

BATTLE OF THE NAVVIES.

BY ONE OF THE CARPENTERS.

We burnt the Bully Beggarman—for him our scorn expressed,
And at the gate of Friar's Bush we laid him down to rest;
And from ten thousand people an indignant cry arose,
That we were crushed by Government, while petted were our foes!

And when we burnt the Beggarman, we thought it well to join
To raise a noble monument to William of the Boyne:
But angry grew Mick Kenna, and he could not keep it down,
So he stirred up the Navvies to desolate the town.

And soon the Navvies left their work; and then the raging crew
Went marching up and down the streets with pike and pistol too:
There was murder in their faces, by fiendish hatred nursed,
And horror went before them like a cloud about to burst.

The shops were closed for safety in the middle of the day;
The streets were near deserted—all were in dismay,
But onward went the Navvies like demons of misrule,
And they paused to show their valour beside an Infant School!

And then they fired their pistols, and heaps of stones they flung
Right through the shivering windows, to massacre the young;
And they only paused from ruin when they saw the gallant foe
Rush like a mountain torrent from the Foundry of Soho!

They fled like demons to their dens—in running they excel,
But forth again they issued when the evening shadows fell;
And many an honest citizen was left of all he had,
By the brutal, plundering Navvies, by Popery driven mad!

They sent unto the Island, and they challenged us that day;
For they had guns and pistols to begin a bloody fray;
Our arms—we had none,—but we didn't dally long,
And we rushed upon the Navvies in three columns stout and strong.

Brave Charley led us onward, bold Dick, and gallant Roe,
And like a bounding avalanche, we swept upon the foe;
The Navvies fought like bull-dogs, but we soon put them down—
The assassins of the children—the despoilers of the town!

Some struggle in a deadly gripe, some load away and fire;
Ho! Ho! the Navvies show their backs, and down the bank retire;
Some leap into the river, some are scrambling through the mud,
And our noble fellows follow to the margin of the flood!

They scatter o'er the slob-land—too warm behind to stay—
They struggle onward o'er the slime, and fling their guns away;
They call unto the holy saints to help them in their flight,
And all along the bank our boys were bursting at the sight!

And now that peace is restored again—we'll leave it to the town
To tell, by true acknowledgment, who put the Navvies down:
But many good folk do confess our work was done in time
To stay the murderous Navvies in their course of blood and crime!

Toronto "Watchman" Office.