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Weekly Almanack.

JANUARY—1832.	SUN Rises.	SUN Sets.	MOON Rises.	FULL SEA.
25 WEDNESDAY - -	7 22	4 38	0 56	4 47
26 THURSDAY - -	7 21	4 39	1 5	5 58
27 FRIDAY - -	7 19	4 41	2 50	7 7
28 SATURDAY - -	7 18	4 42	3 47	8 13
29 SUNDAY - -	7 17	4 4.	4 42	9 10
30 MONDAY - -	7 16	4 44	5 30	9 54
31 TUESDAY - -	7 14	4 4.	6 15	10 35

New Moon 1st, 5h. 51m. evening.

THE GARLAND.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought not a single one of my own but the thread that binds them."

King Alfred's Book.

(From the London Alfred of August 7, 1831.)

"His mighty genius prompted him to undertake a most great and necessary work, which he is said to have executed in as masterly a manner—no less than to remodel the constitution; to rebuild it on a plan that should endure for ages."—*Sir W. Blackstone.*

I saw in a dream, on a summer day,
The tomb where the Saxon Solon lay;
And thither the Prince of the land was led,
With the robe on his shoulder, the crown on his head;
And they bade him draw from its secret nook
The volume of law, King Alfred's Book.

He held the tome in his feeble grasp;
He broke the seals, and he snapped the clasp;
Long years had marred on the dim, dim page,
The treasured truth of the Chief and Sage;—
And whose were the hands that undertook
To write new words in the holy Book?

A laurelled Warrior thither came;
How the deep heart thrilled as they named his name!
He gazed on the volume of right and law,
And he turned away in fear and awe;
Fire-blood and blade he would rather brook
Than stay one page of the time-worn Book.

A Statesman came, and through the crowd,
The murmur of hope was heard aloud;—
"Let him trace but a line, and the peril is o'er,
And the leaves shall sleep where they slept before."
Power and praise his heart forsook,
He turned away from the fearful Book.

Long a lonely dotard stood,
And map the pen in his trembling hand;
He had written a rare bold text, they said,
Ere the white snows fell on his plotting head;
But now he was *Grey*, and his fingers shook
As he scrawled and scrawled on the sacred Book.

"I have brought," quoth a schoolboy, "this ruler of mine,
To rule for the letters a fair straight line,"—
He babbled of parish, he babbled of town,
And the ruler went up, and the ruler went down;
So crooked was never the crookedest crook
As the line he drew on the wondrous Book.

There came a sallow penman now,
With a sneer on his lip, and a scowl on his brow;
So quick was his hand, that you saw at a glance,
He had learned of the cunning scribes of France.
Might for *right* his haste mistook,
And *treason* for *reason* he wrote in the Book.

And there was a schoolmaster, tall and thin,
With a solemn smile on his nose and chin;
He smoothed the leaf, and he mended the pen,
And he rapped the knuckles now and then;
"They scared," quoth he, "the dolts will back,
"Never they read what they write in the Book."

"Oh! write what ye may, or write what ye will,"
Said the cry of a mob from a cotton-mill;
"The words may be grave, and the wit may be good,
But we're building the gallows, and felling the wood;
The bird to the snare, and the fish to the hook,
And a rope for the clerks, and a fire for the Book!"

The Spartan March.

"The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march to battle, because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charge was made to the sound of the Dorian flute, and soft recorders. The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or a rousing impulse. His spirit was, like his steed, too proud for a spur."—*Thirlwall's Greece.*

'Twas morn upon the Grecian hills,
Where peasants dressed their vines;
Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,
And in the rocks and pines.

And lightly through his reeds and flowers
Eurotas wandered by;
When a sound arose from Sparta's towers,
Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunter's clarion strain,
To the woodland roe and fawn?
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array;
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of fearful day.

And the mountain echoes of the land,
Swelled through the deep blue sky;
While, in soft strains, moved forth a band
Of men who moved to die.

They marched not with the trumpet's blast,
Nor rude the horn peal out;
And the laurel groves, as on they passed,
Rang with no battle shout.

They wished no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with impious pride;
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre,
For the sons of Liberty!

And still sweet flutes, their path around,
Sent forth Æolian breath,
They needed not a stern sound
To marshal them for death.

So moved they calmly to the field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,
Or on it proudly borne.

MISCELLANEA.

THE APPARITION.

(CONCLUDED.)

