

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY

by

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by John Levi Underwood

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DEDICATION



To the memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas Curry, whose remains rest under the live oaks at Bainbridge, Ga., who cheerfully gave every available member of her family to the Confederate Cause, and with her own hands made their gray jackets, and who gave to the author her Christian patriot daughter, who has been the companion, the joy and the crown of his long and happy life, this volume is most affectionately dedicated.

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PREFACE



It is remarkable that after a lapse of forty years the people of this country, from the President down, are manifesting a more lively interest than ever in the history of the women of the Confederacy. Bodily affliction only has prevented the author from rendering at an earlier date the service to their memory and the cause of the South which he feels that he has done in preparing this volume. His friends, Dr. J. Wm. Jones, and the lamented Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of Richmond, Va., made the suggestion of this work several years ago. They both rendered material assistance in the preparation of the lecture which appears in this volume as the author's tribute in the Symposium, and to Doctor Jones the author is greatly indebted for the practical brotherly assistance he has continued to render.

Thanks are due to the Virginia State Librarian, Mr. C. D. Kennedy, and his assistants, for kind attentions. The author is under obligations to the lady members of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond, especially to Mrs. Lizzie Carey Daniels, Corresponding Secretary, and Mrs. Katherine C. Stiles, Vice-Regent of the Georgia Department of the Confederate Museum. In many ways great and valuable service was kindly rendered by Miss Isabel Maury, the intelligent House Regent of the Museum. To his old Commander, Gen. S. D. Lee, now General Commander of Confederate Veterans, he is under obligation for his practical help; also to Gen. Marcus J. Wright. In making selections from the works of others, great pains have been taken to give proper credit for all matter quoted. The author's home has

been for more than thirty years his delightful Pearland Cottage, in the suburbs of Camilla, Ga. On account of his afflictions he has moved his family to Blakeley, Ga., while he himself may remain some time for medical treatment here in Richmond. The book is sent forth from an invalid's room with a fervent prayer that it may do good in all sections of our beloved country. Much of the work has been done under severe pain and great weakness, and special indulgence is asked for any defects.

J. L. Underwood
Kellam's Hospital, Richmond, Va.

FIRST ENDORSEMENT



Only within the last two years have I had the opportunity to cultivate an intimate personal acquaintance with Rev. J. L. Underwood, but as the greater part of our lives have been spent in the States of Georgia and Alabama, I have been quite familiar with his career through a period which embraces a half century. Wherever he is known he is highly esteemed for his intellectual gifts and culture, his fluency and eloquence in speech, his genial manner, his high moral and Christian ideals, and his unflinching fealty to what he believes to be his country's welfare. No man who followed the Confederate flag had a clearer understanding or a more profound appreciation of what he was fighting for. No man watched and studied more carefully the progress of the contest. No man interpreted more accurately the spirit, purposes, and conduct of the contending armies. When the struggle closed no man foresaw with more distinctness what was in the womb of the future for the defeated South. His cultivated intellect, his high moral and Christian character, his personal observations and experiences, his residence and travels in Europe, his extensive acquaintance and correspondence with public men, North and South, and his present devotion to the interests of our united country, render him pre-eminently qualified for the task of delineating some features of the greatest war of modern times.

I have been permitted to read the manuscript of Mr. Underwood's book, entitled, *The Women of the Confederacy*. I do not hesitate to pronounce it a valuable and enduring contribution to our country's history. There is not a page in it that is dull

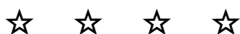
or commonplace. No man who starts to read it will lay it aside until he has reached the conclusion of it. The author's definitions of the relations of each sovereign State to the Federal Union and of her rights under the Federal Constitution are exact. His argument in support of the Constitutional right of secession amounts to a demonstration. His interpretation of the long series of political events which drove the South into secession is clear, just and convincing. His tributes to the patriotism and valor of the Southern women are brilliant and thrilling without the semblance of extravagance. His description of the vandalism of Sherman's army in its march through Georgia and South Carolina cannot fail to kindle a flame of indignation in the heart of any civilized man who reads it. His anecdotes, both humorous and pathetic, are well chosen.

