

# A C R O S T I C.

*Statua taciturnus exit.  
Plerumque, et Rifu, Populum quatit.*

HOR.

*So stiff, so mute! some Statue you would swear,  
Stept from its Pedestal to take the Air.*

POPE.

**D**EAR *Davy*, my Dear, how comes it to pass  
A Knight Baronet's Son should be made such an Ass?  
Vain *C—ll—n* and *Gr—b—m*, those foolish young Fellows?  
(I wish in my Heart they were brought to the Gallows.)  
D ear *Davy*, my Dear, why don't you speak out?  
P ray tell me your Thoughts of this damnable Rout?  
E ach Silly pert Lawyer with Riot and Roar  
R obs U S of our Property, M E. of my W——e.  
P ox take 'em, I say, they shall pay for it roundly,  
“ *E xcept the two Children, we'll belt them both soundly.*”  
N ay forty poor Family's! all in such need!  
D epriv'd by these wicked young Fellows of Bread!  
I protest, my dear *Davy*, it freezes my Blood,  
C old as Ice in *my Ice-house* to see them want Food.  
U nhappy poor Wretches! for want of good Beef!  
L ord help 'em! can *Ice* give 'em any Relief.  
A fter all, my dear *Davy*, my *N—cy* shall know,  
R ight well, to what *Lengths* Men of Spirit can go.

N. B. A Key will be published in a few Days.

