



Bangor, May 30th, 1866

Miss Blanchard,

I had begun to think you had about forgotten me when one day I was much surprised to take a letter from the College box post marked "Portland" and which upon opening the familiar signature of "P. De. F. Blanchard" greeted my eyes. the initials of which are now and always have been a mystery to me. You commenced your last letter with a long long introduction which I think was wholly unnecessary and uncalled for. I am sorry Miss Blanchard that you should have such a poor opinion of my friendship, as to think I wrote you merely from a sense of duty.

But we will not quarrell about these minor matters but will engage upon topics more interesting and of more importance. You seemed to be disappointed in being deprived of the

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Date: May 30, 1866
Description: W.H. Hobbs letter on business college

many sleigh rides you expected to enjoy last Winter. We had but very little snow here last Winter, yet it was very good sleighing in the city all winter, and I had the privilege of enjoying several rides.

I have not heard of the whereabouts of the persons you enquired about in your last letter for some time, and I have not heard from some of them since I left the Portland College.

It is not to be wondered at that you make some enquiries about them and especially some of them, particularly one that lives at "Livermore Falls". I suppose you would like to learn of my prospering at the Com College.

I am not very busy now-a-days as our students have nearly deserted us.

You know it is usually quiet at these Com Colleges during the Summer Months, and it seems to be unusually so with us this Summer, after the rush of business we enjoyed during the Winter. We have had no ladies studying book keeping since I came here, but had a few occasionally taking writing lessons of the principal

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Mr. Lakin. There is another school here
in the city, and they have better accommodations
for ladies than we have, and for that reason
they all go there. I am afraid you will
be blind before you see my name in the connection
you referred to in your last letter.

You must have had a very hard time
during your sickness, for I am sure that it
is very tedious to remain in doors so long not to say
any thing of our sufferings that we experience.

I am enjoying myself very much in
Bangor at the present time, as I have done
all the time I have been here in the city.

We have had very uncomfortable weather
this Spring; it is either cold or windy nearly all
the time. We had a powerful rain here last
Sunday and Monday, and yesterday was
a beautiful day, and it was highly appre-
ciated as was attested to by the happy smiling
faces of every one, and the prospect was that
we were to enjoy a succession of such days;
but O dear! last night it commenced to rain
again, and to day the sun has hardly shown

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his face to cheer the gloomy aspect.

Bangor is quite a lively city in the Summer the lumbering business being carried on very extensively here, and to see the vessels and steam boats plying back and forth makes one think of the "Natural Seaport" or that sea coast town a few miles beyond, which from its antiquity has been vulgarly styled "Old Wells."

The trees are leaved out here beautifully, but have not fully exhibited all their foliage. Bangor is quite a pleasant place in the Summer, but will not compare very favorably with the "Forest City."

I must close this epistle now as it is most dinner time, and I have formed a habit of eating about this time every day.

You said your penmanship was not "Spencerian" and upon a close scrutiny you will find this letter also is not.

I shall be pleased to hear from you as often as convenient, and I will endeavor to appreciate the letters in my unworthy way.

Very truly, your friend

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