

Central Library of Rochester and Monroe County

Historic Newspapers Collection

[From the *Alexandrian*.]
THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.
On a hillock's declining descent,
Was the grave of the murderer made:
And the shadows of night to his ob-
 ques lent
A dark enveloping shade.
No grave of a Christian was near
The spot where the man-slayer lay :
Nor mourner was there to bedew with a
 tear,
His features of motionless clay;
For justice to him had awarded her
 doom,
And vengeance had given a premature
 tomb.

For him was no hearse of the dead,
Enshrouded with mantle of black,
But obscure and unnoticed, homicide's
 head
To the dust of the earth was sent
 back.
From the scaffold of death he was
 brought,
In his coffin, unmourned and alone;
And the spot where he moulders is lone
 and unsought,
With the flower of the night over-
 grown;
And rank weeds overspread the unsanc-
 tified ground,
Where in loneliness rises the murderers
 mound.

The night wind in tempest and storm
Howled over the desolate spot,
On the eve when in death the dark ho-
 micide's form,
Was interred—in its darkness to rot.
No sound of a requiem bell,
Was heard to resound through the
 air,

But the notes of the bird of the evening
 fell,
As the corpse was deposited there;
And the Heavens in wrathfulness dar-
 kened and frowned,
And thunders and lightnings were crush-
 ed around.

And shunned and avoided by all,
Is the grave of the dark homicide;
Tho' the angel of mercy wept tears for
 his fall,
When his soul was in guiltiness dyed,
He fell unrepentant—accrue;
Abandoned to guilt and despair;
And his body shall crumble, and moul-
 der to dust,
But his spirit shall wander—Oh
 where?

In the regions of deed irredeemable
 pain,
While an endless eternity's ages remain.

ABELLINO.

[From the *Franklin Gazette*.]
**THE ORGANIST AND BELLOWS
BLOWER.**

Within a certain church there were two
 fellows:
One played the organ, t'other blew the
 bellows,
The morning service decently gone
 through,
Sir, said the fellow, who the bellows
 blew,
"Well, Mr. organist, we played, quite
 well."
We, Mr. bellows blower, let me tell
You, that 'tis far beyond my power to
 see,
Why you should have th' assurance to
 say we—
I am the only player." "Well, good
 bye—
And in the afternoon again we'll try,
The afternoon arrived, and after dinner,
Within the church assembled many a
 sinner.
The parson read the psalm, the time was
 given,
The player touched the keys, but graci-
 ous heaven,
No sound was heard! save "blow you
 rascal blow,"
"Say we, and then I will—I'll let you
 know
That you can't play a note, depriv'd of
 me."
"We, then, we, blast you, blow away,
 we, we."
The bellows blower being satisfied,
With care & industry the bellows plied;
The organist with wonderous skill and
 art;
Through all the services performed his
 part
And owned for all, of high and low de-
 gree,
Twas just and right, and proper to say
 we;
That no one is of others independent,
You have my tale and moral—here's
 the end o't.

[From the *Missionary*.]

Gentlemen—The following
little incident was copied from
the journal of a friend, travel-
ing in one of the middle states.
If you deem it worth a place
in your paper, I shall be amply
compensated for the trouble o'
transcribing it.

Yours, Z.

Just as I was about to order
my horse, a funeral procession
was observed approaching the
inn, and I determined to wait
till it should have passed. The

