

black fruits. As we approached the bats showed signs of uneasiness, and after the first shot were rather difficult to approach, moving on from before us and pitching in a fresh tree some way ahead.

The bats uttered a curious cackling cry when disturbed. They were in enormous numbers, and although thousands had been shot not long before by a large party got together for the purpose, their numbers were not perceptibly reduced. They do great harm to the fruit orchards about Paramatta, and the fruit growers there organise parties to shoot them. They have the cunning to choose a set of trees where the undergrowth is exceedingly dense, and where it is therefore difficult to get at them. I shot seven or eight, but they are very apt to hang up by their hooked claws when shot, and I lost several. I could find no *Nycteribia* living on these bats, although these insects are usually so common on the various species of Pteropus.

At Pennant Hills, near Paramatta, there is plenty of bushland and a fine large "common," as it is called, *i.e.*, a tract of wild uncleared land of several thousand acres, in which all the neighbouring landowners have the right to cut timber and firewood. It is a fine wild track, with gullies, in which run small streams amongst the sandstone rocks and steep rocky banks covered with ferns, orchids, and Grass-trees, and other plants, forming a varied and beautiful vegetation.

Here there are still plenty of Bush Wallabies (*Halmaturus ualabatus*), and three were shot for me one morning. They are wary and difficult to approach, and I rode all day in the bush without seeing one. There are nests of wild European bees also in the dead limbs of the gum-trees, and we felled a tree and got out about thirty pounds of fine honey.

Once we started a Kangaroo Rat, *Hypsiprimnus*, from its round ball-like nest, which was lying on the ground under a tuft of grass. It was like a large wren's nest. The rat is said to be wary enough never to return to the nest when once disturbed, but always to make a fresh one.

At night we went out with a pack of terriers and mongrels of all kinds, to hunt Bandicoots (*Perameles nasuta*). Only one little terrier was of much use, but he was worth a great deal for this kind of work.

He has not been long off into the fern before we hear his short sharp bark, and know he is on the scent. Off go all the curs that have been hanging at our heels, lazy and doing nothing, to join in the fun. At last a peculiar whining bark is heard, and "Snap's" master knows that the Bandicoot is run to earth; the earth in this case being the hollow pipe running down the stem of some fallen gum-tree.