

Kinderhook Herald.

"QUID VERUM ATQUE DECENS, CURO ET ROGO."

Vol. I.]

KINDERHOOK, N. Y. THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1826.

[No. 50]

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

P. VAN SCHIAACK, Jun.
Editor and Proprietor:
T. S. RANNEY,
Printer.

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 insert 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 Ant History, Josephus's Works, Paley'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 Hymns, 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.

Works of Fiction.

Female Quixotism, Tonewante, Peep at the Pilgrims in 1836, Connecticut 40 years ago, National Tales, Marriage, Tales of the Genii, The adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, Rasselas, Charlotte Temple, Arabian Nights, Humorist, Bennet's Book-keeping, Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, Virgil Delphini, Horace, Cicero, Cæsar, Sallust, do, Cicero de Oratore, Viri Romæ, Historia Sacra, Adams's Latin Grammar, Shreve's Lexicon, Græca Minora, Greek Testament, Greek Grammar, Webster's spelling-bk., Bentley's do., Burhan's do., Bentley's Instructor, Walker's Pocket Dictionary, Johnson's Dictionary, Benjamin's Architecture or American Builder's Companion.

Stationary, &c.

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

TOY BOOKS.

Kinderhook, 2d Jan. 1826.

FOR SALE.

THE premises occupied by the subscriber, situated about five miles south of the village of Kinderhook, and 1-2 miles north from Columbia-ville, and consisting of a convenient dwelling-house, barn and other out-houses, and about 12 ACRES OF LAND, on which there is an orchard of 100 grafted apple-trees, and of which 3 acres are wood, and 3 acres of meadow land. For mechanical business of almost any description, the above property presents an excellent stand, and will be sold on accommodating terms. Enquire of Dr. H. L. Van Dyck in the village of Kinderhook, or to the subscriber on the premises.

JOSHUA VOSBURGH.

Stayesant, March 7.
L. O. S. The holder is requested to return it to me. 12th April. J. VANDERPOEL.

THE MINSTREL.

THE WORSHIPPER.

It was a shrine, a sunny shrine,
On it the Statue stood of Love;
Thrice beautiful, as morning's dream
Had brought the image from above.
There many an hour would Beauty kneel
Adoring at the lovely shrine—
Haunting the Statue with one prayer—
"Would thou hadst life! would thou wert
Wearied, at length, the pitying heaven, [mine!]
No more the maiden's prayer denied;
Life darken'd in the Statue's eye,
And warm'd the veins life's crimson tide:
Breath, mortal breath, was on the lip,
Alas! the shape had changed to Grief—
Love ever does when once possess'd."

L. E. L.

THE PUNSTERS.

At a tavern one night,
Messrs. More, Strange, and Wright,
Met to drink, and good thoughts to exchange:
Says More, "of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There's only one knave and that's Strange."
"Yes," says Strange (rather sore),
"I'm sure there's one More,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother."
"Oh yes," replied More, "that is Wright."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—The following remarks are copied from the Liverpool Albion, of 20th March.

Monarchical governments have been charged, by the admirers of republican institutions, with too great a proneness to bestow sinecure places and pensions upon public men. The expenditure of a portion of the public money on such persons, has been a commodious theme of declamation in the hands of those individuals among us, who are, from whatever cause, dissatisfied with the institutions of their native country, and who sigh for the arrival of that happy period, when they hope to see a republic established on the ruins of the British monarchy. Unquestionably, kings and ministers may, in many periods of our history, have been lavish in the bestowment of places and pensions upon very undeserving objects. They may also, we readily admit, have bestowed them for purposes, not very patriotic. But, although the regal bounty, which was originally intended to be bestowed on men who had "done the state some service," may have been occasionally exercised improperly, we are ready to maintain, that it is right and proper that the power to reward public servants and public services, should be lodged in the sovereign. The principle of reward is not only recognized, but acted upon every day in private life; and why should the monarch be restrained from doing that which his subjects are permitted constantly to do? It may be said, that the money which the private individual expends upon a deserving object, is his own; whilst the money which the sovereign bestows has been drawn from the pockets of his subjects. This may be true; but the monarch must, in bestowing reward upon men who have fought, and bled, and toiled in the public service, be viewed as exercising a prerogative with which he has been intrusted for the good of his subjects. We have been led to make these remarks by having perused, in the American papers, an account of the pecuniary embarrassments which have compelled him to apply to the legislature of Virginia, for permission to dispose of his patrimonial estate, by way of lottery, to meet the clamorous demands of his creditors. This celebrated statesman has devoted his best days to the service of his country; and it is stated, in the papers, that his present embarrassments are owing to the engrossing nature of the high and important duties which, when in office he had to perform.

