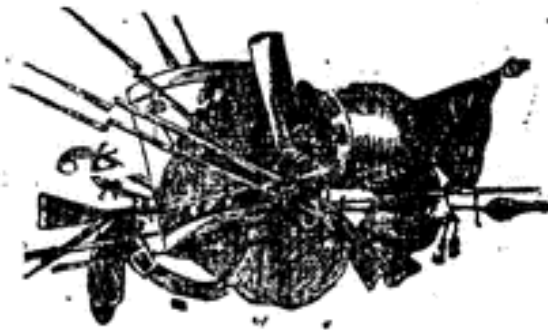


BATTLE OF QUEENSTOWN:

Between the AMERICANS, Commanded by Gen. Van RANSELLAER, and the BRITISH by Gen. BROCK.



CANANDAIGUA, October 15, 1812.

By a gentleman who arrived in town yesterday from Albany, we have received the following: "By the expresses to Gen. Dearborn, which arrived at Albany on Monday evening, it was learned, that there had been a most severe action. The Americans got possession of Queenstown and its batteries; but in consequence of some of the militia not crossing, the excessive fatigue of the troops, the terror excited by the Indians, and the great deficiency of ammunition, they were unable to resist Gen. Brock, who arrived before Queenstown soon after it was taken. Upon his coming up, there was a general battle, in which Gen. Van Ransselaer received at the head of his troops, four shots through his thigh, and was carried from the field. Gen. Brock and one of his Aids were killed at the head of his troops, and it is feared that Gen. Wadsworth is killed, he being the only one missing. The battle continued 11 hours, during which the greatest bravery was displayed by our troops. Gen. Sheaffe had made propositions to parole the prisoners. It is stated that the greatest number of Americans at any one time did not exceed 3000. The British about 5000.

LET tyrants still boast of their gigantic power,
And a victory obtain which lasts but an hour,
Each freeborn Columbian in duty will stand,
And defend to the last his dear native land.

CHORUS.

*Then let each bold warrior now gird on his shield,
And swear while he's breath that he never will yield.*

Americans brave, long for glory have sought,
And battles so famous successfully fought,
Defeat has but rous'd them their rights to regain,
And their brothers in arms to revenge that were slain.

CHORUS.

*Then let each bold warrior now gird on his shield
And swear while he's breath that he never will yield.*

While the clarion of war still resounds in our ears,
'Tis folly to cherish our vain idle fears;
Let us rush all our rights, still so dear, to defend,
And on union let all our exertions depend.

CHORUS.

*Then let each bold warrior now gird on his shield,
And swear while he's breath that he never will yield.*

Though so basely surrender'd the fort at Detroit,
Our soldiers were bent on some noble exploit,
Led on by the intrepid the brave RANSELLAER,
They determin'd to give a bold challenge to fear.

CHORUS.

*Then let each bold warrior now gird on his shield,
And swear while he's breath that he never will yield.*

* The lines of the British they quickly had cross'd,
* And not e'en a soul of the army was lost,
* The battle commenc'd and quite warm was the fray,
* For the heroes begun and fought all the day.

CHORUS.

*Then let each bold warrior now gird on his shield,
And swear while he's breath that he never will yield.*

But by numbers at last the brave band overcome,
Were oblig'd to give up at the beat of the drum,
And when all their powder full fairly was spent,
With their fate they were forc'd to be surely content.

CHORUS.

*Then let each bold warrior gird on his shield,
And swear while he's breath that he never will yield.*

Like heroes they fought and sure we must say,
They like heroes reluctantly gave up the day,
But we trust that our armies triumphant will move,
And unto the world their brave prowess will prove.

CHORUS.

*Then let each bold warrior now gird on his shield,
And swear while he's breath that he never will yield.*

Though encompass'd by perils our warriors will go,
O'er deserts of ice, and through mountains of snow,
Their country's lost honor they sure will regain,
And on land be as brave as HULL on the Main.

CHORUS.

*Then let each bold warrior now gird on his shield,
And swear while he's breath that he never will yield.*