

The Opossum always comes down head foremost, and finding an almost horizontal path to the ground ready made for it, takes it at once, gets its head in the noose, falls off and is hung. The only precaution necessary, is to allow the animal room enough to swing free so that it cannot catch hold of the trunk. A trapper had lately been camping on this bit of bush, and nearly all the large trees had their lean-to's remaining.

To ascend to a hole in a tree to drive opossums out in the daytime, a light sapling with convenient lateral branches is cut down and placed against the tree, and forms a ready ladder.

One of the most curious sights in the bush was that of the ancient tracks of the Aborigines up the trees, which had been climbed by them to obtain opossums or wild honey. These tracks are the series of small notches made each by three blows of the tomahawk, to admit the great toes, and thus act as a ladder to the Black man. The tracks, which are to be seen everywhere in Australia, lead to the most astonishing heights, up bare perpendicular smooth-barked gum-trees. Knowing bushmen can distinguish the ancient ones made by the stone tomahawk before the Blacks obtained iron from the English. Many are to be seen on old dead barkless tree-trunks, and now that the Blacks are gone they remind one of fossil foot-prints of extinct animals.

Marvellous as this power of climbing with so little support is, it can be done by Whites, and I was assured in New South Wales, when on the Hawkesbury river, that there was a White man in the neighbourhood who could beat any Black at this sort of climbing, doing it in exactly the same way, and being often employed by my informant in collecting wild honey for him at so much a nest. In the same way there are said to be Whites who can throw the boomerang better than any Blacks. In fact, a White man, when he brings his superior faculties to bear on the matter, can always beat a savage in his own field, except perhaps at tracking.

We looked up into all the trees for a native bear (*Phascolarctos cinereus*), and saw tracks of Kangaroos, but not the animals themselves. We stayed out only one night, and got back as we arrived only at nightfall, after a protracted struggle with the mud. The roads were mostly short cuts, and were what are called "made, but not metalled." Making a road is simply clearing of trees a line of ground of a certain breadth and marking the bounds with a plough. In using such a road, constant divergencies have to be successively made in order to avoid deep mud and swampy bits, or occasionally fallen trees, and the track gradually widens and straggles in the adjoining bush.