

SAD THOUGHTS.

I oft, when sudden thoughts my mind cloud o'er,
Wander, in gentle mood, by the sea shore,
And, as forebodings dire exultant in soul,
Behold the waters in commotion roll.

WE beg to call the attention of our Subscribers, to the fact that our Terms, as stated in our Circular, are a QUARTER'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

The Bee.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1844.

WE beg to announce to our readers, that the publishing office of the Bee of Australia is removed from this day, to No. 6, Bridge-street, nearly opposite the Printing Office.

WE have not succeeded until this time, in maturing our arrangements for the conduct of the business arrangements connected with this Journal.

WE can only once more regret their forbearance, and solicit them, either to apply personally, or send to the office a statement of their complaints, where they shall be fully and promptly redressed.

WE hope our literary and advertising friends will keep up an active correspondence, with our new office.

SOME interesting intelligence respecting the projected revival of Transportation, has been furnished to us through a channel, which, though not strictly official, is entitled to much consideration.

THE answer to these enquiries has been the recommendation of Rockingham Bay, lying far to the southward of Moreton Bay, as not only opening an excellent market for "skilled labour," but as calculated also to give a fresh impetus to the energies of the older settlements.

NOW, without discussing the peculiar merits or disadvantages of Rockingham Bay, it must be gratifying to all humane persons to reflect that the odious system of accumulating crime in those vast masses of mental stagnation, and cheerless estrangement from all human sympathies, termed penitentiaries, has received a check, at least in public opinion, after having exhibited, we presume, a signal specimen of failure, during its brief career.

WITH respect to the proposed site for the new settlement—we are not prepared to express any positive opinion on the subject, our first impression being, that it is too much in the neighbourhood of the "burnished sun," though we must admit at the same time that the salubrity of a place in warm regions, is well known to depend less on its actual latitude, than upon the absence of stagnant waters, and the superior purity of the atmosphere, particularly if that be kept in constant circulation by refreshing sea and land breezes.

BUT have the other nations of Europe been observant of these facts? Have not the French, following in the wake of brother Jonathan, and taking advantage of our supineness, entered the field, and has not the shrewd and wise government of that country encouraged the disposition, by the offer of a bounty to whaling vessels in the south!

An obvious remedy for this notorious origin of half the heinous crimes committed in the colony,—we endeavoured to point out in a high quarter some years ago, as lying in the simple alteration of one regulation—namely, the immediate return of each convict to government on the expiry of his original sentence, if not entitled to his ticket-of-leave—thereby removing the inducement held out to the sordid and cruel—of saving a years wages by each successful appeal to a sympathising Bench of Magistrates.

On the whole, it strikes us that some place not so remote as Rockingham Bay, would be better suited for the purpose in view as in that case, at all events, Sydney would still continue the grand Emporium of the whole colony, when vessels bringing out prisoners would find return cargoes for the Home or the Indian market, diminishing, by competition, the expenses of freight, and probably expending their receipts from the Government chest, or the proceeds of their Commissariat bills, in the purchase of various commodities—the trade in which languishes now, only from the lack of customers, and the arbitrary contraction of our circulating medium.

In our last we entered into an examination of the first of our colonial resources, viz., the growth of wool. We placed this at the head of those branches of industrial enterprise, to which the attention of the colonists should be turned, and to which the fostering and protective hand of a wise government should be extended.

Second on the list of these resources, stands, or ought to stand, fish oil.

It is with much of melancholy feeling that we look at the statistics which develop the present condition of this important branch of commerce, and reflect how idly how recklessly the sure and safe pursuit of riches has been abandoned for the idle and unsubstantial dreams of tinsel speculation.

The following return of the value of our export of oil and whalebone, for the last ten years, speaks volumes:—

Table with 2 columns: Year and Value (£). Rows include 1834 (157,334), 1835 (180,849), 1836 (140,220), 1837 (183,122), 1838 (197,544), 1839 (172,315), 1840 (224,144), 1841 (127,470), 1842 (77,012), 1843 (72,877).

It will be seen from this statement that the present amount of our export in oil, is something less than one half what it was 10 years ago, and about one third what it had attained to, in 1840.

During the same period as we stated in our last number, the amount of our wool export has more than trebled, notwithstanding a depreciation in the price of the article of nearly 50 per cent.

