

REMINISCENCES
OF THE
WAR OF THE SIXTIES
BETWEEN THE
NORTH AND SOUTH

BY

MRS. S. C. LAUREN,

President of the Southern Mother

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MEMPHIS, TENN.

1892.

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LOVINGLY DEDICATED

TO MY

CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN,

AND FRIENDS.

SALLIE CHAPMAN GORDON-LAW.



HAVING been often solicited by my children, grandchildren, and friends for my war record of the "Sixties," I will, for their gratification, try to give a synopsis of those dark days of hardships, blood and tears. The saddest, fratricidal war ever recorded in civilized history—father against son, brother against brother, friend against friend—such was the war inaugurated between the North and South in 1861.

When the Civil War between the States commenced, the Southern Guards, Hickory Rifles, Bluff City Grays, etc., were all consolidated into the old 154th Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers, Col. Preston Smith commanding.

Many of the ladies of Memphis met at the house of Mrs. Miles Owen, corner Madison and Third streets, to make up uniforms for our boys, husbands and brothers, getting ready for the tented field and strife of battle.

Mrs. Owen's rooms soon becoming too small for the number of ladies willing and anxious to sew for the soldiers, we left her house and occupied a long room in the basement of the Second Presbyterian Church; a long table for cutting, a goodly number of sewing machines used, and others with needle, thimble and thread busy at work, and a bevy of young girls scraping lint, for the expected wounded.

We met every day (except Sundays,) to sew for the brave privates, (the flower of the land,) going out to battle in defense of mothers, wives, sisters, children, homes, and country. My only darling boy, one of the first to enlist in the Hickory Rifles, a student of medicine, came home, threw down his books and said: "Mother, I have enlisted for the war." I said to him, "You did right, my son; I should have been greatly mortified and ashamed of

you had you not volunteered in defense of your oppressed country."

That evening Doctor Yandel came to see me, said, "Mrs. Law, I have come to condole with you. I heard that John volunteered to-day for the war." I replied to him, "Dr. Yandel, I need no condolence on that subject; if my son had not volunteered I should feel so ashamed of him, I would feel like hiding myself. No, Doctor, I only wish I had fifty sons to lay on the altar of my beloved country."

After our sons, brothers, and husbands had gone to the tented fields, our pastor, Dr. Grundy, never offered a prayer for God's protecting care over them. One night, on my way home from prayer-meeting, as he walked my way home, I said, "Dr. Grundy, now that our soldiers are out on the tented field, why is it you never pray that they may be shielded from danger?" He replied, "When Tennessee secedes then it will be time enough to pray for them." "So you will let our soldiers be exposed to all the dangers incident to the casualties of war, waiting for Tennessee to secede? Now, Dr. Grundy, as pastor of many of those soldiers, it is your bounden duty, not only to pray for them, but it is also time you should show which side you are on, for the North or South." "Well, as to that, I shall do as I please." Then we separated at my door and met no more; as we were separate in our sympathies—he for the North and I for the South. Our Second Presbyterian Church was then closed by order of the Presbytery, and without a pastor, we had no more preaching in it until after the war of 1861.

My home has ever been in the Sunny South; my paternal ancestors, the Gordons of Virginia, my mother's, the Kings of South Carolina, were all rebels of the first Revolution; my father, Chapman Gordon (in his teens), with two elder brothers, Nat and Charles, fought in the battle at King's Mountain, and through the entire war.

My mother's father, too old for the war, sent all his

sons and sons-in-law. They fought in and belonged to the command of Generals Marion and Sumter. My second brother, Wyley J. Gordon, was an officer in the U. S. army, in the war of 1812. My brother, Gen. G. W. Gordon, of Columbia, Tennessee, with three sons, fought in the Confederate army of 1861. My nephew, Gen. John B. Gordon, whose war record for valor and heroic deeds is too well-known to call for comment, with his three brothers, all fought in the Confederate army. My nephew, Maj. Augustus Gordon, was killed, at the age of twenty-one, while leading a charge at Chancellorsville, Virginia. My brothers, Charles' grandsons and Harvey's sons were in the Confederate army. My cousin, Gen. James B. Gordon, of North Carolina, was killed at Brandy Station, near Richmond, in Confederate service. And I know of over thirty brave, heroic privates of my kindred who belonged to the war of the "Sixties," who all fought in defense of their homes and country, whose ancestors were all rebels of the first Revolution; and my only son, John Gordon Law, I gave freely to his country, and regretted I did not have more sons to fill the ranks of the glorious but lost cause. Now, with such an ancestry I never could have been otherwise than loyal to the South land, and with this patriotic blood flowing through my veins, when the cruel, fratricidal war commenced, with my southern inheritance, my whole heart and deepest sympathies were with my loved countrymen, and I felt I was a part of the grand Southern army.