The next morning, the villagers, small and great, were assembled at an early hour to witness the lifting of the body of their late lord, and accordingly the established and dissenting clergymen, and two surgeons, they proceeded to the tomb, and soon extricated the spacious coffin, which they opened with all due caution and ceremony. But instead of the mortal body of their late benefactor, which they expected to find correct to find, there was nothing in the coffin but a layer of gravel, of about the weight of a corpulent man!

The clamour against the new bird then rose all at once into a tumult that it was impossible to check, every one declaring aloud that he had not only murdered their benefactor, but, for fear of the discovery, had raised the body, and given, or rather sold it, to the dissectors. The thing was not to be borne! so the mob proceeded in a body up to Winchobin-Place, to take out their poor deluded lady, and burn the Doctor and his hardly acquired habitation to ashes. It was not till the multitude had surrounded the house that the ministers and two or three other gentlemen could stay them, which they only did by assuring the mob that they would bring out the Doctor before their eyes, and deliver him up to Justice. This pacified the throng; but on inquiry at the hall, it was found that the Doctor had gone off early that morning, so that nothing further could be done for the present.—But the coffin filled with gravel, was laid up in the aisle and kept open for inspection.

Nothing could now exceed the consternation of the simple villagers of Winchobin, at these dark and mysterious events. Business, labour, and employment of every sort, were at a stand, and the people hurried about to one another's houses and mingled together in one heterogeneous mass of theoretical speculation. The smith put his hand to the bellows, but forgot to blow till the fire went out; the weaver leaned on his beam, and listened to the legends of the ghastly tailor. The team stood in the mid furrow, and the thresher a-gaping over his flail; and even the Dominie was heard to declare that the geometrical series of events was increasing by no COMMON measure, and therefore ought to be calculated rather arithmetically than by logarithms; and John Broadcast saw more and more reason for being thankful that he was as he was, and neither a stock nor a stone, nor a brute beast.

Everything that happened was more extraordinary than the last! and the most puzzling of all was the circumstance of the late lord's name; saddle, bridle and all, being off before day the next morning; so that Dr. Davington was obliged to have recourse to his gig, on which he was seen posting away on the road towards Hamburgh. It was thus but too obvious that the ghost of the late lord had risen off on his favourite horse. The Lord only knew whither! for as to that point none of the sages of Winchobin could divine. But their souls grew chill as an iceberg, and their very frames rigid at the thought of a spirit riding away on a brute beast to the place opposite for wicked men. And had not John Broadcast reason to be thankful that he was as he was.

However the outcry of the community became so outrageous, of murder, and foul play in so many ways, that the officers of justice were compelled to take notice of it; and accordingly the Sheriff-substitute, the Sheriff-clerk, the Fiscal, and two assistants, came in two chaises to Winchobin to take a prerogation, and there a court was held which lasted the whole day, at which Mrs. Davington, the late laird's only daughter, all the servants, and a great number of the villagers, were examined on oath. It appeared from the evidence that Dr. Davington had come to the village and set up as a surgeon—that he had used every endeavour to be employed in the family, mainly in vain, as the laird greatly disliked him. That he, however, found means of seducing his only daughter to elope with him, which put the laird quite beside himself, and rendered him and he became drowsy in disposition—that such however, was his affection for his daughter that he caused her to live with him, but would never allow the Doctor to enter his house—that it was an unusual circumstance for the Doctor to be out of his chamber, particularly when the family was in bed and asleep; and that on a certain night when the laird had had company, and was so overcome that he could not rise, it was given out that he had died suddenly of apoplexy; but no other could was seen to touch him, but that he detected sal-ammoniac with the lady, which discovered, though the night that he received that will, competent had not expired. The body was opened the second day after death, and looked up in a low room in one of the wings of the building; and nothing further could be discovered. The Doctor was absent, and it was whispered that he had absconded; indeed it was evident, as the Sheriff-clerk knowledged, that from the evidence taken place only, the most of it had a very suspicious aspect, and he should be obliged to recommit the Doctor. It was proved that he had attempted to bribe the person, that had put the coffin-lid and that at that time the laird was alive in the house.

When it was said to wear night, and nothing further could be learned, the Sheriff-clerk, a quiet consistent gentleman, asked why they had not examined the wright who made the coffin, and also placed the body in it? The thing had not been thought of; but he was found in Court, and instantly put into the witness-box and examined on oath. His name was James Sanderson, a stout-made, hale shrewd-looking man, within a pretty squint. He was examined thus by the Fiscal:—

"Were you long acquainted with the late laird of Winchobin, James?"

