

Up the Country: Letters from India

Emily Eden

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Emily Eden was born in 1797 into the charmed inner circle of the English upper class who conducted the country's political life.

In 1836 this prominent member of Whig society joined her brother George in India where he was Governor-General. She stayed there for six years, during which time she embarked on a two-year-long tour of the country.

With an unfailing eye for the eccentric and picturesque, Emily Eden describes in her delightful letters the extraordinary experiences encountered in life on the road in early eighteenth-century India.

Up the Country: Letters from India Details

Date : Published July 21st 1983 by Virago Press (first published 1866)

ISBN: 9780860684404 Author: Emily Eden

Format: Paperback 432 pages

Travel, Cultural, India, Classics, Biography, Historical, Victorian, Autobiography, Memoir,

Nonfiction

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Mark Thuell says

Fascinating insight into early British India from the sister of the Governor General. These letters and journals are full of the discomfort of the heat and travel with a lot of time being homesick or talking about shawls. But there are moments of insight and humour which makes Emily Eden very human and intelligent. Maybe if she was in charge rather than her brother history might have been different. A person of her class and time but an entertaining read.

N says

Interessant beskrivelse av et slags omreisende sirkus på 12000 i India rundt 1840. Fargerike beskrivelser av de britiskes liv i India og stedene og personene de møtte på den stadige rundreisen, men etterhvert nokså repetitivt.

Rachel Lundwall says

Really interesting. There were some great anecdotes and humorous one-liners. It was cool to get a closer look at an author I like and what army life was like in those days.

Marcus says

An elitist account of the domestic and social life of a high profile 'up country' tour of the Governor General of India in the 1830s. Well, it would be, recorded in the letters of his sister to their's in Britain. Some tour!, over two and a half years, through every station from Calcutta to Simla, and back again; Emily Eden acting as 'first lady' to her bachelor brother.

I can't do better than give you a couple of priceless quotes:

"...at all events, it makes a gay week for the station. Some ladies came sixty miles for these balls. At the ball there were some rajahs in splendid dresses; such magnificent jewels, and some of them had never seen an English ball before. They think the ladies who dance are utterly good for nothing, but seemed rather pleased to see so much vice."

"In short, Delhi is a very suggestive and moralising place – such stupendous remains of power and wealth passed and passing away – and somehow I feel that we horrid English have just 'gone and done it', merchanised it, revenued it, and spoiled it all. I'm not very fond of Englishmen out of their own country."

Seeing some relief given to starving people in drought (or revenue) hit central India Miss Eden conjectures a complete reversal of fortunes; that two thousand years hence an Indian Governor-General of England may

'feed some white-looking skeletons and say what distress the poor creatures must be in...and his sister may write to her sister in Delhi complaining about the cold, and then, of course, mention that she wants to go home'. Emily has only complaints about the rigours of touring and camp life, ever looking forward to her return to London.

Despite the gathering storm of the First, disastrous, Afghan War, the continuous presence of British military figures with them, and the steady round of durbars to which she accompanied her brother, Emily Eden has nothing to say on politics or governance. To her, even Maharaja Ranjit Singh is a delightful old man. Her comments are all on the pomp and ceremony and the amazing and extravagant gifts exchanged between the Governor General and the many rajas – and how Company rules allowed her only to keep those she paid the going rate for!

Emily Eden's letters are a joy to read, and give a fascinating insight into social life at the very top of imperial India... but she is outshone by Fanny Parkes, whose diaries were written at the same time, but at a lower, more interesting, social level.

