

East Sangerville Aug 22th

My Dear Lizzie

It has been years since I received a letter from one of you, not even to inform me of the death of our beloved Aunt Betsey, but Cynthia informed me immediately, I often hear from you by the way of Tass, you don't think enough of your remote cousin to write to her, I wrote to dear Aunt Betsey two years ago last winter, & I have not rec'd a line from one of you since, I cannot realize that she is gone, that I never shall see her more, she was very dear to me. How much I enjoyed with her to visit you a year ago, two years previous to my marriage, I have not seen her but twice since, & she was married, soon after I left Portland, I would not together see so much as Aunt & I were, she was my companion at every walk, visit, & party that I attended, we were as companionable as sisters. Ellen had to work for the shop, & had but little leisure to accompany me, but Grandmother used to say, 'Betsey loves to gad as well as you do.' I would reply, 'Well the 'Sarpint' [?] wants to see what is going on in the City, & when I return to the country, I shall have lots of great stories to tell, & astonish the natives with the novelties of city life; It became a city while I was there, & they kept boasting about their city customs & fashions'

We expect Louise home this week, she started in July, got as far as Etna, & they wanted her to stop, & teach their summer school, she accepted, & commenced the next Monday, at two dollars per week & boards with lovely Julia, she writes that it is a darling boarding place, I know it must be where she is, because she is a darling, Abbie is teaching a fourteen weeks school in Monson, at 9 shillings per week, it is 25 miles from here, she has been home once, it keeps six weeks longer, & I have been alone all summer, & had all my work to

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Date: Aug. 22, c. 1860

Description: Letter to Elizabeth Mountfort from Abby Hobby Campbell about farm life.

do, & the milk of two cows to take care of, & a hired man besides.
I have got my spinning most done, I have spun sixty skeins & shall
have about twenty more to spin, & I have got all my sewings & knitting
done for next winter, except their thick pants, & I have got the cloth
to mill for them, I get my weaving done, with knitting, an easy way,
for me to pay it, I can knit a pair of mens stockings in two days and
womens in three days, now don't you think I am quite smart in my old
age, but I cannot keep pace with sister Martha, I rec'd a letter from
her a fortnight since, she writes "I am going to let you know that I
am not the laziest woman in the world, all my children attend
school, I do all my work, board all Charles' men, do all my sewing
& tailoring, make all my childrens shoes, besides cutting many dresses
& trimming bonnets for my neighbors, My health is good, a work is a
pleasure to me, Charles is doing good business, & my children are making
good improvement & I am in good spirits" It was the most cheerful letter
she has written me since she has been in Wisconsin,

Your crops look well this year & we are getting along finely, he
has bought him a splendid colt for a hundred & twenty five dollars,
& he could get \$400 for him any day, he is three years old, now we shall
have a horse of our own when we go to Tass, how smart we shall be,

Tom has sold a hundred bushels of oats this summer, & seventy five
dollars worth of shingles, he sent them to Bangor, that is what our
hired man is doing, making shingles, they bring a great price now,
Tom has lots of cedar on his farm for shingles, & will employ the man
all winter, As Charles grows older I can see the effects of his labor
& in the increase of the crops, he is a good steady boy, but not very
strong & healthy, I hope he will be stronger when he gets his growth.
Louise will find a letter here from Annie on her arrival, I have
not heard from Tass since Louise left there, so I cannot write anything

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Toms crops look well this year & we are getting along finely, he
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from there, Cynthia is not a very prompt correspondent, I suppose
you can test the truth of that, unless she is better to you than me.
She is rather better than Aunt Mary, How is my darling cousin
Ellen? has she forgotten there is such a person as 'poor Bob' as she
used to call her, Mother & Cynthia say, she has got a beauty of a baby.
I expect she is proud enough of her, I don't seem possible that she
has got two daughters married, it seems but the other day that she was
a girl herself, how swiftly time flies, if it were not for such waymarks
we could not realize how old we are; when I see the daughters of my
young associates grown to womanhood, I begin to feel as if I was getting
to be an old woman, & there is nothing very pleasing in that appellation.
I suppose dear Aunt Ann is with you, give lots of love to her
from me, How much I have thought of her since dear Aunt Betseys
death, no one can miss her as much as she will, If ever I should
visit Portland again, how gloomy I should feel to see what a sad
change has come over that dear habitation, where I have spent some
of the happiest hours of my life, not one of its old occupants there.
Dear Samuel has been here this summer, he is no better and
I don't think ever will be, he said he wanted to go to Tass this
fall, & he never should think of going there again, he was so helpless.
Octavia & her sister Clark came the next week, she appeared in ex-
cellent spirits, & elated with her new home & stylish house, she had
painted papered & whitewashed it herself, she has bought three new
stoves, & every thing shines, Martha was teaching school at 7/8 per week
& Octavia has to do the chores out doors, & all the work in the house, & milk
the cow, night & morn, & tend the stable, she said she enjoyed doing her
work alone, I always thought she could do more if she had something to stimulate
her, She says they have every thing to buy now, & she feels a girls board &
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I wish she had thought of that, before poor Samuel was reduced to such a wreck as he is now, by hard labor, & exposure, I suppose she thinks every one has a right to do as the please, in this fine country.

How is darling Susan, please give lots of love to her, tell her I have preserved all her letters, I get them once in a while & read them all over, & it seems as if I had seen her & had a sociable chat I can imagine her seated at her piano in that little back parlor, with the lovely Libby by her side, her sweet voice accompanying the music, how swiftly and merrily the time would pass away. How many pleasant & happy evenings Aunt Betsey & I spent there while I was in Portland, when she would come down from her schoolroom at night, I would say, where shall we go this evening? she would reply, 'to Mrs Newhalls of course', we can always get in there, but we want to take of other places besides, Cynthia says I should not enjoy myself again as I did then, if I went to Portland now, for every thing is so different, (I hav'nt kept pace with the times, as she can well see by this old fashioned letter, I am the same that I was then) she says, society, manners customs & fashion are so changed from what they were then, it would be new & displeasing to me, I should feel as if I were among strangers, & want to be away, 'Tis true I should not want to visit my friends to mortify them by my awkwardness, but I believe that dear Aunt Ann & Betsey (if living) & sweet Susan & Ellen would seem as they used to, for they lived in my time, but the new generation that has sprung up since, I know nothing about them, they have been educated in the new school, & of course are different - I have written thee a long letter, filled up with the ods & ends of every thing, I expect thee will regret that I have opened a correspondence with thee again, when thee has so many more valuable ones to write to, if so, please to answer this, & I will not inflict another upon thee. Give my love to all the household, & all my friends, please) In love, Abby,

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