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As each his greeting sends;
May our sever'd links be fleeting
A pledge to our absent friends
Then whilst the New Year passes, &c.

A pledge to our Oaken right,
The mantles of the Sea,
May the foam on her keel be white
As it cleaves to Victory.

May the despot slave be crushed,
By the thrill of a British cheer,
May the tocsin cry be hushed
To the Orientals ear.

Then whilst the New Year passes, &c.

May the bonnie land that's blown
To gem the Royal wreath,
Never feel upon the Throne,
The worm that blights the leaf.

Around their Royal Germ!
May the circling Nobles stand,
May their princely souls be firm
To guard her noble land.

Then whilst the New Year passes, &c.

May the sister flowers three
(Entwined in fond embrace)
In union always be,
Her chaplet wreath to grace.

May America, that bound,
In vassalage, our free,
Start at the sternal sound
Of England's Sovereignty!

Then whilst the New Year passes, &c.

May the Country of our birth
With choicest gifts be crown'd,
May she hold her share of worth
And copiously abound.

Its years may wisdom store,
Its youth may virtue bless,
May its garner be run o'er
With peace and plenteousness.

Then whilst the New Year passes, &c.

Then strike no chord of sadness,
With joy let the heartstrings ring,
Let the New Year dawn in gladness
To the NEWS-BOY'S offering.

Or in crest let the daisy pay,
Then the PRINTER'S BOY'S to-day.
Then whilst the New Year passes, &c.

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when men clustered together for mutual
safety and protection, it would be difficult to say.
Some of the good people of Falmouth, who
like many of their descendants, were fond of
indulging in groundless surmises, ascribed it
to a sinister motive—saying they had very
gravely and suspiciously as they spoke of Joe
Wier's temper in this exposing himself to
the attacks of the prowling red men. A num-
ber of well-disposed persons cautioned him of
the danger which surrounded him, and ad-
vised him to move into the settlement.

But Wier was a strong, bold hearted fellow
—and a very honest one to boot, for all that
we can learn. He had peculiar social no-
tions of his own. He did not like a crowd—
he wanted plenty of elbow-room. A crea-
ture of the woods, he feared nothing in hu-
man shape. Paying but little attention to
the cultivation of the soil, he delighted in fol-
lowing the chase, for which purpose he would
absent himself for weeks at a time—roving
about the green forest, and conforming in his
mode of life more to that of the savage than
his civilized brethren. Joe was not always a
follower of the deer and the bear, for in the
frequent disturbances of the whites by the red
man, he was employed as a scout to the ex-
peditions sent out to punish and drive off the
wild foe. Well versed in the cunning so char-
acteristic of the Indian and capable of endur-
ing equal exposure and fatigue, the savage
found in him an inveterate enemy. His pro-
wess was so well known, his name had become
a terror to them.

"The varmints know me too well to molest
me so long as I have this trusty friend by
my side," said he, slapping the butt of his
rusty rifle, which had sent death to the hearts
of many a wild beast of the woods.

This was no vain boast, for he was famous
for his wide range of accuracy of his shot.
Nothing could escape his practised eye. The
bird on the wing and the fleet deer alike fell
beneath his sure arm. His skill was so great
and his fondness for sport so well known, that
in time he was only known as the Hunter—
or Hunting Joe—a sobriquet with which he
was evidently not a little pleased.

Hunting Joe, or the Scout, as we shall here-
after call him, was equally well known—had not
been long established in his new abode when
the Fifth French war broke out, in the year
—the longest and most desolating of those
ruthless wars. Time and again the savage
hordes swept through the infant settlements
with blood and fire, leaving neither age nor
sex safe.

The tender infant and the gray-haired
sage alike shared the same terrible fate. What
the tomahawk and the scalping knife left un-
done the brand consummated. No one felt
safe for a moment. In the fields—in the house
of God, and by their bedside, the gun was
always at hand, ready at a moment's warning.
Men who lived apart for seek their dwellings
and congregated in block houses for mutual
defence and security; and when they ventur-
ed abroad they stole out warily—dreading
each thicket as an ambush, and fearful that
each tree concealed a foe.