In the article of oil, however, we have had no such depreciation of price to encounter, as we believe the present price will be found to exceed the average, during the entire period we speak of.

What then is the reason of this enormous falling off in our export of an article, for the production of which we have possessed, and do still possess, facilities far beyond those of any other community? An article for which there must ever be a constant and increasing demand, which will rarely if ever be met by any supply that can be sent into the market. An article which, without carrying any of our capital from our shores, affords the means of individual profit and public wealth.

There have been many answers to these questions, but we have tried in vain to discover, that the reasons involved in them, were substantial reasons.

WE have heard that fish were getting scarce; that the expenses of an outfit were disproportioned to the profits. That ships were wanting, that officers and men with practical experience were not to be obtained; and more recently we have heard it attributed by one honorable Member of the Legislative Council, to the ignorance, and consequent intemperance which prevailed on board our colonial whaling vessels. Now, from all and each of these reasons we must respectfully dissent. We deny that if the proper means were taken, that there is any difficulty in obtaining oil. Fish are to be caught in abundance, and that too, without the necessity of our going half across the world in search of them. The Americans, who have a good saving knowledge in these matters, find that they can catch fish, and make it pay well too, and the startling fact, that they have embarked still more largely in the trade, whilst we have been retiring from it, is not without its weight in the matter. They are indeed taking the ground from beneath our feet, and whilst we, following the example of the Mother Country, are withdrawing vessel after vessel from the service, the whaling fleet of the Americans, to the south of the equator at the present time, according to the statement of Mr. Buller, in his speech on colonization, presented a tonnage of 193,000 tons, to man which, no less than 16,000 men were employed.

BUT have the other nations of Europe been observant of these facts? Have not the French, following in the wake of brother Jonathan, and taking advantage of our supineness, entered the field, and has not the shrewd and wise government of that country encouraged the disposition, by the offer of a bounty to whaling vessels in the south!

BUT it may be urged against us, that the competition thus excited, has taken off the profit that was formerly attendant on whaling enterprise. But there is no ground for this argument, for as we before urged, the price of oil in the British, and we believe in all other markets, is and has been for some years back, very high. There has never been throughout the whole of the period to which our observations refer, the slightest danger that any supply of oil we might send into the British market, would have met with a really and profitable sale. It is not then that there is a scarcity of fish, or too great a competition in the search for them, that this falling off in our oil export is to be attributed,

Neither can we admit, that it is because the expenditure of outfit is disproportioned to the profits. If in former years—the years of scarcity, of high prices of every article of clothing and provision—of high rates of wages, and high interest of money, this branch of enterprise was profitable, why should it not be so still, when the expenses have decreased, without any depreciation in the value of the article sought to be produced? That it was profitable, in spite of the sneers and contempt with which its comparatively slow and moderate returns were treated by those, who greedily gave way to the glittering visions of cargoes of champagne and carriages, there are few who remember, how humble men rose by it to opulence, will deny. Nay, more—we venture to assert, that no one branch of colonial enterprise has turned out so profitable—in no one pursuit has so much of real and substantial wealth been gathered together, as in this of whale fishing.

The next objection is, that we have no ships; and for the present there is some weight in this objection.

WE do believe that many of the vessels at present employed in the trade are utterly inadequate to the purpose, and that in the present stagnation of our traffic with other countries, we have not the means of immediately supplying ourselves with others.

BUT who have we to blame for this lack of ships but ourselves. Have we not taken them out of the trade to send on idle errands for luxuries over every quarter of the globe? Was it the fisheries, that have cleaned the waters of our ports, and rendered our harbours desolate? No! When we had all the means and appliances for the effectual conduct of this branch of enterprise, we neglected to turn them to this important object. Hurried on by busy speculations, and visions of unfeeling wealth, we turned our energies to other pursuits; pursuits, which have led us step by step, from riches to poverty, and which have divested us of credit in the mercantile world, till it has become almost a matter of doubt whether we shall have ships enough to carry home our wool, far less to send into the southern seas for oil. But it was not the want of ships that broke up our fisheries, for the decline in the trade commenced when our harbour was fuller than it had ever been before, and to use such an argument now, is only to say that adversity has brought us to our senses, when the means we once possessed are taken out of our hands.

