



THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG— Together with the Siege of Plattsburg Character of a Black Sailor.—

'T WAS autumn, around me the leaves were descending,
 And lonely the wood pecker peck'd on the tree :
 Whilst thousands their freedom & rights were defending,
 The din of their arms sounded dismal to me,
 For Sandy, my love, was engag'd in the action,
 His death would have ended my life in distraction ;
 Without him I valued this world not a fraction,
 As lonely I stray'd on the Banks of Champlain.
 Then turning to list to the cannon's loud thunder,
 My elbow I lean'd on a rock near the shore :
 The sound nearly parted my heart strings asunder,
 I thought I should see my dear shepherd no more,
 But soon an express all my sorrows suspended,
 My thanks, to the Father of Mercies, ascended ;
 My shepherd was safe and my country defended,
 By freedom's brave sons, on the banks of Champlain.
 Wiped from my eyes the big tears that had start'd,
 And hastened to parents the news for to bear :
 Who sad for the loss of relations departed,
 And wept at the tidings that banish'd all care,
 The cannon ceas'd roaring, the drums still were beating,
 The foes of our country for the North were retreating,
 The neighboring dainties each other were greeting,
 With songs of delight, on the Banks of Champlain.
 They sang of the heroes whose valor had made us
 A nation on earth independent and free :