The section of this book which relates most directly to *The Women of the Confederacy*, including Mr. Underwood's tribute in the Symposium to their memory, is by far the most thrilling and meritorious part of it. Into this the author has put his best material, his deepest emotions, his finest sentiments, and his most eloquent words. To the conduct of Southern women in that unprecedented ordeal, history furnishes no parallel. Through many generations to come it will be the favorite theme of the poets and orators.

I need no prophetic gift to see that this book will be immensely popular and extensively circulated. Its aged and afflicted author has done a work in writing it which deserves the gratitude and applause of his fellow countrymen.

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne
Richmond, Va., January 30th, 1906

SECOND ENDORSEMENT



I have carefully examined the manuscript of Mr. J. L. Underwood on *The Women of the Confederacy* and I take great pleasure in saying that in my judgment it is a book of very great interest and value, and if properly published and pushed I have no doubt that it would have a very wide sale.

Mr. Underwood has given a great deal of time to the collecting of material for his book, and has had great advantages in doing so in having had free access to the libraries of Richmond, and his book abounds in touching and thrilling incidents, which present as no other book that has been published does the true story of our Confederate women, their sufferings and privations; their heroism and efficiency in promoting the Confederate cause. I do not hesitate to say that it is worthy of publication, and of wide circulation.

Dr. J. Wm. Jones
Secretary and Superintendent
Confederate Memorial Association
109 N. 29th Street
Richmond, Va.
January 23, 1906

INTRODUCTION



One of the last things the great Henry W. Grady said, was: "If I die, I die serving the South, the land I love so well. My father died fighting for it. I am proud to die speaking for it." The author of this volume fought for the South and is now so afflicted that he can no longer hope to speak for the South, but he will be happy to die writing for it. Not half has yet been told of the best part of the South, her women.

The Apostle John, on finishing his gospel story of Christ, said: "And there are many other things which Jesus did, the which if they could be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." While at work preparing this volume, Mr. C.D. Kennedy, the courteous State librarian of Virginia, said to the writer it would "take a whole library to tell all about the Confederate women." As in the life of Christ, only a small part can be told; and only a small part is necessary.

It is remarkable that the life of Christ was the most tragic, thrilling, and beneficent life the world ever saw. And yet it is all told in four booklets of simple incidents. Those four little books have been worth more to the world than all other books combined. Neither is there any system in the gospel record. There was no system in Christ's life. It could not be told in a consecutive biography nor in a scientific treatise. Science and system all fail when it comes to telling of a life of such love and labor and sorrow.

It is not sacrilegious to say the same thing when we come

to tell of the heroic lives, the courage, the trials, the work of the Confederate women. We can only give incidents, and these incidents tell all the rest.

Fortunately the author, while a patient in a Richmond hospital, has been strong enough to search the libraries of the city and gather material scattered among the Confederate records already made. With them and his own original sketches, it is hoped that a contribution of some value has been made to a good cause. The story of the Southern women is worth studying; and the author tells in his eulogy his estimate of their great virtues. Then he shows that his estimate is not from partiality or ignorance by giving a symposium of tributes from others, some from the North and some from Europe.

It may surprise some that so much attention is given to holding up the righteousness of the cause in which these women labored and suffered. Why not? The great cause ennobled them, and they adorned the Confederate cause. The truth must be told from both directions. This is the ground idea of this humble volume.

It is hoped that it will fill a good place in our Southern literature, suggesting further investigation on the same line. It has been a work of love, a comfort to him in the days of very fearful bodily affliction. He is conscious of the feebleness of his work and much indulgence is asked for.

The author deems his subject a consecrated theme. And he rejoices that he could labor at his task amid the consecrated memories of dear old Richmond, where he has had the assistance and the smiles of encouragement from the noble women who continue to keep guard over Hollywood and Oakwood Cemeteries, the Soldiers' Home, and the Home for Confederate Women, and keep vestal watch in the Confederate Museum.

