

Black-Jack Ridge, July 1<sup>st</sup> 1862.

Dear Marcus:

This morning's paper brings us intelligence, — sad indeed, of the death of Henry Burn, — your son; of whom you have been, — and well might you be, — justly proud. But God had numbered his days; and appointed that his life should be offered upon the altar of his Country. He fell just one week after Robt. Dawson had yielded his life in behalf of his Country.

Truly this war is costing our country the very flower of her Chivalrous youths.

But the prize for which we fight, is great. We cannot expect it to be cheaply won. But the justness of the cause in which he bled, & the eclat of his death cannot console the crushed hearts of his parents brother & sisters, when they think that his place around the family



hearthstone, and the family altar are no more to be filled by him. Your first-born, with noble mind & heart, he gave promise of being the noblest of his line. All reports that I have heard from him, are in his praise.

Time alone can heal the wound of the heart, & soothe the grief of the mind. But you can find additional consolation in the reflection that - it is the will of God. "He gave, - and He hath taken away."

"Blessed be the name of God," for He hath given us the victory.

Mother has been very ill. And is still very feeble, though somewhat better than she has been.

Col. Tarver is very feeble, though not much more so than he has been for some time. His wife is continually in alarm, suspense & tears on Fred's account.

We have just returned from Houston, whither we went, expecting Robert's Corps to be brought home for burial. But Bryan Brown had not returned up to yesterday morning, nor had we heard from him,

except that he had arrived at Richmond. A letter was received however, stating that Robt. died the same day he was wounded, & was buried about 40 miles from Richmond. All of my family well now.

Your brother,  
H. L. Furr.