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November 11, 1852.

Miscellaneous.

JUDGE CRAIN'S JOKE ON THE LANDLADY.

Some twenty-five years ago, and shortly after the first republican constitution of the state of New York was framed, and the judiciary system established for the civil department, the Supreme Court, or that branch of it called the [illegible] Court, was appointed for one of the Circuits, in the county of Dutchess, and the eccentric Judge Crane was to preside. Judge Crane was very wealthy, and highly respected for his public and private virtues, especially for his charitableness to the poor: but he always dressed in a plain garb, and would hardly ever wear an overcoat, whatever the weather might be, and it was seldom that he rode when he went abroad, although he owned many valuable horses. On the morning of the day in which the court was to begin, the Judge set out before day, and walked gently on, through hail, rain, and snow, to the appointed place. On arriving at Poughkeepsie, cold and wet, he walked to a tavern, where he found the landlady and her servants making large preparations for the entertainment of the judges, lawyers, and other gentlemen, whom they expected would attend the Circuit Court.

The Judge was determined to have some sport, and in a pleasant tone addressed the landlady: "I have no money, and was obliged to come to Court, and I have walked through this dreadful storm more than twenty miles. I am wet and cold, dry and hungry. I want something to eat before the Court begins." The landlady put herself in a magisterial posture, and, putting on a countenance of contempt, said to the Judge; "You are wet and cold, dry and [illegible] cold; and if you had been out as long as I have been in this storm, I think you would likewise be wet and cold. I said that I wanted something to drink and eat." "But you have no money, you say," retorted the landlady. "I tell you the truth," replied the Judge, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but were I as rich as Crœsus, I would be willing to work for something to eat and drink." "Crœsus—who is Crœsus?" said the lady. "I never knew him," said the Judge, "but I have understood that he was very rich. I want something to drink, and were I as poor as Job in his utmost calamity, and had my health and strength, as well as I now have, I would willingly go to work a little while, if I could get something to drink and a bite of cold victuals." "Well, old daddy," said she, "how much do you want to drink?" "Half a gill of good brandy, madam," said he. "Very well," replied she, "I will give you half a gill, and some cold victuals, if you will go into the back yard, and cut and split three armfuls of wood, and bring it into the kitchen, where the servants want to make a good fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats when they come, and after you get your victuals, I shall want you to go away." "Well," said he, "give me the brandy, and I'll soon bring the wood." He drank the liquor, and walked quietly into the wood yard, where he found a good axe, and he soon laid by the kitchen fire the quantity of wood, viz: his arms three times full. When the landlady had got his cold luncheon on the table, in hopes that he would eat and be off. "Now for the good bite of victuals," said the Judge. "There it is," replied she, coolly. "And it is almost as cold as myself, but not half so wet, for I see neither tea nor coffee, nor chocolate to wet it," said the Judge. "Beggars must not be choosers," replied she, "I am not begging of you, madam," said he, "but have paid you the full price demanded." "I told you," said she, "I would give you some cold victuals, and there is cold boiled ham, cold pork and beef, cold potatoes and turnips, and cold vinegar, pickles and soup, and if you want anything hot, there is mustard and pepper, and here is good bread, good butter, and good cheese, and all good enough for such an old ragamuffin as you are." "It is all very good," said he, pleasantly, "but, madam, be so good as [illegible] have some new milk, warm [illegible] the cow, to wet these [illegible] "The cow [illegible] milked, [illegible] "I will not send servants in this storm to the spring house to skim it for you," said she. "Dear madam," said he, with a pleasant smile, "I have a good wife at home, older than you are, who would go out in a worse storm than this, to milk the cows and bring the milk to the poorest man on earth at his request; or to bring the milk from the spring house, cream and all, without skimming, to feed the most abject of the human race." "You have a very good wife at home," said she. "Indeed, I have," said the Judge, "and she keeps my clothes clean and whole; and notwithstanding you called me an old ragamuffin, I am not ashamed to appear abroad in the clothes I wear, in any good company." "Well, I must confess," said she, "that when you have your broad-brimmed hat off, you look middling well, but I want you to eat and be off, for we want the fire to dry the gentlemen's great coats and umbrellas by; and among the rest we expect Judge Crain, our new Circuit Judge." "Well," said the Judge, "I will bet a goose that Judge Crain has not had, and will not have a great coat on his back, or an unbrell over his head this day." "You old goose," said she, "I care nothing for your bets. Eat and be off, I tell you, Judge Crain is to be here, and we've no room for you." "I don't care," said he 'one rye straw more for Judge Crain than [illegible] for myself, and it has got to be so [illegible] more likely go directly to the court house, and stay until dinner time, than to go to any tavern; and if business was very urgent, he would be very likely to stay away even from dinner. I know something about the old codger, and some people say he is a rusty, fusty, crusty old fudge.' 'Pretty talk indeed about the Supreme Judge,' said the landlady. 'Now eat your cold cheek and be off, or be off without eating, just as you please.' 'I tell you,' said the Judge, 'Judge Crain is not the Supreme Judge; and if he were he is no more fit for a Judge than I am.' 'Well now be off with yourself,' said the landlady. 'D'ont be in so great a hurry,' replied he mildly; 'I wish to know who is the landlord here. I wish to know where he is.' 'He is the high sheriff of the county, and wont be home till night; but if he were here you would not stay long.' 'Well madam,' said he, 'give me a cup of cider to wet my victuals if you wont give me milk.' 'Not a drop,' said her ladyship. The Judge who had now got pretty well warmed and dried and wished for his breakfast, put on a stern countenance and positively declared he would not leave the room and fire till he pleased. 'But,' added he, 'if you will grant my request, I will eat and be off.' The cider was immediately brought, and the Judge partook heartily of the collation before him, took his broad-brimmed hat, and gently walked to the court house, where he found good fires and clean floors, and, during the court hours, he presided with dignity and propriety.

