

give rise to rivers equal in size to those flowing from the south—for the high land to the south, which we know does exist, is not visible; and why should that to the north be so much nearer as to become so?

But we will follow the river Darling down about 350 miles, from Mount Druid to Laidly Ponds, and it will be perceived that whenever Mitchell was in a position to see our north-eastern range, that he did see it!

Page 234, vol. I.—“The undulating character of the country to the north-west, beyond the river, presented no longer a flat like the ocean, but had various eminences, some resembling table land, others being only undulations but little raised above the common level; but the whole country was variegated with wood and plain.” At the time the country presented this appearance, Mitchell was on an eminence “520 feet high”; there is no mention made of his having been on an eminence of this height higher up the river. May we not infer, that if he had been on an eminence of this height higher up the river, that the country would have presented the same appearance?

Page 237—“The hills recede on the other side of the river, and nothing was visible but a dense volume of distant smoke.”

How can we account for this “dense volume of distant smoke?” We cannot believe that the range was cut off, but that the range “receded,” and that there was a country beyond, or in this recess, sufficiently good to induce the natives of the Darling to leave that river, where they have everything in abundance, and traverse a large extent of desert to get to the interior; for we can hardly conceive the curiosity of the natives to be such as to induce them to leave a good country and cross a desert, unless they knew they could be repaid for doing so! or that that there were natives, who lived in the recess, not connected with the Darling tribes: in either case, we must allow that there is a country in which man could live.

Page 238—“A fine hill, apparently connected with a range extending north, became visible on the right bank of the river.”

Page 239—“A distant range appeared high above the horizon of our camp this morning; and the refracted image was so perfect, that I could distinguish with my glass trees and other objects. To the astonishment of the men, all the hills, however, soon disappeared.”

Page 242—Ascends a hill on the left, and was “discouraged in his hopes respecting the river, by discovering the summit of a hill west-north-west”; for Mitchell had assumed that the “new direction of the river would be to the west” (*i.e.*, interior).

Here we find that Sir Thomas was absolutely “discouraged” by finding his hopes of an interior depression vanish. This may have been discouraging to him, but it is all in our favor!

Page 242—"There was a considerable mirage or refraction this morning. I hastened to a small hill near our camp, that I might behold the transient vision of a distant horizon. The view was most interesting, for high lands, on all sides, appeared raised up as if by magic. I thus perceived that the hill previously seen in the west was connected with a chain which extended round to the north."

Pages 243 and 244—"The horizon, to the west and south-west, was finely broken by hills, resembling Oxley's Table Land and Dunlop's Group; having the appearance of lofty summits of very distant ranges. There is a great difference in the appearance of the hills to the north of the Darling and those to the south, which appear to be the termination of the ranges to the east."

Page 259—"A small stream joins the Darling, and a range is visible beyond it to the westward."

Unfortunately, from this spot there is a gap in our chain of evidence respecting the existence of a range to the north-west of the Darling; for from this place Mitchell returned. But we have now traced the Darling down for about 750 miles, and have found invariably, when circumstances have been in favor of it, "that fine hills," lofty "summits," and "connected ranges" have been seen to the west and north-west, and that the course of the river has been governed by these ranges. In some cases, these ranges have been raised by refraction—and may we not conclude, that if the amount of refraction had been the same continually, during Mitchell's journey down the river, that he would have seen these ranges every day? Is it not more reasonable to suppose this, than that he was only opposite to a range at such times as the mirage or refraction was sufficiently strong to show it above the horizon?

On one occasion, Mitchell crossed the Darling, and went to the summit of a hill to the west. He remarks that "the day was hazy, and that he looked in vain for any indication of water; the heights towards the south-west appeared too detached to promise any." Still it was impossible to ascertain from the hill whether any stream did flow in the country beyond—although appearances were by no means in favor of such a conclusion. This (Mount Murchison) is the first hill ever ascended by an European on the other side.

