

ACROSTICS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649036790

Acrostics by Hitchin Acrostic Club

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HITCHIN ACROSTIC CLUB

ACROSTICS

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BY THE

HITCHIN ACROSTIC CLUB.



London:

HODDER AND STOUGHTON,

(LATE JACKSON, WALFORD, AND HODDER,)

27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1868.

280. m. 144.

UNWIN  BROTHERS,
PRINTERS, LONDON.

EDITOR'S APOLOGY.

"Some said, John, print it ; others said not so ;
Some said, it might do good : others said no.
Now was I in a strait, and did not see
Which was the best thing to be done by me—
At last I thought, since ye are thus divided,
I print it will ; and so the case decided."

*(The Key is to be had of C. PATERNOSTER,
Publisher, Sun Street, Hitchin, price 4d.)*

PREFACE.

ABOUT a score of ladies,
And a lady's man or two,
Thought making up Acrostics
The proper thing to do.

Disparity of numbers, here
The law of nature follows ;
There always were nine times as many
Muses as Apollos.

"What's an Acrostic?" some one asks,
And feigns a vain surprise ;
If ignorance were possible,
'Twere folly to be wise !

Just now Acrostics—double ones—
With some are quite a passion,
And may be until double heads
Of hair go out of fashion.

A club was started, and began—
As everything commences,
With just a small subscription for
Preliminary expenses.

They made them laws—that all must write,
That no one should get off it,
Unless it were by paying down
A shilling as a forfeit.

(They recognized the principle,
Without the least gainsaying,
That any one who can—can get
Off anything by paying).

At one another's houses
They met at stated times,
To have the opportunity
To read each other's rhymes.

And when they met it was indeed
A pretty sight to see,
These ladies and these ladies' men
A sitting down to tea.

And when the tea was over,
And business was begun,
And all of the Acrostics
Were read out one by one—

'Twas very pretty to behold
The poetess and poet,
Pretending to be guessing it
As if they didn't know it.

When all of these productions
Had been read, re-read, and guessed,
They sent them to a matron to
Decide on which was best.

A matron competent to judge,
And certain all to please,
A sort of female Daniel,
In such affairs as these.

But when she gave her judgment
Their confidence was shaken,
For all but one felt sure that this
She-Daniel was mistaken.

We ought to mention that the prize
Awarded was a crown,
Not paltry laurel—no such thing!
But five good shillings down.

What wonder then that all of them
At once resumed the pen,
For those who try, and can't you know,
Must try and try again.

They searched Encyclopædias,
Geography and history,
In order to wrap up their words,
If possible, in mystery.