"Yes, ever since I left my apprentice lip; for I suppose about nineteen years."

"Was he very much given to drinking of late?"

"I could not say. He took his glass, an hearty."

"Did you ever drink with him?"

"O yes, many a time."

"You must have seen him very drunk then. Did you ever see him so drunk that he could not rise, for instance?"

"O never! for long afore that, I could not have kend whether he was sitting or standing."

"Were you present at the corpse-lifting?"

"Yes; I was."

"And were you certain the body was then deposited in the coffin?"

"Yes; quite certain."

"Did you screw down the coffin-lid firmly then, as you do others of the same make?"

"No, I did not."

"What were your reasons for that?"

"They were no reasons of mine—I did what I was ordered. There were private reasons, which I then wist not of. But, gentlemen, there are some things connected with this affair, which I am bound in honour not to reveal—I hope you will not compel me to divulge them at present."

"You are bound by a solemn oath, James, which is the highest of all obligations; and for the sake of justice you must tell every thing you know and it would be better if you would tell your tale straight forward without the interruption of question and answer."

"Well, then, since it must be so. That day I the coffin, the Doctor took me aside, and says to me, 'James Sanderson, it will be necessary that something be put into the coffin to prevent any unpleasant flavour before the funeral; for owing to the corpulence and inflated state of the body to apoplexy, there will be great danger of this.' 'Very well, sir,' says I—'what shall I bring?'

"'You have to bring only screw down the lid hastily on your own' and if you could bring a little of quick lime a little white lime, and pour it over the body especially over the face, it is a very good thing an excellent thing for preventing any disagreeable effluvia from escaping.'

"'Very well, sir,' says I; and so I followed his directions. I procured the lime; and as I was to come privately in the evening to deposit it in the coffin in company with the Doctor alone, I was putting off the time in my workshop to finish some trifle, and hinder my from that I could not and my heart to take my leave of friend with quickness, even after he was dead, when, to my unspeakable horror, who should enter my workshop but the identical laird himself, dressed in his dead clothes in the very same manner in which I had seen him laid in the coffin! and approaching all streaming in blood to the feet. I was rooted against a cart-wheel, and was going to cry out, but could not; and he stood straight in the door, as he was so like to speak to Lucia a house-breaking voice, and he spoke to me as follows:—

"'James Sanderson, I have been forced to appear to you in a —— and blasphemous.' These were the very first words it spoke; and they were far true being a lie, but I laughs dreadful to myself, that a being in such circumstances might have spoke with a little more caution and decency. I could make no answer, for my tongue refused all attempts at articulation, and my lips would not come together; and all I could do was to lie back against my new cart-wheel, and hold up my hands as a kind of defence. The ghastly and blood-stained apparition, advancing a step or two, held up both its hands flying with dead ruffles, and cried to me in a still more frightened voice, 'O my faithful old friend! I have been murdered! I am a murdered man, Jamie Sanderson! and if you do not assist me in bringing the wretch to a due retribution, you will be —— to hell, sir.'

"'This is sheer raving, James,' said the Sheriff interrupting him. 'These words can be nothing but the ravings of a disturbed and heated imagination. I entreat you to recollect that you have appealed to the great Judge of heaven and earth for the truth of what you assert here, and to answer accordingly.'

"'I know what I am saying, my Lord Sheriff,' said Sanderson; 'and am telling naething but the plain truth, as nearly as my state of mind at the time permits me to recollect. The appalling figure approached still nearer and nearer to me; breathing threatenings if I would not rise and fly to its assistance, and swearing like a sergeant of dragoons at both the Doctor and myself. At length it came so close on me, that I had no other shift but to hold up both feet and hands to shield me, as I had seen lerons do when knocked down by a goosehawk, and I cried out; but even my voice failed me, so that I only cried like one through his sleep.'

"'What the devil are you lying gaping and braying at there?' said he, seizing me by the wrists, and dragging me after him. 'Do you not see the paint I am on, and why won't you succour me?'

