

(All heavenly fancies rise  
 On the perfume of her sighs,  
 Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,  
 And a peace more pure than sleep's  
 Unto dim half-conscious deeps,  
 Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.  
 Those dreams! ah, me! the splendor,  
 So mystical and tender,  
 Wherewith like soft heat lightnings they gird their meaning round,  
 And those waters, calling, calling,  
 With a nameless charm entralling,  
 Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!  
 Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,  
 Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me;  
 From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars—  
 What viewless arms caress me?  
 What whispered voices bless me,  
 With welcomes dropping dew-like from the weird and wondrous  
 stars?  
 Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer  
 Grows the preternatural glimmer  
 Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of  
 balm,  
 For behold! its spirit fieth,  
 And its fairy murmur dieth,  
 And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

1830-1886.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE was born at Winchester, Virginia, a younger brother of Philip Pendleton Cooke and son of the eminent jurist, John Rogers Cooke, under whom he made his law studies. He seemed, however, to prefer literature to law, and when he was twenty-four he had already pub-

lished several works. Among them was "Virginia Comedians," a novel of great interest and greater promise.

In 1861 he entered the Confederate service as one of General T. J. Jackson's staff, was transferred to that of General J. E. B. Stuart at the death of Jackson in 1863; and after Stuart's death, he was Inspector-General of the horse artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia till the close of the war.

His novels deal with the life and history of Virginia, the best known of them being "Surry of Eagle's Nest," which is said to be partly autobiographical. They hold well the popular favor. His "Stories of the Old Dominion" are specially interesting to Virginians.

## WORKS.

Leather Stocking and Silk.	Youth of Jefferson.
Virginia Comedians.	Ellie.
Last of the Foresters.	Henry St. John, Gentleman, sequel to Virginia Comedians.
Life of Stonewall Jackson.	Wearing of the Gray.
Surry of Eagle's Nest.	Fairfax, or Greenway Court.
Mohun, or the Last Days of Lee and his Paladins.	Hilt to Hilt
Out of the Foam.	Hammer and Rapier [Grant and Lee].
Heir of Gaymount.	Life of R. E. Lee.
Dr. Vandyke.	Her Majesty the Queen.
Pretty Mrs. Gaston, and other Stories.	Canolles.
Professor Pressensee.	Mr. Grantley's Idea.
Virginia Bohemians.	Stories of the Old Dominion.
Virginia: a History of the People.	My Lady Pokahontas.
Maurice Mystery,	

## THE RACES IN VIRGINIA, 1765.

(From *Virginia Comedians*.)

The races!

That word always produces a strong effect upon men in the South; and when the day fixed upon for the Jamestown races comes, the country is alive for miles around with persons of all classes and descriptions.

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As the hour of noon approaches, the ground swarms with every species of the genus *homo*; Williamsburg and the seafaring village of Jamestown turn out *en masse*, and leave all occupations for the exciting turf.

As the day draws on the crowd becomes more dense. The splendid chariots of the gentry roll up to the stand, and group themselves around it, in a position to overlook the race-course, and through the wide windows are seen the sparkling eyes and powdered locks, and diamonds and gay silk and velvet dresses of those fair dames who lent such richness and picturesque beauty to the old days dead now so long ago in the far past. The fine-looking old planters too are decked in their holiday suits, their powdered hair is tied into queues behind with neat black ribbon, and they descend and mingle with their neighbors, and discuss the coming festival.

Gay youths, in rich brilliant dresses, caracole up to the carriages on fiery steeds, to display their horsemanship, and exchange compliments with their friends, and make pretty speeches, which are received by the bright-eyed damsels with little ogles, and flirts of their variegated fans, and rapturous delight.

Meanwhile the crowd grows each moment, as the flood pours in from the north, the south, the east, the west—from every point of the compass, and in every species of vehicle. There are gay parties of the yeomen and their wives and daughters, in carryalls and wagons filled with straw, upon which chairs are placed: there are rollicking fast men—if we may use a word becoming customary in our own day—who whirl in, in their curricles: there are barouches and chairs, spring wagons and carts, all full, approaching in every way from a sober walk to a furious headlong dash, all “going to the races.” There are horsemen who lean

forward, horsemen who lean back; furious, excited horsemen urging their steeds with whip and spur; cool, quiet horsemen, who ride erect and slowly; there are, besides, pedestrians of every class and appearance, old and young, male and female, black and white—all going to the races.

