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Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's sound,
And spreads her accents thro' the world's vast round:
A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
Whose echo reaches long, long time to come;
Which dead men speak as well as those alive—
Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

The Answer.

HE noble art to Cadmus owes its rife,
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and stop'd the slying sound:
The various sigures by his pencil wrought,
Gave colour, form, and body to the thought.

KAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKA

On W I T.

RUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one
To cut as well as shine.

Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.