12 "Picturesque in Its Motley Processions"

The Infrastructure of Empire in Emily Eden's *Up the Country*[1]

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> These details … of a journey that was picturesque in its motley processions, in its splendid crowds, and in its "barbaric gold and pearl," may be thought amusing.
>
> Emily Eden, *Up the Country* (1866)

In *Up the Country: Letters Written to Her Sister from the Upper Provinces of India* (1866), the British writer Emily Eden narrates the travels she took in the Upper Provinces in India from 1837–40. *Up the Country*, as the writer and historian William Dalrymple remarks, is "the most exquisitely written record of colonial disdain and hauteur to come down to us[,] … so well done that it is impossible not to laugh out loud while reading it: a guilty post-colonial pleasure."[2] Even as Eden makes her readers laugh with stories of her own unhappiness during her time in India, she regales them with tales of imperialists abroad as the British Empire was nearing the height of its power. Her traveler's tale is a "picturesque" one, she writes in her prefatory dedication to her nephew Lord William Godolphin Osbourne, and therefore meant to "be thought amusing."[3] Books written in the picturesque mode – a mode associated with women – were meant to entertain and not, importantly, to be useful; indeed, nineteenth-century British women writers like Eden were typically expected to depict the anti-utilitarian, the antiquarian, and the sentimental.[4] With her emphasis on the picturesque in her dedication, Eden's *Up the Country* would seem to confirm these expectations of a travelogue by a woman.

Yet, at the same time that Eden writes in the picturesque mode she also, as Nigel Leask phrases it,[5] enters into "survey modality" as she comments on the physical foundation of empire: on its land and water routes; on its means of transportation, its steamers ("flats"), camel-trunks, elephants, and horses; and on its militaristic operations, its soldiery, camps, and regiments. Through Eden's account, we can glean a picture of the ground, and more specifically, of the infrastructure of empire – of its logistics. Tellingly, just as the word infrastructure was first used in connection with military applications (1927),[6] so did the word logistics, synonymous in some countries with the word infrastructure, also initially denote military preparations (1861).[7] In Eden's language, though, military displays are often portrayed as "motley processions";

she is not hesitant to expose and mock the infrastructure of empire. In her multi-tonal work she also exclaims over the beauty of the country soon to be absorbed by the Empire and, in occasional gestures of anticipatory nostalgia,[8] imagines the time when this beauty will be no more. *Up the Country* is, as Pablo Mukherjee writes, "unevenly picturesque" (p. 26).

Where Mukherjee focuses on the way images of disease and famine in *Up the Country* disrupt the picturesque, I examine the way the survey interweaves with the picturesque and how the effect of both modes makes Eden, though unwittingly and sometimes unhappily, a representative of empire – but often a critical one. Starting with an overview of the political journey that Eden makes, I move into the ways she describes India as a giant drawing room and how, in her travels across it, she reveals the manifestations of British imperial might and mishaps. I conclude with a discussion of her reflections (marked by imperial nostalgia) on the impact that the British had on India in the intervening quarter century between her time there and the publication of her letters.[9]

Emily Eden accompanied her brother, George Eden, 1st Earl of Auckland, to India, where he was the Governor-General from 1836–42. As the sister of Britain's leading administrator in India, Eden was able to participate, as an observer and co-host, in colonial history in the making, and *Up the Country* reflects the fact that Lord Auckland's was a "political journey".[10] One of Lord Auckland's colonial duties was to tour what were then called the Upper Provinces. Along with an entourage, including his sister, he traveled from Calcutta to Simla, farther westward to Lahore, outside of the British provinces, and finally back to Calcutta, from 21 October 1837 to 1 March 1840. *Up the Country* is about these 28 months of travel. Lord Auckland undertook this journey for four main purposes: 1) to acquaint himself with part of the territory of the East India Company; 2) to strengthen relationships with British allies, especially Ranjit Singh, the Maharaja of the Sikh kingdom[11]; 3) to demonstrate the rightness and fairness of British justice; and 4) to display British power. We gather glimpses of all of these activities in Eden's *Up the Country*, but mostly through the screen of a drawing-room atmosphere.

