

Verſes on the Proſpect of planting ARTS and  
LEARNING in AMERICA.

By the late Dr. BERKELEY, Biſhop of CLOYNE.

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

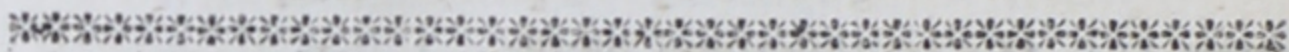
In happy climes, where from the genial ſun  
And virgin earth ſuch ſcenes enſue,  
The force of art by nature ſeems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true:

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. M A S O N.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

I.

**B**ELIEVE 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' ingenuous Muse,  
 She turns the philosophic page,  
 And fees the wise 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,

By