

## 18. Sydney 3

5 Mar to 21 Apr 1857

### 5<sup>th</sup> March

Entered Sydney Heads again. Moderate breeze and fine weather. Grounded on the Low & Pigs, furled the sails, Steamer Washington took us in tow and at 1pm anchored in Sydney Cove.

### 6<sup>th</sup> March

In the evening called on Mr Pownall (ed. Pownsell?), received a letter from home by the "European" my delight can be easier imagined than described not having a letter home for so long a time (nearly 16 months).

I have told Mr Pownall all my troubles, he says I had better write and asked him for my discharge first and if he will not, to try other means. The following is the letter.

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Cap<sup>t</sup> Mathers

Sir

I think I ought not to delay informing you that it is my desire to leave the Morayshire, apart from other considerations I am anxious to return home. I have not at present made any enquiries whether I could make an exchange (of course with your sanction) with one of the officers of the Waterloo or as to my obtaining a passage in her.

As the time for her departure is drawing neigh and as I presume some little time may be required to effect such exchange or arrangement, may I beg the favour of your informing me whether you will give me my discharge so that I may in that case make my arrangements accordingly.

I remain Sir

Your of<sup>t</sup> Servant

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So I watched an opportunity and gave it to him and went away as soon as he read it.

He sent for poor me, of course I expected what it would be and kept my mouth closed, he wanted to know what I meant, I said you can see by the letter what I mean, he said , I knew very well what it would be, you have been trying for this all the voyage but you shant get it you nor anyone in this ship and the such like which will be unless for me to try to repeat.

I go ashore every other evening generally to Mr Pownall to whom I tell all my troubles.

**9<sup>th</sup> March**

Shifted the ship up to Lambs Wharf where we discharged our cargo.

**1<sup>st</sup> April**

Fully discharged cargo.

**3<sup>rd</sup> April**

Hauled around to the Cove. Heard she was going again to Manila.  
Wrote another letter to Cap<sup>t</sup>, following is the copy.

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Dear Sir,

I have already mentioned to you my desire to leave the ship and return to England but am yet without any definite reply from you. I would beg to urge upon you the reasons why I am so anxious and I think when you understand them and the circumstances under which I joined, you will accede to my request.

You are aware I was in the A R Mail Service (ed no search results) and I obtained leave of absence for 12 months in order to gain a little experience in a sailing vessel and non appearance for so long a time will debar me from any claim on that Company for further employment in their ships. And should they dissolve before I return home, I cannot expect them to use their interest to get me in another Steam Service and then I may be obliged to go in another sailing vessel which will be greatly against my inclination. And before I was appointed to the Morayshire, Mr Gillathy distinctly told me she would only be 12 months away as she was going to Sydney then onto India, China and home.

These you will admit I think are strong reasons why I am so anxious to return home. Should you look favorably on it and give me my discharge so I might obtain a passage in the Waterloo.

Your will greatly oblige  
Your of<sup>t</sup> Servant

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This time he spoke more rationally but threw out a great many hints that I had been giving him a bad name and that all that I wanted to leave her for was above all things that I was going to get married, what an idea, at last he said he would let me go if I could get one the Officers of the Waterloo to exchange.

I went to Cap<sup>t</sup> Young and told him all about it, he said he would think of it, I went again, he said (no), cruel No. The Cap<sup>t</sup> said he would let me go if I went home in the Waterloo. I went to Cap<sup>t</sup> Young and begged of him to let me go as passenger, I would pay him ready money but, no, he was full, he could carry no more. I said to him if he would only say yes, he might put me in a Water Cask

(only leave the bung out) or shove me down in the Fore Peak or in the hen coop and I would be contented and happy but No, he did not like to interfere with officers of other ships. That man considered himself a gentleman too.

I say that a man who sees another in distress and does not relieve him of it loges in his power is not a gentleman. A gentleman has regard for the feelings of another but he has none.

I would almost as soon throw myself overboard as to go on board the Morayshire again. But hope cheers me on this thorny path of disappointment. My dear Brother says they are wholesome checks and I must think it is all for the best and pray to God to keep me in health and strength to bear them.

I have thought once or twice of running but No; it best that I should not. I will give as Idea of my mood just now, I seldom speak to anyone, keep as much to myself as I can, seldom or never laugh or smile, sometimes go to the Theatre, to drive the dull hours away. To keep my mind fixed on any subject so as to read. I couldnt. Altogether, I was like a rejected lover. I think a little of it is love but all that I love in this world is sixteen thousands miles away from me and long absence combined has made (as the song says)

The heart grow fonder and fonder until my sensitive disposition has caused it to grow too fond that when I am away from them I am seldom happy.

I never have been so mamsory sick before. There is scarcely an hour passes but that home is in my thoughts and sometimes when asleep I dream I am in my own dear little cottage or rambling in the woods.

