was revealed to our longing eyes. Like a great white dove, with out-spread wings, resting upon the calm waters, appeared the distant city. Ah! long shall I remember the delight of that first look upon lovely Cadiz! The day was exquisite; the air fresh and balmy, and the sea like a smooth inland lake. Gentle spirits seemed hovering around to welcome us, while a warm glowing pleasure filled our hearts.

Nearer and nearer we approached, domes, spires, and turrets gradually rising to view, until the entire outline of the city, with its snow-white houses and green alamedas, was before us. . . . . .

Cadiz is a very ancient city. It was founded by the Phœnicians, hundreds of years before the building of Rome. Upon the coat-of-arms of the city is the figure of Hercules, by whom the inhabitants say it was built. Then came the dominion of the Moors, and afterwards the Spaniards. When America was discovered, a golden prosperity beamed upon Cadiz, which was lost as soon as the Spanish Possessions in the New World proclaimed themselves free. It is strictly a commercial place, and has now only a population of sixty thousand. The city is upon a rocky point of land, joined to the peninsula by a narrow isthmus. The sea surrounds it on three sides, beating against the walls, and often throwing the spray over the ramparts. On the fourth side it is protected by a strong wall and bridges over the wide ditch. At night, they are drawn up, thus isolating the town completely. . . . . .

Leaving the bay, we plunged into the long rolling billows of the Atlantic, and bade

"Adieu! fair Cadiz, a long adieu!"

then turning the cape, upon which was once the Phœnician light-house called "the Rock of the Sun," we came to St.

Lucar. There Magellan fitted out the fleet which first circumnavigated the globe. . . . We passed the mouth of the Rio Tinto, upon which stands the convent [La Rabida], where Columbus, an outcast and wanderer, received charity from the kind prior, who interceded with Isabella and thus forwarded the plans of the great discoverer.

LOUISA SUSANNAH M'CORD.

1810-1880.

MRS. M'CORD, daughter of the distinguished statesman, Langdon Cheves [pron'd Cheeves, in one syllable], was born at Columbia, South Carolina. She was educated in Philadelphia; and in 1840 she was married to David James M'Cord, a prominent lawyer of Columbia, at one time law-partner of Wm. C. Preston. They spent much of their time at their plantation, "Langsyne," near Fort Motte on the Congaree.

She was a woman of strong character and of commanding intellect as her writings show. Speaking of her home life, a contemporary says, "Mrs. M'Cord herself illustrates her views of female life by her own daily example. She conducts the hospital on her own large plantation, attends to the personal wants of the negroes, and on one occasion perfectly set a fracture of a broken arm. Thoroughly accomplished in the modern languages of Europe, she employs her leisure in the education of her children." See under *Wm. C. Preston.*

WORKS.

Caius Gracchus: a Tragedy.
"Sophisms of the Protective Policy," from the French.
My Dreams, [poems],
Articles in Magazines.

WOMAN'S DUTY.

(*From Enfranchisement of Woman, in "Southern Quarterly Review," April, 1852.*)

In every error there is its shadow of truth. Error is but truth turned awry, or looked at through a wrong medium. As the straightest rod will, in appearance, curve when one half of it it is placed under water, so God's truths, leaning down to earth, are often distorted to our view. Woman's condition certainly admits of improvement, (but when have the strong forgotten to oppress the weak?) . . . Here, as in all other improvements, the good must be brought about by working with, not against—by seconding, not opposing—Nature's laws. Woman, seeking as a woman, may raise her position,—seeking as a man, we repeat, she but degrades it. . . . . .

Each can labour, each can strive, lovingly and earnestly, in her own sphere. "Life is real! Life is earnest!" Not less for her than for man. She has no right to bury her talent beneath silks or ribands, frippery or flowers; nor yet has she the right, because she fancies not her task, to grasp at another's, which is, or which she imagines is, easier. This is baby play. "Life is real! Life is earnest!" Let woman so read it—let woman so learn it—and she has no need to make her influence felt by a stump speech, or a vote at the polls; she has no need for the exercise of her intellect (and woman, we grant, may have a great, a longing, a hungering intellect, equal to man's) to be gratified with a seat in Congress, or a scuffle for the ambiguous honour of the Presidency.

