

*D. K. Frenchetta - with the Compliments of the
Translator.*

MM

THE EXCOMMUNICATED.

In yon rough plot beside the muddy road,
Where on wild herbage heavy cattle browse,
Five peasants lie—two women and three men—
Whose burial rites were such as felons have.

The tale is sad and dates from long ago.

Like soldier dying with his arms in hand,
Québec had fallen. Without disguise or shame,
A Bourbon sold us to our English foes ! .

Mortal the blow and long the agony
Felt when our people heard with wild dismay,—
—They who had gained the last great victory,—
The King of France—(soiling with new disgrace
His diadem)—say to the Saxon,—Take them !
My glory needs them not ; let them be English !

O Strasbourg ! O Lorraine, so fair so great,
'Twas fate at least that made you German land !

Along St. Lawrence, scene of gallant deeds,
The voice of sixty thousand souls was heard
Raising to Heaven their cry of love and grief ;
—So be it ! We'll be French despite of France !

And each has kept his word. And now to day,
A century since this base abandonment,
And under English rule, this faithful band,
Still cherish openly and unalloyed,
Their sacred love for France, and her impress.

But some who spurned all hateful servitude.—
When their last cartridge had been spent in vain,
Nursing their wrath in gloomy, savage pride,