

Take our departure to an open sea.
 Alike disastrous in the whirlpool lost,
 As to be wrecked upon a ruffian coast.
 The task is ours, tho' difficult to steer,
 Unpiloted, and keep of either clear.
 And if we can, avoid the treach'rous shore,
 Whereon politic breakers rise and roar,
 Or, adverse tides indulging in a lark,
 May overwhelm our little fragile barque.
 And should our exit be a while delay'd,
 The prey of critic cannibals be made ;
 Well, tho' some college scatter-brains assume,
 To make a raid upon our *nom de plume* ;
 Or when with science surfeited, enjoy
 A leisure hour demolishing our toy :
 Or, in profusion, perils may appal !
 The Muse invites, and, we obey her call.

Not now, among the feath'ry glades, where flow'rs—
 Shed incense on these summer walks of ours,
 Not now, upon the maple shelter'd seat,
 Where friendly branches shade us from the heat ;
 Nor saunt'ring through the leaf-arched avenue,
 That, in the autumn withered leaves bestrew :
 Nor musing, by the little orphan rill,
 That carefully comes down from Reeve's hill ;
 Nor sharing in emotions of delight,
 Such sprightly spirits can in us excite.
 But, in our sanctum solitary set