"'I now felt to my great relief, that this terrific apparition was a being of flesh, bones, and blood, like myself; that, in short, it was indeed my laird. On this the laird popped out of his upper coat and came over to pay me an evening visit, but certainly in such a guise as earthly visits was never paid. I soon recovered up my scattered senses, took my laird out of friend into my room, bathed him all over, and washed him well in lukewarm water; then put him in a warm bed, gave him a glass or two of warm punch, and he came round amazingly. He caused me to survey his neck a hundred times I am sure, and I had no doubt that he had been strangled, for there was a purple ring round it, which in some places was thick, and a little swollen; his voice croaked like a door-hinge, and his features were still distorted. He swore terribly at both the Doctor and myself; but nothing put him half so mad as the idea of the quicklime being poured over him, and particularly over his face. I am inclined to think experiment does not serve him for a theme of execration as long as he lives.'

"'So he is that alive, you say?' asked the Fiscal.

"'O yes, sir! alive and tolerably well, considering. We two have had several bottles together in my quiet room; for I have still kept him concealed, to see what the Doctor would do next. He is in terror for him somehow, until sixty days be over from some debts that he owes of, and seems assured that that dog will have his life by hook or crook, unless he can arrest him in the alleged debtors, and he is absent on that business to-day. One night lately when fully half seven, he set off to the school-house, and fright-ed the urchins, and last night he went up to the wains, and gave old Broadcast a drubbing for not keeping his mare well enough.

"'It appeared that some shaking motion in the coffin-lid had brought him to himself, after breathing, apparently both at mouth and nose; that he was in a state of terror ever he knew how he had been disposed of, and was quite sick, he lay on the open coffin on his grave-clothes, and thought he was in the grave. He flew to the door, but it was locked outside; he rapped thrice on your something, but there was no answer, he was removed from any inhabited part of the house, and none regarded. So he set to work, and at last got open the window, and come through the grate, and found the back hanging to my workshop. And as I had got out to bring a bare-scull, or pickaxe, I went over in the moonlight with a spade full of heavy gravel, as much as I could carry, and a little white lime sprinkled on the top of it, and I let in to the Doctor, I dropped that in the coffin, as I crawled down the lid, and I let it, and the funeral followed in due course, the whole of which the laird viewed from my window, and I gave the Doctor a hearty cursing for daring to support his head and tip it in the grave. And this, post-cousin, is the sum-total of what I know concerning this uncommon affair, which is, I think, quite sufficient. The laird found me to secrecy, until such time as he could bring matters to a proper head as for securing of the Doctor; but as you have to-day a-thinking me you must stand my surety, and answer the charges against me.'

The laird arrived that night with proper authority and a number of officers, to have the Doctor, his son-in-law, taken in custody; but the laird had flown; and from that day forth he was never seen, so as to be ever sold or scathed. The laird lived many years after that; and though in the thoughts of the quiet time doubtless in great dread, yet from that time he never suffered himself to get *quite* drunk, lest some one should have taken it into his head to hang him, and he not know any thing about it. The Dominie afterwards said that it was impracticable to calculate what might happen in humour affairs as to square the circle, which could only be effected by knowing the ratio of the circumference to the radius. For shoeing horses, vending news and a certain paper publishments, the smith to this day just beats the crack. And old John Broadcast is as thankful to heaven as ever that things are as they are.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORY.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

The favorite tone of parliamentary oratory is essentially conversational: the House has a great love for the extempore, a great abhorrence of the prepared. Yet this is a schoolboy feeling, and a preference of the smart and clever to the profound and legislative. Information deeply headed, boldly arranged, and carefully and logically hurled forth, may not chew so much readiness in the speaker as a sharp personal repartee; but it is infinitely more creditable to the talents of the speaker, infinitely more honorable to the character of a deliberative assembly, and above all, infinitely more useful to the country. There is a great leaning in favor of a man who speaks not his own opinions only, but the opinions of a particular class. This, when Hunt came into the House, the Reporters of the newspapers, was a decided inclination to hear him, not only as an orator, but as the orator of the mob. With a [illegible] and a little more activity, he might have obtained, from the [illegible] a certain distinction in the House. But he [illegible]—Never was there so remarkable a mind—Yet from the [illegible] of [illegible] from the [illegible] of receiving a slave and dry discussion, with a cool and [illegible] story about the Times newspaper, or his early life, or his wife's maid-servant, or his driving about London lodging in a cabriolet chaise, he is hailed upon as a sort of relief from wisdom; and what is despised as buffoonery is welcomed as eloquence.