Neither is it more true to affirm that there is any real deficiency of efficient officers and men, provided that any fair inducement were offered them to come forward. On the contrary, there is no pursuit to which the natives of this colony have naturally so strong an inclination as this of whaling. Many too of the masters of vessels who were formerly uniformly successful in their voyages, are now amongst us, unable to obtain ships, and who would be but too happy to regain employment. But in the state into which it has been reduced, none but the destitute or the reckless will be found to throw years of their lives away in whaling voyages; and even if better men are shipped, their energies are soon deadened and suppressed, by the consciousness of the unnecessary hardships to which they are exposed, by the selfish parsimony of the owners, and the conviction arising from the same source, that they cannot better their condition to any reasonable extent, by any exertions, however skilful and persevering—men, in short, who, feeling that their employers, in the endeavour to prosecute their own ends, have entirely overlooked theirs, cannot identify their own interests with that of their masters. It may be easily deduced from the foregoing observations, that we trace the falling off—we may almost call it the abrupt breaking up of this trade, to that spirit of reckless speculation, which would endeavour to turn from its ordinary channels that capital and industry which had been before so usefully directed; and that the present ill-success which distinguishes our undertakings in this line, is to be attributed solely to the niggard spirit in which those undertakings are conducted.

True it is that in the years 1839 and '40 a larger number of ships were required for the transit of our wool to England; but the fleets of labour-freighted vessels which were monthly crowding into our harbours, were ten times more than sufficient to supply the want. But we began to grow dazzled with the growing extent of our wool export, and the imaginary profit arising out of it. Flocks and herds had increased to a prodigious extent, and were reckoned at a value that made small proprietors appear immensely rich.

MONEY was abundant, credit rife; and are born of these, and the sanguine hopes to which they gave rise; extravagance in its wildest mood, gave the reins to its vagaries. Luxuries, and tinsel baubles, were purchased at any rates; and to provide these, soon became a more tempting speculation than sending a ship into the South seas for 18 months or two years. Filled with dreams of 100-per-cent. profit, ships were sent for costly lumps of bronze and or molu, and fancy walking canes, which were formerly employed in procuring sperm oil and whalebone; whilst there the grumbling owners still retained in the trade, were the craziest and most unfit; whilst to suit the diminished means which their new speculations had involved, every thing connected with the fitting out of the vessels was to be conducted on a scale of the most rigid and short-sighted economy. Bad provisions, bought for cheapness, men with wages cut down to the lowest point, with an advance, ensuring the expenditure of the greater portion of what would be coming to them, on the s'op chest, was the system to be substituted for one—too extravagant, we admit—which had grown up before the brains of our merchants were bewildered with these golden chimeras.

AND what was the result? Were the colonists made happier by these luxuries? Have the merchants been made richer by pandering to their vain appetites, and striving, each to outdo the other, in heaping up their storehouses with foreign commodities, for which it was found too late, we had no money to pay? Has the colony thriven in

this sudden change, from the seeking of wealth, to the spending of it? Let our breaking banks, our insolvent list, answer these questions.

WE contend that more than ever in our present condition, does it behoove us to turn our attention to this branch of trade. Prosecuted with vigour and liberality, it stands almost alone in the paths of industrial enterprise which are open to us, as a means whereby wealth may be immediately accumulated in the colony. As we have before stated, it does not require the exportation of money from the colony. Its extended prosecution, will encourage every other department of colonial industry—it will provide a market for our salt provisions—our bread, and to many useful branches of mechanical manufacture; and it would also tend without causing an absolute and permanent decrease of our population, to provide a vent for our surplus labour, whenever as at present such surplus might happen to exist.

With considerations like these involved in it, surely the cultivation of a branch of trade like this, is not unworthy the deep and earnest consideration of a government.

INTERFERENCE with the minute operations of commerce on the part of a government or legislature, we shall always deprecate; but it is not beyond the scope and design of these institutions to encourage private enterprise, and to see that it is not made subservient to cruel and selfish ends, which must, whilst they spread present misery around, recoil in the end upon the heads of those who are too much blinded by schemes of present aggrandisement, to look into futurity. We say it is the policy of the Government and of the Legislature to lend their countenance to the full development of this important colonial resource; to offer every encouragement, every facility, which may induce a more liberal and vigorous spirit of enterprise in this direction.

