

# THE CHRONICLE OF THE NEW ENGLAND FACTORY.

DEVOTED TO THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOR, LAND REFORM, WORKING MEN'S PROTECTIVE UNIONS, UNIVERSAL FREEDOM, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME I - NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1848.

NUMBER 4.

**THE NEW ERA OF INDUSTRY.**  
PUBLISHED BY JOHN ORVIS.  
OFFICE, No. 3, WATER STREET.

TERMS.—Single copy, \$1.50 per annum—Six copies to one address, \$7—strictly in advance.

Advertisements and Remittances should be addressed to JOHN ORVIS, No. 3, WATER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

## MISCELLANY.

### MOUNTAIN STRAINS.

AN ASPIRATION FROM TOWN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

What time the form fits her rings,  
What time the early thrush sings,  
What time the morning lark and brown;  
From greatest level of the glass  
To highest summit of the Pines,  
To trace the torrents when they flow,  
Serenely breathing, sweet or slow;  
To listen pleased, and long to sing,  
A silent listener to their song.

Forewell, ye streets! Again I'll sit  
On crags to watch the shadows flit  
To let the buzzing of the bee,  
Serenely weaving his tender tissue,  
To hear, for oft, the cuckoo's note,  
Or lark's joy in every loud note,  
And link a cheer in every glad  
Of air, the whiff of the breeze,  
Of fancies full though fixing none,  
And thinking—fancies of my thought.

Forewell! and in the teeth of care  
I'll breathe the incense mountain air,  
For dipping up my daisy and my rose,  
That from the hill-top interpose,  
White rocks, and lilies born of spray,  
Dark heather-tops, and mosses gray,  
For daisies, blue sky, and green hills,  
With amber waters glistening down,  
And early flowers, blue, white, and pink,  
That fringe with beauty by the brink.

Forewell, ye streets! Beneath an arch  
Of drooping birch or feathery hazel,  
For dipping up my daisy and my rose,  
That from the hill-top interpose,  
White rocks, and lilies born of spray,  
Dark heather-tops, and mosses gray,  
For daisies, blue sky, and green hills,  
With amber waters glistening down,  
And early flowers, blue, white, and pink,  
That fringe with beauty by the brink.

My aim, to bring me joy and health,  
And endless store of mental wealth,  
I wealth ever live to hearts that warm  
To loveliness of sound or form,  
Or that can see in Nature's face  
A hope, a beauty, and a grace,  
That in the eye of the woods,  
To the fragrance of the moss,  
Can lift the light of Nature's call,  
Depositing, leaving all.

Sweet streams that ever summit leap,  
Or far in rocky basins sleep,  
That fountaining burst in bright cascades,  
Or with soft coverts, and green shades,  
That shroud the earth and sky grow mute,  
Or in lonely solitude,  
Or in a haze of mist and rain,  
Or in a haze of mist and rain,  
I do not say you every one.

For many a day of calm delight,  
And of pleasure stoic from night,  
For dipping up my daisy and my rose,  
That from the hill-top interpose,  
White rocks, and lilies born of spray,  
Dark heather-tops, and mosses gray,  
For daisies, blue sky, and green hills,  
With amber waters glistening down,  
And early flowers, blue, white, and pink,  
That fringe with beauty by the brink.

[From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.]

### THE DOKKEY DRIVERS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I live in an old tumble-down house, not a borders a mile from London, and on the greatest of a busy common. Before the day of steam locomotion, and even now, there is one solitary spot where, from rocky knolls, rising beneath clumps of antique trees, we overlook perfectly retired and snug towns. A sparkling stream, like a silver thread, winds its way amid rocks, and thickets, and grassy plantations; an rivet gurgles, furnished with a peal of soft musical bells, peeps from from a distant village; and in the summer evening time it is pleasant to rest on those mossy knolls, and listen to the sad distant music.

The ruins of an old church, which may be traced from this point, will not enlighten a man's soul with visions and blubbers; a sweet honey-suckle porch is seen leading to a lowly-thatched hut; and there are loving kine and blabbing flocks by our side and in the distance. In this there's nothing wonderful; but only turn back to my hundred years, and I seek another town where, as I have said, my father and more widely extended parsonage—the vast wilderness of London, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, hosts of steeples, millions of chimneys, armies of mass and shipping clustering on the almost chocolate-colored banks of the river, as well as in life, snuff, fog, and misery without and in! Been from this corner, there the sun sets; but the holy moon rises from behind the

all trees and the old church, which I can reach in less time than I have taken to gossip about it. Royalty for many years found a secluded and peaceful home in this ancient common, famed alike in history and legendary lore; but I know not if that royal retirement were assailed by the same unwholesome yells and howlings which so often disturb our retirement, and remind us of the descriptions we have read of the war-whoops of the Indian savages. The explanation is, that there are several stands of donkeys, where these animals are let out for hire, on different parts of the common; and the general assemblage, by a grand emphatic, is close to the garden wall which bounds the domain once honored by a royal presence.