This atmosphere pervades *Up the Country*; indeed, her nineteenth-century reviewers, as Judith Plotz notes in "Jane Austen Goes to India", frequently compared Eden to her favorite author Jane Austen[12] for the way both women bemusedly portrayed the manners and morals of the people whose lives they witnessed. In *A Room of One's Own* (1929) Virginia Woolf famously wrote about novelists like Jane Austen:

> all the literary training that a woman had in the early nineteenth century was training in the observation of character, in the analysis of emotion. Her sensibility had been educated for centuries by the influences of the common sitting-room. People's feelings were impressed on her; personal relations were always before her eyes.[13]

Like Austen, Eden exhibited to the full her power of observation.[14] What might seem frivolous – such as a "fancy sale", similar to a church bazaar – is not. For one of these sales, held while Lord Auckland's entourage was residing in the hill station of Simla, Eden suggested that "the wives of … the clerks in public offices" send items. She reports that "the aristocracy of Simla" was shocked because "some of the wives were very black." In reply, Eden quipped, "the black would not come off on their works" (p. 159). In her remarks on encounters like these, we can see Eden both deriding and exposing the racial hierarchy that increasingly came to inform British rule over the course of the nineteenth century. In the following scene, by attending to dress, she reveals also the hierarchization within Indian ranks and proffers another sympathetic description. As one might expect of a woman from her class, Eden focuses on the women on the highest end of the social order, especially those with the fairest skin.[15] During one official visit to the aging Maharaja Ranjit Singh (whom she calls Runjeet), she visits five of his 32 wives, or "Mrs. Runjeets", as she calls them (p. 232). The room, she reports, was squalid – "a wretched, little, low place", where "five of the ranees sat on silver chairs against the wall, with a great many of their slaves squatting round them" (p. 232). Eden wonders "how these women fill up their lives" (p. 233). After commenting on the fairness of two of the ranees, Eden writes:

> Their heads look too large, from the quantity of pearls with which they load them, and their nose-rings conceal all the lower part of the face, and hang down almost to the waist. First, a crescent of diamonds comes from the nose, and to that is hung strings of pearls, and tassels of pearls, and rings of pearls with emerald drops. (p. 233)

Eden shows the tremendous wealth of Ranjit Singh as it is displayed on his wives, but rather than oohing and aahing over its fabulousness, she comments on the literal weight the women endure: "I can't imagine how they can bear the weight; and their earrings are just the same" (p. 233).

Within the picturesque world of India, Eden seeks to re-create the picturesque world of her home country, and I will focus on that dimension here. She declared from the very first page of her letters that she missed "the undisturbed enjoyment of that small Greenwich house and garden, with all its little Cockney pleasures and pursuits" (p. 1),[16] and so she was drawn to the parts of India that most resembled it. Her favorite was the famous Anglo-colonial hill station Simla, where, with her brother and his entourage, she stayed for 14 of the 28 months narrated in *Up the Country*. Simla was a reminder of home. The account of her time there shows her spending many of her days living the life of a Jane Austen character, in her bucolic home, "very like a cheerful middle-sized English country house" (p. 128) with its view of the "sweet pretty little hills", as she says, most certainly tongue-in-cheek, of the tallest mountains in the world, the

Himalayas (p. 125). Even Simla's weather is characterized as having the same mild temperature as "Mr. Wodehouse's [sic] gruel, 'cool, but not too cool'" (Eden, p. 129).

But what generally prevails, outside of Simla, is a landscape that is not pleasing and weather that is so painfully hot as to make her uncomfortable and sick. The "hideous" terrain (p. 41; see also p. 46) and the "unwholesome" climate (p. 102) are not conducive to a picturesque life. As earnestly as the British like Eden try to establish the trappings of empire, there is little fit between the colonizers and the land over which they are attempting to establish rule, and Eden is constantly pointing out, and at times exaggerating, this discrepancy. The "magnificent breakfast" served to her at one durbar, or court, consists of "rather cold and greasy" buttered toast, for which Eden and her brother expressed "immeasurable gratitude" (p. 55). Christmas in India is, for Eden, "a horrid mixture of sights and sounds"; she guiltily writes that the "servants have hung garlands at the doors of our tents, and (which is very wrong) my soul recoiled when they all assembled, and in their patois wished us, I suppose, a happy Christmas" (p. 53).

