

## 22. Manila 2

3 Aug – 17 Sept 1856

Received first boat load of Sugar

### **Sunday 9<sup>th</sup>**

Briscare and I went ashore. Bought straw hats and a light coat then went to the stevedore and lay down until 4pm. Then had a carriage and pair and drove out in the country and back to the Coursada, walked about and hear the bands play, then went to and returned on board about 10 at night.

### **16<sup>th</sup>**

A gale commenced and lasted until 21<sup>st</sup>, gave her the 2<sup>nd</sup> anchor. No communication with shore therefore we have seen nothing of the Capt. We get the gig off every morning with provisions that is all.

### **20<sup>th</sup>** I was taken very ill.

19<sup>th</sup> the Tribune Camein (HMSS). The Capt. went on board to ask the doctor to see me and other men that were sick but he could not come, he went three times in as many day but he could not come, he had more than 60 on board in hospital.

However at last he persuaded the English Dr that is ashore to come and see me. He said it was dysentery but I don't believe it but just at this time I got something that did me more good than all the medicine. It was two letters from home, oh how delighted and surprised. I was to see their dear hand writing again in such an outaway place like this and as I lay on my sick bed neglected and lonely, not a friend except those on board who profess friendship and like one very well I dare say. But if I was to kick the bucket they would say oh poor fellow sorry he is gone, and in a week or two I should be no more (ed. be) thought of.

Within thousands of miles of me over before I can clasp them to my --- recall and kiss them, oh how I want kiss them if I could.

I thought of my mother who looked on my childhood and smoothed my pillow and tucked me in and watched me day and night if I was the least unwell. But oh! There is an enduring tenderness in the core of a mother to a son. That transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness nor daunted by danger nor we asked by worth fame nor stifled by ingratitude.

They sacrifice us every comfort to his convenience. She surrenders every pleasure to his enjoyment. She glories in his fame and exalts in his prospects and if adversity overtakes him, he becomes even more dear to her by misfortune and if disgraced settles upon his name, she will still love and cherish him and if all they would beside cast him off she will be all the world to him.

But I must not go on like this or I shall fill the book before I get to Sydney and make people think I am very ill, be that as it may, at the end of three weeks to being on deck again but rather the worse for wear.

The two letters were dated 22 February and 11<sup>th</sup> march 57 and came from Sydney but how I don't know nor care. I had --- they were a godsend indeed.

We have let go the second anchor three times since we have been here it blows very hard sometimes.

Our men live on Pork, sometimes Buffalo, Beef, Yams and Potatoes, Coffee twice a day instead of Grog. We live on ducks and fowls, sometimes pork, yams, potatoes, everything is very lean.

The Capt. reminds us nearly every day that such and such a thing is 20 Masy dollars or picssel, a lot we care whether it is 40 or 100 dollars a picuel as long as we had enough. However 47 days passed away and on the **17<sup>th</sup> Sept**, weighed anchor and worked down the bay in company the barque Cornelius Werner Edwards Dutchman bound for Sydney so we can make a race of it.