CHAPTER II

In the summer of '46 news was brought
to Falmouth that a band of savages had sud-
denly appeared at New Maribeech, as the
town of Windham was then called—a pleas-
ant village about eight or ten miles from Port-
land. The report stated that they had attack-
ed the dwelling of a Mr. Hanson and butch-
ered all of the family save one female. The
survivor had taken into captivity. Early
in the morning the dispirited intelligence
reached Falmouth, and the Scout, who hap-
pened to be there, was the first one to hear it.
About one hour afterwards he might have
been seen leaving the Causeway and plung-
ing into the woods, with his long rifle at a
trail, proceeding with hasty strides towards
the scene of murder. There was an unusual
fire burning in his eye—a dark red spot glow-
ed on each cheek, and his whole counte-
nance bore the expression of a chafed and
angry spirit.

He was evidently on no common errand,
for he strode the thick forest—right on
through thicket and brake—crushing the
dead limbs beneath his heavy tread, and dash-
ing aside the dense bushes that beset his way,
with a recklessness and haste which betrayed
the agitated state of his mind. The startled
deer broke from its covert immediately within
his range, but he heeded it not—the shaggy
beast muttered an angry growl, as he roused
it from its lair, but it served not to attract his
attention; the stealthy catamount raised his
terrific, ballhuman cry, but his ear heard not
the warning. He still pressed on—thought-
less of danger, heedless of the opportunities
offered for the exercise of his boasted skill,
and regardless of fatigue. With his head
slightly bent and his body leaning forward,
that he was wandering at random through
the many woods. There was no defined
path for him to follow—a wild, trackless re-
gion of towering trees and heavy underbrush
spread out before him, presenting at every
step the same unbroken, unvarying scene.
Yet the Scout hesitated not a moment on his
way. Now and then, perhaps, he would raise

his head, and after throwing a hasty glance
around him—glancing for an instant through
the opening branches on the sky, he would
resume his former position, continuing his
route in the same rapid manner.

Mile after mile was traversed in this way
until, at length, in an incredibly brief period
he had reached what was then known as Mal-
lison's, but now enjoying the unpopulated cog-
nomen of "Horse-Beef Falls," in Windham.

The dwelling of the murdered family was in
this neighbourhood, to which his steps were
immediately directed. The house was des-
erted. He entered the battered door, and fol-
lowing a crimson stain that ran along the
floor of the front room, he proceeded to the
fatal bedroom. The stillness of death brood-
ed over the place as he stood there alone
gazing on the crimsoned floor, still wet with
the blood of the victims. A vengeful fire
gleamed in his eyes as his glance rested on
the dabbled walls and heart-stone. For a
while he remained silent—his breast heaving
with emotion, overmastering his utterance.

"Accursed deed!" muttered between
his clenched teeth—"a life for each drop
will be too poor a revenge!" and he clutched
his rifle with a convulsive grasp, while an ex-
pression almost demoniac shot wildly over
his face.

For the reader to understand the cause of
the emotion exhibited by the Scout, we need
only say that the murdered mother, of the
family was his only sister, and the young fe-
male carried into captivity was his sole re-
maining child, who had been on a visit to her
parent during the summer—her own mother
being dead. Good reason had he for his
emotion, with the blood of his kindred all
about him—clinging in clots to his very feet
as ferying for vengeance, and a knowledge
of his idolized child's captivity—perhaps
more cruel sundering and death, racking his
mind.

Nothing did the unhappy man remain in
the chamber of death. With a moan rather
than a sigh he left the room, and tightening
the belt around his body he prepared on the
instant to strike on the trail of the foe. Just
cautiously approaching the house, the Scout
raised his rifle in readiness for use. The dry
branches crackled beneath the tread of the
intruder, but still he entered not the door.
Half hoping that it might be a prowling
savage, the Scout loosened his long hunting
knife, and he crept softly to the window,
disposing himself so as to catch sight of the
one outside without exposing his own person.