From the beginning of *Up the Country* Eden makes it evident that she disliked being in India, and has to talk herself into putting the best face on things: "I am sure it is all for the best – I make no objection – I like to see things take their course", she writes on the first page of her letters, but even at the outset of the journey, she adds, "I have been very hardly treated and rather overworked" (p. 1). Already tired at the start of her travels, she is not, unlike E. M. Forster's Adele Quested, interested in the "real India".[17] Eden writes, "I never ask questions, I hate information" (p. 62) – at least about India. Along with yearning for her home in England, she was experiencing what Jeffrey Auerbach calls "imperial boredom". Auerbach traces the roots of imperial boredom to heightened expectations of the excitement and variety of international travel. However, these expectations were met instead by the reality on the ground, which proved to be a life marked by an unexpected amount of monotony and tiresomeness.[18] For Eden, the travel itself was generally long and "uneventful" (p. 342), the dust everywhere ("books, dinner, clothes, everything" [p. 64; see also pp. 74, 110, 334, 390]), the life lonely and sometimes one of "horrible solitude" (p. 77), the official dinners – called by Eden "man-dinner[s]" – often dry and lackluster (p. 203; see also p. 340), and camp life marked by "dawdlingness" (p. 45). News of the mail provoked more excitement than the course of life itself; for example, Eden writes with animation about the wreck of a ship that contained a shipment from her sister, now "all food for sharks" (p. 202). Eden tells her sister that her life in India does not allow her to keep the kind of journal (which is how she terms her letters) that she would at home, one "filled with clever remarks, or curious facts, or even good jokes"; "here", she tells her sister, "it is utterly impossible to write down anything beyond comments on the weather" (p. 144).[19] Her journal must therefore be very "dull" (p. 144). But Eden's journal is not dull even when she was describing her boredom or the

weather; it was not a time-filler. Eden used it as a space to create a comic portrayal of her world; within its pages we see a process of "colonial self-fashioning",[20] or her effort to make sense and meaning of her life in her colonial sphere. This kind of self-fashioning also enabled colonialists to see themselves as the kind of people who would undertake the work of establishing the infrastructure of empire.

Even if nineteenth-century colonialists like the Edens were sometimes "deflated by the dreariness of their imperial lives",[21] they nonetheless threw themselves into their work. Eden's letters show her performing her colonial obligations: to travel in state as the companion of her brother, entertain and host visitors, participate in excursions and social occasions, attend official events such as durbars, and more. In the course of describing these duties, Eden reveals the infrastructure of empire. She is not reporting on it deliberately, explicitly, and methodically, as a surveyor would; her "survey modality" is an inadvertent one. What we see of this infrastructure emerges from the description of her travels and experiences. The rest of this essay will focus on four of its components: 1) the means of travel – that is, the vehicles, in all their varieties; 2) the terrain over which Lord Auckland and his cortege traveled; 3) the "motley" character of these processions; and 4) the affairs of state that were conducted in the name of empire. Interwoven through Eden's descriptions of these components are tones alternating between drawing-room humor and imperial boredom, and inclusive of imperial nostalgia as well.

In the first chapter of *Up the Country*, Eden situates herself on the first vehicle she takes in her travels: a flat, or steamboat. The opening lines emphasize the importance that vehicles will have in *Up the Country*, all the way through the end:

> "Once more upon the waters, yet once more," and so on. We are now fairly off for eighteen months of travelling by steamers, tents, and mountains – and every day of a cabin seems to me like so much waste. They ought all to go to the great account of the long voyage that will, at last, take us home again. (p. 1)

Starting her narrative with a quotation from the arch-romantic poetic Byron, Eden quickly deflates the dreamy mood of this line with "and so on" – as if we have heard it all before – and "every day of a cabin … like so much waste" suggests the monotony that is to follow. Already, before the trip has even begun, she looks forward to the "great account of the long voyage" that is to take her and her family "home again." In between the beginning and ending voyages, she fills her letters with accounts of the steamers and other vehicles that carry her there. The steamer, or "flat", is the most modern vehicle she will take. One of the tools of empire, the steamboat played an essential role in transporting people and goods.[22] Of the 28 (again, not 18, as she had planned) months she spent on this journey, less than two were

spent on flats, and she devotes only a few passages in the 26 pages of river travel in describing her voyages. As a modern vehicle capable, as Eden notes, of traveling 70 to 80 miles a day (p. 394), a steamship is not picturesque. Ever mindful of her audience, Eden seeks to make her trip entertaining, and so she emphasizes its highlights. What stands out in these voyages are the several stops the steamer made along the more picturesque ghats, a series of steps leading to a body of water. In these scenes she describes "such crowds of people and such diversities of dress" (p. 2); her own seasickness, as if she were on a "drunk" boat (p. 5); the covered boat rides to the ghats (p. 10); the noise on board that prevents her from sleeping (p. 21); and, shortly into her voyage, her "fall into the hold of the flat" (p. 12).

