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Reminiscences of
A Workman's Life

For Private Circulation only.

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Elm Press, 63 BROAD STREET,
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REMINISCENCES OF A WORKMAN'S LIFE

DEDICATION

Fondly on your loving faces,
Each tender thought I trace,
Fondly with a father's pride
Recall your earlier days!

When erst I left my loved home,
And went beyond the sea,
I left you, smiling infant still,
A mother's joy and stay.

And after years when I came home,
You smiled on me the same.
Oh! say you think how fond, yet shy,
Sweet prattling things, how you came.

And years have gone, and I have watched
The forming of your mind.
Each budding thought, each growing hope,
Each feeling, true and kind.
REMINISCENCES.

5
And oh! the sunbeams of your love
Have gladdened still my day,
Have bathed my life in hope and joy,
Cast radiance on my way!

6
Angels below! as pure in heart
Your days may happy prove,
And with a new year's dower
Accept my father's love!

THE EXILE.

It is the sunny April,—
My native skies are blue;
My native fields are painted fresh
In nature's fairest hue;
It is the season of the year
When life the sweetest seems,
When brightens Age's cheerful face,
And Youth is lost in dreams!

It is the sunny April,—
But what is that to me?
An exile from my father's home,
A wanderer o'er the sea!
Ten thousand waves around me rage,
And roars in wanton glee,
The sea wind soundeth in my ear
A boisterous melody!

It is the sunny April,—
The April of my life!
Ambition sounds her bugle still.
It is the time for strife,
Away each timid, passive thought,
Ye teach me drops away,
I'll follow that soul-maddening hue,
Of Is Mediterranean Sea.

[Calls Mediterranean Sea.]
April, 1848.
TO CHILDREN AT THE FURNISHING

Rebecca Hill Moore

[Text on the page is not legible due to the quality of the image.]
REMINISCENCES.

6
Though on your birth a stain shall last,
Though born in shame and bed in woe,
Though penury's cold chilling blast
Had almost froze life's early flow.

7
For Sorrow's child there is a rest,—
A rest beyond the miser's dreams!
Go reap fair Virgo's treasures blast,
Tis free to all as heaven's own beams!

REMINISCENCES.

THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

1
Twas evening, on their weary wing;
The hastening birds they flew,
And o'er the steep begirted hills
Fast fell the evening dew.

2
A solemn Silence reigned all round
A scene of deep repose,
And twinkling o'er a lonely grave
One lonely star arose.

3
Behind a weeping willow tree,
Like gleams of sunbeams fair,
Stood folded in a sweet embrace
A passive, lovely pair!

4
Nine summer suns scarce yet had shone
Upon the wight's face,
The bridal's younger beaming eye
Still glowed with infant grace.

5
She leaned a weeping Naiad
That rides the moonlit wave,
She seemed a passive angel
To guard the lonely grave.

6
In her right eye dwelt meekness,
And ruth was on her face,
That place became the figure,
That drooping form, the place!
REMINISCENCES.

4  
Hid by the willow shade she stood  
She turned her eyes above—
Each glinted with a half formed tear  
With piety and love.

The darkness night was closing round,  
The cold wind whistled by,
She stood unmoved, her eyes were fixed  
Deep on the stern sky.

And there the little cherub stood,  
Closely in her sweet embrace,
And oft he looked up to her eyes,—  
A sister's loving face!

Oh! is there aught in this wide world  
With sweeter grace can shine?  
Oh! is there for the orphan's love  
A dearer, holier shine?

6  
His face was fresh as morning rose  
Bedimmed with sorrow's dew,  
And still he gazed upon her face  
And still he closer drew.

The sister wept and he too wept,  
The sister prayed, he prayed,
Scarce conscious why he wept and prayed  
Scarce knew a father dead.

7  
With careful hand she strewed the tomb  
With eucalyptus all white,—  
A humble token of her love,

Her offering night by night  
She wiped the tears, dried from his eye,  
She kissed and kissed him fond.

They vanished from the lonely scene,—  
The night shades closed around.
REMINISCENCES.

LINES ON INDIA.

'Twas once great Ganga I on thy shore
I silent stood one even tide,
Thy rushing waters roll before,
Frowning, dashing in their pride,
And foaming down unchained and free,
And useless in their boisterous glee.

I heard thy sea-like solemn roar,
I marvel'd thy billows fierce and free,
I deemed the land thee restless o'er
Must be the land of liberty.
Alas! the soul thy waves have
Has been for e'en fair Freedom's grave!

Is this the land of ancient pride
Where Freedom lived, where honor bled?
Ask of these regions vast and wide
From billowy sea to mountains dread!
Hark every spot in India wide
Doth tell a tale of ancient pride!

Hark, every pass and every hill
Recalls the days of liberty!
Hark, bow from every peak and hill,
From echoing vales, from woods and sea,
Awakes our voice of unyielding glee,
The thrilling voice of liberty!

REMINISCENCES.

5
In vain! in vain! the shining voice
No echo finds in haunts of men,
From peoples mists no sounds arise,
No homely answer back again.
What silent all! No sound, no breath!
A nation sleeps—the sleep of death!

6
The children of a godlike race
Sleep senseless of their glorious past,
Or void of strength and manly grace,
They tremble at each passing blast,
Unconscious of their ancient name,
Unmindful of their father's fame!

7
Enough! Enough! What boots it then
To sing of days now passed away,
In halting verse why call again
The glories which have had their day?
Because I cannot ever forget
My ancient country once was great.

8
Remembrance sweet!—mine be
To more on days whose brightness gone
Thy light among the haunts of men,
Thy glories bright as eastern Sun;
Thy strength of thought, thy Monarch's power;
Thy wealth of song, thy Beauty's dower!
REMINISCENCES.
LINES ON IRELAND.

Sweat Erin! on thy Emerald hills,
And in thy vales I've wandered slow,
And on thy lakes and silver rills
Have roved my light and swift canoe.
Bewitching vales and woodland streams!
As fair, as wild as childhood's dreams!

I've been Awen! where in glee
Thy triumphant waters roll along,
And where vain beats th' eternal sea
Against the Giant's pillars strong,
And where Dunloe's castled rock
For ages stands the ocean's shock.

I've stood where stands the man of steel
Who safe a virgin fortress held,
And seems to guard her fortunes still!
Sweet Armenia! seem thy classic fields.
And slept where mid romantic hills
Sleep fair Killarney's lakes and rills!

Sweet isle! oft by thy swelling waves
I've thought of thy inglorious time,
Thy poverty, thy woe, thy pain!
Oft thought too of another clime,
Far far across the billow's roar,
Like thee distressed,— alas as poor!

REMINISCENCES.

The Irish heart, that swears no lord,
Still bears it not for Freedom's cause?
And gleams not still the Irish sword
The soldier for his country draws?
Alas! the sword rests on the wall,
The heart but weeps on Ireland's fall!

And glooms not bright the patriot's ire
In every Irish bosom still?
And wails not still the note of fire,
From Erin's harp the wakening reel?
Hide patriot! Hide thy blast of shame,
For ever hushed the harp of fame!

And must this emerald isle for aye
Remain in endless penury?
And mourn the night that knows no day
This home of patriots bold and free?
Queen of ten thousand ocean wave!
Land of the Shamrock and the laurel!

Read Future! read thy misty veil,
A glorious day is still to shine,
And as in the antique days this isle,
Shall be once more the dearest shrine
Of freedom born in skies above,
Of truth and valour and of love!

IRELAND.
[1850.]
REMINISCENCES.

THE WAR OF 1870.

1
Ten new year comes with sports and ible,
A trench boy with glory crowned,
With golden hair and golden smiles,
A feebly rote flung careless round.
He come to bless each living thing
With wishes kind of mirth and joy,
And earth and skies with gladness ring
To welcome home the trench boy.
He confes as if to speak again,
All peace on earth,—good will to men!

2
In vain, in vain I seek now the breath
Of havoc wild spread wide and far.
Of famine gaunt, Starvation, Death,—
Attendant grim of blood-eyed War!
And wasted plains and flaming towns,
And fields and streams emerald deep,
And eye a slaughtered nation's groans
Attest the whirlwind's cursed sweep!
Fair heavens! beneath your rays benign
What deeds are done of blood and sin!

3
The endless weeping widow's woe,
The orphan starving noon and night,
The maiden shrieking in despair,
The peaceful home now desolate,

REMINISCENCES.