Thus, we see, that from the only point of high land visited by Mitchell on the north side of the Darling, there was an horizon finely broken by hills, having "the appearance of lofty summits of very distant ranges," and that there was a great difference in the appearance of the hills to the north and those to the south, which latter appear to be the termination of the ranges to the east; also, that "the day was so hazy, that he was unable to ascertain whether any stream flowed in the country beyond." Mention is also made of a small fresh spring oozing from the rocks, on the

north-west side of the Darling. If there be one, may there not be a thousand?—and may not a great portion of the drainage from the ranges west and north-west of the Darling, be lost through the porous nature of the rocks over which it passes, like other Australian streams?—of which, perhaps, the most striking example that may be given, is the Wimmera; how is that lost?—when can it be traced into the Murray? In my own opinion, from what I have heard from the natives to the south-east, I believe that the Wimmera pursues an underground course, and, eventually, such of its water as is not lost in the caverns in the limestone, is conveyed into Lake Alexandrina, near its head—not showing any signs of a channel, but having a subterranean course. This is the case, I believe, with many of our rivers.

But we will now proceed with the range, which we have followed some 700 miles, and which, for that distance, has governed the direction of the Darling.

The direction of this range is about south-west, and, if produced, would ultimately terminate at Cape Jervis.

As I before stated, Mitchell did not proceed lower down the Darling than "Laidly Ponds;" we have, therefore, a break in the direct chain of evidence in favor of the range continuing and joining our main range; but that evidence which is not supplied from actual observation, may be inferred from the course of the river. At this point, we have one of the most remarkable changes, in the direction of the Darling, that occurs in its whole course—namely, a very sudden turn towards the south: evidently showing that there is no interior depression through which it could force its way. What other cause can be assigned for the abandonment of a course steadily pursued for about 700 miles, unless it is the resistance afforded by a rise towards the interior? We will now leave the Darling, and trace the Murray from its junction with the Darling to its finally discharging itself into the ocean; and see how far the course of the Murray is governed by the main range of this portion of New Holland.

The river Murray, from its junction with the Darling, pursues a course, for more than 100 miles, nearly west: in this distance, it is easy to perceive, from the great deviations from the original course of the river, that the resistance afforded by the internal rising of the land is great; and, eventually, we come to the "Great Bend," when the Murray, that prince of Australian rivers, gives way, turns round almost at right angles, and follows a course nearly south to the ocean.

It is rather singular, that opposite to the Great Bend of the Murray, there is also a great bend in our main range, and that the direction it then takes would, if pursued for about 100 miles, connect our main range with that we have followed from Cape York, to the spot where we left it in the Darling.

The connexion of these ranges appears so natural, that it will

be as well to enquire into any causes which may prevent their uniting. If no sufficient cause be found, we may assume that Nature has performed her task, in the construction of New Holland, in a very similar manner to that in which the remainder of the world has been made! If there were such a gap between these two portions of the range (for I can hardly conceive that any person would argue that they were not united at some period), would there not be some indication of it in the course of the Darling and the Murray, by their flowing at this point more towards the interior? Instead of which, we here find one of the most remarkable bends in the whole course of the Darling—not towards, but away from, the interior.

What, then, can cause this break in the range? We find nothing to the south to account for it: let us look to the north—can it be Lake Torrens? The channel between Lake Torrens and the head of Spencer's Gulf is now clearly distinguishable for the whole distance; and, from the circumstance of there being swamps of sea-water at intervals in this channel, and the water of the Lake being also salt, I conceive that the Gulf and the Lake are about upon a level. In fact, if we take into consideration the amount of evaporation which must take place over a sheet of water like Lake Torrens, and which would not be sensibly felt in the Gulf, we may assume that the water of the Lake, except during extraordinary high floods, would be on a lower level than the ocean.

The distance between the most eastern point of Lake Torrens ("where it appeared to be dry") and the only place where we can conceive it possible that the Lake can join the Darling, is about 250 miles; and the height of the river above the sea at this point, is about 100 feet.\* Therefore, considering Lake Torrens to be *on a level* with the sea, it is utterly impossible that there can be any connexion between it and the river.

Allowing Lake Torrens to be of such an altitude above the sea, as to place it on a level with the Darling: is it reasonable to suppose that it would have a connexion with that river 250 miles off, and not with the Gulf, which is only 50 or 60, when we know that there may be a range between the Lake and the Darling, and that there is an unbroken channel towards the Gulf?

Suppose we raise the Lake considerably higher than the Darling, in order to give the waters of the Lake a greater chance of washing their way to the river: is it not more probable that they would pursue the most direct (and that which is known to be the open) course to the Gulf, than that they would go about four or five times the distance to get to the Darling? And if they did get to the Darling, what would be the result? The waters of the Lake are as salt as the sea; would they not impart this

\* Eyre.

saltness to the waters of the Darling and the Murray? Instead of which, we find that the waters of the Darling and the Murray, below this, are quite fresh.