The hour at last arrives, and a horn sounding from the judges' stand, the horses are led out in their blankets and head-coverings, and walked up and down before the crowd by their trainers, who are for the most part old gray-headed negroes, born and raised, to the best of their recollection, on the turf. The riders are noble scions of the same ancient stock, and average three feet and a half in height, and twenty pounds in weight. They are clad in ornamental garments; wear little close-fitting caps; and while they are waiting, sit huddled up in the grass, sucking their thumbs, and talking confidentially about “them there hosses.”

Let us look at the objects of their attention; they are well worth it.

Mr. Howard enters the bay horse *Sir Archy*, out of Flying Dick, by Roderick.

Mr. James enters *Fair Anna*, a white mare, dam Virginia, sire Belgrave.

Captain Waters enters the Arabian horse *Selim*, descended in a direct line, he is informed, from Al-borak, who carried the prophet Mahomet up to heaven—though this pedigree is not vouched for. The said pedigree is open to the inspection of all comers. *Note*—That it is written in Arabic.

There are other entries, but not much attention is paid to them. The race will be between Sir Archy and Fair Anna, and perhaps the outlandish horse will not be “distanced.”

“Prepare the horses!” comes from the judges' stand opposite.



Captain Ralph Waters leaves the ladies with a gallant bow, and pushes his way through the swaying and excited crowd, toward the spot where the animals are being saddled.

A tremendous hurly-burly reigns there; men of all classes, boys, negroes, gentlemen, indented servants,—all are betting with intense interest. The dignified grooms endeavor to keep back the crowd:—the owners of the horses give their orders to the microscopic monkeys who are to ride.

The riders are raised by one leg into the saddles; they gather up the reins; the drum taps; they are off like lightning.

The course is a mile in circumference, and they go round it before the excited crowd can look at them a dozen times. They whirl past the stand, and push on again.

Sir Archy leads; Fair Anna trails on a hard rein; the Arabian is two lengths behind; but he is not running.

They thunder up the quarter stretch: Sir Archy is bounding, like some diabolical monster, far before his companions, spite of his owner's cries; the Arabian has come up and locks the mare; they run neck and neck. Sir Archy whirls past the stand, and wins by a hundred yards. The immense crowd utters a shout that shakes the surrounding forest.

The horses are again enveloped in their hoods and blankets. Captain Ralph returns to the Riverhead carriage, [that of the Lees, in which were Miss Henrietta Lee and her sister Clare.]

"Any more betting, sir?" says Miss Henrietta, satirically.

"Who, I?"

"Yes, sir."

"Assuredly!" says the Captain; "do not think, *chere ma'm'selle*, that I am very much cast down. I am so far

from that, I assure you, that I am ready to take the field again."

"Well, sir."

"Then you will bet again, madam?"

"Yes, indeed."

"*Bien!* I now stake all that is left me in the world—though not quite. I stake my horse, Selim, against the curl and the pair of gloves you wear, with the knot of ribbons at your girdle thrown in—all upon the final issue."

Henrietta blushes; for, however common such gallant proposals were at that day, she cannot misunderstand the meaning of the soldier's glance, and reddens beneath it.

"That would be unfair, sir."

"Not so, my dear madam, for are you not sure to lose?"

"To lose?"

"Yes, indeed."

"No, sir; I am sure to win."

"Bah! you ladies have such a delicious little confidence in the things you patronize, that it is really astonishing. You think Sir Archy will beat Selim? Pshaw! you know nothing about it.

This piques madam Henrietta, and she smiles satirically again as she says:

"Well, sir, I do not want your pretty horse—but if you insist, why, I cannot retreat. I shall, at least, have the pleasure of returning him to his master."

The Captain shakes his head.

"A bet upon such terms is no bet at all, my dearest madam," he says, "for, I assure you, if I win, you will return home curl-less, glove-less, and ribbon-less. All is fair in war—and love."

With which words, Captain Ralph darts a martial ogle at his companion. This piques her more than ever.



"Well, sir," she replies, "if you are determined, have your desire."

"Good!" cries the Captain, "we are just in time. There is the horse."

And, with another gallant bow, the Captain rides away towards the horses.

