

Far be it from me that I should raise  
An angry matrimonial blaze.

Adieu! still seek the Muses' power,  
To wile a leisure, lonely hour:  
But worship not the idol Fame—  
What can she give thee but a name?  
But let thy hopes aspire to Heaven,  
From whence immortal life is given!  
To all who seek the glorious prize,  
Lo! Mercy bending from the skies,  
Offers a far more glorious crown  
Than by an Alexander worn—  
More glorious than the wreath of bays  
The loftiest Poet e'er displays.

Adieu! tho' we may never meet  
To have a friendly *tete-a-tete*,  
Yet if you kindly condescend  
Tho' unknown, to write your unknown friend,  
'Twill be a favor which, in turn,  
May be acknowledged by "Newburn."