With the price of labour they cannot interfere, but, in the experience which the last few weeks have unfolded to us, of several ships having returned to this port in a state of mutiny, from the want of good provisions they may, and we think they ought, for the benefit of the owners themselves, in humanity to the men employed, and for the preservation of this important traffic to the colony, to interpose their restrictions, in the victualling of these ships. An inspector of the provisions put on board, who could certify that such provisions were in proper condition, would have no very agnious, or disagreeable duties to perform, neither do we see that there could be any reasonable objection made on the part of right-minded men, to the adoption of such a system; a system which we believe is acted upon in England, and which, any one who has taken the trouble to enquire into the details of our whaling enterprise for the last two or three years, will be fully assured is urgently required in this colony.

In our last number, to which we refer our readers, we took occasion to call the attention of our Australian friends to the advantage likely to accrue to this colony by establishing a direct communication between it, and the island of Ceylon.

WE adverted, in particular, to the exporting of coal to Point de Galle, as a lucrative enterprise, and curtly stated our conviction that a consignment of properly cured beef would meet with a remunerating market in Ceylon. This we promulgated through the medium of the BEE, prior to the receipt of the recent intelligence from England; relying on the accuracy of the statement of our informant on the subject, a party who resided nearly seven years in Ceylon, and seems well conversant on topics connected with its markets, and resources. The following extract (which we take leave to copy from the Sydney Morning Herald) of the 7th instant, corroborates the justness of our views on the subject.—"We may here mention that some beef taken from Port Phillip to Ceylon was very highly appreciated by the planters, and being of picked quality, realised, without difficulty, the high price of six guineas the tierce." It shall ever be our duty to gain every, and the most prompt intelligence on matters affecting the welfare of this colony, and again we beg particularly to press upon the attention of the colonists, the great benefit likely to result from the transmission of coal to Ceylon, as a new export.

THE MAYORALTY.

WE stop the press to announce the election of Mr. Alderman Allen to the Mayoralty.

The election took place at one o'clock this day in Market street A, and the votes were—

Table with 2 columns: Name and Votes. Rows include Allen (13) and Macdormott (12).

PARRAMATTA.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE 58th REGIMENT.—The proceedings of this corps are anything but creditable, and judging from what have been the occurrences of the last three or four days, it would be a very difficult matter to find in the whole body of her Majesty's infantry, such another set as the privates of this regiment. In proof of these assertions, which are made with sorrow and regret, I give you a specimen of their doings since Sunday. Passing over the desecration of the Sabbath by the general drunkenness which happened to prevail on that day, a man had his nose nearly bitten off by one of them. On Monday, another person was knocked down, while quietly driving his horse and cart, and must have been run over had not a bye-stander rushed out and saved him. The fences before some houses were pulled up, to afford weapons with which any individual, who might choose to cross their path, was attacked. Tuesday there was a little quietness, but on Wednesday the house of the Chief Constable was attacked, for the purpose, as the assailants stated, of "doing" for this functionary. Drunkenness appears to be the rule—sobriety the exception, in the Regiment. It is almost impossible to walk the streets of an evening; the language used towards every respectable person, and more particularly to females, is of such a filthy description, that even the lowest of the low would blush at using it. Complaints of this kind have been made in open court to the Police Magistrate, who, with his ever ready attention to the wants and desires of the town, represented it to the officer commanding; but the enormities appear to be rather on the increase than diminishing. A picquet is sent out of an evening

but they are worse than useless, inasmuch as the men comprising it to-night, are the marauders of yesterday evening.

The business at the police office has been improving. Constables quote the trade at this hall of assembly to be "brisk," and the crooks are consequently at a premium. Most of the charges being drunkenness, there is nothing out of the common way to report.

By way of an "on dit" the following theatrical affluce has been handed about in reference to an entertainment which is shortly expected to come off in the town.

"Will be acted as soon as the extensive preparations making for its due representation are complete."

THE ALCHEMIST.

The parts already taken are, "The gentleman who turns 'copper' into 'gold,'" by the chief inspector of distilleries. His familiars, Messrs. Watson and Ryan, the latter of whom will, in the course of the evening, sing a new version of an old tune of Tipplitywhet.

The students of the art—Messrs. Cropper and Bryan.

