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THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

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From the New Haven Chronicle of 1837.

The Judge and the Landlady.

Shortly after the first republican constitution of the state of New York was framed, and the judiciary system was established for the civil department, the supreme court, or that branch of it called the "circuit 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 appeared in a plain garb, and would hardly ever wear an over coat, 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 were 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; when the landlady put herself in a magisterial posture, and putting on a countenance of contempt, said to the judge, you say you are wet and cold, dry and hot; how can all that be? No my dear madam, says the judge, I said that I was wet and 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 told you the truth, says the judge, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but were I as rich as Croesus I would be willing to work for something to eat and drink. "Croesus, who is Croesus?" says the lady. I never knew him, said she, but I have understood that he was very rich. I want something to eat and 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 only get something to drink and a bite of good victuals.—Well, old dandy, says she, how much do you want to drink? Half a gill of good brandy, madam, says he. Very well, says 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 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, says 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 proper 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, says the judge. There it is, said she, coldly. 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. Beggars must not be choosers, said she. I am not begging of you, madam, said he, but have paid the full price demanded. I told you, said she, I would give you 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 to let me have some new milk, warm right from the cow, to wet these good victuals. The cows are not milked, says she. Then let me have a bowl of cold milk, said he. I will not send the servants in this storm to the spring-house to skim it for you, said she. Said he with a pleasant smile, dear madam, 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, says she. Indeed I have, said he, 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, says 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 Crane. Judge Crane, says the judge—who is Judge Crane? The circuit judge, says she, one of the supreme judges, you old fool.

Well, says the judge, I will bet a goose that Judge Crane has not had, and will not have a great coat on his back, or an umbrella over his head this day. You old goose, said she; I care nothing for your bets. Eat and be off, I tell you, Judge Crane is to be here, and we've no room for you. I don't care, said he, one rye straw more for Judge Crane than I do for myself, and it has got to be so late, that if he has to come at this time of the day, he would more likely go directly to the court-house, and stay until dinner time, than 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, says the landlady, about the supreme judge. Now eat your cold check and be off, or be off without eating, just as you please. I tell you, says the judge, Judge Crane is not the supreme judge, and if he were he is no more fit to be a judge than I am. Well, now be off with yourself, says she. Don't be in so great a hurry, said 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 won't be home till night; but if he were here you would not stay long. Well, madam, said he, give us a cup of cider to wet my victuals, if you won't give me milk. Not a drop, says 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 until he pleased. But, added he, if you will grant my request, I will 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 withdrew, the landlady anxiously looked after him for some time as he walked steadily on towards 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 her servants a desire 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 Crane. Let me see, says one, "rusty, crusty," yes, and "fusty old fudge," says another.

When dinner was announced, the court not being thronged, was immediately adjourned, and the day being stormy and cold, the judges and lawyers poured into the sheriff's tavern; where they were sure of good fires and a good fare, all except Judge Crane, who walked to a store and purchased a valuable shawl, and 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 Crane had come in? The answer was, "not yet, madam, 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, or disappointed. In the meantime the judge arrived, and being at proper 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 an uproar of laughter.—And at this instant, one of the waiting maids entered the room to inform the gentlemen that they might sit down to dinner. She did her errand, 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, says 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 and faithfully rehearsed the message, and added that she believed that 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, says 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 tureens with gravy, and put one at each end of the long table.—And Martha do you see that all the clean plates for a change are ready, and that the tarts and pies, &c. are in good order. Betty again repaired to her post at the head of the table, and softly informed the gentlemen of the request of her mistress. "Certainly," says the gentleman; and Betty hastened back to assist John. The gentlemen now sat down to an excellent repast, after a short ejaculatory address to the throne of grace, by Judge Crane, in which he adored the Father of all mercies for feeding all his creatures throughout the immensity of space—invoked a blessing on that portion of earthly bounty then before them, and supplicated divine mercy through the merits of our Redeemer, the gentlemen began to carve and serve round in 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 and eggs, and placing himself in rather an awkward situation, 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, followed his example as to the partaking of the 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 tureens of gravy according to the command of her mis-

tress, and as she sat down the last near the judge, he says to her in an austere manner, Girl, bring me a clean plate to eat some salad on. The abrupt manner in which he addressed her, and her disgust in seeing him there in that position, so disconcerted the poor girl, that she did not observe that any one excepting the judge had partaken of the pudding nor did she know what he meant by salad; but she observed that the large pudding pan was nearly empty; and then hastened back with the utmost speed to her mistress, and addressed her with, Lord, madam, that old fellow's there yet, and he is certainly crazy or drunk, for he is down at the table, and has eaten more than a skipple* of the rice pudding already; and has his nose right down in a plate full now, shovelling it like a hog; and told me as if he was lord of the manor, to bring him a clean plate to eat salad on. Bless me, where can we get salad this time of the year? And the gentlemen have not 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, says Martha, before gentlemen want clean plates.