The boys are again instructed much after the same fashion: the signal is given in the midst of breathless suspense, and the horses dart from their places.

They dart around, Sir Archy again leading: but this position he does not hold throughout the first mile: he gradually falls behind, and when they pass the winning-post he is fifty yards in the rear. His owner tears his hair, but the crowd do not see him—they flush and shout.

The second mile is between Fair Anna and the Arabian, and they lock in the middle of it; but the Arabian gradually takes the lead, and when they flash up to the stand he is ten yards ahead. Sir Archy is distanced and withdrawn.

It would be impossible to describe the excitement of the crowd:—the tremendous effect produced upon them by this reversal of all their hopes and expectations. They roll about like waves, they shout, they curse, they rumble and groan like a stormy sea.

The horses are the objects of every one's attention. Their condition will go far to indicate the final result—and Sir Archy being led away and withdrawn, the race now will be between Fair Anna and the Arabian.

Mr. James looks more solemn than ever, and all eyes are turned upon him. Captain Waters is not visible—he is yonder, conversing with the ladies.

But the horses! Fair Anna pants and breathes heavily: her coat is drenched more completely than before with per-

spiration; her mouth foams; she tosses her head; when the rake is applied to her back a shower falls.

The Arabian is wet all over too; but he breathes regularly; his eye is bright and his head calm. He has commenced running. The first intention of Mr. James is to give up the race, but his pride will not let him. He utters an oath, and gives renewed instructions to his rider. These instructions are to whip and spur—to take the lead and keep it, from the start.

The moment for the final struggle arrives, and Captain Ralph merely says, "Rein free!"

The boys mount—the crowd opens; the drum taps and the animals are off like lightning.

Fair Anna feels that all her previous reputation is at stake, and flies like a deer. She passes around the first mile like a flash of white light; but the Arabian is beside her. For a quarter of a mile thereafter they run neck and neck—the rider of fair Anna lashes and spurs desperately.

They come up to the quarter-stretch in the last mile at supernatural speed:—the spectators rise on their toes and shout:—two shadows pass them like the shadows of darting hawks:—the mare barely saves her distance and the Arabian has triumphed.

If we could not describe the excitement after the second heat, what possibility is there that we could convey an idea of the raging and surging pandemonium which the crowd now came to resemble? Furious cries—shouts—curses—applause—laughter—and the rattle of coin leaving unwilling hands are some of the sounds. But here we must give up:—as no mere pen can describe the raging of a great mass of water lashed by an angry wind into foam and whistling spray and muttering waves, which rise and fall and crash



incessantly, so we cannot trace the outline of the wildly excited crowd.

[Afterwards come contests with the quarter-staff, a wrestling match, running matches, a contest of singing among "a dozen blushing maidens," and of fiddling among twenty bold musicians: and the day is wound up with a great banquet.]

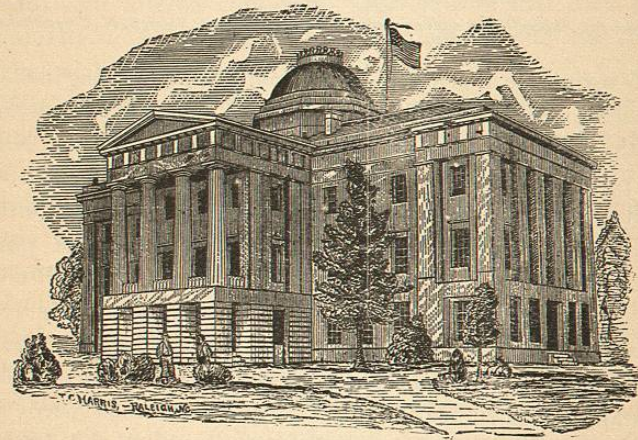
### ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE.

1830-1894.

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE was born in Buncombe County, North Carolina, and was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, and at the University of North Carolina. He studied law and began its practice in Asheville. He was soon elected to the State Legislature and to Congress; and from 1854 to his death was continuously in public life except just after the war. His wit and eloquence made him a great favorite both on the stump and in Congress, and the influence he wielded in his state was unbounded. He was opposed to secession, but joined his state in her decision and became colonel of the 26th North Carolina Regiment, one of the best of the army.

