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AN

*EXTEMPORARY*

A C R O S T I C.

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**M**Y Muse, once more, thy aid I humbly  
claim;

Refuse not now to grace my rustic lays.  
Johnston or Pope might well besit the theme  
Of Grecian bards, who ever merit praise.  
How dares my humble hand assume so high?

No common character inspires my song,  
His growing fame long since has reach'd the  
sky:

All I can say but does his virtues wrong;  
Let then my blund'ring pen in silence rest;  
Lo, silent admiration paints them best.