

brush, but for the most part open. There they passed on a course of 157° to the west of south, and the soil was a mixture of red sand and clay. The trees were low, and consisted of a new casuarina and a new species of capparid, a fine specimen of which he had previously found in the scrub near Oxley's table-land. At about nine miles they changed their course to 135° to the west of south, and continued upon it for the remainder of the day. The further they advanced the worse the country became, covered with *atriplax* and *rhagodia*, and the plains had large patches of bare red ground, the surfaces of which were baked and dry. At twenty-six miles they ascended a sand hill, from which they descended to and crossed a creek, with a dry and gravelly bed, coming from the hills, and apparently falling into the low country to the westward. After crossing the creek, they still held their course of 135° to the west of south, for a bluff in the range towards which they were rapidly approaching, and at $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles were conducted by their guide to a well under a gum tree. This they were obliged to clean out for a scanty supply of water, the bed of the creek being still gravel and sand, with all the appearance of a mountain torrent.

Having ascended the ranges, they saw from the summit a plain to the west, surrounded by hills, but no indication of a creek or any cheering object. They then followed up a creek from the water-hole at which they were encamped, till they had risen to a level with the plain they had seen from the hills, and in spite of the expostulation of their native guide, still pursued its course, although it gradually diminished in size as it wended to the westward. A little further on they came to a beautiful pool of water, at which they encamped. At the direction of their guide they next passed a remarkable ironstone range, on which the needle deviated 43 degrees to the east of north. The iron ore lay in a ridge, and in immense blocks along the spire of the hill, bearing north and south, and was the finest and most beautiful Captain Sturt had ever seen. After turning to the eastward, they discovered that their guide was acting treacherously, and accordingly returned to their camp at the pond; but encountered a severe gale of wind, that carried away every light thing they had, and the remainder of the day was intensely cold. From their encampment they proceeded in a course of 140° to the west of south. The soil of the plain was red sand and clay, covered with *salsolæ* and grass in tufts.

On the 6th November they ascended a lofty hill; but the view from it was unsatisfactory, being limited by other ranges, so that they could see nothing of the country beyond. They pursued their course through a narrow and rocky defile; steep hills rising on each side, till they were stopped by some blocks of granite, traversing the head of the creek. After some vain attempts to find a pass, one was at length discovered, through which they descended to those plains, the opposite extremity of which they were never destined to reach, and on which their sojourn was as fearful an imprisonment, and as severe a trial, as it ever fell to the lot of man to bear. At the base of the ranges they turned to the north, to find the mouth of the gully, down which they had been unable to proceed, and finding water there stopped for the night. The direc-