

# 15 Norfolk to Manila 1

30 Sept - 11 Nov 1856

Fine weather fair wind.

## 5<sup>h</sup> Oct

I had a heavy storm on the Poop. I had the afternoon watch and at 4pm I heaved the log and got the course from the man at the wheel ( Christian). NEbE as I understood, reported to Mr Thomas what she was going and the course, he made no answer. I went down and wrote it on the log slate.

At 6pm Cap<sup>t</sup> came on the Poop ask me what course I had put on the log slate, I told him NEbE the course the man at the wheel gave me and I reported it to Mr Thomas the mate as I was going off the Poop.

He then began to abuse me. Called me all sorts of things and wound up by saying if ever he found the slightest mistake in the log slate again (the right course was NbE instead NEBE) by god almighty I will blow your brains out. By the powers I will. Shaking his fist at me every now and then about generally leaning forwards towards me with his elbows stuck back and his fist half clenched and eyes glaring like tiger eyes.

This is the first time he had threatened to shoot me and I hope it will be the last as it is enough to frighten anyone.

I heard him say one day at dinner in Sydney that he sot a man off the fore rigg and Mr Levie 2<sup>nd</sup> officer told me that last voyage he made ,a boy belonging to this ship jump overboard and he swam to a Man of War in cold winters night in consequences of the bad treatment he had received from Capt. Mathers. All the watch could hear him, Samuel Edgar was at watch and Mr Thomas attending along side me.

How is it possible that I can tell what course has gone when I am on the Main Deck or aloft all the watch and only on the Poop to heave the log. And the Mate on the Poop all the time looking out for the ship and yet when I reported the wrong course he did not correct me nor did he look at the slate to see whether it was right. I know if I was an officer of the watch I would let no one but myself write the log out.

It is not my place to write the log, it is the Officer of the Watch. I have told Mr Thomas (the Mate) that I would not write the log anymore, so he ordered me to do it. Now I put down what he tells me and not a word more.

Another time, I forget the date now, but I was keeping the lookout whilst the Capt. and Officers were at dinner. It was blowing a fresh breeze, we had single reefed Top Sails and main top gallant sails set. He said to Mr Thomas and Mr Levie that (ed. if) the top gallant sail blows away, I will heave that fellow overboard ( meaning me). If a sheet should have happened to part at that time I think he would not have the slightest hesitation in trying it coming up in a passion. But thank God everything held on until he came on deck and I was not thrown overboard, but went down and had a good dinner instead.

**26 Sept** had a gale of wind

**13 Oct** Crossed the line in longitude 165E, steady breeze fine. No difference made between this and any other day.

**14 Oct** passed a tide ripple and heading from E to N

### **21 Oct**

In latitude 13.12N longitude 155.27E. This is the second birthday I have spent on board her and I hope it is the last. I only told two or three of it. this is my 19<sup>th</sup> birthday. Swiftly slide our years, they follow each other like the waves of the ocean."

Memory calls up the persons we once knew the scene that appears before the mind like the phantoms of a night session.

Behold the boy rejoicing in the gaiety of the souls, the wheels of time cannot move too rapidly for him.

The light of hope dances in his eyes and smiles of expectation play upon his life,

He looks forwards to long years of joy to come, his spirit burnt within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds,

He wants to be a great man he longs to mount the hill of ambition to head the path of honor to hear the shout of applause.

Look at him again, he is now in the meridian of his life, care has stamped its wrinkles upon his brow, disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eyes, sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance,

He looks back upon the waking dreams of his early years and sighs for their futility.

Each revolving years seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness and when age excepts one and he is treading the path which leads to the tomb, the world presents little to attract and nothing to delight him.

Still, however, he would linger in it, still he would bring the out his day thoughts of beauties bloom of fancys feast of music.

Heath, he is forced to explain. I have pleasure in them.

A few years if in formity and ---- confirm him to ---- or the grave.

Yet this was the gay, this generous, this high souled boy who held his ascending path of life strewn with flowers without a thorn.

Such is human life but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.

Longfellow says life is real life is earnest and the grave is not its goal.

Dust thrown art and ---- was not spoken of the soul.

### **26 Oct**

Passed to island of Guam, the largest of the Ladrone islands. Rain weak, fair winds. Ships from Sydney trade here.

**6 Nov** Passed a ship I think this is only ship we have seen since we left.

### **11 Nov**

Passed the light on Corregidor Island. Dist about 12 miles. Although we were so near, it took until the 13<sup>th</sup> to beat up. The wind blows out of the harbour mouth. At 6pm came to anchor in Manila about 5 miles off the city.