Original now (1986) in possession of Mr. Hugh M. Thompson, Madison, Miss.,
Grandson of Charles Carroll Parsons and his wife Margaret Britton Parsons.
These and other mementoes of her husband were preserved by Margaret
Parsons at Annandale and Ingleside Plantations, Madison, until her death, Jan. 1927.

No. 42 Sixteenth Street
Chicago, Sept 8th 1878.

My dear Mrs. Parsons:

Although I never met you, I beg to be admitted to share your terrible affliction. The wide world holds no man dearer to me than was your husband. He was my earliest friend in the army to him, a young man of twenty one, an appointment from civil life, I joined my regiment. Ever after, while we remained in service, his friendship was my constant shield, and it was his kind encouragement that changed my purpose when, weary of the petty tyranny of a peevish martinet, I was on the point of resigning - a step which would have caused me lifelong regret. Side by side we entered our first general engagement, the battle of Shiloh. At Stone River he was my commanding officer. How I shared my love for him there, you have doubtless heard from his own dear lips. I mention these matters as an excuse for approaching you in this awful moment. I would not intrude upon your sacred sorrow, did I not feel that I have the right to mingle my tears with those of his wife and children. Twice after his seizure I wrote Parsons, but of course received no reply. I hope he received the letters (both of which contained bank checks pay-

Mrs. Charles Carroll Parsons
Care of The Rt. Rev. Bishop Quintard
or the Rev. Dr. Geo. C. Harris
Memphis
Tennessee.

P.S. I enclose a rude sketch of your husband's career, both as soldier and clergyman, which I wrote and printed in the Chicago Tribune before the news of his death arrived. It may be interesting to his children hereafter.

Yours &c
H.A.H.

able to his order amounting to $50.) because I sho
have had him know how much I loved him, and
he could have no trouble which I would not, so
as I was able, seek to lessen. On board the Steam
carrying us to Pittsburgh Landing, the night before the
Parsons, Canby and I sang an old army song toge
a line of which occurs to me now: "The brightest h
gone before us, the dullest are left behind". Parsons
one of the best and truest of men, and in our great
we have at least the consolation that the world is be
for his having lived in it. When you shall have re
covered from the first shock of your bereavement, I
should like to hear from you any details regardi
death which you may care to impart to one who h
ever always numbered among the friends of Mrs. Par
and her children.

Very faithfully yours
H.A. Huntington

Dear Mrs Parsons

I beg you to consid
us your fast friends and to believ
that we mourn with you the loss
your brave, noble husband

Yours with respect, truest sympa

Fanny Huntington

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