

MOODKEE AND FERÖZESHÄH.

BY CLAUD HALCRO.

WE have much gratification in transferring to our pages (from the columns of the Kingston News) the following spirit-stirring "Lay," from the pen of a gentleman of some celebrity, on this continent, who has occasionally contributed to the *Garland*, under the title of "Claud Halcro." It is unnecessary to make any remark respecting it, for we are certain that it will be appreciated by every reader of taste, not less for its own excellence as a composition, than for the patriotic and chivalrous spirit which it breathes.—The events which it is intended to commemorate will long dwell in the memory, associated with feelings of national pride, as well for the gallantry and soldier-like devotion by which the victory was achieved, as for the noble forbearance which distinguished the conquerors, even amid the excitement of their dear-bought triumph.

The breath of war came rolling from the far off Himma-
leh,
And the sepoy of Calcutta to the Sutlej bent their way:
The gallant troops of Britain around Ferozepore,
With beat of drum and trumpet call, came thronging
more and more.

Ho! couriers from the Punjab—breathless horsemen
from Lahore,
Their coursers flecked with snowy foam; ride to Feroze-
pore:

There stands the gallant Littler, with scarce five thou-
sand troops,
When the army of the Akhalees upon the Sutlej swoops.

Lo! legion after legion, they cross the river's fords—
The sunlight on their turbans; and on their gleaming
swords;

Their turbans all of crimson; with warlike splendour
gay.

And their broad-swords of Damascus flash along their
bright array.

Hurrah! full eighty thousand foes invade the British
soil,
Impatient for the battle-field, and eager for the spoil:
Up, warriors from Calcutta, the Deccan, and Mysore,
From Bombay and from Scinde—rush to Ferozepore.

If England still will wear the crown of empire in the
Ind;

If still the victor's laurels her glorious brows shall bind,
Rise! hurl the proud invader right back upon Lahore!
Wake up, wake up the British cheer of victory once
more.

Hurrah! the foe encircles us—they mask Ferozepore:
Hark to the roar of ordnance, hst to the cannon's roar!
Shera Singh leads on the vanguard—the dashing squad-
rons come,

With the heavy tramp of cavalry, with cymbal, trumpet
and drum:

Great heaven! our troops are on them—at Moodkee—
hark! they shout,
As a handful of our soldiers the fierce marauders rout.
Behold the Bengal cavalry dash down the Akhalees,
As the whirlwind in the forest lays low the giant trees.

There charge the British legions; as their sires at
Waterloo,
When the Old Guard of the Empire before their phalanx
flew;
So now, the Sikhs down hurling, athwart the field they
flow:
Hark to the rattling musketry, hark to the broad-
sword's blow.

But lo! the bristling camp they reach, whence a hun-
dred cannon pour
A deadly storm of iron hail upon them evermore.
Their ammunition fails them, but never fails one heart;
Brave Hardinge leads the vanguard, and on the foe they
dart.

Then flash the British bayonets, then rings the British
cheer—
The prophet cry of victory, sweet to the soldier's ear.
The Sikhs a storm of grapeshot upon them ever pour,
The earth is heaped with gallant men all weltering in
their gore!

Hurrah! again they're charging—they crown the ram-
part wall,
And, maddened at the carnage, upon the foemen fall.
At eve they still are fighting, and all the livelong night
The cannon of the Akhalees flash with a lurid light!

The fight goes bravely on—next morn the British
troops are formed
Within the trench'd Ferozeshah that yesternight they
stormed:
The cry to charge is given—before the sea of steel
Of bayonets advancing, the Sikhs in terror reel.

Ho! manes of old Runjeet, weep tears of shame and
woe—

In the dust thy glory's trampled at this one cruel blow:
Weep for thy treaties broken by thy degenerate son—
Weep for the empire fallen that thy good fate had won.

WE have received a copy of a Prospectus of a volume of "Poems, Sketches, and Essays," to be published by Mr. P. J. Allan, in Fredericton, N. B. The author is a young gentleman of talent and education, by whom we have been occasionally favoured with poetical contributions for our Magazine, all of which we have had pleasure in giving insertion to, considering them well worthy of publication. We perceive that he has contributed frequently to the newspapers in New Brunswick, and his poems have always been worthy of circulation. We anticipate a very pleasant volume. It is to be published by subscription, and lists have been left at some of the principal booksellers.