

By lily-fringed Ladon, or silent Ilyssus,  
He ne'er had been seen with the shepherds  
to mix,  
Who, from my description, suppos'd him  
(Heav'n bless us!)

Some ha'e seed heav'd up from the banks  
of the Styx.

I found this great Poet was known at  
Parnassus  
For prowling and privately stealing the  
flowers;  
But the Muses, nice-nos'd, and most deli-  
cate lasses,  
Declar'd him too dirty to enter their  
bow'rs.

By Tiber, soft Arno, and fount of Vau-  
cluse,  
No Dryad or Naid e'er heard of his name;  
No elegant haunt of the modern Muse  
Had yet been arous'd by the blast of his  
fame.

At length I discovered the favourite stream,  
Whose potions inspiring his poems en-  
rich—  
I saw him delighted, dash, tumble and  
swim,  
With Nymphs of the Kennel, in fable  
Fleet-ditch.

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### VERSES

By PETER PINDAR:

*Said to be occasioned by the a love: Supposing  
them to be written by Mr. HAYLEY:  
from his Satire on the Gentleman's Maga-  
zine.*

'I WHO to men of canvas struck the  
lyre,  
And set with rhyme th' Academy on fire;  
O'er Mount Parnassus, Jove-like cast my  
thoe;  
At Poets smil'd and Poetesses too:  
Prefer'd the ballads of the good Old Bai-  
ley  
To all the cold pompousities of Hayley,  
Whole rhymes, as soon as litter'd, join'd  
the heaps,  
Where midst her shadowy gulph Oblivion  
sleeps;  
So deep, who scarce can dive into him-  
self!  
So lofty too, the tenant of the shelf!  
Now sifter than recruits so raw at drill;  
Now fair-maid of the Muses' hill;  
I, who to grave Reviewers sigh'd my  
pray'r,

Submissive bending at the Critic chair;  
And blushing begg'd one little laurel sprig,  
To bring importance and adorn my wig:  
I, who Sam Whitbread's brew house  
prais'd in song,  
So highly honour'd by the royal throng;  
Be-rhym'd a goodly Monarch and his  
Spouse,  
Miss Whitbread's curtsies, Mister Whit-  
bread's bows,  
Amounting, history says, to many a score,  
Such, too, as Chiswell street ne'er saw  
before:  
I who to Pitt the chords in anger struck,  
Who whelm'd his Prince so gracefully  
with muck;  
Lycurgus Pitt, whose penetrating eyes  
Behold the fount of Freedom in *Excise*;  
Whose Patriot logic possibly maintains  
Th' identity of Liberty and Chains:  
I, who on such rich subjects deign'd to  
shine,  
Now tune to once a Printer's Dev'l the  
line;  
But now no more a dev'l—with Atlas  
mein,  
The great supporter of a Magazine;  
No more, no more, a dev'l with humble  
air,  
But fit companion for our great Lord  
May'r.  
How like the worm, which crawls at first  
the earth,  
But getting a new coat disdains its birth;  
Spreads its gold tissue to the solar ray,  
And wings o'er trees and tow'rs its airy  
way!

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### HIRLAS: A POEM.

By OWEN, Prince of Powis.

FAIR rose the morn in splendor, dress'd,  
The ruddy sun illum'd the East,  
The clang of armour fill'd the air,  
Th' impetuous warriors rush'd to war:  
Sword clash'd with sword; the slippery  
plain  
Was strew'd with Saxon heroes slain;  
Keen darts their course impetuous bore,  
And dy'd their points in reeking gore:  
Like lions bursting on their prey,  
Confusion mark'd our dreadful way:  
Shiver'd lances strew'd the field,  
With many a helm and cloven shield:  
The Saxon Nobles o'er the heath,  
Lay in the bloody arms of Death:  
Impeded by the heaps of slain,  
The brooks o'erflow'd the purple plain.  
They fly—the foes of Owen fly—  
Shouts of victory rend the sky:

The