Not a line is written in sectional prejudice or tainted by a touch of hate. The author was a Confederate soldier. He hates sham, injustice, falsehood, and hypocrisy everywhere, but he loves his fellow men, and still bears the old soldier's respect and warm hand for the true soldiers who fought on the other side. The

barbarities of bummers and brutal commanders must be repudiated by us all that the honor of true soldiers like McClellan, Rosecrans, Thomas, and Buell, on the one side, and Lee, Jackson and Johnston on the other, may stand forth in its true light.

When our broad-brained and big-hearted President Roosevelt has just stepped down from the White House to tell on Capitol Hill at Richmond and at the feet of the monuments of Lee and Jackson, his great admiration for the Confederate soldiers and the Confederate women, it is time for us all to take a fresh look at their heroic lives.

Rev. J.L. Underwood
Kellam's Hospital
Richmond, Va., April 1st, 1906

CHAPTER ONE

Symposium of Tributes to Confederate Women



Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis

From her invalid chair in New York the revered and beloved wife of the great chieftain of the Confederacy writes a personal letter to the author of this volume, from which he takes the liberty of publishing the following extract. There is something peculiarly touching in this testimonial which will be prized and kept as a precious heirloom throughout our Southern land:

Hotel Gerard,
123 West Forty-fourth Street, New York
October 25, 1905

My Dear Mr. Underwood:

* * * I do not know in all history a finer subject than the heroism of our Southern women, God bless them. I have never forgotten our dear Mrs. Robt. E. Lee, sitting in her arm chair, where she was chained by the most agonizing form of rheumatism, cutting with her dear aching hands soldiers' gloves from waste pieces of their Confederate uniforms furnished to her from the government shops. These she persuaded her girl visitors to sew into gloves for the soldiers. Certainly these scraps were of immense use to all those who could get them, for I do not know

how many children's jackets which kept the soldiers' children warm, I had pieced out of these scraps by a poor woman who sat in the basement of the mansion and made them for them.

The ladies picked their old silk pieces into fragments, and spun them into gloves, stockings, and scarfs for the soldiers' necks, etc.; cut up their house linen and scraped it into lint; tore up their sheets and rolled them into bandages; and toasted sweet potato slices brown, and made substitutes for coffee. They put two tablespoonfuls of sorghum molasses into the water boiled for coffee instead of sugar, and used none other for their little children and families. They covered their old shoes with old kid gloves or with pieces of silk and their little feet looked charming and natty in them. In the country they made their own candles, and one lady sent me three cakes of sweet soap and a small jar of soft soap made from the skin, bones and refuse bits of hams boiled for her family. Another sent the most exquisite unbleached flax thread, of the smoothest and finest quality, spun by herself. I have never been able to get such thread again. I am still quite feeble, so I must close with the hope that your health will steadily improve and the assurance that I am,

Yours sincerely,
V. Jefferson Davis

Tribute of President Jefferson Davis

[From Dr. Craven's *Prison Life of Jefferson Davis*]

If asked for his sublimest ideal of what women should be in time of war, he said he would point to the dear women of his people as he had seen them during the recent struggle. "The Spartan mother sent her boy, bidding him return with honor, either carrying his shield or on it. The women of the South sent forth their sons, directing them to return with victory; to return with wounds disabling them from further service, or never to return at all. All they had was flung into the contest – beauty, grace, pas-

sion, ornaments. The exquisite frivolities so dear to the sex were cast aside; their songs, if they had any heart to sing, were patriotic; their trinkets were flung into the crucible; the carpets from their floors were portioned out as blankets to the suffering soldiers of their cause; women bred to every refinement of luxury wore homespuns made by their own hands. When materials for army balloons were wanted the richest silk dresses were sent in and there was only competition to secure their acceptance. As nurses for the sick, as encouragers and providers for the combatants, as angels of charity and mercy, adopting as their own all children made orphans in defence of their homes, as patient and beautiful household deities, accepting every sacrifice with unconcern, and lightening the burdens of war by every art, blandishment, and labor proper to their sphere, the dear women of his people deserved to take rank with the highest heroines of the grandest days of the greatest centuries.”