Early in April, 1861, a call was made by Mrs. Leroy Pope, for the ladies of Memphis to meet at her house, the object, to care for the sick Confederate soldiers passing through Memphis. Many of the patriotic women responded to that call. We met in the parlors of Mrs. Pope, and organized the Southern Mothers' Hospital. We opened our hospital in rooms offered by Mrs. W. B. Greenlaw, on Second street, which grew from twelve beds into the care of thousands, nursed and fed gratuitously in the "Southern Mothers' Hospital." Those rooms becoming

too small for the number of patients, we moved to the Irving block on Court Square where, at one time, we had three hundred measles patients. Passing through that ward one day, I saw an old, gray-headed man from Arkansas, sitting by the bed of two boys of fifteen and sixteen years, fanning off the flies. I stopped and asked him why those boys were allowed to come here. "Why, madam, it was all we could do to keep the women from coming; patriotism!" was the answer, and I passed on. The labor of love done in the Southern Mothers' Hospital is too well-known in Memphis to recapitulate.

After the battle of Shiloh, many of the wounded were brought to our hospital. I carried many articles of clothing, socks, boots, etc., beyond the lines to our soldiers.

In our hospital we had many articles not then needed, domestic wines, lemons, pickles, and clothing, and I proposed taking them to our sick soldiers at Columbus, Kentucky. I had large boxes packed and carried them to the hospital there. I made the second trip a few weeks later with more supplies for the sick. The morning after my arrival the battle of Belmont came off. Four ladies and myself were on the steamer Prince; we were at breakfast when Capt. Butler came in saying: "Ladies, finish your breakfast, but the Yankees are landing their gunboats above." We jumped up and ran out on the guards and saw the wildest confusion—soldiers running to and fro to get ready for the battle; then the cannonading commenced from the Federal gunboats, with Confederate artillery from the high bluffs—the cannonading sublimely grand. Our soldiers were carried over to the Missouri side where the Federals had landed. My own dear boy was there in Gen. Cheatham's command, marching out to battle. We stood on the pavement and bid our soldier boys good-bye, I committing him to my Savior, God, and in His omnipotent wisdom, He brought him safely back without a wound. History will record this a grand, victorious battle, as hundreds of the Federals were left on the battle-field.

The steamer Prince, on which we were staying carried over many wounded Confederates, and among them the brave, heroic Gen. William H. Jackson, whom it was our privilege to nurse and attend. He was dreadfully wounded, and that night many officers came in to see him, Doctor Bell, Surgeon, from Memphis, among the number. Young Dr. Yandel came in, and Dr. Bell said to him. "Yandel, I want you to go and detail so many men (I forget the number), with buckets of water, and go to the battle-field and give those wounded and dying men water." I went to Gen. Polk and got an order to have four Yankee surgeons taken out of prison to go to the battle-field to attend their wounded. and every one of them refused to go. "Now we can't allow those wounded men to lie there suffering for want of water, go and see they all get it." And Dr. Yandel went immediately to attend to it. Dr. Yandel told me next morning that it took all night and until eight o'clock next morning to give water to the wounded Yankees on the battle-field. All this time up 'til dark I knew nothing of the fate of my beloved soldier boy.

When he came in and sat down by me, and said, "Were you very anxious about me, mother?" I said, "Yes, but, my son, I had committed you to our heavenly Father's care, and had the abiding faith He would bring you safely through the bloody conflict." And He brought my Christian soldier boy safely back to the arms of his loving mother, and has reserved him to preach the Gospel and as an ambassador for Christ.

