



Dearly Earned

An original play by Pontine Movement Theatre

AN IDYL OF WORK

The carding room, with its great groaning wheels,
Its earthquake rumblings, and its mingled smells
Of oily suffocation;
Long clean alleys, where the spinners paced
Silently up and down, and pieced their threads,
The spindles buzzing like then thousand bees.

The Long threads were wound from beam to beam,
And glazed, and then fanned dry in breathless heat.
Here lithe forms reached across wide webs, or stooped
To disentangle broken threads, or climbed
To where their countenances glistened pale
Among swift belts and pulleys.

The door, swung in on iron hinges, showed
A hundred girls who hurried to and fro,
With hands and eyes following the shuttle's flight,
Threading it, watching for the scarlet mark
That came up in the web, to show how fast
Their work was speeding. Clatter went the looms,
Click-clack the shuttles. Gossamer motes
Thickened the sunbeams into golden bars,
And in a misty maze those girlish forms,
Arms, hands, and heads, moved with the moving looms,
That closed them in as if all were one shape,
One motion.

LETTERS HOME / PART ONE

Dear Mother and Father,

Jane called to see me last week; she said you were all well, and that you wanted to have Arvilla come down here to the mill. I should like to have my sister here with me very much, but I am afraid that she would not stand it while she is so young and her health being so poor into the bargain. I think that you had better keep her with you a yearlonger at least, Mill work is so different from anything she has been accustomed to doing that I think it would be rather hard for her. I think that I shall come home in a year from this spring. By that time I hope you will be settled into the new house so as not to have to work so hard as you

have done. I want to see you have a good little house to live in and not have to be crowded as you have been.

Jane looked so natural when she called to see me last week that I almost imagined myself at home. It makes me real home sick to see any body from the vicinity. I do not care about seeing them unless they can stay long enough to see me and tell me about matter and things. I hope that God will take care of you and that is all that I can do for you, but I fear you will both work so hard while you are building the new house that you will be sick.

Affectionately, Your Daughter, Amy M Galusha

Dear Brother William,

I have long had an intention of writing to you and giving you all the information respecting this Country I possibly could, but has hitherto been deterred by a perplexed mind, for which neglect I must beg your pardon. I must begin by informing you that we are all at present in good health with the exception of Son John who has not been well for these few weeks past, but perhaps is now a little better.

We all live together in a double house. We have plenty of room. The house contains 8 rooms besides a cellar under the whole. Son James is a Filling Spinner. Son John has been a little time a picker. This is a miserable business for making money. He is now a spinner, which is a far better job. Son Joseph has been a Spool Winder ever since he came. Edwin is a warp winder for the Warping Machine. Son Jabez is working in the machine shope.

There is not much in America I dislike except the Factory System which I hate with a perfect hatred as being only calculated to create bad feelings, bad principles, and bad practices.

Yours affectionately. George Hollingworth

Dear Brother (Leland),

You wanted I should write about men's wages in the mill. Men's wages are good but boy's wages are very low. I do not think it will be best for you to try to work in the mill. You will have to work a good many years before you will be a capable overseer and none but such can get good wages. If you go into the mill now you will have to be very steady and I know that your disposition will not admit of your being confined from 5 in the morning till 7 at night in a noisy factory and lugging around a great basket of bobbins. You would soon get tired of that fun I will promise you. You must put up with a great many things, which you never had to put up with before. You would probably get scolded sometimes and that you know that you would not bear very patiently which would make it all the worse for you. The men have to keep the looms and machinery in order and put in the webs and fix them for weaving before the girls have anything to do with it. This makes the men's work more trying and a great deal more particular than the girls work. I should be very glad to have you here where I can see you but I know in all reason Leland, it will not be for your best interest.

Your sister, Amy Galusha

Respected Aunt Nancy and Uncle William,

I have lived in America exactly one year. I have seen all the seasons and must confess that I prefer the American weather far before the English. I have never seen in this country a Beggar such as I used Daily to see in England. In this country there are no Lords, nor Dukes, nor Counts, nor Marquises, nor Earls, no Royal Family to support, nor no King. President of the United States is the highest Titled fellow in this Country. He is chosen by the People, out of the People; holds his station four years, and if not rechosen he is no more than the rest of the people.

A land where tyranny is no more
Where we can all be free
And men without a lock to the door
Sleeps in tranquility.

There is the Factory System which breeds a kind of petty Tyranny, but ere long will be leveled as low as its supporters I hope.

You must excuse my Brothers James and Jabez for not writing, as they are both deeply engaged in Sparking. Jabez sparks a Yankee Girl, James Sparks an English girl.

We are all in good health at present hoping you are the same. Jabez & James are a little tickled at what I have just written, so I will conclude

I Remain your most Intelligent Affectionate and well Wishing Nephew,
Joseph Hollingworth

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PORTSMOUTH'S COTTON STEAM MILL INDUSTRY

It is not surprising that our fair city is generally termed a One-horse town. She is indeed an awfully moderate municipality, and were it not for her thousand pawing dogs, grass would grow in her streets. Business is distressingly dull here.

