

Newburyport Sunday I forget the rest
Dear parents. you see that I hail from Newburyport
yet & the reason of it is that as soon as Russell &
Walker found out that I was going to leave they
offered to give me a chance to work evenings if I
would stay here & so I concluded to stop here but I
almost wish now that I had gone for I have got almost
sick of working here for they have nothing as it should be
to work with. On some kinds of work such as watter &
steam pipe we have to make cores of sand and flour and bake
them with Charcoal and last week we had a large one
to make and instead of having an oven to bake it in
they made a great large fire of coals in the shop and it
being a cold day and the doors all shut it like to
have killed the whole of us together - it was so bad that
it laid two or three of them up sick two or three
days. And this isnt all - there is scarcely a night but
some of the hands have a growl and four times this
week Russell has had to step in and part them to
keep them from fighting. My floor in the shop is the
next one to Seths and I tell you I have music for I
dont believe ~~that~~ that there is half an hour in the
day but Seth & Cyrus is growling - the fact is there is
more ugliness done up in Master Cyrus skin than there is
in Beelzebub & all the host that was driven out of heaven
with them he is very much like the unrighteous judge in
the bible he fears neither God nor man the fact is you take

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Date: 1845

Description: James L. Hunt wrote to his parents in Bath to tell them that although he had planned in November to leave his job at Russell & Walker foundry in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where he had worked since July, he was still at the same job.

the contraryness of all the hogs in Maine I boil it down
to the smallest possible degree and it would bear about as
much comparison to him as cold water does to New England
rum he cares about half as much for his mother as he does
for the man in the moon and every body else in the same
proportion - all the way that they can get him to bed at night
is to coax him to sit up and all the way that they can get
him up in the morning is to coax him to lay a bed. He
has been just as saucy to me as he could be for a week - I bore
as long as I could and last night in melting time he had
some of his slack to me and I just caught him and held
his nose down in the sand heap till his breath was pretty
much gone and then I let him get up and he stivered off
up to the house and told aunt Thia and she has scarcely
spoken to me since - I am undecided if that dose dont cure him
to give him another the next time. There was a boy killed in
the James mill last week (the same mill that Joseph and Reuben were in)
by the self operating spring mules he got his head down along
of a post to clean the floor when the carriage came back and
caught it and it crushed it all up. I have just learned that
there was a young man killed about a mile from here
last night it appears that he found out that the sheriff
was after him for debt and he jumped into the cars and
when about a mile from town he saw the sheriff in the
same car that he was and affraid that he would see him
he either went to jump out or go into another car and
fell off and the whole train passed over his body. There
is considerable excitement in town now about a supposed murder
- there was a girl worked here in the mills this summer

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- there was a girl worked here in the mills this summer

that belonged in Nova Scotia. She had been in
Lowell about two years and had about three hundred dollars
laid up — about a month ago there was a brig in here from
the place where she belonged and she went and spoke for
a passage home and hired a truckman to
haul her things down to the vessel and the night
before she sailed there were cries of murder heard in
the direction of the vessel and when she arrived
at Nova Scotia the captain told her father that she
wasnt coming home for a month and he started
right off up here to see her but he can find nothing
of her — her name is on the Bartlett Mills book but
she is missing — the vessel is expected in here every day
and they are all ready to put the screws on them
the moment they arrive. I have a great mind sometimes
to clear out and come home & stay the winter but that is
only when it storms. By the way what a beautiful day you
had for Thanksgiving down there it was almost equal to
ours that we had here. I suppose you have heard about the
new system of writing called Phonography well I have
been studying it from a man here in town and I will
give you a specimen of it presently. You wrote to me that you
had a chance to sell your farm by losing two hundred dollars
and I think you had better sell it. Tell Bob, I should like to have
him write to me and Billy to be a good boy and Magy & Fany that
I havnt forgotten them give my best respects to Joseph &
Reuben & their
wives & finally excuse my bad writing as I have a tremendous
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James