LITTLE FRANK'S 6
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 Avozet—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 Sabbath 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.
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 remember the Quail on Tuesday, because she is next to the Falcon.
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.
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 fried fish, and all catholics eat fish on Friday.
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.

My name is A-qu-a-r-i-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.

Our name is Pis-c-es, which means Fish-es, 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.

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.

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 Gemini in Latin, and Twins in English. You will think of us when you get two lilacs 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,

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,

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.

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.

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

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.