Tribute of a Wounded Soldier

A beautiful Southern girl, on her daily mission of love and mercy in one of our hospitals, asked a badly wounded soldier boy what she could do for him. He replied: “I am greatly obliged to you, but it is too late for you to do anything for me. I am so badly wounded that I can’t live long.”

“Will you not let me pray for you?” said the sweet girl. “I hope that I am one of the Lord’s daughters, and I would like to ask Him to help you.”

Looking intently into her beautiful face he replied: “Yes, do pray at once, and ask the Lord to let me be his son-in-law.”

Tribute of a Federal Private Soldier

There is no more popular living hero of the Federal army of the war between the States than Corporal Tanner, who is Com-

mander of the Grand Army of the Republic. He left both legs on a Southern battlefield and is a universal favorite of the Confederate Veterans. The following is an extract from his speech at the Wheeler Memorial in Atlanta, Ga., in March, 1906:

“The Union forces would have achieved success, in my opinion, eighteen months sooner than they did if it had not been for the women of the South. Why do I say this? Because it is of world-wide knowledge that men never carried cause forward to the dread arbitrament of the battlefield, who were so intensely supported by the prayers and by the efforts of the gentler sex, as were you men of the South. Every mother’s son of you knew that if you didn’t keep exact step to the music of Dixie and the Bonny Blue Flag, if you did not tread the very front line of battle when the contest was on, knew in short that if you returned home in aught but soldierly honor, that the very fires of hell would not scorch and consume your unshriven souls as you would be scorched and consumed by the scorn and contempt of your womanhood.”

Joseph E. Johnston’s Tribute

As to the charge of want of loyalty or zeal in the war, I assert, from as much opportunity for observation as any individual had, that no people ever displayed so much, under such circumstances, and with so little flagging, for so long a time continuously. This was proved by the long service of the troops without pay and under exposure to such hardships, from the cause above mentioned, as modern troops have rarely endured; by the voluntary contributions of food and clothing sent to the army from every district that furnished a regiment; by the general and continued submission of the people to the tyranny of the impressment system as practiced – such a tyranny as, I believe, no other high-spirited people ever endured – and by the sympathy and aid given in every house to all professing to belong to the army, or to be on the way to join it. And this spirit continued not only after all hope

of success had died but after the final confession of defeat by their military commanders.

But, even if the men of the South had not been zealous in the cause, the patriotism of their mothers and wives and sisters would have inspired them with zeal or shamed them into its imitation. The women of the South exhibited that feeling wherever it could be exercised: in the army, by distributing clothing with their own hands; at the railroad stations and their own homes, by feeding the marching soldiers; and, above all, in the hospitals, where they rivaled the Sisters of Charity. I am happy in the belief that their devoted patriotism and gentle charity are to be richly rewarded.

Stonewall Jackson's Female Soldiers

In the southern part of Virginia the women had become almost shoeless and sent a petition to General Jackson to grant the detail of a shoemaker to make shoes for them. Here is his reply, in a letter of November 14, 1862: "Be assured that I feel a deep and abiding interest in our female soldiers. They are patriots in the truest sense of the word, and I more and more admire them."

Gen. J. B. Gordon's Tribute

Back of the armies, on the farms, in the towns and cities, the fingers of Southern women were busy knitting socks and sewing seams of coarse trousers and gray jackets for the soldiers at the front.

