

Kinderhook Herald.

"QUID VERUM ATQUE DECENS, CURO ET ROGO."

Vol. I.]

KINDERHOOK, N. Y. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1826.

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TERMS OF THE HERALD.

THE Herald will be issued from the office at two dollars per annum, payable half yearly. Papers will not be discontinued until all arrears shall have been paid, except at the discretion of the editor.

Advertisements inserted upon the usual terms, and those which are sent without orders, will be inserted until forbid.

Letters to the editor must be post paid.

PRINTING

Of Pamphlets, Handbills, Cards, Justices' and Attorneys' Blanks, &c. &c. executed in good style at the shortest notice.

KINDERHOOK BOOK-STORE.

THE proprietor of the "Herald," having opened a Book and Stationery Store, in the room adjoining the Printing-Office, in the village of Kinderhook, offers for sale the following among other books, which will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms:

Historical, Poetical, &c.

Rollin's An't History, Josephus's Works, Palfy's Works, Byron's Works, Chesterfield's Letters, Burn's Works, Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words, Goldsmith's Works, Pope's Works, Beauties of Shakespeare, American Revolution, Reid on the Mind, Beauties of Watts, Life of Washington, Life of Wallace, Phillips's Speeches, Sporting Anecdotes, History of the Pirates, Dictionary of Wonders, Man of Feeling, Domestic Cookery, Musica-Sacra, or Hasting's Psalm and Hymn tunes, Speeches of the different Governors to the Legislatures of the state of New-York, (just published), Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Spectator, Shakespeare's Works, Domestic Encyclopedia, Works of Fiction.

Man of Feeling, Knickerbocker's New-York Crusaders, Madeline, a Tale, Foresters, Sir Andrew Wylie, John Bull in America, Pilot, My Uncle Thomas, The Recluse, Juliana Oakley, St. Ursula's Convent, Scottish Chiefs, Romance of the Forest, Blair's Lectures, in full and abridged, Blair's Philosophy, Tyler's History, Pike's Arithmetical, full and abridged, Daboll's Arithmetical, Playfair's Euclid, Day's Algebra, Flint's Surveying, Conversations on Chemistry, Hedges' Logic, Murray's Grammar, in full and abridged, Murray's Reader, Murray's Sequel, Morse's Geography & Atlas, Woodbridge's Geography with Atlas, Cumming's and Willett's do.

Stationary, &c.

BLANK BOOKS of various kinds, ruled and drawing paper, letter paper, foolscap do., ready made ink and ink powder, Holland quills, common do., ink-stands, wafers, sealing-wax, pens, pencils, slates and slate pencils, India rubber, sponges, &c. &c. Also, a great variety of

TOY BOOKS.

Kinderhook, 2d Jan. 1826.
BY virtue of an execution to me delivered, I shall expose for sale at public vendue for cash, on Saturday the 1st day of April next, at the house of John Lewis in the village of Kinderhook, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, all the right, interest and title of Peter Yelowyn, of, in and to the following piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the town of Kinderhook and bounded as follows, viz: Northernly by land of James Vosburgh, easterly by land of Henry P. Mesick; westerly by and of Matthew Vough and southerly by Klinekill road; together with the privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any wise appertaining. Dated Feb. 14, 1826.
For SAMUEL E. HUDSON, late Sh'ff.
B. HILTON, Under Sherif.
The sale of the above property is postponed till Saturday the 15th day of April next, at the same place and hour above mentioned. Dated Kinderhook, 28th March, 1826.
For SAMUEL E. HUDSON, Sh'ff.
B. HILTON, Under Sh'ff.

THE MINSTREL.

[From the Conn. Mirror.]
DEATH OF AN INFANT.
Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip—he touch'd the veins with ice
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There beam'd a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
None may wear.—With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of these curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear;
Charming her even to tears. The Spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beam'd a smile
So fix'd and holy from that marble brow,
Death gaz'd and left it there: he dar'd not steal
The signet ring of Heaven. H.

REMARKS ON THE BIBLE.

The style of the Old Testament is essentially oriental. It has more of detail, and occasionally more simplicity, indeed, than what is generally attributed to the Eastern writers, but, otherwise, it is ample, sonorous, picturesque, and awful; glittering with innumerable similes, and enlisting into its service every plant of the earth and wind of Heaven, the mountains and their offspring, the ocean and its brood, the Leviathan, the mammoth, the fox, the wolf, and the lion, the cedar of Libanus and the pictured palm, the rose, the lily, the ruby, the beryl and the amethyst, the soaring eagle and the home-returning dove; in a word every thing which the wonderful prodigality of nature offered was accepted without hesitation, and used without stint, for the purpose of enriching the marvellous history of Man. There was nothing ascetic in the dispositions of the writers, and there is, consequently, no niggardliness or poverty in their verse. Every thing is full, even to redundancy, as is becoming a subject so replete with wonder. The facts have no appearance of having been pared down to suit the limit which the historian has imposed upon himself. A grand incident is not heightened to show where the author has thought proper to task his powers to the utmost. But all is as though certain events were related without any view to their individual insignificance or importance, but only so as that "the truth and the whole truth" might be set down, without either exaggeration, or curtailment, for the use and benefit of after ages.