A place of tombs—the harvest field,
A desert heath—the flowery mead,
And noble youths unnumbered killed
To gorge Ambition's hateful greed,—
O Spirit of enlightened days!
Are these thy trophies? these thy ways?

4
O! cease, let cease the work of shame
Ye valiant sons of German soil,
In Fatherland's and Piety's name.
What impious deeds, what murderous toil!
And see ye not a region fair
Is blasted by your fiery breath,
And hear ye not the nation's prayer
And voice of woe and groans of death?
Your unborn sons will blush to name
Their fathers' deeds of blood and shame!

5
What though great France in reckless pride
First sounded forth the blast of war,
With impious hand she rolled the tide
Qf proud invasion thundering fast,
Behold! her dear deserted homes,
Her noble thousands slaughtered lie,
Enough, in vain she wishes and prays,
Enough, her best blood bubbles free!
In tears and blood she cries to heaven,
Then let one fully be forgiven!
REMINISCENCES.

6
But if the ruthless Prussian bands
The claims of mercy will deny,
And wrench from France her homes and lands,
The Frenchman knows the hour to die!
For back the sound! the trumpet’s call
With shudder accents never zone,
The maddened millions of proud Gaul
Will smiling die or drive the foe,
And every drop for freedom shed
Will call for vengeance for the dead!

London, December, 1870.

REMINISCENCES.

TO R. L. G.

1
Remember friend! the days when first
We met and loved, the days gone by,
What varied scenes of joy and woe
Like visions burst upon my eye!

2
Our early walks still day by day,
Dim on our path the starlight fell,
Through noiseless streets we casuistry strolled,
And talked on themes, I cannot tell.

3
The evening hours we happy passed
By rolling Gungo’s billows strong,
Or heard her solemn sea-like voice,
Or chanted loud as wild a song.

4
The twilight hours we silent spent
Romantic in those village scenes,
Or smiled on Nature’s placid face,
Or wept on human woes and sins.

5
Days that we have struggled through
Ceaseless with our college scheme,
Now we paced the college walls,
Raised a thousand wildering dreams.
REMINISCENCES.

6

Nights that we have talked together,
Talked of youthful feelings wild,
Talked of aspirations high,
Went on woes and hopes beguiled.

7

Nights that we have waked together,
Waked and watched the star-lit hours,
Till in crimson gloomed the east,
Till with songs rang woodland bowers.

8

Fair scenes of friendship, scenes of home!
How oft those thoughts my bosom greet!
Like visions of another world,
Stead recollections passing sweet!

London, July 2. 1821.

REMINISCENCES.

ROSMOND'S REVENGE.

Shortly before his conquest of Italy, Albino, the chief of the Lombards, defeated and killed with his own hands the king of the Gipodes, and married his daughter Rosmonda by form. The skill of Rosmonda, which Albino according to the barbarous custom of the times used as his drinking cup, was always regarded by him as the solenm trophy of his victory. The death of Albino of which an account will be found in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Chapter XLIV. is the subject of the following lines.

1

Love and deep the clarion sounded,
Warriors' heart in joy rebounded,
Albino held in feast at night,
Blushing maidens, men of might,
Joined the jovial feast that night.

"Pass the bowl!" great Albino said,
"Love and wine are valor's meal!"
And the armies' noisy clang
Hearse applause in thunder rang.

"Pass the bowl!" the monarch cried,
Hundred chiefs in joy replied,
Round went bowl, red wine was poured,
Chieftains drank and laughed and roared.

Warriors sung their deeds of fame,
Lombard’s glory, Albino’s name,
And the hoarse of savage glee
In the guest hall sounding free,

Uncoath sounds of lance delight
Broke the silence of the night.
REMINISCENCES.

"Pass the bowl," the monarch cried,
"Love and wine are valor's need." Fierce he grasps his trusty sword,
Sounds his buckler loud and clear,—
"These have spoiled our former's pride,
And all dangers dashed aside,
Trusty arms, in blood defiled,
Woe for me Cumnard's child!
"Pass the wine!" he fiercely cried,
"Love and wine are valor's need,
Blushing beauties wait on you,
Love and wine are valor's due."

Hundred armours' noisy clang
Hearse applaus in thunder rang,
Round went bowl, red wine they poured,
Chief's horn blared and drank and roared.

Round went the wine-cup,
Drank the warriors all,
Round went the wine-cup,—
Cumnard's noble skull.

"But let our Queen," said Albinus,
"Grace this festive hall,
And let her taste this red wine
From her father's skull." Alas! without bright damsels
"What were songs and wine!
Our Queen must be partaker
Of this feast of mine."

Ah cruel word! But Albinus said!
His word was law, it was obeyed,
Where pensive Rosamond was sitting,
They took the bowl, the cruel bidding;
Speechless she heard her lord's command,
Speechless she saw the fatal bowl,
Speechless she took it in her hand,
Her murdered noble father's skull!
Pale as a spectre wild she gazed,
Yet moved not, trembled not with fear,
Her eyes like glowing coals burned,
Yet closed not, shed no useless tear.
But on her brow, still last with ice,
A gloomy shade spoke vengeance dire!
Cumnard's daughter, noble dame,
The child of beauty and of fame,
REMINISCENCES.

Th’ unholy cup she would not taste,
Yet know her husband’s soul of fire!
She stood, but for her heaving breast,
A marble Fury,—form of fire!

A moment passed, was quenched her ire,
Though clouds still hovered o’er her brow,
Her eyes had lost their look of fire,
But kept theirstring and darknesshow,
And calm and bold she only said,
“My husband’s will shall be obeyed,”
With gliding cheeks and burning lip
Did she the wine obedient sip?
Then down the knelt and fervent prayed,
She guerd above and softly said,—
“My long lost father’s holy shade!
*Forgive this heinous, impious deed,
“This outrage on thy noble fame,
“This deed of thy own daughter’s shame!
“This death, the slaughter of thy hand,
“The forcing of thy daughter’s hand,
“This insult,—all revenged shall be,
“And blood for blood shall babble free!”

Day followed night, night followed day,
And weeks and months have passed away,
Fair Rosamond, great Albina’s queen,
In sadness is no longer seen.
No longer in her handsome bower
She passes now the passive hour,

REMINISCENCES.

No longer in her lonesome hall
She weeps her noble father’s fall.
So changed, she looked, so glad she seemed,
Such cheerful gladness on her beamed!
But those who marked her well would say
That on her brow a shade there lay,
*Twasnot of woe or penitence,
A shade of silent thoughtfulness.
That in her eye a light there beamed,
*Twasnot what pleasure loves to wear,
Nor sorrow’s glow, it rather seemed
The light of silent thought and care.

But weeks and months have passed away,
Hid in her breast her purpose lay.
For Albina’s chief who served his will
Revered great Albina as a god,
Nor was there one among them all
Would dare to shed great Albina’s blood.
Nor rich reward nor promise fair
Would tempt a chief the deed to dare.
She would not touch the maddening steel,
No Lombard chief the blow would deal,
But woman’s guile and woman’s will
Can pierce through triple plates of steel.

Of all the noble chieftains
Who drew the Lombard sword,
So noble as Perseus
Was none in deed and word,
REMINISCENCES.

In the brunt of the battle,
No spear could point so well,
In the ear of the maiden
No voice so sweetly fell.
Pereidus loves a maiden,—
She’s fair, and void of ari.
The maiden loves Pereidus
With all her simple heart.
And they will meet in silence,
As often they have met,
And not a word be spoken
Within their dark retreat.

9
The love’s silent meet at last,
Their blissful time in darkness passed,
And now ’twixt time that they should part,
Pereidus! Why that sudden start?
Why gazed on that burning face?
Dost miss thy maiden’s milder glance?
Where are those glowing eyes of joy,
That look of wild indignant ire?
Who saw not on thee with haughty pride?
Commom’s daughter,—Albion’s bride?
"Yes, Albion’s bride, Commom’s child,"
"With foul embrace thou hast defiled,"
"Thou know’st my husband’s soul of fire,"
"Expect his unforgiving ire,"
"An injured Lombard’s vengeance dye!"
"We die together in a breach,—"
"We only live by Albion’s death!"

REMINISCENCES.

3
Pereidus knew her words were true,
Pereidus soon his master saw!
And Rosamond, great Albion’s bride,
Beheld him die and languished in pride.
She laughed, she wept, she wildly prayed,—
"My long lost father’s noble shade!"
"Thy death, the slaughter of thy hand,
"The forcing of thy daughter’s hand,"
"That insult—all revengeed true,
"And blood for blood hath babbled free!"