If our city is to be aroused from her long continued lethargy it must be accomplished by the hum and din of extensive industrial operations. We are at present hardly holding our own. Our trades people are dubious about improvement in business, and unless a change for the better soon transpires, some of them will have to close their profit and loss account on the wrong side.

The growth and prosperity of any place must depend largely upon the combined efforts of its leading citizens. The history of every place that has grown with any degree of rapidity shows that its growth has been the result of the (concerted) efforts of its men of means and influence. There is no reason why this city may not increase, if our businessmen earnestly engage in the matter.

Why cannot cotton goods, agricultural implements and machines, clothing, doors, sash and blinds, cutlery, combs and brushes, fancy wares of various kinds, hats and caps, furniture, iron goods, wooden ware, trunks and valises, and many other description of merchandise be largely turned out in our own city? We have every

natural advantage, which enterprising manufacturing places possess, and our facilities are even superior in some respects.

We have as many advantages as any place and more than somewhere mills have been erected. A company need not erect any boarding houses; if enough are not already to be had, the owners of real estate are ready to proceed to erect more. Our town has also advantages, which a new village does not possess. We have many individuals among us who would be ready to avail themselves of an opportunity of working in the Factory. They can afford to work for low wages, as they live with their own families.

Our fair city ought not to be allowed to subside into sheer inanity. Something will have to be done to shake her out of her doldrums, --and the question arises what will accomplish it? Only one thing--the true spirit of the manufacturing enterprise.

Our merchant princes and capitalists must decide whether this city shall diminish or increase.

1843 A public meeting to consider the expediency of building a Steam Mill in Portsmouth was held at Jefferson Hall on Monday evening.

Mr. Bartlett spoke of the great advantages, which would accrue to our town--to the mechanics, the traders, the owners of real estate, the farmers, the resident operatives--and in fact to all classes--and expressed a hope that something would be done.

A resolution was unanimously adopted, recommending the appointment of a committee to ascertain the general practicability of building a Steam Cotton Mill in Portsmouth.

1855 To the outside observer the Portsmouth Steam Factory presents the appearance of a workshop grand and beautiful indeed; but he must step within to realize the little world of wonders, of which those brick walls are the substantial boundary. And he will be none the worse for that lesson of orderly industry, which a visit to an ordinary cotton mill cannot fail to teach. Each member of this grand household will be found diligently endeavoring to do his part toward clothing the great world without. How quiet, how active, how peaceful. Probably there is no other class of people, embracing four or five hundred, of both sexes, all ages, and a variety of nationalities English, Irish, Scotch and Natives confined within the same limits so large a portion of their time, is less disorderly or discordant.

The principle article of manufacture is a fine quality of Lawn. On its 412 looms, every week, is woven lawn enough to furnish every woman in Portsmouth with two dresses upwards of 50,000 yards, or 2,500,000 yards annually. By the Old-

fashioned way of spinning, it would take more than thirty thousand girls to keep up these ever-busy little spindles. If the end of a single thread were attached to a cannon ball, at its ordinary velocity, it could not carry off half as fast as the twenty-nine patent spinning mules, each loaded with its thousand spindles.

The Sagamore Mill, recently purchased by the Portsmouth Company, is run a portion of the year, and is occupied by 160 looms. The large mill making a surplus of yarn in the summer sufficient to supply these looms during the winter. About 55,000 yards plain, striped and checked lawns, and muslins, cambrics, and curtain muslins, have been manufactured in the Sagamore Mill the past year.

1857 We regret to learn that the Portsmouth Steam Factory is to run on short time, as all the other mills, everywhere, are doing. We understand that their stock of cotton will suffice only for running the full time about a week; but by shortening the day's work, the wheels will probably be kept in motion a fortnight at least. The wages of the operatives have also been reduced 10 per cent.

We learn that the Portsmouth Steam Factory Company, in addition to reducing the hours of labor to eight hours a day, and the wages of the operatives ten per cent, have decided to suspend operations in their mill Fridays and Saturdays. This will leave the operatives but half their usual wages, or less; but it is much better for them and our citizens generally, than to stop the wheels entirely.

The Sagamore Mill, in this city, owned and run in connection with the Portsmouth Steam Factory, ceased operations a few days since.

As the prospect is, that the coming winter is to be rather a hard one for poor folks, and even for some who haven't usually been put down in that list, and as the wealth or property of the city will have to support the idle poor in some way would it not be the best for the city to employ as many hands as possible, in making such repairs and improvements in the streets and other places? Better pay men as laborers than pension their families as paupers.

1858 The Portsmouth Steam Factory commenced running full time, at reduced wages, on Monday morning much to the joy of a large portion of our citizens.