Eden's fall is just one of the several mishaps that occur along the travels; others include escaping horses (p. 89) and converging elephants. Eden describes a gathering at which elephants, each bearing a person of note (including George, the Governor-General), are ordered to gather at a street corner; the "*shock* at the meeting," resulting in the breaking of many howdahs, "was very amusing" (p. 54). Through the anecdotes of falls in boats, runaway horses, and out-of-control elephants, we are presented with a comic view of one element of the infrastructure of empire: transportation. This comic view stands in contrast to the frantic despair evoked in Joseph Conrad *Heart of Darkness* (1899) over the lack of rivets to keep a boat functioning ("What I really wanted was rivets, by heaven! Rivets. … Rivets I wanted"[23]), and to the harsh criticism that Conrad makes of the failure of empire to maintain its machinery (and, of course, to operate with humanity). Eden, instead, enacts her criticism by means of humor bordering on the pratfall – and at the expense of the colonialists.

More prosaically she describes the day-to-day travels that lasted, usually, around ten miles a day (p. 33), and consisted of a series of vehicles, as we see in the following passages:

> [O]n Wednesday morning at eight, [we] set off in two buggies, which took us down to a bridge of boats; beyond that we found our elephants, who carried us over three miles of sand utterly impassable for a carriage, and then we came to the palanquin carriage. Our own twelve hours took us by stages of five miles to a tent of the King of Oude's, which he had pitched for us, and where his cook had made a grand luncheon for us. Then three relays of his horses took us on to Lucknow. (p. 57)

About two weeks later, she writes:

> We have had three days' rest at Futtehghur; rest at least for the horses and bullocks, who were all worn out with the bad roads, and we started again this morning; crossed the Ganges on a bridge of boats, and after five miles of very remarkably heavy sand, with hackeries

> [a kind of carriage] and dying ponies, and obstinate mules sticking in it, in all directions, we came to a road available again for the dear open carriage and for horses. The others all rode, and I brought on Mrs. A [Emma Sneyd Colvin, the wife of John Colvin, Private Secretary to the Governor-General], who has no carriage, and who gets tired to death of her palanquin and elephant. (p. 67)

The only beasts of burden missing in these passages are the "two or three hundred baggage camels" (p. 22), who, Eden reminds us elsewhere, are part of the entourage. These two scenes convey some of the variety of bearers, both nonhuman animals and humans alike, who carried the palanquins and elsewhere, in the text, the *tonjons*, or open sedan chairs. Eden shows the effects of the travel on the animals – here, the "dying ponies", for example – and on the passengers, such as Mrs. A., who "gets tired to death of her palanquin and elephant", but only infrequently alludes to the human bearers themselves, such as those who work in "*dak*" journeys. *Dak*s are set up like relay races, whereby one set of bearers, carrying a palanquin, travels about eight miles to one station, to be replaced by another set. But in the one instance where Eden evinces awareness of the fatigue of the "bearers [who] are changed every eight miles like so many post horses", her heart goes out to those who are being carried in the *dak*s, who are occasionally stranded on the road and left to fend for themselves (p. 103). Similarly, another kind of human-borne vehicle, a *jonpaun*, similar to a *tonjon*, is described as resembling a "coffin" (p. 114); once again, attention is directed to the potential danger of the person being borne, and in one scene, up steep precipices (p. 114). The bearers are called "mountaineers," who "run up the hills with [the *jonpauns*] in a wonderful manner" (p. 114; see also p. 115) – not as Sisyphean laborers who are themselves risking death. If, at times, Eden is acutely sensitive to the suffering that she witnesses, such as a famine ("I am sure there is no sort of violent atrocity I should not commit for food, with a starving baby. I should not stop to think about the rights or wrongs of the case" [p. 65]), here she is obscuring the nature of colonial exploitation behind a jolly description.

Along with portraying the variegated vehicles and the bearers who are used to convey British officials, these scenes are reminders of the uneven ground soon to be covered, officially, by the British Empire. In the passages cited above Eden refers to some of the difficulties of simply moving across the terrain – to the "bridge of boats", "sand utterly impassable for a carriage", and "bad roads", at times "so *infernally* bad".[24] The roads receive much attention in *Up the Country*, and Eden describes them in her usual droll manner. If we find variety in the vehicles, we find sameness in the deplorable condition of the roads and bridges – the difference lies only in the degree. Sergeant H., who during one stage of the journey rides on ahead, reports, for example, "'Road rough and very dusty,' or to vary it, 'Road very rough and dusty'"

(p. 342). In her humorous way, Eden narrates the tenor of a typical conversation on the state of the roads:

