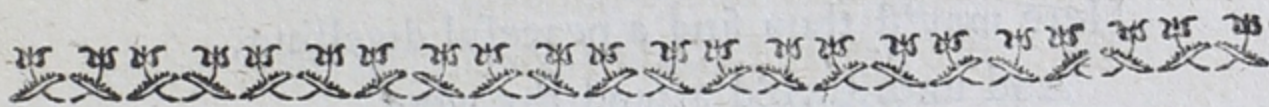


Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear
 A silent language roving far and near ;
 Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's sound,
 And spreads her accents thro' the world's vast round :
 A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
 Whose echo reaches long, long time to come ;
 Which dead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

The ANSWER.

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



On W I T.

TRUE 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.