

adorned by hills of the most romantic form, presenting outlines which surpass in picturesque beauty the fairest creations of the painter, "isolated rocks appearing over the woods, resembling ruined castles, temples, and gothic cathedrals, the trees being also so varied, graceful in form, and rich in colour, and contributing so much to the general beauty of the scenery, that I have (says the narrator) been induced to distinguish the river and the lake by the name of a painter." When, lastly, we read of the travellers "journeying, for ten days together, through open downs and plains, with a river in the midst, the verdure and luxuriant pasturage surpassing in quality, as it did in extent, anything they had ever before seen." When such descriptions as these, made by accredited eye-witnesses, meet the public eye, what must be the inference? Indubitably, either that they who speak in such terms are guilty of gross exaggerations, and, therefore, unfit for office, or that these noble districts have been much maligned. We believe, indeed, the latter to be the case. We think that splendid territories of large extent in Australia await the settlers from Great Britain, who, under due appointment, may be induced to emigrate thither, combining the advantages of position, or very nearly so, which Port Essington is alleged to hold in regard to the fertile islands of the Indian Ocean and China. We contend also for the probability of there being ports within the great basin of Carpentaria which might stand superior to it in other respects. Again, it cannot be imagined but that many of the fine rivers enumerated by Sir Thomas Mitchell, as seen by him in his overland journey from Sydney, between latitude 30° , or thereabouts, and lat. $24^{\circ} 30' S.$, must have a confluence with the ocean, and be more or less navigable for merchant vessels. Is not the whole extent of waste, from the boundary limit of New South Wales to the northernmost point of this southern continent, open to English Colonisation? Why should we, with a pertinacity not very comprehensible, retain a languishing Colony amidst, or in the neighbourhood of, unhealthy swamps—not even possessing that almost indispensable requisite of a flourishing settlement, a navigable river, while such a sweep of coast is left us? While we have a choice of ports, from the Bay of Inlets, under the tropic of Capricorn, to Endeavour river, of noble width, and thence to Cape York, forming the apex of the Gulf of Carpentaria—including a line of coast trending from New South Wales to the latter point, in $12^{\circ} 30' S.$, which, either through the enterprise of Sir Thomas Mitchell, or some other active explorer, will soon, it is hoped, be more accurately known—the extensive work of Colonisation is open to the British Empire.

We have often endeavoured to recommend this extensive emigration upon argument, showing that civilised and densely peopled countries lose nothing, in the issue, by parting with some of their numerical strength; but that their grandeur and power, on the other hand, are promoted by the extension of the newly created communities. Cannot—for the subject will afford to be frequently urged—cannot the superfluous hands which now often crowd our asylums throughout the land, engendering heavy imposts—cannot the unemployed in the dense masses of portions of our population, consuming the produce of our