One evening during the past summer, as I was returning from a ramble by the side of a dead rivulet, who was drawn about in a hand-carriage, two ragged little girls-rotten around our gate from its vicinity to walk across the common, a pretty green chariot assisted into the house. I was struck by the appearance of the elder of the two; for although with a quantity of matted black hair, a dirty face, and still dirtier habiliments, I could trace a singular loveliness both of form and feature. She had large, languishing blue-eyes, shaded by long, silken, black, and not-withstanding this, she was very handsome, and decided; and there were many of that tribe in the neighborhood, I doubted not that these vagrants were wanderers from their tents. After regaling the poor little things with some tempting cakes, I asked the beauty her name, when she replied, "I am called Mollie, and my property, 'Mazzelli Lee, please ma'am."

"And what is your father, my dear?" I said.  
"Father's a gipsy, please ma'am."  
"And your mother is a gipsy too, I suppose, my dear?"

"No, mother's a lady, and drives donkeys, please ma'am."  
I pressed the child to try and explain her meaning, but all the answer I could get was, "Mother's a lady, and keeps donkeys." She made me comprehend that the smallest and most exclusive donkey-stand on the border of the common was the property of her mother, and that her only brother, a little bigger than herself, was also an assistant in the business. She said this was not very far off—in the pits near the caverns, and the miserable collection of huts had been from time immemorial. Moreover, on questioning Mazzelli further, I found she regularly attended the Rev. Mr. L.'s Sunday school, knew her catechism, and said she prayed every night. The portion of the latter statement was true; but that face-washing seemed quite incredible.

My curiosity was aroused; and the next day I walked close past the donkey-stand, which Mazzelli Lee described as being kept by her mother, "the lady," and then I observed an individual whom I had often seen before, but never noticing her particularly, for giving her a second thought. This individual was a woman still young and good-looking, with the fresh color of unclouded health lighting up her blue eyes—eyes almost as beautiful as the little Mazzelli's; and with an anxious expression of mind, she sometimes stared the vacant but good-natured composure which was the leading character of her countenance.

Her appearance was not at all that of a conventional heroine of romance; yet I could not help fancying that there was something of difference about her, by her general bearing and face-bending, shown by her general bearing and face-bending attitudes, from that usually displayed by the race of females engaged in her boisterous calling. Her two little girls were squatted on the grass beside her, and a handsome specimen of a real genuine-looking, good-for-nothing gipsy man was loitering at his ease near the group, in supreme enjoyment of the day. I did not know the mother and her daughters under these circumstances, because, not patronizing donkeys, and being an inhabitant, it was not a very accessible or perhaps safe acquaintance to form; but Mazzelli knew me directly, and came bounding forward, while the woman carried on her head, and without the usual vociferations of "Donkey today, ma'am! Steady donkey!"—quick donkey!"

One or two evenings afterwards, I was in company with a visible lady, who had come to our neighborhood in a change of air, and was carried exercise. She was full of a most singular adventure she had met with—a perfect romance in real life; and her gossip, to my great satisfaction, related to the donkey-woman. "Yesterday morning," said she, "I was going to visit Miss Lee, and my husband had donkeys brought to our door early for having occasion; and while trotting along, attended by a frank, nice-looking female, we began speaking to each other in French, not wishing the driver to understand our conversation. All at once, however, the donkey-woman said very quietly, 'Ladies, it is well to tell you that I understand French.' We were at first speechless from surprise, and from not knowing what to say—afraid of something, we could not tell what; although

she was by no means intrusive, but behaved with perfect propriety. By and by, in order to break the awkward silence, I remarked to Miss R.—how well the singing had been conducted at St. Mark's church on the preceding Sunday evening, when a very beautiful chorale by the same lady, and a charming recitation of the music. We regretted that neither of us remembered the composer's name; so we desired to procure the music.

"I have it at home, ladies," said the donkey driver; "it is taken from an old oratorio, and is part of my school music. I was at St. Mark's on Sunday evening, and felt pleased to hear it again."

