

Emigrants' Parting Lament.

Ye blue hills of Albany!—ye glens of our Fathers,
Farewell! we return to your bosoms no more;
On thy rock-girdled beach an exiled band gathers,
To seek a far home o'er the ocean's dread roar:
Never again shall we list to thy mountain-winds
swelling.

Amid the dark crags where the eagles are yelling—
Cold, cold is the heart of each desolate dwelling,
As we sight thus to leave thee and turn to deplore.
Never again shall we roam o'er thy heath-covered
highlands,

Or view in the gray mist the forms of the dead:
No more shall we sail by thy lone misty islands,
Whose dwellings are crumbling, whose children
have fled:

Soon, soon shall the waste of the wild tossing ocean
Divide us from thee, thou sweet Isle of devotion—
Ah who shall then picture the Exile's emotion,
When the hills of the Stranger in sorrow we
tread?

Farewell and for ever, ye mist-shrouded mountains!
Ye altars of Freedom!—ye thrones of the Storms!

Farewell, ye wild glens, where the blue dashing
fountains

Are haunted at midnight by shadowy forms:

Farewell ye green woods—where the red deer are
roaming;

Ye deep tangled brakes where the torrents are foaming—

All sheen in the beams of the star-haunted gloaming—

Farewell! we return to your bosoms no more!

Alas! and it may be when we are departed

The songs of the reveler may trouble the gale;

And around the warm ingle, our maidens, light-heart-ed,

May tell, all unheeding, our sorrowful tale;

When we are afar on the merciless ocean,

Our exiled hearts throbbing with deepest emotion,

Far, far from the land of our bosoms' devotion,

Bewailing the glories of days that are o'er!

But welcome that proud land, the cherished in story;

Columbian fair clime of the brave and the free!

Whose Eagle, careering 'mid planets of glory,

Proclaims that the injured are welcome to thee;

As along the green valleys we roam in dejection,

And seek 'neath thy Banner kind help and protec-tion,

Our bosoms will yearn with o'erflowing affection

For the Land of our Birth far beyond the wide sea!

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

REQUIEM FOR LAFAYETTE.

BY H. F. GOULD.

He's gone to his home! Like a well ripened sheep,

The ear in its fulness, and sear in its leaf;

The angels have borne him with joy to the skies;

The portals of Heaven have closed on their prize.

He's gone like the sun at the dying of day,

When shades vane the earth as his light fades away!

In greatness he rose and in glory he shone.

Till claimed by the world, while the world was his own.

He's gone like the waters in brightness that flow;

While verdue and flowers clothe their banks as they go.

Till, forth to the deep, in their grandeur they roll;

He's gone to the ocean, the home of his soul!

He's gone! and the nations in mourning are dressed;

They mingle their tears round the place of his rest;

But none, like Columbia, lingers to weep,

The Friend of her youth, with his fathers asleep.

He watched o'er our childhood—he saw her young

form,

Arise in its beauty, 'mid darkness and storm.

Her sighs, like an orphan's are heavily drawn,

While speaks the cold marble, 'He's gone! he is

gone!'

From the New York Mirror.

THE CAPTURE OF THE FRIGATE PRESIDENT.

From a Sailor's Journal of his first Cruise.

The jawing-bell of the mid-watch was out, the lieutenant of the deck was half asleep, and the refers of the watch altogether so, stowed away snugly. The wind was on the starboard-quarter, blowing six knots; fore and mainmast stunsails on her, the last inch of the weather-braces hauled in and be-hayed, and every thing snug.

For lack of better employment, I was cruising about decks on a wind, when I fell in with a knot of old tars on the to-gallant'-o'-castle. 'Yo, hoy, hoy!' castlemen,' says I, as I came to anchor on the heel of the bowsprit; 'how do you fight your guns? Bob O'Neal, you are boatswain's-mate-of-the-watch, sue yourself, and spin a yarn.'

Bob wanted no better fun, so, without wasting breath in lubberly parley, he began:

'On the fifteenth of January, 1815, at four bells, in the forenoon-watch, the boatswain called, "all hands, up anchor," on board the President frigate, Commodore Decatur, then lying in New York harbor, off the Battery.'

We walked it up in the turning of an hour-glass, and dropped down the bay, the wind at nor'-west, and came to an anchor in the Horse-shoe.

Now, it was high water on the bar, at a quarter past nine that evening; but Decatur, for some reason, which nobody ever knew, called all hands, up anchor, at four bells in the first dog-watch. As soon as the pilot heard the order, he went to Decatur, 'Commodore,' says he, 'the ship cannot go over the bar till high water.'

'She must go, sir,' says Decatur.

'It's impossible, sir,' says the pilot.

'Drive her over,' says the commodore.