The prologue and epilogue will be from the pen of George Cooper Turner, Esq., Civil Crown Solicitor. The police magistrate kindly affords the use of the court house for the performance, and the whole, it is said, will be under the immediate patronage of his Excellency the Governor.

Domestic Intelligence.

CITY COUNCIL.—This body met on Monday last at the town hall in order that the new members recently elected might be introduced to the council. No further business was transacted than the mere matter of form of introducing the novice members. Before the council separated, Alderman Macdormott, who appeared suffering from severe indisposition, took the opportunity of stating, that he appeared that day in council in order to contradict a report that had been circulated through the city, namely, that it was not his intention to offer himself as a candidate for the mayoralty at the election that was to take place on the 9th instant. So far from that being the case, he was fully determined to do so.

ASSAULT.—On last Friday week, a most brutal assault was committed in Pitt-street on the person of a tinker named William Brophy, by a man named John Johnson, of the same trade, with whom he resided, and who struck him severely on the head with a soldering iron. Constable Hughes, who was on duty in Pitt-street at the time, saw a crowd assembled in a lane called Becker's Court, and on enquiring to see what was going on, found Brophy stretched on the broad of his back with a deep wound over his temple. The unfortunate man, in pursuance of medical advice, was immediately removed to the general hospital, where he remained in a state of insensibility. He was considered to be in a most dangerous state. Capt. Innes attended at the general hospital on Monday last for the purpose of taking his discharge; but he was unable to give any account of the matter. Johnson was apprehended soon after the occurrence, but denied having assaulted Brophy. The unfortunate man expired on Friday last.

EXECUTION.—On Thursday last, Frederick alias Abraham Gaston, convicted at the late assizes at Bathurst, of the wilful murder of Elizabeth Robert son, underwent the extreme penalty of law on a gallows that had been erected for the purpose in front of the new gaol. Mr. Keck, Governor of Sydney Gaol, officiated on the occasion as sheriff. The prisoner, who was attended to the fatal drop by the Rev. Messrs. Lisle and Sharpe, exhibited an utter and callous recklessness of the fate he was about undergoing. Nothing could be more hardened than his demeanour. He denied to the last having committed the crime of which he had been convicted.

A HYDE PARK MAN.—On Monday evening last between seven and eight o'clock, as Inspector Pearce was passing along Hunter-street, he observed a man dressed in convict clothing, squatting on the ground at the corner of Hunter and High-streets. On inquiring him into custody he stated that his name was Franklin Stephenson, belonging to the Circular Quay gang, from which he had absconded that afternoon. One of his hands had a fresh wound in it between the fore-finger and thumb, which was bleeding; he stated that the wound had been produced by a pistol shot which had been fired at him by James Wainwright and James Cunningham, two Hyde Park Barrack runaways, who had tried to persuade him to accompany them to commit a robbery on the Botany Bay Road, and on his refusing to go with them had fired two shots at him, one of which took effect. He was taken to the General Hospital, where, on the following morning, the ball was extracted, having lodged several inches above the wrist joint. It appears to have been fired from a pistol of large calibre, probably a holster pistol. Since being lodged in the hospital, Stephenson has retraced the whole of the previous statements, and now declines to give any account whatever of the manner in which he became wounded.

CORONER'S INQUEST.—An inquest was held at the "Crispian Arms," Clarence-street, on Wednesday, on the body of Mary Cohen, wife of a hair-dresser, residing in the same street, who died on Tuesday morning of infection of the lungs, having been under treatment of an unqualified practitioner, named Cutler, for some time previously. Doctors Rutter and Silver, made a post mortem examination of the body, and expressed their disapprobation of the conduct of the individual who had undertaken the treatment of the disease, from the effects of which, the deceased had met her death. The jury, on the evidence of those gentlemen, found a verdict of died by the visitation of God.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—On Tuesday evening last an old man named John Mahony, a tailor, residing in Pitt-street, attempted to put an end to his existence, by swallowing a quantity of arsenic. The act was fortunately discovered before the poison had time to do its work, and he was removed by Inspector Pearce, to the General Hospital, where the usual remedies were applied, with the desired effect.