From Mrs. Lee and her daughters to the humblest country matrons and maidens, their busy needles were stitching, stitching, stitching, day and night. The anxious commander, General Lee, thanked them for their efforts to bring greater comfort to the cold feet and shivering limbs of his half-clad men. He wrote letters ex-

pressing appreciation of the bags of socks and shirts as they came in. He said he could almost hear, in the stillness of the night, the needles click as they flew through the meshes. Every click was a prayer, every stitch a tear. His tributes were tender and constant to these glorious women for their labor and sacrifice for Southern independence.

General Forrest's Tribute

There is a story told of General Forrest which shows his opinion of the pluck and devotion of the Southern women. He was drawing up his men in line of battle one day, and it was evident that a sharp encounter was about to take place. Some ladies ran from a house which happened to stand just in front of his line, and asked him anxiously, "What shall we do, General, what shall we do?" Strong in his faith that they only wished to help in some way, he replied, "I really don't see that you can do much, except to stand on stumps, wave your bonnets and shout, 'Hurrah, boys.'"

Tribute of Gen. M. C. Butler

Who of those trying days does not recall the shifts which the Southern people had to adopt to provide for the sick and wounded: the utilization of barks and herbs for the concoction of drugs, the preparation of appliances for hospitals and field infirmaries? What surgeons in any age or in any war excelled the Confederate surgeons in skill, ingenuity or courage?

Who does not recall the sleepless and patient vigilance, the heroic fortitude and untiring tenderness of the fair Southern women in providing articles of comfort and usefulness for their kindred in the field, preparing with their dainty hands from their scanty supplies, food and clothing for the Confederate soldiers; establishing homes and hospitals for the sick and disabled, and

ministering to their wants with a gentle kindness that alleviated so much suffering and pain? Do the annals of any country or of any period furnish higher proofs of self-sacrificing courage, self-abnegation, and more steadfast devotion than was exercised by the Southern women during the whole progress of our desperate struggle? If so, I have failed to discover it.

The suffering of the men from privations and hunger, from the wounds of battle and the sickness of camp, were mild inconveniences when compared with the anguish of soul suffered by the women at home, and yet they bore it all with surpassing heroism. No pen can ever do justice to their imperishable renown. The shot and shell of invading armies could not intimidate, nor could the rude presence of a sometimes ruthless enemy deter their dauntless souls. To my mind there has been nothing in history or past experiences comparable to their fortitude, courage, and devotion. Instances may be cited where the women of a country battling for its rights and liberties have sustained themselves under the hardest fate and made great sacrifices for the cause they loved and the men they honored and respected, but I challenge comparison in any period of the world's history with the sufferings, anxieties, fidelities, and firmness of the fair, delicate women of the South during the struggle for Southern independence and since its disastrous determination. Disappointed in the failure of a cause for which they had suffered so much, baffled in the fondest hopes of an earnest patriotism, impoverished by the iron hand of relentless war, desolated in their hearts by the cruel fate of unsuccessful battle, and bereft of the tenderest ties that bound them to earth, mourning over the most dismal prospect that ever converted the happiest, fairest land to waste and desolation, consumed by anxiety and the darkest forebodings for the future, they have never lowered the exalted crest of true Southern womanhood, nor pandered to a sentiment that would compromise with dishonor. They have found time, amid the want and anxiety of desolated homes, to keep fresh and green the graves of their dead soldiers, when thrift and comfort might have followed cringing and convenient oblivion of the past. They had the courage to build

monuments to their dead, and work with that beautiful faith and silent energy which makes kinship to angels, and lights up with the fire from heaven the restless power of woman's boundless capabilities. When men have flagged and faltered, dallied with dishonor and fallen, the women of the South have rebuilt the altars of patriotism and relumed the fires of devotion to country in the hearts of halting manhood. They have borne the burden of their own griefs and vitalized the spirit and firmness of the men.

All honor, all hail, to woman's matchless achievements, and thanks, a thousand thanks, for the grand triumph and priceless example of her devoted heroism. Appropriately may she have exclaimed: "Here I and Sorrow sit. This is my throne; let kings come bow to it."