For a time he met his sight. Presently
from behind a clump of bushes there emerged
—not the expected red man, but a youth
of some twenty-two or four years of age.
The young man was armed with a rifle and
fully equipped for a long tramp. He was
moving carefully round as if in search of
some object—first examining the bushes on
either hand, and then bending down, and in-
tently gazing upon the grass. At length, as
if satisfied with his scrutiny, he was about
plunging into the weeds, when the Scout ad-
dressed him.

"My young friend—Mayberry—where
now. This way a moment."

The young man stood with a look of
surprise turned and looked toward the
house, at the door of which he met the Scout.
A silent grasp of the hand ensued. There
was no occasion for words to explain each
other's object.

"I have discovered the trail, sir," said
the new comer with a flushed countenance
and countenance. "We have time to lose,
come."

But you were not going else said the
Scout as he stepped in front of the dwelling,
glancing caustically at the young man as he
spoke.

"Alone and to the end of the world, sir—
for rescue and revenge! The rest are wanted
as home for defence, and they tried to per-
suade me to remain, but my mind was fixed."

"One word more, young man," said the
Scout in a faltering voice—"are all gone?"

"Not one saved, sir, but Mabel—every
soul of them shockingly butchered! They
will be buried from the block house this
afternoon."

The Scout hastily dashed a tear from his
eye, then grasping his piece he said—"Let
us forward—follow me!"

And the two started like hounds on the
scent, in pursuit of the foe, the Scout leading
the way, his more practised eye at once strik-
ing the trail.

CHAPTER III.

For some time not a word was said as they
made their way through the tangled forest—
each seemed to be communing with his own
thoughts. The younger, a manly, athletic
youth, with a fine fresh countenance, and a
determined expression to his features, follow-
ed close in the footsteps of his companion,
whose tall, sinewy form gave evidence of great
physical strength. Although he had long
passed the meridian of life, yet age had not
diminished his vigor. His face was brown
with exposure and well seamed with years,
still his rough features wore a kindly expres-

sion, altho' an occasional sternness would
seal over them and an angry, fierce glance
gleam from his eye, as a passing thought of
the object he had in view flitted through his
brain. The long silence was at last inter-
rupted by the Scout's addressing his com-
panion, without checking his pace, however—

"And so you were going in pursuit alone,
my young friend? I honor your courage, boy,
but it would have been rash. Unacquainted
as you are with the cunning habits of these
wood-fenies, how could you expect to cope
with them single-handed?"

"I could die, sir," said the young man in
a determined tone.

"And add one more to the number scored
in blood!"—rejoined the Scout. "No, no,
young man, life is too precious to be reck-
lessly thrown away. Stout hearts and strong
arms are too scarce in the settlements, and
we shall need all we can muster before this
bloody war is over."

"But you were going alone, were you not?"

"Ay, but my life is not so precious as
yours. If Mabel is lost, I should have none
to mourn me. Then again I know the na-
ture of these devils, and my chance would be
better. I am glad of your company, however,
and from my heart I thank you for the inter-
est you take in me and mine. I have heard
there was a liking 'twixt you and the gall,
and I am rejoiced to know that you are
worthy of her. With the blessing of heaven we
may circumvent them that have her yet, and
if so be she is alive and we all get back to the
settlements again, she is yours, youngster, but
if they have murdered her—"

"You do not fear that event?" said the
young man hastily, the glow on his cheek
giving place to the pillar of alarm.

"I don't know, James," replied the Scout,
shaking his head doubtfully. "I am loath to
think on it—but when their blood is up there's
no knowing to what length they will go. If
they suspected now that any one was on their
trail, and she should hinder their flight, her
scalp would dangle at their belts in a mo-
ment."

The thought of the possibility of such an
event produced a protracted silence as they
strode on their way brooding over the situa-
tion of the captive. Hour after hour passed
away and still they slackened not their speed.
But a few words passed between them for
besides the necessity of restraining their pos-
sible noise through fear of a surprise, they
were each too much occupied with their own
thoughts to continue a conversation. Many
a mile had been passed over, when at last the
Scout hesitated in his rapid gait, and shortly
came to a dead halt.

[To be continued.]