

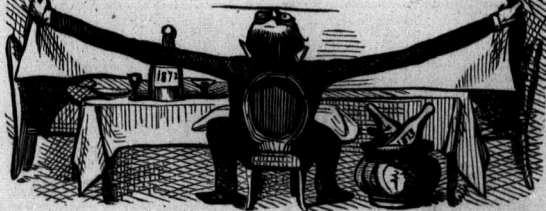
ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC (1872)

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And over 130 Illustrations by Thomas Nast.

THE CANADIAN NEWS AND PUBLISHING Co.
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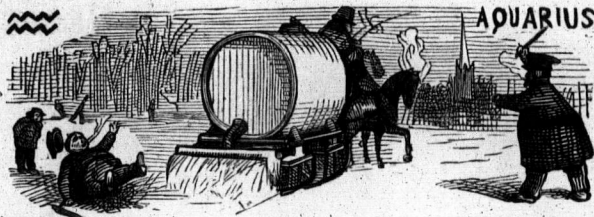


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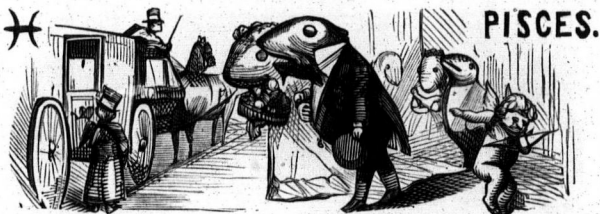
NAST'S ALMANAC FOR 1872.

GRAN 2-5



SECOND WINTER MONTH.		JANUARY, 31 DAYS.										BEGINS ON MONDAY.	
MOON'S PHASES.			KINGSTON.				TORONTO.			LONDON.		SUN'S DECLINATION.	
			D.	h.	m.		h.	m.		h.	m.	D.	°
Last Quarter			3	4	54 p.m.		4	42 p.m.		4	35 p.m.	1	823 03
New Moon			10	9	53 a.m.		9	41 a.m.		9	34 a.m.	8	22 18
First Quarter			17	6	57 a.m.		6	45 a.m.		6	38 a.m.	16	21 01
Full Moon			25	0	09 p.m.		11	57 a.m.		11	50 a.m.	24	19 18

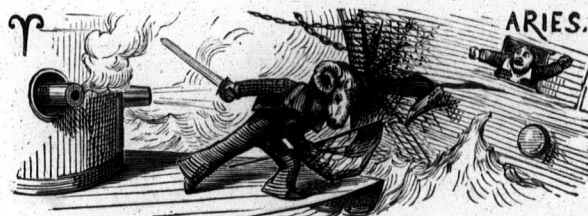
DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases.	Toronto.		London.		Clock Fast.	Moon rises.	Moon sets.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.					
1 Monday	☾	☾	h. m. h. m. h. m. h. m.	7 34 4 35 7 32 4 36	4 10 15	5 06	365	Circumcision.	Cold.		
2 Tuesday			7 34 4 36 7 32 4 37	4 11 18	5 06	364	Un. of Eng. & Ireland, 1800.				
3 Wed.	☿	☿	7 34 4 37 7 32 4 38	5 07	5 45	363	Earthquake in Canada, '63.				
4 Thurs.			7 34 4 38 7 32 4 39	5 08	6 29	362	Newton born 1642. Becom-				
5 Friday	☿	☿	7 34 4 38 7 32 4 40	6 13	7 17	361	D. of York d. 1827. ing fair				
6 Satur.	☿	☿	7 33 4 39 7 31 4 41	6 21	8 07	360	Epiphany.				
7 SUNDAY	☿	☿	7 33 4 40 7 31 4 42	7 4	9 03	359	1st Sunday after Epiphany.				
8 Monday			7 33 4 41 7 31 4 43	5 27	10 03	358	Prince Albert d. 1864. Mild				
9 Tuesday	☿	☿	7 32 4 42 7 31 4 44	7 6	11 07	357	Fontenelle d. 1757.				
10 Wed.			7 32 4 43 7 30 4 45	8 Sets.	P 13	356	Moon's Perigee. Gradually				
11 Thurs.			7 32 4 44 7 30 4 46	8 6	03	1 17	355	1st pub. Lot'y, 1569. changes			
12 Friday	☿	☿	7 32 4 45 7 30 4 47	8 7	21	2 18	354	Bagot, Gov-Gen. 1842.			
13 Satur.			7 31 4 46 7 29 4 49	9 8	36	3 14	353	Halley d. 1801. to snow with			
14 SUNDAY			7 31 4 47 7 29 4 50	9 9	51	4 06	352	2nd Sunday after Epiphany.			
15 Monday	☿	☿	7 31 4 48 7 28 4 51	10 11	01	4 53	351	G'l Wolfe b. 1726. N. E. wind			
16 Tuesday	☿	☿	7 30 4 49 7 28 4 51	10 Mor.	5 38	350	Battle of Corunna, 1809.				
17 Wed.			7 30 4 50 7 28 4 53	10 0	08	6 13	349	Franklin b. 1706.			
18 Thurs.	☿	☿	7 29 4 52 7 27 4 54	11 1	13	7 06	348	Bat. of Frenchtown, 1812.			
19 Friday			7 28 4 53 7 27 4 55	11 2	17	7 50	347	Jas. Watt b. 1736. continues			
20 Satur.	☿	☿	7 28 4 55 7 26 4 57	11 3	19	8 36	346	U. S. Indep. ack. 1783.			
21 SUNDAY			7 27 4 56 7 25 4 58	12 4	22	9 24	345	3rd Sunday after Epiphany.			
22 Monday	☿	☿	7 26 4 57 7 24 4 59	12 5	20	10 12	344	Moon's Apogee. stormy			
23 Tuesday			7 26 4 58 7 24 5 00	12 6	14	11 03	343	Duke of Kent d. 1820.			
24 Wed.	☿	☿	7 25 4 59 7 23 5 02	12 7	02	11 53	342	Fox born, 1749.			
25 Thurs.			7 24 5 01 7 22 5 03	13 rises.	Mor.		341	Burns born.			
26 Friday	☿	☿	7 23 5 03 7 21 5 05	13 5	58	0 42	340	Dr. Jenner d. 1823.			
27 Satur.			7 22 5 04 7 20 5 06	13 7	02	1 29	339	N. S. Wales founded, 1788.			
28 SUNDAY	☿	☿	7 21 5 06 7 19 5 08	13 8	07	2 15	338	Septuagesima Sunday. snow			
29 Monday			7 20 5 07 7 18 5 09	13 9	11	2 59	337	George III. d. 1820.			
30 Tuesday	☿	☿	7 19 5 08 7 17 5 10	14 10	18	3 44	336	King Charles beh'd. 1649.			
31 Wed.			7 18 5 09 7 16 5 12	14 11	25	4 28	335	Guy Fawkes ex. 1606.			



THIRD WINTER MONTH. **FEBRUARY, 29 DAYS.** BEGINS ON THURSDAY.

MOON'S PHASES.	KINGSTON.			TORONTO.		LONDON.		SUN'S DECLINATION.	
	D.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	D.	°
Last Quarter	2	5	05 a.m.	4	53 a.m.	4	46 a.m.	1	817 12
New Moon	8	8	46 p.m.	8	34 p.m.	8	27 p.m.	8	15 06
First Quarter	15	1	19 a.m.	1	07 a.m.	3	00 a.m.	16	12 27
Full Moon	24	5	51 a.m.	5	39 a.m.	5	32 a.m.	24	9 36

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases.	Toronto.		London.		Clock Fast.	Moon rises.		Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.		h. m.	h. m.			
1	Thurs.	☾	7 17	5 10	7 16	5 12	14	h. m.	5 13	334		York Cathed. b. 1829. <i>Snow</i>
2	Friday		7 16	5 11	7 15	5 13	14	0 38	6 00	333		<i>Candlemas. and stormy.</i>
3	Satur.	☾	7 15	5 12	7 14	5 14	14	1 49	6 51	332		Spanish Inq. ab. 1813.
4	SUNDAY		7 14	5 14	7 13	5 16	14	3 05	7 47	331		<i>Sexagesima Sunday.</i>
5	Monday	☾	7 12	5 15	7 11	5 17	14	4 19	8 47	330		Peel born, 1788. <i>Wind</i>
6	Tuesday		7 11	5 16	7 10	5 18	14	5 26	9 50	329		Priestly died, 1804.
7	Wed.	☾	7 10	5 17	7 09	5 20	14	6 27	10 54	328		Moon's perigee, <i>continuing.</i>
8	Thurs.		7 09	5 18	7 08	5 21	14	Sets.	11 58	327		Dicken's b. 1812.
9	Friday	☾	7 07	5 20	7 06	5 23	14	6 11	P 57	326		Canada ceded to Eng. 1763.
10	Satur.		7 06	5 22	7 05	5 24	14	7 27	1 51	325		Queen mar. 1840. <i>Clearing.</i>
11	SUNDAY	☾	7 05	5 24	7 04	5 25	14	8 40	2 42	324		<i>Shrove Sunday. Keen.</i>
12	Monday		7 03	5 25	7 02	5 27	14	9 50	3 29	323		Lady J. Grey be'd. 1554.
13	Tuesday	☾	7 02	5 27	7 01	5 28	14	10 58	4 15	322		14th St. Valentine.
14	Wed.		7 01	5 28	6 59	5 30	14	Mor.	5 00	321		<i>Ash Wednesday. and</i>
15	Thurs.	☾	6 59	5 29	6 58	5 31	14	0 05	5 44	320		Fieschi guillot'd, 1836. <i>cold.</i>
16	Friday		6 58	5 31	6 57	5 32	14	1 10	6 30	319		Melancthon b. 1497.
17	Satur.	☾	6 56	5 32	6 55	5 33	14	2 11	7 18	318		18th Luther d. 1546. <i>Coldest</i>
18	SUNDAY		6 55	5 33	6 54	5 34	14	3 12	8 07	317		<i>1st Sunday in Lent. spell</i>
19	Monday	☾	6 53	5 35	6 52	5 36	14	4 09	8 57	316		Moon's Apogee. <i>of</i>
20	Tuesday		6 52	5 37	6 51	5 37	14	4 59	9 46	315		Battle of Coogerat, 1840.
21	Wed.	☾	6 50	5 38	6 49	5 39	14	5 43	10 35	314		Cranmer b. 1556. <i>season.</i>
22	Thurs.		6 49	5 39	6 47	5 40	14	6 19	11 25	313		Washington b. 1732.
23	Friday	☾	6 47	5 40	6 46	5 41	14	6 52	Mor.	312		Sir J. Reynolds d. 1792.
24	Satur.		6 45	5 41	6 44	5 43	13	rises.	0 11	311		Handel b. 1684. <i>Milder with</i>
25	SUNDAY	☾	6 44	5 43	6 42	5 44	13	7 03	0 57	310		<i>2nd Sunday in Lent. snow.</i>
26	Monday		6 42	5 44	6 41	5 46	13	8 10	1 42	309		Napoleon left Elba, 1815.
27	Tuesday	☾	6 40	5 46	6 39	5 48	13	9 18	2 15	308		Sir J. Colborne adm't. 1838.
28	Wed.		6 38	5 47	6 37	5 49	13	10 30	3 01	307		G. Buchanan d. 1582 <i>and</i>
29	Thurs.	☾	6 37	5 48	6 36	5 50	13	11 41	3 58	306		Intercalated Day. <i>wind.</i>



FIRST
SPRING MONTH. MARCH, 31 DAYS. BEGINS
ON FRIDAY.

MOON'S PHASES.	KINGSTON.			TORONTO.		LONDON.		SUN'S DECLINATION.	
	D.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	D.	° ' "
Last Quarter	2	2	23 p.m.	2	11 p.m.	2	04 p.m.	1	8 7 21
New Moon	9	2	48 a.m.	7	36 a.m.	7	29 a.m.	6	5 25
First Quarter	16	9	12 p.m.	9	08 p.m.	9	01 p.m.	12	3 04
Full Moon	24	8	38 p.m.	8	26 p.m.	8	19 p.m.	18	0 42
Last Quarter	31	9	26 p.m.	9	24 p.m.	9	07 p.m.	24	N 1 40

