his laborious services in the local contests of that State, for the past three years particularly. The same qualities and labors which produce such effects in Illinois, would accomplish similar results elsewhere throughout the North in a Presidential canvass; and the very decided preponderance which his friends manifestly possessed in all the Northern State conventions which have been held within the last six months confirms our opinion of his availability.

If, then, it should be the pleasure of the Charleston convention to honor him with a nomination, we shall extend to him and challenge for him a hearty support, confident that the honor, interests, and security of the South will be contributed by no act or word of his.

Such being our feeling and position, we confess we view with great regret the ungenerous and unjust course of many southern papers—Democratic papers—toward Mr. Douglas. Anticipating the contingency of his nomination, they arraign him at the bar of public opinion, and gravely proceed to try, convict and sentence him to the evidence of unscrupulous enemies and political rivals only less scrupulous. Surely, even if the be all that he is charged with being, his past services entitle him to fairer dealing than this. He is not a man of concealments, and upon the particular subject of these charges he has, as he claims with proud defiance of contradiction, written and spoken more than any living man, North or South.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

Yesterday was a cold, winter's day, and a "winter's tale" this morning would be appropriate. Fortunately, we have it at hand, with a beautiful pictorial illustration. We will premise that the picture was gotten up in our neighboring State of Arkansas by a youth who had not passed his teens. Its merits are unquestionably great, and it was lithographed in Boston in good style. The lithograph can be obtained in our city at the bookstore of Messrs. CLEAVES & VADEN. But it is necessary to know the story, in order to understand and appreciate the picture. There are few of our readers who have not heard the "Arkansas Traveler" on the violin. Its composer, or rather its improvisatrice, is Col. S. C. FAULKNER, of Little Rock, who relates the following story as the foundation for his burlesque inspiration.

In the earlier days of the Territory of Arkansas, when the settlements were few and far between, an adventurous traveler from one of the old States, while traversing the swamps of that portion of the territory, gets lost, on a cold and rainy day, in the autumn of the year. After wandering till evening, and despairing of finding a habitation, while searching for a place to camp, strikes a trail which seems to lead somewhere, and also hears in that direction the noise of a fiddle. Accordingly, he takes the trail and soon discovers, ahead of him, rising above the timber, a light column of smoke, which he knows comes from the cabin of a squatter. As he approaches, he finds it to be a log cabin, logs logs logs and about ten feet square—one side being roofed, and the other only half covered with boards. He also sees the proprietor seated on an old whisky barrel near the door, sheltered by a few boards which project from the eaves, playing a tune, or rather the first snatch of a tune, on an old fiddle.

After surveying the habitation and surroundings of "cotton head" children, the traveler rides up to see if he can get lodging, when the following dialogue occurs. The hearer, however, still continues to play the same part over and over again, only stopping to give short, indifferent replies to the traveler's queries:

Traveler.—"Good evening, sir!"

Squatter.—"How d'ye do, sir!"

Trav.—"Can I get to stay all night with you?"

Squat.—"No, sir."

Trav.—"Can't you give me a gloss of something to drink, then, this mornin' are cold?"

Squat.—"I drank the last drap this mornin."

Trav.—"I am very hungry; ain't had a thing to eat, to-day. Will you let me have something to eat?"

Squat.—"Hav'nt a darned thing in the house."

Trav.—"Then can't you give my horse something?"

Squat.—"Got nothin' to feed him on."

Trav.—or thinkin' he may feed in the house"

Squat.—"Stranger, I don't know. I've never been there."

Trav.—"Well, where does this road go to?"

Squat.—"It never been anywhere since I've lived here. It's always here when I get up in the morning."

Trav.—"I fear I am not likely to get to say other house to-night, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree and do without anything to eat or drink?"

Squat.—"My house ain't nothing but only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal sleeps on that."

Trav.—"Why don't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?"

Squat.—"Hain't got no ladder."

Trav.—"Well, why don't you do it when it is not raining?"

Squat.—"I don't leak then."

Trav.—"Well, as you have nothing to eat or drink in your house, and nothing also about your place but fodder, how do you do here, anyhow? feed on air?"

Squat.—"Putty well, I thank you. How d'ye do yourself?"

Trav.—(After trying in vain all sorts of ways to extract some satisfactory information from him.) "My friend, why don't you play the whole of that tune?"

