

ON THE PRESENT TROUBLES.

[These Lines from the Stansbury Manuscripts, have an interest as showing how some even among those who, when War actually broke out, were unflinching in their Loyalty to the Crown, were at an earlier date disgusted with the ministerial plans for America. The author's confidence in the overwhelming Power of England is curiously enough contrasted with his assertion of Colonial Innocence.<sup>2</sup>]

ON crystal throne, uplifted high,  
Imperial Britain fate;  
Her lofty forehead reach'd the sky;  
Her awful nod was fate:  
Terrific Mars, with War's alarms  
Augments the pageant shew;  
And sea-green Neptune's circling arms  
Forbid th' invading foe.

Bright Science made her Name ador'd.  
Her robes the Arts empearl'd.  
Wide in her Lap fair Commerce pour'd  
The Riches of the World.  
Her Cheeks the Rose in haste forsook,  
By jealous Fears pursued:  
Her Voice the Earth's firm Basement shook,  
And turn'd the Air to Blood.

Her Vengeance o'er the liquid Wave  
Explores these western Climes:  
Just Heav'n! a People deign to save  
Whose wrongs are all their Crimes!  
*Cetera desunt.*

WHEN