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases	Toronto.		London.		Chick Inst.	Moon rises.	Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.					
1 Friday	☿	☾	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	m.	h. m.	h. m.	305	St. David. Mild and
2 Satur.			6 36 5	49 6	36 5	49 12	12	0 54	5 41	304	1st Elevator; Tor. b. 1870.
3 SUNDAY			6 35 5	51 6	34 5	50 12	2	07	6 37	303	3rd Sunday in Lent.
4 Monday	☿	☾	6 33 5	52 6	32 5	52 12	3	16	7 27	302	3rd Bat. Point Pelee, 1838.
5 Tuesday			6 31 5	53 6	31 5	53 12	4	17	8 40	301	6th York ch. to Tor. 1834.
6 Wed.			6 30 5	54 6	29 5	54 12	5	08	9 41	300	Moon's P'gee. pleasant for
7 Thurs.	☿	☾	6 28 5	56 6	27 5	56 12	6	24	10 40	299	Ek. of Eng. sus. pay. 1797.
8 Friday			6 26 5	57 6	25 5	57 11	7	28	11 36	298	William III. d. 1702. some
9 Satur.			6 24 5	58 6	23 5	58 11	8	30	12 28	297	10th P. of Wales mar. 1863.
10 SUNDAY			6 22 5	59 6	21 6	00 11	9	32	1 17	296	4th Sunday in Lent. days
11 Monday	☿	☾	6 20 6	01 6	20 6	01 11	10	34	2 04	295	West d. 1820. and continues
12 Tuesday			6 18 6	02 6	18 6	02 10	11	36	2 51	294	Priestly b. 1733. so
13 Wed.	☿	☾	6 16 6	03 6	16 6	04 10	12	38	3 37	293	Planet Uranus dis. 1781.
14 Thurs.			6 15 6	04 6	14 6	05 10	13	40	4 23	292	York a market town, 1814.
15 Friday	☿	☾	6 13 6	06 6	12 6	06 9	14	42	5 11	291	Jul. Caesar assass. B.C. 44.
16 Satur.			6 11 6	07 6	10 6	07 9	15	44	6 00	290	17th Moon's Apogee with
17 SUNDAY			6 09 6	08 6	09 6	08 9	16	46	6 50	289	5th Sunday in Lent.
18 Monday	☿	☾	6 07 6	09 6	08 6	09 9	17	48	7 40	288	17th St. Patrick. some
19 Tuesday			6 06 6	10 6	06 6	10 8	18	50	8 29	287	Walpole d. 1745.
20 Wed.	☿	☾	6 04 6	12 6	04 6	12 8	19	52	9 18	286	Sun enters Aries, sp. com.
21 Thurs.			6 02 6	13 6	02 6	13 8	20	54	10 05	285	20th. Newton d. 1727. rain
22 Friday	☿	☾	6 00 6	14 6	00 6	14 7	21	56	10 51	284	K. of Prussia b. 1797. and
23 Satur.			5 58 6	15 6	58 6	15 7	22	58	11 37	283	Sir G. Arthur, Lt-Gov. '38.
24 SUNDAY			5 57 6	16 6	56 6	17 7	23	60	12 28	282	6th Sun. in Lent. Palm Sun.
25 Monday	☿	☾	5 55 6	18 6	55 6	17 6	24	62	1 02	281	Lady day. south west winds.
26 Tuesday			5 53 6	19 6	54 6	18 6	25	64	1 50	280	Bank of Eng. incor. 1694.
27 Wed.	☿	☾	5 51 6	20 6	52 6	19 6	26	66	2 43	279	Planet Pollas dis. 1802.
28 Thurs.			5 49 6	21 6	50 6	21 6	27	68	3 37	278	War dec. with Russia, 1854.
29 Friday	☿	☾	5 48 6	22 6	48 6	22 6	28	70	4 32	277	Good Friday. Month very
30 Satur.			5 46 6	24 6	46 6	23 5	29	72	5 33	276	Metcalfé Gov. 1843. mild.
31 SUNDAY	☿	☾	5 44 6	25 6	44 6	25 5	30	74	6 33	275	Easter Sunday.



SECOND SPRING MONTH.				APRIL, 30 DAYS.				BEGINS ON MONDAY.			
MOON'S PHASES.				KINGSTON.		TORONTO.		LONDON.		SUN'S DECLINATION.	
		D.	h. m.	D.	h. m.	D.	h. m.	D.	h. m.	D.	h. m.
New Moon.....	7	7	27 p.m.	7	27 p.m.	7	15 p.m.	7	08 p.m.	1	N 4 47
First Quarter.....	15	5	06 p.m.	4	54 p.m.	4	47 p.m.	4	47 p.m.	8	7 26
Full Moon.....	23	8	32 a.m.	8	20 a.m.	8	13 a.m.	8	13 a.m.	16	10 21
Last Quarter.....	30	3	16 a.m.	3	04 a.m.	3	04 a.m.	2	57 a.m.	24	13 03

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases	Toronto.		London.		Clock Fast.	Moon rises.	Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.					
1 Monday	t	+	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	m.	h. m.	h. m.	274	Easter Monday. Early
2 Tuesday			5 41	6 27	5 41	6 26	4	2 13	6 34	273	1st, Moon's perigee.
3 Wed.		V	5 39	6 28	5 40	6 27	4	3 05	7 34	272	2nd, Bat. Copenhagen. 1801.
4 Thurs.			5 37	6 29	5 38	6 29	3	3 49	8 33	271	Goldsmith d. 1774. part of
5 Friday		W	5 35	6 31	5 36	6 30	3	4 24	9 27	270	Stow d. 1605. month
6 Satur.			5 33	6 32	5 34	6 31	3	5 02	10 19	269	7th, P. Leopold b. 1853.
7 SUNDAY			5 31	6 33	5 32	6 32	2	5 20	11 08	268	Low Sunday.
8 Monday		T	5 30	6 34	5 30	6 34	2	Sets.	11 55	267	9th, Bacon d. 1626. fair and
9 Tuesday			5 28	6 35	5 29	6 35	2	7 27	P 42	266	Sur. of Gen. Lee. 1865.
10 Wed.		X	5 26	6 36	5 27	6 36	2	8 36	1 28	265	Cler. reserves abol. 1853.
11 Thurs.			5 24	6 38	5 25	6 37	1	9 44	2 14	264	Napoleon abd. 1814. mid
12 Friday		II	5 23	6 39	5 24	6 39	1	10 47	3 02	263	13th, Cath. Emancip. 1829.
13 Satur.			5 21	6 40	5 22	6 40	1	11 49	3 51	262	14th, Moon's Apogee.
14 SUNDAY			5 19	6 42	5 20	6 41	1	Mor.	4 41	261	2nd Sunday after Easter.
15 Monday		h	5 18	6 43	5 18	6 42	0	0 46	5 22	260	Mutiny at Spithead. 1797.
16 Tuesday			5 16	6 44	5 16	6 44	0	1 35	6 21	259	Buffon d. 1788. month
17 Wed.		p	5 14	6 45	5 16	6 44	0	2 17	7 10	258	Franklin d. 1790. ends
18 Thurs.			5 13	6 46	5 15	6 45	SL	2 52	7 58	257	1st Newspaper in Am. 1704.
19 Friday		W	5 11	6 47	5 13	6 46	1	3 22	8 44	256	Byron d. 1824. cold
20 Satur.			5 09	6 48	5 11	6 47	1	3 49	9 29	255	Napoleon III. b. 1808.
21 SUNDAY			5 08	6 49	5 10	6 48	1	4 13	10 13	254	3rd Sunday after Easter.
22 Monday			5 06	6 51	5 08	6 49	1	4 37	10 59	253	Duke of Sussex d. 1843.
23 Tuesday		h	5 05	6 52	5 06	6 50	2	4 59	11 46	252	St. George. and wet
24 Wed.			5 03	6 53	5 05	6 52	2	rises.	Mor.	251	Defoe d. 1731. with
25 Thurs.		m	5 02	6 54	5 03	6 53	2	8 30	0 35	250	P. Alice b. 1843. high
26 Friday			5 01	6 56	5 01	6 54	2	9 46	1 28	249	Moon's Perigee.
27 Satur.		t	4 59	6 57	5 00	6 55	2	11 02	2 25	248	3750 families im. N.S. 1749.
28 SUNDAY			4 57	6 58	4 58	6 57	2	Mor.	3 25	247	4th Sunday after Easter.
29 Monday		V	4 55	6 59	4 57	6 58	3	0 08	4 27	246	28th, Chaucer d. 1400. winds
30 Tuesday			4 54	7 00	4 55	6 59	3	1 04	5 28	245	Washington 1st Pres. 1789.
			4 53	7 01	4 54	7 00	3	1 50	6 30		



THIRD SPRING MONTH. MAY, 31 DAYS. BEGINS ON WEDNESDAY.

MOON'S PHASES.	KINGSTON.			TORONTO.		LONDON.		SUN'S DECLINATION.	
	D.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	D.	h. m.
New Moon.....	7	8	14 a.m.	8	02 a.m.	7	55 a.m.	1	N15 15
First Quarter.....	15	11	01 a.m.	10	49 a.m.	10	42 a.m.	8	17 15
Full Moon.....	22	6	03 p.m.	5	51 p.m.	5	44 p.m.	16	19 14
Last Quarter.....	29	9	07 a.m.	8	55 a.m.	8	48 a.m.	24	20 53

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases.	Toronto.		London.		Clock Fast.	Moon rises.	Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.					
1 Wed.		☾	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	m.	h. m.	h. m.	244	P. Arthur b. 1850. <i>Wind</i>
2 Thurs.		☾	4 52	7 02	4 53	7 01	3	2 26	7 25	243	Battle of Lutzen, 1713.
3 Friday		☾	4 50	7 04	4 52	7 02	3	1 57	8 15	242	Jamaica dis. 1594. <i>and</i>
4 Satur.		☾	4 49	7 05	4 50	7 03	3	2 23	9 04	241	Siege of Quebec raised, 1776. <i>rain</i>
5 SUNDAY		☾	4 47	7 06	4 49	7 04	3	3 47	9 51	240	Rogation Sunday.
6 Monday		☾	4 46	7 07	4 47	7 06	3	4 10	10 35	239	6th Napoleon died 1821.
7 Tuesday		☾	4 45	7 08	4 46	7 07	4	4 33	11 21	238	6th Gold dis. in Aus. 1851.
8 Wed.		☾	4 43	7 10	4 45	7 08	4	8 34	0 53	237	9th Test & Cor. A. rep. 1828
9 Thurs.		☾	4 42	7 11	4 43	7 09	4	9 37	1 43	236	Ascension Day.
10 Friday		☾	4 39	7 13	4 41	7 12	4	10 36	2 33	235	Bat. of Lodi, 1796. <i>prevail-</i>
11 Satur.		☾	4 38	7 14	4 40	7 13	4	11 28	3 24	234	Mutiny in Delhi, 1857 <i>ing</i>
12 SUNDAY		☾	4 37	7 15	4 38	7 14	4	Mor.	4 14	233	Sunday after Ascension. <i>for</i>
13 Monday		☾	4 36	7 16	4 37	7 15	4	0 13	5 03	232	12th, Moon's Apogee.
14 Tuesday		☾	4 35	7 17	4 36	7 16	4	0 51	5 51	231	Vaccination 1st tried 1796.
15 Wed.		☾	4 34	7 18	4 35	7 17	4	1 23	6 37	230	Cuvier d. 1832. <i>some time</i>
16 Thurs.		☾	4 33	7 20	4 35	7 18	4	1 50	7 22	229	Battle of Albeura, 1811.
17 Friday		☾	4 32	7 21	4 34	7 19	4	2 15	8 06	228	Jenner b. 1749. <i>becomes</i>
18 Satur.		☾	4 31	7 22	4 33	7 20	4	2 38	8 50	227	20th. A. Durar b. 1471. <i>more</i>
19 SUNDAY		☾	4 30	7 23	4 32	7 21	4	3 01	9 36	226	Whitsunday. <i>seasonable</i>
20 Monday		☾	4 29	7 24	4 31	7 22	4	3 24	10 23	225	Columbus d. 1506.
21 Tuesday		☾	4 28	7 25	4 30	7 23	4	3 50	11 15	224	Montreal riots, 1832. <i>but</i>
22 Wed.		☾	4 27	7 26	4 29	7 24	4	4 20	Mor.	223	Pope b. 1688. <i>frequent</i>
23 Thurs.		☾	4 27	7 27	4 28	7 25	4	rises.	0 10	222	24th Moon's Perigee.
24 Friday		☾	4 26	7 28	4 27	7 26	3	9 53	1 10	221	Queen's Birthday.
25 Satur.		☾	4 25	7 29	4 26	7 27	3	10 57	2 13	220	P. Helena b. 1846. <i>showers</i>
26 SUNDAY		☾	4 24	7 30	4 25	7 28	3	11 48	3 18	219	Trinity Sunday.
27 Monday		☾	4 24	7 30	4 25	7 29	3	Mor.	4 21	218	Fort George cap. 1814. <i>of</i>
28 Tuesday		☾	4 23	7 31	4 24	7 30	3	0 30	5 30	217	Pitt b. 1756. <i>rain</i>
29 Wed.		☾	4 22	7 32	4 23	7 31	3	1 03	6 13	216	Gen. Scott d. 1866.
30 Thurs.		☾	4 22	7 32	4 23	7 32	3	1 31	7 03	215	Corpus Christi.
31 Friday		☾	4 21	7 33	4 22	7 33	3	1 54	7 50	214	Dr. Chambers d. 1847.



