

PEMBERTON MILLS.

Through the Factory's storied rooms,
 Busily hum a thousand looms;
 Warp and treddle, shuttle and woof,
 Thrilling and throbbing through floor and roof;
 And the whirr of wheels, and the endless pant
 Of engines naked, and grim, and gaunt,
 Thrill with their motion the icy air,
 And shake with tremors the crazy stair.

Through the Factory's various parts,
 Busily beat a thousand hearts:
 Father and son, and daughter and wife,
 A microcosm of labor and life,
 All day long, from the rise of sun,
 Honestly work till the day is done;
 Nimble fingers and busy hand,
 Weaving and working for all the land.

Through the Factory's honey-combed walls,
 A Power subtle and snake-like crawls,
 Year by year, and day by day,
 This unseemly Mystery feels its way
 Through crack and crevice, through beam and joist,
 Through weak foundations, sappy and moist,
 It filters through Factory's length and breadth,
 Its presence is Ruin, its name is Death!

Oh! swiftly, merrily, to and fro,
 The flashing shuttles they come and go,
 The weaver hums some workman's tune;
 The work-girl dreams of the time last June,
 The holiday time of hard-earned joy,
 When she walked the fields with her farmer boy;
 And children are there in their rosy bloom,
 But the roses are growing above a tomb!

A roar—a crash—and a sudden heave,
 Of every story from base to eave!
 The plaster shivers in massive flakes,
 Each casement, lintel, and door-post quakes.
 Then down—down—down—down—
 With thunder that echoes through all the town,
 Come floor and ceiling and murderous wall
 In one vast avalanche burying all!

Swift through street, and alley, and alum,
 Breathless the pallid populace come:
 The city is white with an awful fear,
 For Death! Death! Death is here!
 And mothers and daughters have left their home,
 To stand by that smoking hecatomb,
 And lay the curse that never departs,
 On those who have broken a thousand hearts.

A curse on ye, ye Millionaires
 Who sit at home in your easy chairs,
 And crack your nuts and sip your wine
 While I wall over this son of mine!
 A curse on ye who laid the stones
 That crushed my darling husband's bones!
 A curse on you who made the plan
 You more than devil, you less than man!