The result is that the ex-president of the United States, after a life spent in the service of the republic, is now, in his old age, on the verge of poverty. Now, we maintain, that it is the duty of the representatives of a high-spirited people, like those of the United States, to make, in their public capacity, some provision for the decent maintenance of its public men, who, in the conscientious and faithful discharge of the duties intrusted to them by the state, have not leisure or opportunity to pay that attention to their private affairs which, it is probable, they would have done, but for the all-engrossing nature of their public avocations.

If the American Congress should permit one of its most celebrated statesmen, after a long life of toil and anxiety in the service of the nation, to close his days in penury, it will, in our opinion, reflect little credit either on their liberality or their patriotism. Should they neglect to make some provision for Mr. Jefferson in his old

age, it will form a striking contrast of republican niggardliness with what has been styled monarchial profusion. In such a case, however, we should prefer the profusion of the one to the niggardliness of the other."

THE LATE KING OF PORTUGAL.

[From the British Traveller.]
His late Majesty JOHN VI. of Portugal, was so little distinguished either for natural or acquired intellect, that his death would perhaps require no other notice than an additional line or two in the Monthly Obituary, did not the peculiar circumstances of his family render the event a matter of some political consequence. It may appear strange, but of six children, the only one regarded by the people as at all qualified to wear the crown of Portugal, is the prince to whom it descends in legal succession. Living upon bad terms with his father, and of an enterprising disposition, the formation of an empire in the South American possessions of the house of Braganza, held out an irresistible lure to his desire of independence. It is well known that during the turbulent period of the last few years, the submission (for we can find no other word to express our sense) of Don John to the constitutional government was the effect of strict necessity, and both his principles and inclination were in favor of the Ultras. A remarkable instance of this was given on his visit to the palace of Queluz. In one of the state apartments he observed chairs placed, which is an unusual circumstance, for the King of Portugal looks on the first nobility as his servants. "What is all this?" asked his Majesty. "How came these chairs here?" To which the attendants replying "that they were intended for the use of the Cortes, when they came to pay their duty to his Majesty," he quickly rejoined, "Take them away, no person shall ever use a chair in my presence." The short summary of his character seems to be comprised in stating, that he lived in a perpetual conflict of fear and appetite, and that both passions were very quickly and easily excited, but not suddenly appeased. The Queen who from all accounts, were she not a royal personage, would be laughed at as a character, was formerly remarkable for a female pertinacity in political intrigue, habiliments not the most cleanly, and a pair of immense pockets, which she was in the habit of perpetually stuffing with religious relics. Don Aliguel, (who is at present in Vienna,) if he felt inclined to grasp at the sceptre, would find a bar opposed by the house of Austria, a daughter of whom is empress of the Brazils; but he seems to have a little intellect as the father had, and is decidedly obnoxious to the general body of the people. Isabella Maria, we believe, is a talented young lady, but the nation points to Don Pedro. If he accept the crown of Portugal, our impression is, that of the Brazils would be lost, and eventually the country also. It is said that the regency wish a constitution upon the model of the British, but so many things will be said, that we must content ourselves with watching the progress of events, and then commenting on them.

THE WEARY SOLDIER AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION.

He who travels in lonely meditation of the past, and in dejection for the future, whose chequered scene has borne diverse disappointments, and whose to-morrow promises only a continuation of suffering; to the solitary who traverses the sterile desert, or wounds his weary feet on the craggy rock; to him who ascends the precipice with a long way before him; to the pauper, the disbanded soldier, and to the wandering stranger, what a solace is the faithful, obedient, patient, fond and trusty dog! his company cheers, his vigilance protects, his faint and sleeping master; his eyes glistening with gratitude led deserted man that he has still one friend. I have more than once had to mention this animal in my sketches of life; the present brief account, however, will I trust not prove wholly uninteresting, as it tends to inspire the breast with a kindness towards those creatures which an all-wise Providence has, in his infinite wisdom and mercy, created for man's use and amusement; and surely that poor docile brute who defends his master, shares his vicissitudes, watches his slumbers, and gratefully partakes of his pittance, cannot be below the notice even of the lords of the creation.