When the Judge withdraw, the landlady anxiously looked after him, for some time, as he walked steadily on toward the court house, supposing him to be some poor man summoned up to court as a witness, or some culprit, or some vagabond, who might give her further trouble, in time of courts; and expressed to servants a wish that they would see that he did not disturb the gentlemen and the judges who might put up there. While some of the girls declared, if he did come, they would use some of his own expressions, which he used respecting Judge Crain. 'Let me see' said one, 'rusty, crusty, yes,' and fusty old fudge,' said another.

When dinner was announced, the court not being thronged was immediately adjourned, and the day being stormy and [illegible] the judges and lawyers poured into the sheriff's tavern, where they were sure [illegible] good fare, all except Judge Crane who [illegible] purchased a valu[illegible] put it into his pocket on the inside of his coat, then walked quietly to the tavern. While he was thus detained, the landlady entered the dining room, and earnestly inquired if Judge Crain had come in. 'Not yet, madam,' was the reply, 'and perhaps he may not come.' The landlady, who was anxious to pay the highest respect to the Supreme Judge, retired to the kitchen, not a little chagrined and disappointed. In the mean time the Judge arrived, and, being at all times very sociable, and at all times fond of cheering the minds of those present, he began to make some pertinent remarks, and to tell some lively anecdotes, intended to convey good morals; which set the whole company into a roar of laughter. At this moment one of the waiting maids entered the dining room to inform the gentlemen that they might sit down to dinner. She did her errand, and hastened back to her mistress with the tidings, that the old fusty fellow, with his broad brimmed hat on, was right in among the bare-headed gentlemen, talking as loud as he could, and all the judges and lawyers were laughing at him. "Then go," said she, "and whisper to the old man that I wish him to come into the kitchen." The errand was done accordingly, and the Judge, in a low tone of voice, said to the girl: "Tell your mistress I have a little business to do with some of these lawyers, and when done, I'll be off in the course of two or three days. The girl returned [illegible] rehearsed the message, [illegible] that she believed the old fellow was drunk, or he would not have said, "As soon as my business is done, I'll be off in two or three days."

