



Viola Richland Co. Wis

Dec 20th 117

Beloved Friend Kate

Once again Dear Kate
I seat myself by the table with paper pen
and ink for the purpose of communing
with absent friends although far distant
from you and attending school, ^{still} my thoughts
turn in my leisure moments to my ever
inactive home and ^{all} its charms come up
in a moment before my mind and my
old friends and acquaintances seem dear
er to me than ever before. I seldom think
of you but I think of the evening that
Cousin Helen and I visited you in the
evening and we had popcorn to eat and
you went down a lot so unceremonious
because after cider How well I remember
how you looked that evening. You had
on that plain delicate waist made with a
yoke and belt. your father & Noy's called you

the dearest girl when you had that one
I love to look back and dwell on those
happy scenes. What a pleasant time we had
a year ago the 26th of August at that party
at Cousin's Passers. Rebecca was then here
just a year from that An evening ever we
were sitting out in the garden and we
happened to think about it and we both
had on the same stripes that we wore that
evening but I will dwell no longer on those
scenes.

I was surprised to hear that
Arnetta Warner had gone West but
I have not heard from her yet. How I would
have enjoyed myself if I had been with
you at that party at Mr. Evans I have
not attended but am sorry since I came
here. They have dancing parties here quite
often but I do not think much of those
where people are from 12 years to 40 years of age
go. Parties and my going to school to
City did not amount to much. We are

both attending school here. Johnathon
teaches and we like him first-rate
for he lets us do just about as we
please.

What is Gracie doing and
why don't she answer my letter I wrote
to her a long while ago that I have not
heard from her yet.

As you attending school
this winter, I heard you were going to
have a good school that when on horse
there can two ladies walk side by side on
the sidewalk as so they have to go British
file as they do here in the woods.

Please ask Ann Bibber the next time
you see her if she has heard anything
about Mr. Goodenough being false
to death. It is getting late and I must
close by sending love to me and all.

Give my respects to all the boys and girls
even

Yours
"Eliza S. Gaines."

Wm. Briggs
Shelton, Me.
10
Hancock, Me.
Jan 21
Weymouth Co.

Hancock, Jan. 21, 1843

Dear Cousin if I may
be so aloud to tell you I received your kind
letter with many thanks to you I have thought of you many
times in my rambles and should have written to you
But I did not know where you was for there is so
much changing about in a year or two in moving
here and yonder that it is hard telling where to
write to a friend but I was glad to hear from
Walter, a cousin as you and to hear that your father
is yet rambling with the living, and your mother
and the rest of the family is well tell uncle &
aunt that I should like to see them very much
and cousin Selma and all the rest of my connections
in that country I was astonished to hear the
changes that has taken place since I left that
that country it would not seem much as it
It would to you me to come there now but still
I should like to come and see what few of
the old friends and neighbors there are left but
I don't now as I see that you live in unacquaintance
~~I don't know about the old~~
When I read the death of C. F. H. it was
my hole system like a electric shock for he was
a friend to my mother in deed and that kind

Companion of ~~his~~ ~~his~~ what ~~is~~ a treasure
she has lost because that this world can not
never return but she has a treasure in heaven
that earth can't take away give my respects
Mrs Deborah and tell her that I should like to see
her and all of her children give my love to the
old saxon and tell him that I was glad to hear
that he is still a living and should like to hear
from him by letter for I always thought a great
deal of him I don't know of a person in the world
that I should like to see more than him, when
I think of the Straggle and Death that has
taken place there since I left there it seems like
I dream but I suppose it must be so and we don't
know it but it seems hard get it right on
It would not be so, you spoke of coming East
In the spring I hope you will not give it up
I should like to have you come and sit with us
you talk of going to ~~visit~~ Rhode Island and if you
do go home this way and I will go with you if
It is so that I can leave my family it seems
that you have got to be a week man or at least
you can talk duck I should like to stop
In to some of them duck families some
Sunday night I think it is likely I should borrow
them a talking duck with some pretty duck girl

Now I suppose you would like to know
something about my affairs my business is
Tailoring and I have as much as I can do
Through the fall & winter season and in the summer
I have some work in the shop and the rest
of my time I work out of doors I have a wife
and one child a little boy and we think he is
Pretty smart to his head is most as white
As yours ~~was~~ was at his age, so no more at
Present I wish to be remembered to all of
the old neighbors and friends in that country,
When I look this letter over I that you never will
be able to read it but you must excuse it
And don't forget to write as soon as you get this
N. H. Briggs

Oxford Mills
March 29-1845

Wm. Miller, Briggs
Challen
Hingham 00

Oxford March 14th 1845

Dear Brother

I have waited long to hear from you, and with great impatience I write to you last, and have labored in vain for an answer. Will you be angry at what I write in regard to your writing so few lines; if so, I suppose pardon; if not, tell me the reason you have delayed so long to write. Will you I have imagined every thing to be the matter, sometimes I think you have forgotten me (or forgotten you ever had a sister Anna) and again I think you must be sick or some one, and you do not wish to let me know it; but if this be the reason, write and let me know.

I had a letter from sister Betty, on the first day of January, and was very happy to hear from home. I have answered her letter and look every mail to hear from her again. Aunt Swains had a letter from her sister Pella, not long since, but has not answered it yet. The winter has been very pleasant, we have had but little snow this winter, not as much as we have had in former years, and most of the time. It has not been very sickly in this village, but all around it has been quite sickly. There has been several deaths in this place, with a disease called the brain-fever, in Detroit from five to eight would die in a day, with the same complaint, though now they have got a remedy that will cure it, and let few die.

