

THE BATHURST. ADVOCATE, SATURDAY, JUNE -3, 1848.

PAST, PRESENT, and FUTURE.

The History of New South Wales has no parallel in the history of mankind; and the Colony has very few points in which it can be compared with other countries. Concerning the future, therefore, we can form no proper conjecture. Up to a very late period proofs abounded to show that this Colony— placed at the utmost extreme of the Mother Country— originally constituted the prison of the Empire, and peopled with her outcasts — has made more rapid advances, cost the State less, and has made more adequate returns to Great Britain, than any other Colony she possesses: and, in fine, that the whole history of Colonization, under the , most favourable circumstances and fostering care, can shew nothing equal to New South, Wales, notwithstanding all her disadvantages of distance, population, and misgovernment. Such, facts might lead us to augur great things for, the future. We will, however, for the present, briefly glance at the past.

Thirty years ago, or thereby, the District of Bathurst was made known to the world. Various were the estimates in those days of its capabilities. Some were sanguine; and all were certain, that with, the wheat from Appin and the animal food from "over the Blue Mountains," that the Colony would be able to supply its own means of subsistence. Cumberland was getting overstocked, and a few individuals brought their surplus stock here. Messrs. Cox, Hassall, Lawson, Marsden, Lowe, were among the first. In those days of inexperience this was no slight labour. We had not then, as now, some twenty yards on the line of road, where stock, could be secured for the night; nor houses of call nor of hospitality to supply the expended rations. The old "Weather-boarded, hut," the shelving rock on the top of the "Big Hill," and "Jock's Bridge," offered shelter for the night, which, to use a common phrase, "was thankfully received." But, now, the case is altered! To meet a traveller on the road, in those days was a "cure for sore eyes;" and to hear the barking of a dog at Sidmouth Valley, or at O'Connell Plains, was little less than sweet music; and to obtain the first view of the Government Barn was a sight that did one's heart good. The few scattered sod huts of the town were viewed as little less than splendid dwellings. Again, the case is altered!

Instead, however, of being brief we were in danger of being prolix and tedious. Some other time we will tax the patience of our readers by recurring more in detail to the present and past state of the District.

Bathurst, in a very strong sense, may be looked upon as the parents of many little colonies which have branched off from it. Some of the first settlers of the "New Country" emigrated from Bathurst. Mudgee, the Lachlan, Wellington, Liverpool Plains, and a great number of other places were penetrated through Bathurst. Thirty years ago, "over the Mountains" there were scattered

here and there a station; and a solitary hut-keeper— now, there is a population of fourteen thousand souls within, and a large population beyond the boundaries. Thirty years ago, "over the Mountains" to Bathurst, was the outlet for all the surplus stock "down the country" — long ago Bathurst has been obliged, to seek additional runs for its stock, as in the locations already named - and even these have passed the boundaries, with some ten thousand horses, half a million of cattle, and a million of sheep. Thirty years, ago, the whole Colony could not make such a "muster" as is now to be made 'over the mountains."

Thirty years ago, the only place for occasional Divine Worship, was the Government barn, and, at very long intervals, a service would be performed by Mr. Marsden, a London Society, or Wesleyan, Missionary. Now, the Establishment, the Kirk, the Mission, and the Priest, have their places of worship from the "Big Hill" to "Wellington Valley, and from Mudgee to the Lachlan.

Thirty years ago, every man had to "grind his mess," before he could make his damper; and now he is supplied with flour from half a score of mills. Then he sported his "Factory," now his "'Tweed." Then, the shepherd whose greasy boots collected the mica of sundry streams, flattered himself that he was in the neighbourhood of a gold-mine that was to make his fortune; now we realize rich copper mines.

* * * * By the bye, we know not if our readers are aware that, in Oxley's first journey copper was collected some-where beyond or about Wellington Valley - a rich brown ore, with perhaps not less than 90 per cent. of pure metal in it— also iron ore, nearly pure, and magnetic. At some future day, but not far distant, the latter may be worked into rails on the spot, and become the means of opening a way to the country Sir T. Mitchell last travelled over.

What another thirty years may bring to pass we do not pretend to foretell: but it is our own fault if we are not grateful for the past, thankful for the present, and both trustful and diligent for the future.