> The gentlemen come and ask for a cup and talk over the disasters of the road, and it is rather a gossiping time. …
> "How slowly you must have come."
> "The road was so bad." …
> "Yes, so everybody chooses to say. I thought it the best road we have had, much better than any of C[alcutta]'s famous smooth roads."
> "Did you come safely over that bridge?"
> "What was to hinder me? I cannot think why people find fault with that bridge, one of the best bridges I ever saw."
> "Except that it has a broken arch and no parapet." …
> "Well! nobody wants to drive on a parapet. I think parapets are perfectly useless." (p. 343)

At times, Eden is forced to walk because some of the streets along which they travel are too narrow for the vehicles, as she writes about an excursion into town: "Friday, we went a large party to the town in carriages; when the streets grew too narrow for carriages, we got on elephants; when the elephants stuck fast, we tried tonjauns; and, when the streets contracted still further, we walked" (p. 24). She takes some pride in the distance she can cover on her own feet: "I had no idea that I could have walked a mile and a half without dropping down dead. That is something learnt" (p. 83), but then quotes herself wryly commenting to "Captain C.", who came out to meet her on this walk, "I am only marching" (p. 83).

"March" is the operative word here. Eden has to walk occasionally because the roads cannot accommodate the entourages in which she travels. It is in describing these entourages – which she refers to as marches – that the picturesque bursts into Oriental spectacle, except that Eden's cavalcade is the spectacle. It is here where we see the "motley processions" (p. vi) in full display. Stretching over ten miles (p. 248), Eden recognizes that observers would "think us raving mad" with the "nine Europeans of steady age and respectable habits, going galloping every morning at sunrise over a sandy plain, followed by quantities of black horsemen, and then by ten miles of beasts of burden carrying things which, after all, will not make the nine madmen even decently comfortable" (p. 248). Along with the humans and the beasts of burdens are dogs, especially Eden's spaniel Chance, who has his own attendant (p. 88), sometimes a parasol (p. 120), and even an elephant on which to ride (p. 190). Eden, her sister Frances, and others in the entourage ride along with a veritable menagerie, including a lemur (or loris; p. 238), tame deer (p. 94), tame bear (p. 253), foxhounds (p. 335), sheep (p. 335), and Barbary goats (p. 257).[25] Finally, lacking a music box, the procession is accompanied by

a band, which typically plays between five and six every afternoon (p. 49). "This", she says, "looks more like the 'land of the east,' in all its ways, than anything we have seen" (p. 22).

Following each ten-mile daily journey is the setting up of camp. Though Eden finds the "first evening of tents … more uncomfortable than [she] had ever fancied", and though she "never had seen such squalid, melancholy discomfort", others exclaim, "'What a magnificent camp!'" (p. 22). A twenty-first-century camper might agree with this praise. Eden's private tent is "divided into bed-room, dressing-room, and sitting room, … and besides that, there is a wall of red cloth, eight feet high, drawn all round [the] enclosure, so that, even on going out of the tent, [one sees] nothing but a crimson wall" (pp. 22–3). Eden, her brother George, and her sister Francis, all also share a sitting room and are located near the dining-tent. On many a night these tents, along with a ten-mile train, are set up, and on many a morning the entourage decamps. Writes Eden, "It seems somehow wicked to move 12,000 people with their tents, elephants, camels, horses, trunks, &c., for so little, but", she adds, "there is no help for it" (p. 31). Nearly two years later, as she is reaching the end of her travels and meets Sir E. Ryan, "the chief justice [who] has come up from Calcutta on a hurried tour to see India" (p. 326), she exclaims how he "has seen more in five weeks than we have by lumbering about in a camp for two years" (p. 326; see also p. 388). To what end this ten-mile long, 12,000-person plus several-thousand-animal procession? This is a display that rivals the Oriental pageants that they observe – a display of power.

But Eden is not comfortable with this spectacle. Angelia Poon is right to remark on the "tension" that we see in *Up the Country* between this formal display, thought to be "crucial for effective colonial rule", and "a persistent gut feeling that Englishness was somehow decidedly antithetical to such showiness".[26] One can see that "persistent gut feeling" – this unease with "showiness" – in a description of one of the balls that Eden attended. What takes her fancy is

> a set of European soldiers dressed up for the night as footmen, *real red plush trousers*, with blue coats and red collars, and white cotton stockings, and powdered heads, and they carried about trays of tea and ices. After the turbaned heads … with which we are surrounded, you cannot conceive what a pleasant English look this gave to the room. Such fat, rosy English footman! It is very odd how sometimes the sudden recurrence of some common English custom shows the unnatural state of things in which we live – that red plush! (p. 109)

Eden seems to suggest that that English "red plush" may not be so different from the Indian "turbaned heads" by which she is ordinarily surrounded.