It may be argued that the waters of the Lake find their way into the Darling, when we are informed that the water of that river is salt. To which I will reply, that in order to effect this, the Lake must be raised to such a height above the sea, as to keep the channel between it and the Gulf open; and there would be a rapid current along this channel: for the "Brine Springs" of the Darling are about 400 miles from Lake Torrens, and 250 feet above the sea.

Having, I think, shown that there is not sufficient ground either to the north or the south for supposing that our main range is broken, we will enquire what reason there is to believe that there is this break?

I know of none other, than that there is a space in the first 600 miles from the south, of about 100 or 150 miles, that has not been seen; and certainly this is no proof of its non-existence.

We will next enquire into the probability of its continuing and joining that range which we have traced down the Darling.

As far as our range has been followed—which is about 250 miles from its southern extremity (Cape Jervis)—there appears to be a steady increase in its altitude; and from this point, there does not appear to be any diminution in the height of the range, as far as it could be traced.

Captain Frome, with his usual kindness, has allowed me to give an idea of the relative height of the plains about 150 miles north of Adelaide, as ascertained by his approximate levels; and from them it appears that the plains 150 miles from Adelaide have the same elevation above the sea, that the highest points in this range have in the parallel of Adelaide.

Can we in reason suppose, that in 100 miles, or thereabouts—which is the unexplored portion—a range, which has been steadily rising for 250 miles, would, after attaining an altitude of above 3000 feet above the sea, be suddenly chopped off; and that a little farther on another range, having the same line of direction, and which has been traced for several hundred miles, should be chopped off also—when, by pursuing their course a few miles, they would join?

Nature certainly performs some wonderful freaks; but if we enquire into her ways, there is always a degree of uniformity: and, on looking over the world, I have been unable to find that Nature has performed such a freak as breaking through the main range of a continent, without any apparent object—the passage of a river, or the sea.

Having now shown that there is reason to believe that an unbroken range of hills exists between this and the most northern point of New Holland, we will next enquire as to the probable height of some of its summits. This range is somewhere about

2000 miles in length; and as we know that there cannot be a rise all this distance, we will assume that the highest points are about the middle of this range, or 1000 miles off. In 150 miles, there is a rise of about 1000 feet; therefore, assuming this rise to be constant, we should get about 8000 feet as the probable elevation of some of the points in this range. This includes the height of the range at the point from which we start (3000 feet), 150 miles from Adelaide. We have just as much reason to believe that the altitude would be greater, as that it would be less.

With a range, the probable maximum elevation of which above the sea may be 8000 feet—why should we hesitate to proceed towards the interior? Can we for one moment suppose that all the wood, water, and grass is collected at the southern extremity, and does not extend beyond 250 miles or so?

I think, the very fact of an abundance of these essentials having been found in this range, as far as it had been followed, ought to be considered a sufficient guarantee for its conducting us safely across the continent. Certainly, if we judge of what we have not seen, by that which we have seen, there is no reason to fear.

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#### HOMEWARD YEARNINGS.

The gale of yesterday has died,  
 The brawling winds as death are still,  
 In glassy sleep the waves subside,  
 Outworn by their own stormy will;  
 Mute is each vale and tree-crowned hill,  
 Save where the wild dog tracks the dew,  
 Or, like the voice of sorrow, shrill  
 And sadly plaints the lorn curlew.

Twilight, Day's ghost, ere seen is gone;  
 And ocean rolls in light afar,  
 Swathing, each in its silvery zone,  
 Yon isles, which her loved infants are;  
 Far in Heaven's depth gleams many a star—  
 Ah, not the stars my boyhood knew!  
 And cleaving the horizon's bar,  
 The keen moon pales the cloudless blue.

What saw'st thou, moon! in hours scarce o'er,  
 While brightening yonder hemisphere?  
 Did kindred eyes upon thee pore?  
 And hearts sigh—"Would that he were here!"  
 Say, didst thou gild the turret ere  
 'Neath which that old man, worn with thought,  
 Led my first prayers, and made more dear  
 To all the sacred lore he taught?

Did thy beams clasp that rustic home  
 Round which, a pensive, dreaming boy,  
 In Shakspeare's witching world I'd roam,  
 Or snatch from Byron sterner joy?  
 Where Spenser's page gave sweet employ,  
 Beside the trout-stream in the vale—  
 Do the trees yet young feet decoy,  
 And, rose-wreathed, still thy risings hail?