Even at her own fire-side, may she find duties enough, cares enough, troubles enough, thought enough, wisdom enough, to fit a martyr for the stake, a philosopher for life, or a saint for heaven.

There are, there have been, and there will be, in every age, great hero-souls in woman's form, as well as man's. It imports little whether history notes them. The hero-soul aims at its certain duty, heroically meeting it, whether glory or shame, worship or contumely, follow its accomplishment. Laud and merit is due to such performance. *Fulfill* thy destiny; *oppose* it not. Herein lies thy track. Keep it. Nature's sign-posts are within thee, and it were well for thee to learn to read them. . . . .

Many women—even, we grant, the majority of women—throw themselves away upon follies. So, however, do men; and this, perhaps, as a necessary consequence, for woman is the mother of the man. Woman has allowed herself to be, alternately, made the toy and the slave of man; but this rather through her folly than her nature. Not wholly *her* folly, either. *Her* folly and *man's* folly have made the vices and the punishment of both.

Woman has certainly not her true place, and this place she as certainly should seek to gain. We have said that every error has its shadow of truth, and, so far, the [Woman's Rights] conventionists are right. But, alas! how wide astray are they groping from their goal! Woman has not her true place, because she—because man—has not yet learned the full extent and importance of her mission. These innovators would seek to restore, by driving her entirely from that mission; as though some unlucky pedestrian, shoved from the security of the side-walk, should in his consternation seek to remedy matters, by rushing into the thickest thoroughfare of hoofs and wheels. Woman will reach the greatest height of which she is capable—the greatest, perhaps, of which humanity is capable—not by becoming man, but by becoming, more than ever, woman. By perfecting herself, she perfects mankind.

JOSEPH G. BALDWIN.

ca. 1811-1864.

JOSEPH G. BALDWIN was born in Virginia but early removed to Sumter County, Alabama, and was a jurist and writer of much influence and popularity in that State. He removed later to California, where in 1857 he became judge of the Supreme Court and in 1863 Chief-Justice of the State. His writings are mainly clever and humorous sketches of the bar and of the communities in which he practised. He said the "flush times" of Alabama did not compare in any degree with those of California which he described in an article to the "Southern Literary Messenger." His "Party Leaders" are able papers on Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, Clay, and John Randolph.

WORKS.

Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi. Humorous Legal Sketches.
Party Leaders.

VIRGINIANS IN A NEW COUNTRY.

(*From Flush Times in Alabama and Mississippi, published in "Southern Literary Messenger."*)

The disposition to be proud and vain of one's country, and to boast of it, is a natural feeling; but, with a Virginian, it is a passion. It inheres in him even as the flavor of a York river oyster in that bivalve, and no distance of deportation, and no trimmings of a gracious prosperity, and no pickling in the sharp acids of adversity, can destroy it. It is a part of the Virginia character—just as the flavor is a distinctive part of the oyster—"which cannot, save by annihilating, die." It is no use talking about it—the thing may be right, or wrong;—like Falstaff's victims at Gadshill, it is past praying for: it is a sort of cocoa grass that has got into the

soil, and has so matted over it, and so *fibred* through it, as to have become a part of it; at least there is no telling which is the grass and which the soil; and certainly it is useless labor to try to root it out. You may destroy the soil, but you can't root out the grass.