landlord in the mean time infor-
med me with a look of pain
somewhat more solemn than the
one with which he welcomed me
to his house, that the earth was
about to receive the remains of
a man who had seen "a great
deal of worldly trouble," and
gave me in a few words the history
of the deceased. He had long
been an inhabitant of the
neighborhood, and was equally
distinguished for his honest in-
dustry and misfortunes. Within
a few years he had committed
to the tomb a wife and chil-
dren—all he ever had, and his
only kindred at the time of his
decease, was an aged father,
who was dependent on his son's
support against the infirmities
which eighty winters had been
accumulating and who was now
made childless. I became interested
in the scene, and as the melancholy
procession approached, I observed to tering behind the bier, the afflicted and
venerable father. His white
locks contrasted mournfully with
his "sable suit of wo" and made
an impression on my mind,
which can never be obliterated.
The furrows which the hand of
time had carved in his face were
deep and many, but his look
seemed not a look of sorrow al-
one—I tho't I saw an expression
of resignation placidly beaming
from a countenance which
seemed the index of a mind too
strong and too well fortified by
some mighty principle, to bend
or break beneath the severest
trials, the keenest misfortunes
of the world. Almost in struc-
tively I mingled in the mournful
group, and proceeded to the
church yard, which was but a
little distance from the inn. The
corpse was decently and respect-
fully interred, and the friendly
neighbors were about retiring,
when the aged father stepped to
the head of the grave, with a
trembling hand uncovered his
silvery locks, and after a mo-
ment's hesitation, thus addressed
them—"My neighbors & friends
I give you many thanks for the
kindness you have this day
shown me—you have rendered
many such before, but you can
never receive from these lips
another expression of gratitude
for like attentions—I have no
more friends to bury. God, in
his all wise providence has ta-
ken to himself the last of his
race, and I know not another
being on earth in whose veins
my blood is coursing—all, all
are beneath these clods! and
in a few short days my own head
shall be as low as theirs. O! I
have known affliction! but the
hand that afflicted has sup-
ported, and I have rejoiced even in
my adversity. O God! I thank
thee for the blissful assurance
that I mourn not without hope
—Something tells me I shall
meet where death cannot intrude
all whom I have loved so ten-
derly on earth—and this assur-
ance is a recompence which ten
thousand times compensates for
all my trials, all my lossess here,
I am childless—friendless—I
have no kindred to close these
eyes that begin to gaze faintly on
earthly objects. But my neces-
sities are few, and I shall soon
cease to want—I shall soon be
with thee, my son, in thy cold
and narrow house—My son!"
my son!"—Here he dropped
upon his knees, and raised his
clasped hands, as if offering a
silent prayer to Heaven. I turned
away my head, overcome by a scene so affecting. I had
not then known sorrow—I was
young, and gay, and thoughtless; the world before me seemed a
garden of flowers, thro' which
I fondly hoped to wander, un-
disturbed by care, unaffected by
misfortune, untouched by suffering—but I felt, feebly and de-
cipient as that old man appeared

bowed down to the earth as he
was about to close his
eyes forever on the world—I felt
that most gladly would I have
exchanged my own condition
for his: All my hopes, all my
pleasures, all the golden dreams
of uncontrolled fancy would I
have cheerfully given to have
possessed that exalted faith,
meekness and resignation which
shone from his countenance,
stamped as it was by the foot-
steps of age, and beaten as it ap-
peared by the chilling blasts of
misfortune. My imagination
was wandering from every idea
associated with earthly things,
and I know not how soon I sh'd
have recalled my roving senses,
had I not been aroused by the
sudden exclamation of the spec-
tators. I turned my head to the
grave—the body of the old man
was lying extended upon it; &
the sun of that day threw his
departing beams upon the graves
of the FATHER AND THE SON.

A CRUEL FAIR ONE.

Perhaps a more wanton ex-
posure of the life of a brave
man, has never occurred, than
in the following instance: In
the reign of Francis I. M. de
Lorges, a man of great merit
paid his addresses for a consider-
able time to a young lady, by
whom he was favourably received.
The lovers were present at the
fight of Lions, given on some
great occasion by the mon-
arch. The lady, with a hid-
eous degree of levity, folly and
cruelty, threw her glove into the
arena, and told her lover, if his
affections for her was sincere,
he must go and bring it to her.
Without a moment's hesitation,
he undauntedly descended, put
his cap over one hand, and took
his sword in the other. Very
fortunately the Lions made no
attempt to molest him; and he
was therefore enabled to obey
the hard-hearted fair one with-
out injury. When he returned,
he threw the glove at her with
a high degree of resentment for
the wanton and unfeeling manner
in which she had exposed
his life to such eminent hazard.
He never renewed his suit.