The different events of the Bible pass by us like a succession of distinct panoramas. Its figures and metaphors (if they have occasionally a little sameness) are almost always sparkling and beautiful; and its words are like those of an oracle. It is as though we listened to the music of a pleasant river—or the voice of the mighty ocean on the sounding shore—to a tempest in its anger—or a mother lamenting for her child. Its stories of remorse and exile, its pictures of Eastern manners, its cedars and cypresses, its burning sands, its stately palaces, ceiled with the fir-tree, and overlaid with amethysts and gold, its courts and armies, its pastoral tents and fountains of water in the wilderness can never be forgotten. There is a pomp in its diction which never loses its importance, a freshness and beauty in its images from which we never turn aside. Its names even (read in our childhood) carry with them a vague grandeur into our imaginations, and become invested with a patriarchal dignity, or with a state and princely splendour which nothing of later times produces. We remember when our ears first thrilled with admiration before these things, and our spirit bowed down within us. The old enchantment still prevails, and all is as awful and as fine as ever. There are still glimpses in our memory of Nimrod, 'the mighty hunter'—and the star-soaring towers of Babel—the desolate Hagar—the true and gentle Ruth—Egyptian Pharaoh and his host—the stern law-giver Moses—Nebuchadnezzar the Babylonian prince, struck prone for his impiety—Joshua, who checked the sun and moon in their course, in the 'valley of Ajalon'—Daniel, who alone could read the awful writing on the wall—Jonathan the son of Saul, (over whom David so sweetly lamented—the terrible wretch of Endor, who saw "Gods ascending out of the earth"—the glittering visions of Ezekiel—the epic grandeur of Isaiah—the sadness of Jeremiah—the wisdom of Solomon—and Job, tempered in the winter of adversity, who "died old and full of days," perhaps the sublimest of them all.

We are so accustomed to hear the words of the Bible read in our churches, that we are apt to pass by or rate at nothing the incomparable splendour of its diction. But of all books in all languages—
"The ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries;
The learned Greek rich in fit epithets,
Blest as the lovely marriage of pure words;
The Chaldean wise; the Arabian physical;
The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
The bravest Spanish, and the smooth tongued French;—
it is the first in point of sublimity, and equal, perhaps, to any other for pictures of

tenderness, for pastoral simplicity, and deep and passionate human interest. It is the history of a world (of our own world)—its morning, its meridian, its many changes, and its dark decline. The countless multitudes of antiquity pass before our eyes, the heroes, and tyrants, and martyrs of old time, their enormous wealth, their glittering palaces, and mighty cities. We hear the tumult of their armies and the fame of their kings proclaimed, Assyrian, and Persian, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Mede; and all is suddenly swept away—and another king or conqueror comes, and another army, more numerous than the last—and that too, perishes before our eyes;—and another rises up,—and then another! And all these men were our fathers, whose virtues and vices are recorded in blazing letters, and whose punishment or reward is made known to the uttermost regions of the earth for the benefit and guidance of us, their sons. Were it but the ruin of a history, it would be venerable; were it a fiction only, it would be a grand one. But it is complete and true; it is full of general as well as individual interest; it is replete with simple and many narration, with passionate appeals, and overwhelming eloquence. It is addressed to ourselves; it is connected with us and our well doing; it gives us a story of the past, and a lesson for the future. There is nothing in Homer which can mate with the soaring spirit of its poetry; there is nothing in Virgil which can equal the gentle pathos of its strains: Dante is less awful, and Ariosto less wild. Even Milton, who has copied the sublimity of all other writers, and Shakespeare, who has surpassed the united world in prodigality of imagery and variety of thought, must yield to the infinite grandeur and beauty which is impressed upon the prophetic oracles of the Hebrew writings, or scattered almost at random over its many stories.