One of the most remarkable things that excite the surprise of a new member, is the difference between a parliament in the House and a reputation out of it. They go to receive the closest attention, and the most [illegible] in the House, which [illegible] country. [illegible] is supposed to be the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] past [illegible] to Mr. Wayne, the praises accorded to Mr. Atwood. He would be yet more surprised if he heard the speakers for the first time, and believe he himself was [illegible] with the spirit of the House. But it is not the one speech, it is the general character of many speeches that obtain for such members the ear of the House; a knowledge of detail, a shrewd acuteness of reply, a particular fact, or a particular application of sincerity—all these often evinced, insensibly create a reputation with which the Public, judging only by single speeches, often ill-delivered, and therefore misreported, are thoroughly unable to sympathise. But the most remarkable instance of this difference between distinction in parliament and celebrity in the country, is Sir Robert Peel. Individually and [illegible] no man so thoroughly moulds and plays with the House. He begins, "Mr. Speaker," and in his first sentence you perceive you are surrounding [illegible] ter among the rulers. And in truth it is [illegible] possible to conceive so intellectual [illegible] His elocution is incomparably clear and [illegible] tones of persuasion, of [illegible] the stage. His method of reply, his [illegible] into the weak parts of his [illegible] bringing dead to work against a principle and a principle against a detail; his habit of seizing a truth on which he chooses to present his case, and then of [illegible] with the [illegible] never [illegible] few men in the House of Commons [illegible] greatest pains with his speeches. [illegible] most; [illegible] tice and almost study. His [illegible] his hair, the wave of his hand, are [illegible] fruit of [illegible] where [illegible] never [illegible] House what Young is to the Stage!

Of all literary men, the one who has [illegible] thoroughly interpreted over every obstacle, is Mr. Macaulay. With his great reputation—entering the House [illegible] manner, as a stranger and [illegible] party, so much was expected from him that he was [illegible] was for [illegible]. His speeches were, it is true, elaborate and praised at the moment, but many [illegible] the next day. Some said it was [illegible] others the contrary. Now they were [illegible] and now they were too elaborate in manner. It is only within the last few months, only from his speeches on Reform, that he has fairly battled his way to a reputation a mission to the high and proud [illegible] his genius—his profound and [illegible] grasp of mind—his generous and [illegible] view—his [illegible] practical vigor of [illegible] from the first. But then, Mr. Macaulay [illegible] than the literary man—he was [illegible] and long experience [illegible] House.

DEATH OF BISHOP PETERSON.—On Monday [illegible] noon, a Sermon was delivered in Christ Church, by Bishop Peterson [illegible] ty. The Bishop [illegible] for this benevolent purpose [illegible] the same affection. Early in [illegible] Gospel was opened [illegible] upwards of a hundred persons [illegible] tions, the chapel was crowded to [illegible] vice the bishop [illegible] congregation, [illegible] Protestants, [illegible] discourse. He [illegible] subject—"[illegible] the Lord will never [illegible] in the course [illegible] to the [illegible] "Thanks to [illegible] the day has now [illegible] sacrificing fellow [illegible] stant or Catholic." In another [illegible] he said "Let your years be [illegible] of that wealth which purchaseth—not your [illegible] sed by the pattering of the blind [illegible] soon pass away. You [illegible] again before the tribunal of the Sovereign [illegible] an account of the use which we have made of the Ministry of this world; and [illegible] main except what we shall have employed in works of charity, and in relieving the [illegible] of the distressed." Towards the close of his discourse, which lasted about three quarters of an hour, his voice became [illegible] to falter. He finished, however, with a warm [illegible] gism of the Infirmary; and enforced the [illegible] contributing to the relief and [illegible] though now and on a bed of [illegible] haps seen better days. He left [illegible] one o'clock. On entering the vestry he [illegible] phrased of a violent pain in his head. A few minutes afterwards, he exclaimed, "O God! am dying! O God, have mercy on my soul." In about five minutes he became speechless. A [illegible] who was born [illegible] coffee, bled [illegible] this afflicted him so [illegible] The [illegible] rites of the Church, and at [illegible] o'clock, he expired—[illegible] the humane and philanthropic [illegible] relief of the afflicted. His remains were conveyed in a hearse to Mr. [illegible] and even at that [illegible] gentlemen, of various [illegible] the mourning vehicle, exhibiting every demonstration of regard and respect.—*Dublin [illegible]*

