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THE AMERICAN BOY.

BY JOHN H. HEWITT, ESQ.

"Father, look up and see that flag, How gracefully it flies, Those pretty stripes—they seem to be A rainbow in the skies."

"Father—what fearful noise is that, Like thundering in the clouds? Why do the people wave their hats, And rush about in crowds? It is the voice of canny, The glad shouts of the free, This is a day to memory dear— 'Tis Freedom's Jubilee."

"I wish that I was now a man, I'd fire my cannon too, And cheer as loudly as the rest— But, father, why don't you? I'm getting old and weak—but still My heart is big with joy; I've witnessed many a day like this— Shout you aloud, my boy!"

"Hurrah! for Freedom's Jubilee! God bless our native land, And may I live to hold the sword Of Freedom in my hand! Well done my boy—grow up and love The land that gave you birth; A home where Freedom loves to dwell, Is paradise on earth."

Popular Tales.

THE PICNIC.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"And so, Emily Saunders is going to our picnic to-morrow," said Mary Howell with a toss of the head, as she sat gossiping with several of her acquaintances. "Well for my part I have a great mind to stay away. A school teacher is no company for me."

"The next step will be," said one of the group, "that our kitchen girls will be associating with us."

"I wonder who asked her," enquired another one. "I don't know," replied Mary Howell. "Brother Frank told me—"

As she spoke the parlor door opened, and a handsome young man, about five and twenty entered, exclaiming— "What is that you say about me? Good day ladies. I heard my name as I passed through the hall, and stepped in to see what treason could be plotting. So many pretty girls cannot get together without mischief."

He laughed as he spoke, and his fair auditors laughed too; for Frank Howell was a general favorite, being rich as amiable, and talented as he was good looking.

"We were plotting no treason," replied his sister, "but wondering who had invited Emily Saunders to the picnic to-morrow."

"It was a friend of mine," said Frank promptly. "Who?"

"Ah, there you must excuse me. All I can say is, that like myself he is one of the managers, and has full authority to ask whom he pleases. But what objection to Miss Saunders?"

"She's nothing but a school teacher," retorted his sister contemptuously. "Oh, that's it, is it?" said Frank, and there was a bit of sarcasm in his tone as he proceeded. "A school teacher is not refined enough for my fine lady of a sister—too ignorant, I suppose, and can't converse as well as her companions. It is too late, sister mine, to prevent her going; but I can tell my friend the state of the case, and as he is desperately in love with Miss Saunders, perhaps he won't regret being compelled to monopolize her all to himself. Of course, none of you will suppose, will speak to her."

"No, no," said several voices, whose owners did not care to sink in Frank's opinion, and who saw that he was in part the champion of Miss Saunders, "no, no, that would be Aids. We will be civil to her certainly."

"But she will not be welcome," said Frank, looking round the circle that is plain to perceive. However, ladies, as the invitation has been given, I am glad that there is no disposition to insult her. It's rather odd, though, that in this republican country, an amiable young lady is shunned by her sex because the misfortune of her family have compelled her to teach school for a livelihood. "That's all very well for a stump orator, when he is canvassing to be elected

to Congress," replied his sister, "and your physician, have an opinion that you'll prosper. Only don't practice too far and on no. You couldn't possibly have your sister associated with a girl who worked for a living."

"And why not?" said Frank, his fine eye flashing. "Is there more disease for a woman to work than a man? I hope the woman that supports herself, is more than the one who becomes a tax to her relatives."

"That sounds very grand," said his sister, with a sneer, "but how can a girl who spends her time in teaching be either accomplished or useful?"

