

Since the twenty-third of May.
 Never yet was a great city
 Cursed with such imbeciles
 As rule to-day in old Mount Royal.
 Shame ! on the cowardly crew,
 Who have wrought our city's ruin
 By their panics and alarms !
 Now the people, French and English,
 French and English of Mount Royal,
 Are surrounded on all sides
 By a corps of vaccinators,
 Armed with lancets, slips or points.
 None can 'scape their filthy fetish.
 All the railroads, steamboats, crossroads,
 Leading from the doomed city,
 Guarded are by vaccinators.
 Vaccinators on the right,
 Vaccinators on the left,
 Vaccinators in front,—
 None can 'scape the vaccinators,
 Except, through fine or prison !
 Now t' e story I have told you,