

## LETTERS FROM INDIA.

TO A FRIEND.

October, 1835.

I REALLY am hurried out of my senses to-day; so perhaps this will be a short line. We have just ordered all our linen, and are going to pass some miserable hours in search for coloured muslins, &c.; and we have got a Hindostanee master coming to-morrow, as they say a little teaching before we go is quite enough to give us the power of asking for the common necessaries of life. Otherwise we must have an interpreter constantly tagging after us.

We all went down to look at the 'Jupiter' yesterday morning, with our captain, and gave our final directions about our cabins—a shelf here and a hook there, and more means of thorough ventilation, and better beds for the

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maids, and so on. It is all, I dare say, as comfortable as a ship can be; but it has been painted, and has got its regular ship smell, and so, of course, before I had been there ten minutes I was dead sick, and Mary Eden was not much better. Very shocking, indeed!—well meant, but a failure!

I sometimes sit in blank despair, and wonder—quite posed as to what I am to do without you all—not to be able to sit down and scratch off a line to you, &c.; and then I feel as if I could cut somebody's throat quite through—a sort of savage relief; in short, like 'the Young Duke,' 'depend upon it, I am on the point of doing something desperate.' The whole business is much worse than I expected, and that is saying a great deal.

I have had a beautiful letter from our King, which I would send you, only there is no time to get it back again, and it must serve as a character to our next place. He sent me a very long message by George, who told me to write my thanks, which I did in the most abject and affectionate style; and then, on Saturday, there came this farewell—really a beautifully-written letter—saying that, amongst his many other

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amiable qualities, he had always given George credit for his exemplary attachment to his sisters, &c. Then there is another whole page of approval of our not consenting to be separated from him by fear of the climate or remoteness of destination, as 'so affectionate a brother deserves the devotion he meets with ;' and then he desires us all to be good and happy, and so on, and assures us his best wishes will follow us there. I hope for their sakes, poor things! they will go overland.

I shall write again from Portsmouth.

Ever, dearest, your affectionate

E. E.

I enclose Fanny's hair. George's was cut this morning, but the result was only a little black dust ; so I must cut off a bit close to his head when he is busy and not attending.

TO A FRIEND.

George Inn, Portsmouth, Thursday.

Your letter came to me this morning in bed, or rather to such share of me as is left, for you have no idea what the *animals* are in this inn ; they have eaten us both up! We have no

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chance of sailing ; the wind is right against us, and a great deal of it, so we shall probably cross over to Ryde this afternoon, and wait there, as a cleaner and quieter place. There is such a dreadful quantity of people here, all bursting into the room at all moments ; and a tribe of Sir Johns and Sir Henrys, whom George knows, and who come with offers of dinners, which we have declined.

Your long letter is a great comfort to me. I shall keep it, and study it the first time I am able to fix my eyes on anything ; but I do not feel at all as if I pursued my wretched way so evenly as you say I do—quite the contrary. The last ten days at the Admiralty I think I was in a fair way to go quietly and *genteelly* mad—what with regrets and annoyances, and one thing and another. I am better since we have been here, and that the actual work is undertaken ; and, after all, I keep thinking that if I had come down to see George off, and not to go with him, how very much worse it would have been. In short, that would have been out of the question, and there certainly is nothing that he has not deserved from us. Robert is here, and a great comfort to us. We have just

been down to look at the sea, and you never saw anything so shocking!—so rough and white. None of the officers of the ‘Jupiter’ can get off, even to dine on board; and we are obliged to stay here another night, from the impossibility of crossing to Ryde. I think there must have been several things I did not tell you from London for want of time.

I had such a pretty letter from Lord Melbourne on Tuesday, with a beautiful copy of ‘Milton.’ He says: ‘My mother always told me I was very selfish, man and boy, and I believe she was right. I always find some excuse for not doing what I am anxious to avoid. I cannot bear to come and bid you good-bye, for few events of my life have been so painful to me as your going. May God bless and keep you!’ He then says a great deal that is very kind, and that he sends me a ‘Milton,’ which he has often read in, and marked what he thought I should like; and he begs I will write constantly, and he will do the same. I do not think he is so heartless as he says; at least, he has been most constantly kind to us, and puts himself out of the way for it.

I think your journal plan a very good one,

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particularly that idea of a *résumé* at the top ; and I certainly shall keep your *effusions* to myself, because it will give you so much greater comfort in writing them.