"She then offered to lend us the music in question; and this was modestly and simply said, just as if we must know her history, and therefore ought not, or need not feel astonished at such a discrepancy. However, when we did express our surprise, she simply narrated her story, which is this—She was only the daughter of a wealthy farmer by his first marriage, and her mother dying during her childhood, she was placed at a boarding-school for young ladies, where she received the usual education. But she was idle, and hated learning; and when she was sixteen, and returned home, she found a step-mother, who did not treat her kindly, and became a severe task-mistress to her thinking. A troop of gipsies coming into the neighborhood, she secretly formed their acquaintance, and, in the end, eloped with their chief, Mr. Johnnie Lee by name, and became his wife. After leading a wandering life for many years, her husband was killed by a fall from a tree, from a desire that their unfortunate children should receive a 'Christian education,' as she termed it, and also because a relative of her husband's was flourishing fish-proprietor in the vicinity, and might follow their views. But her husband was a very good man, and kind and careless; and all she had been able to do was to establish a donkey business, and to attend to it. She declared that the pure air, and the untrammelled freedom of her mode of life, was suitable to her taste; and we pressed her to give us some account of her mode of life, which she did so graciously, and so improbably for a fictitious narrative, too extravagant for credence. It showed me to my regret, that her life hours of donkey usage were very few. Mr. Johnnie Lee's but 'by the covers,' she knew by previous observation that 'the pits' contained wretched hovels, and still more wretched inhabitants; but the one I now saw was a comfortable room, with a fire in the middle, with a mud floor, and with the ceiling broken, and the upper flooring projecting through. It did not ascend the ladder leading to that, for I saw quite enough below to surprise and bewilder me. A scene like this, so near my own comfortable home, and in the midst of the properties of conventional life!—and a woman of nearly the same grade originally as myself, of nearly the same bringing up, thus outraging the common decencies of life! How far beyond the saddest tales of romance, or the wildest visions of fancy! Her dress consisted of a blue petticoat, but there was no snowy cloth on the tattering bodice, no cleanly basins of new milk, no fresh flowers in water-buckets; nothing as if we had been viewing a relation of fiction. Outside there were no honeysuckle, no roses, and no pansies, and no sunflowers growing; nothing but old donkey sheds adjoining, where, amid dark fad and noisome stench, rested the weary animals ere they were turned out on the common to shift for themselves during the night. The look that I saw in her countenance, as she gazed upon her husband, but too well. It was an "Owre true tale!" I had heard, and this was the moral.

Johnnie Lee's wife opened a chest which stood in one corner, containing the rags of the family, and amidst them lay concealed her sole earthly treasures—her father's miniature; some letters, which I forbear recording; and a broken and yellow-looking music, which she had offered the loan of to my acquaintance. She gave me no farther explanation; made no comments; but she did confess, that if it should please God so to order, she would like to see my father and family also had been the same dead since her disgraceful elopement. She had indeed purchased pure air and untrammelled freedom at her fair price! Poor thing! what a life! To go to the children to receive a Christian education; and when I look on them, particularly on my little Mazzelli, and remember their inheritance, I dare not think. But I have chosen my lot. My husband does not beat or ill use me; he has given me many bad pieces of my sake; and she has never, but she has the whole of her life, and she has not to complain of that? Do not shoot tears for me; I have no need of them! And she said truly: A woman's desire of feeling, seems an anomaly in human nature; but this she must be, and this sympathy

was wasted when expended on her. But for the poor little children, my heart still beats. Gentle blood flows in their veins, for the ties of relationship cannot be broken; and what a curious family party would be formed of the mingled race of the most decorous and prosperous of the middle classes of the community in juxtaposition with the reformers and Unitarians—lives, vices, thinkers, and donkey drivers!

The following communication, as will be seen, was intended for the *Chronotype*, but on account of its too great length, it was inconvenient to give it place in that paper. It has been sent to us for publication, and though voluminous, we gladly give it a place in our paper. We are sure that the Editor of the *Chronotype* has failed to exercise his jurisdiction, on the subject of this communication. He is without doubt sincere, and vital galling.