FIRST SUMMER MONTH.										JUNE, 30 DAYS.										BEGINS ON SATURDAY.									
MOON'S PHASES.					KINGSTON.			TORONTO.			LONDON.			SUN'S DECLINATION.															
					D.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	D.	°	'	"	°	'	"									
New Moon.....					5	10	18 p.m.	10	06 p.m.	9	59 p.m.	1	N 22	08															
First Quarter.....					14	2	14 a.m.	2	02 a.m.	1	55 a.m.	8	22	22	54														
Full Moon.....					21	1	52 a.m.	1	40 a.m.	1	33 a.m.	16	23	23															
Last Quarter.....					27	4	22 p.m.	4	10 p.m.	4	03 p.m.	24	23	25															
					Toronto.		London.								EVENTS, &c.														
DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Clock Fast.	Moon rises.	Moon south.	Days to end of year.																			
1 Satur.	☾	☾	h. m. h. m. h. m. h. m.					h. m. h. m.																					
2 SUNDAY			4 21 7 34 4 23 7 32 3					2 17 8 35	213		Lord Howe's Victory, 1794.																		
3 Monday	☿	☿	4 19 7 35 4 22 7 33 2					2 38 9 19	212		1st Sunday after Trinity.																		
4 Tuesday			4 19 7 36 4 21 7 34 2					3 03 10 05	211		Harvey d. 1657. <i>More</i>																		
5 Wed.	☿	☿	4 19 7 37 4 21 7 35 2					3 27 10 50	210		<i>summer</i>																		
6 Thurs.			4 19 7 38 4 21 7 36 2					Sets. 11 38	209		Sacchavere d. 1724. <i>like</i>																		
7 Friday			4 19 7 38 4 21 7 36 2					8 27 P. 27	208		Cavour d. 1861. <i>but frequent</i>																		
8 Satur.	☿	☿	4 18 7 39 4 20 7 37 2					9 24 1 17	207		First Reform, 1832.																		
9 SUNDAY			4 18 7 40 4 20 7 38 1					10 13 2 07	206		9th. Dickens d. 1870.																		
10 Monday	☿	☿	4 18 7 40 4 20 7 38 1					10 51 2 57	205		2nd Sunday after Trinity.																		
11 Tuesday			4 18 7 41 4 20 7 39 1					11 25 3 45	204		9th Moon's apogee. <i>showers</i>																		
12 Wed.	☿	☿	4 17 7 41 4 19 7 39 1					11 54 4 32	203		Ben. Johnson b. 1575.																		
13 Thurs.			4 17 7 42 4 19 7 40 1					Mor. 5 17	202		New York incor. 1665. <i>with</i>																		
14 Friday	☿	☿	4 17 7 42 4 19 7 40 0					0 19 6 00	201		<i>cooler days for</i>																		
15 Satur.	☿	☿	4 17 7 43 4 19 7 41 0					0 41 6 43	200		Battle of Marengo, 1800.																		
16 SUNDAY			4 17 7 43 4 19 7 41 0					1 03 7 27	199		14th. Bat. of Naseby, 1645.																		
17 Monday	☿	☿	4 17 7 44 4 19 7 42 F					1 26 8 12	198		3rd Sunday after Trinity.																		
18 Tuesday			4 17 7 44 4 19 7 42 1					1 49 9 00	197		Wesley b. 1703. <i>some time</i>																		
19 Wed.	☿	☿	4 17 7 44 4 19 7 42 1					2 17 9 53	196		19th Magna Charta, 1215.																		
20 Thurs.			4 18 7 45 4 20 7 43 1					2 48 11 41	195		20th Sun enters Cancer.																		
21 Friday	☿	☿	4 18 7 45 4 20 7 43 1					3 30 11 54	194		Access'n. of Queen Victoria.																		
22 Satur.			4 18 7 45 4 20 7 43 2					Rises. Mor.	193		Moon's perigee. <i>fine</i>																		
23 SUNDAY			4 18 7 45 4 20 7 43 2					9 38 0 59	192		Machiavel d. 1527. <i>growing</i>																		
24 Monday	☿	☿	4 19 7 46 4 20 7 44 2					10 25 2 05	191		4th Sunday after Trinity.																		
25 Tuesday			4 19 7 46 4 20 7 44 2					11 02 3 07	190		Midsum. Day. St. John Bap.																		
26 Wed.	☿	☿	4 19 7 46 4 20 7 44 2					11 32 4 05	189		Bat. of Bannockburn, 1314.																		
27 Thurs.			4 20 7 46 4 20 7 44 2					11 59 4 58	188		Geo. IV. d. 1830. <i>weather</i>																		
28 Friday	☿	☿	4 21 7 45 4 21 7 43 3					Mor. 5 47	187		Clarendon d. 1870.																		
29 Satur.			4 21 7 45 4 22 7 43 3					0 22 6 33	186		Queen Vic. crowned, 1838.																		
30 SUNDAY	☿	☿	4 21 7 45 4 23 7 43 3					0 44 7 18	185		St. Peter and St. Paul.																		
								1 08 8 03	184		5th Sunday after Trinity.																		



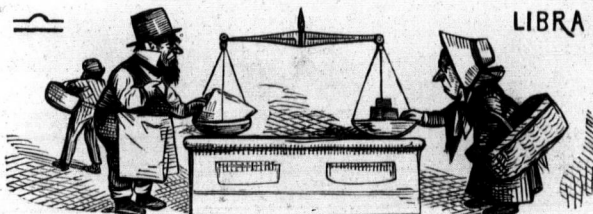
JULY, 31 DAYS.									
SECOND SUMMER MONTH.					BEGINS ON MONDAY.				
MOON'S PHASES.		KINGSTON.		TORONTO.		LONDON.		SUN'S DECLINATION.	
		D.	h. m.	h. m.		h. m.		D.	
New Moon.....	5	1	20 p.m.	1	08 p.m.	1	01 p.m.	1	N 23 05
First Quarter.....	13	2	43 p.m.	2	31 p.m.	2	24 p.m.	8	22 26
Full Moon.....	20	8	48 a.m.	8	36 a.m.	8	29 a.m.	16	21 18
Last Quarter.....	27	2	14 a.m.	2	02 a.m.	1	55 a.m.	24	19 46

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases.	Toronto.		London.		Clock Fast.	Moon rises.	Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.					
1 Monday		α	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	m.	h. m.	h. m.		Dominion Day. Cool
2 Tuesday		β	4 23 7	4 45 4	4 24 7	4 43 3	3	1 33	8 48	183	3rd, Quebec founded, 1608.
3 Wed.		γ	4 23 7	4 45 4	4 25 7	4 43 4	4	2 00	9 35	182	Bat. of Sadowa, 1866. for
4 Thurs.		δ	4 23 7	4 45 4	4 25 7	4 43 4	4	2 34	10 23	181	Chateaubriand d. 1848.
5 Friday		ε	4 24 7	4 44 4	4 26 7	4 43 4	4	3 13	11 14	180	P. Helena mar. 1866. the
6 Satur.		ζ	4 25 7	4 44 4	4 27 7	4 42 4	4	Sets.	P. 03	179	Moon's Apogee.
7 SUNDAY		η	4 26 7	4 43 4	4 28 7	4 41 5	5	8 50	0 53	178	6th Sunday after Trinity. season,
8 Monday		θ	4 26 7	4 43 4	4 29 7	4 41 5	5	9 25	1 42	177	Burke d. 1797.
9 Tuesday		ι	4 27 7	4 43 4	4 30 7	4 40 5	5	9 55	2 29	176	Pres. Taylor d. 1850.
10 Wed.		κ	4 28 7	4 42 4	4 30 7	4 40 5	5	10 21	3 14	175	Columbus b. 1447.
11 Thurs.		λ	4 29 7	4 42 4	4 31 7	4 39 5	5	10 43	3 57	174	Lalande b. 1782. with
12 Friday		μ	4 30 7	4 41 4	4 32 7	4 39 5	5	11 04	4 40	173	Crimea evacuated, 1856.
13 Satur.		ν	4 30 7	4 41 4	4 33 7	4 38 5	5	11 27	5 22	172	R. Cromwell d. 1712.
14 SUNDAY		ξ	4 31 7	4 40 4	4 34 7	4 37 5	5	11 40	6 06	171	7th Sunday after Trinity. frequent
15 Monday		ο	4 32 7	4 39 4	4 35 7	4 36 5	6	Mor.	6 51	170	St. Swithin.
16 Tuesday		π	4 33 7	4 38 4	4 35 7	4 36 5	6	0 15	7 40	169	Detroit taken, 1812.
17 Wed.		ρ	4 34 7	4 37 4	4 36 7	4 36 5	6	0 44	8 34	168	Michelemacinach tak. 1812.
18 Thurs.		σ	4 35 7	4 36 4	4 37 7	4 35 5	6	1 20	9 32	167	Hampden d. 1843. showers
19 Friday		τ	4 36 7	4 35 4	4 38 7	4 35 5	6	2 07	10 36	166	Kirk takes Quebec, 1629.
20 Satur.		υ	4 37 7	4 35 4	4 39 7	4 34 5	6	3 04	11 43	165	Moon's Perigee. of
21 SUNDAY		φ	4 38 7	4 34 4	4 40 7	4 33 5	6	Rises.	Mor.	164	8th Sunday after Trinity. rain
22 Monday		χ	4 39 7	4 33 4	4 41 7	4 32 5	6	8 55	0 48	163	21st, R. Burns d. 1796.
23 Tuesday		ψ	4 40 7	4 32 4	4 42 7	4 31 5	6	9 30	1 49	162	Can. W. Bill assen. to, 1840.
24 Wed.		ω	4 41 7	4 31 4	4 43 7	4 30 5	6	9 58	2 47	161	Gibraltar cap. 1704. large
25 Thurs.		α	4 42 7	4 30 4	4 44 7	4 29 5	6	10 23	3 40	160	Bat. of Lundy's Lane, 1813.
26 Friday		β	4 43 7	4 29 4	4 45 7	4 28 5	6	10 47	4 29	159	Coleridge d. 1834. crop
27 Satur.		γ	4 44 7	4 29 4	4 46 7	4 26 5	6	11 10	5 15	158	Atlantic Cable laid, 1866.
28 SUNDAY		δ	4 45 7	4 28 4	4 47 7	4 25 5	6	11 35	6 00	157	9th Sunday after Trinity.
29 Monday		ε	4 46 7	4 26 4	4 48 7	4 24 5	6	Mor.	6 45	156	Armada destroyed, 1588.
30 Tuesday		ζ	4 47 7	4 25 4	4 49 7	4 23 5	6	0 04	7 33	155	1st E. Newspaper, 1588.
31 Wed.		η	4 48 7	4 24 4	4 50 7	4 22 5	6	0 35	8 21	154	Loyola d. 1556. hay.



THIRD SUMMER MONTH.										AUGUST, 31 DAYS.										BEGINS ON THURSDAY.									
MOON'S PHASES.					KINGSTON.					TORONTO.					LONDON.					SUN'S DECLINATION.									
					D.	h.	m.						h.	m.	h.	m.	D.					°	'						
New Moon.....					4	4	41 a.m.						4	29 a.m.						4	22 a.m.	1	N 17 54						
First Quarter.....					12	0	47 a.m.						0	35 a.m.						0	28 a.m.	8	16 00						
Full Moon.....					18	3	48 p.m.						3	36 p.m.						3	29 p.m.	16	13 35						
Last Quarter.....					25	3	30 p.m.						3	13 p.m.						3	11 p.m.	24	10 55						

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases	Toronto.				London.				Clock Slow.	Moon Sets.	Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.					
1	Thurs.	☾	4 49	7 23	4 51	7 21	4 50	7 22	4 52	7 20	6	1 56	10 00	152	Lammas Day. <i>Cool and</i>
2	Friday	☾	4 50	7 22	4 52	7 20	4 51	7 21	4 53	7 19	6	2 47	10 50	151	Moon's Apogee. <i>and</i>
3	Satur.	☾	4 51	7 21	4 53	7 19	4 52	7 20	4 54	7 17	6	3 44	11 40	150	B. of England fd., 1694.
4	SUNDAY	☾	4 52	7 19	4 54	7 17	4 53	7 18	4 56	7 15	6	4 25	1 14	149	10th Sunday after Trinity.
5	Monday	☾	4 53	7 18	4 55	7 16	4 54	7 17	4 57	7 13	5	8 49	1 56	148	Bat. of Saarbruck, 1870.
6	Tuesday	☾	4 54	7 17	4 56	7 15	4 55	7 16	4 58	7 13	5	8 49	1 56	147	D. of Edinburgh b. 1844.
7	Wed.	☾	4 56	7 16	4 58	7 13	4 57	7 14	4 59	7 12	5	9 12	2 39	146	Paris in state of Siege, 1870.
8	Thurs.	☾	4 57	7 14	4 59	7 12	4 58	7 13	5 00	7 10	5	9 34	3 21	145	G. Canning d. 1827.
9	Friday	☾	4 58	7 12	5 00	7 10	4 59	7 11	5 01	7 09	5	9 54	4 03	144	M. Neseris d. 1856. <i>showery</i>
10	Satur.	☾	4 59	7 11	5 01	7 09	5 00	7 10	5 02	7 07	5	10 18	4 47	143	Gen. Sir C. Napier b. 1782.
11	SUNDAY	☾	5 00	7 10	5 02	7 07	5 01	7 08	5 03	7 06	5	10 44	5 33	142	11th Sunday after Trinity.
12	Monday	☾	5 01	7 08	5 03	7 06	5 02	7 09	5 05	7 04	4	11 15	6 14	141	George IV. b. 1762. <i>portion</i>
13	Tuesday	☾	5 02	7 06	5 05	7 04	5 03	7 07	5 08	7 03	4	11 55	7 18	140	14th, Printing inv'd., 1437.
14	Wed.	☾	5 04	7 05	5 06	7 03	4	5 04	7 06	7 01	4	Mor.	8 19	139	Lord Clyde d. 1863. <i>latter</i>
15	Thurs.	☾	5 05	7 04	5 08	7 01	4	5 06	7 07	7 00	4	0 46	9 22	138	Gas first in London, 1807.
16	Friday	☾	5 06	7 02	5 08	7 01	4	5 07	7 06	6 58	3	1 49	10 27	137	Ad. Farragut d. 1870. <i>of</i>
17	Satur.	☾	5 07	7 01	5 08	7 00	4	5 08	7 05	6 57	3	3 01	11 30	136	Moon's Perigee. <i>month</i>
18	SUNDAY	☾	5 08	6 59	5 09	6 58	3	5 09	7 04	6 56	3	4 24	Mor.	135	12th Sunday after Trinity.
19	Monday	☾	5 09	6 57	5 10	6 57	3	5 10	7 03	6 55	3	5 23	1 25	134	Royal George sunk, 1782.
20	Tuesday	☾	5 10	6 56	5 11	6 55	3	5 11	7 02	6 54	2	8 23	1 25	133	Dr. A. Clarke d. 1832.
21	Wed.	☾	5 11	6 54	5 12	6 53	3	5 12	7 01	6 52	2	8 47	2 16	132	W. Hastings, d. 1818. <i>warm</i>
22	Thurs.	☾	5 12	6 52	5 13	6 52	3	5 13	7 00	6 51	2	9 12	3 06	131	Bat. of Bosworth, 1485.
23	Friday	☾	5 14	6 51	5 15	6 50	2	5 14	6 59	6 49	2	9 36	3 54	130	Treaty of Prague, 1866.
24	Satur.	☾	5 15	6 49	5 16	6 48	2	5 15	6 57	6 47	2	10 03	4 42	129	23rd Wallace executed 1305.
25	SUNDAY	☾	5 16	6 48	5 17	6 46	2	5 16	6 56	6 46	2	10 33	5 27	128	13th Sunday after Trinity.
26	Monday	☾	5 17	6 46	5 18	6 45	2	5 17	6 54	6 44	1	11 10	6 15	127	Prince Albert b. 1819. <i>fine</i>
27	Tuesday	☾	5 18	6 44	5 19	6 43	1	5 18	6 52	6 43	1	11 52	7 05	126	Bat. of Long Island, 1776.
28	Wed.	☾	5 19	6 42	5 21	6 41	1	5 19	6 50	6 41	1	Mor.	7 55	125	Grotius d. 1645. <i>harvest</i>
29	Thurs.	☾	5 20	6 41	5 22	6 39	1	5 20	6 48	6 40	1	0 42	8 46	124	Moon's Apogee.
30	Friday	☾	5 22	6 39	5 23	6 38	1	5 21	6 46	6 39	1	1 35	9 35	123	Paley b. 1743. <i>weather.</i>
31	Satur.	☾	5 24	6 37	5 24	6 36	1	5 23	6 44	6 37	0	2 36	10 23	122	Bunyan d. 1688.