I do hope you will not go on overworking yourself, doing a little too much every day, but keep resting yourself. This is not my last letter by any means, as we have no chance of going till the day after to-morrow, at soonest, nor much then. Love to all. I never part with my little cross, and have had a second ring put to it, for fear of accidents.

Ever, dearest, your most affectionate

E. E.

TO A FRIEND.

Saturday, October 3, 12 o'clock.

This is my last word. I will not write to another person after I have bid you good-bye. The wind is fair, and we shall be off in an hour. It is a hurried job, and the sea looks more wicked and good-for-nothing than ever ; but if we are really to go, I suppose there is no use in putting it off. Fanny was out sailing yesterday, and liked it. The servants are all in good spirits ; and Chance, who went on board yester-

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day and howled all night, will be happier when he sees us. My health is very much improved; and so good-bye, God bless you all!

I hope you will not hear of us again till we arrive at Madeira.

Ever, dearest, your own

E. E.

This is George's hair—all I could cut, at its greatest length.

*TO A FRIEND.*

Funchal, Wednesday, October 14, 1835.

I must put the date as soon as I catch up anybody who can give me the day of the week and month; but I have a clear idea that we landed here on the Tuesday week (at three) after we left Portsmouth—exactly a ten days' passage to an hour; and that it is supposed to have been one of the most prosperous and quick passages ever made, without a single check or accident. But such a job as I made of it!—as sick as death the whole way, after the first two hours; and the last five days I never got out of bed, nor dressed myself. Oh, dear! what work it is! The last night I was so ill that I was

obliged to send for George to come and carry me on deck, where, as it was quite dark and the poop quite deserted, I might be as ill as I liked. Such violent shiverings, from want of food and sleep, for though every ship must roll more or less in such rapid sailing, yet everybody on board agrees that there never was such a rolling, creaking article as the 'Jupiter.' You cannot conceive anything like the constant noise of it; and when *that* comes in addition to sleeplessness and eternal sickness, the suffering from it is past all belief.

However, it cannot be helped; but if I could scuttle that ship, or blow her out of the water, or swim home, or do anything in a mild way to get out of the scrape, I would.

George was rather giddy occasionally, but is, in fact, as happy as a king; so far the aim of our voyage is attained. Fanny is perfectly wonderful at sea. The last three days she was bored by being kept awake by the creaking of the bulkheads; but she is never the least giddy, nor sick at the worst of times—very active, and reads, works, and plays at chess; and it was a positive mercy to me that she was so well and so *serviceable*, as the past two days Wright and



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Jones were knocked up, but rallied wonderfully afterwards. ——'s spirits never fail, and he is an amazing favourite on board. The older midshipmen (who might be admirals, poor fellows! in times of war) coax him down to the cockpit, because they have kept their one bottle of brandy as a treat for him; and he never opens his lips that they don't all begin laughing long before the joke comes. They hold up a cigar from the farthest point of the ship to entice him down to them; and the officers are much the same. He declares his sea-sickness is quite as bad as mine, only it has taken the contrary and more alarming line of extreme hunger; so that it is quite meritorious of him to struggle against the complaint as he does by going to dine in the cockpit at twelve, then to come and taste my macaroni at one, then to luncheon with Captain Grey at two; and he thinks he ought to pick a bit with the officers at three, in order to be tolerably well for dinner at six.

The men servants have all been quite well. The ayah has been the happiness of my life, and is a great favourite with everybody. She is always merry, and she pokes about the ship, and gets biscuits and macaroni at odd undue hours;

for there is nothing so provoking as the hours on board ship—the fire is always put out just as one fancies one might swallow a little tea.

The ayah took advantage of my weak and defenceless condition to establish herself for the night in my cabin, and when I looked up in the night, there she was wrapped up in a heap of Indian shawls, flat on the ground, with her black arms (covered with bracelets) crossed over her head—very picturesque, but rather shocking, and I wish she would sleep anywhere else; at least, I did at first—I am used to it now. Chance is extremely happy; except one or two very rough nights, when his little fat body was rolled off his cushion every five minutes, and he gave a deep indignant sigh, and a half-growl, and then gathered his tail and ears and his dispersed limbs all together again, and rolled back to his nest. The midshipmen imparted to — that they should not like the captain to know it, but they contrived to get Chance down below in the morning, and turned out a little rabbit for his amusement, and had been in a great fright one day that he had caught it.

So much for the voyage. I feel certain that