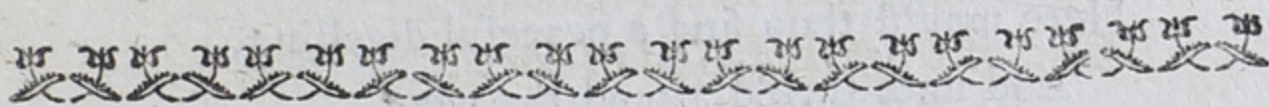


Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear  
 A silent language roving far and near ;  
 Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's sound,  
 And spreads her accents thro' the world's vast round :  
 A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,  
 Whose echo reaches long, long time to come ;  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

The ANSWER.

**T**HE 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.

**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.