While the battle was raging, we four ladies went up to the pilothouse, the musketry like an avalanche peeling forth, hundreds falling by the sickle of death. Mrs. Kay said to me, "Mrs. Law, we are getting whipped; see, our men are running." I replied to her with great enthusiasm, "We are not whipped; our men are going to the river for water," I simply remarked. But they had gotten out of ammunition, and fleeing to the underbank for protection, waited for more ammunition to come from the Co-

lumbus side. Mrs. Kay told my simple remark of running for water, and it was a by-word with the soldiers, "Not running, but going for water." I had my little grandson, five years old, with me, and at the terrible sound of the musketry, he was very much frightened, and said, "Oh, Grandma, I am so scared." "You little coward, how dare you be frightened at the Yankees."

Standing in the pilot-house with us was a young girl who had gone up to see her brother. She had always lived in Cincinnati with an aunt, her mother being dead and father and brother living in Memphis; when the war commenced her father had gone and brought her home. Young Star had enlisted in the same company with my son. All the way going up on the boat she had been defending the Union; and while the battle was raging, and the musketry mowing down thousands, with tears streaming down her face, she said, "Oh! I wish I had a gun. Oh! for a gun!" "What do you want with a gun, Alice?" "To kill the Yankees," she said. "Now, Alice, you are done with the Union." Her brother was on the battle-field, and might be killed or mortally wounded—the reality of the terrible bloody conflict was before her, and her love for the Union had passed away. After the battle was over I went to the hospital to see if I could do anything for the wounded. I was invited in to see the apparently mortally wounded Federal officer, Col. Dorrity. At sight of the wounded man I lost sight of the enemy of my country. I made a glass of lemonade and fed him with a spoon, as one arm was cut off and the other paralyzed. I said to him, "Col. Dorrity, have you a wife?" He replied, "Yes." "Where is she?" He said, "At Cape Girardeau." "Would you like to see her?" With an expression of deepest agony, he replied, "I would give all I possess in this world to see her." At that moment Col. Bethel, Gen. Polk's Adjutant, came in, and I said to him, "Col. Bethel, will you please take my compliments to Gen. Polk and ask him, as a special favor, to let Col. Dorrity's wife be sent for." He left

immediately, and a courier and a flag of truce were sent for her, by order of the magnanimous, heroic Gen. Polk. At two o'clock, P. M. the next day, the wife of the prostrate, paralyzed, wounded husband, was with him.

The morning after the battle of Belmont, I called at Gen. Pillow's office, on business, and as he was out, I sat waiting to see him, when a little boy came in with a message. He was dressed up in Confederate uniform, with a military cap. I looked at him and said, "Why, my little boy, what are you doing here?" He said, very modestly, "I belong to the army." "What can you do here?" "Well," he said, "Yesterday I was on the battle-field, and got down in a sink hole, when I saw a Yankee, with his gun pointed right at my colonel, and I fired away and killed him—now, that is what I am doing here." "How old are you?" "Twelve years old." "Where were your father and mother to let you come here?" "Oh! I ran away, and am staying at my uncle's tent, and if you don't believe I killed the Yank, come with me and see his watch I got, and see my uncle, and hear the truth." He then turned to George Pillow and said, "Now, I want a furlough to go home and see my father and mother." He got it. I then returned home to Memphis.

Boat loads of the Belmont wounded were sent to the hospitals at Memphis. Our Southern Mothers' Hospital in the Irving block was then moved to the Overton Hospital, where we all nursed and worked together, not only our own dear, wounded soldiers, but many Federal prisoners, nursed with the same care, and receiving the same treatment as our own soldiers.

After the Federals occupied Memphis, I went out to my cottage home, on Kerr avenue, until I could make my arrangements to leave for the Confederacy, and heard that my dear brother, G. W. Gordon, a prisoner from Johnson's Island, was on a boat anchored out in the middle of the Mississippi river, very ill. I walked up and down the banks of the river from nine till five, trying to get permis-

sion to go to see him. At five o'clock I met Col. Oaks, a Federal officer, and said to him, "I have a brother, very ill, on a boat in the center of the river, and I was almost frantic to go to him." He politely said he would send me in a skiff, and I was taken by two Federal soldiers. On reaching the boat, it was filled by Confederate officers, prisoners from Johnson's Island, bound for Vicksburg to be exchanged. I found my brother very ill. He told me he had not tasted food for ten days; nothing but the coarse food that a well man could hardly eat, was given him. The surgeon in charge begged me, if possible, to try and send some chickens to make chicken broth for him, and to try to send a prescription for him, for he had not a particle of medicine of any sort to give the sick under his charge, over a hundred sick men, all officers. My brother was so ill I desired to remain with him that night, and Colonel Johnson, an elegant gentleman from Kentucky, proffered his berth to me, he sleeping on a blanket in the cabin. I returned to the city next morning in a skiff, sent back by soldiers.