FIRST FAIR MONTH.		SEPTEMBER, 30 DAYS.										BEGINS ON SUNDAY.	
MOON'S PHASES.		KINGSTON.		TORONTO.		LONDON.		SUN'S DECLINATION.					
		D.	h. m.	h. m.		h. m.		D. °					
New Moon.....		2	7 48 p.m.	7 36 p.m.		7 29 p.m.		1		N 8 05			
First Quarter.....		9	8 58 a.m.	8 46 a.m.		8 39 a.m.		8		5 29			
Full Moon.....		16	11 59 p.m.	11 47 p.m.		11 40 p.m.		16		2 26			
Last Quarter.....		24	8 16 a.m.	7 04 a.m.		7 57 a.m.		24		S 0 41			

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases	Toronto.		London.		Clock Slow.	Moon rises.	Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.					
1	SUNDAY	lg	h. m. h. m.	h. m. h. m.	h. m. h. m.	m.	h. m. h. m.	h. m.	121	14th Sunday after Trinity.	
2	Monday		5 24 6 36	5 23 6 36	5 25 6 34	0	3 38 11 10	11 54	120	London burnt, 1606. Month	
3	Tuesday	mp	5 26 6 33	5 26 6 32	5 27 6 30	1	7 16 P. 28	11 19	119	2nd. Bat. Sedan, 1870. very	
4	Wed.		5 27 6 31	5 27 6 30	5 28 6 29	1	7 37 1 20	11 18	118	French Republic dec. 1870.	
5	Thurs.		5 28 6 29	5 28 6 29	5 29 6 27	2	7 58 2 03	11 17	117	New style intro., 1752. fine	
6	Friday		5 29 6 27	5 29 6 27	5 30 6 25	2	8 20 2 40	11 16	116	5th. 1st Am. Congress, 1774.	
7	Satur.	h	5 30 6 25	5 30 6 25	5 31 6 23	2	8 45 3 30	11 15	115	Sebastopol taken, 1855.	
8	SUNDAY		5 31 6 23	5 32 6 23	5 33 6 21	2	9 14 4 19	11 14	114	15th Sunday after Trinity.	
9	Monday	ml	5 33 6 21	5 33 6 21	5 34 6 19	3	9 51 5 12	11 13	113	Bat. of Flodden, 1513.	
10	Tuesday		5 34 6 19	5 34 6 19	5 35 6 17	3	10 34 6 08	11 12	112	Mungo Park d. 1771. for	
11	Wed.		5 35 6 17	5 35 6 17	5 36 6 15	3	11 32 7 08	11 11	111	America discovered, 1492.	
12	Thurs.	f	5 36 6 16	5 37 6 15	5 38 6 13	4	Mor. 8 10	11 10	110	Wellington d. 1852. some	
13	Friday		5 37 6 14	5 38 6 13	5 39 6 12	4	0 40 9 14	11 09	109	12th Bat. at N. Point, 1814	
14	Satur.	v	5 38 6 12	5 39 6 12	5 40 6 10	5	1 56 10 14	11 08	108	Moon's Perigee. weeks	
15	SUNDAY		5 40 6 10	5 40 6 10	5 41 6 08	5	3 16 11 10	11 07	107	16th Sunday after Trinity.	
16	Monday	≡	5 41 6 08	5 41 6 08	5 42 6 06	5	Rises. Mor.	11 06	106	Malta captured, 1800.	
17	Tuesday		5 42 6 07	5 43 6 06	5 44 6 04	6	6 47 0 03	11 05	105	Siege of Gib. ended, 1782.	
18	Wed.	⋈	5 43 6 05	5 44 6 04	5 45 6 01	6	7 10 0 53	11 04	104	Erussians cap. Nancy, 1870.	
19	Thurs.		5 44 6 03	5 44 6 03	5 45 6 01	7	7 35 1 41	11 03	103	Lord Sydenham d. 1841.	
20	Friday	γ	5 45 6 01	5 45 6 01	5 46 5 59	7	8 01 2 29	11 02	102	Bat. of Alma, 1854. little	
21	Satur.		5 46 5 59	5 46 5 59	5 47 5 57	7	8 32 3 18	11 01	101	22nd. Sun enters Libra.	
22	SUNDAY		5 48 5 57	5 48 5 57	5 49 5 55	8	9 05 4 06	11 00	100	17th Sunday after Trinity.	
23	Monday	∞	5 49 5 55	5 49 5 55	5 50 5 54	8	9 45 4 57	10 99	99	Toul cap. 1870. rain	
24	Tuesday		5 50 5 54	5 50 5 54	5 51 5 52	8	10 32 5 48	10 98	98	Lord Hardinge d. 1856.	
25	Wed.	Π	5 51 5 52	5 51 5 52	5 52 5 50	9	11 25 6 29	10 97	97	Siege of Paris began, 1870.	
26	Thurs.		5 52 5 50	5 52 5 50	5 53 5 48	9	Mor. 7 29	10 96	96	Moon's Apogee. changes to	
27	Friday	♄	5 53 5 48	5 54 5 48	5 55 5 46	9	0 24 8 17	10 95	95	Bat. of Busaco, 1810. wet	
28	Satur.		5 54 5 46	5 55 5 46	5 56 5 44	9	1 26 9 05	10 94	94	Nelson b. 1758. and windy	
29	SUNDAY	♏	5 55 5 45	5 56 5 44	5 57 5 42	10	2 29 9 51	10 93	93	18th Sunday after Trinity.	
30	Monday		5 57 5 43	5 57 5 42		10	3 33 10 33	10 92	92	29th Michaelmas Day.	



SECOND FALL MONTH.		OCTOBER, 31 DAYS.										BEGINS ON TUESDAY.		
MOON'S PHASES.			KINGSTON.			TORONTO.			LONDON.			SUN'S DECLINATION.		
			D.	h.	m.	h.	m.		h.	m.		D.	h.	m.
New Moon.....	2		10	25	a.m.	10	13	a.m.	10	06	a.m.	1	8	3 25
First Quarter.....	9		3	58	p.m.	3	46	p.m.	3	39	p.m.	8	6	6 06
Full Moon.....	16		10	29	a.m.	10	17	a.m.	10	10	a.m.	16	9	6 06
Last Quarter.....	24		3	48	a.m.	3	36	a.m.	3	29	a.m.	24	11	5 58

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases	Toronto.		London.		Clock Slow.	Moon Rises.		Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.				
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.										
1	Tuesday	☾	h. 5	m. 58	h. 5	m. 42	5	41	10	4	38	11 13	91	Cartier reached Mon. 1535.		
2	Wed.	☾	5	59	5	40	5	39	11	6	25	0 43	89	Treaty of Vienna, 1866. <i>Fre</i>		
3	Thurs.	☾	6	00	5	38	6	00	5	38	11	6	25	0 43	89	5th. Bat. of Thames, 1813.
4	Friday	☾	6	02	5	36	6	01	5	36	11	6	48	1 29	88	1st Eng. Bible printed 1536.
5	Satur.	☾	6	03	5	34	6	03	5	34	12	7	17	2 17	87	19th Sunday after Trinity.
6	SUNDAY	☾	6	04	5	32	6	04	5	32	12	7	50	3 08	86	Fire at Miramichi, 1825.
7	Monday	☾	6	05	5	30	6	05	5	30	12	8	32	4 03	85	Sheridan b. 1751. <i>quent</i>
8	Tuesday	☾	6	06	5	28	6	06	5	28	12	9	24	5 03	84	Dutch Fleet def. 1797. <i>show-</i>
9	Wed.	☾	6	07	5	27	6	08	5	27	13	10	21	6 04	83	B. West b. 1738. <i>ers, wet</i>
10	Thurs.	☾	6	09	5	25	6	09	5	25	13	11	39	7 04	82	Bahamas dis. 1492. <i>raw cold</i>
11	Friday	☾	6	11	5	23	6	10	5	23	13	11	39	8 02	81	Moon's Perigee. <i>winds</i>
12	Satur.	☾	6	12	5	21	6	12	5	21	13	0	56	8 57	80	20th Sunday after Trinity.
13	SUNDAY	☾	6	14	5	20	6	13	5	19	14	2	14	9 51	79	13th Bat. of Q. Heigh. 1812.
14	Monday	☾	6	15	5	18	6	14	5	18	14	3	31	10 41	78	Murat shot, 1815. <i>more</i>
15	Tuesday	☾	6	16	5	17	6	15	5	16	14	4	46	11 29	77	H. of Par. b. 1834. <i>settled</i>
16	Wed.	☾	6	17	5	15	6	15	5	16	14	5	14	12 29	76	Organs first in Ch. 1660.
17	Thurs.	☾	6	19	5	13	6	16	5	14	15	6	00	0 17	75	Palmerston d. 1865. <i>Indian</i>
18	Friday	☾	6	20	5	12	6	17	5	13	15	6	28	1 06	74	Dean Swift d. 1745. <i>summer</i>
19	Satur.	☾	6	21	5	10	6	19	5	11	15	7	00	1 56	73	21st Sunday after Trinity.
20	SUNDAY	☾	6	22	5	08	6	20	5	09	15	7	39	2 47	72	Bat. of Trafalgar, 1805.
21	Monday	☾	6	24	5	07	6	21	5	08	15	8	22	3 38	71	L. Holland d. 1840. <i>month</i>
22	Tuesday	☾	6	25	5	05	6	23	5	06	15	9	14	4 29	70	L. Derby d. 1869. <i>end cold</i>
23	Wed.	☾	6	26	5	04	6	24	5	05	16	10	11	5 21	69	Moon's Apogee. <i>and</i>
24	Thurs.	☾	6	27	5	02	6	25	5	03	16	11	12	6 11	68	Metz captured, 1870.
25	Friday	☾	6	29	5	01	6	27	5	01	16	Mor.	6	59	67	Bat. of Chateaugay, 1813.
26	Satur.	☾	6	30	4	59	6	28	5	00	16	0	15	7 45	66	22nd Sunday after Trinity.
27	SUNDAY	☾	6	31	4	58	6	30	4	58	16	1	19	8 29	65	Bat. of Dijon, 1870.
28	Monday	☾	6	32	4	56	6	31	4	57	16	2	22	9 11	64	Bat. of F. Erie, 1812.
29	Tuesday	☾	6	33	4	55	6	32	4	55	16	3	29	9 54	63	Dr. Cartwright d. 1823.
30	Wed.	☾	6	34	4	54	6	34	4	54	16	4	34	10 38	62	All Hallow's Eve. <i>stormy.</i>
31	Thurs.	☾	6	35	4	52	6	35	4	52	16	5	43	11 24	61	



SAGITTARIUS

THIRD FALL MONTH. NOVEMBER, 30 DAYS.										BEGINNING ON FRIDAY.	
MOON'S PHASES.		KINGSTON.			TORONTO.			LONDON.			SUN'S DECLINATION.
		D.	h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.	D.	°	'
New Moon.....		1	0	23 a.m.	0	10 a.m.	0	03 a.m.	1	814	38
First Quarter....		7	10	46 p.m.	10	34 p.m.	10	27 p.m.	6	16	10
Full Moon.....		15	0	03 a.m.	11	51 p.m.	11	44 p.m.	12	17	52
Last Quarter.....		23	0	40 a.m.	0	28 a.m.	0	21 a.m.	18	19	23
New Moon.....		30	1	29 p.m.	1	17 p.m.	1	10 p.m.	24	20	41