That settled the business, and we weighed anchor; but it blew such a gale o' wind, that the only sail we set was a double-reefed foretopsail, and so stood out for the Hook.

When the ship was about twice her length from the bar, the pilot went to Decatur again. 'Commodore Decatur,' says he, 'the ship cannot go over the bar; it's an impossibility. She'll strike, and thump to pieces.'

'Well, sir,' says Decatur, 'if that's the case, let go the anchor.'

'So we let go the larboard-bower, and veered away cable enough to bring her to. The ship swung round by the anchor, and her stern struck on the bar.'

We had hemp cables in those days, and a few blows with an axe cut it away, and we swung round, and struck broadside on the bar, and there she thumped.

Then it was, 'down topgallant and royal yards,' and, as I was captain of the maintop, I was expect-ed to show the lead.

So we lay aloft, but could not get any higher than the tops, for when the ship struck, which she did every minute, it was all we could do to hold on, let alone sending down yards, and for the same reason, the foretopsail had not been furled, and so it was flapping as if it would carry away the yard. So we lay and thumped on the bar till high water, and then she floated.

'Now, sir,' says Decatur to the pilot, 'take me back to New York.'

'It is impossible, sir,' says the pilot, 'it is blowing a gale o' wind from the north-west, and no ship that ever floated could beat up against it.'

So there was nothing to be done but to go to sea; and, as the wind had moderated a little, we made sail on her and stood out, and, as we knew the English fleet was watching for us, we doused every light, except the binnacle-lamps, and kept very still; for, as it was dark, we did not know how near we might be to them, and so, with every thing she

could stagger under, we wore off, south-east-by-east. About seven bells, in the mid-watch, a blue light was burnt by the English admiral's ship, and was repeated by all the ships of his squadron, to show him where they were.

They were all around us, and, to avoid them, we hauled close on the wind, boarded our larboard-tacks, and stood in for the Long Island shore. When daylight came, we found that the English fleet was all around us. The Tenedos, frigate, was on our starboard-bow; the Pomone, frigate, on the larboard-bow; the Endymion, frigate, right ahead; the Despatch, brig, clear out to sea, ahead, and the Majestic, seventy-four, astern.

We could not stand all that; so we up helm, and bore away to the south'ard and east'ard, and, setting a foretopmast stunsail, although it blew a gale of wind, we left Johnny Bull to take care of the Despatch, brig, clear out to sea, ahead, and the Majestic, seventy-four, astern.

But then the wind began to ease off, and, though we crowded all sail, the Endymion began to gain upon us. She was the fastest sailer in the English fleet, and was kept light and in complete sailing trim. She drew her provisions from the other ships, and was, of course, only in ballast; while we had on board six months and thirteen days' provision, besides stores of all kinds, and were very heavy with shot, and to add to all this weight, we had knocked our false-keel to pieces on the bar; some of it was gone, and the rest stood athwart-ships, and hindered our sailing very much.

Well, the Endymion kept on, gaining on us, and came on hand-over-fist; so the commodore gave orders to lighten the ship. First-and-foremost we threw over all the provisions, except ten days' allowance, but the wind still easing off, the Endymion still gained on us; so we threw over the boats, spar rigging and spars, then the anchors, and cutting the cables into lengths of five or six fathoms, so that they would be of no use to any one, we sent them overboard too, and every thing else, except our fighting-traps. In spite of all we could do, the Endymion still gained on us, and it was very plain she would overtake us. So, at six bells, in the afternoon watch, when she was about four miles astern, Commodore Decatur called all hands astir.

'Now, my lads,' says he, 'the Endymion will overtake us, and we can't help it; but when she comes alongside, I want you to give her one broadside, double-shotted, and then every man and boy in the ship must board her; and we will take her, and go off in her, (for she is the fastest ship in the English squadron,) and leave the President where she is. No man must leave the ship till you see me mount the hammock-nettings, and then will you follow me!'

'It is contrary to orders,' says he, 'but say on.'

So I told him how it was with us, and begged him to ask the officer of the deck for something to eat. He went to the lieutenant, and told him that the prisoners wanted some water.

'Who asked you?' says the lieutenant.

'One of the men, sir,' says the sergeant.

'Send him to me,' says the lieutenant.

The sergeant came forward: 'Where's the man who spoke to me for water?'

'I'm the man,' says I.

So he knocked off my feet-irons, and I went astir to the lieutenant. He was the only officer aboard, all the rest being aboard the President, and a devilish smart fellow he was, too. So I told him how it was, that we were suffering for water, and begged him to give us a little.

'What's your name?' says he.

'Robert O'Neal, sir,' says I.

'An Irishman?' says he.

'Well, sir,' says I, 'will you please to give us a little water?'