I had the surgeon's prescription filled for my brother and medicine for the other sick; sent Port wine, lemons, chickens, and underclothing for my brother. I told him I would leave for Vicksburg next day to nurse and attend to him. I did leave, driven by a ten year old grandson; but when I arrived at Mrs. Vernon's, sixty miles from Memphis, I heard the sad news that my brave, heroic brother, of fifty years, had died in ten minutes after landing at Vicksburg, where he had been sent for exchange. He had passed away from a war of blood and carnage and brotherly strife, to his heavenly home. He too "Had passed over the river to lie down and rest."

My noble, patriotic brother, the Christian soldier, who gave his life to defend his home and country, even in his prison life tried to lead souls to Christ. A prisoner from Johnson's Island told me the only prayer he ever heard on Johnson's Island was from the ward of my brother.

er, G. W. Gordon; that regularly, night and morning, he had prayers, and invited all who were disposed to come.

Our hospitals all broken up, I felt I must seek a new field in which to work. We had in our Southern Mothers' treasury (Mrs. Louisa Vernon, treasurer.) \$2,500 in Confederate money, (donations), and with the aid of Mrs. W. S. Pickett, (a Southern mother), we laid it all out for quinine, morphine and opium, and I carried it into the Confederacy, on my person, and distributed it in the hospitals at La Grange, Ga., and there I had the compliment of having a hospital called for me, (The Law Hospital), which many surgeons and old soldiers still recollect. I spent all my time in the hospitals, going daily from one to another, as long as the hospitals remained in La Grange.

After the battle of Atlanta, car loads of the wounded soldiers were brought to the La Grange hospitals, and many of the ladies assembled in the hospitals to assist the surgeons in attentions to the wounded. With a pan of water, sponge and towel, I went to the bedside of a young soldier, badly wounded. In washing the blood from his face and neck, he looked up and said, "Oh! woman's hand; was anything ever so gentle, soothing and kind as woman's hand." The poor fellow's wounds had not been dressed since the battle the day before.

Dr Alexander Erskine, who married my daughter, Augusta, had rented a small cottage of three rooms, near the hospitals, and I was an invited guest to remain with them. One morning going to the hospital, I saw a very ill officer from Florida. Going to the sick man's bed, he, with great excitement, exclaimed, "Oh! my mother has come to see me; I am so glad she has come!" He was very delirious from pneumonia, and from that day till he died he would never take any medicines but what I gave him; would positively refuse it till I would come, then take it kindly, as he imagined in his delirium, from his dear mother. He seemed very refined and from a nice family. Miss Anna Hardee, General Hardee's daughter,

was always with me. She wrote the sorrowful news to the distant father and mother, and we received kind, grateful letters from them for the attentions given their beloved, sick son.

Anna Hardee went the rounds daily with me. We made egg-nogs every day for the pneumonia and typhoid patients, and carried coffee daily to the sick patients. One day on my rounds with coffee, I saw a very ill-looking soldier (just come in) sitting on the bedside. I asked him, "Will you have a cup of coffee?" "No." "A cup of tea?" "No, but if you will give me some sage tea I can drink a gallon of it." I had no sage but went out to try and get some, and next morning returned to the hospital with it, but saw the bed empty. I asked the ward master, "Where is the sick man who occupied that bed?" He pointed to the dead-room below, and said, "Down there." Some "mother's darling" gone to that land from which no soldier will ever return.

While at Columbus, Ga., I heard of the terrible destitution of the soldiers at Dalton, Ga. in Gen. J. E. Johnson's division. Hundreds, yes, thousands of soldiers having to sit up all night round a log fire, for want of a blanket. I was so greatly troubled to hear of the brave heroes standing like a "stone wall" between the women and children of the South and the enemy. that after a sleepless night, I went directly to a Ladies' Aid Society, where a number of patriotic women of that city (Columbus, Ga.) were at work for the soldiers. I told what I had heard of the suffering, for want of blankets, by the soldiers, and made an appeal to them for aid, telling them if they would furnish the blankets, I would go in person to Dalton and distribute them to the soldiers. With that promise, those noble-hearted women worked with a will that none but an oppressed, struggling people could feel, and in one week large boxes were packed with one hundred blankets, three hundred pairs of socks, several boxes of underclothing for the needy soldiers. I then said to them, "Ladies, you

are all in reach of your sons, and will send them Christmas boxes; our soldiers' mothers would do so, too, but they are in the Federal lines, and not allowed to do it. Wont you give me some Christmas boxes to carry to our boys?" And with generous liberality, boxes of good things—chicken, ham, sausages, butter, pickles, bread and cake were packed, and I carried them to our Memphis soldier boys at the time I did the blankets.