"Well, Betty," said the mistress, "go back, and when the gentlemen begin to sit down, do you stand by the head of the table, and whisper to some gentleman that I wish a vacant place left at the head of the table for Judge Crane; and then do you hasten back and see that John has the cider and other liquors in good order. And Mary, do you fill two more terreens with gravy, and put one at each end of the table. And Martha, do you see that all the clean plates for a change are ready, and that the tarts, pies, &c. are in good order." Betty again repaired to her post at the head of the table, and softy informed a gentleman of the request of her mistress. "Certainly," said the gentleman; and Betty hastened back to assist John. The gentlemen now sat down to an excellent repast, and after a short ejaculatory address to the throne of grace, delivered by Judge Crane, in which he adored the Father of all mercies, for feeding all his creatures throughout the immensity of space—invoking a blessing on that portion of earthly bounty then before them, and supplicated divine mercy through the merits of our Reedemer, the gentlemen began to carve and serve round in the usual form.

But as the Judge was of a singular turn in almost every thing, and had taken a fancy that if a person eats light food at the same meal, and that which is more solid and harder of digestion, that the light food should be eaten first; he, therefore, filled his plate with some pudding, made of milk, rice eggs, and, placing himself in rather an awkward position, with his left elbow on the table, and his head near the plate, began to eat according to his common custom, which was very fast, although he was not a great eater. And some of the gentlemen near the Judge, following his example as to partaking of pudding before the meat, of course a large deep vessel, which had contained that article, was nearly emptied, when Mary approached with her two additional terreens of gravy, according to the command of her mistress, and as she sat down the last near the Judge, he said to her, in an austere manner, "Girl, bring me a clean plate to eat sallad on." The abrupt manner in which he addressed her, and her disgust at seeing him there in that position, so disconcerted the poor girl, that she did not observe [illegible] the Judge had partaken of the pudding, nor did she know what he meant by sallad; but she observed that the large pudding pan was nearly empty, and then hastened back with her utmost speed to her mistress, and addressed her with, "Lord, madam, that old fellow is there yet, and he is certainly crazy or drunk, for he is down at the table, and has eaten more than a bushel of the rice pudding already, and has his nose right down in a plate full now, shoveling it in like a hog; and told me, as if he was lord of the manor, to bring him a clean plate to eat sallad on. Bless me, where can we get sallad at this time of the year? And the gentleman have done carving, and not one has begun to eat meat, much less to eat a tub full of pudding."

"Aye, he'll get a clean plate," said Martha, "before gentlemen want clean plates."

"I'll clear him out," said the mistress, and started for the dining room, burning with indignation.

The Judge was remarkable for not giving unnecessary trouble to any body where he put up, and generally ate whatever was set before him without making any remarks; and seldom made use of more than one plate at a meal; but at this time he had observed near him a dish of beautiful raw white cabbage, cut up into vinegar, (which the Low Dutch at Poughkeepsie call *cold slaw*, and [illegible] he wished [illegible] spare some of it for his own fancy. The carving and serving were not yet finished, when he expected the clean plate, and when the landlady arrived at the door of the dining room, determined to drive him out. She advanced with a firm step to the door, and fixed her keen eye firmly on the Judge, when he turned his eye that way and observing her, mildly said: "Landlady, can I have a clean plate to eat some sallad on?" "A clean plate and sallad?" retorded the landlady indignantly. "I wish you would come into the kitchen until gentlemen have dined; I had reserved that seat for Judge Crane." The company were struck with astonishment and fixed their eyes alternately on the landlady and on the Judge; and sat or stood in mute suspense—when the Judge gracefully raised himself up in the chair, carelessly folding his arms across his breast, then putting his head awkwardly on one side, said: "You reserved this seat for Judge Crane, did you, landlady?" "Indeed I did," replied she. "It was very kind," said he, in an ironical tone, "but if you will step to the door and see if he is coming, or send one of the servants to call him, with your permission and the approbation of these gentlemen, with whom I have some business, I will occupy this seat until you shall find the Judge." "Find the Judge?" said she, with emphasis, "go look for him yourself, not send me nor my servants. I give you your breakfast this morning for chopping a little wood because you had no money; and I expected you would go away quietly and keep away, and now you must come here to disturb gentlemen at dinner." Here the whole joke burst upon the minds of the gentlemen present, who fell into a fit of laughing. After the tumult had a little subsided, the Judge mildly said: "Did I chop wood to pay for my breakfast?" "Indeed you did," replied the landlady; 'and said you had no money.' 'I told you the truth,' said the Judge, 'but I have a beautiful shawl, worth more than ten dollars, which I just now bought, and will leave it with you in pawn, if you will only let me eat dinner with these gentlemen.' Here the gentlemen were biting their lips to keep from laughing. 'How did you buy the shawl worth more than ten dollars, without [illegible] bought it on credit,' was [illegible] where did you find [illegible] asked the landlady. [illegible] home,' answered the Judge [illegible] likely story, and [illegible] thing like [illegible] she. 'How could I abuse the Judge [illegible] he was not present?' said he. [illegible] you called him rusty, fusty, fudge, and old codger,' said she, 'and said you did not care a rye straw more for him than you did for yourself.' And here the whole company were in an uproar of laughter again. But as soon as it a little subsided, one of the gentlemen asked the landlady how she knew that the gentleman she was addressing was not Judge Crane. 'He looks more like a *snipe* than a *crane!*' said she.

