

Let us cease to count our treasures,
 Lest we fix a bound to pleasures;
 Or lest others envious prove,
 When they see such hoards of love!

TO LESBIA.

No girl can boast a lover half so true
 As I, my Lesbia, still have prov'd to you;
 No league of faith was e're so firmly bound,
 As that which you within my breast have found;
 Now is my mind so madden'd by your *shame*,
 So reft of all its influence by your *name*;
 That, tho' I never can my *love* renew,
 I cannot *hate* you, whatsoever you do!

FROM CASIMER.

1st. *Nero's Mother addressing him when he was about to kill her.*

Why does thy sword thus threaten with the tomb,
 Thy Mother's bosom and thy Mother's womb?
 Support and life that womb and bosom gave,
 Each claims thy filial duty—not the grave!

Ah! no! 'tis false!—the womb and breast that hurl'd
 Thy tyrant being on a wretched world,
 Are worthy *both*, with deadly blood to flow,
 And *Nero* worthy to decide the blow!

2d. *From the Song of Solomon.*

“ Ah sitio clamas.”

“ I thirst” the prince of Heaven, expiring, cries;
 “ I thirst,” and lifts his agonizing eyes;
 O! drink, my spouse, and satiate thy call,
 Tho' the sad cup, embitter'd, tastes with gall;
 Yet drink my spouse, to Heav'n's high will resign'd,
 And be the health, “ *Salvation to mankind!*”

EPIGRAMS.

From various Greek Authors—chiefly in the Anthologia.

1st. *On a Statue of Venus at Cnidos, by Praxiteles.*

When Venus saw her statue plac'd
 At Cnidos, with perfection grac'd;

“ Ah!