1860 The Portsmouth Steam Factory has declared a dividend of eight per cent. It is said the mill has done a good year's business, paid for new machinery, made a dividend, and earned a small surplus in addition.

1861 It has been proposed by the Portsmouth Steam Factory, to reduce the wages paid in the mill; --but this did not meet with the favor and approval of the operatives; --and accordingly the mill has been stopped.

Mr. Editor--Having seen a paragraph in your paper that the Spinners of the Portsmouth Steam Mill are the cause of stopping of said Mill, we assert we are

not. We are willing to submit to a reduction of 10 per cent, but we are not willing to submit to a reduction of seventeen to eighteen per cent, which we, as a body of workmen, know it will be on our pay. SPINNERS.

1862 The annual meeting of the [The Portsmouth Steam Factory] was held in this city on Tuesday. The corporation seemed to be in a very prosperous condition, -- sufficiently so to warrant the payment of a dividend of 4 per cent.

1864 Such is the demand for the new and excellent enameled thread manufactured at the Portsmouth Steam Factory, that portion of the mill has for some time past run until half past nine o'clock at night to keep up a supply.

RED TAPE -- The Rockingham Mills in the city are making this article. Our government will not have to send abroad for the great supply needed in the departments. -- Cor. Ballot

1865 For some time unfavorable reports have been current respecting the financial condition [The Portsmouth Steam Company]-- the well-being of which is so important to our city generally.

The recent great fall in cotton, coupled with an immense stock of manufactured goods, lying unsold in the lofts of the Selling agents (so called) in Boston, has brought the concern to grief. The stock, which has been sold within a few months at \$72 and \$73, has recently run down to \$4 and \$5.

A special meeting of the stockholders was held last week, and the idea here seemed to be that the property of the corporation, including the Mill, must all be sacrificed to pay the debts, and that the stock would be sunk.

With no small surprise, we recently noticed an advertisement that the property of [the Portsmouth Steam Company] would be sold at auction on the 7th of August. It consists of a steam mill 6 stories high, with 2 wings, extensive dye-house and bleachery; with all the machinery, fixtures, tools, furniture, materials and supplies. The Sagamore Mill, under lease to the Rockingham Mill; a dwelling-house on Islington street; also 14 houses in the vicinity of the mill, used as boarding houses for the operatives; one store house on Parker street and one on Rock street.

The reason offered for the sale is, that the corporation has incurred a large debt, and therefore the real and personal estate must be sold in order to pay it.

But we have no faith that so large a debt as has been reported could have fairly accumulated. It may be fictitious in part. It may have been created in order to induce a sale of the estate, at a great sacrifice, for the benefit of a few wealthy men, as was the case of the Portsmouth and Concord Railroad. Most of the stockholders lost their stock, which went to benefit the wealthy. A mystery hangs

over the affairs. Why should this corporation be in doubt, while all other cotton mills are successful?

The Portsmouth Steam Factory, --one of the most substantial and best-appointed Mills in the country, --started up last Monday, under the auspices of the new owners. The Mill is only partially in operation --the machinery of but two rooms we believe having been put at work, in finishing the large stock of cotton yarns on hand.

1866 The Rockingham Mills in this city are now running day and night. Such is the demand for their goods that they not only have no stock on hand, but, we understand, have orders some months in advance of their capacity for production.

At a meeting of the purchasers of the property of the Portsmouth Steam Factory, on Thursday last, it was voted to accept the new charter under the name of Kearsarge Mills.

The Kearsarge Mills are importing operatives from Europe. A hundred of them came here on the cars from Boston last week.

1867 The Kearsarge Mills of this city commenced running on the ten-hour system on Monday. As much of the work is done by the piece in these mills, this is equivalent to reducing the wages with the shortened day of labor.

We learn that the Kearsarge Mills in this city have closed work for needed repairs of engine, and it is thought cannot resume till next month. It is said the corporation are to pay the board of female operatives, and half board of the males, during the stoppage. There is plenty of farm, garden, house, and other work for them to do; and a few weeks change of labor won't hurt them a bit.

1868 The Kearsarge Mills of this city have just been awarded a gold medal, the highest award made for cotton goods, at the Mechanics Exhibition at Concord. Ladies in want of a superior quality of bleached shirtings should ask for Kearsarge bleached cottons. They are soft finish, expressly for the needle and sewing machine.

1869 We learn that about 40 operatives were discharged from the Kearsarge Mills on Monday, and that in consequence of the lack of sufficient power with the present boilers to run all the machinery, up to one-third of the whole number of employees will be discharged.

A NEEDLESS ANNOYANCE to hundreds of people residing in the vicinity of the Kearsarge Mills is the eternal whang banging of the bell with which the Corporation summons its operatives to labor, and manifests its supreme disregard of the peace and comfort of other and inferior personages. Fifty strokes would warn all concerned in knowing it, that any particular moment had arrived; but the

factory authorities have their old noise machine pounded, mornings, till weary souls who wish for another hour's nap sit up in bed, and vainly wish the whole concern was in--China.

