

Divine *Astrea* (for our pray'rs prevail)  
 Descends from Heav'n, and lifts aloft her scale :  
 Now murder, fraud, and impious warfare cease,  
 The savage *Indian* tribes depart in peace :  
 O'er this vast empire, stretch'd from main to main,  
 One Law, one People, and one Monarch reign ;  
 And the propitious *Æra* now begun,  
 Sees its majestic years in one smooth tenor run.

When distant EUROPE bellows with alarms,  
 And her vex'd nations madly start to arms ;  
 When *German* rivers, choak'd with heaps of slain,  
 Swoln o'er their banks, run purple to the main ;  
 When groans with hostile navies, Ocean's flood,  
 And seas are dy'd with *French* and *English* blood ;  
 Our swains shall hear, by ev'ry wind that blows,  
 Of wars ; and hearing, bless their sweet repose :  
 Our vales with music and with joy shall ring,  
 And on our native hills our muses sing  
 The praise of WOLFE, and bear his glorious Name  
 To latest ages down, their never-dying theme :

A Chief,