

He gaz'd and lov'd the hideous elf,
 She look'd so very like himself.
 True sung the bard well known to fame,
 Self-love and social are the same.

EPIGRAM X.

WHILE Lucy, chaste as mountain snows,
 Gives every idle fop a hearing;
 In Mary's breast a passion glows,
 Which stronger is from not appearing.
 Say, who has chose the better part!
 Mary to whom no joy is missing;
 Or she, who dupe to her own heart,
 Pays the full price of Mary's kissing.

EPIGRAM XI.

SHE who in secret yields her heart,
 Again may claim it from her lover;
 But she who plays the trifler's part,
 Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
 Then grant the boon for which I pray!
 'Tis better lend than throw away.

EPIGRAM XII.

WE thought you without titles great,
 And wealthy with a small estate;
 While by your humble self alone,
 You seem unrated and unknown.

But