

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIAN TRAVEL

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Impressions of Indian travel by Oscar Browning

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OSCAR BROWNING

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OF
INDIAN TRAVEL

BY
OSCAR BROWNING

LONDON
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
27, PATERNOSTER ROW
1903

23

43

PM 200

TO
HER EXCELLENCY
LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON,
AS A TOKEN OF
GRATITUDE AND RESPECT
FROM
THE AUTHOR

1925181



*A month I lived in high romance,
In stately porch and columned hall;
Through rout and banquet, song and dance,
You were the beauteous Queen of all.*

*For India's star has many rays,
Many the pillars of her throne,
But the convergence of its blaze
Is concentrate on one alone.*

*Titania's spells are cold and dead,
Dividing, moans the sullen main;
Bottom has lost his ass's head,
And plies his weaver's trade again.*

*But still aghast his weary eyes,
Some flashes of unworthy light
Illumine, with a glad surprise,
The long, dull watches of the night.*

OSCAR BROWNING.

King's College, Cambridge.



PREFACE

WHEN I was starting for India, a friend said to me, "You will write a book"; I replied that I should do nothing of the kind, that I was travelling for health and rest, and that I intended to give my pen a holiday. Another friend said, "You are going to India like Paget, M.P." When I reached Aden I received a letter from a friend highly placed in the Civil Service, containing some excellent advice. It said, "Do not think that you know as much about India as we do who have spent our lives in it; do not criticise our behaviour, and if you differ from us, hold your tongue."