A middle-aged gentleman
paid his addresses to a very
young Lady, but when he asked
her in marriage he was refus-
ed. Having acquainted a neigh-
bouring clergyman of his dis-
appointment, he received the fol-
lowing laconic scriptural an-
swer:—"You ask and receive
not, because you ask a Miss."

A nobleman was accustomed
to examine bills and accompts
with great rigour, even to pence
and farthings, and was often rid-
iculed on this score by an intimate
friend. But this friend falling
into accidental and un-
merited distress, was surprised
with the receipt of two bank
notes of 1000l. each in the fol-
lowing laconic epistle:—"The
farthings you have so often
laughed at enable me to lend
you the enclosed which you will
return at your own convenience."

A person at a public house
observing an iron fore-stick and
a stone back log exclaimed
loudly to the servant to bring a
bundle of nail rods by way of
kindling.

A lady in France was riding
in the forest of Creci, and be-
ing out of sight of her servants
was attacked by two robbers,
one of whom stood with a pis-
tol before her, and the other be-
hind. She, with an air of cour-
age, pretended to draw a pistol
from the holsters of her saddle.
The fellows immediately fired,
but, fortunately, in such a di-
rection that they were both shot
dead, and the lady escaped.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Post-Office, Roc-
ester N. Y. 31st Dec. 1820.

Henry Adams, Jeduthom Adams,
Samuel R. Alden, Fred. W. Atwater,
Clement Bliss, Tolcott Brown,
Daniel Budd, Jan. Bates,
Daniel A. Blood, Riley Barnes,
Joseph Bullock, Clark Baker,
Joseph Brinstwood, William Billings,
Terry Burns, John Bingham,
Drusilla Castle, Anna Colby,
Harriet Cook, William Cook,
Lyman Cook, Jarad Carter,
Charles Clayton, Benjamin Cole,
Mathew Dimic, Aaron Estay,
Zoeth Eldridge, Alven S. French,
Abraham Finkins, Jacob Fowle,
Moses Fish, Mary Glover
Lyman Granger, Samuel Gelston,
Lavinia Gilbert, R. & H. L. Hall,
John Gurner, Jonathan Higgins,
Elias Hubbard, Charles Harford,
Reuben Hecox, William Jameson,
Lyman Hawley, James Johnson,
Hannah M. Hall, James Johnson,
Thomas Jameson, Pamela Knidin,
Lyman Loomis, Timothy H. Lewis,
Seymour Lewis, Aaron Lay,
Sylvanus Lathrop, Charles Magne,
Jesse Moore, Leavitt Munson,
Daniel Morgan, Edward Money,
Jonathan Metcalf, Oliver Noble,
Joseph P. Neeham, Fullam Perry,
McMannus Patt, R. W. Patterson,
Seth Pope, William Porter,
Daniel Peterson, David Reynolds,
James Patterson, Elias Streiter,
John Rogers, H. H. Schoonmaker,
Levi Reynolds, Jacob See,
Eliza Sterns, Elsey Swisey,
William Stauburgh, Ira Stow,
Levey Stevens, Ira Stuerlie,
Cyrus Smith, Joseph Spencer,
Auseil Tuthill, Lovode Tisdale,
Lovel Thomas, George Thomas,
Poty Thomosa, Daniel Thurstin,
Ira G. Upson, Jeremiah York,
Jonat. a. Watrous, Peletiah West,
Ephraim Whitney, Jesse Wolcott,
David Wager, Mrs. Webster,
Jeese Wilson, Rebecca Williams,
Susannah Warren,

Persons calling for the above letters
will please say they are advertised, as
they are kept separate from other letters.
A. REYNOLDS, P. M.

LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office of Clyde
Jan'y. 1st 1821.

Jonathan J. Green, Elisha Inman,
Mary Colville.

E. B. STRONG, P. M.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers and their associates
give notice that they will petition
the Legislature at their next session to
erect a new County from parts of Niag-
ara and Genesee counties, comprising
the following towns and part of a town
to wit. The towns of Porter, Lewiston,
Niagara, Cambria, Wilson, Hartland &
Royalton, in the County of Niagara, and
the towns of Ridgeway, Shelby, Barrie
Gaines, Murray, and all that part of
Sweden, that lies west of the west Tri-
angular line in the county of Genesee.

