

# LINES ON THE GREAT CALAMITY

—AT—

## LAWRENCE,

AND THE FALL OF THE

### PEMBERTON MILLS, JAN. 10, 1860.

RHYMED BY O. K. YATES.-----AIR-MAJOR'S ONLY SON.

It was on Tuesday afternoon,  
While all was busy, blithe and gay,  
Toiling briskly at the loom,  
Thinking soon to get their pay.  
What pleasing thoughts ran through their minds,  
As the payment now drew near,  
Some thinking on the gay—the fine,  
Some o'er their pittance dropt a tear.  
While in that meditating state,  
The mighty walls began to reel,  
But now, alas! it was too late,  
To save. Oh, God! what hearts must feel.  
The mighty walls of this great Mill,  
Came tumbling down—a frightful crash,  
Six hundred beings, wounded and killed,  
Lay buried beneath a ruin mass.  
The shrieks of wounded rent the air,  
The cry for help where none could go,  
The piteous moans—the dying's prayer,  
Helped on the agonies of woe.  
Busy hands were now applied  
In all directions, to give relief,  
Help me, oh God! the victims cry,  
Mingled with friend's excessive grief.  
Mangled forms in numbers found,  
Crushed beneath that massive wall;  
Friends from distance gather round,  
Answers to their dying call.  
Amid excitement of the night,  
A PAT was rescued without harm;  
He grabbed a brand and lit his pipe,  
Stood and smoked much unconcerned.  
One or two were almost clear,  
By the ankle they were held;  
A trembling wall excites their fears,  
Who dare venture none can tell.  
A lady rushing from the crowd,  
Says: "Follow me! the danger brave,  
Hand me the rope! the risk I'll share;"  
A moment more the doomed are saved.

While all things now appearing fair,  
That many beings might be saved,  
What horrors now—the cry of FIRE!  
The work of mercy must be staid.  
The crackling flames mingled with moans,  
Went far out on the midnight air,  
With wretched shrieks and dying groans  
Of agony and deep despair.  
What dreadful agony of pain,  
They hear the crackling of the fire;  
All hopes for help for them is vain,  
For in the flames they must expire.  
With thoughts of home and pleasant friend,  
In fancy comes before their mind;  
The hissing breath of the fiery FIEND,  
Tells them to death they must resign.  
The rushing of the mighty flames  
Soon hushed the agonizing moans;  
Friends rushing frantic—almost insane,  
Their friends condition for to learn.  
The dead, and mangled living forms  
In the City Hall were placed;  
With broken limbs, and flesh much torn,  
And deep-cut gashes on the face.  
The Mother comes, her child to find,—  
Closely she views the mangled pile;  
She sees!—she starts!—my God be kind!  
And closely clasps her dying child.  
Many crippled now for life,  
Must go mourning all their days;  
Do not for CASH go risk your life,  
But strictly NATURE'S law obey.  
While many thoughtfully engaged,  
View with pain this thrilling scene,  
Thinking not they're on life's stage,  
Passing on to world's unseen.  
View with thought the appalling  
Think of friends that are left  
Think of life, and what it mea  
And a blessing you'll receiv