Patriotism with the Virginian is a noun personal. It is the Virginian himself and something over. He loves Virginia *per se* and *propter se:* he loves her for herself and for himself—because *she is* Virginia, and—everything else beside. He loves to talk about her: out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. It makes no odds where he goes, he carries Virginia with him; not in the entirety always—but the little spot he comes from is Virginia—as Swedenborg says the smallest part of the brain is an abridgment of all of it. "*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*," was made for a Virginian. He never gets acclimated elsewhere; he never loses citizenship to the old Home. The right of expatriation is a pure abstraction to him. He may breathe in Alabama, but he lives in Virginia. His treasure is there and his heart also. If he looks at the Delta of the Mississippi, it reminds him of James River "low grounds;" if he sees the vast prairies of Texas, it is a memorial of the meadows of the Valley. Richmond is the centre of attraction, the *dépôt* of all that is grand, great, good, and glorious. "It is the Kentucky of a place," which the preacher described Heaven to be to the Kentucky congregation.

Those who came many years ago from the borough towns, especially from the vicinity of Williamsburg, exceed, in attachment to their birthplace, if possible, the *émigrés* from the metropolis. It is refreshing in these coster-monger times, to hear them speak of it;—they remember it when the old burg was the seat of fashion, taste, refinement, hos-

pitality, wealth, wit, and all social graces: when genius threw its spell over the public assemblages and illumined the halls of justice, and when beauty brightened the social hour with her unmatched and matchless brilliancy.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

1812-1883.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS was born near Crawfordville, Georgia, and received an early and excellent education in his father's private school and at the University of Georgia. The cost of his tuition here was advanced by some friends, and he repaid it as soon as he began to earn money. He taught for a year in the family of Dr. Le Conte, father of the distinguished scientists, John and Joseph Le Conte, now of the University of California.

He pursued his law studies alone and passed an unusually brilliant examination. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1836, and to Congress in 1843, where he served until 1858. He then retired to country life at his home, "Liberty Hall." But in 1861 he was elected Vice-President of the Confederate States. After the war he was made prisoner and confined for some months at Fort Warren near Boston. He spent several years in literary work and established a newspaper at Atlanta, called the "Sun."

He was of small stature and delicate health, and met with one or two severe accidents. His career is a wonderful illustration of the power of the mind over the body. An amusing incident is told of him in regard to his size. He was attending a political convention in Charleston as one of the chief delegates; and one evening, with several other prominent men, he was on the porch of the hotel lying on a

bench, talking with his companions who were standing about him. The hotel-keeper coming out saw the gentlemen standing, and bustling up, said, "Get up, my son, and let these gentlemen be seated." Mr. Stephens at once arose and his friends burst out laughing; they explained the situation to the hotel-keeper who was profuse in his apologies.

An instance of his remarkable bravery is the affair with Judge Cone. This gentleman considered himself insulted by a remark of Mr. Stephens and demanded a retraction. After accepting an explanation, he still insisted on a retraction, and Mr. Stephens refused to make it. Judge Cone, a tall and powerful man, then drew a knife on him and holding him down on the floor, cried out, "Retract, or I'll cut you to pieces." "*Never!*" answered Stephens, "*cut!*" and caught the descending knife in his right hand. Friends interposed; Judge Cone apologized, and they afterwards became reconciled.

Mr. Stephens was elected to the United States Senate, 1874 and 1876: he was governor of Georgia when he died. See his Life by R. M. Johnston and W. H. Browne.

WORKS.

War between the States.
School History of the United States.
History of the United States.
Speeches.

LAWS OF GOVERNMENT.

(*From History of the United States.**)

The chief end of all States, or the "*Esprit des Lois*," as Montesquieu maintains, should be the security to each member of the community of all "those absolute rights which are vested in them by the immutable laws of nature."

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Many writers maintain that the individuals upon entering into society, give up or surrender a portion of their natural rights. This seems to be a manifest error. No person has any natural right whatever to hurt or injure another. The object of society and government is to prevent and redress injuries of this sort; for, in a state of nature, without a restraining power of government, the strong would viciously impose upon the weak.

Another erroneous dogma pretty generally taught is, that the object of governments should be to confer the greatest benefit upon the greatest number of its constituent members. The true doctrine is, the object should be to confer the greatest possible good upon every member, without any detriment or injury to a single one.

