



OUR CONFEDERATE COLUMN

PHASES OF SOLDIER LIFE. Incidents of the Camp, the March, and Battle.

THE SERIOUS AND THE COMIC. A Budget of Very Interesting Experiences.

FRIGHTENED BY THE OWLS. A Bugler Submerged—Specy Recovery—Hated to be Called Dead—An Abrupt Dispersion—The Burial of Latane—Poetry.

G. W. B., of Northumberland county, contributes the following to our Confederate column:

A very serious feature of camp life to our volunteer soldiers was the lonely treading of the sentinel's beat. Pacing out and fro, or standing motionless under the stars listening and peering for the enemy's approach, while all the rest of the camp lay wrapped in noiseless sleep, was a duty that often brought to the soldier a time of serious anxious thought.

Then thought of his absent loved ones, his kindly, sheltering roof, and his warm, cozy bed. And the fond recollections and tender musings in which he would indulge were apt to be rudely disturbed by any chance noise that might be borne on the night breeze as of some comely woman's stealthy approach.

A SENTINEL FRIGHTENED BY OWLS. I recall that as corporal of the guard at Hoo's Chapel, on the Potomac, in June, 1861, I placed a soldier on guard for the first time. I know not in the stillness and loneliness of the night into what musing his spirit fell, or what signs of hostile movement put him into a state of "was suspended."

But about the midnight hour I heard him call excitedly, "Corporal of the guard!" and hastened to find what the trouble was with him. On reaching him he said, with remarkable trepidation, pointing to a body of timber: "The enemy are in those woods. I hear mysterious voices calling and answering each other."

Listening for a moment or two, there came from the swamp a low murmured w-h-o-o, w-h-o-o, w-h-o-o, and the answer from another quarter w-h-o-o, w-h-o-o, and I said: "The enemy are in those woods. I hear mysterious voices calling and answering each other."

As the dawn light settled, and it became possible to see somewhat down into the pit, there, first to be seen, was Comrade Bill Palmer (now of Mt. Holly, Va.), scrambling bravely near the top and the most out, with a bleeding scratch on his nose, emerging from his dusty burial and having what seemed a veritable resurrection.

On the morning of the third day of conflict at Gettysburg, while drawn up in line of battle, with a shrieking shell passing over us now and then, and a whistling bullet following us as an accompaniment of the doleful music, when all fell gravely serious, and momentarily awaited the order to join in the impending conflict; as we sat there on our horses, pensive and silent, suddenly a bullet struck our comrade, Palmer, full in the breast.

With a groan he bent forward, and two men assisted him away, as we supposed, to death and a grave.

An hour or two later, to our infinite surprise and pleasure, here came Palmer, riding serenely back, as brisk and active as when at Office Hall the year previous last October, and in the full possession of his faculties and with his cold rice and stewed raisins, and felt that it was indeed the Celestial Empire.

I remember that down in Dinwiddie, once when we had been on half rations of hard-tack and mess pork for months, my messmate and another soldier secured a large fat goose. This relieved the seriousness of the situation greatly. It made us smile. We all three agreed to take a hand in the cooking of the goose. My turn it was to salt it, and I sprinkled on the pepper. We had no black pepper, but several pods of red pepper. Unfortunately each one of us had a hand in putting on the pepper, and a liberal hand at that. The last man in this cooking business, it seems, had a sort of mania for pepper, and he cast it into the boiling kettle lavishly.

When the goose was done, and we gathered about it for our dinner, it looked brown and luscious; and we all dug in and gave forth its odor most delightfully. But when we tasted it, the pepper, alas! the pepper; it utterly overcame us. Tongue and stomach, lips and palate revolted before the burning power of that pepper. We might have charged a picket, a breastwork, a battery, but that hot goose we couldn't charge. Our looks were serious, our feelings were solemn. If any one of the four felt like smiling, it must surely have been the man who had "rolled down an embankment."

ROLL DOWN AN EMBANKMENT. The soldiers' marches were often marked by incidents in which the serious was blended with the humorous. When our army retired from its lines at Antietam, and under cover of the night, sought to recross the Potomac, our march in the dark was full of the most anxious and serious feelings. The line of march led us among the field hospitals, where the screams of patients and torments in the faces and forms of our wounded and dying men, whom we were leading in the enemy's hands. Here and there might be seen small groups of Confederates

mounted their bearing down upon us in a headlong charge. Just then, one of our men, whom we called Zenock, was soon dismounted, and having no little trouble with his horse. His horse, he said, was staggering, looked as if he couldn't stand up. "He can't hold me in the saddle," he said; so Zenock was ordered to hasten to the rear, and off he went at a double-quick, leading his ill horse.