Squat.—(Stops playing and looks up for the first time.) "I did not know there was any more to it. Can you play the fiddle, stranger?"

Trav.—"I play a little, sometimes."

Squat.—"I don't look much like a fiddler (handing him the fiddle.) Will you play the balance of that tune?"

The traveler gets down and plays the tune.

Squat.—"Stranger, you can fiddle. You had a down chairs and sit down. Sal, go round into the holler, where I killed that buck this morning. Cut off some of the best pieces and fetch it and cook it for me and the gentleman directly. Raise up the board under the head of your bed, if you go, and get the old black jug I hid from Dick, and give us some whisky. I know there is one drap left in it. Sal, carry the gentleman's horse round to the shed, and you'll find some fodder and corn there. Give him as much as he can eat. Durn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Hurry, old woman. If you can't find the butcher knife, bring the cob handle or gunny's knife. Play away, stranger. You shall sleep on the dry spot to-night."

After about two hours' fiddling, and some conversation in which the squatter shows his characteristics, the stranger retires to the "dry spot."

A GOOD IDEA.

Col. SIDNEY OLIVER, Senator from DeSoto county, in the Mississippi legislature, has introduced a bill "to exempt from execution and sale, slaves, in cases where the plaintiffs or the person for whose use the money is subject to be collected, denies the right of property in slaves." Such a law, if constitutional and practical in its operations, would be the very thing to bring the Abolitionists to their senses. And how could they who deny that man can hold property in man, object to its effects?

LEVEE DEBATE.

The question of levees in the Mississippi river, as a sure and certain protection against the periodical floods which sweep over and devastate a large portion of its rich and fertile plain, being one that now is receiving a large share of the public attention of those most interested in it, and more particularly of those whose long residence in the valley and intimate acquaintance with the subject give them enough identification with all its interests, induced a large and intelligent audience, on Monday evening, to assemble in the Hall of Representatives, St. Louis to a debate on that subject, maintained on the one side by the Hon. J. L. Alcorn, and on the other by ex-Gov. Matthias Nelson, and having had been invited by a joint resolution of the House to speak on that subject.

The champions are not, by any means, unknown to the people of Mississippi. They have each been long identified with its history, and made a mark upon the bright pages of its progress.

Col. Alcorn has been, from its inception, in a greater or less degree, intimately connected with the great enterprise of carrying out the levee system, which has so long been in vogue with its faults and effects as any man in the State, and eminently capable of illustrating them.

The chief question at issue between the two distinguished speakers was the justice and equality of the tax proposed to be levied, and expended for its continuance; and it is sufficient to say that each of the gentlemen ably maintained his position. Listening calmly and impartially to the facts and arguments presented in support of the justice and policy of imposing a tax upon the whole bottom to build and maintain the levee upon the Mississippi river, the irresistible conclusion seemed to be that it is right and proper. But when the other side was presented, we doubt not but candid and impartial minds were warned to reflect and consider well before coming to any hasty conclusion.—*Mississippian, Nov. 30.*

POWER OF CONSCIENCE—REVIVAL OF A THIRTEEN YEARS' EDUCATION MONTHS' ABSENCE. On the 21 of April, 1858, a drayman named John Leonard was driving his dray near the corner of third and Elm streets. In consequence of bad or careless driving on the part either himself or a fellow carter, he was excited by fear for his safety, and snatching a drayman from the hand of his opponent, struck him a blow. To his astonishment he not only killed him, but, as it afterwards appeared, that the blow slew the stricken man dead.

John Leonard left Cincinnati, and with his wife and child fled to Australia. A few days since he returned to this city with the audacious idea of giving himself up to the proper authorities. It seems that in Melbourne he was exceedingly successful; but the death, or rather the consequences of it to Michael Burke's family, haunted him, and troubled him so much that he resolved on this step. He, with vehemence argues a strong belief either in his own innocence of all malice prepense, or in the virtue of austerity.

He has applied to the judge for release on bail, and is in the Ninth street station-house awaiting the judge's fiat.—*Cin. Eng.*

Awful Gander, the reformed prize fighter, Adjured a audience on Temperance at New Haven, Connecticut, last Wednesday evening.

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING AT HOME.

(From the Home Journal.)