In India, the uniform of a British footman seems "odd" and "unnatural"; Eden's use of italics, her repetition of "red plush", and her multiple exclamations all show her discomfort with such spectacle on the part of the British.

But this display, also evident at the many "pretty" (p. 108) balls held by the British,[27] serves an important official function: to exhibit the English. These balls, and this pageantry, also provide amusement for the many English soldiers stationed in India. Repeatedly, Eden refers to the presence of both the English and the Indian military, separately, and sometimes together, as in the following scene:

> First, the 16th Hussars, then a body of native cavalry, then the Queen's Buffs, then a train of Artillery drawn by camels, then Colonel Skinner's wild native horsemen with their steel caps and yellow dresses – the band of each regiment wheeling off as they passed, and drawing up to play opposite to Runjeet.
>
> Behind us there was a large amphitheatre of elephants belonging to our own camp, or to the Sikhs, and thousands of Runjeet's followers all dressed in yellow or red satin, with quantities of their led horses *trapped* in gold and silver tissues, and all of them sparkling with jewels. I really never saw so dazzling a sight. (p. 205)

Even if pageantry and dress are the emphases in this series of alternating and colorful displays of British and Indian soldiery, Eden does show the cooperation at this point between the forces. Durbars are another form of cooperation, one further enhanced through gift-giving, and Eden describes several of those over the course of her travels, including the following:

> This morning G[eorge] had another durbar for a farewell to the deputation, and for giving presents in exchange of theirs. After the Sikhs had retired there were some hill rajahs introduced, rather interesting. One was the brother of an ex-rajah, whose eyes had been put out by the neighbour who took his territories. Another had been dethroned by Goulâb Singh, who is one of the most powerful chiefs, except Runjeet, and a horrid character. Half his subjects are deprived of their noses and ears. (p. 135)

If this scene depicts the effects of Eastern barbarity – eyes put out, subjects deprived of noses and ears – Eden does not press the point. Indeed, in a later scene, where she describes both her and her brother George's outrage against an act of injustice perpetrated against a tailor who is attempting to be repaid, the targets are not "despotic chiefs" (p. 306), who have long since been removed, but rather the English magistrates who are now in their place. Eden writes,

> G[eorge] was in such a rage, and ... is sending the whole thing to the principal court at Delhi. It is horrible to think how this class of Europeans oppresses the natives; the great object of the Government being to teach them reliance on English justice, and the poor natives cannot readily understand that they are no longer under their own despotic chiefs. They will be a long time understanding it here. (p. 306)

Given the behavior of these English magistrates, it will take a long time for the "natives" to place their faith in the English system of justice. Even as Eden, then, calls attention to the infrastructure of empire – to its means of transportation, its terrain, its spectacle, and its activities and institutions – she also shows its weaknesses. British law is not always upheld. The new system of English justice is, at times, no better than the old one over which "despotic chiefs" prevailed. Here, Eden also demonstrates her classism. It is "this class of Europeans [who] oppress the natives", and not the very elite as represented by her brother George. Thus, Eden does not question the *ideal* of British law, nor, ultimately, the establishment of this legal structure in a land soon to become a British colony. However, though she may not go so far as to call the very notion of empire into question, she does weave threads of mockery, satire, and exposure into most of her accounts, and at times, as we see in this last passage, pity and indignation.

Yet, nearly a quarter of a century following her journey, Eden looks back also with a strong sense of yearning. *Up the Country* begins with a nostalgic overview of her travels in India. While the narrative of the travels themselves is grounded in the moment, the preface that precedes it casts a wistful aura over the events that are about to unfold. In her preface she notes that now, in 1866, the date of the publication of her letters, nearly a quarter of a century after she was last in India, it "has fallen under the curse of railroads, and ... life and property will soon become as insecure there as they are here" (p. v). The year 1866 not only brought modernity and its attendant insecurity to both England and India, it also marked the ninth year since the 1857 Indian Rebellion, the date when India became, officially, a colony of Britain. As the Governor-General, Lord Auckland was part of the imperial mission that turned India into a British colony, a transformation that Eden here rues. Her nostalgia is an imperial one; she bemoans the loss of the world, a loss, as the sister to an agent of empire, in which she was complicit. [28] Later in her letters she acknowledges what "we horrid English" have done in Delhi: "merchandised it, revenued it, and spoiled it all" (p. 98).[29] In her preface Eden envisions the way that, under the spread of modernity, and its concomitant commercialization, all of India will become a tourist destination, with the Qutub complex, or ancient Muslim medieval ruins, becoming a "Railway Station"; the Taj Mahal "under the sway of an Agra Company (Limited, except for destruction), be[ing] bought up for a monster hotel; and the Governor-General ... dwindl[ing] down into

