

"Then come along," says Harry,  
 "We pay one forty per day,  
 And every cut it must be cleared,  
 Before you get your pay."

So the boys they took their shovels,  
 And soon were on the line,  
 And soon the cuts were widened  
 By a jolly crew of nine.

There never were such piles of snow  
 Since that on section three,  
 And there need not be another blockade  
 If the Alton boys are free.



## EPITAPH

### On the Burial of Crozier Dodds' Sow.

You old Black Sow, we plant you now,  
 And what more can we do ;  
 For Gentiles' meat, you're good to eat,  
 Though cursed by every Jew.

Upon this sod you've often trod,  
 When you were in your youth ;  
 But your end it came, and you're to blame,  
 For trespassing on the Bruce.