We were talking reveringly and affectionately of Mr. Irving over our supper at Idlewild; expressing our wonder as well as happiness in the unreluctant brightness of the destiny that still pursues him—the full moon of renown after death seen as clearly before the setting of his sun—without doubt the most honored man in our country, yet even less honored than loved—the sky of his working day's triumphant close growing beautifully mellow, and the mists of renown, around and behind him, getting rosier as he goes. It is perhaps the world's best exception to the common destiny of genius—America's leading name in literature yet, from the beginning to the end of his career, so well understood and appreciated.

It was Saturday night as we talked, and when I proposed that we should consecrate October's last day, the following Monday, to a visit to Sunnyside, the proposal was joyfully agreed to. Mr. Wise has never been so fortunate as to meet Mr. Irving, and, of course, wished to see him. Mr. Kennedy had passed months under the same roof with him, and was happy in his life-long friendship. To both as well as to me, it would be a most precious privilege to remember, could we see him at his avowed close of his literary career—this laying off of the armor of a victorious life.

The four mile drive to Newburg and the crossing of the ferry to Fishkill, brought us in time for the "noon train down," and we were soon following swiftly the undulating curve of the tri-colored Highlands—stopped punctually at the Sing-Sing station, at 12.25. This faster on the lip of the beautiful Hudson—the State's prison, and the valley which is the State's luxury and pride—is seven miles above Irvington; but, as being the nearest point at which our particular train makes a stop, we were to drive the rest of our journey in a back road away from the station house.

A drive along the hills of this neighborhood, shows the usual contrast of rusticity in the process of giving place to wealth—the shabby fences and tumble down barns and houses not only more conspicuous from contrast with costly mansions and their grounds, but more neglected because likely to be soon displaced. Some of the commanding views from hill-tops we thought quite too beautiful to be convict labelled, with the name of "Sing-Sing," and it was asked whether, leaving that to be the name of the prison, the river shore could not receive some new designation. The roads below, chequered with gangs of prisoners (at work outside the limits, in their striped clothes, and under charge of sentries,) Wise mischievously suggested that it should be called Zebra-ville—but the choice of a name less descriptive, or less associated with its leading public institution," seems open to consideration.

The most easily located and artistic residence on the river (Mr. Bartlett's) showed us its noble gateway near Tarrytown, and we soon came to the fine grounds or the granite homestead of Mr. Moses Grinnell, and visiting which, upon a thickly wooded knoll by the outlet of a brook, stands the "Sunnyside" of "Geoffrey Crayon." A short turn down a well shaded road, winding away from the public road, an entrance through the open gate, and we were at the low porch of the quaintly constructed dwelling.

During the ten minutes before Mr. Irving came in, (for he was out upon his morning drive when we arrived,) his nieces very kindly gratified our wish to see "autographs of genius" by taking us into the library—the little curtain wind wed sanctuary where his mind had found both its labor and its repose, though, by the open window, scattered carelessly over the large writing table in the center, and the inviting roadiness of the well cushioned lounge in the recess, it now seemed more the purpose of the repose more needed. It was a labyrinth of books, as it was a labyrinth of pleasant memories, in which, as he entered, we found our eyes wandering from corners, the fancy, in all reverence, rambled lovingly. The tear at the heart kissed the threshold as we left it.

I was looking admiringly, once more, at Jarvis's record of him at the sketch-book period of his life, (the portrait with the fur collar, which all who have seen it will so well remember,) when Mr. Irving came in from his drive. We had heard so much, recently, of his illness, that I was surprised to see with how lively and firm a step he entered—remarking the attached hat (a comfortable departure from the old school covering, which I had never expected to see on so proper a head!) with an easy elegance as ever, sitting down with his gray shawl left carelessly over his shoulders, and entering upon kind inquiries and exclusive courtesies with no hindrance of debility that I could see. He is thinner somewhat, in both form and features—owing to the asthma, which interferes somewhat with his repose when lying down—but the general expression of his countenance is unchanged, and his eye as kindly and brightly, as to outsight, as ever it was in youth. I could see but little difference from the Washington, living of other days. The report of his illness must have been exaggerated, I thought.

Conversation falling upon exercise, Mr. Irving remarked that he daily took his drive in the carriage; less from any desire to go abroad than from finding, since he had given up habits of labor, that time hung heavy on his hands. If he walks out, it is only in the grounds. We spoke of horseback riding, and he gave us a most amusing account of his first experiences in that way—a favorite horse called Gentleman Dick having thrown him over his head into a laurel bush, which kindly broke his fall; and another very handsome nag, given him by his brother, having proved to be opinionative as to choice of road—particularly at a certain bridge, which it was very necessary to pass, in every ride, but which the horse could not by any reasonable persuasion be induced to cross. Ignorant of this horse dogmatist to town, to be sold to manner service for his obstinacy, had ended the experiments in the saddle.

