

Detested Nero, by another's hand, dispatch'd a mother, that he fear'd and hated: but I, with my own hand, have murder'd a brother, mother, father, and a friend; most loving and belov'd.—This execrable act of mine's without a parallel.—O may it ever stand alone, the last of murders, as it is the worst.

The rich man thus, in torment and despair,
Prefer'd his vain, but charitable prayer.
The fool, his own soul lost, wou'd fain be wise
For others good; but heaven his suit denies.
By laws and means well known we stand or fall;
And one eternal rule remains for all.