Here the loud laughter burst forth a third time. And after a little pause the Judge said, 'I must confess that I am not a bird of very fine feathers, but I assure you that I am a *Crane*, and a crane is often a very useful instrument; I saw a very good one in your kitchen this morning; and sometimes an instrument called a 'crane' is of incalculable use, madam.' Before she had time to reply, some of the gentlemen with whom she was acquainted assured her that she was talking with the presiding Judge. Astonished and confounded she attempted some excuse, and hastily asked the Judge's pardon for her rudeness.

The Judge had, by this time, unobsered, taken from his pocket the beautiful shawl, and folded it at full length one way, and in a narrow form the other, and it being of a very fine texture, appeared more like an elegant sash than like a valuable shawl. When he rose, with graceful dignity and with a half smile, advanced a few steps toward the landlady, saying: 'It is not my province to pardon, but it is my business to judge; and I judge that you and I shall hereafter be friends. And I judge, also, that you will, without hesitation, receive this as a present, *if not as pawn!*' So saying, he gently laid it over her shoulders and across her arms, saying: 'Take it, madam, and not attempt to return it, for it was purchased on purpose for a present for you.' She hastily retired in confusion, hardly knowing what she did, and took with her the shawl worth twelve dollars instead of ten.

Here are three parties who had each two good things: The landlady had a good shawl and a good lesson to meditate upon—the gentlemen had a good dinner and a good joke to talk over—and the Judge had good intentions in the joke, and good will and ability to follow up the lesson given.

CARE OF INFANTS.

The most essential thing for a timid infant is to have an absolutely unfailing refuge in its mother. It may seem unnecessary to say this. It may appear impossible that a mother's tenderness should ever fail towards a helpless little creature who has nothing but that tenderness to look to; but, alas! it is not so. I know a lady who is kind, and sweet-tempered, and fond of her children. Her infant under six months old, was lying on her arms one day, when the desert was on the table, and the child was eager after the bright glasses and more restless than was convenient. After several attempts to make it lie quiet, the mother slapped it—slapped it hard. This was from an emotion of disappointed vanity, from vexation that the child was not "good" before visitors. If such a thing could happen, may we not fear that other mothers may fail in tenderness; in the middle of a night, for instance, after a toilsome day, when kept awake by the child's restlessness, or amidst the hurry of the day, when business presses, and the little creature will not take its sleep? Little do mothers know the fatal mischief they do by impairing their child's security with them. If they did, they would undergo, any thing before they would let a harsh word or a sharp tone escape them, or indulge in a severe look or a hasty movement. A child's heart responds to the tones of its mother's voice like a harp to the wind; and its only hope for peace and courage is in hearing nothing but gentleness from her, and experiencing nothing but unremitting love, whatever may be its troubles elsewhere—*Miss Martineau.*