We had tea—Mr. Kennedy was the dining room—our friend's portrait, as he sat at the dinner table, hanging directly over his head. Mr. Irving sat between that and the portrait of Count Pierlatis, on the wall opposite—the latter the accomplished Frenchman who accompanying him on his trip to the prairies. He was an absent traveler, of whom they both spoke now with admiring remembrance—and most expressively how precious, sometimes, is the gentle reminding of the portrait on the wall. The accomplished Count returned recently from a tour in Europe, where he had met many of Mr. Irving's friends, and he took this opportunity to speak of them, with words of city respect of honor received—Lord John Russell's name particularly, who had been earnest in his desire to be numbered tenderly to his friend of other days. Any one who has chanced to see and enjoy the half embarrassed smile and look of deprecating humility with which this, our most modest of great men receives an honorary tribute, will understand why it was a pleasure to be present at the opening of Mr. Kennedy's rich budget of living memories from abroad; and how we thus saw an unveiling of the beloved face concealed in his works, which was better worth treasuring than any portrait of the country author man.

In recalling that asthma prevented his enjoyment of more than a brief sojourn by the river, Mr. Irving spoke with glowing admiration of the beauty of scenery about the Highlands. Yet I could not but call the attention of my friend Wise, as he sat at the table with the window at his back, to the loveliness of the picture he was then losing—the lake like expanse of the Hudson from the town of Sunnyside to the opposite shore, and the gorgeous upland swelling to the horizon beyond and and enclosed in by Palisades below.

We had mentioned some of the large Albany steamers, gliding powerfully and swiftfully on its way to the city, crossed the line of the glorious lanscape to which the window was a frame. We were all delighted with the chance accident of effect. A better timed luxury of life-addition to a picture could scarce have been contrived at any cost—a "value received," however, for which there is no charge, I believe, by the holders of stock in the "Albany Day Line." I mention it because Wise thought it would be but a return compliment to the captain to know that he had figured well in the picture—admired by Mr. Irving and his guests as he passed Sunnyside so obligingly that day.

The hoarse, invalid complaining a little of hoarseness in his voice, I mentioned to him an alleviative I had lately chanced upon myself, for a similar trouble—asking accidently for some help to my hoarseness in an apothecary's shop, and getting a lozenge with a most mysterious name, which I had since found an invariable throat deepener for fifteen notes in the gamut. I conclude by recalling to memory the Gossamitingly inscription on the box—"Brown's Pectoral Troches"—and I was amused with the affectionate playfulness with which Mr. Irving called on one of his nieces, (explaining, aside, "this is my doctor,") to remember the name of the medicine. This same cheerful household physician, I observed, followed him to the door as he came out, afterward, to see us off, and curled his head against the cool air by tenderly drawing the shawl about his neck, and giving that upon his head—caressing attentions which he evidently submitted to as a habit, the gentle troop who are then his constant ministers being like a portion of his own personal existence.

Attributable, perhaps, to a rallying of his animal spirits with cessation from work—I could not but wonder at the flutters play of "Diedrich Knickerbocker" humor which ran through all his conversation—Washington living in his best days, I am very sure, never was more sociably fragrant-like than with us for that brief visit. One little circumstance was mentioned in the course of this pleasant gossip. There was some passing discussion of the wearing of hoards—Sleepy Hollow, Mr. Kennedy, having made that attention in his physiognomy there they had met—and Mr. Irving closed a playful comment on two upon the habit, by saying that he could scarce affect the luxury himself, insisting, as it would do, the loss of the most effectual quieter of his nerves. To get up and shave when tired of lying awake, sure of going to sleep immediately after, had long been a habit of his. There was an amusing exchange of sorrows, also, between him and Mr. Kennedy, as to persuasion by autograph hunters; though the secretary gave rather the strongest instance—mentioning an unknown man who had written to him when at the head of the navy department, requesting, as one of his constituents, to be furnished with autographs of all the Presidents, of himself and the rest of the cabinet, and of no other distinguished men with whom he might be in correspondence.