The following [illegible] June 1, 1831.—"[illegible] ly but this season [illegible] prevailed in [illegible] dian, or recently [illegible] from my regiment [illegible] cal off [illegible] dark. The [illegible] by large [illegible] low for some [illegible] of chapels, [illegible] who in remote [illegible] cumstances [illegible] ment, was [illegible] fellow for some [illegible] a party [illegible] over the Mountains [illegible] in the course [illegible] to the [illegible] "Thanks to [illegible] the day has now [illegible] sacrificing fellow [illegible] stant or Catholic." In another [illegible] he said "Let your years be [illegible] of that wealth which purchaseth—not your [illegible] sed by the pattering of the blind [illegible] soon pass away. You [illegible] again before the tribunal of the Sovereign [illegible] an account of the use which we have made of the Ministry of this world; and [illegible] main except what we shall have employed in works of charity, and in relieving the [illegible] of the distressed." Towards the close of his discourse, which lasted about three quarters of an hour, his voice became [illegible] to falter. He finished, however, with a warm [illegible] gism of the Infirmary; and enforced the [illegible] contributing to the relief and [illegible] though now and on a bed of [illegible] haps seen better days. He left [illegible] one o'clock. On entering the vestry he [illegible] phrased of a violent pain in his head. A few minutes afterwards, he exclaimed, "O God! am dying! O God, have mercy on my soul." In about five minutes he became speechless. A [illegible] who was born [illegible] coffee, bled [illegible] this afflicted him so [illegible] The [illegible] rites of the Church, and at [illegible] o'clock, he expired—[illegible] the humane and philanthropic [illegible] relief of the afflicted. His remains were conveyed in a hearse to Mr. [illegible] and even at that [illegible] gentlemen, of various [illegible] the mourning vehicle, exhibiting every demonstration of regard and respect.—*D[illegible]*

MR. GIRARD'S WILL.

Poulson's (Philadelphia) Advertiser gives the following extract of the will:—

It gives to the Pennsylvania Hospital, subject to the payment of an annuity of $250 to a female slave, whom he sets free, [illegible]

To the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, 20,000.

To the Orphans' Asylum, $10,000.

To the Contributors of the Public Schools, 10,000.

To the City Corporation, to be invested, and the interest to be applied annually in the purchase of Wood for the Poor, $10,000.

To the Society of Ship Masters, $10,000.

To the Free Masons Lodge, $20,000.

For a School to be erected in the township of Passyunk for private children [illegible]

Sundry Legacies to Individuals, amounting to [illegible]

Several Annuities amounting to about 4,000.

To the City of New Orleans, [illegible] acres of improved Land in the territory of Mississippi, and

One tenth of 50,000 acres of unimproved Land in the same territory.

To the City of Philadelphia the remaining two [illegible] of the said undivided lands. [This land is said to be worth [illegible]

Other City of Philadelphia, Stock in the Schuylkill Navigation Company [illegible] [Worth in the market [illegible]

[illegible] Bank and its [illegible]

[illegible] City Loan [illegible] the interest to remain [illegible]

[illegible] real and personal, (no [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Tuesday [illegible] Executors of his will—Timothy Paxson, Thomas P. Cope, Joseph Roberts, Wm. J. Leaming, John A. Barclay.

The habits of Mr. Girard were exclusively those of the man of business. He had no pleasures, but in the performance of active duties; always to be found busy in his counting room, or travelling on his farm, for he was also a lover of Agriculture; feeding his own cattle, cutting his own hay, and even his stewards his attention to the culture of a vegetable garden, the produce of which he caused to be cooked in his conduct. His usual dinners were also of the most choice [illegible] But in his house, or in his walks the touch of Midas was turned into gold; and fruits, [illegible] horses, hay, Peach, and all, [illegible] in his hip.—[illegible] it was his peculiar [illegible] over [illegible] house to [illegible] of his [illegible] to the Grass-[illegible] public works of [illegible]

[illegible]—[illegible] the natural state of water, [illegible] the [illegible] why water in the tubes [illegible] which it is contained, [illegible] open one, is here [illegible] water, and therefore occupy more [illegible] inch of water, which [illegible] with [illegible] to the [illegible] Or is [illegible] Water [illegible] [illegible] City Inn [illegible] the interest to remain [illegible] real and personal, (no [illegible] [illegible] Tuesday [illegible] Executors of his will—Timothy Paxson, Thomas P. Cope, Joseph Roberts, Wm. J. Leaming, John A. Barclay.

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[illegible] Hydrogen—[illegible] the natural state of water, [illegible] the [illegible] why water in the tubes [illegible] which it is contained, [illegible] open one, is here [illegible] water, and therefore occupy more [illegible] inch of water, which [illegible] with [illegible] to the [illegible] Or is [illegible] Water [illegible]

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