LONDON,
August, 1871.
REMINISCENCES.

THE WONDERFUL CURE.

(From the Persian of Sadu.)

1

It was a Persian king of fame,
Descended from an ancient race,
Of bosomless power and noble name,
And great in war and great in peace,
And virtuous in his way.
And now he’s on a sick bed laid,
And all his hopes of life are fled.

2

Physicians came from distant lands,
And men of wisdom and of lore,
And ancient seers in friendly bands,—
They came, they saw, and spoke no more,
And silent went away,
Forseeing sure with many a sigh,
The good king’s death approaching nigh.

3

Then spake a sage, “Let him appear,
“A boy a sin who never knew,
Of forehead fair and golden hair
And smiling lips of rosy hue,
“The monarch yet may live,
“Go,—such a boy this instant bring,
With his heart’s blood assist the king!”

4

Around all silent stood the men
The sage’s word of cruelty;
The imperial Court of Justice then
Announced to all the stern decree,—
“Our books of law ordain,
“A generous monarch’s life to spare
“A subject’s death is just and fair.”

5

They brought a boy,—his eyes were fair,
A boy a sin who never knew,
Of forehead fair and golden hair,
And smiling lips of rosy hue.
The weeping parents poor,
For wealth immense, with many a sigh,
Consented that their child should die.

6

They brought the child thus doomed to die!
The king had wished it so to be,
The Court had passed its stern decree.
His parents had consented free.
Though guiltless he must die!
He heard,—the fair, the infant child,
He guard above, and tearful smiled.

7

“The youth, in this world I loved most dear,
“My parents, they have wished me die.
REMINISCENCES.

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

(From the Persian of Said.)

1

Over the ways before my eye
Of my youth that day of bliss!
When entranced, I cast my eyes
On a form of loneliness!

2

Autumn winds were pushed and hot,
I was thirsty, sunk in grief,
Autumn sun was fiery, red,
Paint I sat and asked relief.

3

Issued gently from the hall
Beauteous damsel clothed in light!
Issued not from poet's heart
Vision of such radiance bright!

4

Issued, as from shades of night,
Blushing morning, fresh and bright!

Bearing in her snowy arms
Cup of ice with welcome meet,
Bearing with a modest grace,
Juice of grape, refreshing sweet.
REMINISCENCES.

6
From the drink a fragrance came,
Might be from the rose distilled,
From the blossom of her cheeks,
Might be some sweet drops instilled!

Thirst of lips was soon allayed,
Toil and languor went away,
Thirst of heart the drenched wasayed,
River streams will not alay.

8
Happy youth! whose eye each morn
Opens on so sweet a face!
Happy youth! whose night's last glance
Closes on so sweet a face!

3
Intoxication from the red wine
Ceases when night fades away,
Intoxication with such beauty
Ceases not till judgment day!

CALCUTTA,
May, 1872.

THE LAST DREAM OF LIFE.

An who shall say
Why hopes and passions in me start,
And struggling for a transient way,
Oppress my weary fainting heart,
If hopes are cherished to be lost,
And passions felt but to be crept?
In toils wit punish all,
And with a simultaneous fall,
Relieve an over-worked soul.

High hopes were mine when life begun,
And pleasure softly fitting past.
First friendship's dream before me shone,
I finally hoped the dream would last.
But friends were strewn before, behind,
Like chaff before the angry wind,
Easy busy in his sphere,
Each in his round of hope and fear,
Each in his round of joy and care.

And love, thou cherub from the skies,
On thy sweet hopes I fondly trusted,
On thee I fixed my watchful eyes.
On thy delusions long I rested.
Of youth's fond eye the fonder beam,
Of youth's wild heart the wildest theme,
The dearest cherished dream!
REMINISCENCES.

But troubles, trials fill our lives,
And love diet young, and man survives.

Dream after dream by shadows crept,
Like silence after thunder's ebb;
Like lurid flames in darkness lost,
And shadows thicken on my soul.
Life's hopes are almost all o'ercast,
Ere yet my sunny youth be past,
Ere cold this cheerless heart.
Then wherefore still new passions start?
Then wherefore ache still my heart?

There's one hope yet, still shines afar
Even like a steady beacon flame,
Ambition's bright and lofty star,
The brightly beaming star of Fame!
Great, noble deeds, attempted, done,
Life's battle boldly faced and won,
For this my bosom burns.
If this last hope deceitful turns,
I care not.—Dust to Dust returns.

REMINISCENCES.

AUTUMN-NIGHT IN A BENGAL VILLAGE.

1
'Tis midnight, and the bright autumnal moon
Flings radiance on the golden Akh crops
That grow in wild profusion, stretching far
Around me—bending with their load of corn;
And on the varnished green of dewy fields
Sheds softer brilliance. Silvers all the sents,—
The fields, the distant boughs, the tops of trees,
And glitter on the swelling Indian stream,
And makes it almost day.

2
All, all is light,
Save where the peep rail his aged height,
O'er acres shows his ancient out-spread eyes,
And rings a number darkness on the ground,
A sight of noble majesty in view,
A sight of deep-felt, self-collected gloom,
In midst of light and joy. Save where in shade
The bamboo trees appear in lighter green,
And grateful throw their bending branches out,
Like rockets bursting in the open sky,
Then gently falling on the earth again.
Save where the distant line of darksome trees
O'ershade and fence some humble village in,
And humble huts and tanks and jungle shrubs.
Primeval rural scene, where harmless birds
Build nests in ancient trees or weed-grown lakes,
And simple creatures live with brother man,
He simple, even as they.

3
REMINISCENCES.

3
All, all, is still.
Save when the passing wind breathes soft and sweet.
And makes forth music from the poplar tree,
And makes the ripples on the spacious stream.
Save when the sleepless dog howls to the moon.
And breaks the calm of night.
Save when perchance
Some half sung strain of some lone villager
Comes floating o'er the stillness of the air,
Its rudeness snubbed by the distance long.
And sets my thoughts to music, fills my heart
With past recollections.

4
All nature sleeps.
Save those, not few I seen, those kept awake
By qualms of conscience or the throes of woe,
By horror噷)), that mock the power of rest,
By sleepless thoughts of ill-requited love.
By midnight watchings by the bed of the death,
By grief for those they miss around their heart,
By grief for those they ne'er shall see again.
O! woe, woe! woe! heritage of man!

September, 1873.

AUTUMN-NIGHT IN A BENGAL RICE-FIELD.

1
Far and near, the mooneams fall
On the rice, luxuriant, tall.
Bounteous nature's awful scene—
Endless sea of waving green!
Fed with rains still more and more,
Rivers, flooding bank and slope,
Spread for miles the corn-field o'er,
Oft a fathom deep or more.
But the Amos higher grown
Glances in the autumn moon.
Far as eye can reach, the scene
In one sea of waving green.
You dark line of deeper hue
Is a village in our view,
Pass the island village by,
Stretches still the Amos sea.

2
'Tis evening now, my boat goes on
Still rustling through the green Amos,
On either side they bending gently,
Leave a way so reverently.
No sound is on the earth or sky.
Save of my boat that crouches by.
Save of some boatman's distant cry
In evening stillness faintly heard.
Save note of some wild honesome bird.
REMINISCENCES.

That on the plants had built her nest,
And nestled there in quiet rest.
She sees the intruding boat and flies,
And flapping upwards fills the skies
With clamorous 'guilt' intruding gaan,
Disturbers of her nightly reign.

3

'Tis eve, now glides my boat all gently,
On the waters silently,
I stretch myself the bark upon
And gaze upon the bright full moon.
O! Autumn's moon is clear and bright,
And sheds a dazzling flood of light,
I gaze, and think, and gaze again,
And pensive fancies fill my brain.
The solemn stillness of the scene,
The moonbeams sleeping on the green.
The dark line of the busy shore,
The drift from the suspended oar,
Like music in my ear soft stealing,
Fill my heart with tender feeling!
Ah! tender thoughts of days gone by,
When hopes was high and blood was young;
When love was new and friendship strong,
And when there were, who are no more.
And joys there were that now are o'er!
They wake a long forgotten sigh,
With tears unhidden fill my eye!

REMINISCENCES.