But there was a table calling for us which was less agreeable than the one which we were at—the "time table" of the railroad below—and our hack's carriage was at the door. Mr. Kennedy was bound to the city, where Mr. Irving, as he gave us his farewell upon the porch, said he thought he might find him, in a day or two, and Wise and I, by the up train, were bound back to Idlewild. We were at home by seven, and over our venison supper, (the "Allegheny hannch" still beautiful,) we exchanged our remembrances of the day, and our felicitations on having been privileged, the delightfully, to see in his home and in health, the still sovereign story-king of the Hudson. May God bless him, and may the clouds about his loved and honored head, grow still brighter with the nearer setting of his sun.

HALF AN HOUR AT SUNNYSIDE—A VISIT TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

We make the following extracts from a letter of Theodore Tilton's to the New York Independent, describing a visit he made to Washington Irving. They will be read with extreme interest:

SUNNYSIDE.

The morning had been rainy, and the after noon showed only a few momentary openings of clear sky; so that I saw Sunnyside without the sun. But under the heavy clouds there was something awe-inspiring in the sombre view of those grand hills with their many colored forests, and of Hendrick Hudson's ancient river still flowing at the feet of the ancient palisades.

The mansion of Sunnyside has been standing for twenty-three years; but when first its sharp angled roof wedged its way among the branches of the old woods, the region was far more a solitude than now; for at that time our busy author had secluded himself from almost everybody but one near neighbor; while he has since unwittingly gathered around him a little community of New York merchants, whose elegant country seats, opening into each other by mutual intervening roads, form what looks like one vast and free estate, called on the time tables of the railroad by the honorary name of Irvington.

MR. IRVING'S APPEARANCE.

Mr. Irving is not so old looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him as in the winter of life; I found him only in its Indian summer. He came down stairs, and walked through the hall, into the back parlor, with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year! He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and, despite his hoarseness, in his deliberate way, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he made me almost forget that I was the guest of an old man long past his "three-score years and ten."

WHAT HE THINKS OF HIS WORKS.

But what should one talk about who had only half an hour with Washington Irving? I ventured the question:

"Now that you have laid aside your pen, which of your books do you look back upon with most pleasure?"

He immediately replied, "I scarcely look with full satisfaction upon any; for they do not seem what they might have been; I often wish that I could have twenty years more to take them down from the shelf, one by one, and write them over."

HIS HABITS OF LITERARY LABOR.

He spoke of his daily habit of writing, before he had made the resolution to write no more. His usual hours for literary work were from morning to noon. But, although he had generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subject to moods and caprices, which he could never tell, when he took up the pen, how many hours would pass before he would lay it down.

"But," said he "these capricious periods of the least and glow of composition have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found, in anything outside of the four walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing desk with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind awake."

His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like entertainments than tasks.

"Some writers," said he, "appear to have been independent of moods. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time; so could Crabbe—but with this difference: Scott always, and Crabbe seldom, wrote well. I remember," said he, "taking breakfast one morning with Rogers, Moore and Crabbe; the conversation turned on Byron's poetic moods; Crabbe said, however he might be with Lord Byron, as for himself he could write as well at one time as at another. But," said Irving, with a twinkle of humor at recalling the incident, "Crabbe has written a great deal that nobody can read!"

He mentioned that while living in Paris, he spent a long period without being able to write a line. "I sat down repeatedly," said he, "with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on paper. At length, I told my friend, Tom Moore, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and would work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast, and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four o'clock in the afternoon—when I had completely covered the table with freshly written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks."

I asked which of his books he was the result of this frenzy; he replied, "Bracebridge Hall."

"None of your works," I remarked, "are more charming than the Biography of Goldsmith."

"Yet that was written," said he, "even more rapidly than the other." He then added:

"When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been compelled to rise in the middle of the night, light the lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and now that I write no more, I am compelled to get up in the same way to read."

Sometimes, also, as the best fellowship letter mentions, he gets up to sing.

Mr. Wise, at this point, (he remarked, "searching the old chronicles and engaged on the Life of Columbus, I often wrote four or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four."

He said that whenever he has forced his mind unwillingly to work, the product was worthless; and he invariably threw it away and began again; "for," as he observed, "any essay or fiction that was not hammered out, is seldom good for anything. An author's right time to work is when his mind is spontaneously and irresistibly moved; these are the precious moments; let him wait until they come, but when they have come, let him make the most of them."

HIS LAST WORK.