I'll clear him out, says the mistress, and starts for the dining room, burning with indignation.

The judge was remarkable for not giving unnecessary trouble to any one 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 observed near him, a dish of beautiful raw white cabbage, cut up and put into vinegar, (which the dutch at Poughkeepsie call cold slaw, and which he called salad,) and he wished for a separate plate to prepare some of it for his own fancy. The carving and serving were not yet finished, when he expected a 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 sternly on the judge, when he turning his eye that way and observing her, mildly said, Landlady, can I have a clean plate to eat some salad on? A clean plate and salad! retorted 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 his chair, carelessly folding his arms across his breast, then putting his head awkwardly on one side—You reserved this seat for Judge Crane, did you landlady? Indeed I did, says she. It was very kind, says 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 for him, with your permission and the approbation of these gentlemen, with whom I have some business to do, I will occupy this seat until you have found the judge. Find the judge, said she, with emphasis, go look for him yourself, not send me nor my servants. I gave you your breakfast this morning for chopping a little wood because you said 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 loud fit of laughter. After the tumult had a little subsided, says the judge mildly, did I chop wood to pay for my breakfast? Indeed you did, said she, and said you had no money. I told you the whole truth, says 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 laughter. How did you buy a shawl worth more than ten dollars, without money? I bought it on credit, says he. And where did you find credit to that amount? says she. I brought it from home, said he. That is a likely story, and something like your abuse of Judge Crane this morning, said she. How could I abuse the judge if he was not present? said he. Why, says she, you called him rusty, fusty fudge, and old codger, 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 Judge Crane? he looks more like a snipe than a crane!

Here the loud laughter burst forth a third time. And after a little pause the judge said, I must confess I am not a bird of very fine feathers, but I assure you that I am a Crane, and a Crane is very often a 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 his pardon for her rudeness.

The judge had by this time, unobserved, 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 shawl than like a valuable shawl—when he arose, with graceful dignity and with a half smile, advanced a few steps towards 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 a pawn." So saying, he gently laid it over her shoulders and across her arms, saying, "Take it, madam, and do not attempt to return it, for it was purchased on purpose for you." She hastily retired in confusion, hardly knowing what she did, and took with her the shawl worth twelve dollars instead of ten.

And here were 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.

The Way of the World.

There goes a virtuous and honest man.—Who cares? Nobody looks at him, or cares a fig how he dresses or what he says.

Here passes a man of wealth. The old ladies and all the children run to the window.—"Where?" "Who?" "How does he dress?" He is a great object of attraction. "How in the world did he make so much?" "He doesn't look as if he was worth a penny."

This is the way of the world. Every body gazes with admiration upon the rich, while they turn away from virtuous poverty.

Let a man make ten thousand dollars, and he is a gentleman, every inch of him. Every body has a kind world and a smile for him.

Be poor and honest and no one knows you. Men and women have heard of such a name as yours, and you may live at their elbows, but they are not certain about it.

Possess a fortune and live at the mile post, and your neighbors and friends would line the streets to the heart of the city. All would know where you lived, and point a stranger to the very door.

We repeat—such is the world. Golden vice is caressed, while heavenly virtue is not observed. Notwithstanding, we had rather be a Lazarus than a Dives; a Grace Darling than a Stephen Girard.—Portland Bulletin.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Washing shirts wears them out. When they get dirty, rub them over with chalk.

CALVES.—"You are from the country, are you not sir?" said a dandy clerk, in a bookstore, to a handsomely dressed quaker who had given him some trouble.

"Yes."

"Well, here's an Essay on the Rearing of Calves."

"That," said Aminidab, as he turned to leave the store, "thou had better present to thy mother."

It is said that in Arkansas, a three story house means a pigsty on the floor, fleas in the bed, and a row of fowls roosting on a stick above.

* Schrippl is a measure of three pecks used in Holland, instead of the English bushel, and the inhabitants of Poughkeepsie were mainly Low Dutch at that time.