a first-class passenger with a carpet-bag" (pp. v-vi).[30] In lieu of the beasts of burden and bearers carrying the dozens of trunks for each of the white Europeans who traveled into the Northern Indian provinces, there is now instead a proliferation of carpet bags.[31] Eden longs for the days when she could take journeys that were "picturesque" in their "motley" array (p. vi) instead of the streamlined passenger train. Though "public grandeur" was accompanied by her own "private discomfort" (p. vi) and that of her fellow Europeans, Eden here mourns that these contrasts "will probably be seen no more" (p. vi).

Emily Eden may have declared that she never asks questions and that she hates information (p. 62), but she has written an informed account of the British presence in the Upper Provinces of pre-1857 India. Published at a time when class distinctions were decreasing, as evidenced by the appearance of the railway and its attendant carpet-bags, *Up the Country* presents a bemused and sometimes critical view, tinged with nostalgia, of both the discomfort and the grandeur of eastern travel. It is an eyewitness description of the terrain and the means by which nine British and 12,000 Indians travel across it. In her desire to entertain her readers with a "journey … picturesque in its motley processions" (vi), she has also reminded them of what it took, logistically, for Britain to turn a territory into a colony: display, the seeming dispensation of justice, negotiations (through durbars), and the presence of the military. *Up the Country* reminds readers of how the travels of Emily Eden and others like her over the uneven ground of its far-flung territories helped to construct the character of "transoceanic corporations"[32] such as the British Empire.

NOTES

1. An early and abbreviated version of this work appeared as "Networks of Empire: Virginia Woolf and the Travel Writing of Emily Eden", in Helen Wussow and Mary Ann Gilles, eds., *Virginia Woolf and the (Common)wealth Reader: Selected Papers from the Twenty-Third Annual International Conference on Virginia Woolf* (Clemson, SC: Clemson University Digital Press, 2014), pp. 33–8.
2. William Dalrymple, "Among the Savages", *Bonhams Magazines*, issue 38 (14 September 2011) <http://www.bonhams.com/magazine/6045/> (22 January 2013), p. 38.
3. Emily Eden, *Up the Country: Letters Written to Her Sister from the Upper Provinces of India* [1866] (London: Richard Bentley, 1867), p. vi. Further references are included parenthetically in the text.
4. Pablo Mukherjee, "Touring the Dead Lands: Emily Eden, Victorian Famines, and Colonial Picturesque", *Critical Survey*, 21, no. 1 (2009): 24–38, *JSTOR*, (22 January 2013) (at p. 24–5). Indeed, Eden's critics commented on the way that "very little of what is commonly called 'useful knowledge' will be found in these volumes" (*Fortnightly Review*, qtd. in Mukherjee, "Touring", p. 24).
5. Nigel Leask, *Curiosity and the Aesthetics of Travel Writing 1770–1840* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2002), pp. 168–80.

