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# YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN INDIA.

BY

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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