

XIX.

Many, O many places still remain,
Agra, and Puttyghur, and Dinapore,
Where blood of innocents and mothers slain,
Dye the white walls and lintels of the door.
But here meek Sympathy recoils in pain,
With pallette and her brush, she can no more ;
Appalled and shocked, she sickens at the view,
And turns, my happy country, turns to you.

XX

Leave we the tiger's home, and hitherward,
Like the advancing sun, salute the West ;
Europe has nought just now to claim regard ;
For there the Dove of Peace still keeps her nest.
Though long-faced prose declares that times are hard.
So here at length our weary eyes may rest
On the globe's evening disc, which as he reckoned,
Brings the pleased Carrier round to *Section Second*

