

The top of the columns of each month shows the moon's phases, or the times of new and full moon, and of the first and last quarters, or two quadratures with the sun.

The FARMER'S CALENDAR is placed at the foot of the columns of each month.

RIGHT HAND PAGE.

1. Contains the days of the month.
2. Sundays, Phenomena, Anniversaries, &c.
3. Time of High Water at Halifax.
- 4Annapolis.
- 5Charlotte Town, P. E. Island.
1.Windsor, and at St. John, N. B.

of that tide which immediately precedes the southing of the moon. These four columns being computed on the supposition, that the time of High Water on the days of New and Full moon, (*L'établissement du port*) is at Halifax, 7h. 15m.—at Annapolis, 10h. 45m.—at Charlotte Town, 10h. 15m.—and at Windsor, and St. John, N. B. 11h. 45m. The tides of Jan. 5, April 17, May 17, June 15, July 15, October 26, November 24, and December 24, will be the highest of all this year, *uninfluenced by wind*, and in like manner the tides of January 5, April 17, May 17, June 15, July 15, October 26, November 24, and December 24, will be very low for spring tides.

*** It will be particularly noticed that all the calculations in this Almanack have been adapted to *mean* solar time; a mode of computation which has recently come into very general use, and which will probably soon entirely supersede the old mode of reckoning, as a clock regulated to *apparent* solar time, must, in consequence of the inequality of the solar days, be frequently adjusted. To those persons, however, who may prefer to use *apparent* time the calculations will be equally useful, as *mean* is easily converted into *apparent* time by subtracting the quantity in the *sixth* column of the left hand calendar pages, when the Sun is slow of clock, and adding it when fast of clock.—Thus, on 1st February the Sun rises in mean time at 7h. 20m. and sets at 5h. 8m. from which (if we subtract 14m. the quantity by which the Sun is that day too slow,) we obtain 7h. 6m. and 4h. 54m. the *apparent* time.

The grand measurer of our days presses on; still presses on in his unwearied career, and whirls our weeks, and months, and years away. Another annual period of our frail short lives is completed; another of our fleeting years is joined with those that have long since gone down to oblivion: the silent lapse of time is ever carrying somewhat from us, till at length the period comes, when *all* must be swept away. The prospect of this termination of our labours and pursuits, is sufficient to mark our state with vanity. Within a very little space all our enterprise are bounded. We crowd it with toils and cares; with contention and strife. We project great designs, entertain high hopes; then leave our plans unfinished and sink into oblivion.