Gentlemen, -- you who can control the endlessly continued racket of that old brass kettle, will you be good enough to have one spark of consideration for those who don't own stock in the Kearsarge Mill?

1873 A notice has been posted at the Kearsarge Mills stating that in consequence of the present state of the market and the depression in business, that corporation is compelled to either stop the Mills wholly or in part, or reduce the wages of the help. The latter course is believed to be the best for all concerned, and has been decided upon.

1880 On Saturday morning the Kearsarge Mills took fire in the southeast corner of the fifth story, and before the flames were under control the buildings were almost wholly destroyed.

The conflagration was the result of an accident, to which no blame can possibly be attached. At a few minutes before six a man was cleaning a shaft, and while wiping it dropped a piece of waste, which in its descent to the floor passed through the flame of a gas jet and was ignited; and the moment it touched the floor the fire flashed out in all directions, defying the efforts of all the persons in the room to stop its progress, and obliging them to leave their clothing behind in their flight.

At the time of the fire the mill was giving employment to 320 persons; and should it not be rebuilt, the fire of Saturday may be set down as one of the heaviest blows to the city's prosperity since the great fire of 1813. We can but hope that the costly foundations, the lofty chimney, the boilers and the large amount of still serviceable material on the ground, may be utilized in the erection of another mill. In any event the fire is a public calamity, and must cause much suffering among the former operatives and their families.

LETTERS HOME / PART TWO

Dear Mother and Father,

I received your letter and was glad that you were doing so well as you are. I hope that you will not freeze to death this winter. If you cannot get into the new house try to fix up the old one so that you can live in it comfortably as possible. Do not be discouraged for the Lord will take care of you.

Viola says she is not sorry that she has come [to the mill] and thinks she shall stay a year very contentedly. Viola has got so that she can run four looms quite decently. Mr. Cooper says that she gets along remarkably well. I never learned a girl with so little trouble as I did her. Oh how lonesome I shall be when she is gone home. I hope that Arvilla will learn as easy as she did.

I have been more homesick since I came back to the mill this time, than I have been since the first summer that I was in this place. I do not think that I shall come home again till I come for good and all. I shall write for Arvilla when I want her. Tell Leland he must write to me and let me know how he gets along with the house.

Affectionately, Your Daughter, Amy Galusha

Dear Brother William,

We are at this new place and getting into a new order of things and I have hoped that it might be for the better, but I am not a little afraid that my hopes will be frustrated. They have lowered Weaving to 4 cents per yard, and it appears to me they intend to have every other thing done as low as possible. They are posting up a new string of rules more objectionable than the Old ones. In one of them there is the following That if any Workman damage any Work or Machinery he shall be liable to pay damage to be assessed by the Superintendent or Agent.

Yours Affectionately, George Hollingworth

Dear Mother,

Lealand has been trying to get work ever since he has been here but he could not find a place till today. I shall send you five dollars and Lealand says he shall send five the first that he earns. So you must get some good comfortable clothes and buy you a little stove to put in the front room and hire somebody to chop the woodpile. I was sick with swelled ankles before Platina came and I raced around so much to find a place for her that I got so I could not work and have been out four days and a half. My ankles swelled almost as bad as when I first came to [the mill] but I guess they will be better now I have had a good rest. I hope that there will not be any more girls come from home for me to find places for this fall. It is possible that Leafy Stanhope might get in as she is an old hand at dressing; any way, I hope she will come soon.

Affectionately, Your Daughter, Amy M Galusha

The carding room, with its great groaning wheels,
Its earthquake rumblings, and its mingled smells
Of oily suffocation;
Long clean alleys, where the spinners paced
Silently up and down, and pieced their threads,
The spindles buzzing like then thousand bees.

A FACTORY DAY BOOK

January Mary Kenyon come in after breakfast to learn to weave.
Luthera Griffith to the warper
Bell rung at half past six. Fanny Hennesey Cleaning the Spinning Mules. Used
96 gallons of oil since the first day of April.
John Buckley Emptying and Filling Picker.

