

LITTLE FRANK'S ⁶
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ALMANACK,
TO SHOW
LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS
THEIR PLAY DAYS.



PORTLAND:
BAILEY & NOYES.

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FRANK says, if I play twelve hours and sleep twelve hours, that is, twenty-four hours, then is a whole day gone; and seven such days make a week; but, Emily does not know the names of all the days, and I shall now teach her on my own plan. So bring your cricket again, Emily, and call these names over after me, that I am going to show you. First, say Sunday Owl—Monday Falcon—Tuesday Quail—Wednesday Hoopoe—Thursday Vulture—Friday Avoset—Saturday Goose. Now look at the pictures

SUNDAY is the first day of
the week.

OWL is the first Bird in our
Book.



The Owl cannot look at the
Sun, and therefore you will
remember he is for Sunday.

This day is also called the
Lord's Day, and the Sab-
bath and the First Day.

MONDAY is the second day
of the week.

FALCON is the second Bird
in our Book.



The Falcon is a hunting
bird and always flies as fast on
Monday, as on other days.

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TUESDAY is the third day
in the week.

QUAIL is the third **Bird**
in our Book.



The Quail is a pretty bird
and is come off her nest on
Tuesday. Now always re-
member the Quail on Tuesday,
because she is next to the Fal-
con.

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WEDNESDAY is the fourth day of the week.

HOOPOE is the fourth bird in our book.



The Hoopoe trims her crest on Wednesday, and wishes to look fine, for this is the middle day of the week, and she is going to a wedding.

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THURSDAY is the fifth day
of the week.
VULTURE is the fifth bird
in our book.



The Vulture gets very hungry by Thursday, and will devour all kinds of dead animals. Thursday afternoon is a Play-Day.

FRIDAY is the sixth day of
the week.

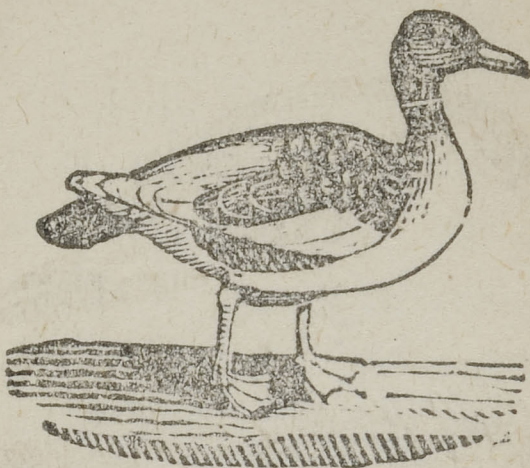
AVOSET is the sixth bird in
our book.



The Avoset lives on fish,
and you see he has a long bill
to catch them. Friday is
fish day, every one loves fri-
ed fish, and all catholics eat
fish on Friday.

www.flibtopol.com.cn SATURDAY is the seventh day of the week.

GOOSE is the seventh bird in our book



The poor Goose may be killed on Saturday, because they want her feathers to put into a bed; and when the bed is made you may lay down, for it is Saturday night, and you are tired.

FRANK now said that his sister must know the names of the Months, and a good way to remember them is by Pictures, as he had shown in the Days of the week. But he told Emily, first, that there were Four Weeks in a Month, —Twelve Months in a Year, and One Hundred Years in a Century—and that the Pictures he was about to show her, would stamp on her memory the order of the Months better than any other method. So my dear Emily, let us go on, beginning at January, and ending at December—and I beg you to be attentive to every thing each Picture says.

First Month. Man and Pitcher

JANUARY.

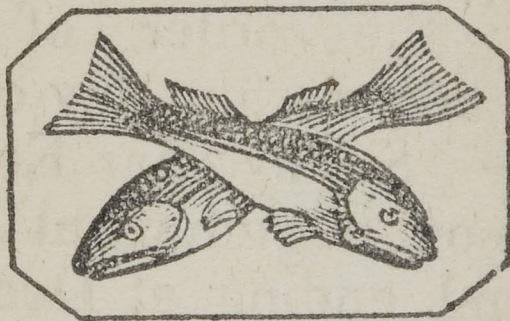


Cold Winter,
and 31 days.

