

it curiously represented the Blue Mountain configuration on a small scale. It is only necessary to plough a furrow anywhere in the soil about Camden to lead to the formation in a short time of such a chasm.

I twice enjoyed the kind hospitality of Sir William McArthur, at Camden Park. The park is 10,000 acres in extent. Here I went out on several occasions to shoot opossums by moonlight. The opossums are out feeding on the trees at night or are out on the ground, and rush up the trees on the approach of danger. They are very difficult to see by one not accustomed to the work, but those who habitually shoot them discover them with astonishing ease.

In order to find the animals, the sportsman places himself so as to get successive portions of the tree between his eye and the moonlight, and thus searching the tree over, at last he catches sight of a dark mass crouching on a branch, and usually sees the ears pricked up as the animal watches the danger. This is called "mooning" the opossums. Then with a gun in one's hand one fully realises for the first time the meaning of the saying "'possum up a gum-tree."

The unfortunate beast has the toughness of its skin alone to trust to; "bang!" and down it comes with a heavy thud on the ground, falling head first, tail outstretched, or it clings with claws or tail, or both, to the branches, swaying about wounded, and requires a second shot. It must come down at last, unless indeed the tree be so high that it is out of shot, or it manages to nip a small branch with its prehensile tail, in which case it sometimes contrives to hang up even when dead and remain out of reach.

Nearly all the female opossums which I shot had a single young one in the pouch. The young seemed to be attached with equal frequency to the right or left teat. I shot the animals in the hopes of obtaining young in the earlier stage, but found none such. Amongst stockmen, and even some well-educated people in Australia, there is conviction that the young kangaroo grows out as a sort of bud on the teat of the mother within the pouch. We killed about 20 opossums in a couple of hours on each occasion on which I went out.

Sometimes we got a Native Cat, *Dasyurus viverrinus*. It is not easily seen in the trees unless there are dogs to pick out the tree. On one occasion we came upon a small animal alluded to the Native Cat, but much rarer, *Phascogale penicillata*.

Once I visited a great "camp" of fruit-eating bats, "Flying Foxes" as they are here called (*Pteropus poliocephalus*). In a dense piece of bush, consisting principally of young trees, the trees were hung all over with these bats, looking like great