VOLUME 7

the Oregon Statesman

is not a pleasant game we must—we'll do it! Yankoo Doodlo'' once fankee Doedle" once beginning by the boys go through it!
see Doedle! ha! ha! ha! ha!
mices Doedle Dandy!

And let her come upon the see,
The insolent invader,
There our Yankes boys will be
Franced to serenade her!
Yankes Doodle! hn! hn! hn!
Yankes Doodle Dandy!
Yankes guns will sing the bass
Of Yankes Doodle Dandy!

Tankee Doodle! How it brings
The good old days before us!
Two or three began the song—
Millions join the chorus!
Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!
Yankee Doodle Dandy!

Yankee Doedie! Not alone
The continent will hear it,
But every land shall catch the tone,
And every tyrant fear it!
Yankes Doedle! ha! ha! ha!
Yankee Doedle Dandy!
Freedom's voice is in the song
Of Yankee Doedle Dandy!

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SALEM, OREGON TERRITORY, NOVEMBER 1,7 1857.

UNCLE JOSH

A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

Josh Crane was a Yankee born and bred, a farmer on Plainfield Hill, and a specimen. If some strange phrases were grafted on his New England vernacular, it was because for lifteen years of his youth he had followed the sea; and the sea to return the compliment, thereafter followed him.

His father, old Josh Crane, kept the Sanbury grist-mill, and was a drunken, shiftless old creature, who ended his days in tumble-down red house a mile below Plainfield Center, being "took with the tremens," as black Peter said when he came for the doctor—all too late, for the "tremens" had, indeed, takes him off.

Mrs. Crane, our Josh's mother, was and

Mrs. Crane, our Josh's mother, was Mrs. Crane, our Josh's mother, was one of those calm, meek, patient creatures, by some inscrutable mystery always linked to such men; "martyrs by the pang without the palm," of whom yet a noble army shall yet rise out of New England's desolate vallets and melancholy hills, to take their honor from their Masters hand. For years this woman lived alone with her child in the shattered and research and the shartest and the same statement of the same statement.

and the country's pestilence, consumption, and, after long straggles, relapses, rallies, all received in the same calm patience, Hetty Crane died in a summer's night, her little boy saleep beside her, and a whippowill on the apple-tree by the door sounding on her flickering sense the last misor note of life.

When Josh woke up and knew his mother was dead, he did not behave in the least like good little boys in books, but dre sed him-self without a tear or a sob, and ran for the

never did see sech a cretur as that are boy in all my days! he never said nothin' to me when he came to our folk's only jest—'Miss Ranney, I guess you'd better come cross lots to see mother, she don't seem to be alive.' Dew tell!" sex I, an' so I slipt on my Shaker bonnet jist as quick's I could, but he was off, spry's a criket, an' when I got there he was a settin' the room to rights, he'd spunked up a fire, and hung on the kittle; so I sed nothin', but stept along inter the bed-room and torned down the kiver, and gin a little receased I was to be didn't want nebody to tell on't," so everybody did!

It was, beside, true, Miss Eunice was a sincerely religious woman, and though Josh Crane's simple, fervent love-making had an upple-tree, and there—cried, perhaps! for he was wiping his eyes and slaking all over, when he walked off, and Josh, family, Mr. Crane."

"Dew tell!" responded Josh family allow of the uneasy brethren that night in his study, and expounded to them the duty of charity for people who would sleep in a list that are boy did!

It was, beside, true, Miss Eunice was a sincerely religious woman, and though Josh Crane's simple, fervent love-making had allower, when he walked off, and Josh, Mr. Crane."

"Dew tell!" responded Josh fallen, but brightening up as if not ashes and sack-clock, looked sheepishly about for his reprover, but he was gone.

Parson Pitcher convend the deacons and a few of the uneasy brethren that night in his study, and expounded to them the duty of charity for people who would sleep in the convendance of the uneasy brethren that night in his study, and expounded to them the duty of charity for people who would sleep in the convendance of the uneasy brethren that night in his study, and expounded to them the duty of charity for people who would sleep in the convendance of the uneasy brethren

he began to make Sanday night visitations at Deacon Stone's, to "brush his hat o'moralings," to step spry, and wear a stiff collar and stock, instead of the open tie he had kept, with the big-tail, long after jacket and tarpanlin had been dismissed the service; so the village directly discovered that Josh Crane was courting the school-mistress, "Miss Eunice," who boarded at Deacon Stone's. What Miss Bunice's surname might be I never new, nor did it much matter; she was the most kindly, timid' and

might be I never new, nor did it much matter; she was the most kindly, timid' and lovable creature that ever tried to reduce a district school into manners, and arithmetic; she lives in my memory still, a tall, slight figure, with tender brown eyes, and a sad face, its broad lovely forehead shaded with silky light hair, and her dress always dimtinted, jaded perhaps, but scrapulously nest and stable,

Every body knew why Miss Eunice looked so meekly sad, and wby she was still "Miss" Eunice: she had been "disappointed;" she had loved a man better than he loved her, and, therein copying the sweet angels, made a fatal mistake, broke her girl's heart, and went to keeping school for a living.

woman lived alone with her child in the shattered red house, spinning, knitting, washing, sewing scrubbing, to earn bread and water, sometimes charity-fed; but never failing at morning and night, with one red and knotted hand upon her boy's white hair, and the other on her worn Bible, to pray, with an intensity that boy never forgot, for his wellbeing forever and ever; for herself she never prayed, aloud.