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phases.	Toronto.		London.		Clock Slow.	Moon sets.		Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.		h. m.	h. m.			
1	Friday	☾	6 37	4 51	6 34	4 53	16	5 03	P. 10	60	All Saints Day.	Cold
2	Satur.		6 38	4 50	6 36	4 52	16	5 30	1 01	59	Insur. in L. Canada, 1838.	
3	SUNDAY	☾	6 39	4 48	6 37	4 50	16	6 04	1 57	58	23rd Sunday after Trinity.	
4	Monday		6 40	4 47	6 40	4 49	16	6 50	2 56	57	Feast of St. Andrew.	with
5	Tuesday	☾	6 42	4 46	6 41	4 48	16	7 51	3 57	56	Gunpowder Plot, 1605.	
6	Wed.	☾	6 43	4 44	6 43	4 46	16	9 04	4 59	55	Moon's Perigee.	raw
7	Thurs.	☾	6 44	4 43	6 44	4 45	16	10 03	5 59	54	Bat. of Tippecanoe, 1811.	
8	Friday	☾	6 46	4 42	6 45	4 44	16	11 47	6 54	53	Milton d. 1674.	winda
9	Satur.	☾	6 47	4 41	6 47	4 43	16	Mor.	7 46	52	Birth of Prince of Wales.	
10	SUNDAY	☾	6 48	4 40	6 48	4 41	16	1 09	8 35	51	24th Sunday after Trinity.	
11	Monday	☾	6 50	4 39	6 50	4 40	16	2 27	9 23	50	Bat. of Williamsburgh, 1813.	
12	Tuesday	☾	6 51	4 38	6 51	4 39	16	3 47	10 10	49	Montreal taken, 1775.	and
13	Wed.	☾	6 52	4 37	6 52	4 38	15	5 05	10 56	48	Bat. at Prescott, 1838.	
14	Thurs.	☾	6 54	4 36	6 54	4 37	15	Rises.	11 45	47	Great Fall of Meteors, 1866.	
15	Friday	☾	6 55	4 35	6 55	4 36	15	4 36	Mor.	46	Bat. of Areole, 1796.	
16	Satur.	☾	6 56	4 34	6 55	4 36	15	5 07	0 35	45	Ferguson d. 1776.	flurries
17	SUNDAY	☾	6 57	4 33	6 56	4 35	15	5 46	1 27	44	25th Sunday after Trinity.	
18	Monday	☾	6 59	4 32	6 57	4 34	15	6 32	2 08	43	C. Walsey d. 1830.	of snow
19	Tuesday	☾	7 00	4 31	6 58	4 33	15	7 30	3 11	42	20th, Lord Elgin d. 1863.	
20	Wed.	☾	7 01	4 31	6 59	4 33	14	8 34	4 03	41	21st, P. Royal B. 1840.	
21	Thurs.	☾	7 02	4 30	7 01	4 32	14	9 40	4 52	40	Moon's Apogee.	and
22	Friday	☾	7 04	4 29	7 02	4 31	14	10 49	5 28	39	Tillotson d. 1694.	some
23	Satur.	☾	7 05	4 29	7 03	4 30	14	11 58	6 22	38	Lt. Weir murdered, 1837.	
24	SUNDAY	☾	7 06	4 28	7 05	4 30	14	Mor.	7 06	37	26th Sunday after Trinity.	
25	Monday	☾	7 07	4 27	7 06	4 29	14	1 07	7 47	36	24th, J. Knox d. 1572.	
26	Tuesday	☾	7 09	4 27	7 07	4 28	14	2 18	8 29	35	E. I. Co. incor. 1700.	hard
27	Wed.	☾	7 10	4 26	7 08	4 28	13	3 30	9 13	34	Frontenac d. 1698.	
28	Thurs.	☾	7 11	4 26	7 09	4 27	13	4 47	9 59	33	Bat. of Boxar, 1835.	
29	Friday	☾	7 12	4 25	7 11	4 27	12	6 07	10 48	32	1st paper pr. by steam, 1814.	
30	Satur.	☾	7 13	4 25	7 12	4 26	11	Sets.	11 44	31	St. Andrews.	frosts.



FIRST WINTER MONTH.										DECEMBER, 31 DAYS.										BEGINS ON SUNDAY.									
MOON'S PHASES.					KINGSTON.					TORONTO.					LONDON.					SUN'S DECLINATION.									
					D.	h.	m.						h.	m.						h.	m.						D.	h.	m.
First Quarter.....					7	6	31 a.m.						6	19 a.m.						6	12 a.m.						8	S21	55
Full Moon.....					14	4	39 p.m.						4	27 a.m.						4	20 p.m.						1	22	48
Last Quarter.....					22	9	06 p.m.						8	54 p.m.						8	47 p.m.						26	23	22
New Moon.....					30	1	31 a.m.						1	19 a.m.						1	12 a.m.						24	23	25

DATE.	Day of Week.	Moon's Phase.	Toronto.		London.		Clock Slow.	Moon Sets.		Moon south.	Days to end of year.	EVENTS, &c.
			Sun rises.	Sun sets.	Sun rises.	Sun sets.		h. m.	h. m.			
1	SUNDAY	☾	7 14	25 7	12 4	27 11		5 09	11 44	30		1st Sunday in Advent.
2	Monday		7 15	4 24	7 13	4 27	10	6 07	P 44	29		Bat of Austerlitz, 1805.
3	Tuesday	☾	7 16	4 24	7 14	4 26	10	7 16	1 45	28		Moon's Perigee.
4	Wed.		7 17	4 24	7 15	4 26	10	8 32	2 50	27		Richelieu d. 1642.
5	Thurs.	☾	7 18	4 24	7 16	4 26	9	9 50	3 52	26		Ney shot, 1815.
6	Friday		7 19	4 24	7 17	4 26	9	11 06	4 50	25		Rebellion in Canada, 1837.
7	Satur.	☾	7 20	4 24	7 18	4 26	8	Mor.	5 44	24		8th Air Pump inv., 1654.
8	SUNDAY		7 21	4 24	7 19	4 26	8	0 22	6 24	23		2nd Sunday in Advent.
9	Monday	☾	7 22	4 24	7 20	4 26	7	1 33	7 22	22		Milton b. 1608.
10	Tuesday		7 23	4 24	7 21	4 26	7	2 44	8 08	21		Sir W. F. Williams b. 1800.
11	Wed.	☾	7 24	4 24	7 22	4 26	7	3 53	8 58	20		Charles XII. k. 1718.
12	Thurs.		7 25	4 24	7 23	4 26	6	5 03	9 40	19		Brunel d. 1812.
13	Friday	☾	7 26	4 24	7 24	4 26	6	6 12	10 29	18		Dr. Johnson d. 1784.
14	Satur.		7 26	4 24	7 24	4 26	6	Rises.	11 18	17		P. Albert d. 1861.
15	SUNDAY	☾	7 27	4 24	7 25	4 26	6	4 55	Mor.	16		3rd Sunday in Advent.
16	Monday		7 28	4 24	7 26	4 27	5	5 46	0 11	15		St. Eustache destr'd., 1837.
17	Tuesday	☾	7 28	4 25	7 26	4 27	4	6 46	1 03	14		1st L. C. Par. 1792.
18	Wed.		7 29	4 25	7 27	4 27	4	7 48	1 54	13		Reubens b. 1577.
19	Thurs.	☾	7 30	4 26	7 28	4 28	3	8 51	2 44	12		Moon's Apogee.
20	Friday		7 30	4 26	7 28	4 28	2	9 54	3 22	11		21st Sun enters Capricorn.
21	Satur.	☾	7 31	4 27	7 29	4 29	2	10 57	4 17	10		St. Thomas.
22	SUNDAY		7 31	4 27	7 29	4 29	1	11 50	4 59	9		4th Sunday in Advent.
23	Monday	☾	7 32	4 28	7 30	4 30	1	Mor.	5 41	8		Treaty of Ghent, 1814.
24	Tuesday		7 32	4 29	7 30	4 30	0	1 04	6 42	7		H. Miller d. 1856.
25	Wed.	☾	7 32	4 30	7 30	4 31	F	2 11	7 05	6		to N. E. Christmas.
26	Thurs.		7 33	4 30	7 31	4 32	1	3 21	7 48	5		and
27	Friday	☾	7 33	4 31	7 31	4 32	1	4 35	8 34	4		St. Stephen's Day.
28	Satur.		7 33	4 31	7 31	4 33	2	5 52	9 27	3		Belgium Independent, 1830.
29	SUNDAY	☾	7 33	4 32	7 31	4 34	2	7 06	10 22	2		Buffalo b. 1814.
30	Monday		7 33	4 33	7 31	4 35	3	Sets.	11 24	1		1st Sunday after Christmas.
31	Tuesday	☾	7 34	4 35	7 32	4 36	3	6 10	P 30	0		Order of Jesuits formed 1539.
												Moon's Perigee.

SHAKSPEARE'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.



the world's a stage,



And the men and women merely players :



They have their exits



And one man in his time
plays many parts,



and their entrances ;

His acts being seven ages.

THE DAWN OF LIFE.



first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:

Children are certain cares, but uncertain comforts.
More children have been hurt by overfeeding than ever died
of hunger.

Best to bend while it is a twig.

Children have wide ears and long tongues.

Children pick up words as pigeons peas,
And utter them again as God shall please.

When children stand quiet they have done some harm

Children and fools have merry lives.

Children, when little, make parents fools.

THE MORNING OF LIFE.



B

nd then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Huwillingly to school :

Years teach more than books.

School-boys are the most reasonable people in the world ;
they care not how little they have for their money.

Train up a child in the way he should go.

Be patient and you shall have patient children.

A single fact is worth a ship-load of argument.

Look to the budding before it has time to ripen into mischief.

The real orphan is not he who has lost his father, but he
whose father gave him no education.

THE SPRING OF LIFE.



then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress's eyebrow.

The course of true love never runs smooth.

The follies of youth are food for repentance in old age.

'Tis better to be happy than wise.

The world is a net: the more we stir in it the more we get entangled.

So 'tis as decreed above, that, first or last, we all must love.

Beauty is but a transient blossom. Beauty is but skin deep.

Life is half spent before we know what it is,

Love of lads and fire of chats is soon in and soon out.

THE SUMMER OF LIFE.



hen, a soldier
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth :

The brave man seeks not popular applause.
 Then comes thy glory in the summer months.
 Force is the brute's, but honor is of man.
 The hour finds its man, the man the hour.
 None but the brave deserve the fair.
 A soldier's honor is dearer than his life.

THE MERIDIAN OF LIFE.



nd then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances.
And so he plays his part :

Justice is a science which is only well taught by virtue.
So many men, so many minds.
A thing of men, by men appointed, for good or for evil.
Circumstances alter cases.
Evil communications corrupt good manners.
Adult children are not all alike.

THE DECLINE, OR AUTUMN OF LIFE.



he sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and sippet'd pantaloons;
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound.

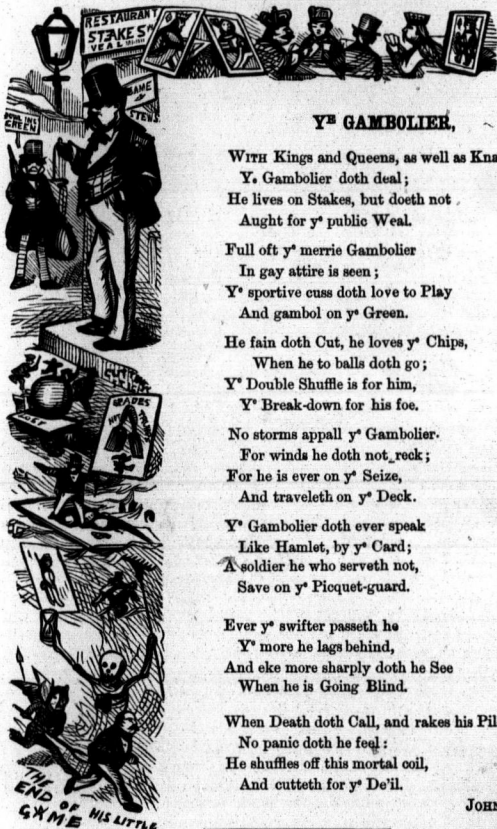
Autumn is come! The gladness of the spring, the revelings
 of summer hours are sped.
 A good life keeps off wrinkles.

THE WINTER OF LIFE.



he last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every
thing.

He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.
And man's life passeth thus away, a thing of joy and sorrow.
You shall here see your follies reflected.
Time, that devours all things.
All are desirous to win the prize.
I am what thou shalt be. I have been what thou art.



Y^r GAMBOLIER,

With Kings and Queens, as well as Knaves,

Y^r Gambolier doth deal;

He lives on Stakes, but doeth not

Aught for y^r public Weal.

Full oft y^r merrie Gambolier

In gay attire is seen;

Y^r sportive cuss doth love to Play

And gambol on y^r Green.

He fain doth Cut, he loves y^r Chips,

When he to balls doth go;

Y^r Double Shuffle is for him,

Y^r Break-down for his foe.

No storms appall y^r Gambolier.

For winds he doth not rock;

For he is ever on y^r Seize,

And traveleth on y^r Deck.

Y^r Gambolier doth ever speak

Like Hamlet, by y^r Card;

A soldier he who serveth not,

Save on y^r Picquet-guard.

Ever y^r swifter passeth he

Y^r more he lags behind,

And eke more sharply doth he See

When he is Going Blind.

When Death doth Call, and rakes his Pile,

No panic doth he feel:

He shuffles off this mortal coil,

And cutteth for y^r De'il.

JOHN HAY.

EVERY man makes hiz own pedigree, and the best pedigree iz a clear conscience.

The richest man ov all iz he who haz got but a little, but haz got all he wants.

Thare iz no sekts nor religious disputes among the heathen: they all of them cook a missionary in the same way.—JOSH BILLINGS.

