

## Transcription of Thomas Henry Appleby's journal kept during his emigration from England to the United States in 1878

**Jan'y 31st** . Left Albert Docks \_\_\_\_\_ London for Weatherford, Texas on S.S. Erin. Lizzie (my wife), Ethel (my daughter), Ellen my sister, W.M. Crochton (?), Charles \_\_\_\_\_ bade our farewell \_\_\_\_\_ and proceeded to \_\_\_\_\_ dropped anchor abt 6 very windy & wet-- \_\_\_\_\_ Steamship Dor \_\_\_\_\_ passed our stern made \_\_\_\_\_ splashes (?) - smashed \_\_\_\_\_ & Iron rails or bullwarks & one back at 20 minutes to 12:00. Felt shock & went to \_\_\_\_\_ there \_\_\_\_\_ piece of \_\_\_\_\_.

**Feb'y 1st.** At 1:30 a.m. \_\_\_\_\_ told me of the accident & I promised to look for my safety (?) (last line unreadable).  
to Sheerness for repairs. Wrote Lizzie.

**\*Feb'y 2nd.** Very windy-wrote Lv Nellie T. ex. W. - joined us at Gravesend & slept with me. A passr got off to go on shore & being chased by the police jump on a boat & when boatman was called to shore, jump overboard & took ashore.

**3rd** Sunday a lovely day started on journey abt 7- passed North Dover at noon. Deal, Walmer, -saw St. Leonards (?) in evening-a beautiful sight-my friends looking (?) also he's sick. He is a brewer. Knows Moffat.

**4th** A lovely day and warm in sun. Signaled off Lizard Point. Passed Lands End at noon & now 4 o'clock passing near Scilly Isles, Wolf's rock, & Bishops rock Lighthouses. Everyone seems to enjoy themselves immensely-4 stowaways found. At evening felt squeamish retired early did not sleep well but comfortably & enjoyed the rocking.

**5th** Felt first rate in morning. Saw Dolphins splashing along side of vessel-Signaled a ship on Monarch Line-good heavy ship. Several cases of sickness.

**6th** Fresh breeze many people (?) with sickness.

**7th** Strong breeze & wet averaging \_\_\_\_\_ miles per day. Capt steering Northerly to save time.

**8th** Fine morning-barometer dropped 8/10 bet 8 & 11 am. Noon freshening for gale. Night a storm, mountainous billows foaming & moonlight-Lost 3 boats smashed aft companion. Carried galley funnel away. Chief Mate washed under smashed boat &

badly hurt. Shipped tons of water-men constantly brushing water out of scupper holes.

**9th** Storm squalls of snow & rain can't cook lost about 40 miles-Cockayne & self not been sick. Not having slept last night retired before noon as the bunk was most comfortable. It was dry & could read & get the sleep I wanted so much. It was a fearful storm & fear was depicted on everyone's face. The huge ship pitched and tossed & rolled from side to side. The main deck was boot top in water & the men were obliged to find those sea legs some required & were pitched from side to side & clutched on whatever came in the way for support. Baker, the steward, had to sit up all night with the women. The storm took place in what is known amongst the sailors as the Devil's Hole. It is a region of storms.

**10th** My birthday-The Sabbath & again no service. The storm continued thro the night & abated toward morning. It is a beautiful day, but the sea is running very heavy & the ship is rolling very much-what the sailors call the rolling forties. That is when the sides dip nearly to the waters edge it forms an angle of forty degrees. Cockayne, Marion, and Richardson wished me many happy returns of the day. If all ships that cross the waters are like this what an alarming concentration of (meanity?) is constantly afloat. Gods holy name & Christs are constantly ringing in blasphemy in my heart ears. It makes me tremble to think that when the men are forced (?)