The shock of the enemy's charge was quickly met, and they turned back. Some of the Yankees, however, in their headlong dash, were the onslaught of McClellan's stouter battalions undaunted and immovable. But this nocturnal avalanche—this revolving horse and rider rolling down on their heads—was too much for human endurance. They broke into a momentary panic. Soon afterwards Tom and his steed returned to their place in the ranks, showing but slight injury from their perilous fall.

A BUGLER SUBMERGED. During the trip under General Wade Hampton against Wilson's rebel army, I think it was, we had occasion to cross Stony creek where it was quite deep, and where the bank from which we entered the stream was a foot or so high. In single file we forced our horses down into the water, and the front feet of each horse as they struck the bottom, tended to deepen a hole near the bank. The entrance to the stream thus grew more dangerous with each horse forced into it. "Why are you getting bogged?" came to enter he spurred his trusty mare down, and she, unable to extricate her front feet, and impelled by her momentum, turned over end for end, sending the splashing water high into the air, and the head of the horse came out of sight under the stream. When, quickly he emerged above the flood, if he had played us an air, it perhaps, would have been: "Full for the shore, brother; Jordan ain't a hard road to travel, I believe."

SUDDENLY CHANGED. In the long and arduous march during the raid around the Federal army on the Chickahominy we had an illustration of how a soldier's best-laid scheme may sometimes "kangaroo." We had at that time a man in our company who had a marvelous facility for getting bogged out of sight under the stream. When, quickly he emerged above the flood, if he had played us an air, it perhaps, would have been: "Full for the shore, brother; Jordan ain't a hard road to travel, I believe."

THE BURIAL OF LATANE. The last incident of our life on outpost duty that I recall, in which the grave and humorous mingled largely, was down on the lines below Petersburg, in the autumn of the festive year, 1864. One of our lieutenants, who had twenty-four men out on the picket-line, sent in a request, saying that some girls near the picket-line had gotten up a melodious song and had invited him to attend with his guard, and asking if there would be any impropriety in his going with the men. The reply was sent that such a thing would be thought of; that the picket was a gravely important post of duty, and every man should be kept in his place.

After this message had been sent I was haunted by the feeling that that camp-pulling would be irresistible, and that the lieutenant and his guard would be allured from their camp by the double-sweet—the fair, young girls and the melodious strains of the song. I mounted my horse and rode down to the reserve pickets had their bivouac. There were the horses and arms; there were Corporal Marmaduke and four men. All the other officers and privates were in the camp across the field. They were pulling candy with the girls.

Very quickly a plan was formed to ride down the picket-line and put the sentinels and guard against any meddling with firing that might be heard in their rear. Then, with such men as were available, we returned, and getting well between the house where the merry-making was going on, and the picket-line, we dismounted, and, with our pistols, we charged down on the house, yelling, and firing our pistols like a regiment of Yankees making a night assault. The surprise was complete, and the shouting and yelling in the camp emptied of its guests more rapidly or unceremoniously. In an incredibly short time the lieutenant and his men had exchanged the lighted balls and merry music for the cold steel of the bayonet, and the darkness of the swamp in the rear, where they found a hiding-place.

One man sought a nearer shelter of secrecy. He ran up to the top of a tree, and doubling himself up in the fire-arch, had one of the girls to replace the screen, so as to conceal him. Learning of his whereabouts, we went up into the room where he hid, and there we found him with a gun. He felt that his hour had come. Visions of capture of weary mouths at Point Lookout disturbed him. How his heart quivered when a hand was laid on his shoulder to remove it! And how the serious gave place to the humorous when he saw the familiar face of his own officer looking in on him!

Our men, who had fled to the woods, were called forth like scattered partridges, whistled to the hiding-places, and accepted good-naturedly the rough joke that had been played on them.

