

Flying Dutchman

I took the road for Hobartown where I arrived on a Sunday night I had no money to get a bed with I went to a coffee house where I had a cup of coffee and found that all hands was pretty merry I went in and joined the crowd and watched the chance and slipped off to bed without being seen I was up early in the morning and took a walk down on the wharf to look for work I got one days work and earned 3 shillings I was now rich the money nearly burnt a hole in my pocket the next day I went on board of a brig to beg a passage to Melbourne I agreed to work my passage to Melbourne she was taking in timber I went on board the next day

I left Hobartown in the brig Flying Dutchman for Melbourne after 12 days passage we arrived in Melbourne I slipped by the Brig one of the men leaving I slipped in his place I went a trip as to when the captain left and a new captain came on board then we went in the cattle trade to Port Albert where we got on shore and built the old brig so much that we had to leave her down we took in our cattle and sailed for Hobartown but having had rather had a long passage had to go to Spring Bay to get some water and hay for the cattle we got to Hobartown at last and discharged our cattle went to the ship yard to repair damages all hands was discharged but the mate and I after slipping and getting all ready I heard that the mate of the Barge Lady Emer was in town to ship a few boxes more for the barge that layed out side he had put the man in prison that had ran away with me from the barge he had heard where I was and would have caught me if I had not left

Eliza

I joined a schooner bound to New Zealand her name was The Eliza of Hobartown we went to the island of Ireland first we had bad weather and pretty cold we discharged some of our cargo there the captain was a fast of a fellow he set to steer the long boat of after she had been on shore with cargo one day it blew rather hard and we was returning with the boat to the schooner we had the long boat in tow of the quarter boat and no one in her only the captain the wind was blowing out of the harbour when we got to the schooner we let the long boat's painter go and away went the captain out to sea bring out for us to tow him back but we would not our times the mate wanted us to go after the captain but we would not go he was drifting to sea all the time there was a barge lying there they sent a boat to tow the captain back he was in a great rage and told us that he would give us all our discharge when we got to New Zealand the barge's name was the Janet she belong to the governor of the island the island was a Rendezvous for English whalers we sailed for Otago in New Zealand sold some of the cargo there then sailed for Port Phillip we asked the captain for our discharge he refused it so we refused to build the next morning he hoisted the anchor short and made sail we told him that we did not intend to go to sea with him and that the schooner should not go until he put us on shore he went down and got his pistols and gave order to leave away we started the chase over the windlass and it ran about 40 fathoms we let go the top and the hatches and the gib hatches the captain swearing he would shoot us all the time at last he got rather frightened of the hands/pikes that we was armed with he turned and ran down below he came on deck ordered the boat to be lowered down he got in and went on shore to see the magistrates