4

But soft! I hear a distant song,
And sound of boatsmen's dashing oar,
And in an instant see before
Some boats that swiftly pass along.
The merry tillers of this place,
Await a goodly harvest yield,
And with no work at home or field,
With gladsome heart they hold a race!
And loud they sing some stirring song,
Composed by some undeterred bard,
And all their oars plying quick and hard
Keep time to their tempestuous song!
For their's a life of joy and sorrow,
Without a care or thought of toil nowadays.
Their Zeminders are rich and grand,
And paddy-lenders hard as fate:
The tillers have no thought of saving,
Borrowing live all twelve-month round,
And when the Autumn floods come round
Hold their luck and merry-making!

5

I'd marry lead a boatsman's life—
Ah! careless are not a poet's dream,—
Their joys and woes a mingled stream,
Their actions converse, simple life,
Are dear to me. Then would I row
My little flat-boat to and fro,
REMINISCENCES.

Then would I toil, and sing the while,
From morning's glow till evening's smile,
And when my work and toil was o'er,
Would hasten to my cottage door.
For there, my love, my village joys,
The gentle partner of my care,
She would my daily meals prepare,
And wait beside the cottage door.
With throbbing heart and anxious thought,
To view the far heightened boat,
To meet her loving spouse though poor.
And he would part her locks so gently,
And kiss her fairest away so lovingly,
And gaze upon the moon so high,
And then upon her sparkling eye,
And eager kiss those lips so dear,
And gently kiss away her fears.
For those two meek and bashful eyes,
For that true heart,—a poor man's prize,—
The poet gladly would be poor,
In poverty and its wide world o'er!

Farewell, a boatman's life I lead,
A life of sweet content in need,
And whose yon groves of mango tree
Disclose long vistas to the eye,
And clumps of arched bamboo groves
Greet a cool and fairy scene.

REMINISCENCES.

And humble huts beneath your trees
Bespeak content in poverty.
There, there mid scents of sweet repose,
With summer breeze its music sending,
And shade and sunshine sweetly blending,
Mid scenes of mingled joy and woe.
Content to toil the live-long day,
I'd work and sing my life away.
Where mango branches spread above,
And Kohi sings eternal love,
I'd lay me on the bright green grasses,
In toil and rest my hours would pass.
All nature mute—the birds on high,
The breezes upon the grassy lea,—
All nature mute except the dove,
Soft cooing from some mango grove,
That stretching over acres wide,
Would shed deep gloom in bright noon-tide.
What sweetness in thy gentle song
Resounding through the bush and lea.
The banana grove, the mango tree,
Its mellow sweetness would prolong!
Dwells in thy eye what tender love,
What winning art in every move,
What grace and beauty in each action,
What gentle thoughts of sweet affection
Dwell in thy little fluttering heart,
Those bird of love and winsome art!
And simple-hearted village men,
With lofty limbs and open mien,
REMINISCENCES.

And gentle, bashful village girls,
With down-cast eyes and ravens curls,
And healthy limbs, and rounded arms,
And gentle face and sable charms,
Would meet their fond familiar frienid,
And tales of joys and woes would blend,
Smile o'er the prospects of the year,
And for their sorrows claim a tear.
Deace to me such converse kind
Than polished arts and talk refined,
Where midst the hoarded words, I feel
The heart, the heart, is wanting still.

But traces—What sounds my ear awak,
At midnight hour what voice of wail?
Upon the silent village standing,
Upon the waters eager bending
Her locks dishevelled on the air,
Her arms extended, bosom bare,
Oppressed with woe, oppressed with tears,
A very Niebe in tears.
Why, with repeated shrieks of pain,
Doth she disturb night's silent reign?
She's heard,—her father old and grey
Has said the waters lost his way,
Drowned where 'tis ten feet deep or more,
Not long ago, not far from here.

* The story narrated in the preceding verses is founded on fact.

REMINISCENCES.

What pain, what woes more cruel prove
Than death of those we fondly love?

8
Speed, speed my boatmen swiftly on
Like lightning through the tall Arno!
The boat flies bounding over the wave,
Perchance the man we still may save.
But long before we reached the goal,
A heavier heart, a kinder soul;
Had jumped into the midnight wave,
And saved the old man from his grave.
"Old man! the hair upon thy head
Is gray"—twas thus to him I said,
"Thy eyes have lost their wonted glow,
Thy frame is feeble, steps all slow;
Why in this midnight's feeble ray
Didst venture lose this watery way?"

9
"Sir!"—twas thus to me he said,
"The hair is gray upon my head,
My eyes have lost their wonted glow,
My frame is feeble, steps all slow,
Yet in this midnight's feeble ray,
Still must I cross this watery way.
My boy—great Alla bless his soul!
My boy—withe darling of my soul,
For years wide fertile acres held,
And paid his rent and ploughed his field,
REMINISCENCES.

And reaped his harvest, gentle boy,
And filled my aged bent with joy.
But alas! given and taken away,
And each hath his ordained day.
The arrow sped—I only grieve,
It struck not me my boy to save.
The old man slowly bent his head,
And fast and thick the tears drops sped.
I silent marked the old man's grief,
It gave his swelling heart relief.

"My daughter, my remaining joy,
The wife of my departed boy,
Waxt day and night, yet toiled in grief,
To give my old age some relief.
She milked the cow, she spun the thread,
For work to distant places sped,
From morning's smile till evening's glow.
She ceaseless toiled and toiled in woe,
And still as eve returning came,
Her placid, drooping face the same,
I saw her toiling still in grief,
To give my old age some relief.
But this unswayed ceaseless toil,
And grief as ceaseless all the while,
Did break her heart,—oh! she is gone,
Great Alla! let thy will be done!"

"My story need I further say?
It is a tale of every day.

REMINISCENCES.

My neighbour saw me old and poor,
With hoes he sought the rich man's door.
Our Comrade, a faithful man,
Transferred to him by fields of care.
Which we have tilled this hundred year
And I must wander,—where, oh where!
A week is gone, a week is come,
From village I to village roam.
Perchance a few more weeks will come
Before I cease to weep and roam.
My hat is down, my things are sold,
Gone is my son, so true and brave,
My heart is weary, I am old,
Great Alla! I speed me to my grave."

Enough, old man, thy simple tale
Dost smite this heart, as with a blow.
What throes of woe what deep-seat pain.
What bitter tears that unsee start,
What silent anguish of the heart.
Even at this hour pollute might's reign?
Ah, dreams of rural bliss are vain
And life hath trouble life hath pain!
Then toil, it is the will of Heaven,
And labour all thy mortal span.
For rest unto us is not given,
Still toil and help thy brother man.
When next thou seest o'er life's calm sea
Nearth moon-beams of prosperity.
REMINISCENCES.

Thy works remember,—tis to save
The old man in the midnight wave!
And thou! proud man of wealth and power,
When maddened in thy prosperous hour,
Thou liest thy hand to smile and quell,
Be calm and stretch thy hand to save!
Think of the maiden's midnight wail,
Think of the old man in the wave!

Montreux, September, 1874.}

FILIAL RECOLLECTIONS.

What means this sudden transport? Why boundeth thus my heart?
Why in me strange emotions in sudden aequor start?
'Twas but a passing spasm, and as it hurried by,
Waked ripples on the river, lying buried dreams in me.

It was the breath of Aryan, I felt it on my brow,
And ere these words were spoken, it passed off even now.
It gently waked my fancy, a breath it hurried by,
But fancy winged wonders in the twinkling of an eye.

Methought I heard all sudden the loudly sounding shell,
The swelling voice of Sashka, the note of festive bell—
Methought I saw all sudden, glad scenes of pomp and glee,
And well-dressed men and women in joy and jubilees.

The tide of years rolled backward, and once more blithes and free,
I was a little truant, and viewed those sights with glee.
And as the evening deepened, the moon it shone out brave,
I sought each dear relation to bow and blessings crave.*

*And there were forms among them, O how surpassing dear,
Who blessed the little prattler with many a loving tear.
O tears of love parental! O blessings rich and rare!
O tender recollections of joys, now where, O where?

Boones, September, 1873. }
REMINISCENCES.

TO MY ELDER BROTHER.

