

Catherine Seville Hyatt
In fond remembrance of
THE
March 31st
1835,

BENGAL ANNUAL

A

Literary Keepsake

FOR

MDCCCXXXV.

EDITED BY

DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

Calcutta:

SAMUEL SMITH AND CO., HARE-STREET.

1835.

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INDIAN REVELRY.

BY W. F. THOMPSON, ESQ.

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
 And the walls around are bare,
 As they shout to our peals of laughter,
 It seems that the dead are there ;
 So stand to your glasses ! steady !
 We drink in our comrades' eyes ;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Not here are the goblets glowing,
 Not here is the vintage sweet ;
 'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
 And dark, as the doom we meet.
 But stand to your glasses ! steady !
 And soon shall our pulses rise ;
 Here's a cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking,
 And many a cheek that's sunk ;
 But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
 They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
 So stand to your glasses ! steady !
 'Tis here the revival lies ;
 A cup to the dead already !
 And hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned at others,
 We thought we were wiser then ;
 Ha ! ha ! let THEM think of their mothers
 Who hope to see them again :
 Ho ! stand to your glasses ! steady !
 The thoughtless is here the wise ;
 Here's a cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
 Not a tear for the friends that sink ;
 We'll fall, mid the wine cup's sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink :
 Come stand to your glasses steady !
 'Tis this that the respite buys ;
 Quaff a cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

There's a mist on the glass congealing—
 'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath ;
 And thus does the warmth of feeling
 Turn ice in the grasp of death :
 But stand to your glasses ! steady !
 For a moment the vapor flies ;
 Here's a cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning ?
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul shall sting no more ?

No ! stand to your glasses ! steady !
 The world is a world of lies :
 A cup to the dead already,
 And hurrah ! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betrayed by the land we find,
 When the brightest have gone before us,
 And the dullest remain behind,
 Stand ! stand ! to your glasses, steady !
 'Tis all we have left to prize ;
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah ! for the next that dies.

SONNET TO THE LAOCOON.

BY E. S. IRVINE, ESQ.

BEHOLD ! and shudder—human agony—
 Taxed to it's direst throes—is chiselled there,
 The force-dilated muscles heaving bare—
 The writhing hiss—the growing mastery
 Of the dread serpent's crushing volumery—
 The eye-balls starting in their frenzied glare,
 Horribly instinct with a Sire's despair,
 Who wildly strives his innocents to free
 From the death-clasp of those relentless coils,
 Who sees with prophet-glance the contest vain,
 Yet with the lavish might of madness toils—
 Behold and worship—the sublime of pain,
 The marbled Tartarus—the ideal fell,
 Where "Eblis" might forget his milder hell.