I referred to his last great work, the Life of Washington, and asked if he felt, on finishing it, any such sensation as Gibbon is reported to have experienced on finishing the Decline and Fall. He replied that the whole work had engrossed his mind to such a degree, that, before he was aware, he had written himself into a state of nervousness; that he feared in the midst of his labor, that it would break him down before he could end it; that when at last the final page was written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to be conducted through the press, and threw himself back upon his redoubloned leaves with an inexpressible feeling of relief. He added that the great fatigue of mind, throughout the whole task, had resulted from the care and pains required in the construction and arrangement of materials, out of a vast mass of literary composition of the successive chapters.

SO MORE BOOKS.

On the parlor wall hung the engraving of Fred's picture of "Scott and his cotemporaries." I alluded to it as presenting a group of his former friends.

"Yes," said he, "I knew every man of them but three; and now they are all gone."

"Are his portraits all good?"

"Scott's head," he replied, "is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of Scott's force; Campbell's is tolerable; Lockhart's is the worst. Lockhart," said he, "was a man of very delicate organization, but he had a more manly look than in the picture."

"You should write one more book," I hinted.

"What is that?"

"Your reminiscences of those literary friends."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "it is too late now! I shall never take the pen again; I have so entirely given up writing, that even my best friend's letters lie unanswered. I must have rest. No more literary labor."

A HAPPY OLD BACHELOR.

He referred to the visit the week before from Mr. Willis, whose letter to the *Home Journal*, he said, was so good.

"I was amused," said he, "that Mr. Willis remembered my nieces; they are my house-keepers and nurses; they take good care of me and really I am the most fortunate old bachelor in the world. Yes," he repeated, with a merry emphasis, "the most fortunate old bachelor in all the world!"

It was delightful to witness the animation of his manner, and the heartiness of his gratitude, as he continued to relate how they supplied all his wants—gave him his medicine at the right time, without troubling him to look for it, cheered him—called him down to breakfast—cloaked and shawled him for his morning ride—brought him his hat for his fine weather walks—and in every way, hemmed him in every possible way.

"I call them sometimes my pieces," he said, "but oftener my daughters."

HIS LOVE OF CHILDREN AND THEIRS OF HIM.

As I rose to go, he brought from a corner of the room a photograph of a little girl, exhibiting it with great enthusiasm. It was a gift from a little child, who had come to see him every day during his sickness. The picture was accompanied with a scrap printed in large letters with a lead pencil, by the little correspondent, who said she was too young to write. He spoke with great vivacity of his childish visitor. "Children," said the old man, "are great pets; I am very fond of the little creatures."

REJUVENATED.

As I came away, the old gentleman bundled his shawl about him, and stood a few moments on the steps. A momentary burst of sunshine fell on him through the breaking clouds. In the full light he looked still less like an old man than in the dark parlor by the shaded window. His form was slightly bent, but the quiet humor of the early portraits was still lingering in his face. He looks a venerable, genial, generous, merry-eyed man at seventy-seven as Jarvis had painted him nearly fifty years before.

New and Dangerous Counterfeit.

PHILADELPHIA, November 29.—The morning's counterfeit notes, of the denomination of $50 and $100, of a very dangerous character, on the Philadelphia bank, made their appearance.

The counterfeit hundreds are printed in blue, and dated January 1, 1858. Of the genuine notes of this date and character, but few are in circulation. There are no counterfeit hundreds dated May 1, 1859, so that the notes of this date in circulation appear to be good. The counterfeit fifties are printed, some in black and others in blue, and dated February 1, 1858. There never was any genuine fifty dollar issue of that date. There are also fifties printed in black, dated May 2, 1859.

The directors have the matter in hand, and are busy searching out the parties who have put out the counterfeits. It is conjectured that these admirably executed counterfeits have been put into circulation suddenly in the Western States, and they have been sent on here in exchange in large quantities. Just as suddenly they have disappeared all around the business portion of the city, and have deceived the best judges of paper money in this community.

The notes are entire counterfeits, probably by lithography, and so well done that the city is believed to have been victimized to a greater or less amount. One large private banking establishment on Third street this morning reported to the police that it had received some two or three hundred dollars in the counterfeits, and, of course, probably imposed upon many more, after long waiting. I had the mood, and would hold it, and would work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast, and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four o'clock in the afternoon—when I had completely covered the table with freshly written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks."

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