If there be something awful in the denunciations of the prophets, something so terrible and imposing that ordinary faith and human reason must have shrunk and staggered beneath their awful anathemas; there is perhaps as true and assuredly as rare a grandeur in the simple characters of the apostles. These men, chosen from the poorest classes of a despised people, to interpret the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and spread his name abroad over land and seas, became from the purity of their lives and their fearless devotion, respected even in the eyes of infidels and scoffers. They seem to have taken their stand round their Master, (as the angelic virtues may be supposed to linger round the throne of the Deity from whom they emanate,) true servants, whom neither contempt could weaken nor persecution dismay. They followed him till he suffered, with undeviating patience and exemplary attachment, all (except one) untempted and faithful. And when 'The son of Man' died upon the cross, and the Heavens darkened at the darker actions of men, and the veil of the temple was rent asunder, and the oracles of the prophets accomplished; these humble followers of an aspiring cause still submitted to endure pain, and insult, and beggary, for its sake. They expatriated themselves, and went amidst distant plains and deserts, armed only with the lessons which they had heard, and provided only in the pity of men. They forsook the comforts of their homes, and vanquished the common feelings of their nature; and, abandoning themselves to the Providence which they believed to protect them, preached the words of their master unto hostile nations. They were beyond the heroes of history or fable; for they were beyond the ordinary impulse which stimulates men to great actions. No garlands of laurel awaited them, no crowns of gold, no thanks of senators, no shouts of multitudes: but only peril, and disgrace, and poverty, desertion and sickness, and scorn. They looked forward to no reward, but the reward of their own approving hearts. They were unschooled in the lessons of fame.—They had no long line of illustrious fathers to emulate or surpass: but they rose from the humblest level of the community, peasants, fishers, mechanics, and artisans, and soared into a high and stainless immortality by dint of faith and self-devotion.

They practised as well as preached. They were untouched by pride, and un-degraded by meanness. In a word, they were the truest martyrs, the most perfect servants that ever the story of the world presented, 'lovely in their lives,' beyond all who have gone before or after, and consummating their characters in death!—

TOM TO-MORROW.

Every town and village has its eccentric genius—and a fat, greasy, jack-of-all-trades sort of a fellow, by the surname of Kersey, but who passed altogether by the trite appellation of Tom To-morrow, used to attract no inconsiderable share of attention in Aylesbury, in consequence of the singularities of which his character was com-

pounded. His nickname furnished at once a complete epitome of the man and his history. He never looked as though he belonged to the generation of to-day—for he was always sleepy and lazy, and good for nothing in the day time and as regularly awaked from his lethargy in the evening, and was noisy and industrious at night. Time seemed to have gotten at least a twelve hours start of him. And although always travelling with some apparent sincerity after the old man of the scythe, he could not for the soul of him, get a single step the advantage all his life long.

His father left him an old house in the village when he died, which answered most of the purposes of a dwelling, and he married a wife who was considerably more industrious and regular in her habits than himself. To these fortunate circumstances, in all probability, it was owing that he lived something more than thirty-five years—and, in spite of the prophecies that he would starve to death—the threats that he should starve, and the not uncommon assertion that he ought to starve, kept the flesh well about his bones, and had a hearty dinner the very day he died with a broken neck, the fruit of a fall through the floor of his chamber, which he had been going to mend every to-morrow for better than a year.

In all Tom's practice in the world, whether the discharge of the duties he owed to others, or the performance of those his own welfare demanded, were considered, from the planting his potato-patch to paying his debts, it was all

"To-morrow, eye, to-morrow."

And not all the arguments in the world; nor all the luring of money, nor all the threatening of poverty, could for a moment convince him that it was necessary or possible to attend to business to-day; or that it was unwise or dangerous to put every thing off until to-morrow. And when every morning sun reminded him of the promises he had made the past day, and of the approach of the time in which he had omitted their fulfilment, instead of regretting his lost hours, he would hum over a merry tune, listen with mute and unresisting docility to a long lecture from his good dame, and thank his stars that to-morrow was still before him, and that he could still renew all the long catalogue of his promises.

He always insisted he had never lost any thing by this unfortunate habit of his; and proved it to a demonstration, for he had not any thing to lose, ergo, &c. but the argument was at least, rather specious than solid; for he had once had a considerable lot of potatoes growing, and he put off stopping a hole in his fence till to-morrow and to-morrow, and the neighbours' pigs at last got through and destroyed the crop. Often little jobs were offered him, for which the cash would have been immediately forthcoming; but that accursed to-morrow, overset the patience of his friends; and every now and then the payment of some trifling bill was put off and put off, until the Constable rapt his knuckles with four or five shillings cost. He feared, perhaps, better than nine in ten of the multitudes of Tom To-morrows in the world, for his credit was about as slim as his purse.

In two things, and in two things only, he let slip his rule of procrastination—he ate his dinner and drank his mug of ale, whenever he could get it, to-day—and so it commonly happens with his kindred.—The rule would not work out so badly if those who defer working till to-morrow, would also defer eating and drinking to the same convenient season.