March 16th

Brother William, I have just returned from Church, and now take my seat in the stillness of my room, to converse with you; as it is a very heavy and disagreeable day, it makes my mind as dull, and heavy as the day itself. And with all the rest I have just returned from visiting a young Lady who is very sick, she lives nearly a mile from us, but a young man who I am acquainted, on hearing me say I would like to see the Lady, said he would take his horse and buggy and carry me over, and so I went.

William I suppose you will remember what I wrote in connection to my
preparing to taking a school, I then thought of teaching School this
summer, and have tended select school all winter to get my studies more
familiar. But now having given it up, I think some of tending
school this summer. The reason I sent of this; when I had a
letter from home, I learned that the folks had an idea I was going
to marry, but this is not so, I mean to live and enjoy my youthful
days while single; but let us leave these trifling things, and talk of
Home, the place so dear to me, and all who have been so long parted.

H.O.W.

There is something in the word home, that makes the kindest feelings
of the heart. There is a fond Mother, and kind Father and these only ~~make~~
make a home dear. There is Dear Sisters & Brothers, who if I could see
would make my weary mind rejoice in some long stay ~~at~~; but
is this all: no, is it all, I would say no, it is but a part, I should
~~like~~ like some one in whom I could place confidence; to tell my children
troubles; how they are, fine, compared to most folks. It seems
to me as if people need have but little trouble, in this world,
perhaps I have some peculiar faculty, that ~~always~~ makes me
so much happier than others. Think not Brother I am praising
myself; for self praise is no praise at all. William why is it you
cannot come and see me, I can see no reason, you have none
but yourself to support, and say Dear Brother cannot you spend
a few dollars to see me; so dear, as I like I am; for my part I
would come, if I had the means to carry me there, but money is
out of the question here; Uncle can get every thing he wants but
money, for his work, if money could be got, I should come without

delay. But ~~as~~ as money is so scarce, I cannot come there this summer.

William if you will come and spend a few weeks with me this summer
I am sure you never would be sorry. I am sure you would be
happy to wander around the beautiful Lakes, that spread such ~~all~~
over the whole land. Dear Brother if I could picture out to you
the beautiful lakes, and boats which I so often ride in the summer
I am sure you would like to be happy with me and others in
our pleasant boat rides. In the evening or rather after tea, what
is more pleasant than, for six or eight, to take a boat ride, as the
sun is descending beneath the horizon to shine on the other part
of the world. I will bring my story to a close, by saying it is
time to go to Church, and as there is to be preaching ^{this evening}, I thought I must
to go, and so Mr Samuel Bowler & myself will go to Church.

Thine your Dear Sister

Mrs Nancy Briggs

William B Briggs

March 1777

P.S. William I have written this in a hurry and expect there
is a great many mistakes, and the worst thing is I have
written it with a steel pen, which is the worst thing in
world, and I expect you will find some bad spelling;
but I have no time to write it off; with these excuses
I hope you will try to read it and, look over the mistakes
William do write as soon as you receive this, do I
kissed you. Write I say Write. Nancy Briggs

* if you read Betty's letter you will know who I mean perhaps, better
than you now do.

Oxford May 12th 1848

Dear Brother

As it has been long since I heard from you; I thought it my duty to write, and inquire for your health, and the rest of my friends. I received the miniature you sent me, and will thank you a thousand times for it; at first I could not see the first look, that resembled you, but now I can, the more I look at it the more I can see William. Aunt laughed at me, and said William ^{has} come after your looking so long, and in the stage too; Aunt says it looks as natural as life, but it does not look one mite like me every one says. July 4th I tended a large ball in Rochester we had a very pleasant time; there was a ball here, but I thought I had rather leave home, and town, there were a number couple went. I have been at home this summer, and played most of the time, for we have not much to do, as I have earned nothing, but wearing out what I have, and nothing to get more; but never mind the clothes if my health once more is good I will acquire no more. what is riches compared to health, nothing, one may ^{be} wealthy and not in good health, and their wealth will be but little value, they cannot enjoy it, no it will be but a trouble. Health is a great blessing, I have often thought those that enjoy good health, know not how to prize it, my health is much better, but not as good as it was before I was sick last winter

Oxford Mass 10
Care of
The Mission of Briggs
Chardon
Hyannis Co

NY

Aug 12 1848
Oxford
Mich

Uncle's health is very good, though she is not ~~young~~
she is the freshest I ever see her, but I fear it
will not last long, for it is uncommon for her.
Uncle is well, Lucius is well, and goes to school
he is a good scholar, he is good in figures
much better than boys in general of his age.
I must bring my short epistle to a close, for fear
of being too tedious; I had the misfortune to cut
the ball of my thumb very bad to day, and makes
my writing rather bad, but I hope you will excuse
it, if you cannot read it just bring it here and
I will read it for you.

William F. Briggs. From your most beloved sister
Mary Briggs

180090
Hope on, hope ever!
Dark o'er us now the clouds of grief are brooding,
Hoarsely the streamlets murmur at our feet;
Bright birds of song, our eager grasp eluding,
Far from our tree of love and life retreat.
But oh! not yet, my gentle brother, shall leave us
The fervent hope of sunshine and of joy,
And whatsoever of wrong may come to grieve us,
Let there be one thing grief can never destroy
Hope on, hope ever!

P.S. William do if you regard me as a scater, reply
with my wish Write immediate
that I may know how you are, and what
the prospects are. Adieu, dear Brother