

4744

67, ONSLOW SQUARE,  
S. W.

S. S. Dilwara

Approaching Port Said

21<sup>st</sup> Feb<sup>r</sup> 1857

My dear Pippa

This evening we expect to arrive at Port Said, so I will occupy a portion of my spare time in telling you how we have got on so far. As far as caliciness goes we have had a wonderful journey up to now, the night before we got to Querrstown being the only time rough enough to affect even the most "dainty stomach"; however we had a lot of fog at first, which delayed us considerably, so that though we left Southampton on Tuesday at 3 p.m. we didn't get away out of Querrstown bay till Friday afternoon. It has been quite cool also so far - in fact too cool for some people, who have got bad colds & throats &c in consequence; Grace has been among the victims, having been regularly prostrated for

three days with a very bad headache & cold, but she is almost all right again now; the Army doctor who took charge of her case thought it was influenza, having been told that this ship had had it on board for 2 years; the Stewardess on being told this was in a fury, saying that if there was influenza on board it must have been brought on by the troops themselves.

The Stewardess is a good old soul, also used to go out to Brisbane in the ships of this line when the Normans were there; Lady Norman went a spite to her before we started & presented her with five shillings (2 half-crowns, as she thought); she discovered afterwards that in the confusion & all darkness she had presented the good Lady with two pennies, so Grace had to explain the little mistake which was rather awkward!

Our fellow passengers are mostly doctors on us in tartan frocks; there are 9 ladies on board, one of whom fancies herself considerably & riles Grace muchly in consequence; she is somewhat "flash", but I can't say I admire her very much. There are also 2 parsons, sent for the voyage out & back by the Gov<sup>t</sup>, to

take charge of our souls; one is a Roman Catholic & the other a Protestant, but the former is much the better sort, being a cheery old sportsman, whilst our man is very ugly, small, lame & deaf.

There seems to be some doubt whether we shall go to Bombay or shall go round to Calcutta; we are to get orders at Port Said or Suez, but I am inclined to back Bombay myself.

We have the usual daily sweep on the run; Grace won it the other day, which was satisfactory.

I haven't got any more to say, & the blacks want to lay the table, so good-bye

Love to all from both of us

Your affectionate brother

Richard Stanley