February Good sleighing which makes the hands uneasy to go out. Stephen Goodwin repairing Sising Rollers on the Carder.
Prudence Thomas to the Spinning Frames. Poor lot of weavers at this time and bid fare to be worse.
Thomas Robinson to the Warper. Cold and violent snow storm to the north.
March William Faulkner to the spinning frames. No trouble in starting this morning.
Violent snowstorm. Elmina Drake takes the spinning Mule.
Dennie Dwyer to the picker.
Short of roping. Jennie Locke taking the Looms
April Planted peas. Leafy Stanhope to the Warper
Bell rung at 25 minutes past 6. Mercy Griffith to the Carder.
Owen Linnehan Altering Creel to Mule Spinners. Spinning stopped an hour or two for want of bobbins.
May Clement Clark and James Hennesey to the carder. Roping run bad. Cause not known. Unless if is the cotton or the weather, perhaps both.
Ephraim Jackson Repairing Spinner Bobbins
Phoebe Faulkner to the Mule Spinner. Most of the spinning looks like a sheep with nine tenths of her wool off and the rest in tatters.
Prudence Thomas taking warper. Plenty of irons in the fire, some will burn.
June Stephen Goodwin fixing pattern for iron to picker treadle.
Fanny Hennesey cleaning spinning frame. Part of the spinning poorly tended.
Luthera Griffith to the Looms.
Phoebe Faulkner to the Looms.
July Thomas Robinson Altering gearing on Tumbling shaft to mule spinner
Owen Linnehan Making Gudgeons to Warper Yarn Beams. Short of filling.
Dull day. Clement Clark to the warper.
August Stephen Goodwin On the Mule Spinner
Leafy Stanhope to the Mule spinner.
Threatened to storm all day. Thomas Robinson preparing One dozen pair Pickers
Some stormy in the morning. William Faulkner Repairing Rollers to the Carder.
September Bell rung at 5 minutes past 6. Fanny Hennesey cleaning the warper.
Began to work evenings.
Mary Kenyon took three sides of the spinning frame at noon.
Phoebe Faulkner run her head against the Spinning Mule and broke it. The Mule.
Ephraim Jackson repairing Mule. Took 2 or 3 hours to mend it.
Elmina Drake taking Spinning Frames. Shut down at 8 o'clock.
October Some cold today. Owen Linnehan put 6 pair of patent temples on the looms
John Buckley to the carder.
Boys rung bell at 10 minutes after 5. Clement Clark repairing Picker. Unlucky day--Mule band broke.
November Phoebe Faulkner taking the warper. 65 gallons of oil lasted from April first to this day-- 7 months and 22 days.
Warm wind, fresh at south with smart showers and some thunder. Stephen Goodwin Putting Collars on the Spinning frames.

Leafy Stanhope to the Looms.

December Fine snow storm this morning. Luthera Griffith tending the Mule Spinner.

Warm morning, then rain, and by night snow about gone. Prudence Thomas tending looms.

James Hennesey doffing the Spinning Frames

Mercy Griffith tending the warper. Very little fair weather for 2 months past which has made it dark in the factory thereby causing our labor a quarter harder than otherwise would be if fair.

LETTERS HOME / PART THREE

Dear Uncle William,

Yesterday morning Father had Notice to Quit as they are going to have all their work done by girls. The Agent told Father that they wanted some hands at a mill 12 miles from here. Father and I went to see about it but did not make a final agreement. Now you see the fruits of Large Factorys. Here we are driven from one Factory to another seeking rest and finding none and when we are in work at what we may call decent wages they have so many different ways to get it all back again that it is impossible to save anything. The very highest rents fuel, provisions, wearing apparel, and everything else at the very highest prices.

Your Nephew, Jabez Hollingworth

Dear Mother,

I wish that you would not worry any more about Lealand, for he is just as he is. God made him and he must take care of him. Leland did not work at his job but two or three days before he left the mill. I am glad he is away from here for he kept Arvilla in the street almost all the time. She got so tired out that she did not work for a week. She does not earn hardly enough to pay her board but I hope she will do better now he has gone. I don't think Arvilla will ever be very smart to work. You need not expect any thing from Lealand. He is given over to serve the devil and if he does not get into state's prison I shall be glad. He is twenty-one and he must not have any more to do with the disposal of your property. He had no business with the money that I sent to you. I have told you that I could not earn money for him to waste. Whatever money I send to you I want you to keep for your own use. I love Lealand as well as ever I did, but he must take care of himself. Each tub must stand on its own bottom. If he knew how hard I have to work for every cent that I have, he would be very hard hearted not to try to pay what he took from you.

Affectionately, Your Daughter, Amy Galusha

Dear Uncle William,

You want to know what work I have. Well, when I came here at first, there was no work for me as a Spool Winder, so I was set to work with Father at the Warping machines. I worked 5 weeks when I thought it time to ask what wages I should have. The reply was NOTHING! That having the chance to learn a fresh trade was thought a just compensation for my very valuable services. The

result of which was that I got into a jackass fit.

Father then took the warping and spooling by the job. He and Brother Edwin worked at spooling and I at warping until I got weary of the work. Then I went back and worked in the Carding Room for 21 days.

Mary Kenyon has had the misfortune to lose the forefinger of the right hand. She was weaving on a power loom. She put her finger where it had no business, and so the loom in return snapped it off.

And now for a description of this place in the Land of steady habits it contains about 3 acres, more or less, on which is the factory, consisting of two buildings joined together, each 3 stories high, a dye house, a woodshed, a barn, and seven houses or tenements.

