

POEMS.

He offered to take me in tow like a boat,
If I would hold on by the tail of his coat.

Ahead went our leader, right valiant and bold,
But made a quick turn, I relinquished my hold;
And down I came this time right flat on my nose,
Out spurted the crimson in streams as I rose.

I pulled off my skates, and I made for the shore,
I vowed and declared I would never skate more;
My toil and my trouble were totally lost,
And I sat down in sorrow to reckon the cost.

Two shillings for skates, and my trowsers all tore,
My body with aches and with bruises all sore;
Perhaps for a month scarcely able to walk,
And worse, be a subject for jest and for talk.

Now all you good lovers of pleasure or sport,
Of skating, or any good game of the sort,
Take a warning from us, the result you have seen,
And count the expenses before you begin.