Then came the country's pestilence, consumption, and, after long straggles, relapses, rallies, all received in the same calm pattence, Hetty Crane died in a summer's night, her little boy asleep beside her, and night, her little boy asleep beside her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men regarded her with a species of wonder and cuttom was "a real clever little fool!" and men reg tion; and it was with a thrill of virtuous indignation that we heard of Josh Crane's intentions towards Miss Eunice; nor were we
very pitiful of our old friend, when Mrs.
Stone announced to old Mrs. Ranney (who
was deaf as a post, and therefore very useful, passively, in spreading news confided to
her, as this was in the church porch) that
"Miss Eunice wa'n't a going to hev Josh
Crane, 'cause he wa'n't a professor, but she
didn't want nobody to tell on't," so everyhody did!

tleman.

"Good day, Parson Pitcher, good day! d—d hot day, sir," answered the unconscious Josu.

"Not so hot as hell for sweateral sternly responded the Parson, who being to a family renowned in New England for noway mincing matters, sometimes verged upon profanity himself though unstates. Josh threw down his hoe in despare.

"Oh Lord!" said he, "then it spenagain, I swear! the d—d does had it! If I don't keep a goin! Oh, Parson Pitcher, what shall I dew? it swears of itself. I am clean beat tryin' to head it off, con—no! I mean confuse it all! I'm such an old hand

what shall I dew? it swears of itself. I am clean beat tryin' to head it off, con—no! I mean confuse it all! I'm such an old band at the wheel, sir!"

Luckily for Josh the Parson's risibles were hardly better in hand than his own profanity, and it took him now a long time to pick up his cane, which he had dropped in the currant bushes, while Josh stood among the cornhills wiping the sweat off his brow, in an abject state of penitence and humility; and as the Parson emerged like a full moon from the leafy currants, he felt more charitably disposed towards Josh than he had done before. "It's a very bad thing, Mr. Crane," said he, mildly. "Not merely for yourself, but it scandalizes the church members, and I think you should take severe measures to break up the habit."

"What upon airth shall I do, sir!" piteously asked Josh, 'it is the d—dest plague! oh! I swan to man I've done it agis !"

And here, with a long how!, Josh threw himself down in the weeds, and kicked ont like a half-broken colt, wishing in his soul the earth would hide him, and trying to feel as bad as he ought to, for his honest conscience sturdily refused to convict him in this matter, faithful as it was in less sounding sins.

I grieve to say that Parson Pitther got

The state of the control is a good of the control in the control i

If y in a somewhat excited meeting on church business, (for in prayer meeting he hever answered on years to rise, test he is should after ten years of patience and labor took age the better of him, and shock at the very almera he might exchart) Prayers Pitcher, a "rising of the lengs," and a "gitteral complaint of the lights" was and

"Well, I expect it would," confidently as-serted Josh; "can I get it to the store, doc-

"No sir; it should be compounded in the family, Mr. Crane."
"Dew tell?" responded Josh, rather crestfallen, but brightening up as the doctor went on to describe, in all the polysyllables he could muster, the desirable fluid; at the end Josh burst out joyfully with—
"I sw—swan! t'aint nothing but lemon-

"I hoped to find you in a better frame," said he.

"I ean't help it!" exclaimed Josh, flinging down a finished peg emphatically. "I an't resigned! I want Miss Eunice! I a'nt willing to have her dead, I can't and a'nt, willing to have her dead, I can't and a'nt, and that's the hall on't! and I'd a wight rather—oh goody! I're swore again. Lorda massy! 'n she a'nt here to look at me when I do, and I'm goin' straight to the d—. Oh land! there it goes! Oh dear soul, can't a feller help himself no how?"

And with that Josh burst into a passion of tears, and fled past Parson Pitcher into onter right, didn't it?"

and with that Josh burst into a passion of tears, and fled past Parson Pitcher into the barn, from whence he emerged no more till the minister's steps were heard crunching on the gravel path toward the gate, when Josh, persistent as Galileo, thrust his bead out of the barn window, and repeated in a louder and more strenuous key, "I a'nt willin'. Parson Pitcher!" leaving the Parson of this day, but Salt shelp willin', Parson Pitcher!" leaving the Parson in a dubious state of mind, on which he ruminated for some weeks, finally concluding to leave Josh alone with his Bible, till time should blunt the keen edge of his pain, and reduce him to reason; and he noticed with great satisfaction that Josh came regularly to church and conference meetings, and at length resumed his work with a due amount of composure.

There was in the village of Plainfield a certain Miss Ranney, daughter of the afore.

certain Miss Ranney, daughter of the afore, said Mrs. Ranney, the greatest vixen in those parts, and of course an old maid—Her temper and tongue had kept off suitors in her youth, and had in nowise softened since. Her name was Sarah, familiarized into Sally and a she great not been heard to scold ones for months; into Sally and a she great not middle this last fact being immediately too to the

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The Parson sat down on the bench of the stoop, and wistfully surveyed Josh, wondering how best to introduce the subject of his life. Uncle Josh was made a descont Sall celebrated the event with a new black silk frock, and asked Parson Pitcher home to tea after the church meeting, and to such a tea as is the great glory of a New will of Providence, my dear Mr. Crane."

"No I don't, a speck!" honestly retorted Josh. Parson Pitcher was shocked.

"I hoped to find you in a better frame," said he.

willin', Parson Pitcher!" leaving the Parson a swearin' man to this day; but Salt, she's