

**LETTERS FROM ABROAD;  
OR, SCRAPS FROM NEW  
ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA,  
AND AMERICA**

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Letters from abroad; or, Scraps from New Zealand, Australia, and America by H. B. T.

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H. B. T.

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*PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.*

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GLASGOW:

BELL AND BAIN, PRINTERS, 41 MITCHELL STREET.

1884.

## PREFACE.

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TRAVELLING comfortably has become nearly a science, the grand secret of success being a small quantity of luggage, properly selected. For a trip round the world some little thought is, of course, necessary, but the less impedimenta the greater the real enjoyment. Supposing you start in November (you cannot select a more suitable time), and intend being in London by June, then really very little is needed but cool clothing. This journey to the Antipodes can be made inexpensive, £500, or less, should cover everything, including many pretty presents. Any one wishing to make a closer acquaintance than can be made by books with some of the grandest and most enterprising countries in the world, cannot do much better in the time than follow our route. My reminiscences, or rather letters, are very disjointed, but any friend reading the same must please remember that every line was written, more or less, under disadvantageous circumstances, and I have not bothered to revise them. They are simply letters home. Our experiences cannot be altogether uninteresting. There is one thing certain: I give a simple route, and if that be followed

the same result will doubtless be gained, viz., a pleasant, moderately inexpensive, and health-giving trip, full of incident and most instructive, with warm and fine weather, from Malta to Liverpool. I have not re-read—or, perhaps I should say, not re-written—a single letter, and my friends will find first and third persons singularly well mixed. I can safely say my travelling companion was staunch and kind, and everything that a man could desire; and may every other “globe trotter” be fortunate enough to find so good a comrade. My only regret from start to finish has been that those I hold dear could not see for themselves the beautiful and singular sights I have tried to describe. Many of the coach drives in New Zealand were made in great discomfort, the food was plain rather than luxurious, and very early rising was compulsory; but, taken all in all, we had little to complain of.

#### SKELETON ROUTE.

P. & O. Steamer to Melbourne. Scott's Hotel (for men); Menzies' or Oriental for family. Clubs—Melbourne and Australian.

Union Steamer to Bluff, New Zealand, *via* Hobart and Milford Sound. Rail from Bluff to Invercargill.

Invercargill, Albion, or Prince of Wales—Rail to Kingston (Lake Wakitipu). Steamer to Queenstown and Head of Lake. Back same route to Invercargill.

Rail to Dunedin. Grand Hotel. Fernhill Club.

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Rail to Christchurch. Coker's Hotel. Christchurch Club.  
Rail from Christchurch to Springfield. Coach to  
Hokitiki. Return same route to Christchurch.

Rail to Lyttleton. Lyttleton to Napier by Union Steamer.  
Napier Criterion Hotel and Club. Coach from Napier to  
Ohinemutu. Lake Hotel. Work Hot Springs and The  
Terraces, and back to Ohinemutu.

Coach to Hamilton. Rail to Auckland. Star Hotel and  
Club.

Union Steamer to Sydney. Petty's Hotel. Union Club.  
Sydney by A. & S. U. Co.'s Steamer to Brisbane.  
Queensland Club or Criterion Hotel.

Rail to Warwick; and same route back to Sydney,  
Sydney by Pacific Mail Steamer to San Francisco.

Rail to Madera. Coach to Yo-semite Valley; and back  
to Sacramento.

Rail to Salt Lake City. Metropolitan Hotel.

Rio Grande Railway to Denver. Windsor Hotel.

Denver Rail to Chicago, by Burlington Route. Chicago  
Palmer House.

Chicago, by Michigan Central, to Niagara Falls. Clifton  
House Hotel.

Rail and Steamer to Toronto. Queen's Hotel.

Toronto, by Steamer, to Montreal. Windsor Hotel.

Rail, Steamer, and Stage to Saratoga. United States  
Hotel.

Night Mail to New York. Fifth Avenue, or The  
Brunswick.



Steamer *Pilgrim* to Boston.

New York, *via* Oregon, to Liverpool.

In writing these Letters I had but one ambition—that of being faithful. If I have been guilty of plagiarism, my memory and not my eyesight must bear the blame. I hate looking back and re-reading words I have written just as the impulse was on me, for nearly all expressions on second reading look weak and inadequate. I can only hope that those who wade through the following pages will retain some few scraps of information likely to reward them for the trouble.

CLIFTON, 1884.

# LETTERS FROM ABROAD;

OR,

SCRAPS FROM NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA,  
AND AMERICA.

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## LETTER I.

S.S. CARTHAGE,\*

22nd November, 1883.

FAREWELL is not a pleasant thing at the best of times, but especially trying when the time must come for 13,000 miles to separate you from those you hold dear. As the tender *Tilbury* steamed away, we could see nothing but a mass of heads and umbrellas. We waved a last farewell, then set to work getting our baggage into the state-room, and many Bristolians would have laughed to see our late High Sheriff struggling with some heavy portmanteau down the narrow companion. As I write the rush and confusion is over, our little space quite neat and ship-shape. The cabin we occupy is said to be one of the best in the ship, but very small, and we can hear the thud of the screw and feel a slight vibration. The *Carthage* is a grand steamer, built by Caird, of

\* P. and O. steamer, 5,000 tons, 5,000 H.P., 48 feet beam, 430 feet long. Cost £160,000.

Greenock, and specially adapted for hot climates. Even now, although there is a heavy roll on, I am able to write. The saloon at night is beautiful beyond description, lighted by dozens of duplex lamps, with plain white globes, the crimson curtains over the dead-lights give warmth to the scene; palms and other foliage plants give grace, motley humanity adds animation, a bird singing overhead gives an idea of home. As yet I cannot say much about our fellow-passengers, but feel sure we shall easily manage to pick up information and amusement. We have a seat near the Captain, and close to the F— (friends of the R—). We dined fairly well at six o'clock. A glass of toddy and a quiet smoke finished an exciting day. By this time to-morrow our "home will be on the horizon."

*23rd Nov.*—During the night hail fell heavily: a N.E. wind made a big roll and brought everybody on deck in greatcoats and thick wraps; few ladies looked really happy, and many men had a "greenery, yellery," over the side look. I am writing in the smoking-room, a stuffy little place, hardly in keeping with so fine a boat. The Lascars act as sailors; they are very inferior to our Jack-tars, but answer the purpose, being cheap and used to hot climates.

*24th Nov.*—During the night a big sea came over, and, using the carpenter's bench as a battering-ram, forced its way through a companion door, flooding the passages and cabins. Thank goodness no water got over our combing, but many others fared badly. A south-west wind having