On Christmas night I left for Dalton, accompanied by the noble, patriotic president of that Aid Society, Mrs. Robt. Carter, and my twelve-year-old nephew, Joe Flournoy, (who, on getting back, ran away to the army), and a merciful Providence guided my steps and apparently assisted me in every needed help in my labor of love.

At Atlanta my boxes had to be rechecked to Dalton. I met a gentleman, (who offered and attended to that for me), Dr. LaGree of New Orleans, and he proposed to telegraph Dr. John Erskine to meet us on our arrival at Dalton, (which would be at three o'clock in the morning); he did so; and as soon as the train reached Dalton, my beloved friend was there to meet and assist me. He asked me where I wished to go. I said to him, "Oh! Doctor John, I don't know; I am here on a mission for the soldiers." He then said, "Never mind, I will find a place for you, but you will have to remain in the car until morning, for the mud is knee deep, and it is snowing." He then brought the conductor, and introducing him, requested him to take care of us till morning; and at six o'clock he was back with an ambulance. Dear, noble Dr. John, my sainted friend, was all a son could be to a mother, carried us to his headquarters, where he had engaged the ladies' sitting-room for us, and where, at that early hour, we had a nice warm fire. He had his headquarters at the house of a nice widow woman. Her cottage had four rooms, with a twelve foot hall, and to that hall he had my boxes moved and opened.

I then sent a note to Gen. Hardee, (Gen. Johnson be-

ing absent), telling him my mission. He came immediately. I told him I desired to go to the different commands, as I had promised the Ladies' Aid Society to do. A courier and carriage was sent to us, and my first visit was to the old 154th Regiment, Gen Preston Smith's.

That night we had quite a levee of officers. Gen. Hardee said that he had in his division fifteen hundred without a blanket; Gen. Hindman, one thousand; Gen. Cheatham, hundreds; and many other divisions in a similar condition. Gen. Pat Cleburne said socks were a luxury his men did not know; he had not a pair on for five months.

That evening a wagon was sent, with twenty soldiers, to receive the blankets I had brought. The boxes had been opened by order of Dr. John Erskine; and I distributed blankets and clothing to those who needed them.

In packing the boxes, I had an overcoat of John Law's that he had worn through the battle of Perryville; as a relic of the war I was keeping it—a heavy coat with large capes, and had ten bullet holes in it, one through the collar. In packing the boxes I saw the overcoat that I had laid aside as a relic, but thought "must I keep that coat as useless, when there are so many soldiers without one?" So I packed it in the clothing box, and when the soldiers came in, I said, "Here is an overcoat that has gone through several battles of bloody strife, which the bullet holes will testify to, and I brought it for anyone without an overcoat." Felix Robertson stepped up, and said, "Mrs. Law, no soldier out of John Law's old company can wear that coat." "I want anyone to have that coat who needs it." Then Jake Woods came up, and said, "Mrs. Law, I will take that coat, having lost mine at Missionary Ridge." Our privates, the volunteers, were the flower of the land; the brave, heroic privates that endured all the hardships that brave men ever felt, in defense of homes and their native land.

Jake Woods was a brave, gallant soldier boy, a New

Yorker, but felt it his privilege and duty, when the war was inaugurated, to volunteer in defense of his adopted country, and in his teens shouldered his rifle in one of the first companies, of North against the South. I was at Dalton when the order was issued to relieve all soldiers under nineteen. Jake told the officials he did not want a release, but a furlough to go to Memphis to communicate with his mother in New York. He got it, and came to Memphis in disguise of a wagon driver of a wood wagon.

Some one, seeing him on the street, remarked, "I would say that was Jake Woods if I had not heard that he was killed at Perryville."