Travelling on foot through Flanders, I burst on a sudden (at the sharp turn of a by-road) on a fierce-looking ragged soldier; he had huge mustaches, a brow furrowed by care and hardships, but not by time, a small fiery eye, a short athletic form, autumnal tints marked the colour of his spare hair, and the ruddy hue of nature seemed to have fled from his cheek, for want of the cultivating hand of comfort; a half filled knapsack lay by his side, and a

staff with which he walked; he was unarmed, or he would have been a most alarming object; his worn out shoes were thrown off to a small distance from him, and he seemed to be easing his blistered feet on nature's carpet.

"Charge'd, as he was with grief, and toils, and cares;
Furrow'd his face by hardships, not by years;
In his own country fore'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves for whom he oft had bled;
I forgot of all his own domestic band,
His faithful dog remained his only friend."

I will not conceal from my reader, that alone, and without any weapon of defence and in a most unfrequented travelling situation, I was not wholly free from all apprehension; but summoning up my presence of mind, I gave a loud clearing of my voice, and exclaimed in French, "well betide thee, brother traveller."—"Serveur, monsieur," hoarsely responded the discharged soldier, whilst his dog advanced boldly, more to reconnoitre than to attack me, and rather to throw me to a distance from the humble seat of his master's repose, than to annoy or interrupt me in my journey. There was a sort of generalship in the dog's manœuvre, and even his bark was more of a signal of precaution, than the first commencement of hostilities.

I lengthened, without quickening my pace, and was not ill pleased to gain ground by this progression; I should have liked to have taken out my purse and to have divided it with the broken veteran; I have since regretted that I did not do so, I am convinced that I might have done it with safety, but I was under another impression at the time. Casting my head slightly inclined over my shoulder, when at a little distance, I beheld the poor dog licking his master's feet, on which the latter, pulling a bit of black bread out of his pocket, put it to his hungry lips, but withdrawing it, as on reflection, threw it to the mute comrade of his misfortunes; here I felt a swell about my breast which I abstain from expressing; I still kept my eye upon the two objects, the soldier rose stiffly, cast his knapsack to the dog to carry, and crying out, "allons Dragon, encore une fois en route," he plunged into the forest, in order to gain the border of a lake where there is a ferry-boat.

The words of the poor soldier reverberated again and again on my ear; the emphasis said on *encore* (again, rather *once more*), after so many thorny paths, gloomy prospects, and hard travels, heightened the interest of the phrase.—With the picture of the veteran and his dog I lay down to rest, and with "allons Dragon, encore une route, I rose gravely and in low spirits the ensuing morning, feeling myself completely

A WANDERING HERMIT.

[From the Trenton Emporium.]

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

The calm sunshine of the first pleasant spring day comes with a soothing influence over the heart. Who hears not the first song of birds, and looks on the fresh budding promises of the young season without delight? The stern reign of winter over; his storms hushed to rest; we look abroad and behold his icy chains broken, link after link, until nature, released from its bondage, comes forth in her green robes, in search of flowers, inspiring us with pleasure, and bidding the bosom expand with gratitude to him who rules the spheres and rolls the seasons round. But while musing on her opening charms, memory will come whispering a moral lesson to the ear. She leads us back to the spring times of other years; to the glad season of youth, when hopes spanned the future with her rainbow coloring, and pleasure mingled with every dream of life. The flowers are budding, budding for us; but not for all who gazed delighted on their unfolding beauties in other springs. Graves, above which now the first spring season is smiling; may be seen in every church yard. Whose are they? The graves of those who were as gay, as full of life and hope and happiness, as we, a year ago.

