

O favored isles of heaven! O lovely scene!
Whose wooded heights slope down to seas as green,
Save where the wave, dashed on some reef below,
Lights the long base with clouds of wreathed snow,
Here, Mercy tempering Justice, for a time,
Britannia gathers India's sons of crime.
Not theirs to pine in dungeons or in chains
Chilled in the cold, or mouldering in the rains;
Here must they toil, but free, or all but free
Their only prison-wall the girdling sea!
Toil, but in hope; for wisdom bids them learn
The sweets of honest effort, and to earn
The stipend of their labor, until time
Fill the full tale of years that expiate their crime,
Aye, all may hope! For even whose knife
Has dealt a death blow to another's life,
He whose own life were forfeit, knows that he
When twenty years have rolled, shall yet be free;
Seek the dear village where a boy he played,
The little temple and banyan-shade,
Rejoin his children grown to man's estate
And early friends still mourning his fate;
Pluck the rich harvest of mangoe groves
And breathe his last among the scenes he loves.¹

¹ Saunders A. Dyers, 'The Andaman Islands', *Calcutta Review*, Vol. 116, 1903, pp. 260-91.