So he sung out for the master's-mate of the hold, and told him to give me four ten-gallon casks of water, and a couple of bags of bread. I took it and served it out to our men, but they jumped at it as if they were mad, and acted more like wild beasts than men; and drank all the water, and took all the bread so quick, that I could not get any myself. Then the lieutenant sent for me.

'Well,' says he, 'how did you make out?'

'But poorly myself, sir,' says I, 'the men took it all, and I had none left.'

'Well,' says he, 'sit down on that carriageway-side, my man, and I'll see what I can do for you.'

It was now about his dinner-time, three-bells, in the afternoon watch, and he went down to his dinner, and sent up to me a piece of fresh beef and potatoes, and every thing I wanted, and I made a devilish good dinner. Pretty soon he came up from below.

'Well, my lad,' says he, 'how did you make out?'

'Very well, sir, and much obliged to you, sir,' says I, 'there's only one thing wanting.'

'What's that?' says he.

'A little grog, if you please, sir,' says I.

'Well,' says he, 'I'll be d—d if you are not a whole-souled fellow. You shall have some grog, any how.'

So he wrote an order on the purser's steward for half-a-pint of grog, and gave it to me, and told me to go and get it; and I went below and got it, and then I was all right. When I came on deck, made me come astir to him, and talked to me a long while.

Well, that afternoon they sent all hands of us aboard of the Endymion; and stowed half of us in the fore-hold and the rest on the main-gundeck, amidships, in irons; and, as she had jury-masts rigged, they all bore away for Bermuda.

Now the Endymion was still the fastest ship in the squadron, and not being very full manned, we agreed to rise and take her, and bear away for some port in the States; and we had it all arranged, and in three minutes more the ship would have been our own, when the main-jury-mast went by the board and dished all our plans. In a couple of days we made Bermuda, and there we were landed and marched through the town; and such a set of looking fellows no man ever saw. We had not been shaved for so long a time that we looked like bears; water was no shipmate of ours; and, as the English thieves had stolen every thing we had, the clothes that we wore were both few and small; for example, my thumb-nail is as well clothed as we were; and, as we went along with our hands behind our backs, two and two, the boys pelted us with mud, eggs, dead cats, and such-like. Then they put us aboard the Ardent, sixty-four, commanded by a mean old hunk, Sir William Barnaby, or 'Captain Bill,' as we used to call him; and we lay in port, aboard of her, till the peace. The ladies of Bermuda gave us clothing and knick-knacks, and tried to make us comfortable; but, under 'Captain Bill,' that was an impossibility. So, when the peace came, they shipped us to New York, and we arrived there in June, safe and sound, and now I hail hereabouts. Now hand over the grog. I say, Jack, you mouldy-headed rascality, pay the fiddler; you spoke for him.

AY, ay, Bob, says I, so I will; half in fair words and the rest in promises.'

We turned-to, and threw all our muskets, pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and every thing overboard, and cutting loose both batteries, we went down to the berth deck, to get something to eat and drink, for we had touched nothing since we left the Hook, and had not slept a minute either. I was going along forward on the berth deck, when I stumbled over a dead man, and as I was getting up, I found two bottles of devinsh wine, for the commodore had ordered his stores to be given to the sailors, and that was the reason I found this wine knocking about the deck. Just as I got upon my feet, one of the topmen, named Harry Brown, came along, whose scalp had been torn up by a musket ball, and hung over his face, so that he could not see. So I gave him one bottle of the wine, and it did him a great deal of good; but he was down-hearted, and thought he should die; so he told me to take a large gold chain, which he wore, and give it to his wife, when I got home; and I did so, and kept it, in spite of the English thieves, and gave it to her according to orders. When we went below, Decatur took his trumpet, and went forward on the fo'castle, and standing on the larboard cathead, he hailed the Tenedos.

'I have surrendered, sir,' they pretended not to hear him, and let drive a whole broadside into us.

'I have surrendered, sir,' says Decatur, again.

'To whom?' says the Tenedos.

'To the squadron, sir,' says Decatur; for he was too proud to say he had surrendered to any one ship.

Bang! came another broadside from the Tenedos.

Now, when they fired this second broadside, the first-lieutenant, with other officers, and a boat's crew, had just boarded us from the Pomone, which lay on our starboard-quarter, close aboard of us; and the shot from the Tenedos killed two officers and five men, on board the Pomone. So the first-lieutenant

of the Pomone ran forward, and hailed the Tenedos: 'Cease firing, sir!' says he; 'his Britannic majesty's officers are aboard, sir.'

Then the Tenedos stopped firing, and the Englishmen boarded us by the hundred, and in five minutes there were four hundred of them aboard, in spite of the tremendous sea, and the gale of wind. Then they had their hands full, for all our guns were cruising about decks, rolling with the roll of the ship, in every direction. It was as much as a man's life was worth