"Very often," replied Frank, warmly, "they are the most truly accomplished, and refuse to be so. Mrs. Jackson, Miss Fanny Noyes, was a school teacher, and was a question her refinement, accomplishment, and worth? Hundreds of others might be named also. The life of idleness in which most wealthy and fashionable ladies indulge, is not, allow me to say, half as well calculated to develop the higher qualities of your sex as teaching school and suffering privation. I doubt if anybody, man or woman, is good for much till they have been proved and strengthened by the trials of life; and the gossiping twaddling existence of a fine lady, offers no such opportunities. My friend, I think, has chosen wisely to select a self sustained and energetic, yet refined and intelligent woman like Miss Saunders. He will, when he marries, have a wife, and not a plaything."

And with these words he bowed all round, and left the room.

His hearers were in a consternation. Such sentiments they had never before heard uttered so boldly; and many who counted Frank's good opinion regretted that they had allowed their sympathy to Miss Saunders to be seen. The conversation, accordingly, grew tame, one by one the fair gossips dropped off, and before long, Mary Howell was left alone.

It was just after sunrise on the following morning, that Emily Saunders stood before the looking glass in her small yet neat little chamber, completing her toilet for the picnic.

Her dress was a combination. Such sentiments they had never before heard uttered so boldly; and many who counted Frank's good opinion regretted that they had allowed their sympathy to Miss Saunders to be seen. The conversation, accordingly, grew tame, one by one the fair gossips dropped off, and before long, Mary Howell was left alone.

It was just after sunrise on the following morning, that Emily Saunders stood before the looking glass in her small yet neat little chamber, completing her toilet for the picnic. Her dress was virgin white, and she was placing in her bosom a moss rosebud, the morning gift of her partner for the day, who was waiting below. A blush was on her cheek, for it was the first token she had ever received from the gentleman in question; and the modest girl who had never yet acknowledged to herself the preference she felt for him, was in a flutter of surprise and pleasure. Her agitation compelled her to remain longer before the glass than she had intended; but having finally composed her spirits she tripped lightly down.

All that Franklin had said the day before in her favor was more than borne out by the truth. Her father had once been a merchant and considered rich; but the dishonesty of others had ruined him, and soon after he died of a broken heart. The mother was not long in following. In this crisis Emily showed what a heroic woman can do; she resolved to support by her own exertions, her little brother and herself; and this, though some cousins, her nearest relations, offered her a home; but she knew the tender had been grudgingly made, and her spirit was too high to accept unwilling charity. Accordingly, having heard that the school at Chestnut Village was vacant she had applied for the situation, received it, and removed from the city.

Though most of her friends, moved by narrow prejudices, deserted her, there was one who did not. This, strange to say, was a gentleman. He had known her when she was a courted heiress, and when he a comparative stranger in the city, where he was pursuing his studies, had been a guest courteously welcomed at her father's house. He was now a successful young physician, the idol of every circle in which he moved; he had not forgot his old acquaintance. In fact, the dignity and courage with which she met misfortune, exalted her infinitely in his estimation. He visited her before she left the city, and as an old friend solicited the pleasure of occasionally writing to her—a request which she could not or did not refuse.

In reality, though there was nothing of love in these letters, they soon became infinitely dear to Emily's heart. The frankness with which her father's old acquaintance stood by her when every one else selfishly neglected her, touched her inexpressibly; and before she ever suspected her danger she was deeply in love. The idea of his marrying her was dismissed at once, when she came to discover her weakness. Many a bitter tear that discovery caused her.

But within a few days her heart had been filled with strange hopes. Her correspondent had come down to Chestnut Village on a visit, and had called on her, and given her an invitation to the picnic projected for the first of June. And now on this morning he had brought a moss rose bud, fresh with dew, and sent it up to her while he waited below. He was, she knew, too sincere to deceive her, and surely he was aware of the sweet token. What wonder that she blushed and was embarrassed, when, on entering the little parlor, her visitor rose with a smile, which was succeeded by a grateful glance from his fine eyes, as he saw the approbation she had made of his gift.

He came forward with an enthusiasm unusual to him, and taking both her hands in his, said, "You look like an angel, Emily."

And he had never spoken in this way before. Emily, uncontrolled and agitated, was staring dumbly at him. He could be in earnest. There was no doubting the meaning of his look. Love, devoted love, shone in those fine eyes, from the very depths of the speaker.

