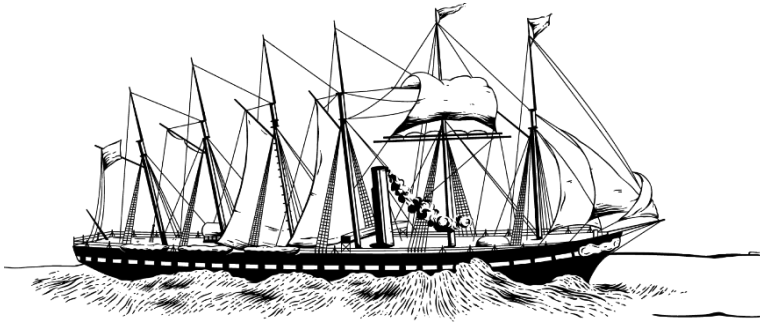


# Passenger Diaries

## Edward Towle



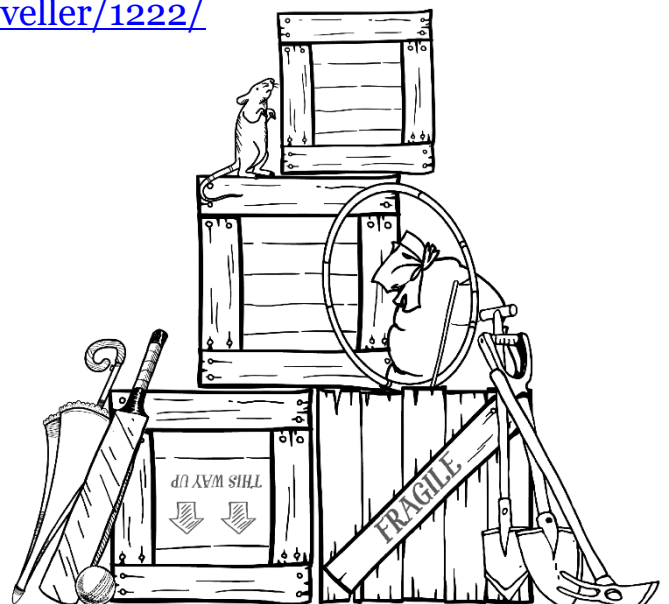
Departed: Liverpool, United Kingdom on 21 August 1852

Arrived: Melbourne, Australia on 12 November 1852

Edward Towle travelled to Australia with his brother Benjamin in 1852. They hoped to find work and make money in Australia, either by sheep-farming or by digging for gold. They were ready to work hard and made the journey on the *SS Great Britain's* first voyage to Australia. Edward wrote often to his sister Mary to tell her about the two brothers' adventures on board the ship.

Learn more about Edward and his journey using Global Stories:

<https://globalstories.ssgreatbritain.org/traveller/1222/>



22nd August 1852

*In spite of my novel bed I slept sound... on turning out to dress and wash the inhabitants of our cabin examined each other curiously. Two brothers occupy two berths... they appear to be civil and obliging, equipped for the diggings with every requisite excepting one which is the habit of bodily labour. Opposite to our berths lies a wild Irish man, a genteel looking fellow but always in fun. Above him lies a surgeon, a serious but rather soft looking chap we shall see what he is made of presently. Two can with difficulty dress in the cabin at once. I turn out first and secure by that means a clear cabin and a clean basin for a wash...*

3<sup>rd</sup> September 1852

*We are awoke in the morning by the crowing of cocks and cackling of ducks, the hens are dying off, partly by the heat and partly by the commands of the captain. There is one cock which has a particular crow and every day our expectations are agreeably disappointed. Such is the trifling motion of the ship when we are on our berths that on awakening we could readily imagine ourselves in a farm yard. We hear pigs grunting, sheep bleating, hens and ducks all very noisy to be fed. A fine large hound which is fastened near the forecandle often begins to bay at the same time which completes the illusion... we have our meals much more regular, the provisions improve and we had a plum pudding yesterday, a great treat after salt provisions. Six pigs were butchered this morning, their dying screams were the music that greeted us during dinner.*