One unlooked-for incident gave a serious turn to this episode in our picket-line. A clergyman, it was said, came the evening before to the house next to the one where the party was held. By treaty of the family he had been induced to spend the night. He had been assured that our picket-line was a safe and secure. He had undressed himself and lain down, and was in the embrace of peaceful slumbers when our pistol-shots sprang up, and the instant he awoke, he rushed wildly for the woods in his night-clothes. Satisfied that the hated enemy were at hand, he spent the night in the damp thicket with the mosquitoes. His night-scare frightened and encouraged the attacks of these ravenous insects. The mounted charge which we had made, and from which he had so precipitately fled, was but the harmless sport of friends, but the buzz that was a night's rest proved, indeed, a bloody encounter. If the humorous mingled at all in the clergyman's experience that night, he was too serious to remark on the side of the mosquitoes. Heathsville, July 15, 1864.

THE BURIAL OF LATANE. A touching incident of the Civil War is recalled. (Written for the Dispatch.) BALTIMORE, MD., July 12.—During the Confederate reunion recently held in Richmond many good stories were told. Many anecdotes related, many gallant deeds recalled of the valor and gallantry of some favorite son, and many tributes of love and respect paid to the noble

women of the South, past and present. In view of this last, it might not be inappreciate at this time to recall an incident of the struggle between the North and South that is in a measure familiar to all of those that still cherish the tenderest memories of the dead Confederacy; but the true facts of which are known to a comparatively few. If the Confederate veterans when discussing the thrilling events of the early '60s had gone out to Hanover Courthouse, a few miles from Richmond, and then journeyed to the same place, they would have seen the remains of William Latane, captain of the Essex Troop, Ninth Regiment, Stuart's Brigade. The burial of Latane has been made familiar to history by a poem by John R. Thompson, captain of the same company, and who was a participant in the battle at the same time. William D. Washington, which was afterwards extensively copied. Washington's original painting is said to have sold for \$1000, and is afterwards sold by a fire in New York. The "people" were numerous, and many of them can still be found in the North, as well as the South, as the subject was one that excited general interest. The fact is not generally known, however, that the figures in the picture are all taken from models, who sat for the picture in Richmond, and are not the likenesses of the original participants in the dramatic scene of the burial at "Summer Hill" on the 14th of August, 1862. Captain Latane was a mere boy, who was killed on the road from Hanover Courthouse to Old Church. It is thought that he was close on to Richmond, and was in possession of the country surrounding Hanover Courthouse. Captain Latane's brother was first lieutenant of the same company, and when a brother was killed Lieutenant Latane took charge of the body, hoping to find friends to bury it. He found a negro boy driving the mill-cart from the wood, the home of William S. R. Thompson, the adjoining place, called "Summer Hill." Mrs. Newton being a niece of Mrs. Brockenbrough's, Mrs. Brockenbrough took charge of the body, and as a Federal picket was in possession of "Westwood," Lieutenant Latane was supplied with a horse by Mrs. Brockenbrough, and at once rejoined his command. This was on the 14th of August, 1862, and on the following day Captain Latane was buried at Summer Hill. The picture is a correct portrayal of the burial with the exception of the mythical figures. An Episcopal minister was sent for to perform the service, but he was not allowed to pass the pickets, and as the men were all in the army the funeral had to be conducted by the ladies of the two households, assisted by a few family servants. The women to be buried at the same place as that where the infirm for the Yankees to carry. It was indeed a scene worthy of any artist. Though a stranger to them personally, the ladies followed the story of their cause, and his principles their principles, so tenderly and gently they placed him in his grave, and the young girls covered him over with flowers. The Episcopal Church, and as the grave was being filled by the faithful negroes the ladies sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Rock of Ages." Mrs. Brockenbrough and her little daughter, supposed to be the child in the picture; her two nieces, Misses Maria and Mary Debnay; Mrs. Dr. J. Philip Smith, and Miss Judith Newton, Mrs. Edward C. Gray, Mrs. Edwin C. Claybrook. A thread of romance has always been woven around the incident, which was possibly due to Thompson's poem and Washington's painting. It is thought that the young lady who requested a picture of the tragic affair, and when this idea was suggested to the artist he made his picture as true to life as possible. Mr. Washington visited "Summer Hill" for the purpose of getting the correct scenery, and in this respect his picture is true to nature. The picture is now in the possession of Mrs. Brockenbrough in at the Church Home, in Richmond. The rest of those present at the burial have themselves gone to their graves. The only one left is Captain Latane was a brother of Bishop Latane, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, who now lives in Baltimore, and the ladies that buried young Latane were the near relatives of the late Bishop of the Episcopal Church of Virginia, although at that time the two families did not know each other.