My name is A-qua-ri-us, which is Latin for Waterbearer. I always have water enough in my pitcher when all the rivers are frozen.

Second Month. Two Fishes.

FEBRUARY.



skating,
and 28 days.

Our name is Pis-ces, which means Fishes, and we are plenty in February, whether there be ice or not. Aquarius will give us water enough to swim in.

Third Month. Butting Ram.

MARCH,



windy,
and 31 days.

My name is A-ries, which is Latin for Ram. I was born in March, with a great many brothers and sisters, and so I stand for March.

Fourth Month. Mad Bull.

APRIL,



showers,
and 30 days.

My Latin name is Tau-rus. You see I am a Bull, and was a little Calf in April, which is the month for calves, and that is the reason I stand for April.

Fifth Month. The Twins.

MAY,

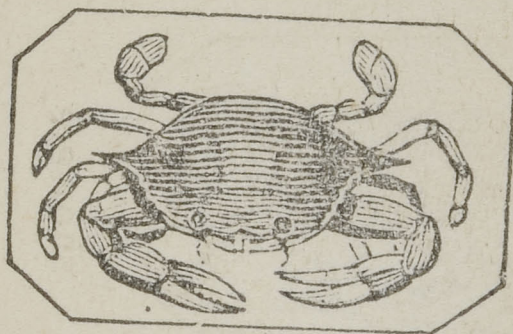


flowers,
and 31 days

They call us Gem-i-ni in Latin, and
Twins in English. You will think of us
when you get two lilachs for Election
Day.

Sixth Month. The Crab.

JUNE,



roses,
and 30 days.

I am called Cancer, or the Crab, and I
can walk backwards as well as forwards,
and in June the earth goes back again
and for that reason I am put for June.

Seventh Month. The Lion.

JULY,



cherries,
and 31 days.

I am Leo, the Lion and I live in Africa, where the air is raging hot, and so I am put here for hot July, which is the Month when the American Eagle soared above the British Lion.

Eighth Month. A Virgin.

AUGUST,

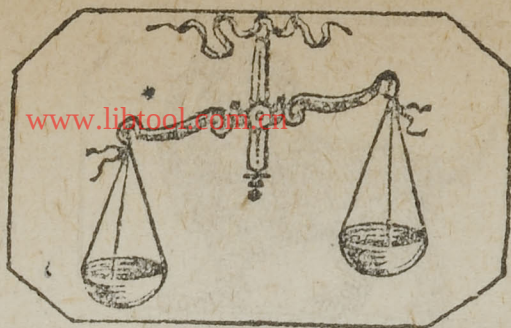


thunder,
and 31 days.

I am miss Virgo, or the Virgin lady, resting myself this warm weather, and I have in my hand some wheat straw from the field.

Ninth Month. Pair of Scales

SEPTEMBER.



fruit,

and 30 days

I am Libra, which means in English, Scales or Balances, and I can only hang even in September, as the days and nights are then equal all the world over.

Tenth Month. A Scorpion.

OCTOBER,



harvest,

and 31 days.

I am Scor-pi-o, the stinging Scorpion, and my poison kills like the sickness of autumn. Columbus discovered America in October.

Eleventh Month. The Archer.

NOVEMBER,



thanksgiving,
and 30 days.

I have a very hard name, but you must try to say Sa-git-ta-ri-us, the Archer, who shot at a ripe apple in November.

Twelfth Month. Capering Goat.

DECEMBER,



christmas,
and 31 days.

I am Ca-pri-cor-nus the Goat, and stand for the last month in the year. Frank offers 12 Boston Picture Books to any who will get his Almanac by heart.

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