THE LATE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

BY MARK TWAIN.



NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO THE DAY AFTER-TO-MORROW JUST AS WELL.—B. F.]

THIS party was one of those persons whom they call philosophers. He was born twins, being born simultaneously in two different houses in the city of Boston. These houses remain unto this day, and have signs upon them worded in accordance with the facts. The signs are considered well enough to have, though not necessary, because the inhabitants point out the two birthplaces to the stranger anyhow, and sometimes as often as several times in the same day. The subject of this memoir was of a vicious disposition, and early prostituted his talents to the invention of maxims and aphorisms calculated to inflict suffering upon the rising generation of all subsequent ages. His simplest acts, also, were contrived with a view to their being held up for the emulation of boys forever—boys who might otherwise have been happy. It was in this spirit that he became the son of a soap-boiler, and, probably, for no other reason than that the efforts of all future boys who tried to be anything might be looked upon with suspicion unless they were the sons of soap-boilers. With a malevolence which is without paral-



lel in history, he would work all day, and then sit up nights, and let on to be studying algebra by the light of a smouldering fire, so that all the boys might have to do that also, or else have Benjamin Franklin thrown upon them. Not satisfied with these proceedings, he had a fashion of living wholly on bread and water, and studying astronomy at meal-time—a thing



which has brought affliction to millions of boys since, whose fathers had read Franklin's pernicious biography.

His maxims were full of animosity toward boys. Now-a-days a boy cannot follow out a single natural instinct without tumbling over some of those everlasting aphorisms, and hearing from Franklin on the spot. If he buys two cents' worth of pea-nuts, his father says, "Remember what Franklin has said, my son—'A groat a day is a enny a/year';"

and the comfort is all gone out of those pea-nuts. If he wants to spin his top when he is done work, his father quotes, "Procrastination is the thief of time." If he does a virtuous action, he never gets any thing for it, because "virtue is its own reward." And that boy is hounded to death, and robbed of his natural rest, because Franklin said once in one of his inspired flights of malignity—

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

As if it were any object to a boy to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise on such terms. The sorrow that that maxim has cost me, through my parents experimenting me with

it, tongue cannot tell. The legitimate result is my present state of general debility, indigence and mental aberration. My parents used to have me up before 9 o'clock in the morning, sometimes, when I was a boy. If they had let me take my natural rest, where would I have been now? Keeping store, no doubt, and respected by all.



And what an adroit old adventurer the subject of this memoir was! In order to get a chance to fly his kite on Sunday, he used to hang a key on the string, and let on to be fishing by lightning, and a guileless public would go home chirping about the "wisdom" and the "genius" of the hoary Sabbath breaker. He invented a stove that would smoke your head off in five hours by the clock. * * * He was always proud of telling how he entered Philadelphia for the first time with nothing in the world but two shillings in his pocket and four rolls of bread under his arm. But really when you come to examine it critically, it was nothing. Any body would have done it. * * *

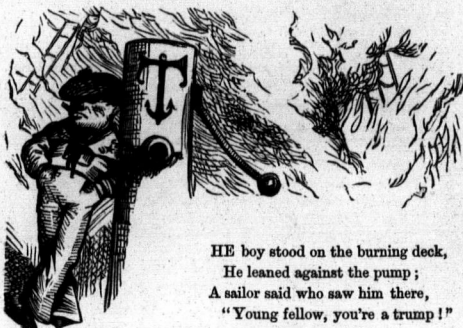
Benjamin Franklin did a great many notable things for his country, and made her young name to be honored in many lands as the mother of such a son. It is not the idea of this memoir to ignore that or to cover it up. No; the simple idea is to snub those pretentious maxims of his, which he worked up with a great show of originality out of truisms that had become wearisome platitudes as early as the dispersion from Babel, and also to snub his store and his military inspirations, his unseemly endeavour to make himself conspicuous when he entered Philadelphia, and his flying his kite and fooling away his time in all sorts of such ways, when he ought to have been foraging for soap-fat or constructing candles. I merely desired to do away with somewhat of the prevalent calamitous idea among heads of families that Franklin acquired his great genius by working for nothing, studying by moonlight, and getting up in the night instead of waiting till morning like a Christian, and that this programme, rigidly inflicted, will make a Franklin of every father's fool.

It is time these gentlemen were finding out that these execrable eccentricities of instinct and conduct are only the evidences of genius, not the creators of it. I wish I had been the father of my parents long enough to make them comprehend this truth, and thus prepare them to let their son have an easier time of it. When I was a child



I had to boil soap, notwithstanding my father was wealthy, and I had to get up early and study geometry at breakfast, and peddle my own poetry, and do everything just as Franklin did, in the solemn hope that I would be a Franklin some day. And here I am.

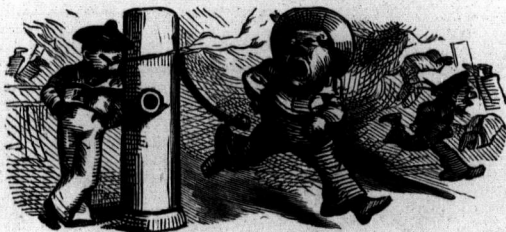
CASABIANCA; OR, THE OBSTINATE SAILOR BOY.



HE boy stood on the burning deck,
He leaned against the pump ;
A sailor said who saw him there,
"Young fellow, you're a trump !"

And bravely he the music faced,
In spite of smoke and flame ;
Too plucky he to "fly the track"—
That little boy was "game."

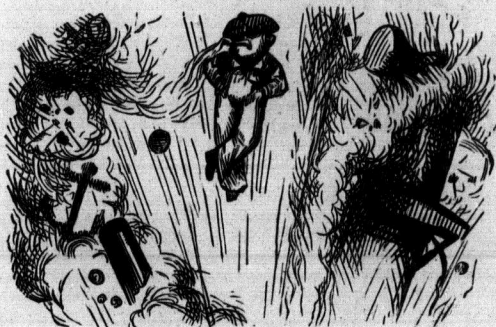
Fast from the deck the sailors fled,
But still he did not flinch ;
Though things were getting very hot,
"He wouldn't budge an inch."



"Leave, leave the ship !" a sailor cried,
But still he calmly staid ;
And when they bid him save himself,
He answered them, "That's played."

He strove for honor and for fame,
And not for worldly pelf;
"I will not leave my post," he cried;
"You know how 'tis yourself."

The flames devoured the stately ship;
It was an awful scene,
And yet the boys were not on hand
Who "run with the machine."



Then came a blast, and boy, and all
Were hurled toward the sky:
The fire had reached the magazine—
"Say, how is that for high?"

GEORGE P. WEBSTER.



"HE STILL LIVES."

SAM WELLER'S MORAL TALE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.



"H, you've woke up at last, have you?" said Sam.

The fat boy nodded.

"I'll tell you what it is, young boaster," said Mr. Weller, impressively, "if you don't sleep a little less, and exercise a little more, when you comes to be a man you'll lay yourself open to the same sort of personal inconvenience as was inflicted on the old gen'l'm'n as wore the pigtail."

"What did they do to him?" inquired the fat boy, in a faltering voice.

"I'm a-goin' to tell you," replied Mr. Weller; "he was one o' the largest patterns as was ever turned out—reg'lar fat man, as hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five-and-forty year."

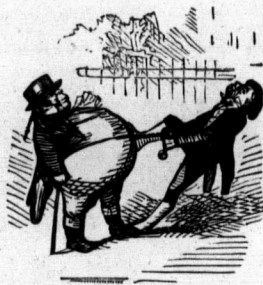
"Lor!" exclaimed Emma.

"No, that he hadn't, my dear," said Mr. Weller; "and if you'd put an exact model of his own legs on the dinin' table afore him, he wouldn't ha' known 'em. Well, he always walks to his office with a wery handsome gold watch-chain hanging out about a foot and a quarter, and a gold watch in his fob pocket as was worth—I'm afraid to say how much, but as much as a watch can be—a large, heavy, round mahafacter, as stout for a watch as he was for a man, and with a big face in proportion. 'You'd better not carry that 'ere watch,' says the old gen'l'm'n's friends; 'you'll be robbed on it, says they. 'Shall I,' says he. 'Yes, you will,' says they. 'Vell,' says he, 'I should like to see the thief as could get this here watch out, for I'm blest if I ever can, it's such a tight fit,' says he; and venever I wants to know what's o'clock, I'm obliged to stare



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into the bakers' shops,' he says. Well, then he laughs as hearty as if he was a goin' to pieces, and out he walks agin' with his powdered head and pigtail, and rolls down the Strand with the chain hangin' out furdur than ever, and the great round watch almost bustin' through his gray kersey smalls. There warn't a pickpocket in all London as didn't take a pull at that chain; but the chain 'ud never break, and the watch 'ud never come out, so they soon got tired o' dragging such a heavy old gen'l'm'n along the pavement, and he'd go home and laugh till the pigtail vibrated like the penderlum of a Dutch clock. At last, one day, the old gen'l'm'n was a rollin' along, and he sees a pickpocket as he know'd by sight a-comin' up, arm in old gen'l'm'n's stomach, and for a moment doubles him right up with the pain. 'Mur-



der!' says the old gen'l'm'n. 'All right, sir,' says the pickpocket, a wisperin' in his

car. And wen he comes straight agin, the watch and chain was gone, and, what's worse than that, the old gen'l'm'n's digestion was all wrong ever arterwards, to the very last day of his life ; so just you look about you, young feller, and take care you don't get too fat."

As Mr. Weller concluded this moral tale, with which the fat boy appeared much affected, they all three repaired to the large kitchen, in which the family were by this time assembled, according to annual custom on Christmas eve, observed by old Wardle's forefathers from time immemorial.

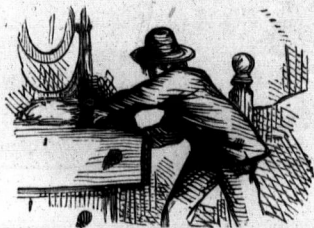
JANE BLUDSOE, OF NATCHEZ.



UM feller's wrote a pome

'Bout Bludso; they call him Jim ;
I know'd to my cost the Prairie Bell,
And a heap too much about him.

"He never flunked and he never lied,"
Ses the pote, so pert and slick ;
But the way that feller lied to me,
Would a made Ananieras sick.



He swore that he loved me fair and true—
O Lord, how that chap did aware!
Then he tuck the money I'd saved for years
And went off to Pike on a tare.



He vow'd that he had never seed
Any other gal he cud like,
And all the time he'd been married years
To that critter up in Pike.



He never flunked—oh no, not him!
You orter have seed us met.
When I caught him in Pike with his other wife—
There was flunking then, you bet.



And he never was engineer—
A deck-hand and nothing more ;
And never went up in the *Prairie Belle*
But was first to scuttle ashore.

He got up that yarn a purpus
To fool the folks about ;
But I've follered him up, you better believe,
Determined to find him out,



Till I tracked him here to York,
He looked like a lump of whitin',
When I caught him, as airy as ever you please.
In the *Tribune* offis ritin'.

FRANK BELLEW.

LAW is law. It is like an *ignis fatuus*: those who follow the delusive guide too often find themselves inextricably involved in a bog.

It is like an eel-trap: very easy to get into, but very difficult to get out of.

It is like a razor, which requires "a strong back," keenness, and an excellent temper.

N.B.—Many of those who get once shaved seldom risk a second operation.

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HOW TU PICK OUT A GOOD HOSS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.



First.—Let the color be a sorrel, a roan, a red, a gray, a white, a blak, a blue, a green, a chesnut, a brown, a dapple, a spotted, a cream, a buckskin, or sum other good color.

Seckond.—Examin hiz ears; see that he haz got tew ears, and pound a tin pan cluss to him, tu find out whether hiz hearing iz good. All hosses are dum, but a deff and dum hoss are not desirable.



Third.—Look well tu hiz eyes; see

that he haz got a pupil in hiz eyes, and not too large a one neither; hosses with too large pupils in their eyes are near-sighted, and kant see oats, and have tu wear green goggles, and green goggles makes a hoss look tu mutch like a trakt pedlar.

Fourth.—Feel ov hiz neck with the inside ov yure right hand; see that the spinal collum iz well fattet, and runs the whole length ov him from fore tu aft—a hoss without a good phatt spinal collum from fore tu aft aint worth—(speakin sudden)—aint worth a well defined cuss.

Five.—Put yure hand on his breast (this iz allowable in the case ov a quadriped); see if hiz harte kan beat 70; squeeze hiz fore leggs tu see if he iz well muscled; lift up hiz before feet and see if there iz enny frogs in them—frogs keep a hoss's feet cool and sweet, just az they do a well or a spring ov water.

Six.—Look well tu hiz shoes; see what number he wears—number 8 is about right.

Seven.—Run yure hand along the dividing ridge ov hiz boddie, from the top of hiz withers tu the commencement ov hiz tail (or dorsal vertibra), and pinch him az you go along, tu see if he knows how tu kick.

Eight.—Look on hiz hind leggs for sum spavins, kurbs, windgalls, ringbones, skratiches, quitters, thrush, grease-heels, thorough-pins, spring-halt, quarter-kracks; see if he haz got a whirl-bone; look for sum pin-hips; hunt for strains in the back tendons, let-downs, and capped hocks.

Nine.—Investigate hiz teeth; see if he aint 14 years old last May, with teeth filed down, and a six year-old black mark burnt into the top ov them with a hot iron.

Ten.—Smell ov hiz breath to see if he haint got sum glanders; look just back ov hiz ears for signus of pole-evil; pinch him on the top ov hiz withers for a fistula, and look sharp at both shoulders for a sweeny.