The owners are now determined to sell it without delay. There is a party of Yankees wants to buy, but they say they will give our folks the first chance and make the payment easy. Father, Brothers John, Jabez, and James have determined to buy rather than quit the place.

If you could make it convenient to come over, and see us, and the place I should be very glad. It might be a good place to keep a store, the nearest being 3 miles off, and I should like to see Aunt Nancy come along with you.

Yours Nephew, Joseph Hollingworth

The Long threads were wound from beam to beam,
And glazed, and then fanned dry in breathless heat.
Here lithe forms reached across wide webs, or stooped
To disentangle broken threads, or climbed
To where their countenances glistened pale
Among swift belts and pulleys.

DAILY LIFE

At the western extremity of the North Pond, one of the most sightly spots in the city, quite a settlement has sprung up.

Where most of us remember to have seen meditative kine chewing the cud of reflection while reposing at the heat of noon-day; where the scent of new mown hay of the fragrant clover was wont to greet us, we now see busy manufactories, tall chimneys blackened by dense smoke, and scores of comfortable dwellings; while our ears are greeted by the buzz of loom and spindle or by the puff of the steam engine which breathes such added power into the life of man.

On last Thursday, as the steam-mill operatives were returning from dinner, the disorderly Irish, English and Scotch boys of the mill, waylaid other more respectable operatives. One boy by the name of Drew, was injured by a severe laceration of one of his ears. Officer Towle shortly after pursued the culprits, and arrested James Benson, John Buckley, Dennie Dwyre, James Hennesey, and James Smith, and arraigned them before Justice Parker, (who) offered some very

appropriate warnings to the unruly urchins.

William Lynch, twelve years old, had his hand badly jammed in the card room machinery at the Kearsarge mill, Friday. He went to work in the mill for the first time on Friday morning.

Three court cases against Stephan Goodwin grew out of a groggery on the corner of Hanover and Bridge Streets. The shop on this corner has no sign, but is kept by a man named Horrocks, who took down his bar some time ago, and professed to sell no more liquor. But the loafers hang round still, in a way that is quite mysterious if no grog is sold there, but very natural if there is some. On Friday, Mr. Horrocks was tending shop, and Goodwin was abusive, noisy, and disturbed the neighborhood. Orderly citizens gathered round to quell the disturbance, but Goodwin showed fight; the citizens went for the police, and Goodwin went to the lock up.

Oh, hoo, hoo, hullabollow, murder, slam-bang, crash, ooo -ooo - such the noises by which, at midnight, the slumbers of dwellers in Hanover Street, are broken. Men half drunk, and men and women scolding. It even beat the chorus of cats, which performed a fantasia opposite the great stable. The music lasted till nearly one, A.M.

A private bowling alley is in process of erection on Sudbury Street, near the Portsmouth Steam Mill. A gymnasium connected with the establishment would do no harm. Physical as well as moral culture does not receive the attention it should in this community.

Mr. Clement Clark, employed in the Portsmouth Steam Mill, fell through the scuttle, down two stories--a distance of twenty-eight feet; fracturing both bones in the right fore arm, and dislocating the wrist. Dr. Perry was called, and speedily adjusted the broken limb. Mr. Clark is doing well now.

The Stars and Stripes were hoisted on the Portsmouth Steam Factory this day. The flagpole is forty feet in height, and the flag is twenty-four feet in length. After the singing of the Star Spangled Banner by a choir composed of the operatives of the mill, brief and appropriate speeches were made.

We have felt much regret to perceive the mill pond so rapidly filling up. The railroads have tended much to reduce the North pond, which from a large and beautiful sheet of water has become so shallow that at low tide it is not at all pleasant. This must be a source of great regret to all who appreciate this once fine bay. The dwellers on the banks of this pond take no especial pains to prevent its being filled up, as the made land is theirs; and unless some public move is made to prevent it, we shall ere long have no pond worthy of the name.

We wish to call attention to a pestilential hole nearer the heart of the city. We

refer to the receptacle of filth between the roadbed of the Concord Railroad and what was formerly the south shore of the (North Mill) pond, near the Steam Factory, a nauseous cesspond, the exhalations of whose reeking ooze might well generate cholera or fever.

Mr. Ephraim Jackson, while turning a lathe in the Steam Mill machine shop, put his head near the piece he was turning, when the shaft caught the hair on the top of his head, drawing him down to the shaft, against the square head of a set screw that was in motion, which cut his scalp up in a ragged mass, laying a place on the skull bare as large as a silver dollar, at which time his hair gave way, and he was freed from the shaft; otherwise the head of the screw would have worked through his skull and produced death. Dr. Folsom dressed the wound, and it is doing well.

