

The Oregon Statesman.

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A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

Josh Crane was a Yankee born and bred, a farmer on Plainfield Hill, and a specimen of those strange phantoms who were grafted on his New England vermin.

ly in a somewhat excited meeting on church business, (for in prayer meetings he never answered any call to rise, look back, or bow the better of him, and shock the very sinners he might exhort.)

live," as well as by the word and by deed. So she dragged on uncomplainingly, and after ten years of patience and labor, took to her bed, and was pronounced by the Plainfield doctor, to have "succumbed to a spinal complaint of the lungs,"

come, one sultry August Sunday, to utter prayers and hymns above her, who now needed no prayer, and heard the hymns of heaven.

husband's scrupulously mended and refreshed; but if the smallest profanity escaped Uncle Josh's lips, he did indeed "hear their denials," and with the assentive devotion of a Geyser, he endured every ejaculatory torrent to the end, though his soft and kindly heart would now and then cringe and quiver in the process.

It was all for his good, he often said, and by the time Saul Ran had been in Miss Ennie's place an equal term of years, Uncle Josh had become a mild, patient, and kind, so much, that rarely his dead wife must have rejoiced over it in heaven, even as his brethren did on earth.

The following new songs ought to be, and will be, in the next issue of the Statesman, which is a great triumph for us in the concluding number of our weekly paper.

- Yankee Doodle! Long ago they played it to divide us, but now it serves to divide us. Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha! Yankee Doodle! ha! ha! ha!

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

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to the country's pestilence, consumption, and after long struggles, relapses, rallies, all received in the same calm patience, Hetty Crane died in a summer's night, her little boy asleep beside her, and a whippoorwill on the apple-tree by the door scolding on her flickering sense the last minor 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 drew himself up with a tear or a sob, and ran for the nearest neighbor.

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