What saw'st thou, moon! my boyhood's friend!  
 Companion! 'neath yon distant sky?  
 Do forms beloved in old scenes blend?  
 Does laughter wreath each brow and eye  
 When Christmas mirth is mounting high?  
 Does still the merry viol sound,  
 And feet as merrily reply,  
 Accordant with the heart's glad bound?

Yet say, what saw'st thou? eyes grown dim,  
 Though not with age? and faces pale,  
 Yet not from pain? and sturdy limb  
 Grown feeble, from some unseen ail?  
 O'er what new grave do mourners wail?  
 Who yet endures the thrall of life,  
 Hugging its cares with grasp most frail?  
 And who has fled the feverish strife?

One moment could I doff this clay,  
 And spring forth, an unbodied mind,  
 I would outspeed light's swiftest ray,  
 And, leaving thy gross beams behind,  
 'Mid scenes of past delight would wind:  
 Shunning the footprints of decay,  
 I'd pause where I might objects find,  
 Whose old forms have not passed away!

Fond wish! and not more fond than vain!  
 Here, where the savage hath his home,  
 My soul endures the rankling chain,  
 And scarce on fancy's wings may roam!  
 What am I? Bubble of the foam  
 Cast on this shore by life's rough sea!  
 Frail bubble, burst! and to yon dome  
 Yield the breath that sustaineth thee!

N. H.

Port Lincoln, December, 1842.

## THE CURATE.

FROM "PYLEWELL," AN UNPUBLISHED MS.

"TIME rolls on his ceaseless course," and whether clear and bright as peace, and rapid as joy, or in the eddies and whirlpools of war and tumults, or in the Stygian heaviness of sorrow and despair, all is swept along in the ceaseless current. And time tarried not at that sad funeral, nor in the mournful chamber. Paul's grief was thrown upon the stream, and, as it floated away in the distance of years, his heart was soothed into the tenderness of an affectionate and indelible remembrance; and he cherished with unceasing watchfulness and love that "Forget me not"—that little son, who, to him, was the golden chain that linked earth to heaven—which on earth was his, and in heaven Mary's.

At the end of about four years, he withdrew from the grave-stones of his wife and of her parents to the vicarage of Bolde, where he was met by the widow of his brother, and her little inseparable child, Margaret. There he received the welcome of his patron and old friend, Sir Thomas Mowbray, and cut short, by a ready acquiescence, his delicate hints and hesitating proposals, and Master Archibald Mowbray and little Joe Williams became schoolfellows. At Boldre, Paul was a happy man. Remember, reader, I speak humanly—happiness is one thing and man another; nevertheless, in Paul the two were well met. Man's first home is in himself; and Paul, who at Athens, in the days of her living glory, would have been a "bright particular star" in the firmament of the Academy, enjoyed here all the happy tranquillity of a christian philosopher. His daily remembrance of his sainted wife was not unhappiness; and the very tear which would sometimes well forth from the fountain of his love, was not unhappiness—it was the mingled softness of sorrow for a lost earthly blessing, and of joy for a friend who was away among the angels.

At Boldre, Paul did the duties of his ministry. He had learned in his heart what were the love, the self-sacrifice, the beneficence, the charity of his Master when in the flesh, and he went forth and did likewise—not indeed in degree, but in kind. To the extent of his means he clothed the naked, he fed the hungry, and healed the sick. To Cæsar, he rendered the things which were Cæsar's—and himself, the ecclesiastical Cæsar of the vicarial revenues of his parish, he acted with the munificence and clemency of a Titus.

He had learned also in his heart the power of religion in the spirit—and not a cottage in his parish but had heard from his own voice the pastoral exhortations, blessings, and reproofs of his ministry; whilst his pulpit—tenanted, a lack, before him by a dry and heavy predecessor—became the rock smitten by the rod of Moses, from whence gushed forth the majestic stream of Divine truth, adorned upon its banks with the beauties of his eloquence—from whence emanated Divine consolations in the musical



riplings of a pleasant river, and Divine denunciations in the foaming thunder of an overwhelming cataract.