They say farmers of the United Kingdom are the happiest class (or perhaps) on Earth. I do really think so and should like to be one myself, not yet though but some years hence when I am married and my restlessness disposition over.

(ed. George went on to become an Insurance Broker at Lloyds)

But after all, I am not the only one with much longing desire for home. For who does not look back with feelings which he would in vain describe to the delightful rambles which his native fields and meadows afforded to his earlier years.

Who does not remember the eager activity with which heavens used to strip nature's carpet of it embroidery, nor ceased to cull scattered blossoms till his infant hands were incapable of retaining the accumulated heap; Who on even seeing the first violets of returning spring much more on inhaling its sweetness or in catching this breeze that has passed over the blossom of the lean or woodbine does not again enjoy the many delights of his early childhood and long to be there where he was so happy and where the ever watchful eye of dear loving Mother way always on him. But there amidst all that we had our own little troubles and could never believe that, that was the happiest time of our lives. Alas that all young children would believe it and appreciate it better than they do.

There are thousands don't know the value of home, but send them away for one or two years and if they have any human feelings in them, see how delighted they would be to behold it again.

Well to commence my troubles again. As I was walking along the Circular Quay, I met Mr Cowen who is the clerk who tallies cargo in and out of ships, he said there was a vacancy on board the Onida as 6<sup>th</sup> Officer and that a person I knew was Purser of her (Mr Cowlie). The next day I went on board the Onida saw Mr Cowlie, he said I might stand a chance of getting it, said had better come over tomorrow morning and see the M Cap<sup>t</sup> Mason who is the Superintendant.

I went next morning and saw him, he couldn't give me an answer, I must go to Mr Leamour the Manager. But before I spoke to him, I went to Mr Pownall, he took me to the office. He knew the head clerk and introduced me to him. He told me to be on board the Onida the next morning by nine and see Mr Leamour.

I was there and saw him just as he was going into a boat to go fishing with the doctor. He said he had too many Officers on board already their being 6 or 8 officers belonging to other ships who are going home.

You can imagine my disappointment, the Morayshire nearly ready for sea too. The Cap<sup>t</sup> says is all that I want to get away for is that I am going to marry one of the girls that we brought out. I burst out laughing, he said you laugh about it do you, Yes, Cap<sup>t</sup> Mathers. I said I am not quite so mad as that yet as to marry a servant girl, but he only said that as an excuse for leading me on. But if he had seen my little sweetheart at home, he would not have said that, I think all sailors ought to have a wife or sweetheart that they love at home, it keeps them out of mischief.

The Waterloo is gone, the Cap<sup>t</sup> has promised to discharge me on Monday, this is Friday. Sunday went, Monday should come but before I went ashore, I received a letter from the Cap<sup>t</sup> saying would not give me my discharge.

I don't know how I felt but I put all my papers and money in my pocket, packed up my Chest. Then I thought I wait until the ship is under weigh and put my life belt on and jump over board and half drown myself so that they would have to send me to the hospital.

As soon as I had read the letter I went in and spoke to the Cap<sup>t</sup> but I am sure I don't know what I said, he said I might go ashore and buy what I want and be on board before sunset. He gave me 5£. Of course I went to see Mr Pownall, he told me I had better write to Mr Dunbar and ask him to come home and that I had better go and put up with it as it is only 6 months and that if I did anything rash I should only loose my character. I got up and shook hands but could not speak. I don't know what I am doing, saying or anything else, however I spent my 5£ and took tea at Mr Thomases. He has given me a very good character and at sunset I was aboard the Morayshire to commence another 5 months misery which is the evening of the 20<sup>th</sup> of April.

### **18<sup>th</sup> March**

Mr Pownall wrote me a letter telling me that he had called on Cap<sup>t</sup> Young who gave him the same answer as he gave me and also that his father in London was personally known to Mr Dunbar and if his writing would do me any good he would do.

I saw Mr P after he sent the letter, he asked me wether I had received it, I said no, so when I came on board I waited for the Cap<sup>t</sup> and asked him if he had a letter for me. He stammered out that he had a letter for me but he had left it somewhere and altered colour then, about 5 minutes afterwards, he came forwards to me and said he had given it to a boy to bring on board and about 12 at night he came in our cabin and said there was a letter for me. Not a soul had been in or out of the ship since he had said he had given it to a boy and when I received the letter I found it had been opened and I hope it has done him some good, it has done not harm. Now that is two letters of mine he has found.

When I knew for certain that I was going and after we were under weigh, I sent my likeness (ed. A sketch ?) Mr Thomas as to take on board the Onida and ask Mr Cowlie to take it home for me. I am afraid it will never arrive but I cant help it.

### **21<sup>st</sup> April**

Anchored in Watson Bay waiting a fair wind.