moon in 1877, according to the Canadian almanac; but, according to observations made at the Hamilton Observatory, otherwise called the Peoples' Hall, York street, the great eclipse of that semi-celestial orb, the "Good Canadian," visible in Hamilton, Toronto, and the western part of Ontario, will attract more attention in many family circles than either of the above eclipses. Due notice will be published from the observatory, relating what day and hour the inhabitants can step out with smoked pieces of glass and see the last contact of the eclipse.

I'll be a Doctor, though rude and unlettered,
  I'll wipe the tears from the cheeks of despair;
No longer my mind on this theme shall be fettered,
  Since Herbalists has laid all the mystery bare.
I'll be a Doctor, curing diseases,
  Using no poison, starvation or leech.
Mr. Diploma may say what he pleases;
  I'll learn to doctor, and then try to teach.
          I'll be a doctor curing, &c.

I'll be a doctor, nor heed the laws terrors,
  Using the means the Creator provides,
Delighting to banish all medical errors,
  With nature, and reason and love for my guides.
Would persons thus leave their friends to deplore them
  If mineral practice were founded on truth?
Is it not better that quacks should restore them
  Than persons should die in the pride of their youth?
          I'll be a doctor curing, &c.

What though you tell me they may send to prison
  Every successful unparchmented man;
Surely that never shall stand as a reason
  Why I must not cure all the sick if I can.
I'll strengthen the bodies their poisons have shattered,
  That now are seen creeping through every street,
With pure wholesome herbs that God's bounty has scattered
  Along his green fields, even under our feet.
          I'll be a doctor curing, &c.

I'll never strive to conceal all my knowledge,
  I'll never covet their empty degrees—
This isle is my study, the world is my college—
  My object is only to banish disease.