Naw years and nine have passed and rolled away,
Since last we straitled in village scenes so gay.
Since last on Gange's silver shores we played,
And built sand-castles 'neath the evening's shade,
While lay our green-boat moored on Gange's breast,
And mellow silence lulled a world to rest.
We played, or marked the snare from some high wood,
Where on the sands was cooked our simple food.
Or viewed the moonbeams tinge the shimmering stream,
And silent gazed, as on a pictured dream,
Or heard the boatman's far halloo that came,
Slow wafted o'er the evening's voiceless stream.
Since last we watched the fading morn's star,
As on through village scenes we wand'red far,
And hailed from upland fields the blushing sun,
In on the balmy dewy flowers he shone,
And raised a chorus from each bush and tree.
Young was our heart, we saw with boyish glee,
Each dew drop sparkle in the golden ray,
And heard with boyish joy the Kashi's lay.
I think of thee, and all these visions start,
Thou earliest, best of friends, thou brother of my heart!

Nine years and nine have passed of wo and glee,
And I have roamed on life's tempestuous sea,
In various climes, and various scenes have strayed,
The Rigi scaled, Loch Katrine's shores surveyed.

REMINISCENCES.

Have viewed the halls, on luxury's silken thrones,
Mid song and miracle where wealth and beauty shine.
Have seen where anguish held her aching brow,
And let unseen her bitter tear-drops flow.
All heartless raving life's shifting scenes among,
Or heard Ambition's voice, or Pleasure's siren song.

Nine years and nine have passed of wo and glee,
Yet boyish days we passed so merrily.
Like glowing visions wake distinct and clear,
And slowly fills my eyelids with a tear.
Nine years and nine have passed and done their part,
And robbed the lightness from our footsteps light,
And wiped the brilliance from our eyelids bright,
And quenched the hopes and loves that lit our heart.
And those fond eyes that watched our boyish days,
And smiling shed bright sunbeams on our ways.
Are closed in sleep,—the light is quenched and gone,
And weary is our way, and darksome, cheerless, lone.

I think of thee, and all these visions start,
Thou earliest, best of friends, thou brother of my heart!

It matters not, for man must meekly take
Dame Fortune's favours and the woes she sends.
O'er troubled waters as o'er glassy lake,
In storm and sunshine, we shall ever make
The best of brothers, and the trustiest friends.

September, 1874.
REMINISCENCES.

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER.
(On his departure for Europe.)

1
'Tis done! now far and farther still
Each moment from thy native shore,
Thou seem'st aloof the billow's swell,
Thou hearest alone the surge's roar.

2
Above an angry, azure sky,
Beneath an angrier, bluer sea,
And like a bird with outspread wings
Thy vessel wafts thee ceaselessly.

3
And in thy heart, ah! what a strife
Of doubtful hope, uncertain fear,
Of parting sorrow, tender grief,
Of recollections passing dear.

4
Of varied feelings ever new,
As mid still-varying scenes you roam,
A tear for what you leave behind,
A hope for what is still to come.

5
Methinks I see thee on the deck,
The canvas fluttering on the gale,
The vessel cleaving through the main,
And rolling on the billows' swell.

6
Methinks I see thee on the deck,
Still gazing on a vacant sea,
And gazing still and musings still,
Of when and what—ah, who shall say?

7
Ah who shall say, ah who can feel,
The tumult that thy heart must know,
In leaving thus a dear loved home,
Long, long to wander, far to go!

8
But trace to such, now this the hour
When pensive thoughts should claim a sigh,
And if a tear-drop clouds thy face,
Dash down the tear-drop from thine eye.

9
For now thy bark is newly launched
Upon life's wild and boisterous sea,
Held fast thy helm, keep fixed thy watch,
An active life awaiteth thee.

10
And when thy travels all are o'er
When to thy native land wilt come,—
Long years of anxious watch then past—
An exile, to thy father's home.
REMINISCENCES.

TO MY ELDEST DAUGHTER.
(On receiving some verses from her.)

Georgia daughter of my love!
Majestic placid is thy face,
Soft and deep and fixed thine eye,
Sweetly gentle is thy grace.
Didst thou for thy father feel
Wishes kind and hopes so high,
Didst thou drop for him a tear
Didst thou wait for him a sigh?

Thanks, dear child of love and light!
These sweet lines, this pure art,
Soothe like Nature's own sweet breath,
Beace my nerves and stir my heart.
And like music sweet thy words
Fill my soul and cheer my day,
Now I work with stronger faith
Tread with firmer steps my way.

Work! 'tis noble destiny!
For the toiler in the field
Seeks no loftier aim than his,
Spurn what gold or pleasures yield.
Duty bids, his strong right arm
Wields the scythe once and again,
Though at times his brow is moist,
Heedless still he toils again.

1
Then rich or poor, or high or low,
In thy own home art welcome ever.
One aching heart will bless the day
And brother's love it changeth never.

2
Great in thy gifts thou comest back,
For learning, what young-hearted strife,
For science, what a noble toil,
For truth, a consecrated life!

3
And goodness, more than man's, was thine,
What simple candor in thee shone,
What sympathy, what helpful love?
So young, so noble,—art thou gone?

4
Oh, cruel, cruel was the blow,
My joys on earth are gone for ever.
But Death, ye conquer not my love
For brother's love it changeth never.

{Postscript Ten Years After.}

50
REMINISCENCES.

TO MY SECOND DAUGHTER.
(On her marriage and departure from Calcutta.)

Gentle daughter of my heart!
Hear the bell, now ye must part.
Lose command, "It is duty's voice,
Thou shalt leave thy loved home,
With the husband of thy choice,
And in distant places roam.
Part we child, a father's true
Fervid blessings be with you!

2
Thou art ready in thy heart,
In thy sphere to do thy part,
Soft and meek as wise should do,
Bravely too as woman will.
Let no tear thine eye bedew,
Though thy heart must deeply feel,
Leaving all you loved so true,
Leaving him who blesses you!

3
Life is real, life's earnest,
Sheds the hard whose strain's thou lovest,
Face the duties of thy life
With a brave and hoping heart,
Make a true confiding wife,
And in life perform thy part.
And in joy or woe be true
And my blessings be with you!
SIXTY YEARS HAVE COME AND PARTED.

Sixty years have come and parted,
Friend and Brother, noble hearted!
We have wandered far and wide
O'er life's pathway, side by side,
Toil and trouble we have crossed,
Joyed and sorrowed, loved and lost!
Chased in youth each bright illusion,
Proved in age life's vain delusion,—
Dreams of glory,—often shaded,
High ambitions,—often crest,
Dreams of love and friendship faded,
Comrade by the wayside lost!

Gallant hands have dropped the ear,
Pious hearts have beat no more,
Souls have reached their haven shore!
Teasing still in rain and sun,—
Labour lost or purpose done,—
We have walked through stress and strife,
Hand in hand the path of life,
Sixty years with struggles rife!
Days of childhood! past and gone,—
Life's red morning radiant shine,—
Days of bliss and parents' love,
Pure as light from heaven above!
Linked with them our happiest dreams,
Greenwoods streaked with golden gleams,
Peaceful fields, placid streams!
Every Pepul old and hoary
Had its weird sylvan story,
REMINISCENCES.

Days of childhood! are they ended,
Life in early grief was blended.
Fifty years have well now gone—
Can we o'er forget the day?
Pale on her the morning shone,
Pale in death she silent lay!
And we wept beside the door,
Took her to the river shore,
Saw her on the earth no more!
Two brief years—a fresher dart
Stuck our young and bleeding heart—
He,—in duty ever brave—
Died beneath the midnight wave!
He had early strugles known,
Truth and mainly courage shown,
She, a Hindu woman true,
Woman's love and duty knew.

Pure their souls, by sufferings proved,
Mass more saintly never moved,

Trust woman never loved!
Nature wipes the orphan's tear,
Kiss men tread with parents' care,
Onward then through joy and sorrow,
Through our course at school and college,
Still we worked and toiled each morn,
Still we gathered fresher knowledge—
And what legends, scenes and visions
Filled our hearts with new emotions!
Sindbad the tempest tossed,
Crouse in his island lost,

Every pebble we could hold
Was a gem of prize untold,
Every stream when evening fell
Had its wondrous tale to tell!
 Sands on which our feet we lighted,
Echoing to the boatman's cry,
Groves through which we saw delighted,
Tremulous 'neath a moonlit sky!

