Who will Care for Mother Now?

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During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he *could not live*, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks: *Who will care for mother now?*



Brooklyn: Sawyer & Thompson, 1863