In 1862 he was elected governor of the State and was so active and enterprising in getting aid by sea for the cause that he was called the "War Governor of the South." He was in favor of considering the negotiations for peace in 1863, but he neglected no measures to insure the success of the Confederacy. In 1865 he was held a prisoner of war for a few weeks in Washington.

His political disabilities were not removed till 1872; in 1876 he was elected governor of North Carolina, and in 1879,



State Capitol of North Carolina.



United States Senator, having been elected and his seat refused him in 1870. His death occurred in Washington City, and he is buried in Asheville. His State is now preparing to erect a monument expressing her honor and devotion to her illustrious son.

## WORKS.

Speeches: (in Congress and on Public Occasions.)

## CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE WAR.

(From *All About it—an address before the young men of Raleigh, N. C.: published in "Land We Love," January, 1867.*)

Virginia to the north of us was settled by English Cavaliers; South Carolina, mainly by French Huguenots; both among the noblest stocks of Western Europe. North Carolina, with but a slight infusion of each, was settled by a sturdier—and in some respects—a better race than either. She was emphatically the offspring of religious and political persecution, and the vital stream of her infant life was of Scotch-Irish origin. A cross of those two noble races has produced a breed of men as renowned for great deeds and modest worth as perhaps any other in this world. Two instances will suffice for this. Perhaps the most manly and glorious feat of arms in modern times was the defence of Londonderry, as the boldest and most remarkable state paper was the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Both were the work mainly of men such as settled North Carolina.

*The Country Gentlemen.*—Perhaps one of the most remarkable changes which we may expect, is one that will soon be apparent on the face of our country society. The abolition of slavery will do wonders here. It puts an end to the reign of those lordly-landed proprietors, planters, and farmers, who constituted so striking and

so pleasant a feature in our rural population. No longer the masters of hundreds of slaves wherewith to cultivate their thousands of acres, the general cheapness of lands in the South will prevent their forming around them a system of dependent tenantry, since every industrious man will be able to plough his own farm. They will therefore gradually sell off their paternal acres, no longer within the scope of prudent management, and seek homes in the towns and villages, or contract their establishments to their means and altered condition. Agriculture will then pass gradually into the hands of small farmers, and the great farms will forever disappear.

I can scarcely imagine it possible for any one to view the steady disappearance of the race of Southern country gentlemen without genuine sorrow . . . the high-toned, educated, chivalrous, intelligent, and hospitable Southern gentlemen, of whom each one who hears me has at least a dozen in his mind's eye in Virginia and the Carolinas: whose broad fields were cultivated by their own faithful and devoted slaves, whose rudely splendid mansions stand where their fathers reared them, among the oaks and the pines which greeted the canoe of John Smith, welcomed the ships of Raleigh, and sheltered the wild cavaliers of De Soto; whose hall doors stood wide open, and were never shut except against a retreating guest;\* whose cellar and table abounded with the richest products of the richest lands in the world, and whose hospitality was yet unstained by unrefined excess; whose parlors and fire-sides were adorned by a courtly female grace which might vie with any that ever lighted and blessed the home of man;

\* As in the case of the gentleman for whom Senator Vance's native county was named He had over his front door the inscription:

"Buncombe Hall,  
Welcome all!"



whose hands were taught from infancy to fly open to every generous and charitable appeal, and whose minds were inured to all self-respect and toleration, and whose strong brains were sudden death to humbuggery, all the *isms*, and the whole family of mean and pestilential fanaticism.

*The Negroes.*—There is also a great change at hand for the negro. . . . Who that knew him as a contented, well-treated slave, did not learn to love and admire the negro character? I, for one, confess to almost an enthusiasm on the subject. The cheerful ring of their songs at their daily tasks, their love for their masters and their families, their politeness and good manners, their easily bought but sincere gratitude, their deep-seated aristocracy—for your genuine negro was a terrible aristocrat,—their pride in their own and their master's dignity, together with their overflowing and never-failing animal spirits, both during hours of labor and leisure, altogether, made up an aggregation of joyous simplicity and fidelity—when not perverted by harsh treatment—that to me was irresistible!