But it seems to me, these changing seasons teach to meditative men more than the brief lesson that he too must change. They speak a lesson of virtue. How kind, how benevolent, is the bounteous Governor of the Universe! How beautiful he adorns this temporary residence of his creatures. How exactly all the changes of the year are adapted to the promotion of our well being and happiness. How much benevolence is manifest in all the dealings of Providence. And if it be wise to aim at the greatest perfection of character, what an example it affords us for doing so. How kind should we be to one another.—How should we strive to administer happiness to those around us. How careful not to cause pain in any. There is constantly open around us a wide field for the exercise of every philanthropic feeling.—We are purposely placed in circumstan-

ces which afford us constant opportunities of proving ourselves by our works.

THE CONVENIENCE OF A SCOLDING WIFE.

Habet sua fulmina Juno.
I was lately amusing myself with perusing the History of France, and could not help stopping, on there meeting with the words of my motto, which Christina of France caused to be engraved on the cannon cast by her order; the English of which is, *Juno has her thunder*. Thoughts sometimes strike us very oddly, and though we are often sensible of the absurdity of them, yet we find it a very difficult task to get rid of those objects which have once made a strong impression on our minds. I have long been a married man, and if my vanity does not deceive and betray me, I think I possess common sense; which the respect I receive from the generality of company I engage in, in my own opinion at least, serve to confirm my conceit. I cannot help comparing myself to Jupiter, and consequently must allow my wife the honorable title of Juno. That Juno has her thunder is by no means to be disputed; and I think, Christina might have added, her lightning too. As lightning always precedes the thunder, so the flashes of my Juno's eyes always, and invariably announce to me an approaching peal, which frequently bursts over my head with all the musical uproar of the spheres. Frequently, when I return home rather too late in the evening, and perhaps in that hour in which the queen of night and Aurora struggle for the victory; if I see a gloom on the countenance of my Juno, I can then foretell with as much certainty as the most experienced adventurer on the ocean, that a storm is gathering, which, if I do not use proper means to disperse, soon rises to a tempest; the cloud becomes speedily more dense, the lightning darts from her eyes, and the thunder soon rolls with an impetuosity that terrifies all the neighborhood. As those who live in hot climates, are accustomed to storms and tempests, think no more of them as soon as they are over, so my Juno's thunder no sooner ceases than I retire to my bed, with as much pleasure and satisfaction as does the weary mariner after he has struggled with the fury of contending elements. As a hollow and distant murmuring of the wind is often heard at sea after the storm has abated, so for some time after my Juno's thunder has ceased I hear articulate sounds of a plaintive kind, which rattle among the curtains, and disturb my repose for a while; but these gradually die away and yield to the influence of Morpheus. I have heard some people boast, even after they had been married some years, that all had been love and harmony between them and their Junos, and that no rude wind of contention had ever ruffled the serene horizon of their love; but surely such a state must have been very insipid, and I cannot help here quoting the words of that justly admired writer, Pope:

"Better for us, perhaps it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all concord here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That ever passion discompos'd the mind:
But all subsists by elemental strife,
And passions are the elements of life."

Such is my natural disposition, that were my days to glide away in an uninterrupted tranquility and repose, I fear I should sink into a supineness, and forget every duty incumbent on me to perform; but this is morally and physically prevented by the thunder of my Juno, which rouses me, as it were, from a state of lethargy, and makes me sensible of the sweets of repose after the storm is over. As I am singularly fond of music, and a bass voice particularly delights me, I often listen with rapture to the chants of my Juno, who frequently carries her voice to so high a pitch, as places it beyond the power of any musical instrument to follow her. Those, indeed, who are fond of soft and plaintive notes, will not much admire the notes of my Juno, which is, like Handel's both bold and loud; and it has been by some people compared rather to the uproar of a full organ than to the sweet harmony of a single pipe. After all that may have been said of those affable and delicate Junos, who never open their lips but to breathe out the soft and tender whispers of love, which rather lull mankind to sleep, than rouse them to an active and manly life; give me a Juno, who, like a noun substantive, may be seen, heard, and understood.

JUPITER.

I never knew but one person, said Sterne, who interfered between man and wife either with safety or success. Upon a domestic *pro* and *con* between the parties, that was rising even to blows, a friend of mine, who happened to be by, hit the husband a stroke with his right hand, crying, "be quiet, you brute!" and struck the woman at the same time with his left, saying, "hold your tongue, you vixen!"