

**'UP THE COUNTRY': LETTERS
WRITTEN TO HER SISTER FROM
THE UPPER PROVINCES OF
INDIA. IN TWO VOLUMES, VOL. II**

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'Up the Country': Letters Written to Her Sister from the Upper Provinces of India. In Two Volumes, Vol. II by Emily Eden

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EMILY EDEN

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'UP THE COUNTRY'

Letters written to her Sister

FROM

THE UPPER PROVINCES OF INDIA

BY

THE HON. EMILY EDEN

AUTHOR OF 'THE SEMI-DETACHED HOUSE' AND 'THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE'

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



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'UP THE COUNTRY.'

CHAPTER I.

Camp, Umritzir, Dec. 10, 1838.

It has just occurred to me in dating this letter, that we are very near the end of '38, and in '39 we may begin to say, 'the year after next, we shall go home.' I never know exactly where we are in our story, for I keep so many anniversaries it puts me out. So many people have married, and died, and gone home, that it is really incredible that we should have been here so long, and yet are kept here still. Something must be done about it, because it is a very good joke; but life is passing away, and we are in the wrong place. It has now come to that pass that we are in a foreign country from India, and that crossing the Sutlej is to be called going home again. You see how it is! Our first principles are wrong, and G. says, with a placid smile, 'If

Shere Singh does not dine with us to-day, would it not be advisable to ask Hindû Rao?' Hindû Rao, being a Mahratta chief, a dependent on our Government, who has attached himself to our camp—not quite an idiot, but something like it, and in appearance like a plump feather-bed, with pillows for his head and legs—covered all over with chain armour and cuirasses, and red and yellow shawls; and he sits behind G. at table, expecting to have topics found and interpreted to him. Shere Singh has a great deal of fun; but natives at table are always a great *gêne*. I had only time to tell you of our arrival at Umritzir on Wednesday, and not of the show, which was really surprising. F. and I came on in the carriage earlier than the others, which was a great advantage; for the dust of fifty or sixty elephants does not subside in a hurry, and they spoil the whole spectacle. We met the old man going to fetch G. That is one of the ceremonies, naturally tiresome, to which we have become quite used, and which, in fact, I shall expect from you, when we go home. If the Maharajah asks G. to any sight, or even to a common visit, G. cannot stir from his tent, if he starves there, till an 'istackball,' or embassy, comes to fetch

him. So this morning we were all dressed by candle-light, and half the tents were pulled down and all the chairs but two gone, while G. was waiting for Kurruck Singh to come seven miles to fetch him, and Kurruck Singh was waiting till the Governor-General's agent came to fetch *him*, and then the Maharajah was waiting till they were half-way, that he might fetch them all. Then, the instant they meet, G. nimbly steps into Runjeet's howdah, and they embrace French fashion, and then the whole procession mingles, and all this takes place every day now. If the invitation comes from our side, B. and the aides-de-camp act Kurruck Singh, and have to go backwards and forwards fifteen miles on their elephants. So now, if ever we are living in St. John's Wood, and you ask me to dinner in Grosvenor Place, I shall first send Giles down to your house to say I am ready; and you must send R., as your *istackball*, to fetch me, and I shall expect to meet you yourself, somewhere near Connaught Place, and then we will embrace and drive on, and go hand-in-hand in to dinner, and sit next to each other. If I have anything to say (which is very doubtful, for I have grown rather like Hindû Rao), I will mention it to Giles, who

will repeat it to Gooby, who will tell you, and you will wink your eye and stroke your hair, and in about ten minutes you will give me an answer through the same channels. Now you understand.

To return to this show. We drove for two miles and a half through a lane of Runjeet's 'goocherras,' or body guard. The sun was up and shining on them, and I suppose there was not one who would not have made the fortune of a painter. One troop was dressed entirely in yellow satin, with gold scarfs and shawls; but the other half were in that cloth of gold which is called kincob—the *fond* being gold and the pattern scarlet, or purple, or yellow; their arms were all gold—many of them had collars of precious stones; their shields and lances were all studded with gold. They have long beards down to their waists, and most of them had a silver, or gold tissue drapery, which they bring over their heads and pass round their beards to keep them from the dust. In the distance there was a long line of troops extending four miles and a half, and which after much deliberation I settled was a white wall with a red coping. I thought it could not possibly be alive; but it was—with 30,000 men. G. says old Run-

jeet was very much pleased with his own display. Shere Singh dined with us again; but otherwise it was a day of rest.

Thursday we began poking about to find shawls and agate curiosities, which are supposed to abound at Umritzir; but our native servants are afraid of going into the bazaars, they say the Sikhs laugh at them and their dress; my man told me 'they are a very *proudly* people, me not much like; they say, "What this?" and "What that?" I say, "It Mussulmaun dress—if you not like, don't touch!" Then they say, "No city like our Umritzir!" I say, "I say nothing against your Umritzir; but then you never see anything else. If you come to *Calcut*, I show you beautiful things—ships that go by smoke, and fine houses." However, they are so proudly that now I pretend I no understand their Punjâbee, but I know what they mean.'

With all their '*proudliness*' they are very civil to our people, and told them that the Maharajah had proclaimed he would put to death anybody who maltreated any of the Governor-General's followers; or, as they expressed it, that 'he would cut open their stomachs'—very unpleasant, for a mere little incivility. In the