A remembrance of the seasons spent among them will perish only with life. From the time of the ingathering of the crops, until after the ushering in of the new year, was wont to be with them a season of greater joy and festivity than with any other people on earth, of whom it has been my lot to hear. In the glorious November nights of our beneficent clime, after the first frosts had given a bracing sharpness and a ringing clearness to the air, and lent that transparent blue to the heavens through which the stars gleam like globes of sapphire, when I have seen a hundred or more of them around the swelling piles of corn, and heard their tuneful voices ringing with the chorus of some wild refrain, I have thought I would rather far listen to them than to any music ever sung to mortal ears; for it

was the outpouring of the hearts of happy and contented men, rejoicing over the abundance which rewarded the labor of the closing year! And the listening, too, has many a time and oft filled my bosom with emotions, and opened my heart with charity and love toward this subject and dependent race, such as no oratory, no rhetoric or minstrelsy in all this wide earth could impart!

Nature ceased almost to feel fatigue in the joyous scenes which followed. The fiddle and the banjo, animated as it would seem like living things, literally knew no rest, night or day; while Terpichore covered her face in absolute despair in the presence of that famous *double-shuffle* with which the long nights and "master's shoes" were worn away together!

Who can forget the cook by whom his youthful appetite was fed? The fussy, consequential old lady to whom I now refer, has often, during my vagrant inroads into her rightful domains, boxed my infant jaws, with an imperious, "Bress de Lord, git out of de way: dat chile never kin git enuff": and as often relenting at sight of my hungry tears, has fairly bribed me into her love again with the very choicest bits of the savory messes of her art. She was haughty as Juno, and aristocratic as though her naked ancestors had come over with the Conqueror, or "drawn a good bow at Hastings," . . . and yet her pride invariably melted at the sight of certain surreptitious quantities of tobacco, with which I made my court to this high priestess of the region sacred to the stomach.

And there, too, plainest of all, I can see the fat and chubby form of my dear old nurse, whose encircling arms of love fondled and supported me from the time whereof the memory of this man runneth not to the contrary. All the strong love of her simple and faithful nature seemed bestowed on



her mistress' children, which she was not permitted to give to her own, long, long ago left behind and dead in "ole Varginney." Oh! the wonderful and touching stories of them, and a hundred other things, which she has poured into my infant ears! How well do I remember the marvelous story of the manner in which she obtained religion, of her many and sore conflicts with the powers of darkness, and of her first dawning hopes in that blessed gospel whose richest glory is, that it is preached to the poor, such as she was! From her lips, too, I heard my first ghost-story! Think of that! None of your feeble make-believes of a ghost-story either, carrying infidelity on its face; but a real bona-fide narrative, witnessed by herself, and told with the earnestness of truth itself. How my knees smote together, and my hair stood on end, "so called"—as I stared and startled, and declared again and again with quite a sickly manhood indeed, that *I wasn't scared a bit!*

Perhaps the proudest day of my boyhood was when I was able to present her with a large and flaming red cotton handkerchief, wherewith in turban style she adorned her head. And my satisfaction was complete when my profound erudition enabled me to read for her on Sabbath afternoons that most wonderful of all stories, the Pilgrim's Progress. Nor was it uninstrucive, or a slight tribute to the genius of the immortal tinker—could I but have appreciated it—to observe the varied emotions excited within her breast by the recital of those fearful conflicts by the way, and of the unspeakable glories of the celestial City, within whose portals of pearl I trust her faithful soul has long since entered!

## ALBERT PIKE.

1809—1891.

ALBERT PIKE was born in Boston, but after his twenty-second year made his home in the South. He was a student at Harvard and taught for a while; in 1831, he went to Arkansas, walking, it is said, five hundred miles of the way, as his horse had run away in a storm.

He became an editor and then a lawyer, cultivating letters at the same time, and wrote the "Hymns to the Gods." He served in the Mexican and Civil Wars, with rank in the latter of Brigadier-General in the Confederate army. He afterwards made his home in Washington City, where he at first practised his profession, but later gave his attention mostly to literature and Freemasonry.

## WORKS.

Hymns to the Gods.	Works on Freemasonry.
Prose Sketches and Poems.	Nugae, (including Hymns to the Gods).
Reports of Cases in the Supreme Court of Arkansas.	

The following poem is one of the best on that wonderful bird whose song almost all Southern poets have celebrated. It has a classic ring and reminds one of Keats' Odes on the Nightingale and on a Grecian Urn.

## TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear  
 Thy many voices ringing through the glooms  
 Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,  
 Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,  
 And floods the heart. Over the sphe òd tombs