Eleven.—Hook him tu a waggon that rattles, drive him up to an Irishman and hiz wheelbarrow, meet a rag-merchant with cow-bells strung across the top of hiz cart, let an expres train pass him at 45 miles tu the hour, when he iz swetty heave a buffalo robe over him tu keep oph the cold, ride him with an umbrel highstead, and learn hiz opinyun of these things.

Twelve.—Prospekt hiz wind, sarch diligently for the heaves, ask if he iz a roarer, and don't be afraid tu find out if he iz a whistler.

Thirteen.—Be sure that he aint a krib-biter, aint balky, aint a weaver, and don't pull at the halter.

These are a few simple things tu be looked at in buying a *good family' hoss*; there iz a grate menny other things tu be looked at (at yure leizure) after you have bought him.

Good hosses are skarse, and good men, that deal in enny kind of hosses, are skarser. Ask a man all about hiz wife, and he may tell you; examin him cluss for a Sunday-school teacher, and find him all on the square: send him tu the New York Legislature, and rejoice that money won't buy him; lend him seven hundred dollars in the highway without witness or note; even swop dorgs with him with



perfekt impunity; but when you buy a good family hoss ov him, young, sound, and trew, watch the man cluss, and make up yure mind besides that you will have tu ask the Lord tu forgive him.

"An honest man iz the noblest work on God;" this famous saying waz written, in grate anguish ov heart, by the late Alexander Pope just after buying a good family hoss.



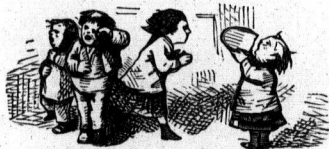
AUNT JERUSHA. A NEW ENGLAND FARM BALLAD.

[TIME: NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING.]



AUNT JERUSHA sat late by the hot kitchen stove,
But her fancies were truant, and bound to rove;
And her eyelids grew wet with unbidden tears,
As her thoughts went wandering back through the years.

"Ah! well," she sighed low, in a weary way,
"To-morrow will bring us Thanksgiving day;
And the house is crammèd full of all good cheer
For the old and the young who'll be crowding here.



"Under stacks of mince-pies bend the buttery shelves,
And cakes, where the children can stuff themselves,

From the wide-mouthed crock, just behind the door,
Till they whimper because they can't hold no more.



"And there's turkey and chicken-pie, beef, tongue, and ham,
Cider, barberry sauce, and blackberry jam;
And lots of every thing else you can think
That company looks for to eat and drink.

"I'll try to be cheerful and laugh with the rest,
But it's climbin' up hill with a dull heart to jest;
And mine has been good as dead years gone, be sure,
For I was the oldest, and father was poor.

"And so for my brothers and sisters I toiled,
Till my temper was fretted, my good looks was spoiled
And they twitted me once, and yet I was still young,
That my face was as ugly and sharp as my tongue.



"So I'd never the chances my sisters all had;
I was always too busy to chat with a lad;
They was all married young, bein' pretty, you see,
But nobody never came courtin' to me.

"And so—well, well! Brother's consid'rate and kind,
And his wife—well, there isn't a great deal to mind;
And he gives me a good home, but yet I'd much rather
Have a man of my own than the very best brother.

"A man sp'ls by livin' alone, they do say,
And with women, I'm 'fraid, it is much the same way;
But, though I am always as willin' as can be,
Here I'm asking myself yet, 'Where can the man be?'



"It's a sin and a shame to keep lone women waitin',
That ain't noways averse to the fashion of matin';
And if men are too stingy or bashful to tell 'em,
The law ought to step in, and just take and compel 'em.



"But I notice, whenever the law interferes
It's always to come between sweethearts and dears;
'Twas just so in old times, when we was all girls,
Fellers had to be careful in flirtin' with curls;'

"For the s'lectmen was always a mousin' about,
To see just how late the young people staid out;
And a man could be whipped through the town of a Monday
For kissin' his sweetheart or wife of a Sunday.



"I don't want no *such* laws! But if I'd my own way,
There'd not be an old bachelor after to-day;
For, whenever a soul of 'em reached forty-two,
I'd have 'em all ut u and sold at vendue.

"And there ain't the least doubt 'twould be pop'lar with those
Who are bach'lors because they hain't spunk to propose,
As is mostly the case; and then, as for the bidders,
The old maids should take precedence over the widders.



"Ah! well, it's the dream of a silly old brain;
What's the use of such fancies, that only give pain?
Good gracious! the clock's striking ten, 's I'm alive,
And I must be up in the mornin' at five.

"P'raps it's better as 'tis, I know, after all's said,
But, if some one came courtin', and asked me to wed,
I ain't a bit certain, as sure as I'm sittin'
In this creaky old chair, as I'd give him the mitten."

S. S. CONANT.



THE EARLY TRAINING OF NASBY.

(Extract from an autobiography written by himself, but rendered in good English by a younger brother, who learned to spell in his younger days.)



MODESTY being the most prominent trait in my character, it is with reluctance that I speak of myself. In this one particular, George Francis Train and myself are very much alike; the only difference being, G. F. manages to make a good living out of his modesty, while I don't. But, modest as I am, I must say that I am a most excellent man. Indeed, I commenced being good at a very early age, and built myself up on the best models. I was yet an infant when I read the affecting story of the hacking down of the cherry-tree by George Washington, and his manly statement to his father that he could not tell a lie. I read the story, and it filled me with a desire to surpass him. I was not going to allow any such boy as George Washington, if he did afterwards get to be a President, excel me in the moralities. Immediately I seized a hatchet, and cut down the most valuable cherry-tree my father had; and, more, I dug up the roots and burned the branches, so that by no means could the variety be preserved; and I went a skating one Sunday, that I might confess the two faults, and he wept over and forgiven on account of my extreme truthfulness. The experiments were, I regret to say, partial failures. I was very much like George Washington;

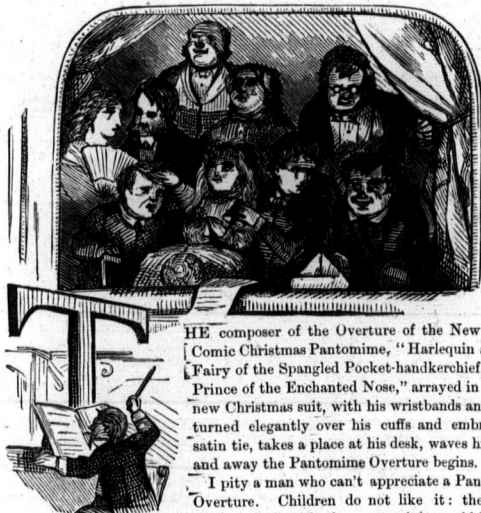
but, the trouble was, my father didn't resemble George Washington's father to any alarming extent, which was essential to the success of my scheme. "Did you cut down



that cherry-tree?" asked he. "Father I can not tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet." I answered, striking the proper attitude for the old gentleman to shed tears on me. But he didn't shed. He remarked that he had rather I had told a thousand lies than to have cut down that particular tree, and he whipped me till I was in a state of exasperating rawness. The same devotion to truth is characteristic of my children. Truth is their weakness. They read the same story; but alas! I had no horticultural tastes, and, therefore, no garden, and, as a matter of course, no cherry-trees about my house. At the age of eight, my eldest hankered for a cherry-tree. "Where is the tree for me to hack?" he perpetually asked. At ten he planted one, and nursed it, and watered it, and pruned it, that at twelve he might hack it down, and manfully confess that he did it with his little hatchet! Since that I have planted trees for them. The moment a male child is born to me, I plant a cherry-tree for him. There have been ten cherry-trees about my house—there are ten decaying stumps there now, to which I point with pride, as evidences of the entire devotion of my children to truth. I shall never be a President, but it seems to me there must be one in the family.

A NIGHT'S PLEASURE.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

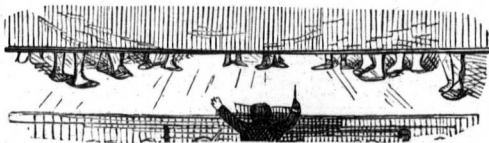


HE composer of the Overture of the New Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, "Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pocket-handkerchief, or the Prince of the Enchanted Nose," arrayed in a brand-new Christmas suit, with his wristbands and collar turned elegantly over his cuffs and embroidered satin tie, takes a place at his desk, waves his stick, and away the Pantomime Overture begins.

I pity a man who can't appreciate a Pantomime Overture. Children do not like it: they say, "Hang it, I wish the pantomime would begin;"

but for us it is always a pleasant moment of reflection and enjoyment. It is not difficult music to understand, like that of your Mendelssohns or Beethovens, whose symphonies and sonatas Mrs. Spec states must be heard a score of times before you can comprehend them. But of the proper Pantomime-music I am a delighted connoisseur. Perhaps it is because you meet so many old friends in these compositions consorting together in the queerest manner, and occasioning numberless pleasant surprises. Hark! there goes "Old Dan Tucker" wandering into the "Groves of Blarney;" our friends the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" march rapidly down "Wapping Old Stairs," from which the "Figlia del Reggimento" comes bounding briskly, when she is met, embraced, and carried off by "Billy Taylor," that brisk young fellow.

All this while you are thinking, with a faint, sickly kind of hope, that perhaps the Pantomime may be a good one; something like "Harlequin and the Golden Orange-tree, which you recollect in your youth; something like "Fortunio," that marvelous and delightful piece of buffoonery, which realized the most gorgeous visions of the absurd. You may be happy, perchance; a glimpse of the old days may come back to you. Lives there a man with soul so dead, the being ever so *blasé* and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still—just at that moment when the bell (the dear and familiar bell of your youth) begins to tingle, and the curtain to rise, and the



large shoes and ankles, the flesh-colored leggins, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks, finally of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus.

All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place to Hope. Desire is about to be realized. Oh you blind little brats! Clap your hands, and crane over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder! Clap your hands now. In three weeks more the Reverend Dr. Swishtail expects the return of his young friends to Sugarcane House.

King Beak, emperor of the Romans, having invited all the neighboring princes, fairies, and enchanters to the feast at which he celebrated the marriage of his only son, Prince Aquiline, unluckily gave the liver wing of the fowl which he was carving to the prince's godmother, the Fairy Bandanna, while he put the gizzard-pinion on the plate of the enchanter Gorgibus, king of the Maraschino Mountains, and father of the Princess Rosolia, to whom the Prince was affianced.

The outraged Gorgibus rose from the table in a fury, smashed his plate of chicken over the head of King Beak's Chamberlain, and wished that Prince Aquiline's nose might grow on the instant as long as the sausage before him.

It did so; the screaming princess rushed away from her bridegroom, and her father, breaking off the match with the house of Beak, ordered his daughter to be carried in his sedan by the two giant-porters, Gor and Gogstay, to his castle in the Juniper Forest, by the side of the bitter waters of the Absinthe Lake, whither, after upsetting the marriage-tables and flooring King Beak in a single combat, he himself repaired.

The latter monarch could not bear to see or even to hear his disfigured son.

When the Prince Aquiline blew his unfortunate and monstrous nose, the windows of his father's palace broke; the locks of the doors started; the dishes and glasses of the king's banquet jingled and smashed as they do on board a steamboat in a storm; the liquor turned sour; the chancellor's wig started off his head; and his royal father, disgusted with his son's appearance, drove him forth from his palace and banished him the kingdom.

Life was a burden to him on account of that nose. He fled from a world in which he was ashamed to show it, and would have preferred a perfect solitude, but that he was obliged to engage one faithful attendant to give him snuff (his only consolation), and to keep his odious nose in order.

But as he was wandering in a lonely forest, entangling his miserable trunk in the thickets, and causing the birds to fly scared from the branches, and the lions, stags, and foxes to sneak away in terror as they heard the tremendous booming which issued from the fated prince whenever he had occasion to use his pocket handkerchief, the Fairy of the Bandanna Islands took pity on him, and descending in her car drawn by doves, gave him a kerchief which rendered him invisible whenever he placed it over his monstrous proboscis.

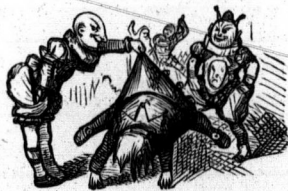
Having occasion to blow his nose (which he was obliged to do pretty frequently, for

he had taken cold when lying out among the rocks and morasses in the rainy miserable nights, so that the peasants, when they heard him snoring fitfully, thought that storms were abroad) at the gates of a castle by which he was passing, the door burst open, and the Irish Giant (afterward Clown, indeed,) came out, and wondering looked about furious to see no one.

The prince entered into the castle, and whom should he find there but the Princess, Rosolia, still plunged in despair. Her father snubbed her perpetually." "I wish he would snub me!" exclaimed the prince, pointing to his own monstrous deformity. In spite of his misfortune, she still remembered her prince. "Even with his nose," the faithful princess cried, "I love him more than all the world beside!"

At this declaration of unalterable fidelity, the prince flung away the handkerchief, and knelt in rapture at the princess's feet. She was a little scared at first by the hideousness of the distorted being before her—but what will not woman's faith overcome? Hiding her head on his shoulder (and so losing sight of his misfortune), she vowed to love him still (in those broken verses which only princesses in Pantomimes deliver).

