



Seth Wales Parsons - Independence Cemetery - Saranac

But a month since we had occasion to record the sudden death of Comrade **Samuel Sherman**, who was a soldier in the late War of the Rebellion. And now it is our painful duty to speak of the great shock this community has received in the sudden death of Comrade **Seth Wales Parsons**, who will be greatly missed for all time to come in our G.A.R. meetings, and from our midst as a law abiding citizen, who was accustomed to meet with us on all minor and important occasions. S. W. Parsons died at 2 o'clock p.m. of September 18, 1895, aged 58 years and one month, at the camp of **Martin Strack**, about one mile from White Face Mountain landing. Mr. Parsons has been engaged in measuring pulp wood and keeping the books for some eight months. Only the night before he had got his clothing ready to come home on a visit the following day.

At noon, on the day of his death, he ate a hearty dinner, talked, joked, and was feeling happy. After dinner he started out to measure logs, accompanied by his brother-in-law. **Martin Strack** and **E. Ladue**, when he suddenly placed his hand over his heart, and said, "I ought not to go onto the mountain to-day, my heart bothers me." Ladue told him to sit down. He made a move to do so, and fell dead. A messenger was immediately sent to Lake Placid for Dr. **W. C. Lengfield**. A jury of Inquest was empanelled, and the Doctor and jury and others set out in the little Lake Placid steamer for the camp, one mile from the landing, arriving at their point of destination at midnight. When an autopsy was made, the heart weighed 17 ounces, more half more than the usual size. It was decided that the cause of death was paralysis of the heart. It has been known for several years that he has suffered from heart trouble. It was four o'clock in the morning before the inquest closed. An antiseptic hypodermic was used as a preservative. His remains were brought by the men one mile to the landing, thence by steamer and party to Lake Placid. Mr. Sutter, proprietor of the Wilmington Notch House, took the remains into a hearse, and came by way of Wilmington and Black Brook to his old home, arriving here at 9 o'clock in the evening. It was a terrible shock to the family, for the first intelligence was a telegram that S. W. Parsons died suddenly at noon on the 13th. All was uncertainty and suspense till the hearse arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening. Thus has gone out from among us another

brother, comrade, neighbor and citizen, born and brought up to manhood here in Saranac. Mr. Parsons enlisted in Company B, 118th Regt., was orderly sergeant, when mustered out of service. He was with his brother, **A. V. Parsons**, and several others, taken prisoner and confined in the notorious Libby prison for a while, then sent south to Salisbury prison, where they were finally exchanged. Our neighbor and Comrade **Howland Davis**, was so near dead when he left Salisbury prison with his comrades that he died on the train. When Mr. Parsons, brother and

comrades got home, he was sick and reduced to a skeleton. Mr. Parsons was one of the charter members at the time **J. S. Stone** G.A.R. Post was organized, was then elected quartermaster, which position he has held some twelve years. He has been elected Justice of the Peace at different times, and served one or more terms as Justice of Sessions. His nominations always added strength to his party ticket.

The funeral services were conducted by the J. S. Stone Post, G.A.R. **Darius Lobdell**, Commander of Post, Comrade **J. H. Signor**, Past Commander, had charge of the funeral services. Rev. Mr. Cheeseman, Chaplain to Clinton Prison, preached the funeral sermon, and had charge of the religious exercises. A very large attendance of G.A.R. men, relatives and friends were present from different towns and long distances, as well as from his native home, to bear witness to their friendship for the deceased brother and friend. **Palmer Manley** came from Ellenburg. He was, it is thought, one of the remaining four living who were taken prisoners to Libby and Salisbury prisons from this town. We do we remember the longing, waiting hearts, waiting in suspense to hear from their loved ones, they knowing not where or how it t was with their absent ones.

Thus time went on for long weary months. Then what a shock to behold them, poor weak care-worn spectres of their former selves, jail fever still hanging to them. Well, too, we recollect the long procession of friends and relatives who accompanied our soldier boys to Plattsburgh Barracks, from whence they were to depart for the scenes, most terrible of all wars, some to die on the tented fields, wounded, or in prison, none to return to their wives, children and friends the hale strong men, full of life as when they left their dear homes in the Saranac valley. But a few years, and all who went out to the war, will be known no more for ever.

Mr. Parsons leaves to mourn his death a widow, **Grace Taylor Parsons**, two daughters, **Nettie** and **Susie**, the wife of **James Oliver**, and two sons, **Henry** and **Shirley**; four sisters, Mrs. **John Muzzy**, Mrs. **Henry J. (Ruth) Bull**, Mrs. Bennett, and Miss Lillian, and three brothers, Comrade **Anselm Vaughn Parsons**, **Daniel A.**, and **Fred A. Parsons**, and a large number of friends.

The family would extend sincere thanks to all who have so kindly remembered them in this hour of trial and affliction, and especially would they return thanks for the many kindly services rendered by Mr. Sutter and friends at Lake Placid, &c, &c.