At home he had full employment, not only in the solitude of his study, but in the education of the two boys, Joe and Archibald. People used to wonder how these boys, who were never *housed* more than two or three hours of a day, made progress; but that space (I suppose, reader, you will not believe it) was, with Mr Williams's system, equal to ten or twelve hours' imprisonment imposed in ordinary schools upon the unfortunate little *détenues*, whose physical powers are thus kept in a state of depression never designed by, and undoubtedly injurious to, nature. Mr Williams began to teach his scholars their grammar, not out of their grammar, but at their readings. He knew the folly of burthening the memory with rules, almost every one of which were compounded of abstract terms which they could not understand. He therefore instilled into their young minds so much (and that was a good deal) of the philosophy of grammar as could be conveyed in familiar conversation and illustration, so as to prepare them for the technical rules; and then their memories came, nothing loth, to the task, habitually exercised, as they had previously been, upon subjects in which the understanding and the fancy were equally engaged.

And, oh wondrous! he could proceed without that indispensable lever for raising the dead weight of youthful and buoyant minds, emulation—that compound of juvenile strife and envy, hatred and uncharitableness. With him there was no taking of places; but the correction by the one of the other's inadvertence or momentary deficiency, was made to be an act of kindness; and if there was any real idleness or perverseness, it could not long withstand the authoritative sternness of his rebuke.

As to society, although he was sometimes dragged an unwilling sacrifice to those altars of fortune and of gossip (I don't think the ancients acknowledged the latter deity), the tea and card tables of Lymington, yet his real society was principally at home, or in his friendship with Sir Thomas Mowbray, to whom Paul, in his decline, really became inestimable. Sir Thomas, if he found his powers of perception failing, resorted to Paul as his oracle. And who can tell the treasure at which the Baronet estimated those conversations—at once familiar and exalted, friendly and uncompromising—which weaned him from the habitudes of this world, and reminded him of the impending exchange of his borough of Lymington, for a city built of very different materials; and that gout, as Hans Holbein had before told him, was as onward a dancer as any of the pretty nymphs in the allegory of the hours.

Thus time passed on; and, oh Jenner, thou benefactor of men, that this had been the season of thine advent! The boys were about ten years old, when Joseph, the heart-string of his father's mortal life, in all the innocence and beauty of his boyhood, sunk down into his untimely grave, a victim to the small pox. Reader,

I am not going to play the tragedian, for I am a parent—but my sight is suffused with something which acts upon it like an ill-suited pair of spectacles—my ink is diluting with paleness, and I see my pen in such dim confusion that I cannot write quite so comfortably; and I will, with your leave, therefore, just step out into the paddock, and see that the grubbing is going on properly.

This was no medicinable wound—Paul's strong constitution was irremediably smitten; its strength prolonged its decadence for six years of sorrow and privation. He kissed the rod which smote him with devout submission, and had he been of the Romish Church, he would, perhaps, have lingered out his pilgrimage in the shades of a monastic cloister; but he was of a church which, whilst he knew his time was short, taught him that they which weep, must be as though they wept not—that they must reckon the sufferings of this present time as not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed—that he must still fight the good fight, and continue steadfast to the end. One happy result of these devout feelings and of this active spirit was, that he left to Archibald and his niece, Margaret, a legacy of good principles which made them rich indeed.

There are, at times, a few hours in which the sickly and the sinking feel, with a peculiar felicity, a full and splendid harmony of their spirits and their bodies; in which all seems bright, and clear, and beautiful, as the blue atmosphere of an Italian landscape, and the pressure of "body" seems lost in a certain foretaste of the "*mens divina, segregata ab omni concretionem mortali.*" In such a state as this, and in such an atmosphere, one Sabbath morn, Paul crossed the meadows and skirted the coppices, and slowly climbed the knoll where the church of Boldre is shrouded in solemn seclusion by the forest-oaks; his thoughts revolving in his mind like the floating of angels in the expanse of heaven. I shall never forget that day, or the fine powerful style in which he read the morning service.

The energy of his former health had seemed to be restored; but, as he returned from the vestry to ascend the pulpit stairs, I remarked a great change—he was pale, and seemed exhausted. Alas! thought I, thou too art going like the withered leaves that now strew the church-yard, and thy beloved people will be left like the naked branches to the winter's wind—for who shall come after thee? His text was from the words of Joseph to his brethren—"See that ye fall not out by the way." After descending upon the origin of the patriarchal family, and the characteristics of those fathers of a countless people, who yet retained much of the glorious form and constitution of body which before the flood had endured for ages, and whose spirits, powerful as their bodies, yet retained much of the instantaneous perception and noble vigor and simplicity which were in the soul of Adam when he used in his innocence to commune with the angels; and, after pausing upon some remarks tending to edification, upon the history of a family confessedly as instructive in its views of human