

WILLIAM LATHAM DIES ON SATURDAY EVENING

One of Last Surviving Veterans of War of the States

BORN IN MICHIGAN

Spent Most of His Life in Randolph, and was a Good Citizen—Varied Record in Service

Sergeant William Latham died at the Horton home in Centsr Street early Saturday evening at the age of 89 years. Mr. Latham had been in failing health for several weeks when an abrasion on his foot became infected and the diseased condition spread. The funeral was attended Tuesday morning at St Patrick's church, of which the deceased was a member; interment was made in St. Patrick's cemetery. William Latham was son of Elisha and Sarah Prather Latham; he was born March 20, 1843, at Kalamazoo, Michigan; and as a young man learned the carpenter's trade. He was working at this trade when the War of the States began, and he enlisted at the age of 19 years in Cornpany E, 164th New York Volunteers, 2d Brigade, 2d Division. He was enrolled August 23, 1862, at New York City as a private, and before his term of service had ended he was a sergeant. Among the engagements he took part in were Gettysburg, Siege of Suffolk; Backwater, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Po River, Cold Harbor, Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plains, Rhemes Station, Weldon, Appomattox Creek, and Farmsville. At Cold Harbor, he was wounded in the right leg by gunshot but did not go to the hospital.

Mr. Latham was once taken prisoner, but did not see prison service, for he escaped while being transported; that affair was on the Weldon Plank Road near Lee's farm. He served at General Hancock's headquarters on the James River; he was in the pioneer corps for some three months or more in 1864, and also was a sharpshooter for one year. All in all, he had a wide experience for a private, soldier and non-commissioned officer. He was in the thick of the fight in Gettysburg about the Devil's Den, and fought from the Bound Tops with the Infantry. Through the course of the varied service he kept his health and sustained only a slight wound. He received his honorable discharge July 15, 1865 at Harts Island, New York City Harbor.

At New York he was married to Elisa McCannasy, shortly after he was discharged. His second marriage was to Mary Malan. of Toronto, Canada. Mrs. Latham died some three Tiers since. Three brothers served in the war and one of them, James F, was in the company which William served. When last known of he was in Columbia County, Wisconsin hut reports say he is dead.

Few in Randolph realised that Mr. had aspired to poetry, although was known as a long-range weather prophet of renown. He predicted weather for a year in advance, basing his prophecy upon the

weather of the twelve days beginning on Christmas. So often he was right about early and late frosts, extreme cold weather, and serious storms that he gained a reputation which extended outside the boundaries of his acquaintance. His venture into poetry was made when he stood night picket duty in the army. He has saved for prosterity the lines which follow:

Soldier's Reveille

It's little you good people know,
What us poor soldiers undergo.
When called upon to take up arms,
To guard our country from all harm,
Sometimes we lay on the cold ground.
Where there is no shelter to be found;
Sometime rain and sometimes snow,
The lofty winds and tempests blow.
At the break of day the morning sun
The reveille, the fife and drum,
Which break the soldier's sweet repose.
He rouses up, puts on his clothes,
The sergeant comes and goes, about,
Saying "Hurrah, hurrah, boys
Now turn out."
In front and rear we form our line.
Our swords and equipments they do shine.
The captain then presents his sword,
The sergeant takes out his roll,
The names are called, the absent told.
As to our grub, we get enough,
Although the beef is lean and tough,
But as to that, we can't complain,
We hope to get good beef again.
Our doctor is a man of skill,
And every day, he gives a pill,
And if his dose does not work well,
He'll damn and curse our souls to hell.
Our officers, all bad officers are,
And wear out the men for want of care,
And bring them to a desperate end,
And bury them in a distant land,
Where there are no friends or relations near
To shed a sympathizing tear:
Nor rest them on their dying bed,
Nor bury them when they are dead.

Mr. Latham owned a residence at Fifth Avenue and Center Street, but for several years, he has boarded at homes in the village; for a year or two, he resided with Edward McLaughlin in Rutlodge Road, and more recently with Mrs. Horton in Center Street. Apparently he has enjoyed a happy time, free from cares and among those with whom he was acquainted. However, the old soldier will be missed about the village as one of the men who knew the history of this section from practical experience.