

habiters of the yeth trimble,' as saith the Psalmist."

"So they jist giv it up as a useless job; and out'n pitty fur the poor creeter, they

continnered to feed him tell I left the county, and whether he is thar now I don't know. I've jist told you all I know about it."

THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ.

BY JNO. R. THOMPSON.

"The next squadron moved to the front under the lamented Capt. Latané, making a most brilliant and successful charge with drawn sabres upon the enemy's picked ground, and, after a hotly contested hand-to-hand conflict, put him to flight, but not till the gallant Captain had sealed his devotion to his native soil with his blood."—*Official Report of the Pamunkey Expedition—Gen'l J. E. B. Stuart, C. S. A.*

"Lieut. Latané carried his brother's dead body to Mrs. Brockenbrough's plantation, an hour or two after his death. On this sad and lonely errand he met a party of Yankees, who followed him to Mrs. Brockenbrough's gate, and, stopping there, told him that as soon as he had placed his brother's body in friendly hands, he must surrender himself prisoner. * * * * Mrs. Brockenbrough sent for an Episcopal clergyman to perform the funeral ceremonies, but the enemy would not permit him to pass. Then, with a few other ladies, a fair-haired little girl, her apron filled with white flowers, and a few faithful slaves, who stood reverently near, a pious Virginia matron read the solemn and beautiful burial service over the cold, still form of one of the noblest gentlemen and most intrepid officers in the Confederate Army. She watched the sods heaped upon the coffin lid, then sinking on her knees, in sight and hearing of the foe, she committed his soul's welfare, and the stricken hearts he had left behind him, to the mercy of the 'All-Father.'"—*Extract from a private letter.*

The combat raged not long, but ours the day;
 And through the hosts that compassed us around
 Our little band rode proudly on its way,
 Leaving one gallant comrade, glory-crowned,
 Unburied on the field he died to gain,
 Single of all his men amid the hostile slain.

One moment on the battle's edge he stood,
 Hope's halo like a helmet round his hair,
 The next beheld him, dabbled in his blood,
 Prostrate in death and yet in death how fair!
 Even thus he passed, through the red gate of strife,
 From earthly crowns and palms to an immortal life.

A brother bore his body from the field
 And gave it unto strangers' hands that closed
 The calm blue eyes, on earth forever sealed,
 And tenderly the slender limbs composed:—
 Strangers, yet sisters, who, with Mary's love,
 Sat by the open tomb and weeping looked above.

A little child strewed roses on his bier—
 Pale roses not more stainless than his soul,
 Nor yet more fragrant than his life sincere
 That blossomed with good actions—brief but whole:—
 The aged matron and the faithful slave
 Approached with reverent feet the hero's lowly grave.

No man of God might say the burial rite
 Above the "rebel"—thus declared the foe
 That blanched before him in the deadly fight,
 But woman's voice, in accents soft and low,
 Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read
 Over his hallowed dust the ritual for the dead—
 "Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in power,"
 Softly the promise floated on the air,
 And the sweet breathings of the sunset hour
 Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer:
 Gently they laid him underneath the sod,
 And left him with his fame, his country and his God.

Let us not weep for him whose deeds endure,
 So young, so brave, so beautiful, he died
 As he had wished to die;—the past is sure;
 Whatever yet of sorrow may betide
 Those who still linger by the stormy shore,
 Change cannot harm him now nor fortune touch him more.

And when Virginia, leaning on her spear,
Victrix et vidua, the conflict done,
 Shall raise her mailed hand to wipe the tear
 That starts as she recalls each martyred son,
 No prouder memory her breast shall sway,
 Than thine, our early-lost, lamented Latané!

NOTE.—The beautiful image in the concluding stanza is borrowed (and some of the language is versified) from the eloquent remarks of the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, on the death of Ex-President Tyler.