

THOUGHTS AND SENTIMENTS, &c.

A POEM.

THE HUNTERS' MEETING.

Seraphic muse of Milton, rise, awake,
And strike again thy solemn sounding lyre,
Reveal the records of the infernal lake,
That burns with unextinguishable fire:
Tell how assembled demons did conspire
To drench this fair and happy land with gore;
And league by oath and imprecation dire,
Men who the insulted name of Freemen bore,
To deeds of crime unknown to man before.

Of't have I heard the angry voice of heaven,
When all above in azure brightness shone,
'Till suddenly, by furious tempests driven,
The bellowing car of Jove came thundering on,
Beneath whose rage would frighten'd nature groan.
'Twas thus we heard the distant war-cloud roar,
(While peace around us seem'd to reign alone)
That soon should burst on our devoted shore,
And on our heads in vengeful torrents pour.

They met—'twas in an ancient gloomy hall,
Whose sculpture told the pride of former times,
And many a painting pannel'd in the wall,
Display'd the Artist of far distant climes.
Here freedom onc'e was rear'd, unfraught with crimes,
But now abandon'd to a hellish cause,
For which my thoughts can find no term that rhymes,