CRUISE CHASE.—His Excellency the Governor is expected to return to Sydney during the ensuing week. We believe his Excellency's trip has afforded him much gratification, and the reception he has met with, has in general been of the most cordial character.—The Missionary vessel "John Williams," sailed on Wednesday morning for the South Sea Islands, and was accompanied down the coast by the "Comet," a schooner, on which vessel, a large party of those interested in the pious object were assembled. After conveying the ship as far as the heads, the steamer returned leisurely home, and a very pleasant day was spent in reconnoitring the beautifully diversified bays with which the harbour of Port Jackson abounds.—Two steam boilers of 100 horse power, have just been completed by Messrs. Sommerville and McDougall, engineers of Bathurst-street, for the Hunters River Steam Navigation Company, to be employed in one of the company's iron boats.—Mr. George Jilks, formerly Chief constable of Sydney, was appointed on Thursday last, by the Magistrate in petty sessions assembled, Inspector of Weights and Measures in the City of Sydney. It is certainly quite time that this appointment was made.—Mrs. Bushelle, the favourite vocalist of Australia, gave a concert in the Victoria Theatre, on Wednesday evening last. The performance was exceedingly good; the singing of Mrs. Bushelle being rapturously received; and we are also glad to state, for the credit of our musical taste, that the theatre was most numerously and respectfully attended.—We would recommend one or two of the many vehicles for hire that run about Sydney, to make arrangements to start at a certain hour in the morning and evening, from some point in George-street to the bathing houses and back, to carry four or five passengers at a reasonable charge; many would avail themselves of this conveyance to enjoy the luxury of a bath, which they forego now, in consequence of the loss of time and fatigue of the walk.—On Thursday last, the prisoner Stanley who was lately convicted before Mr. Justice A'Becket of the wilful murder of Robert Campbell, on the 30th of May last, underwent the fatal sentence of the law. Before his death he made a full confession of the crime.—Two stills in caves

situated near George's River, were discovered and seized by Messrs. Cassels and Macgregor on Thursday last. All the conveniences of an extensive distillery were found at hand.—There is a certain young superintendent of a gang of convicts, allow the men entrusted to his charge to proceed to work unattended, amuses himself by firing the people in the neighbourhood, and he manages to find, that between nine and ten in the morning is a fine time to give the child an airing. The young man is of rather "flash" appearance, and certainly requires taking down a peg.—It was rumoured in town yesterday that Alexander McLeay, Esq., had intimated his intention of resigning the speakership and his seat in the Legislative Council. It was also rumoured that Sir Howard Douglas had been appointed to succeed Sir George Gipps in his government of this colony. We have not been able to arrive at any facts on which to base the authenticity of these reports.—H. M. S. Vestal, which arrived in port on Thursday last, announces that several ships of war have been despatched to Tahiti to protect that island from the aggressions of the French, until instructions from England, in relation to the late hostile proceedings, are received.—We have heard from parties likely to be correctly informed that is the immediate intention to form the Falkland Islands into a naval station for the protection of British interests in the Pacific. A large body of convicts were sent there immediately.—Wednesday last an inquest was held on a woman named Cohen, who died, according to the evidence of Messrs. Rutter and Silver, from the maltreatment she received at the hands of an empiric named Cutler.—On Thursday last as a woman was walking down George-street, she was overtaken by a hulked cart coming along at a rapid pace, the pole of which struck her at the back of the head, and knocked her down, when the wheels passed over her legs, injuring her in a most dreadful manner. She was immediately removed to the hospital, where she lies in great danger.—On Wednesday afternoon about two o'clock, a box of Cavendish tobacco, weighing 137 lbs., marked "Pantolius," No. 683, was stolen from the steps of Mr. H. Dixon's shop door, the tobacco-stick of George-street, while he was depositing a similar box in the shop, which he had just carried home. Mr. Dixon has offered a reward of five pounds for the discovery of the thief, and the recovery of the property.—We cannot conceive that any one would have the daring impudence to commit such an act, except one of the accomplished villains from the Hyde Park University, of the degree of "doctor" at least.

Q. 1. What is the opposite to high privilege? A. Low privilege. Q. 2. What is an Alderman's privilege? A. No privilege.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

BUZ THE THIRD, BY TITUS THICKM, ESQ. Author of "The Browns."

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

"Look on this picture, and then look on this." Four years ago, and a squatter was I, A railing, railing, galling boy, With a beautiful property, and I did keep, My thousands of cattle, and thousands of sheep; And my heart was light, for my purse was full, And my hope was bright as I gathered my wool; And the day was all joyous, the night was all glow, Oh, the life of a squatter's life for me.