At this instant King Gorgibus, the giants, the king's household, with clubs and battle axes, rushed in. Drawing his immense cimeter, and seizing the prince by his too prominent feature, he was just on the point of sacrificing him, when—I need not say, the Fairy Bandanna, (Miss Bendigo), in her amaranthine car drawn by Paphian doves, appeared and put a stop to the massacre. King Gorgibus became pantaloons, the two giants first and second Clowns, and the prince and princess (who had been, all the time of the Fairy's speech, and actually while under their father's cimeter, unhooking their dresses) became the most elegant Harlequin and Columbine that I have seen for many a long day. The nose flew up to the ceiling, the music began a jig, and the two Clowns, after saying "How are you?" went and knocked down Pantaloon.



Self love is a mote in every man's eye.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, increase with age
No fool like an old fool.

The miser is his own executioner; a beggar in the midst of wealth
We should at least do something to show that we have lived.
Few men take life in earnest.

Few men will be better than their interests and habits bid them.
Step after step the ladder is ascended.

ADVICE TO LITTLE GIRLS.

BY MARK TWAIN.



Good little girls ought not to make mouths at their teachers for every trifling offense. This retaliation should only be resorted to under peculiarly aggravated circumstances.

If you have nothing but a rag doll stuffed with saw-dust, while one of your more fortunate little playmates has a costly china one, you should treat her with a show of kindness nevertheless. And you ought not to attempt to make a forcible swap with her unless your conscience would justify you in it, and you know you are able to do it.

You ought never to take your little brother's "chewing-gum" away from him by main force; it is better to rope him in with the promise of the first two dollars and a half you find floating down the river on a grind-stone. In the artless simplicity natural to his time of life, he will regard it as a perfectly fair transaction. In all ages of the world this eminently plausible fiction has lured the obtuse infant to financial ruin and disaster.

If at any time you find it necessary to correct your brother, do not correct him with mud—never, on any account, throw mud at him, because it will spoil his clothes. It is better to scald him a little, for then you attain desirable results. You secure his immediate attention to the lesson you are inculcating, and at the same time your hot water will have a tendency to remove impurities from his person, and possibly the skin, in spots.

If your mother tells you to do a thing, it is wrong to reply that you won't. It is better and more becoming to intimate that you will do as she bids you, and then afterward act quietly in the matter according to the dictates of your best judgment.

You should ever bear in mind that it is to your kind parents that you are indebted for your food, and your nice bed, and for your beautiful clothes, and for the privilege of staying home from school when you let on that you are sick. Therefore you ought to respect their little prejudices, and humor their little whims, and put up with their foibles until they get crowding you too much.

Good little girls always show marked deference for the aged. You ought never to sass old people unless they "sass" you first.

THE BEGGAR MAID.

BY A TENNYSON.



THE SUBLINE AND THE RIDICULOUS.

"AFTER YOU, SIR."

HER arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say;



Barefooted came the beggar maid
Before the king Cophetua.



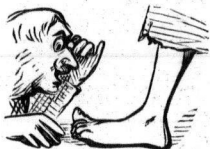
In robe and crown the king stepped
down
To meet and greet her on her way



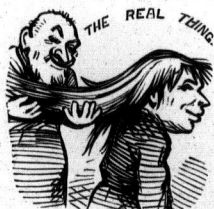
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."



As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen;



One praised her ankles, one her eyes,



One her dark hair and lovesome mien.



So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been:



Cophetua sware a royal oath,



"This beggar-maid shall be my queen!"

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YE TRUE HYSTORIE OF



ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl who had such a sweet temper that she seemed to be made of sugar and spice, like the little girl in the nursery rhyme. Her mother was very fond of her, and in order to set off her beauty, made her a hood out of an old red flannel petticoat, in which she looked very pretty, and all the neighbors, in admiration, called her Little Red-Riding-Hood. Now, although she was a very good girl, her school-fellows said that Little Red-Riding-Hood had one very naughty little fault, which no girl, little or big, ever had before in any age, of the world: she was vain—just a little vain. They even whispered that she had been known to tie two old brass ear-rings to her ears with bits of cotton, pretending that her ears had been *really* pierced; and that more than once she had made up her dress into an unseemly bunch behind, pretending to have a Grecian bend? One day her mother called to her as she came home from school, and said, "I've been making some cheese-cakes and dough-nuts to-day, and, as I'm afraid your grandmother is ill, you shall take her some of those very digestible articles." She then stuck the bright red hood upon the back of her little girl's head, giving her a big basket full of cakes, and a lecture on the vanity of wearing gaudy colors. Now Little Red-Riding-Hood had a won-



derful little lamb. He did not know how to spell as well as his young mistress, but that he was a clever critic any one could see, for whenever she read the intellectual stories out of her spelling book, he showed his discernment by crying "Bah! bah!" He imitated his mistress and was a vain little lamb. So, when Little Red-Riding-Hood had set out with her cakes, he looked about for some finery for himself, and finding a wolf's skin hanging up in the wardrobe (where, of course, such things always are), he put it on, and concluded that he looked best of all the lambs—*ba*-ing none! On the way to her grandmother's as Little Red-Riding-Hood was trudging along, thinking how nice it must be to be an old lady and ill, with such a big basket of cakes as medicine, the little lamb overtook her looking for all the world like a great ugly wolf. When she saw this horrible sight, thinking it was a real wolf come to gobble up herself and the cakes, she tried to hide her face in the soft part of the stem of a tree, concluding very logically that if she couldn't see the wolf, he couldn't see her. Having waited in this position for two seconds, expecting every moment to hear the wolf give his well known and terrible roar, her patience was naturally exhausted, and

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she turned round fully prepared to scream to any extent. The lamb, upon this, overjoyed at what he thought a recognition, for he thought she had "cut him dead," was so agitated that he could not open his mouth, and so, instead of expressing his feeling vocally, he kicked up his heels and away he went—a merry somersault before the astonished eyes of the little maid. When Little-Red-Riding-Hood saw this strange freak of the terrible beast, she was terribly frightened, and, seeing a street car passing, she concluded it would be better and cheaper to ride, and certainly more pleasant to run the chance of being "taken in" at the hands of a conductor than to be taken in by the jaws of a wolf.

The lamb, however, knowing the geographical fact that two miles by car take just as long as four by foot, resolved to take the nearer way, and get to the old lady's house before Red-Riding-Hood. He set off at full speed, the wolf's head hanging over his shoulder, never heeding whom he might run over in his flight, for he was as careless of other people's comfort and lives as any New York driver. Unfortunately, the ass of



the neighborhood had convened a meeting of the beasts for the purpose of discussing their common rights, and to it he had specially invited the goose, the pig, and other intellectual animals. They had met in a nice little spot in the middle of a wood, near a pool of water, which they thought very convenient, as it would serve to liquefy the eloquence of the speaker who was longest on his legs (probably the giraffe, should he be present), and it might also be an inducement to the duck, who they feared would make some excuse for not attending, and whose presence they particularly wanted, as she was the editor of a weekly paper which in the most delightful way propounded wild theories—for the duck was a “wild” one—about female suffrage, and, at the same time, preached in the most agreeable way the stupidest blasphemy. The goose, who contributed to the “Daily Cackler,” brought his wife, whose delightful little book, entitled “The Way to *shell-out*,” is universally used as a class-book in all schools of chickens, goslings, and young oysters. Mr. Bull had come all the way from Oxford on purpose to attend the meeting; and the hare, the frog, and many other animals, were also present, as well as a very fair gathering of birds. The most extraordinary animal who was there was a rough, wicked-looking school-boy, and no one suspected his presence, for he was hidden behind a tree. This unfortunate youth had a strong and uncommon propensity for applying his tongue to candy and other sweet-stuffs, and his school-master, a most generous and sweet-tempered man, finding him that morning in the very act of committing this dreadful offense, had promised him a “licking” of another sort. The boy, whose parents were very proud of his high spirit—which spirit he showed chiefly by pinching his little sister, running pins through the tails of cockroaches, and annoying every other human being—knowing how vast a difference there is between licking and being licked, resolved, like the highly respectable cashier of the Diddleyou Bank, to abscond before accounts were balanced. Accordingly, considering justly that it was more pleasant to be hiding of his own will among the trees than to receive a hiding at the master’s will in school, he went on a botanizing expedition into the very wood where the congress of beasts was assembled in earnest discussion; the ass, who was chairman, was braying loudly; the pig grunted acquiescence; the goose was applauding; and the ox, on the opposition side, was humming a low tune in defiance, while the boy behind the tree, with a pebble-stone in his hand, prepared to let fly among them. The debate increased in interest, and the noise caused by a discussion between the ass and the owl (who acted as reporter), concerning a *hare-brained* remark from

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one of the smaller beasts, was almost as great as that caused sometimes by human congresses, while their language was certainly of a higher and more intelligible order. How it all might have ended, no one could tell, for at this unfortunate moment the lamb in wolf's clothing came tumbling in, and dissolved the beastly congress before they had passed a single act. Not knowing that it was the "season for lamb," the members, of course, were unprepared to offer any resistance. With unblushing haste the disturber of the peace pursued his way and arrived at the old lady's cottage. Too much agitated by his feelings, he did not wait to knock, but turned his heels to the door and began to kick in style. The old lady was lying in bed, surrounded by bottles and dishes containing physic and other delicacies, and attended by her favorite cat. She (I mean the old lady, not the cat) had once been a beauty, but, of course, as she told little girls, she was never vain: and now in her old age she innocently spent her time in considering by-gone fashions, and sorrowing that she could not use them still. Just as the lamb arrived she had taken up an old volume of the Anglo-Saxon period, called *Harper's Bazar*, to which St. Dunstan used to contribute fancy patterns, and was

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piously thinking of the mutability of all earthly things—especially fashions! Upon hearing the horrible noise, outside, the paper dropped from her hands, and her companion arched his back as if expecting a catastrophe. Meanwhile the lamb, whose garment did not fit well, and who looked in the midst of his exertions like a two-fold and many-legged monster, finding kicking of no avail, determined to try the soft-soap dodge, and began gently to pat at the door. Reassured by this Christian-like sound, the dame instructed her attendant to open the door, and Tom, who, with the exception of a white tie looked as solemn as any flunky, immediately raised the latch, with the greatest gravity. In rushed the disguised lamb, with a most awful countenance. The old lady looked at him through her goggles for a moment, and then fled with a terrific yell, her cat following suit. The lamb, innocently thinking to salute her, had leaped to the bed, upsetting in his haste the physic bottles, dishes, and all; but seeing the door shut behind the old lady, he thought to wind up his day's fun by playing a trick upon his mistress. He first arrayed himself in the old lady's cap and goggles, glancing in the glass with great satisfaction; and then, having fortified himself with a draught from the only unbroken medicine bottle, which was very properly labelled, "Bourbon—Poison," he laid down in the bed, hiding all but the cap beneath the clothes. Soon after this Little Red-Riding-Hood knocked at the door. "Come in," said the lamb, but in such a tone that the little girl thought her grandmother must have made herself ill with too much "physic!" She entered, however, and went up to the bed as usual to kiss the old lady. The lamb pulled down the clothes, disclosing a wolf's head surrounded by a night-cap.

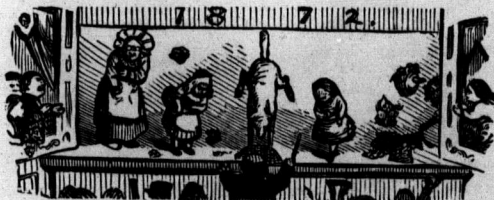


Little Red-Riding-Hood screamed, and would have gone into hysterics, only she was too young to know that that was the proper thing to do. As it was, she ran away, uttering the most piteous screams. At the door, however, she tumbled over her grandmother, who had now mustered up her courage, and was returning armed with her best silver goggles, and protected by Little-toes, her grandchild, and Tom—her only gentle-

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man friend. The three returned to the scene of the tragedy, and there found the terrible wolf transformed into the meekest of lambs, his wolf's skin (to which an extraordinary *tail* was attached) remaining in the bed. Little Red-Riding-Hood, in imitation of her grandmother, began to lecture the lamb on his absurd vanity, which had been the cause of so much trouble and loss, for she had left her cakes in the car; but the old lady, whose spirits had now returned, embraced them all, whereupon the four-footed author of all this confusion repented of his evil deeds, became quite a reformed character, and in proof thereof and of his patriotism, he shed his blood a few months after, if no for the good of his country, at least for the good of his friends.—ALFRED MILLS.



MY MOTHER.



A helpless babe, who nursed me then,
And gave me paregoric when
I wept with pain, till well again?

My Mother.



And when her precious infant smiled,
Who called me "angel," "darling child,"
And laughed and wept in transport wild?

My Mother.



And when the colic vexed me sore,
Who then at midnight walked the floor,
And in her arms her baby bore?

My Mother.



And let me do just what I chose,
And dressed me up in fancy clothes,
And taught me how to wipe my nose?

My Mother.



And watched me still with anxious care,
And washed my face, and curled my hair,
And set me in my little chair?

My Mother.



And who my youthful body bent
Across her knee—oh, sad event!—
And spanked me to her heart's content?

My Mother.



And when I cut my finger, who
Brought salve to soothe and cure it too,
And checked my juvenile boo-hoo?

My Mother.



And when at school I made my way,
Who heard my lessons day by day,
Of Puget Sound and Baffin's Bay?

My Mother.



And when my pony just in play
Ran off, and carried me away,
Who viewed the scene with great dismay?

My Mother.



And when he kicked with all his might,
And threw me higher than a kite,
Who fainted and fell down with fright?

My Mother.



Who gently said it was not right
To set the dog and cat to fight,
Or laugh at such a wicked sight?

My Mother.



Though she is old and all alone,
And I to be a man have grown,
Who calls me still her boy—her own?

My Mother.

G. P. W.

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
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