

**ADVANCE AUSTRALASIA;
A DAY-TO-DAY
RECORD OF A RECENT
VISIT TO AUSTRALASIA**

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Advance Australasia; a day-to-day record of a recent visit to Australasia by Frank Thomas Bullen

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FRANK THOMAS BULLEN

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ADVANCE AUSTRALASIA

A DAY-TO-DAY RECORD OF A
RECENT VISIT TO AUSTRALASIA

BY

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"WITH CHRIST AT SEA," ETC.

SECOND EDITION

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PREFACE

UPON revising the last sheet of this small book for press I could not help feeling that some little explanation was needed of its appearance at all. For assuredly, when I accepted the commission of the Editor of the *London Standard* to write for him a series of articles giving my impressions of Australasia during my forthcoming lecturing tour, I had no idea or intention of subsequently publishing those articles in this form. The onerous nature of my lecture engagements and the rapidity of my passing from place to place precluded any idea of giving such careful attention to form, sequence, and detail that I believe a book demands.

But to my surprise and gratification, while the articles were appearing, always in a more or less abbreviated form according to the exigencies of space, the Editor wrote and informed me that there was a strong demand

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that the articles should be published in book form. I demurred on several grounds, but principally because they were the slightest journalistic impressions, that they necessarily contained many repetitions as the same features struck me obtaining in various places, &c. These objections, and others which I would rather not quote, were overruled, however, and so the book is here. And I send it out without any misgivings, because even if the critics do feel it their duty to go for me, they have in all my seventeen previous books been so uniformly kind, fair, and generous that a reversal of the treatment may perhaps have a bracing effect, though, like the nigger, "I dreads de process."

F. T. BULLEN.

MELBOURN, CAMBRIDGESHIRE,
1907.

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I

THEN AND NOW !

THIRTY-FOUR years ago, in a fine American ship chartered by Messrs. Anderson Anderson & Co., I paid my first visit to Australia, and the only one I ever made thither direct from the United Kingdom. Those were the palmy days of sailing ships to the Australasian Colonies, and a splendid fleet of regular liners, whose names were household words, made wonderful passages for equally wonderful freights with full cargoes each way for the great firms of Green, Wigram, Devitt & Moore, George Thompson, Anderson Anderson, and many others of less note, but of quite equal stability and repute. Passengers were carried, of course, in great numbers, and were, generally speaking, fairly comfortable, especially in the first class, or cuddy, although, of course, many of the necessities of ocean travel to-day were

then its luxuries. It often happened, though, that through pressure of cargo or passengers, outside ships—that is, not owned by the regular lines—were chartered for a voyage, and passengers who had booked with a great firm upon the reputation of their ships for comfort and attention to the needs of the traveller, were sometimes badly disappointed. It was certainly so in the ship in which I paid my first visit. She was a splendid Boston-built vessel, but with very scanty accommodation for passengers. The captain was a very old Yankee, really past his work; but in one thing he was full of vigour, and that was in his hatred of and contempt for anything or anybody British; and he resented bitterly carrying British passengers in his saloon at all, telling them, as I well remember, upon an occasion when they approached him with a complaint, "I wish to have nothing to say to you. If I had been consulted, I would have paid big money rather than have carried you; but since you are here, make the best of it, and don't bring any complaints to me, for I won't hear you."

So, of course, they were none too comfortable, especially as they had to wait upon themselves entirely, and bribe the cook to prepare their food, which, as he was a perfect fraud of a cook—a most unusual thing in American ships