Thus *Cato* ſtill was foremoſt in the Fight,
Whilſt Vict'ry (tho at diſtance) was in ſight;
Yet oft the Unequal Battel he wou'd wave,
Wiſe in Retreat as in th'Engagement Brave.
Who of his Game, Advantage cannot make,
Is wiſe in plotting how to part the Stake.
Who pays his *Blood* for't, buys his Fame too dear;
I wou'd have Fame, but I'd enjoy it *Here*.
Who mingles *Cypreſs* with his *Lawrel Wreath*,
Is poor, and *Debtor* for his Fame to *Death*.

Lib. I. *Epigr.* XIV.

De Arriâ & Pæto.

WHen from her Breaſt Chaſt *Arria* did unſhea
The reeking Sword, & led the way to Dea
The bluſhing Steel to her Lov'd Lord ſhe gave,
And ſaid----*Tho Wretched, let us ſtill be Brave!*
Ah that I might prevent thy Fate with Mine:
At my own Breaſt I Bleed, *but* Smart *in Thine.*

Lib.