would not go on deck /close by our cabin door. At 7:30 ferocious struggle for breakfast. Tin ware, buckets, oil cans, soap tins, swiss milk, books, hats, caps, coats, flying about in all directions on a floor where the water ripples from side to side. Galliger with a tin of coffee flies from one side of the cabin to the door opposite & for protection puts his hands forward-bang goes tin out the door & the coffee all over his face. Cockayne washing his feet dip goes the ship away goes the pail of water to the other side back again it comes bang against his bunk out flies the water all over him & his bed. Look outside the cabin door holding on like grim death & see the sailors & passengers clutching at anything that comes in the way to help them along & in spite of your most (?) anxious cure your involuntary burst into laughter at seeing some fellow sufferers swinging round an iron pillar or lurching across the

path getting out of the way of some rolling missile. I cannot help but laugh at them & they cannot help laughing at me. The storm is raging & tons of water wash over the deck & fall below. The ocean looks like a mass of foam. Last night part of the Captain's bridge was move-the fore Stay-sail washed down and one of the stowaways / Tiperary who had to work his passage fell thro to the deck below & was hurt. Whilst I am writing this in my bunk the rolling is very heavy & I have to keep clutching hold of something to prevent me being cast into one of the berths opposite. Oh! What a fearful day. How I wish I had gone direct to New Orleans.

**12th** Storm last night worse than ever-raged & foamed with blinding snow. The ropes this morning were as thick as a mans arms with icy snow, three German sailors frost bitten. The greatest part of the sailors refused duty & will have to be punished. The roaring of the sea & the tons of water thumping on top of the deck quite alarming & continues so throughout the day. The (Auy??) make quite unable to move or take solid food. This I expect is one of the worst journeys a ship has ever made. It seems to be a marvel of strength & yet crew are at the mutiny point. I will never forget this journey. The poor sailors now on deck are shouting frantically probably to keep warm as they are setting the topsail drenched in wet & the ice is rattling above from side to side of the deck with every movement of the ship. The rolling is quite as bad as yesterday & almost every hour someone on board is falling about.

**13th** Storm still raging & the ship covered with ice. Every rope, masts, are thick with ice a real beautiful picture. The suffering of the poor sailors & officers is intense, we are warm & well fed but everything is miserably wet, soaked with water, even the bedding is damp.

**14th** A beautiful morning, sea calm. Had a long chat with the captain a very quiet, stern and genial man. He says with fine weather, shall arrive in New York on Monday. This he says is the worst storm he was ever in, worse than the one 2 years ago when he was only 350 miles off Ireland when the funnel, all the boats, & every building on the deck was washed away & the ship left entirely to the mercy of the wind & waves, eventually picked up and towed back to L'pool. He has had to work very hard, the 3rd officer having turned ill when we put back to Gravesend & left at home & during the storm the 1st officer was very dangerously hurt but is now progressing very favorably. The Capt'n told me on one trip he had 14 stowaways. Large fields

of soft ice are floating past us. It is now 10 o'clock morning (6 with you) & a dense fog is around us & have to go very steady again a great nuisance. Doctors inspection for vaccinations & my marks so indistinct he cannot pass them. Have refused re-vaccination until the American Doctor says I must conform to rules.

**15th** Beautiful early morn'g now turned to dense fog again & slow progress. Pilot sweepstakes-all sails set.

**16th** A beautiful cold morning, 3 degrees of frost & sea rather heavy. Having good time. The firemen have just mutinied for want of fresh meat but it appears they have no grounds for complaint. We are going full speed. At noon today we were 700 miles from New York that means Tuesday.

**17th** The Lord's day a fine morning. Prayers read at 10:30.

**18th** Excitement as to who held the number of the Pilot whose boat has just come into sight. No 11 wins, held by the Chief Officer anchor at night just outside Sandy Hook.

**19th** A fine morning. The Doctor passes my arm. The view on Jersey & Statten island is very pretty altho it is winter. The snow is just passing away. Landed at the Pier. Luggage examined. Might have brought much more. All immigrants taken to Castle Garden. Stayed at the Eagle Hotel, Morris St. Recommended by the Passenger Agent National Line. No Boat till Saturday & heavy floods by -ril.

**20th** Cockayne gone to Boston in Providence Steamer. Richardson stays at the Eagle & I go home with Gallager.

**21st** Visit the Central Park Museum of Natural History-Animals &c 7 a good walk thro the city &c.

**22nd** National Holiday-Washington's Birthday. DeLong & comrades Arabic Explorers funeral procession very impressive-went over the Brookline (sic) Bridge, Fulton Ferry to Brookline & back over the bridge & some of the best parts of New York.

**23rd** Got my ticket for Weatherford-went to Castle Garden for luggage-charged 80 cents for conveyance of 2 packages to Mallory's Pier for boat-sailed at 5-10 p.m. A snow storm in New York. The explorers buried-Bitterly cold, rough, & snowy night.

