Which beams two various powers in one,
To cut as well as mend.
Genius like that of polished steel
With the same lift's abound;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

A Song.

1.
Send home my longing Vixen, my Queen,
Which oh too long have dwelt on Thee;
But if they have been taught by thine,
To wisely smile;
And then beguile,
Keep the Deceiver, keep them still.

2.
Send home my harmless Heart again,
Which no unworthy Thought could stain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forego both,
Its wound, and bath,
Keep it for them toNONE of MIND.

3.
Yet send me home my Heart and eyes,
For I'll know all thy Talisties,
That some day may laugh, when thou,
Shall grace, and move;
For one will scorn,
And prove as false as thou art now.

The Resoluer.

Whilst virtues of Praise, and vain desires of Fame,
In every age is every Woman's aim;
With Courtship pleas'd, of silly Toasters proud,
Fond of a Train, and happy in a Crowd;
On every Foot bestowing some kind glance,
Each Conquest owing to some loose Advance.

Whilst vain Coquetts affect to be pursued,
And think they're Virtuous, if not privately
Let this great Man, be my Virtues guide,
In part to blame, she is who has been tried,
He comes too near, who comes to be dived.

A Riddle.

A Negro I, the born in Northern climes,
And Master like, I die for Merit, not for Crimes,
Buried before I am born, arise to light
With mangled limbs, no hands, nor eyes for sight,
Thus fly my Country, tho' not safe in flight.

In fair Augusta's Court I seek for aid,
There to her Good I build Temples raised.
And count her Citizens a thousand ways.
Visit each house, and whereas I go,
I burn, I bake, I call the wretches do,
Yet neither Merit, nor my dead State,
Can pity poor, or screen me from their hate,
In Dungeon dark, imprisoned close I lay,
And then in iron Case like Biazzet I lay.