

**Excerpts from *Picture of a Factory Village*, 1833**

For Liberty our fathers' fought,  
Which with their blood, they dearly bought,  
The Fact'ry system sets at naught.<sup>1</sup>  
A slave at morn, a slave at eve,  
It doth my inmost feelings grieve;  
The blood runs chilly from my heart,  
To see fair Liberty depart. . .  
Great Britain's curse<sup>2</sup> is now our own;  
Enough to damn a King and Throne. . .

Curse on the Fact'ries every where—  
Besides, it causes consumption<sup>3</sup>—  
Oh! that we might have redemption—  
O God! we're ignorant indeed. . .  
Nor have we time to learn or read.  
Many of us can't write nor spell;  
A Fact'ry is a Gothic hell. . .

Our life 's in danger, exposed to constant harm,  
The wheels tear the hand, picker takes off an arm.  
A handsome girl is caught in a cursed drum,  
Dash'd from things of sense, into the world to come.  
Who would spend their time in such a horrid place?  
Worse than Bastile<sup>4</sup>—Inquisition of our race.

Parent of Heaven! take our breath,  
Redeem us from this living death,  
We've not time to court and marry,  
Which makes me feel very sorry.  
The law of nature is to wed,,  
Bus, sure I cannot buy a bed.  
I cannot muster enough cash,  
To buy a dish of suckatash.<sup>5</sup>

Man, Thomas. *Picture of a factory village: to which are annexed, remarks on lotteries*. Providence: 1833. Web.

<sup>1</sup> To negate or make meaningless.

<sup>2</sup> Referring to industrialization and the rise of the factory system, which first took place in Great Britain.

<sup>3</sup> Another name for tuberculosis, a deadly lung infection.

<sup>4</sup> A famous French fortress and prison.

<sup>5</sup> A dish made from corn and beans.