Tribute of Gen. Marcus J. Wright

I know that it were needless to say that the character and conduct of the women of the South during our late war stand out equally with those of any age or country, and deserve to go down in history as affording an example of fortitude, bravery, affection and patriotism that it is impossible to surpass; and I am further proud to say that the women of the Northern States exhibited in that war a devotion and patriotism to their country and its cause deserving of all praise.

Tribute of Dr. J. L. M. Curry

[*Civil History of the Confederate States*, pages 171-174]

We hear and read much of delicately pampered "females" in ancient Rome and modern Paris and Newport, but in the time of which I speak in this Southland of ours, womanhood was richly and heavily endowed with duties and occupations and highest social functions, as wife and mother and neighbor, and these responsibilities and duties underlay our society in its structure and

permanence as solid foundations. Instead of superficial adornments and supine inaction, the intellectual sympathies and interests of these women were large, and they undertook, with wise and just guidance, the management of household and farms and servants, leaving the men free for war and civil government. These noble and resolute women were the mothers of the Gracchi, of the men who built up the greatness of the Union and accomplished the unexampled achievements of the Confederacy. Knowing no position more exalted and paramount than that of wife and mother, with the responsibilities which attach to miniature empire, the training of children and guidance of slaves, each one was as Caesar would have had his companion, above reproach and above suspicion; and whose purity was so prized that a violation of personal dignity was resented and punished, by all worthy to be sons and husbands and fathers of such women, with the death of the violator. "Strength and dignity were her clothing; she opened her mouth with wisdom, and the law of kindness was on her tongue. She looked well to the ways of her household, and she ate not the bread of idleness. Her children rose up and called her blessed; her husband also."

When inequality was threatened and States were to be degraded to counties, and the South became one great battlefield, and every citizen was aiding in the terrible conflict, the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, with extraordinary unanimity and fervor, rallied to the support of their imperilled land. While the older women from intelligent conviction were ready to sustain the South, political events and the necessity of confronting privations, trials, and sorrows developed girlhood into the maturity and self-reliance of womanhood. Anxious women with willing hands and loving hearts rushed eagerly to every place which sickness or destitution or the ravages of war invade, enduring sacrifices, displaying unsurpassed fortitude and heroism. Churches were converted into hospitals or places for making, collecting, and shipping clothing and needed supplies. Innumerable private homes adjacent to battlefields were filled with the sick and wounded. It was not uncommon to see grandmother and youthful maiden en-

gaged in making socks, hats, and other needed articles. Untrained, these women entered the fields of labor with the spirit of Christ, rose into queenly dignity, and enrolled themselves among the immortals.

Address of Col. W. R. Aylett Before Pickett Camp
[In *Southern Historical Papers*, Volume 22, page 60]

I claim for Camp Pickett the paternity of the first of the public expressions, in the form of a Confederate woman's monument. On the 16th day of January, 1890, in an address made by me, upon the presentation of General Pickett's portrait to this camp by Mrs. Jennings, as my remarks, published in the Richmond *Dispatch* of the 17th of January, 1890, will show, I urged that steps be taken to erect a monument to the women of the Southern Confederacy, and you applauded the suggestion. But this idea, and the execution of it, is something in which none of us should claim exclusive glory and ownership. The monument should be carried not alone upon the shoulders of the infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineers and sailors of the Confederacy, but should be urged forward by the hearts and hands of the whole South. And wherever a Northern man has a Southern wife (and a good many Northern men of taste have them) let them help, too, for God never gave him a nobler or richer blessing. The place for such a monument, it seems to me, should be by the side of the Confederate soldier on Libby Hill. It is not well for a man to be alone, nor woman either. To place her elsewhere would make a perpetual stag of him, and a perpetual wall-flower of her. Companions in glory and suffering, let them go down the corridors of time side by side, the representatives of a race of heroes.

