

The sons of Machaon, who thirsty for gold  
 The patient past cure visit thrice in a day,  
 Write largely the Pharmacop league to uphold,  
 While poverty's left to diseases a prey;  
 Are held in repute for their glitt'ring parade:  
 Their practice is great, and they shine in their trade.

Since then in all stations imposture is found,  
 No one of another can justly complain;  
 The coin he receives will pass current around,  
 And where he is coufen'd he coufens again:  
 But I, who for cheats this apology made,  
 Cheat myself by my rhyming, and starve by my trade.



S O N G. By the Same.

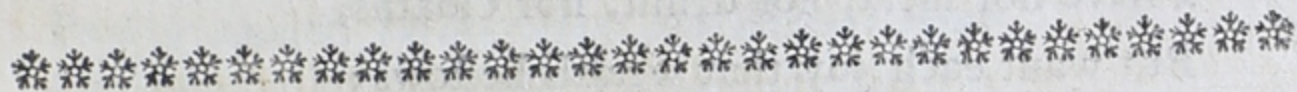
**A**S Chloe ply'd her needle's art,  
 A purple drop the spear  
 Made from her heedless finger start,  
 And from her eyes a tear.

Ah! might but Chloe by her smart  
 Be taught for mine to feel;  
 Mine caus'd by Cupid's piercing dart,  
 More sharp than pointed steel!

Then



Then I her needle would adore,  
 Love's arrow it should be,  
 Indu'd with such a subtle pow'r  
 To reach her heart for me.



Another. By the Same.

**S**UE venal Belinda to grant you the blessing  
 As Jove courted Danae, or vain's your addressing;  
 For love, she asserts, all that's generous inspires,  
 And therefore rich tokens of love she requires.

Such suitors as nothing but ardours are boasting,  
 Will ne'er reach Elysium, but ever be coasting,  
 Like penniless ghosts deny'd passage by Charon,  
 They'll find, without fee, unrelenting the fair one.

But give me the nymph not ungrateful to wooing,  
 Who love pays with love, and caresses with cooing,  
 By whom a true heart is accepted as sterling,  
 And Cupid alone makes her lover her darling.



To Mr. GRENVILLE on his intended Resignation.

By RICHARD BERENGER, Esq;

**A** Wretch tir'd out with Fortune's blows,  
 Resolv'd at once to end his woes;

And