Scenes were gay when hearts were jolly,
Scenes of childish mirth and folly,
Birhoom, Palms, Kumarrolly,
Days of childhood! ere our land
By the railway line was spanned,
On her rivers broad and deep
Rare was seen a steaming ship—
Boats by thousands, up and down,
Carried trade to mart and town,
Pilgrims went, a month or more,
Remains to Poesoe's shore!
Local craftsmen still supplied
Simple goods of village trade;
Village smiths their axes plied,
Village women spun their thread,

How we yet recall the day—
Troops and homemen lined the way,—
Canning came with us to stay!—
Passed a year,—we heard from far
Thunders of the Sepoy War!
Passed a year,—we saw that scene,—
Milet the cannon's roar and die,
India passed unto the Queen!
REMINISCENCES.

England! when I reached thy strand,
Great in glory didst thou stand!
Those were Bright's and Gladstone's days,
Tennyson's and Browning's lays.

Coleridge wrote of them all,
Dante and his deathless dream,
Byron with his soul's despair,
F Gray and his heart's appeal.

Romulus the king of old,
Saladin with the wave of gold,
Moorsish knights, crossless bold!

Homer and his warriors grim,
Dante and his deathless dream,
Brave Macbeth who rant his foe,
Robin Hood and Ivanhoe!

Gentler thoughts our souls did move,
Blessings came from heaven above,
Filled our homes and hearts with love!

Forty years have now departed,—
Dost thou still recall the day,
When from India's shores I started,
Crosed the boundless ocean way?

Stealing, as the night descended,
From the love and dearly tended,
Stealing 'neath the ship's white awning,
As the ruddy day was dawning!

And with me a friend true-hearted
Silent from his parents parted,
Shared with me my hopes and fears,
Stood by me in joy and tears,

Stood by me these forty years!
Life is sweeter, life is dearer,
When true friendship links us nearer,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
As in youth, in age we stand!

One more youth with beaming eye,
Patriot's fire and purpose high,
Sailed that day,—to do or die!

REMINISCENCES.

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REMINISCENCES.

Sweeter objects claims my care,
Playful saddened fresh and fair,—
One, a beauteous gentle child,
One, a sprightly thing of love,
All, with winning ways and mild,
Ties of sweetness round me wove.

They have, through life’s weary way,
Brightened toil with love’s soft ray,
Scattered sunlight on my way!
Shadows cross the sunny way,
Boreas gloom the balcony day—
Heart more brave and soul more just,
For this mortal earth has croust,
Then the comrade whom we lost!
Far in French and German soil,
Long he gathered Western lore,
And we saw his loving soul,
Midst the friendless and the poor,
High his purpose,—brief his day,—
Soon he left and passed away!

In bereavement and in sorrow
Still we laboured, love and more,
Thou in city’s dusty round,
In distant duties bound,
Year’s of sordid work were done,
Till my District I had won,
Higher hope and loftier aim.

To the towns of India came,—
Ripe on ruled with righteous fame,
Two and twenty years have pasted.

Since I crossed again the sea,
With my loved ones, gentle hearted,
And, my brother, now with thee;
Was it tourist’s zeal or gladness,
Was it Indian Pilgrim’s madness,
Urged thee to such distant land,
To Ceylon’s grove by Asia’s hand,
Spanish mountains towering grand?
Past each English summer scene,
Scottish hills and Irish green,
Past the beautiful Swedish town
Where Adolphus wore his crown,
Past the wild Norwegian shore
Where the Vikings ruled of yore,
Past the bleak Laplander’s home
Still insatiate did thou roam!

And thy wanderings were not done,
Till the Northern Cape was won,
Till thou saw’st the Midnight Sun!

Artic cold to tropic toil,
Peaceful rest to life’s tumult,—
Such the burden of my song,
Wherefore then this tale prolong?

Mynmorning, thy just-grown shore,
Sal-clad uplands, Midnapore,
Burdwan, thy classic plain
Saw the toiler’s work again,
Nay on Mahabali’s breast
Weary wand’rer found his rest!

Large Divisions,—broader hold,—
REMINISCENCES.

Now my arduous task was ended,
Life with lighter work was blended.
Years in Europe's colder clime
Work of love beguiled my time.
India's ancient tale of glory,
India's epic old and heavy.
India's mournful maiden story!
I have felt and ever thought
Forgotten by ourselves is wrought,
And a Congress of my nation
Shared with me my inspiration
Years in far Baroda's soil,
I have felt a workman's pride,
And for travel or for toil
Ranged o'er India far and wide.—
From the uplands of Mysore,
Palm-clad shores of Travancore,
Khyber Pass to Eastern Bay,
Brahmaputra to Bombay,
Quetta's heights to Mandalay!
Sadder fate to life's decline
Gentle Behater! thou hast been thine,
Wasting illness, lingering sorrow,
Chains thee down each joyless morrow,
Years of suffering come and past,
Cureless while this life will last!
Yet if patience in our war,
Trial and trouble silent borne,
Sanctifies this life below,
Saint's white garment thou hast worn.

REMINISCENCES.

Saw my arduous labours done,
Life no higher joy can yield.
Than the joy from duties won!
And I saw Love's bright lamp shine,
Young hearts worshipped at His shrine,
Linked their lives with me and mine!
They, my own by sacred ties,—
Loving comrades, helper wise,—
Joy be theirs 'neath sunny skies!
Yet bereavements wait on age,
Tears below life's closing page!
They,—the gentle, meek and lowly,
Suffering much, serene and holy,—
They unto their rest have gone,
She in address lives alone!
Could I like a poet paint
Picture of an earthly saint,
Apura! thy patient life,
Gentleness in storm and strife,
Sorrowing mother, suffering wife.
Would reveal an unknown worth,—
Angel virtue on this earth!
I have seen thee in thy illness,
In thy penury and woe,
Pity in peace, in midnight's stillness,
Bless the Hand whose mercy now!
Few have known thee on this shore,
Earth shall know thee never more.
Thou hast reached thy haven shore!
REMINISCENCES.

Thine is sweet-souled designation,
And thy life—a dedication!

Heaven reward thy noble strife,
Worthy son prolong thy life,
Gentle be his wedded wife,
And thy daughter in her love,
She a guardian angel prove?
Brother! may this idle line
Wake the past in life's decline,
Link the love that's thine and mine!
Lo! a rosy light is breaking
Over the sea, across the earth.
Young Japan is slowly waking,
Asia hails her glorious birth!

From Japan to Persian heights
Man will seek for newer lights
Man will conquer noble rights!

Hark! while yet we watch and wait,
Mighty impulse, purpose great,
Might be borne on the storm and stress of strife
Wakes our land to higher life,—
Stern resolve is manhood's breath,
Deep is woman's inborn faith!
Not as strangers in their soil,—
Not as voiceless slaves of toil,—
They demand the citizen's station,
Lofty birthright of each nation!
Manly right and purpose high,
Place mid nations—reach the sky,
Be our country's,—when we die!

Layamon,
August, 1908.
REMINISCENCES.

KOKIL TO RINGDOVE.

Pcrucilc good tidings,—said Kokil to Ring-dove,—
Reached me this morning,—glad tidings of true love !
Ah, is it real? Yes, true news we carry,
The Belle of Baroda is now going to marry!
Iron-strong in purpose, deep is thought as ocean,
Music in her accents, grace in all her motion,
Ah! but of her chosen bane thou any notion?
But I know,—said Ring-dove,—of the maiden true,
Of the happy bridal room, strong and steadfast too,
So to be then of bridal, for we may not tarry
Even from Coromandel a grand sire’s love we carry.
Ring the bell from tower to dome,
Chant the lay the bride is come,
Decentralised from father’s home !

April, 1908.

REMINISCENCES.

LAY OF THE OLD MINSTRIL.

Wherever on this bed of roses
Scatter leaves of winter time,—
With these thoughts of youth and ardour
Wherefore blend an old man’s rhyme?

Joyous notes of mirth and laughter
From this volume seem to rise,—
Young hearts throb with tender passion,
Young eyes meet responsive eyes !

Lightnings flash along these pages
From each bright and beaming eye,—
Shall I with my scanty tissues
Venture ’neath this lurid sky?

Each enthusiast brings a blossom
To this pure and perfumed shrine,
Every pen records a stanza,
Every poet adds a line.

And they dance in mirth and gladness
As they lightly come and go,
Shall I dare to tread a measure
With my poor rheumatic toe?

In the olden days, Ulysses,
So the ancient Homer says,
Stuffed his crew with wool and cotton
Dreading sirens’ dulcet lays.—
REMINISCENCES.

Shall I, stilled and over-coated,

Be my harp to join this chant?