Gen. Bradley Johnson's Speech at Museum Dedication
[In *Southern Historical Papers*, Volume 23, pages 368-370]

Evil dies, good lives; and the time will come when all the

world will realize that the failure of the Confederacy was a great misfortune to humanity, and will be the source of unnumbered woes to liberty. Washington might have failed; Kosciusko and Robert E. Lee did fail; but I believe history will award a higher place to them, unsuccessful, than to Suwarrow and to Grant, victorious. This great and noble cause, the principles of which I have attempted to formulate for you, was defended with a genius and a chivalry of men and women never equalled by any race. My heart melts now at the memory of those days.

Just realize it: There is not a hearth and home in Virginia that has not heard the sound of hostile cannon; there is not a family which has not buried kin slain in battle. Of all the examples of that heroic time, of all figures that will live in the music of the poet or the pictures of the painter, the one that stands in the foreground, the one that will be glorified with the halo of the heroine, is the woman – mother, sister, lover – who gave her life and heart to the cause. And the woman and girl, remote from cities and towns, back in the woods, away from railways or telegraph.

Thomas Nelson Page has given us a picture of her in his story of “Darby.” I thank him for “Darby Stanly.” I knew the boy and loved him well, for I have seen him and his cousins on the march, in camp, and on the battlefield, lying in ranks, stark, with his face to the foe and his musket grasped in his cold hands. I can recall what talk there was at a “meetin’” about the “Black Republicans” coming down here to interfere with us, and how we “warn’t goin’ to ’low it,” and how the boys would square their shoulders to see if the girls were looking at ’em, and how the girls would preen their new muslins and calicoes, and see if the boys were “noticen’,” and how by Tuesday news came that Captain Thornton was forming his company at the court-house, and how the mother packed up his little “duds” in her boy’s school satchel and tied it on his back, and kissed him and bade him good-bye, and watched him, as well as she could see, as he went down the walk to the front gate, and as he turned into the “big road,” and as he got to the corner, turned round and took off his hat and swung it around his head, and then disappeared out of her

life forever. For, after Cold Harbor, his body could never be found nor his grave identified, though a dozen saw him die. And then, for days and for weeks and for months, alone, the mother lived this lonely life, waiting for news. The war had taken her only son, and she was a widow; but from that day to this, no human being has ever heard a word of repining from her lips. Those who suffer most complain least.

Or, I recall that story of Bishop-General Polk, about the woman in the mountains of Tennessee, with six sons. Five of them were in the army, and when it was announced to her that her eldest born had been killed in battle, the mother simply said: "The Lord's will be done. Eddie (her baby) will be fourteen next spring, and he can take Billy's place."

The hero of this great epoch is the son I have described, as his mother and sister will be the heroines. For years, day and night, winter and summer, without pay, with no hope of promotion nor of winning a name or making a mark, the Confederate boy-soldier trod the straight and thorny path of duty. Half-clothed, whole-starved, he tramps, night after night, his solitary post on picket. No one can see him. Five minutes' walk down the road will put him beyond recall, and twenty minutes further and he will be in the Yankee lines, where pay, food, clothes, quiet, and safety all await him. Think of the tens of thousands of boys subjected to this temptation, and how few yielded! Think of how many dreamed of such relief from danger and hardship! But, while I glorify the chivalry, the fortitude, and the fidelity of the private soldier, I do not intend to minimize the valor, the endurance, or the gallantry of those who led him.

Governor C. T. O'Ferrall's Tribute

[In *Southern Historical Papers*, Volume 23, pages 361-362]

I think I can say boldly that the bloody strife of 1861 to 1865 developed in the men of the South traits of character as ennobling and as exalting as ever adorned men since the day-dawn

of creation. I think I can proclaim confidently that, for courage and daring chivalry and bravery, the world has never seen the superiors of the Southern soldiers. I think I can assert defiantly that the annals of time present no leaves more brilliant than those upon which are recorded the deeds and achievements of the followers of the Southern Cross. I think I can proclaim triumphantly that, from the South's beloved President, and the peerless commander of her armies in the field, down to the private in her ranks, there was a display of patriotism perhaps unequaled (certainly never surpassed) since this passion was implanted in the human breast.