### "FACTORY LITERATURE."

Editor of *Chronicotype*—I have no desire to get into a controversy in regard to the "New England Offering," but as the Editor of that paper has seen fit to attempt a reply to my comments upon the character of her magazine, an apology is furnished for me to intrude, again, upon your editorial good nature. In my former communication I did wish to be understood, as being opposed to the existence of the "New England Offering." If with ability it would come out, and discuss, candidly and impartially, the merits and demerits of the present system of factory labor, its effects, pro and con, upon the physical and mental health of those who are connected with and labor under it—I could heartily wish it success; for would it even take an open, manly, or womanly ground, against any or all the proposed reforms in the system of factory labor, it would be entitled to respect and consideration. But with its hypocrisy, I have to do its pretended sympathy with the reform in the condition of labor, its desire to be considered (by the operatives) their organ, friendly to their physical and intellectual welfare, while it is the enemy of all that they labor and suffer. Truly, Mr. Editor, 'a press is a press'; but the old inanimate machine can do but little toward securing liberty or oppression, only as it becomes the organ of the human mind. It can be made a speaking for liberty or slavery, 'conscience or cotton'; according to the will of the operator. It seems to me that the influence of the press, for good or evil, corresponds to the motive power that operates through it. The motive power of the "Chronotype" (for illustration) is quite a different power from that which controls the dog's progress of Boston; consequently it will not follow the path of the dog, but will take a different character. 'A press is a press,' and a preacher is a preacher; but when their influence is used to clothe sin and slavery in their own real garbs, they become very doubtful agents in establishing physical or spiritual freedom. Now the 'New England Offering' is a sign to the world, as the free and untrammelled expression of the great body of New England operatives—such its organ; and when any intimation is made of the necessity of reform or improvement to the system of factory labor, the "Offering" is brought forward as positive proof, that the system is all that could be desired—coming as it does from the operatives themselves. But instead of being the free and full expression of the factory operatives on all subjects, or even one, the magazine is controlled by, and is really a laborer's dog, (some of whom are worthy a truer exponent) whose articles must be subjected to the Corporation test, before going to the compositor, and if found to favor of *Ten Hourism*, *Poorism*, or any other inconsidered dangerous to the peace and order of the great Republic of Cotton. Consequently, the "Offering" is brought forward, or rather, as unworthy of publication, hence the war carries with it a false impression, and this is what I oppose; for I do not object to the publication itself, as dormant as it is to the real interests of factory operatives, or to the spirit of true factory living literature. If the Mill authorities wish to publish such a magazine, or *bits* published, they have an undoubted right to do so; but let them be honest, and not palm it off as the operatives' organ, or steal the ivory of Reform, to serve Mammon in, and decoy the female of New England into their manufacturing toils and cities, that, through a surplus of toil, they may be enabled to control the prices and rights of labor.

But it is urged that the "Offering" is merely a literary magazine, designed to develop and cultivate a higher literary taste among factory operatives. Was not the "New England Offering" the first of its kind in the country, this position might have some plausibility; but even then, the utility of its mission would be very questionable, until it neglected one of the primary conditions of literary improvement—*that of time and opportunity*. For how much progress can a factory operative make in literary pursuits, while she is forced, not *along in the car of progress*, but

but fits the mill at early dawn, and forced to work twelve or fourteen hours a day, or even not at all, it is not to be expected that the Editor of the "Offering," to be true to her literary duty, or to do anything of her reformatory professions, cannot do less than advocate an immediate reduction of the hours of daily toil.

There seems to be but little call for an answer to the Editor of the "Offering," for he has alluded, as she has, either created or acknowledged the charges I preferred against her magazine. In regard to the flings and insinuations about "Miss Information," &c.; I have only to say—although the *truth or falsity* of the statements, seem to me the only important consideration—was the writer of that article in your paper? Was the writer, who has the misfortune, perhaps, to belong to the *Ms-Information* gender, and whose pen or opinion has never been influenced by any aspirant for the "Lowell Offering," or any other Offering.

Let the public may take the "cottery" evasion of the Editor of the "Offering" for a rest of the statements contained in my former article, I reiterate as follows:—

That the "Lowell Offering" was the especial pet and favorite of the factory authorities, under their influence and patronage; as evidence of this fact, they subscribed for large numbers (say ten or twenty, if you please), of the work, gave the name of the Editor, and the name of the two female proprietors, for the "back numbers"—equivalent to a bonus of nearly or quite that sum; and when it died, administered upon and settled its affairs. That the "New England Offering" is the "Lowell Offering" revived, and published under the name of the Corporation, and that the name of the Editor, which is being circulated (contrary to the invariable rules of the *Mills*, and, for all other cases provided), by the Agents and Overseers, through the Lowell factories, for subscribers.

Now when Miss Harriet Farley will come out and plainly, positively and unequivocally deny the same Editor, or their substance, interest, I have a few facts—those "stubborn things," and figures "that won't lie," that may throw a little "sympathy" of reformers; and if she refuses to do so, the "Offering" must stand guilty of all I have charged upon it.

The Editor seems to infer that I condemn her for receiving contributions from the Mill owners, and talks about a large number of pies being given, by one of her benefactors, to an operative's picnic. I do not condemn her for receiving what she did, or the operatives for receiving the pies, although I think it would be quite as well that operatives should have justice done them and make their own pies, and not depend upon rich men, or their substance, interest, for a picnic. I do not condemn her for receiving what she did, or the operatives for receiving the pies, although I think it would be quite as well that operatives should have justice done them and make their own pies, and not depend upon rich men, or their substance, interest, for a picnic. I do not condemn her for receiving what she did, or the operatives for receiving the pies, although I think it would be quite as well that operatives should have justice done them and make their own pies, and not depend upon rich men, or their substance, interest, for a picnic.

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