SKETCH IN THE SENATE, FEB. 5, 1850.

(*From Johnston and Browne's Life of Stephens.**)

Millard Fillmore, occupying the conspicuous seat erected for the second officer of the Government. . . . His countenance is open and bland, his chest full. His eye is bright, blue, and intelligent; his hair thick and slightly gray. His personal appearance is striking; and no one can look at him without feeling conscious that he is a man far above the average. On his right, near the aisle leading to the front door, sits Cass with hands folded in his lap . . ; his sleepy-looking eyes occasionally glancing at the galleries, and then at the crowd pressing in below. Benton sits in his well-known place, leaning back in his chair, and giving all who desire it a full view of his person. One vacant seat is seen not far off on the same side of the House. A vacant seat in such a crowd excites the attention of all. "Whose seat is that?" goes in whispers around.

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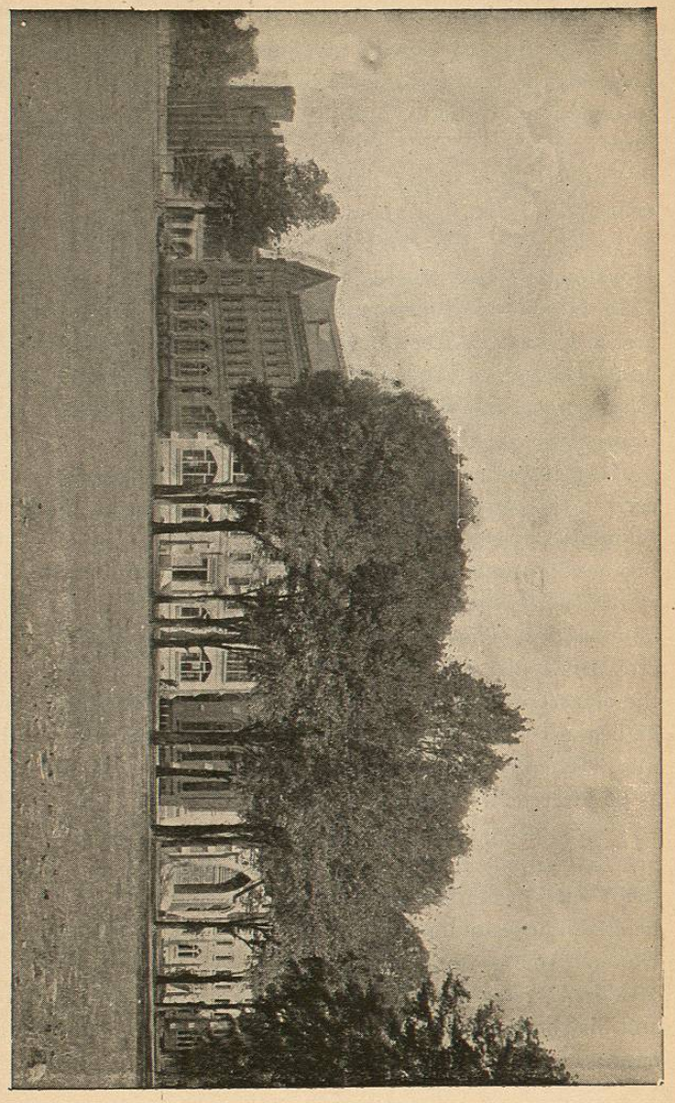

University of Alabama.

"It's Calhoun's—not well enough to be out yet."—"Who is that sitting by Cass?" says one.—"That is Buchanan,—come all the way from home to hear Clay."—"What thin-visaged man is that standing over yonder and constantly moving?"— . . "That is Ritchie of the *Union*."—"Who is that walking down the aisle with that uncouth coat and all that hair about his chin? Did you ever see such a swaggerer? *He* can't be a Senator."—"That is Sam Houston."—"But where is Webster? I don't see him."—"He is in the Supreme Court, where he has a case to argue to-day."—See Corwin, and Badger, and Berrien, and Dawson, all near Clay; all of them quiet while Clay pursues his writing. On the opposite side, Butler, and Foote, and Clemens, and Douglas.