How the maidens smile and giggle,

How the youths will laugh and jeer!

Nay, gentle lady! 'Tis thy mandate

I should chant a lay of mine,

To this stent of youthful music,

Add an elder's rugged line.

Be it so! Bright morning's radiance

Beams upon thy bedding life,

Be the day as bright and benignant,

Be the evening free from strife.

Yet, in days of glowing sunshine—

Shadows some times cross the path,

And soft evenings, star-replicant,

Are bedimmed by tempest's wrath.

Cares and sorrows and heart-ache

Darken oft the joys of life,

Friend untrue or foe relentless

Waken agony and strife.

Strong and true, pursue thy duty,

Be it dark or sunny day,

And a woman's high endurance

Will not fail thee in thy way.

REMINISCENCES.

Lot a youth of noble promise

Seeks that for his wedded wife,

And will lead thee to the altar,

And wilt guide thee in thy life—

Beware in thy lives united,

Stronger in your mutual love,

Tread the path of life undaunted,

Fearless through all perils move!

Make thy home a bower of virtue,

Make thy dear ones rich in love,

And with woman's peerless patience

Woman's lofty mission prove!

Ask from High the trust guidance,

In each battle lost or won,

High or humble be thy fortune,

Woman! be thy task well done!

September, 1857.
REMINISCENCES.

BEGUM: ON THY QUEENLY FOREHEAD.

Beneath! On thy queenly forehead
I have read—unfaltering truth;
In thy heart—a noble impulse,
In thy eyes—a woman's ruth.
Heat thou wilt, a humble brother—
Teetor in the field of life,—
Should herein record his verses—
Noble Nawan's saintly wife?

Be it so! Though far sundered,
West and East our homes may be,—
Thus dust rule by Arab Ocean
And I toil by Bengal Sea,—
Still I claim a sacred kinship,
Sacred be our common home,
Common hopes and aspirations
Blend our hearts, wherever we roam.

Be it still thy lofty purpose
For that sacred land to toil,
Help the son of toil and saving,
Raise the tiller of the soil,
Trust in duty humbly rendered,
Trust in India's future star,
And our inborn sons and daughters
Shall be higher than we are!

REMINISCENCES.

Unseen clouds will often darken
Glamour of the brightest day,
Doubt and discord and disaster
Oft will her our onward way,
But the brother and the sister,—
Man great-hearted, woman true,—
Proudly sweep aside each hindrance,
Save the land their fathers knew!

Caste and creed will often wrangle,
Tear apart those who are one,
Greed and selfishness will hinder
What by selfless work is won;
But true-hearted men and women—
Modern or of Hindu faith,—
Love of men their high religions,—
Serve their country until death!

And there are who mock our labours,
Oft divide us by their art,
But shall brother show his brother,
Sister from her sister part?
Comrades in a common sorrow,
Comrades in a common toil,
Heaven unites!—No man shall sever
Children of a common soil!
REMINISCENCES.

Through each sorrow and disaster
We will strive to win the goal,
Better failure in our struggle
Than the torpor of our soul!
Be it failure, be it glory,
Manlike let our work be tried
And our sons will ponder wisely,
"Thus our fathers lived and died!"

Begun! O'er this boundless ocean
We have met and we shall part,
But thy truth and gentle virtues
Shall endure within my heart!
And perchance these rugged verses
May at times, in toil and strife,
Bring to mind a humble brother,—
Toiler in the field of life!

April, 1908.

REMINISCENCES.

DID SOME PERI FROM THE RAINBOW.

Din some Peri from the rainbow,
Hove o'er Miss Pyne's birth,
Did some Wall from the forest,
Bless her When she saw the earth?
Peri-like in wit and fancy,
Wall-like in power of thought,
Keen of eye that darkly flashes,
Keen of words with wisdom fraught,

Hast thou seen the sun and shadow
Playing over rock and den?
So Miss Pyne's observation,
Plays upon poor mortal men!
Nothing blinds her, nothing escapes her,
Naught her searching glance can shun,
Cloaks of falsehood melt before her
Like the mist before the sun!

Hast thou seen the hail of winter,
Beat upon a battered field?
So Miss Pyne's thoughts restless,
Fors, opposing men to yield!
Sure some Wall gave her wisdom,
Or some Peri from the sky.
Keen of wit and quick of reason—
Maiden of the flashing eye!
REMINISCENCES.

Young of age but quick of impulse,
Gifted child of gifted line,
I have watched with pride and wonder,
Gleams of genius in thee shine!
Thou hast wandered near and farther,
Lived with people East and West,
Purged their thoughts and lesser motives
Judged their worst, admired their best!

Noble in thy aspirations,
Truefulness in thy heart,
Cast aside all nations' failings—
Choose the true nobler part,
Search in every distant region,
What is great and what is grand,
Search the best in thought and action,
Plant it in thy native land.

On this blue and boundless ocean
I have met thee, noble maid;
And thy gifts and wondrous wisdom
Never from my mind shall fade!
Will this line in thee awaken
Thoughts of him once known to thee,
Him who met thee as a brother,
Met and parted on the sea?

April, 1898.

OVER THE BLUE AND BOUNDLESS OCEAN.

O'er the blue and boundless ocean
Fast the noble vessel flew,
India's shores upon the waters
Ever faint and fainter grew.
Forty years have come and left me
Since first I crossed this ocean's breast,
Forty years of work and wandering—
And as yet I find no rest!

Lo! a maid in graceful garments—
Meekness in her gentle eye,
Simple truth writ on her forehead,
Sat and gazed upon the sky;
On her brow the red vermilion
Like a star of beauty beamed,
And the grace of India's daughters
On her face and features beamed!

As a child unto her grand'sire,
Omine the maiden simple-hearted,
Spoke to me, of friends and parents,
Of the home whence she has parted.
I could see a passing shadow,
I could see a tear unshed,—
With a grand'ire's love and blessing
Gently touched the maiden's head.
REMINISCENCES.

Duty done, with hope and gladness,
Now again this azure main,
Be a healer of the lowly,
Of the sufferer in his pain.
Father's love and mother's kisses,
Sister's tears thy heart will move,
With thou still remember, maiden,
Grandmama's blessings and his love.

Hush!—an old man's daring visions
With the highest hopes are life,—
India's sons and dusky daughters
Waking to a higher life.
Workers true to toil and effort,
Be the battle lost or won,—
Masculine true to high endeavour.
Woman's duty nobly done.

April, 1903.

Young in years, but firm in purpose,
Bravely hast thou done thy part,
Faced with man thy college studies,
Learned with men the hunter's art,
And, impelled by love of science,
Boldly hast thou left thy Home,
Dared to cross the trackless ocean
Long in foreign lands to roam.

If at times to Amritsar
Fondly turn thy inward eye,
If a sister's sweet remembrance,
Parent's love will wake a sigh,—
I can feel such grief unspoken,
I have felt as thou dost feel,—
Duty bids us toil and travel,
Cannot turn our hearts to steal.

Yet with woman's quiet courage
Wipe the tear drops from thine eye
Years of work and high endeavour
Years of study wait for thee!
Bravely hast thou chosen thy duty,
Bravely hast thy task begun
Ouward then! with high ambition
Be thy highest duty done!
REMINISCENCES.

"TO A. OF MUNAPORE.

"Twas a night in dark December,
Eighteen hundred seventy-two,
And she lay, a smiling infant,
As the train impatient flew!
Still she looked and still she wondered
With her large and infant eye,—
Did some visions of the future
Come to haunt her from the sky?
Dusky moans and whistle struck her
As we sped for Jungipore,—
Were they drum-beats of the battle
Of her life which lay before?

Fourteen years have come and passed,
And she blossomed fresh and fair.
And with girlhood's joysome armour
Did the boundless ocean dare;
Aden, Egypt and India,—
Past Atlantic's ceaseless roar,—
She now viewed the cliffs of Albion,
She now trod the English shore!
Lisbon, Haymarket, London Gardens,
London summer's dubious gleams,
Saw the girl with girl's romancing,
Saw the maid with maiden's dreams.

REMINISCENCES.