He wrote and received letters from his mother, then returned to his post of duty in the army at Dalton.

I then returned to Columbus, wrote and published in the papers what I had seen and heard at Dalton, of the great need of blankets for the Confederate soldiers, and made another appeal to that Ladies' Aid Society for more blankets. And they again nobly responded to my request, and went to work with zeal unprecedented, working night and day, taking the last blanket from their beds, cutting up carpets and lining them. I went out and in one hour I collected twenty-five hundred dollars from the business houses, and laid it all out in the Columbus factories for jeans and coarse cloth with which the ladies made comfortable coverings, (the soldiers being in winter quarters.) The women and children worked night and day, and in ten days I returned to the army in Dalton with seven large dry goods boxes, one for Tennessee, one for Kentucky, one for Mississippi, one for Louisiana, one for Arkansas, one for Missouri, and one for Texas, all packed with five hundred and thirty blankets and coverings, and sixteen hundred pairs of socks, for the soldiers. I then went up to Tunnel Hill where Gen. Cleburne had his division; we rode on sacks of corn for a freight train carried the Arkansas box to his soldiers. Had the boxes opened at the General's headquarters, and he was pleased to say, very soon

he was to make a speech to his men on re-enlisting, and the box of blankets would do more to cause his men to re-enlist than anything he could say, showing them the interest the women at home felt in them. I wish history to recall, but for the generous aid of the noble, patriotic women of Columbus, Ga., I would have been powerless to have taken those needed stores of blankets and socks to our suffering soldiers.

After the second effort by the ladies of Columbus, and expecting to make the second trip with blankets, I wrote to Gen. Johnson of my intention, and asked him to send me an escort to Dalton. The difficulty in having to travel with so many boxes, and they to be transferred at Atlanta, was hazardous and very annoying. Gen. Johnson sent the escort immediately and we left again for the seat of war, this time accompanied by three ladies, Mrs. Sallie Wilkins, my niece, and a daughter and grand-daughter of Governor Forsythe. They desired to go, chaperoned by me, to see a brother and a kinsman. Again we had the same gallant, noble protector in my dear friend, Dr. John Erskine, who gave us every attention possible for a gentleman to give, and we had quite an ovation from the generals and officers. We were invited to dine with Gen. Johnson, Gen. Hindman, Gen. Cumming and others, and my escort to dinner at Gen. Cumming's was the Rev. Dr. Stiles. We had four o'clock Confederate dinners, always sent for by the adjutant of the general with whom we were to dine, with a carriage, and always escorted by Dr. John. Gen. J. C. Brown gave a party in honor of my lady friends. His headquarters were out about two miles in a large eight room brick house. The rooms were handsomely draped with Confederate flags, with a splendid band of music in the wide hall. There the Episcopal Bishop and the Presbyterian rebel woman stood on the same platform under the Confederate flag. Gen. Johnson ordered a grand parade—thirty thousand brave, tattered troops—in honor of my mission to his soldiers. Mrs.



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this." The general looked at it co

"No; the soldiers have to take the rain, and so will their general." The general and staff were right at the head of the horse in Mrs. Johnson's carriage, so I heard his remarks to the adjutant distinctly. My poor services to my struggling, bleeding country I know was only a drop in the ocean of that gigantic, cruel civil war. Still, for all those years of the "Sixties," they were most cheerfully, lovingly, and gratuitously given. In all my trips with supplies for the soldiers, I paid all my own expenses, never asking or receiving so much as a railroad pass or ticket. No, no; my whole heart and thoughts and deepest sympathies were all absorbed in the destiny of my people, in this fratricidal war. My oppressed, my bleeding countrymen, for that just cause I would have died, could that sacrifice have brought peace, instead of a surrender, in which all was lost, save honor.

Could I write all the incidents of my war record of the "Sixties" a book could not contain them—the many reminiscences of those sad, gloomy, sorrowful years of terror and gloom. Perhaps at fifty-five years I might have accomplished it, but now, at eighty-seven years, I feel inadequate to the task; still memories of suffering, blood, and tears at the bedside of the wounded, dying soldier, is indelibly stamped on the walls of memory, and will probably last until the dreams of this fitful checkered life are over, and I am transported to that "House of many mansions," prepared for all who love and serve God. I have had the honor of being called the "Mother of the Confederacy," a compliment I esteem higher than any that could be conferred upon me.