But it was universally admitted by his friends, that Tom did not really intend any dishonesty to himself or others by his conduct. From original indolence of mind and body, he acquired the habit of postponing all exertion for the present, really and sincerely purposing to go earnestly to work the next day. How he succeeded in cheating himself for so many years in this way, I know not; but probably the fact was, that to-morrow never came, and he therefore in his old mode of reasoning, concluded he never broke his resolution. Certain it is, that he never found out this truth, that he who is idle from choice to-day, will seldom be doubly industrious to-morrow; and consequently that a loss is certain.

There are a great many of the Tom To-morrow family in the world, as I have already hinted, and possibly this lesson may be of use to some of them. Let him who intends to be poor, put off work till to-morrow. Let him who never intends to be out of debt, defer paying till to-morrow, and, in fine, let the man who intends to accomplish any thing, to be any thing, to be thought any thing of, go and do as did the hero of this brief story—Tom To-morrow.—Trenton Emporium.

New mode of Courting.—At Lehigh co. (Pennsylvania) session on the 1st inst.

Daniel Klein, was indicted for assault and battery upon Miss Maria Rau. The prisoner appeared to be a Swiss or Frenchman, aged about forty, and was six feet in height. When asked by the court what he had to say in extenuation of his conduct, he in broken English, told a long and very curious tale. He stated that he had not come into this wooden country for land or money, but to get himself a wife. He had resolved, when 12 years of age, that no minister should ever marry him, that the ceremony should be performed in open court, before all the people. He had been all over Europe, and the United States, and never before he saw Miss Rau, met with a lady that, in every point of view, he liked so well as he did her, and he was resolved to marry her. He was at work in a distillery of Mr. Keyser, and had just been showing a Dutchman how to make yeast, when on going home, he entered the house just at the moment when Miss Maria was stooping down with her back towards him, when he stepped up and struck her with his fist, and so enraged her as to bring him to court, that he might then carry his long conceived plan into execution, to make the matter up with her by marrying her. He had already been in prison four months.

Miss Maria did not seem to relish the prospect of matrimonial life with such a partner, and such exhibitions of the tokens of his affection. The court, after giving him a suitable reprimand, ordered him to be imprisoned for 60 days, pay the cost &c. and stand committed. When the sentence was pronounced upon him, he made a low bow to the court, and said, "Gentlemen Judges, I honour your judgement."

Polished compliment to his Majesty.—On Thursday evening as one of those peripatetic advertisers, usually called "Piccadilly men," was performing his usual rounds, with an heraldic tabard in front and rear, bearing to the eye the question of "Why is his Majesty King George the Fourth like Sparrow's Leather Sauce?" a police officer saw it, and being no Oedipus himself, resolved to refer the mysterious and puzzling interrogatory to the perspicacious sagacity of a magistrate, and the unfortunate peripatetic was consigned for the night to "dungeons dull." On the following morning he was introduced with all the pomp and circumstances of one attainted of *crimen laesae majestatis* to the dread tribunal of their worship. The accusation was made in form, the auditory was in suspense, the riddle was read over—"Why is his Majesty like Sparrow's Leather Sauce? What could be the meaning of it? Who is Sparrow? What is Leather Sauce?—Why should Sparrow be like the King, or the King like Sparrow? Or in what point under heaven could his gracious Majesty bear any resemblance to such a decoction as leather sauce?—If was very odd—very suspicious—very mysterious—there must be something in it—some political inuendo."

"Where more is meant than meets the ear?" Some whiggish sarcasm, some Radical libel, something dark, deep, and desperate. Put the prisoner forward. What's the meaning of that suspicious question! Who is Sparrow? A maker of liquid blacking. What is leather sauce? Liquid blacking for polishing boots. How can his Majesty be said to be like Sparrow's liquid blacking? Because he is highly polished, and shines triumphant. It is unnecessary to add, that the walking advertisement was discharged with his enigmatic standard, after a request that Mr. Sparrow would in future illustrate the excellencies of his blacking by some less splendid simile than the accomplishments of Royalty.—London paper.

REMARKS RESPECTING THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

Upwards of one hundred and thirty years ago the Scots people had so just an idea of the great importance of the Isthmus of Darien, that they sent out a colony to settle there, which settlement, nevertheless, proved abortive, partly through the extreme jealousy of the Spaniards in that neighbourhood and old Spain, and partly from their being so feebly supported by the country to which they belonged. This celebrated Isthmus lies in about eight degrees of northern latitude, and in the narrowest part is not more than 70 English miles across, on an E. N. E. and W. S. W. course. The country hereabouts is either low and sickly valleys, or mountains of so stupendous a height, as to incline one to think, that nature has raised them to serve as eternal barriers between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, which here approach so near together, that from these mountains you can plainly discern the waters of both at the same time; and seemingly at a very trifling distance. There have been some speculators, who have imagined the practicability of joining these two immense