Cirtnecce says

Up the Country is a series of letters and journals that Emily Eden wrote to her sister between 1837-1839 when, her brother Lord Auckland traveled from Calcutta, the then capital of British India to Shimla, the summer capital of British India and back. To give the readers a bit of a background, the Eden's were a prominent aristocratic family of England and Lord Auckland her brother, was Baron Eden, of Norwood in the County of Surrey, and Earl of Auckland. He served as the Governor General of India between 1836-1842 and during this tenure, his sister Emily and Fanny accompanied him to India and served as the hostess for the Governor General. During his tenure, Lord Auckland made a land trip between Calcutta and Shimla and back to Calcutta, a combined distance of approx. 4200 kilometers, with all the camp paraphernalia of elephants, camels, and camp followers, which took him 2 years in an era, before the introduction of railways in India. Emily Eden captures all the joy, irony and tragedy of traveling continuously for 2 years and living in the camp, with all the regal majesty that befits the representative of the King of England in India. We attend grand balls and picnics near the waterfall and can quite understand Ms. Eden's lack of enthusiasm in acting as a hostess to the never ending series of dinner and balls that the Lord Aucland has to host or has to attend in every station/township they stop at during their travels. We read about The Pickwick Papers as they were published and as soon as Ms. Eden and her sister could lay their hands on them all the way in India. We walk through Bazaars as they pick up shawls and beautiful enameled boxes for spices. We also attend in parallel the colorful nautch girl performances put by the local rulers for Lord Auckland and walk through some of the majestic gifts especially in jewels that are presented to the British Government by them. There is trouble with the native servants who are cantankerous, but never ever err in the their steadfast loyalty to the "Laat Sahib" and his sister! Their is the weather to contend with as well, harsh never ceasing hot burning plains of north India to the perfect coolness of the hills, to the camps awashed with the thundering monsoon rains! Emily Eden brings to life the ADCs, the Magistrates and all the great leaders of the Indian administrative service with anecdotes and dry ironic observations. We meet the great Ranjeet Singh and Shah Shuja in the most common and intimate manner and get to know about their pets and peeves as if they were next door neighbors and not the greats of history! There are lovely descriptions of the Governor General's house in Shimla, before the modern day commercialization as well as some haunting descriptions of Qutub and its surrounding ruins!

History is testimony to the fact that Lord Auckland was one of worst administrators of the British India empire and his policies had far reaching effects and came back to haunt his subsequent successors, especially Lord Canning who was the Viceroy during the horrific mutiny. However Emily Eden's account of the Governor General travels is filled with insight, laughter at absurdities of both her own country men as well as Indians and a very honest take on what is the expected duty of British to India. She has no patience with the women of a particular cantonment, who refuse to attend a dance because she invited some of Anglo-Indian (of mixed parentage) soldiers and the wives. There is much humor and irony at the expense of all including her illustrious brother and merriment at way some things turned out! Politics of course cannot be divorced from such a narrative and the reader gets some very interesting insights into the India-British interactions to understand why things went wrong! For instance, it is evident through out the journals, that both rulers of Punjab and Oudh (two of the largest principalities of India) sough British approval and partnership to govern their respective provinces and despite going out of their way to solicit, soothe and align the British dictates, in less than 6 years time, would see their territories arbitrarily annexed and they themselves being sent into exile. We also see that Lord Auckland despite his good intentions, had little or no understanding of the East and it comes through practically every page of Ms. Eden's journal that they thought that their residence in India as some kind of penance and exile; while one can understand that for Ms. Eden, it cannot be excused in a man who was accepted the responsibility of the fate of 1 billion people. No wonder the Anglo-Afghan wars during his tenure were disastrous and wonderful cities that his sister's captures in her journals would be completely annihilated in the aftermath of the mutiny! However, Ms. Eden's narrative is a wonderful read and if at times, she comes across as intolerant, it is wise to remember that most men and women of England held far more racist views and she at least believed in fair treatment of Indians and equal justice for all, regardless of the skin color. Most importantly, this book is a wonderful and colorful description of a road trip, before automobiles and railways made road trips a breeze and one of the first and most authentic travelogues before travel books became a vogue! A must read for all India aficionados!

Ali says

These journal letters of Emily Eden re-creates a world for us now, that has of course completely disappeared. All the small domestic goings on you might expect of a Governor-General's camp, as they travel the country of India, servant punishments, visits to Maharajas, the heat, the disappointment of letters having not arrived. Delightfully there are many which the reader might not have expected also, a pet squirrel, a shawl obession, the purchase of a couple of orphans, the painting of a picture of the young Queen Victoria whom E E had never seen, to present to a Maharaja. Emily Eden is witty, intelligent and sharp, her observations of people and places brilliantly acute. I find it wonderful really that a middle aged lady in 1838 could sit under canvas writing her journal letters home to England, and that I now all these years later can read about the peculiar converstaion she has just had with an indian servant, and how she longs for England. Thank goodness people like Emily Eden had the foresight to write and publish such things, for without them, us readers wouldn't get to visit half the places we do.