

XXII

Dark-minded men ! Fanaticism, their God,
Who, evil see in every march of Mind :
Who long to wield the Inquisition's rod,
And scourge the holy rights of human kind !
Who preach the blasting creed of " right divine,"
And teach obedience passive, to the Crown—
Those are thy foes, Frechette, and these are mine
Who seek to tear the flag of Freedom down !

XXIII

Behold them—hypocritic in their arts,
Sporting with Religion's sacred name,
Like white-washed sepulchres ; their impure hearts
Have never felt the glow of Manhood's flame !
Degenerate sons of hero sires are they,
With every noble aspiration dead —
They see no beauty in the crimson ray
Which ever beams on fields where martyrs bled !