SAMUEL B. MOREHOUSE,
DANIEL WASHBURN,
SAMUEL MAPES,
BENJAMIN BARLOW, Jr.
JOSEPH JUDSON,
OTIS TURNER,
ALMON H. MILLARD,
THEODORE H. CHAPIN,
DEXTER P. SPRAGUE,
ISRAEL MURDOCK,
JOHN LEWIS,
COMFORT JOY.
Dated Dec. 23, 1820.

HAT STORE.



WM HAYWOOD,

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS his
friends and the public, that he car-
ries on the Hatting business in this vil-
lage one door, south of Messrs. Abn.
Plumb & Co's Store where he will keep
on hand a good assortment of well fin-
ished Hats, warranted equal in style and
quality, to any manufactured in this
state.

He flatters himself that by industry
and attention to business, he shall merit
and receive a share of public patronage.
CASH paid for all kinds of Hatting

Lansingburgh Academy.

The public are informed that
this Seminary will be open the
second day of January next, on
a system which has been recent-
ly tested by experience, and
which is believed to unite the
most valuable principle in the
theory of education, with the
most solid improvement in the
art. This improvement con-

sists in a more thorough orga-
nation of the Teachers' depart-
ments, and a more perfect clas-
sification of the students. The
Trustees, aided by a generous
subscription, and prompted by
the conviction that a good
academy is more easily sup-
ported than a poor one, have erected
in the same vicinity two large and
commodious buildings to be occu-
pied as a Classical and Com-
mercial Academy. Besides the
classical and commercial depart-
ments, there is a chapel-hall, com-
munity room, and a hall for
Students in weekly and quar-
terly exercises. The Studen-
ts will be arranged, for the depart-
ments, in two classes, accord-
ing to the ultimate design of the
education, but may be trans-
ferred from one department to
another, according to their im-
mediate requirements.

The Classical School is
consist of Students in the
Greek and English Classics,
including such English Stud-
ies as are auxiliary to the cl-
assical course. The Commer-
cial School is to comprise all ot
Students who are pursuing E-
nglish studies, or qualify
themselves for the mercantile
or any other professional bus-
ness. Hence this department
not limited to the mere studie
of a Common English Academ
but is extendsd to the higher
branches of a polite commercial
education, including political e-
conomy and the elements of
law.

By thus enlarging the Insti-
tution, and procuring a perma-
nent professor in the English depart-
ment, the Trustees have
only given expression to the
sense of the whole community,
as to the paramount importance
of elevating the standard of
English education; for it is to
be lamented, that the most es-
sential parts of a mercantile ed-
ucation, generally remain to be
acquired, by young gentlemen,
after entering into business.

The professors are well qual-
ified, by education and experi-
ence, for the duties of their sta-
tions, and will be aided by the
Trustees, in arranging the stud-
ies and conducting the exam-
inations. Measures will be taken
to maintain an efficient and uni-
form discipline, and students
will receive attention to their
manners, morals, and religious
principles, as well as to their
progress in science and litera-
ture.

It is needless to suggest to the
Public, that the village of Lan-
singburgh, for local advantages,
natural scenery, for easy
communication by land and wa-
ter, and above all, for the salu-
bility of its air, and the health
of its inhabitants, may chal-
lenge a comparison with any
other village in this state or the
United States.

RATES OF TUITION.

For the Latin & Greek
Classics, and the com-
mon studies in Col-
leges, including History,
Philosophy, Chemistry,
Geometry, Navigation & Surveying,
Political Economy, &
the Elements of Law,
(per quarter,) \$5

For the common Acad-
emic Studies, comprising
Grammar, Rhetoric,
Geography, Pen-
manship, Arithmetic,
and Book-keeping, \$1 50

Reading, Writing, com-
mon arithmetic, Mur-
ray's Grammar abrid-
ged, and Cumming's
small Geography, \$3 00

Board may be had, in respec-
table families, from \$1 75 to \$2
per week.

By order of the Trustees,
Samuel Blatchford, Pre