Five years more have come and passed,—
It was eighteen-ninety-one,—
On Darjeeling's mist-clad mountains
Was the maiden sought and won!
To a youth of generous impulse,
Dauntless purpose, selfless heart,
A woman true and tender,
Proudly bent to do her part;
Eighteen years in joy and sorrow,
A faithful wife and loving wife,
They have walked, in truth united,
Hand in hand the path of life!
Infant,—Girl,—and bride bejewelled—
She now wears a prouder name,—
Mother of a troop of children,
Motion of unsullied fame!
Still she doth her kindly mission,
Nobly as in days of yore,
Still he works,—an ardent patriot,—
Citizen King of Munapore!
Not achieving, often failing,
Dauntless still in task of life,—
Such is manhood's noble mission,
Mission of true-hearted wife!

"Tis a night in black December,
And beside an English fire,
Seated in his lovely chamber
Lot: an old man loves his lyre.
REMINISCENCES.

And a troop of laughing children,
Loving women, lighthearted men,
And a home across the seas
Burst upon his inner ken!
Oh! the loves of those we cherish
Cheer us, as our soil and stride,
And the sunshine of affection
Flings a glamour on our life!

December, 1902.

TO S. OF SHILLONG.

Lo! a white bird of the mountains,
From the heights of far Shillong
Waves her wings of silk and satin,
Through the blue sky sails along!
Past the sea-like Bishampurter,
And the Padma's heaving breast,
Past the waving fields of verdure
Comes she to her ancient nest!
Now she softly teases her feathers,
Now she smiles upon her lord,
Till at last they come and smile
In the home of Hungerford!

Five and thirty years have passed,—
How I still recall the day,—
Child of love and light and beauty,
When in Hungerford's home she lay?
Years went by,—with ringing laughter
How she chased each childhood's toy,
How she picked the shells and pebbles
On the banks of fair Ajoy!
Years went by,—with eager gleam
How she crossed the boundless sea,
And in happy homes of England
Lived the maid in maiden glee!
Years went by, and brighter visions
Sawed her soul in Bardswon,—
She had counted twenty summers,
She in love was sought and won!
He a wondrous acquaintance,
Softly gentle, wildly gay.
Verse in Shelly and in Beeea,
Verse in Bally's captured lay—
Yet a youth of deeper purpose,—
High ambition marked his goal,—
Versatile in gift of talent
Ardent in his love of soul!

Hand in hand for fifteen summers
They have walked the path of life,—
He a high and able ruler,
She a true and trusted wife.
I have watched them fondly, proudly,
As their gifts have brighter shone,—
Fame achieved by high endeavour,
Duty nobly faced and done!
I have watched them mounting higher
Higher with each passing year,—
And their growing worth and virtue
To a father's soul is dear!

I can see the loving faces
Gathered in my loving home.

REMINISCENCES.

I can hear the sounds of laughter
As across the seas they come!—
I can feel their love's young tendrils
Wind around an old man's heart,
Loves of children true and tender
-Lands and oceans cannot part!
If at times my soul is weary
Thoughts like these come from above,—
Work is noblest human mission,
Noblest human bliss is Love!

December, 1908.
REMINISCENCES.

THE GIRL OF GOLD.

Should you see a girl of gold,
Useful, loving, modestly bold,
So devoted to her mother,
In her duties to her father,
Loving little girls and boys,
And arranging children's toys,
Deep in that—with tens and acres,
Used to work,—the home she graces,
True in duty, true in game,
Tell me what may be her name!

December, 1908.

REMINISCENCES.

TWINS IN LOVE.

One, a mother young and beautiful,
One, a noble, gifted maid,
Blessed me with their sweet affection,
Sang to me, and often played,—
Till my soul was drunk with music,
Till my heart was wrapt in love,
Ever, even as my daughters,
They shall my affection prove!

One, a gentle Hindu mother,
One, a dutiful Moslem maiden,
In their loves they were united
Like two creepers, perfume-laden,
Sister streams that sweetly mingled,
Sister blossoms on one stem,—
Cesna might differ, love of duty,
Love of country blended them.

They were of the Western region,
J was from the farthest East,—
How their truth and tender sweetness
Filled my heart, my cottage blest!
Earth hath streaks of light and sunshine,
Life hath gleams that cheer and bless,—
May the memory of their kindness
Never in my heart grow less!
REMINISCENCES.

Dost thou sometimes, dear Shamada,
Call to mind the days of old? —
Oft I met thee and thy husband,
Heard the lays thy Lila told?
Dost remember,—on the green sward,
In the gay and lighten'd hall,—
How thy presence gracest the Gatha,
How thy song enraptured all?

Dost thou sometimes, dear Sharifa,—
I have seen thee maid and bride,—
Think of that "mere maze," Sharifa,
Thou didst help in maiden pride?
O! what gift of song and music
As thy fingers swept the lyre!
Fors thy lord, what love and duty
Sparkled in thine eyes of fire?

Oceans part us! But remember
Of your truth shall never die,—
Tears in love! May New Year's blessings,
Grace of Heaven unto you be!
Earth has trials, earth has triumphs.
Tis to every man is given,—
Thou wilt be happy, kind and loving.
Cherish him like the dew of Heaven!

January, 1909.

REMINISCENCES.

NYMPHS AND THE MINSTREL.

In the days when nymphs and fairies
Dwelt by every wood-land stream,
In the days when cloud-land visions
Still inspired the minstrels dream,
When each Nai sang his verses,
And each Rishi roamed the earth,
And at times a hunter-monarch
Met a maid of heavenly birth!

In those days two beautiful fairies,—
One was sweet and one was fair,—
Ranged the green woods, dale and mountain,
Ranged the regions of the air!

Where with lightning-guided chariots
Dharamottak's echoes rang,
Dwelt a fairy in her mansion,
And her fairy verses sang!
Where not Sylhet's cloud-capped Tila
Darksome rains howl'd, howl'd fell,
Dwelt the other wraith in visions
And her Eraw played so well!

Oh! they mounted on their pinions,—
Parnassus brandish'd of the sky,—
Whispered thoughts, (full-sand footage)
And the thoughts were pure and high!

Wouldst thou witness scene and sweetness,
Tenderness with wisdom fraught,
REMINISCENCES.

Would'st thou see a child's affection
With a woman's deeper thought?
Would'st thou claim an angel's tendence
With a human being's love.

She, the nymph of Dhamantolla,
Did these gentle virtues prove?
Would'st thou seek for wildest graces,
Depth and patriotic fire.

Sylvan's fairy, blast by Maes,
Waked to notes of Sarn she lyre!

From their clouds they oft descended,—
So the ancient legends tell,
To the earth where dwelt a minstrel,
And they loved the minstrel well.

He a poet and a wanderer,
With his scanty locks of hair,
Somewhat old and somewhat gruity,
Somewhat fond of Daki rare!

And the fairies oft would nurse him,
Oft beside his grotto creep,
And they gently stroked his forehead,
And the minstrel fell asleep.

But a change came o'er his vision,—
Nymphs of air are fond of flight,—
And they spread their featherly pinions
Soaring to a nobler height

And the bard was sorely puzzled
As he saw them winging high.

REMINISCENCES.

Would they wander through the cloud-land,
Would they pierce the vault of sky?
No! But one on Beadon's pathway
With her mate had built her nest,
And the other with her chosen
'By the ocean took her seat!'

Strange and fickle are these fairies!—
Spake the minstrel in despair,—
Would they leave me, old and gruity,
Nor provide my Daki rare?

Would they sing me not old legends,
Newer songs of patriot's fire,
Would they soothe me not to slumber,
Striking deep the sounding lyre?

Yea!—They said from town and ocean,
Minstrel's love we ever guard,—
And the minstrel loved the fairies,
And the fairies loved the bard.

January, 1909.
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শ্রীম রামেশচন্দ্র তন এক্ষভ বা প্রকাশিত সার্কত ও প্রাক্তন বাঙ্গালা এটি সুখে।

পঞ্চাশী

(1) সৈন্য গ্রন্থিতা-ব্যাখ্যাত
(2) বিভক্তি-নিদান তথ্য-অর্থাৎ চলি, উপস্থিত, মোকদ্দমাতে ও বর্ণনা- ষষ্ঠ বালে নূতন- বিভূতি শ্রীম নীতি-নিদান সার্কত, ব্যাখ্যাত, বিভূতি ও নীতি- ষষ্ঠ বালে ২৪-

উপায়ান নূতন সার্কত

(1) বিভূতি-নীতি- ২৪ পৃষ্ঠা ২৪
(2) বিভূতি-নীতি- ২৪ পৃষ্ঠা ২৪
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(6) বিভূতি-নীতি- ২৪ পৃষ্ঠা ২৪