6. “infrastructure”, *Oxford English Dictionary*, Oxford University Press (2014) <http://0-www.oed.com.wncln.wncln.org/view/Entry/95624?redirectedFrom=infrastructure&> (22 January 2013).
7. “logistics”, *Merriam-Webster* (2014) <http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/logistics> (22 January 2013).
8. See Svetlana Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia* (New York: Basic Books, 2001), p. 280.
9. The letters collected in *Up the Country* were originally written to Mary Drummond, her favorite sister, in England.
10. Indira Ghose, *Women Travellers in Colonial India: The Power of the Female Gaze* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1998), p. 72. See also Judith Plotz, “Jane Austen Goes to India: Emily Eden’s Semi-detached Home Thoughts from Abroad”, in You-me Park and Rajeswari Sunder Rajan, eds., *The Postcolonial Jane Austen* (London: Routledge, 2000), pp. 163–88. Plotz writes about the way Eden’s writing “vigorously engaged” with colonial issues (p. 163).
11. Elizabeth Claridge, Introduction, *Up the Country: Letters Written to Her Sister from the Upper Provinces of India*, by Emily Eden (London: Virago, 1983): v–xx (at p. xii).
12. Plotz, “Jane Austen Goes to India”, pp. 163, 185n4.
13. Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One’s Own* [1929] (New York: Harcourt, 1957), p. 70.
14. See also Holly Elizabeth Ratcliff, “The Artist’s Loving Hand: The Travel Letters of Emily Eden, Isabella Bird, and Mother Catherine McAuley Written to Their Sisters in 19th Century Britain and Ireland”, Masters Thesis, University of Tennessee (Knoxville, 2002) <http://trace.tennessee.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=3535&context=utk_gradthes> (24 November 2014), p. 51.
15. See Jeffrey Auerbach (“Imperial Boredom”, *Common Knowledge*, 11, no. 2 [2005]: 283–305, *Project Muse* [23 January 2013]), who writes about the way “the British saw themselves as belonging to a hierarchal society of seamless gradations and comprehended the many people of their empire in similar terms” (p. 303).
16. See also Ghose, *Women Travellers*, p. 71.
17. E. M. Forster, *A Passage to India* [1924] (San Diego: Harcourt Brace, 1984), p. 25.
18. Auerbach, “Imperial Boredom”, pp. 286–7, 293.
19. Auerbach notes that “the weather, the coming and going of ships, and the daily mail were often the most important elements of an imperial life – or rather, the elements most significant in establishing how mundanely such lives were so often lived” (“Imperial Boredom”, p. 302).
20. Auerbach, “Imperial Boredom”, p. 301.
21. Auerbach, “Imperial Boredom”, p. 305.
22. Richard D. Fitzgerald, “The Steamboat: First Instrument of Imperialism”, *Science and Its Times: Understanding the Social Significance of Scientific Discovery*, vol. 5 (2000) <http://find.galegroup.com/gic/infomark.do?&contentSet=EBKS&idigest=fb720fd31d9036c1ed2d1f3a0500fcc2&type=retrieve&tabID=T001&prodId=GIC&docId=CX3408502933&source=gale&userGroupName=itsbtrial&version=1.0> (23 November 2014).
23. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness* [1899], 2nd ed., ed. Ross C. Murfin (Boston: Bedford/St. Martin’s, 1996), p. 43.

24. Eden, p. 79. See also pp. 64, 69, 70, 144, 185, 255, 342, 343, 376, 379, among others.
25. The menagerie expands in Simla, where Eden describes the Pariah dogs (p. 332) and refers often to her beloved pet flying squirrel (pp. 288, 303, 313).
26. Angelia Poon, "Seeing Double: Performing English Identity and Imperial Duty in Emily Eden's *Up the Country* and Harriet Martineau's *British Rule in India*", *Women's Writing*, 12, no. 3 (2005): 453–70 (at p. 457).
27. Eden describes many balls. See also pp. 25–6, 44–5, 91, 93, 293, 297, 299, 328, 391, for example.
28. See Renato Rosaldo, who writes about the way imperial nostalgia "uses a pose of 'innocent yearning' both to capture people's imaginations and to conceal its complicity with often brutal domination" (*Culture and Truth: The Remaking of Social Analysis* [Boston: Beacon, 1989], p. 70); Ian Baucom, who notes, "These imperatives of redemption and return are not … simply local to the domestic discourses of Englishness; they also structure the practices of empire" ("Mournful Histories: Narratives of Postimperial Melancholy", *Modern Fiction Studies* 42, no. 2 [1996]: 259–88 [at p. 271]); and Mary Louise Pratt, who writes about the "the conspicuous innocence" of the traveler which "acquires meaning in relation to an assumed guilt of conquest, a guilt the naturalist eternally tries to escape, and eternally invokes, if only to distance himself from it once again" (*Imperial Eyes: Travel Writing and Transculturation*, [London: Routledge, 1992], p. 57).
29. See also pp. 293–4, where, upon reflecting on the scene at hand, with "105 Europeans … surrounded by at least 3,000 mountaineers", Eden famously writes, "I sometimes wonder they do not cut all our heads off, and say nothing more about it" (p. 294).
30. Here we also see nostalgia for another empire, the Moghul one. The magnificent Qutub complex, though in ruins, and the Taj Mahal were two of the genuine highlights of Eden's trip (see pp. 98, 358).
31. Carpet bags became popular in the 1840s and 1850 with the expansion of railways.
32. Auerbach, "Imperial Boredom", p. 303.