John Francis Horrocks, about fourteen years of age, was seriously injured while at work in the Portsmouth Steam Factory. He was stepping over a twenty-inch gear, matching into a three-inch gear, when the gears caught in the upper part of the right leg of his pantaloons, pulling him down upon them, tearing the flesh of the thigh half off, on the inside, within three inches of his body. The large gear was about two inches in thickness and took out all the flesh that it caught hold of. His wounds were attended to by Dr. Folsom.

On Wednesday morning, a citizen observed a woman passing down the street, tottering as if from intoxication and muttering as she went, when opposite the Episcopal Chapel, she fell, and died in a few minutes near the Police Station.

The woman's name was found to be Sarah Devine. She was a native of Scotland, aged 40 years. She had been an inmate of the Alms House for six months since. She left the House one week before her death, having engaged to work in the Mill. The next day she did not go to the Mill, but went on a drinking frolic, and the result was, death in the street. Her remains were taken to the City Farm for internment.

The police arrested five girls, employees at the Portsmouth Spool Cotton Factory, for purloining cotton. They were taken before the Police Court and fined \$5 each, and sentenced to pay treble the value of the property stolen. We learn that cotton stealing has been going on at this place for some time back, until about three thousand pounds have been stolen.

Officer Fredson, by dint of a little engineering got on track of something, which savored strongly of cotton in its unfinished state, and calling at a house in Bridge Street, inquired of the mistress if she had any cotton on the premises. The lady of the house informs him that she has in her possession a quantity of the desired material having found it in her backyard. Some young damsel, through fear either of the Higher law or the policeman, threw it into the yard of this lady. There was a large bag full--the bag having a long string attached, and was probably suspended from the waist underneath the crinoline, which enabled the wearer while at work to appropriate a large number of spools. There were also found a

number of bobbins filled with cotton, just as it came from the machine.

William Faulkner, a laborer, arraigned for smashing and belaboring Thomas Robinson, a spinner, was deemed guilty, and Judge Odell wound off the thread of his discourse by sentencing Faulkner to pay a fine of \$5. and \$3.86 costs.

On Monday afternoon the city authorities were notified that a young woman named Jenny Locke, had been found dead in her bed, at her boarding house at the foot of Langdon street, and was supposed to have committed suicide. The unfortunate woman had written several letters to friends, had marked the different articles of her property with the names of those to whom she wished to bequeath them and had further mentioned the particular dress in which she wished to be laid out and the spot where she wished to be buried. The woman is stated to have been far advanced in pregnancy, which is doubtless the solution of the reason for the rash act. She was a daughter of Mr. James Locke of Rye.

Owen Linnehan, foreman of the Kearsarge Mills, met with serious injury Thursday forenoon, and in a singular manner. When he opened the furnace door, the flames burst out with such force as to prostrate him. Mr. Linnehan, was very seriously burned about the face, hands, arms and torso, but it is thought he will recover from the injury. The boiler was uninjured.

The north mill pond was drained on Saturday and Sunday nights, the tide gate being lashed open. The rich stores of filth at the bottom, being thus exposed to the hot air, sent forth-loud odors. The white paint on the houses and fences nearest the northeast end of the pond was turned to a dingy brown, the green paint on the window blinds became of a dull lead color, and a gentleman informs us that the plated work on the harnesses and carriages in his barn was turned almost jet black.

Many years ago, on any warm summer day a mob of twenty or thirty boys, of all ages from five to fifteen or more years, would gather at the willows at Hales point, on the bank of the north millpond, and in a few minutes they would all be splashing about in the water, and swimming in droves across to the other side of the pond. The waters of the pond were then pure and sweet. Now the willows are replaced by the railroad round house, and Rock pasture and Hales field, then bare of buildings, are now closely built over; and the waters of the once limpid pond are transformed into a sort of odorous gravy, in which no boy of good taste would want to swim, even if he had a chance.

William Devine, 16 years of age, had his arm and hand badly mangled by being caught in the machinery at the Kearsarge Mills about 6 o'clock, Tuesday.

On Sunday, Officer Entwistle was called upon to go to a factory boarding house to take charge of a young woman who showed signs of insanity. She was taken to the police station, but was allowed to return to her boarding house after she had

become quiet. On Monday morning she again became violent and was again taken in charge by the police. Her parents were telegraphed to, and will arrive today from Raymond to take her home.

A sad and perhaps fatal accident occurred at the Kearsarge Mills on Monday evening. Miss Phoebe Faulkner, aged about 16, residing on McDonough Street, while arranging a cloud which she wore on her head, by some carelessness it became entangled with an upright shaft that was revolving nearby, and ere she was aware of it she was firmly bound, and slowly but surely being drawn to a horrible death. Her shrieks brought her fellow workmen to witness her situation, one of whom drawing his knife from his pocket severed the scarf from her neck and released her. She was nearly choked to death, however, besides being severely bruised about the head, face, and breast. It is feared that she is severely injured internally. Her attending physician had some hopes of her recovery.

