

RHODES COLLEGE  
FOUNDED 1848

18 February 1989

Mr. Charles M. Spearman, Historian  
Stones River National Battlefield  
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Dear Mr. Spearman:

Here are the pertinent pages from Lloyd Lewis's fine 1932 biography of W.T. Sherman: SHERMAN, FIGHTING PROPHET. I made the photocopies are the College Library for although I have my own copy here at home I did not want to carry the fairly hefty volume over to the campus. Of course you may have your own copy or have easy access to one. You might even be able to purchase one through Burke's out-of-print bookshop here in Memphis for they are glad to do "searches" for a modest fee. I should imagine however a second hand copy would be fairly pricey now as it was printed nearing sixty years ago.

Sherman, in my humble non-'buff' book, is one of the most under-appreciated and grossly maligned officers on either side in the Civil War.. Unlike Lee (or Grant for that matter) he did not send masses of troops straight into the deadly fire of rifles which could be lethal at one-half mile (or even more I think). He was, I believe, as sparing of his men's lives as he could be and his crisscross or rail fence campaign between Chattanooga and Atlanta against Bragg (?) avoided mass battle I think without checking. And if his Mid-western farm boys were a bit careless with other folks' property and buildings in Georgia and above all in South Carolina (where it all started -- and in any case by 1864 the long and savage struggle had become rather bitter or embittered) there were so far as I know almost no recorded or verified instances of rape (much less murder) by regular troops. Some of the worst pilfering, etc., was done by the irregulars or deserters on the flanks of both armies. I have a fairly distinct recollection of my Great-uncle George Redmon (died, Peru, Indiana, 1934) who, as a 17-year old Artilleryman marched the whole route to Goldsboro, and took part in the Grand Review in Washington, May 1865. He was a founder and long member of the G.A.R. group in Miami County, Indiana.

Mr. Hugh Thompson of suburban Houston (since fire in Madison, Miss. in Sept. 1987) wrote me today that he is having a copy made of the 1863 photo of his Grandfather Charles Carroll Parsons, from the 1863 West Point Album. He considers it the best surviving likeness. I asked him to forward to me two black and white glossies (one I hope to use as and when my book is printed) and will then send one along to you. There is an oil painting of Parsons ~~me at~~ Sewanee -- done from photos posthumously for Bishop Charles T. Quintard, his close and longtime spiritual guide and friend. I haven't seen the original but had a photo made by my friend Ms. Armour, Archivist of the University there. It is, to use a local dialect phrase, rather a "sorry" piece of art by a not very skilled painter -- looks only vaguely like his later photos and has walrus moustache even more exaggerated than he actually wore as a priest here in Memphis. I suppose it was done around 1880. One day, when 'on the Mountain' you can view it yourself and judge. Hugh incidentally was glad to have a copy of the newspaper clippings I sent you since the originals perished in the sad fire I referred to above. I also sent Hugh a copy of BLUE & GRAY Magazine which he was unable to obtain due to ice storm etc. in Houston

*George Franklin Wright*

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. 47 Sixteenth Street  
Chicago, Sept 8<sup>th</sup> 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 when, 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 should 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  
W.A.H.

able to his order amounting to \$50.) because I would 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 "Steer" carrying us to Pittsburgh Landing, the night before the Parsons, Canby and I sang an old army song to the tune of which occurs to me now: "The brightest have gone before us, the dullest are left behind". Parsons one of the best and truest of men, and in our great grief we have at least the consolation that the world is better for his having lived in it. When you shall have recovered from the first shock of your bereavement, I should like to hear from you any details regarding details which you may care to impart to one who is to be always remembered among the friends of Mrs. Parsons and her children.

Very faithfully yours

W.A. Huntington

Dear Mrs. Parsons

I beg you to consider us your fast friends and to believe that we mourn with you the loss of your brave, noble husband.

Yours with deepest sympathy

Fanny Huntington

No. 47 Sixteenth Street  
Chicago, Sept 8<sup>th</sup> 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 when, 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 life-long regret. Side by side we entered our first general engagement, the battle of Shiloh. At Stone River he was my commanding officer. How I showed 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-

able to his order amounting to \$50.) because I do  
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 Steer  
carrying us to Pittsburgh Landing, the night before the  
Parsons, Canby and I sang an old army song toget  
a line of which occurs to me now: "The brightest  
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 bet  
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 regard  
deaths which you may care to impart to one who  
to be always remembered among the friends of Mrs. Pa  
and her children.

Very faithfully yours  
W. A. Huntington

Dear Mrs. Parsons

I beg you to convey  
to your just friends and to believe  
that we ~~know~~ with you the loss  
your brave, noble husband.

Yours with deepest, truest sympathy

J. A. Huntington

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.