He continued, stealing his right arm around her slender waist, while Emily, trembling with surprise and surprise, was looking at him for support. "I have loved you almost since I first began to write to you, but would not impose on your generous permission to correspond, to reveal my sentiments. I had asked to write to you simply as a friend; and to have written as a lover would have been a breach of my implicit promise. So, and could not endure suspense any longer—as every letter I received from you exhibited more of your rare qualities of head and heart, I came down here to know my fate. You are silent. Am I then to despair?"

In fact, though Emily had, at first, looked on him for support, she had, recovering her strength as he proceeded, raised her head from his last words, and even glided from his embrace. But the tone of deep address with which he concluded moved her to pity. She hid her head on his arm, and looking up smiling into his face, said, "Frank!"

"It was enough. Frank Howell, for it was he, as the reader has perhaps suspected all along, saw sufficient in those eyes and in that smile to assure him that he need not despair; and putting his arm around her again, he not only drew her towards him, but kissed her, though reverently as a brother would kiss a long-lost and recovered sister."

Suddenly the old widow, with whom Emily boarded, looked into the parlor to announce that coffee was ready. "I thought Miss Emily ought to have a bite, sir, before she went out," said the old lady.

"Thank you," said Frank, "it was very considerate, you take good care of this dear creature, I see," he hardly knew what he said, and was continually on the point of betraying himself.

"Your coffee is very fine. Do finish your cup, dearest," this was said to Emily, who blushed and reproached him with her eyes.

But now we must be off. I declare it is striking six o'clock, and we shall be the last on the ground."

The widow saw them depart, and then stepped in to her next-door neighbor, where, to the wonder of all, she retained the lover-like expressions of Frank, winding up by declaring that "he was going to marry her dear Miss Emily—she was sure of it—and certainly a sweeter wife he could not get, nor one more worthy of him, rich and handsome though he was."

The neighbor hurried in turn to tell her acquaintances; and thus before night all the village heard that Dr. Frank Howell was going to marry the school mistress.

Meantime the picnic went merrily off. On the way to the fine old woods, in which the party met, Frank told Emily that he wished to keep their engagement secret till the ensuing day.

"You will meet my sister here, and I wish her to see and know you, before she hears of our being affianced. It will embarrass you too much to have the announcement to-day."

"Yes, yes, dear Frank, wait till to-morrow. You'll spoil the day's pleasure if you tell it."

The decided language of Frank, on the preceding afternoon, had created a reaction in Emily's favor. The sensible portion of his hearers, on reflection had seen the folly of their prejudice; and even his sister, who was an excellent creature in the main, though a little spoiled by flattery and passion, was sorry for having expressed herself so decidedly. When all the gentlemen but Frank had arrived, it became evident that he had meant himself, when he spoke of a friend; and there was no little consternation among some of the fair guests. His sister was at first annoyed to find that Frank, on his own confession, was more than half in love with a school teacher; but as she loved Frank dearly, and valued his opinion highly, she always came round in the end to his opinion, and on this occasion did not depart from her general rule. In short, by the time Frank arrived, Mary was prepared not only to be civil to Emily, but to like her if possible.

We need not say that Mary did not like Emily. No one could help liking the sweet girl whose presence shrouded the eyes of Frank. Before the day was half over, Frank had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing his sister, and betrothed walking with their arms around each other; Mary's countenance charmed with her new acquaintance.

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"And what did they do with her, the old?" quietly asked Obadiah. "I put her in the farm yard."

"Did she beat her?" "I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob—right; sit down to breakfast, and when done eating I will attend to the beifer."

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This story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the warm blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded somewhat roughly, where he had been. "I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted, "Do you dare to say I killed her?" "How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house. A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recommitment escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages; he calmly waited his plan and hour of revenge. It came as usual.

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One evening a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his cornfield, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the bellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright