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HISTORY OF THE WAR.

BY ROBERT E. HOWARD.

Author of a History of Virginia.

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CHAPTER VI.

(CONCLUDED.)

Within a few days after this memorable conflict, discoveries were made increasing heavily the already ponderous load of infamy brought on the North by the war and its conduct.

In the wagons captured were found an immense number of handcuffs, estimated, from their bulk, to amount to thirty thousand! This may have been an over estimate, but it is certain, they were numbered by thousands, and were far beyond the necessities of an army for its own police and discipline. They were intended to manacle Southerners, and were part of the equipment of the invading host prepared, under the eye of Wingfield Scott! In many of the Federal knapsacks were found halters of smooth rope, terminating in a noose, and plainly designed for hanging men whose defence of their homes and liberty made them "rebels" in the eyes of the Northern people, who had neither pure homes to love, nor liberties to defend.

On the persons of the slain, and in the knapsacks thrown away by thousands, on the field, were found a large number of

letters, some of which were written to be sent to correspondents in the North, but the greater part were from the fathers, brothers, sisters, wives and acquaintances of the Federal soldiers. On examination these letters were found, with few exceptions, so full of foul obscenity, brutal oaths and fiendish malice against the South, that they could not be published without shocking the decency of public opinion. It is specially remarkable, that the letters from Northern women, were full of obscene allusions and inquiries, giving a glimpse into the putrid fountains whence they flowed, and furnishing renewed cause of joy that the South had cut loose the bonds which once bound her to the society that could hold such women!

In Centreville there was a small but graceful Episcopal church, where devout congregations had often assembled, and the presence of God had been invoked with solemn forms, and all the hallowed associations of Christian worship. Into this sacred building, the vulgar officers and soldiers of the North had intruded, and not content with destroying the seats and defacing the altar, they covered the walls with indecent inscriptions and every form of profanity that their malice could invent — most of them expressing their hatred of the South and her patriot leaders. Three days after the battle, a small group of spectators, including Joseph Mayo, the Mayor of Richmond, and the correspondent of a London Journal, stood in this church and looked on the vision of sacrilege it presented. The effect for a time was such as to produce profound silence. As they turned away, Mr. Mayo offered a reward to obtain a copy of the sentences written on

a Letter in Lynchburg Republican, dated July 23d. Dispatch, July 27th.

cause is doubly dear and doubly safe since Jackson's blood has consecrated it.

The name is three glorious. The Hero of New Orleans, the Martyr of Alexandria and the Mighty Chief of the Stonewall Brigade have borne it. Of the three, Virginia claims two as her sons. But THOMAS J. JACKSON belongs to no State, and not even to the South. His place is with Tell and Bruce and Kosciusko—champions of freedom for the oppressed of all lands and every age.

TO LAMAR FONTAINE,*

The author of the verses entitled, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night;" and, if report be true, one of the Unrewarded Heroes of the South.

BY HENRY C. ALEXANDER.

Heroic youth may heaven defend
Thy brow from harm, thy heart from care,
And long thy clarion deeds alarm
The slumbering souls that do and dare!

'Tis said, (on one of Rome's red days,)
That two celestial youths appeared
On milk-white steeds, to curse the foe,
With glancing helms and crest upreared,
And garments like untrodden snow.

But who, amongst the striplings tall,
Who crowd with life that stern array,
Whose banner bears no earthly stain,
Whose courage blanches night nor day,
Is peer to *thee*, Lamar Fontaine!

At morn—at noon—where danger called,
And battle thundered in the van,
Thy frail form, weary, bleeding, spent,
A meteor through the legions ran,
While cheers pursue from tent to tent.

* It is questionable whether Fontaine wrote the "All Quiet Along the Potomac." There was no occasion to incite such a poem. Our pickets along the Potomac were rarely if ever shot; those of the Yankees were shot night after night. We have heard that the author of the lines attributed to Fontaine is an Ohioan. A brave man—a hero, if you will—Fontaine has yet to prove that he is a poet.—ED. MESS.

Or when—these notes of tumult stilled—
The moonbeam slept upon the tide,
And the lone picket in the wood
Receives the bullet in his side,
Like bronze our dauntless sentry stood.

Ah, busy, false, unheeding world,
—When innocence in arms was strong—
How little didst thou ever dream
The hidden pathos of that song,
"All quiet on Potomac's stream"!

Immortal boy, not thine the doom,
To slumber in an unknown grave,
Where no fond roses bind the urn,
Nor melancholy cypress wave,
And grieving pilgrims oft return!

Posterity in tears shall read,
(When war's fierce drums have ceased
to roll,

To drown the minstrel's pensive strain,
Full high on glory's crimson scroll,
That name of fear, LAMAR FONTAINE!

AN ESSAY ON "WOX."

Wox! Yes, sir, I repeat it, *wox!*
Did it never happen to you that some confounded word, or idea, is suggested to you, or perhaps, hits you suddenly, and, for the life of you, you can't get rid of that word or that idea, but it keeps coming back to you, breaking in upon your other thoughts, and worrying you almost to death? If so, you can understand my present "situation." For nearly twenty-four hours I have been afflicted with that word "*wox*"—tormented with it, aggravated by it, and find it impossible to get rid of it. I, therefore, sit down to write about it, hoping in this way to relieve my mind and drive off the intruder.

"The man is a cussed fool," I almost hear you say. "There is no such word in the English language, or any other language, as *wox*—barri:g Choctaw, possibly."

Tiens! Hold hard there. I did not think, myself, there was such a word until last night, when I heard it—heard it palpably—heard it spoken, and spoken in deep earnest—and the word has been persecuting me ever since. The man undoubtedly meant *wax*—speaking *cereously*, I have no doubt *wax* was the word he intended. But he clearly and distinctly said "*wox*."

You must know that I live in "hired apartments." I say "apartments," be-