Verses on the Prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America.

By the late Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime,
   Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
   Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
   And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
   And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes the seat of innocence,
   Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
   The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
   The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
   The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
   Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heav'nly flame did animate her clay,
   By future poets shall be sung.
Westward the course of empire takes its way;
    The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
    Time's noblest offspring is the last.

To Mr. MASON.
By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

I.

BELOVE me, Mason, 'tis in vain
    Thy fortitude the torrent braves;
Thou too must bear th' inglorious chain;
    The world, the world will have its slaves.
The chosen friend, for converse sweet,
The small, yet elegant retreat,
Are peaceful unambitious views
    Which early fancy loves to form,
When aided by th' ingenious Muse,
She turns the philosophic page,
And sees the wife of every age
    With Nature's dictates warm.

II.

But ah! to few has Fortune given
    The choice, to take or to refuse;
To fewer still indulgent Heaven
    Allots the very will to chuse.
And why are varying schemes prefer'd?
Man mixes with the common herd,