Charles Danielson, a young lad, on Thursday through some carelessness got one of his hands jammed between the rollers of a picker at the Kearsarge mills, but by the prompt stopping of the machine escaped with a badly discolored hand and a good fright.

A person on Sunday evening, saw in the western part of the town, near the railways, a man, lying helplessly drunk, and a mere child, his son, trying to get him up.

A better sight, seen early in the morning, was that of two women, undoubtedly foreign, and probably Irish, sitting on the ship timber which lies piled near the Concord Railroad. The women were clad in calico gowns, hoods, and aprons, and were engaged in reading a new volume, while the fire was getting breakfast in the little house hard by; the readers, meanwhile, sitting as much at ease as any could in a drawing room, without annoying the passengers, or being annoyed by them. The chimney of the Sagamore Mill furnished them with a sunshade.

LETTERS HOME / PART FOUR

Dear Uncle William and Aunt Nancy;

Never before this time has it ever fallen to my lot to write to you on such a Melancholy occasion; and I am sure that it will be no less shocking to you to hear than it is painful for me to tell that Sister Hannah now lies a Corpse!

She began her sickness on Wednesday and died yesterday morning about 2 o'clock. Her disorder was in her breast, by some called the Croap, others call it an inflammation of the lungs. She was blistered twice on the breast, but it was all to no purpose. It was the will of God that she should quit this troublesome world and not all the skill or ingenuity of man could prevent it.

I need not tell you, the consternation that prevades the whole of our family. This, you may in some measure imagine, by calling to mind, that she was in the flower of her age -- an only daughter -- an only sister -- beloved by parents, beloved by brothers. How true is this saying, that, in the midst of life we are in

death! Here we behold Sister Hannah in the bloom of youth; her days cut short by the cold hand of death; and her body committed To the ground; earth to earth; ashes to ashes, dust to dust

Your Affectionate Nephew, Joseph Hollingworth

My Dear Daughter Amy,

My health was good for the most part of this tremendous cold and stormy winter. I have not laid down on a bed but once in five weeks. I slept on a lounge nights and took care of father. He is very troublesome nights, fancies himself carried off into swamps and chasms and flying over treetops. He screams and hollars for help and I have thus far taken all the care of him and have worked on finishing the new house every day. Last week I looked for you all the week, but I shall not look for you again until weather is more mild. What made me look for you is that I dreamed about you for 3 nights. I am glad that god let me see you in sleep, if I am never to behold your face again when awake in reality. When I write to you my thoughts crowd in so fast that I do not know what to write first. This is from your ever affectionate Mother and best friend in this world.

Dear Uncle William,

I am glad you did not come, as I requested in my last letter, because I now see with different eyes. I like the place itself, as I ever did, but the concern is too much in Yankee fingers for me.

Yankee doodle dandy,

The Yankees they are handy,

To rogue and cheat,

And make folks sweat--

To smoke segars, -- and drink a glass of Brandy.

Manufacturing is a very unsteady business, sometimes up, and sometimes down, some few get rich, and thousands are ruined by it. Rogues, Rascals, Knaves and vagabondes are connected with it. Some persons that you trade with will cheat you in spite of your teeth, and you must cheat others in return to make ends meet and tie. In Short no honest man can live by it.

Manufacturing breeds lords and Aristocrats, Poor men and slaves. But don't you think farming the best and surest way of getting a living? The American Farmer, he, and he alone can be independent. He can be industrious, healthy and happy. I am young, just stepping into the world. I may probably be married sometime, and have a family, but I cannot bear the idea, that I, or my children (if I should ever have any) should be shut up 14 hours every day all our lifetime like slaves and that too for a bare subsistence. No, God forbid.

The only way to remedy this is unite ourselves. I mean our minds and bodily strength together to set about one thing at once and strive to accomplish it. I for my own part has got no money but thank God I am both able and willing to work.

Your Nephew, Joseph Hollingworth.

Dear Mother,

I have never recovered from my last parting with you when I left to return to the

mill. I never think of it but the tears rush unbidden to my eyes and my mother's pale face rises before me as she stood enveloped in the dim misty drapery of the night and watched to catch the last glimpse of the wagon as it rolled away into the distance.

I have got some money for you and if you need it, I hope that you will let me know. Do not suffer for anything. I want to lay up enough to finish off the house, if I can, before I come home.

Affectionately, Your Daughter, Amy.

The door, swung in on iron hinges, showed
A hundred girls who hurried to and fro,
With hands and eyes following the shuttle's flight,
Threading it, watching for the scarlet mark
That came up in the web, to show how fast
Their work was speeding. Clatter went the looms,
Click-clack the shuttles. Gossamery motes
Thickened the sunbeams into golden bars,
And in a misty maze those girlish forms,
Arms, hands, and heads, moved with the moving looms,
That closed them in as if all were one shape,
One motion.