But as grand as the South was in her sons, she was grander in her daughters; as sublime as she was in her men, she was sublimer in her women.

History is replete with bright and beautiful examples of woman's devotion to home and birthland; of her fortitude, trials, and sufferings in her country's cause, and the women of the Confederacy added many luminous pages to what had already been most graphically written.

Yes, these Spartan wives and mothers, with husbands or sons, or both, at the front, directed the farming operations, supporting their families and supplying the armies; they sewed, knitted, weaved, and spun; then in the hospitals they were ministering angels, turning the heated pillow, smoothing the wrinkled cot, cooling the parched lips, stroking the burning brow, staunching the flowing blood, binding up the gaping wounds, trimming the midnight taper, and sitting in the stillness, only broken by the groans of the sick and wounded, pointing the departing spirit the way to God; closing the sightless eyes and then following the bier to Hollywood or some humble spot, and then dropping the purest tear.

They saw the flames licking the clouds, as their homes, with their clinging memories, were reduced to ashes; they heard of the carnage of battle, followed by the mother's deep moan, the wife's low sob – for, alas! she could not weep – the orphan's wail, and the sister's lament. But amid flame, carnage, death, and

lamentations, though their land was reddening with blood, and their beloved ones were falling like leaves in autumn, they stood, like heroines, firm, steadfast, and constant.

Oh! women of the Confederacy, your fame is deathless; you need not monument nor sculptured stone to perpetuate it. Young maidens, gather at the feet of some Confederate matron in some reminiscent hour, and listen to her story of those days, now more than thirty years past, and hear how God gave her courage, fortitude, and strength to bear her privations, and bereavements, and live.

Tribute of Judge J. H. Reagan, of Texas
[Postmaster-General of the Confederate States]

I never felt my inability to do justice to any subject so keenly as I do when attempting to do justice to the character, services, and devotion of the women of the Confederacy. They gave to the armies their husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, with aching hearts, and bade them good-bye with sobs and tears. But they believed their sacrifice was due to their country and her cause. They assumed the care of their homes and of the children and aged. Many of them who had been reared in ease and luxury had to engage in all the drudgery of the farm and shop. Many of them worked in the fields to raise means of feeding their families. Spinning-wheels and looms were multiplied where none had been seen before, to enable them to clothe their families and furnish clothing for the loved ones in the army, to whom, with messages of love and encouragement, they were, whenever they could, sending something to wear or eat. And like angels of mercy they visited and attended the hospitals, with lint and bandages for the wounded, and medicine for the sick, and such nourishment as they could for both, and their holy prayers at all times went to the throne of God for the safety of those dear to them and for the success of the Confederate cause. There was a courage and a moral heroism in their lives superior to that which animated our

brave men, for the men were stimulated by the presence of their associates, the hope of applause, and by the excitements of battle. While the noble women, in the seclusion and quietude of their homes, were inspired by a moral courage which could only come from God and the love of country.

General Freemantle (of the British Army)

[*In Three Months in Southern Lines*]

It has often been remarked to me that when this war is over the independence of the country will be due in a great measure to the women: for they declare that had the women been desponding they never could have gone through with it. But, on the contrary, the women have invariably set an example to the men of patience, devotion, and determination. Naturally proud and with an innate contempt for the Yankees, Southern women have been rendered furious and desperate by the proceedings of Butler, Milroy, and other such Federal officers. They are all prepared to undergo any hardship and misfortunes rather than submit to the rule of such people; and they use every argument which women can employ to infuse the same spirit into their male relatives.

Sherman's "Tough Set"

After Sherman took possession of Savannah he soon issued orders, driving out of the city the wives of Confederate officers and soldiers. While these women were packing their trunks, he sent soldiers to watch them.

The ladies sent a remonstrance to the general, and here is his reply:

"You women are the toughest set I ever knew. The men would have given up long ago but for you. I believe you would keep this war up for thirty years."