After the carriage of the motion of Mr. Mangum to proceed to the consideration of the order of the day, Mr. Clay folds his papers and puts them in his desk, and after the business is announced, rises gracefully and majestically. Instantaneously there is general applause, which Mr. Clay seems not to notice. The noise within is heard without, and the great crowd raised such a shout that Mr. Clay had to pause until the officers went out and cleared all the entrances, and then he began. He spoke on that day two hours and fifteen minutes. The speech was reported in the *Globe* word for word as he uttered it. I never saw such a report before. His voice was good, his enunciation clear and distinct, his action firm, his strength far surpassing my expectation. He had the riveted gaze of the multitude the whole time. When he concluded, an immense throng of friends, both men and women came up to congratulate and to *kiss* him.

March 31st.—The Angel of Death has just passed by, and his shadow is seen lingering upon the startled countenances of all. A great man has just fallen,—Calhoun! His

race is ended. His restless and fiery spirit sleeps in that deep and long repose which awaits all the living. He died this morning about seven o'clock. Peace to his ashes! His name will long be remembered in the history of this country. He has closed his career at a most eventful period of that history, and perhaps it is most fortunate for his fame that he died just at this time.

TRUE COURAGE.

(From a Speech, 1855.)

I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong. The path of duty I shall endeavor to travel, fearing no evil, and dreading no consequences. I would rather be defeated in a good cause than to triumph in a bad one. I would not give a fig for a man who would shrink from the discharge of duty for fear of defeat.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK.

1814-1865.

ALEXANDER BEAUFORT MEEK was born at Columbia, South Carolina, was educated at the University of Alabama, and began life as a lawyer and editor in Tuscaloosa, then capital of Alabama. He was a lieutenant in the Seminole War. He was a judge, a member of the State Legislature and Speaker of the House, and father of the public school system of the state. His later years were devoted to literary pursuits and he stands high as an orator, poet, and historian.

WORKS.

Red Eagle, [a poem].
Romantic Passages in South-Western History.
History of Alabama, [unfinished].
Songs and Poems of the South.
Pilgrims of Mt. Vernon, [unfinished poem].

The story of the Indian Chief, Red Eagle, or Weatherford, is one of the most interesting traditions of our country. Judge Meek's writings teem with the romantic and marvellous incidents of the early history of Alabama, such as De Soto's march to the Mississippi, the Battle of Mauville and defeat of the great Indian King, Tuscaloosa, or Black Warrior, the Canoe-Fight of Dale, or Sam Thlucco, as the Indians called him ("Big Sam"), and the attack on Fort Mims.

RED EAGLE, OR WEATHERFORD.

(*From Romantic Passages in South-Western History.*)

The battle of Tohopeka put an end to the hopes of Weatherford. This village was situated on a peninsula, within the "horse-shoe bend" of the Tallapoosa. Here twelve hundred warriors . . . had fortified themselves for a desperate struggle, assured by their prophets that the Master of Breath would now interpose in their favor. Across the neck of land, three hundred and fifty yards wide, that leads into the peninsula, they had constructed powerful breastworks of hewn logs, eight or ten feet high, and pierced with double rows of port-holes, from which they could fire with perfect security. The selection of this spot and the character of its defence did great credit to the military genius of Weatherford,—and his eloquence, more than usually persuasive and inspiriting, filled his devoted followers with a courage strangely compounded of fanaticism and despair.