Our feet, from long marching, were naked and torn; But a man stumbled in the rank or the file. We bore all our hardships with a joke and a jest, and under his eye. For Jackson was with us, and under his eye. Each soldier determined to do or to die. That evening old Jack had us out on review. When a glance down the line showed us all something new—Eighty-seven young boys from old Baltimore. Who had run the blockade and that day joined our corps. Their clothes were resplendent, all new, spike and spang. 'Twas plain that a tailor had measured each man. When we learned who they were what a shout we did raise! How we cheered our new allies, the "Baltimore Grays." There were Lightfoots and Carters, and Howards and Eanes. The grandsons of Carroll, the nephews of the Gales; And as the brave boys dressed up in a cavalry uniform, you could see the pure blood of the proud Huguenot.

But we were old vets of Stonewall's Brigade; We'd been fighting so long that war had become a game to us. And some of us laughed at the youngsters so gay. Who had come to the battle as if coming to play. And all through the camp you could hear the rough wit and the "Dandified" cry. "Hullo, hullo, roosters!" and "Dandified" cry. But the boys took it bravely, and heartily responded to the "Confeds" by whom they were chafed. Till one ragged soldier, more bold than the rest, fired off this rough joke, which we all thought the best: "Boys, you'd better go home; 'tis getting quite late." Then the grizzled-face captain spoke up, and said "Wait!" They didn't wait long, for the very next day we were ordered right off to the thick of the fray. For early that morning we'd heard the roll of the drum, and the bugles of the guns of our foe on Rapidan's shore. And all of us knew, with old Jack in command. If fighting was near him, he'd be at once in the thick of it, and his friends would follow. And, sure enough, soon marching orders we got. And we swung down the road in "foot-cavalry" trot. The boys were behind us. I fell to the rear. To show how the youngsters on march would appear. Their files were close up, their marching was true; I reported to Stonewall, "Yes, General, they'll do!" In a few minutes more the action began. We met the first shock, for we were the van; But we stood to our ranks like oaks of the field. For Stonewall's Brigade never knew how to yield. Upon us, however, a battery played. And his guns in our ranks were now being discharged. Till Jackson commanded a charge up the hill. We charged—in a moment the cannon were still. Jackson said to the Grays, "Such valor you've shown. You'll veterans be ere your beards are full grown. In this, your first action, you've proved the worth of the boys—'tis I'll station you here—these guns you must hold."

Then the grizzled-face captain, so straight and so tall, Saluted, and said, "You'll here find us all. For, wherever stationed, this company stays." How he laughed, how he cheered the bold Baltimore Grays. But the red tide of battle around us still flowed. And we followed our leader, as onward he rode. "Good-by" to the boys; "take care of the boys—'tis I'll station you here—these guns you must hold."

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Advertisement for Vim Pebble Tread tires, featuring the text 'EVERY HIGH GRADE', '96', 'Vim Pebble Tread', 'Tire', 'PINK BRAND', 'Down With the Scorchers.', and 'Municipalities with extensive park systems have suffered much lately from the presence of the bicycle scorchers.'

Advertisement for 'DROPPED INTO POETRY', featuring a poem about a woman named Ruth and her husband, with the text 'An Inspiration of the Old Warm Springs', 'Warm Sulphur Springs, Bath County, Va., July 15, 1862.', and 'To the Editor of the Dispatch: The sword-power falls before that of the pen.'

Advertisement for 'WIM TIRES', featuring the text 'On Syracuse Wheels', 'Won 59 First Prizes', '30 Second Prizes', '38 Third Prizes', 'July 4', and 'With other counties to hear from.'

Advertisement for 'MOSQUITOES' and 'FLIES', featuring the text 'ONE "ANTI-SKEET" WAFER', 'Burnt in a room will instantly clear it of MOSQUITOES', 'ONE "ANTI-FLY" WAFER Will clear a room of FLIES.', and 'THE CORONA CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.'

Advertisement for 'Cottolene', featuring the text 'Shortens your food, lengthens your life.', 'Cottolene', 'The N. K. Fairbank Company', 'St. Louis, Chicago, New Orleans, Baltimore.'

Advertisement for 'ANTI-SKEET' and 'ANTI-FLY' wafers, featuring the text 'ONE "ANTI-SKEET" WAFER', 'Burnt in a room will instantly clear it of MOSQUITOES', 'ONE "ANTI-FLY" WAFER Will clear a room of FLIES.', and 'THE CORONA CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.'