

Letter to J. H. Terry

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Roslyn, December 28th, 1862

Friend Terry:

I trust I may so address you. I was in at Mr. Cline's a few evenings since and he showed me a letter he had recently received from you in which you very kindly inquired after me and Mrs. B. I went home thinking of the matter and concluded I would write you a letter. This, with my recollection of old times, with all this pleasant hours we spent together, with poor Isaac Henry is all this apology I have for this letter.

I do not know that there have been many important changes here since you ceased to be a Roslynite, yet it seems very different now from what it used to be. First, we have lost that excellent fellow and companion of whom we both thought so much, Isaac Henry. Poor fellow! We little thought, in the sport we used to have that he was so soon to be taken from us. Only a few days before he died, he and I took a ride down to Cow Bay and around to Manhasset and back home. He was then cheerful and we parted in good spirits. But, that was the last time I saw him, until I saw him in his coffin. He went to New York in a day or two and from thence to Albany on his way to Schenectady. Being taken suddenly worse, he hastened back to New York, but could get no farther. We very soon had the sad intelligence that he was no more. I have his picture which he gave me, framed and hanging over my desk, so I have only to look up and see him.

And now, he friend and fellow law student William S. Ely has also died. He was buried last Monday. There was a singular coincidence in regard to their sickness and death, I think. Both were students together. William was married on the day and at the hour that Isaac Henry died. Both were sick with the same disease (kidney complaint) and William died just six months (I am told) to a day from the time the I.S. died and at the same hour. Well both are good now and I hope both are better off than they were here.

The school is getting along pretty well. Mr. Johnson and Mrs. B. yet remain in it. Mr. Johnson I think gives good satisfaction there has not been much change in the school, but they have a new trustee in the person Mr. Cline. And a better man for that office cannot be selected. Mr. Cline has been a teacher and he knows the wants of a school and the troubles of a teacher, and he is just the man for the place. If I were connected with the school I should hope that his time would not expire until mine did.

I am not teaching. I have got to be a book agent for A. S. Barnes & Burns. I have been traveling some, visiting schools upon the Island, but I am going to spend the winter in the city schools. I am at work upon a salary and can do much better than I can teaching.

We had a first rate time at the Institute at Hempstead this year. Professor (Lusk?) was there and he told me he had seen you in Wisconsin. Com. Robinson of Wayne Co. conducted the Institute the first week and Prof. Clark ran the last week. We did not have (Condenden?) this year, so we didn't learn anything about the length of our ears.(?)

Nearly the same teachers are teaching here now that were a year ago. Charles Robinson has gone to the war; also Wheeler of Freeport. A brother of John's son. A No. 4, that you never have seen, is in my place.

Benjamin Willis is Capt. in a Dutch Regiment, the 119th, and Obadiah Downing is 2nd Lieutenant in the Harris Cavalry. Bob Stewart, Kelsey Kilpatrick, Tom Burton, John Seaman, Charles Cornell, Ed Firth, both Wanzer boys, Erastus Webster, "Dine" Pearsall, Johnny Pollitz, and a lot of others that I can't think of are all at the seat of war.

Little Elbert Burton fell yesterday from the heavy snow in Mrs. Pollitz's farm, to the barn floor, a distance of 16 feet and stove in his skull, crushing his eyes so that it came nearly out, broke both arms, and it is thought injured himself internally. He is yet alive, but is delirious and his recovery is doubtful.

Miss Darling, or rather Mrs. Hamilton is the mother of a "gal."

I saw Miss Pauline Booland (?) the other day (She is teaching at Hempstead) and she inquired particularly after you. I think you ought to inform her of your whereabouts. (sic) Perhaps through you find so many pretty girls out there that you think it better to pay attention to them than to any girl at a distance? Tilly Schenck has on one of her reserved fits now and I haven't seen her in a long time. Miss Hinds is in New Jersey.

It is very dull here now. No sociables, no anything. Alfred Copley is again with his regiment.

Mr. Weeks and his lady board here at Charlick's. Mr. Weeks is Mr. Daniel Bogart's successor. Valentine Downing remains in the store with Mr. Weeks. There is another Mr. Weeks, who has a cabinet warehouse in Schenck's Store. Isaac Titus and Gussy do (sic) not get married yet, but he is as attentive as ever. I have ransacked my brain for all the news I thought it contained, and I have penned the items on just the order they came out, without any references to system. But you know I am not a very systematic fellow,

so I hope you will overlook all inadequacies in this letter and remember that I mean better than I do sometimes.

I am glad to know that you have a good situation and are well pleased with it.

Mrs. B. sends her compliments. Terry, let me hear from you. Write me what kind of a place you are in and all about it. I shall be glad to receive a good long letter.

Your friend and well-wisher,

C. W. Brown