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YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN INDIA.

BY

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op. 31-14712

LONDON:
WM H. ALLEN & CO., 13, WATERLOO PLACE,
PALL MALL, S.W.
1867.

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The greater number of the chapters in this volume have been published in the pages of "All the Year Round" and "Temple Bar."]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I.—OUTWARD BOUND.—THE OLD TIMES AND THE NEW	1
II.—DOMESTIC LIFE.—HOUSES AND BUNGALOWS . . .	32
III.—INDIAN SERVANTS	63
IV.—THE GREAT SHOE QUESTION	85
V.—THE GARRISON HACK	102
VI.—THE LONG-BOW IN INDIA	131
VII.—MRS. DULCIMER'S SHIPWRECK	164
VIII.—A TRAVELLER'S TALE, TOLD IN A DAK BUNGALOW	200
IX.—PUNCH IN INDIA	239
X.—ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE	269
XI.—CHRISTMAS IN INDIA	297
XII.—THE SEASONS IN CALCUTTA	315
XIII.—FARMERS IN MUSLIN	328
XIV.—HOMEWARD BOUND.—INDIA AS IT IS	338

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I.

OUTWARD BOUND—THE OLD TIMES AND THE NEW.

JANUARY in the Red Sea. Noon. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Nemesis* is making nine knots an hour through the bluest water I ever beheld. We left Suez yesterday, and begin to feel intensely Eastern, as Overland passengers always do at this point. Those who had never made the journey before, appeared to expect that their Indian experiences would commence as soon as they left Southampton. By much reading of guide-books they brought their minds into a state which rendered it impossible to call their lunch anything but tiffin, or their cigars anything but cheroots; and I believe that but for the ruthless

prohibition of the cold weather they would already have begun to don their white clothing, of which they had, with a prudence quite unnecessary, kept out a supply for impossible contingencies. By talking to the old Indians on board—who gave themselves airs of superiority—they had actually picked up whole phrases of Hindustanee in the first few days, which they aired remorselessly, to the confusion of appropriateness and the bewilderment of comprehension. They bought government Manillas (made in the Minories) of the stewards, by way of training, and realized in the beginning a no uncommon end, by making themselves thoroughly sick of the country to which they were bound.

It was by the second mail in December, 1853, that I traversed the Overland route for the first time. In those days even the railway through France was incomplete. The railway from Paris dropped you at Châlons, and the steamer took you up at that point, along the Saone, to Lyons. The diligence carried you thence to Avignon, where the railway began again, taking you in triumphantly to Marseilles, with the air of having brought you all the way. This mixed mode of travelling is certainly more picturesque and pleasant than being propelled the whole way by the same agency, with as few breaks