**24th** The Lord's day-no service-sea calm but intensely cold-saw whales.

**25th** Turned very warm & close at 12 last night. Sea very calm & atmosphere warm & close. One o'clock became rough & heavy rain with thunder & lightening. Saw flying fish this morning. They fly like birds & look very pretty.

**26th** A beautiful day. Sea calm & weather warm. 3 Turks from Jerusalem among the steerage passengers afford much amusement to the lads or young men. The steerage passgrs are again a very respectable lot. Most of them going to be cow-boys each provided with a revolver & knife and apparently plenty of money, anyhow spending it freely. Richardson, the schoolmaster, is still my companion. We rarely hear the officers or crew using bad language & I can say the same for the passengers with one or two exceptions. The crew on board this ship are all well spoken and quiet sociable men which is a treat after what I experienced aboard the Erin. We have three meals a day Stew or roast meat & potatoes & coffee for breakfast. Soup, roast meat & potatoes for dinner and roast meat, potatoes, & bread for tea. It is served roughly which gives it a rather bad appearance. We have music, singing, & dancing on deck every night. Some are very good singers. Sacred, sentimental, national, & comic songs but nothing love. A fine sunset.

**27th** A lovely sunrise, the sea as calm as a lake indeed looks like a sheet of glass. Saw sharks, porpoises, flying fish & various other fish. The water so clear in some parts that we could see the bottom at a depth of 60 feet. They are taking soundings. The temperature of the water is 72 degrees. We are in sight all day of the coast of Florida. It is very pretty & well wooded. Saw a Spring Jack (fish) catch one of the flying fish. The heat is great. The most glorious sunset I ever saw. When the sun was just about a foot from the (\_\_\_\_??) of the water, another sun appeared to come up from the sea & meet it & when they meet the lower one appeared to flatten and produce this shape in a deep red colour--- to the admiration of all strangers on board. Directly the sun was set the thin (very thin) crescent of the moon and venus were to be seen. It was a lovely warm night-music & dancing on board. The instruments are Violin, Pico, flute, accordion, and banjo. We anchor at ten o'clock off Key West the last of Florida Keys Islands.

**28th** Up at 5 o'clock a fine warm morning & beautiful sunrise. Weigh anchor & steam for the pier, where we arrived about 7 & land once more. Nearly all passengers go ashore. 3 Nigger boys dive in the water after cents thrown by passengers. The town nut palms are everywhere also some bananas, Almonds & a host of plants I have been in the habit of seeing grown in Greenhouses & stovies(?). Climbing roses, Oleanders, Hibiscus, Salvias, Justinias, and many other things in full bloom. It was a treat to smell an old fashioned sweet scented rose. The heat to us is great but the inhabitants say it is a cold morning. I spoke to a young English lady. The island is one mile across & 7 round it. There are churches, chapels, & various public buildings & some good pretty residences all built of wood painted or washed white with green sunblinds. They look very light & tempting, & a delicious coolness pervades the stores. There are 15,000 inhabitants. A good many English & American, but the greater portion Spaniards & Negroes. The negroes all speak English. I was in the

*(This page is faded so that it is impossible to read. Last date on the page is March 1st)*

to face with a danger that make each look stern & scared, they should swear & blaspheme in nearly every word spoken. What a forbearing & gracious God. What love he has for them & how much they need it. These men most, if not all, of them thank God for his mercy & apparently with earnest & yet take His Holy name in vain. My companions are E.O. Cockayne ( a brewer), Marion, I think a gentlemen's servant & a member of the Young Man's Christian Association from whom he has a letter of introduction to the Society of New York. He is well read & glamorously(?) tho very simple & Mr. Richardson, a a schoolmaster who kept a first class school in St. Johnswood all going on spec. This evening it is raining & appears to be freshening to a gale. Good night darling & may we spend many happy returns of this day together. How I have thought of our(?) Attic(?) room & I have prayed that your prayers be answered. It makes me happy to think I have a love for that room & I don't think you meet in it without my heart being with you. Eight bells. Eight o'clock and boatswains whistle calling watch.

**11th** Storm raged all last night. In most of a heavy squall at 2 a.m. This morning a fight between the boatswains mate and a sailor who ...  
*(transcript ends here)*