At an early hour in the morning, General Coffee's command having crossed the river and encircled the bend so as

to cut off all escape, General Jackson opened his artillery upon the breastworks, and having but in part demolished them, ordered forward the thirty-ninth regiment to carry the place by storm. The van was gallantly led by Col. Williams, Col. Bunch, Lieut.-Col. Benton, and Maj. Montgomery. Amidst a most destructive fire, they pressed to the breastworks, and desperately struggled for the command of the port-holes. But Maj. Montgomery, impatient at the delay, cried out to his men to follow him, and leaped upon the wall in face of the deadliest fire. For an instant he waved his sword over his head in triumph, but the next fell lifeless to the ground, shot through the head by a rifle ball. A more gallant spirit never achieved a nobler death, and the name of the young Tennesseean is preserved as a proud designation by one of the richest counties, as well as by one of the most flourishing cities, in the State whose soil was baptized by his blood!

The breastworks having been carried by storm, the Indians fell back among the trees, brush, and timber of the peninsula, and kept up a spirited contest. But, in the meantime, a portion of Coffee's command, and some of the friendly warriors under their distinguished chief, McIntosh, had swum across the river, fired the village of Tohopeka, and carried off the canoes of the enemy. The followers of Weatherford now became desperate, and from the banks, hollows, and other fastnesses of the place, fought with fury, refusing all offers of quarter. The fight continued in severity for five hours; and the going down of the sun was hailed by the survivors as furnishing them some chance of escape. But the hope was, in the main, deceptive. . . . . Not more than twenty warriors are believed to have escaped, under cover of the night. Among these, strange enough, was the chieftain [Weather-

ford], whose appellation, "the Murderer of Fort Mims," had formed the watch-word and war-cry of his enemies in this very engagement. Favored by the thick darkness, he floated down the river with his horse, until below the American lines, and then reaching the shore, made his way in safety to the highlands south of the Tallapoosa. . .

Weatherford could not consent to fly from the nation; he felt that he owed it, as a duty to his people, not to abandon them until peace was restored. In this state of mind he was apprised that the American commander had set a price upon his head, and refused peace to the other chiefs, unless they should bring him either dead, or in confinement, to the American camp, now at Fort Jackson, near the junction of the rivers. His determination was at once taken in the same spirit of heroism that always marked his conduct. Accordingly, mounting his horse, he made his way across the country, and soon appeared at the lines of the encampment. At his request, a sentinel conducted him to the presence of the commander-in-chief, who was seated in his marquee, in consultation with several of his principal officers. The stately and noble appearance of the warrior at once excited the attention and surprise of the General, and he demanded of the Chief his name and the purpose of his visit.

In calm and deliberate tones, the chieftain said: "I am Weatherford. I have come to ask peace for myself and for my people."

The mild dignity with which these words were uttered, no less than their import, struck the American commander with surprise. [He hardly knew what to do; but he allowed some parley and Weatherford made a speech, ending thus:] "General Jackson, you are a brave man: I am another. I do not fear to die. But I rely on your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered and helpless people, but those to which they should accede. . . . . You have told us what we may do and be safe. Yours is a good talk and my nation ought to listen to it. They *shall* listen to it!" . . .

General Jackson acceded to the demands of Weatherford, and assured him of peace and safety for himself and people.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE.

1816-1850.

PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, the elder brother of the better known John Esten Cooke, was born in Martinsburg, Virginia, and spent his short life happily in his native county, engaged in field sports and in writing stories and poems for the "Southern Literary Messenger" and other magazines. His lyric, "Florence Vane," has been very popular and has been translated into many languages. He was said to be stately and impressive in manner and a brilliant talker. Philip Pendleton and John Esten Cooke were first cousins of John Pendleton Kennedy, their mothers being sisters.

His death was caused by pneumonia contracted from riding through the Shenandoah on a hunting trip.

WORKS.

Froissart Ballads and other Poems.
John Carpe.
Gregories of Hackwood.
Crime of Andrew Blair.
Chevalier Merlin [unfinished].

FLORENCE VANE.

I loved thee long and dearly,
  Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream, and early,
  Hath come again;