Four years ago! 'Twas a merry time, In the wilds of this bright and beautiful clime; When each bushy glade, each forest tree, Fetched the squatter's revelry. When we little thought of the money spent, For we knew there was plenty more to be lent; And at 25, we could soon agree, 'Tis the squatter's life was the life for me.

Four years ago! and joyous we met, Nor cared we for form or etiquette, Whilst the panikin and we were gaily droll Of the sparkling draught of the bright champagne. When the feast was "Six George and the bounty play," And deep was the pledge from the lifted can, And not it went, with a three times three, Oh, the squatter's life was the life for me.

Four years ago! and to Sydney town, On our bits of blood how we galloped down; For the clip belt ready 'was pulled upon you, 'Tis what we should depart on our annual spree, New shepherds to hire, and to lay in supplies, And the citizens dall with our wealth to surprise, And whilst spending our money, they would not be A life in the world, like the squatter's life.

The merchants our friends, oh how pleasant they looked, As they stored up our wool, and our orders they booked, How freely they offered us credit and cash, Our wants to supply, and to keep up the dash. Then the luncheon at Petty's, the feeds at the Club, And the five guinea points at the snug little run, With jic nics, and balls, and flirtations, you see, Made the life of a squatter a sweet one to me.

The ladies, dear creatures, quite fond of us grew, And I think we behaved pretty liberal too, For a squatter's gallantry, there's none can deny, And its seldom we found them unwilling or shy. Their whims were expensive, but that gave a zest To the hours of delight their presence had blessed. And with eyes brightly beaming, and frolic and glee, They sang, Oh, no love, but a squatter's life for me.

Time's rosy-hued wing, speeded gaily along, These scenes of delight, and these pleasures among; And weeks rolled away, and the time sped so fast, Whilst the wool clip went settling, or near thereabout; When away to the station we started again, With sheepdribs at 'forty' a host in our train; And as trotting along o'er land and o'er sea, 'Tis, no it seemed so gay, as a squatter's life for me.

Four years have departed, as a squatter am I, I own it indeed, with a tear and a sigh; For my heart it is heavy; my money is gone, And the Devil himself couldn't raise me a loan. To the boiling pot daily, I wend my sad way, And gaze on my flicks as they whir away; And returning at night, to my lone pot of tea, How wretched the life of the squatter is me!

Four years have departed! oh squatter no more, But events thicken quick in this beautiful clime, And ruin, like flowers, as it ripens apace, With fortunes brightest strews a neck and neck race; The song and the jest in the wild bush and me, And Champagne and cigars, are gone with them to bed, If a chum should drop in, o'er that horrid hot tea, How wretched the life of a squatter is me.

Four years have departed! my cattle and sheep, I'll sell to a good mark, remarkably cheap; For money I want, and the market is dull, And a few preferable held on my wall. And my shepherds all run away, and when I can't pay, From my place they all come making of running away; And then there's the rise in that cursed disease, Oh, how wretched the life of a squatter is me.

Four years have departed! to Sydney I come, But I managed to travel this time with the team; And the City seems changed, and the merchants look blue, And no business at all with the squatter will do. Mr. Petty looks shy, at the club a man he was, This his twelve months' subscription is all in arrears; And to think about Dick would be madness you see, Oh, how wretched the life of a squatter is me.

Some shepherds to hire, at a place I applied, For they told me the market was over supplied, And thought that business might be some cheap; I offered fifteen, and their wages to pay. By an order in town; 'would be paid to the day; But with thumb to the nose all the blackguards you see, Instead of an answer, made lanars at me.

I went to a house where a lady did dwell, Her likes and her satins she sported so well; And her drapery bill, I assumed to pay, But a sad falling off in her house did appear. With its pert little sign-board of "washing-don here," And I felt, oh, how wretched, a squatter to be.

I went to the corner, my schedule to file, And there for my turn, I'd to wait a good while, And my station and ostle, and sheep I resigned, To my duns to sell off, if they felt so inclined, And my heart is felt lighter, when rid of the weight, Of my gawney sheep and my cattle, my sheep and my wate; But with pity look on the poor man's sufferings, For that saddest of wretches, a squatter is he.