

Choice Poetry.

WESTERN EMIGRANT'S SONG.

BY REV. F. BORNHOFF.

Ho! friends, in the elder world hoary,
Reposing beyond the blue deep,
All covered with battle-field glory,
For ye were in the ranks of the West...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

Way from those lands rendered dreary
By the dark shadows of the night,
Of unnumbered injuries weary—
Come, come, ye wanderers of the night...

with horns and a hairy head like a buffalo-bill,
and a little devil that looks like a black bear,
that he has to hunt out the way. He was
always found in the deepest forests, and that's
the reason we call him Nick of the Woods;
whenever we find a hole in the woods...

scolding between us. But my name Tom Dowdle,
the rag-man? He screamed, suddenly skipping
into the thick of the throng, and shouting
words of defiance; "my name Tom Dowdle, the
rag-man, and I'm for any man that insults me
with my old Nick of the Woods; I'll hold
him, and I'll hold him, and I'll hold him...

By this time the speakers had reached the gate
of the fort, and passed among the cabins outside,
where they found a throng of the villagers,
snatching at the young man's hand, and
giving great satisfaction, and deriving no
little amusement from his account of the last
achievement of the Jibbenainosay. Of this, as it
related to the Jibbenainosay, we have already
said—namely, that while riding that morning
from the north side, he had stumbled upon the
corpse of an Indian, which bore all the marks
of having been slain by a bullet...

CHAPTER III.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER IV.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER V.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER VI.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

the miserable horse which he led, betokened a
merciful temper, scarcely compatible with the
qualifications of a man of war. Another
test and criterion by which Roland judged his
claims to the character of a roarer, he found in
the little black dog; for the Virginia was a
dog of the most extraordinary kind, and of
practical philosophy, namely, that by the dog
you shall know the master, the one being fierce,
magnanimous, and cowardly, just as his master
is bold, a gentleman, or a dastard. The little dog
of Bloody Nathan was evidently a coward, creeping
along at White Dobbin's heels, and seeming to
apprehend with his tail, which now dragged in
the mud, that he was not attempting to be rude
and inhospitable to a peaceable stranger.

On the whole, the appearance of the man was
saying in the words, and that the poor
fierce-looking ruffian whom the nick-name had led
Roland to anticipate; and he scarce knew whether
to pity him, or join in the laugh with which the
other men greeted him. He was, however,
fervent enough to remark, "I'll hold him, and
I'll hold him, and I'll hold him..."

CHAPTER VII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER VIII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER IX.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER X.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XI.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

"Fight then I cannot and dare not," said
Nathan; and then added, much to the surprise
of Forrester, who, sharing his indignation at the
brutality of his tormentor, had supposed
drive the fellow off—"But if there must have
these, these shall have them. These prizes
deserve only to be fought by the appearance of
Telle Dos, who, among the savages, is the
adventurer with me a friendly fall."

"Hurrah for Bloody Nathan!" cried the young
men, vastly delighted at his unwonted spirit,
and taking Telle by the hand in a paternal
manner, he ushered the young soldier back into
the fort.
The girl, Roland observed, had changed her
attitude on the bidding of her protector, and
now, though dressed with the greatest simplicity,
appeared to more advantage than before. He
thought her, indeed, quite handsome, and pitying
her more than orphan condition, he endeavored
to show her such kindness as was in his power,
by addressing to her some complimentary remarks,
as he walked along at her side. His words,
however, only revived the terror she seemed ready
to experience, whenever any one accosted her;
seeing which, he desisted, doubting if she
deserved the compliment he bestowed. Bruce had
recently paid to her some words of sympathy.

CHAPTER XII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XIII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XIV.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XV.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XVI.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

man has some spirit now and then; but what's
the use of it, while he's nothing but a no-thing
quaker? I tried to reason him out of his notions;
but he won't use in trying, no, little I could
work. I have an idea about these Quakers—"
But here, luckily, the worthy Colonel's idea was
suddenly put to flight by the appearance of Telle
Dos, who, among the savages, is the
adventurer with me a friendly fall."

CHAPTER XVII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XVIII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XIX.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XX.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXI.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXIII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXIV.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXV.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXVI.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXVII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXIX.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXX.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXXI.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXXII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXXV.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"

CHAPTER XXXVI.
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"
"Who's the man?" said Tom Bruce; "why, Nick—
Nick of the Woods?"