

FEBRUARY.



SOLE, HEEL, AND SKATE FISHING BEGINS.

Hurrah, the glass is going down
Fast to thirty degrees,
The parks and ponds will very soon
bear,
If helped by the north-east breeze.
With well-screwed skates and tele-
graph speed,
(On my icy road I dash:
But "DANGEROUS" suddenly meets
my eye,
And around is a horrid crash.
"Stop, stop" 's the word which I
dread to hear,
They shout "to the left incline!"

But I can't get stopp'd, and they
all exclaim,
That a desperate case is mine.
How ladies scream, and the icemen
rush,
Bringing their ladders and ropes;
I've taken a header, and to catch
me alive
They give out the smallest hopes.
The Society's tent is a pleasant place,
To wake in snug and dry;
With something warm of the "very
best,"
In a tumbler standing by.

Better to slip with the tongue than the foot.

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