

# THE COLONIAL MONTHLY.

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DECEMBER, 1867.

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## TASMANIAN MEMORIES.

BY A SETTLER'S WIFE.

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### THE LANDING NET.

Oh! the days when we went 'cray-fishing,'  
A long time ago!

"**M**OTHER! Mother! Here's Father come back, and Lizzie; and they've brought *such* a basket of cray-fish!"

The dog-cart had only just passed the window where I sat, and I was laying aside my work, to hasten out and welcome the arrival, when Geoffrey came tearing in with the news. "*Such* a basket of cray-fish!" *That* was the great event to him; and before I had reached the court-yard, and greeted my returned wanderers, he was busy, with hands full of kelp, unpacking the basket and bringing out the contents in great glee.

"Four—five—six—here Mary, take these, and fetch a larger dish—there's another layer yet; nine—ten—*there's* a beauty! Did you ever see such a fellow? Why, his horns are as long as my arm! Oh! what fun it must be to catch them! Did *you* catch all these, Father?"

"All? Oh, yes—but not all in the same manner."

"What, are there different ways of fishing for them?" said Geoffrey, looking up, with eager inquiry in his face.

"Yes, and different places, too. Some I pulled up in a net, off the rocks, and some I took much more easily, with a few small bits of metal and a dish, at the inn door."

The boy's earnest interrogative look flashed off in merry laughter, as he said, "Oh! I don't care for that sort of fishing, but I *should* like to pull the fellows up myself—shouldn't you, Mother?"

Now, I am not given to any kind of (so called) "sport," that I know of. I have tried to fish; but as I can neither impale the

worm, nor tear the quivering fish from the hook, my performances are more trouble than profit to my companions; and it would never have occurred to me, myself, to go cray-fishing; but that shining face, all aglow with delight and animation, dazzled me, I think, and I felt that at all events it would be very pleasant to go and watch that, and see those strong lithe limbs in the full tide of delight amongst rocks and waves, revelling in boyish excitement. So that same evening at supper, where sundry of the dainty cray-fish were in process of dismemberment, and dressing in divers manners, it was decided that Geoffrey and I should ride over to the coast the following week, to catch some on our own account; for the Christmas holidays were on the wane, and the time near when our boy must return to school.

The intervening days brought an industrial epidemic. A new landing-net must be made, "Because, you know, Father had one lent to him, and we might not be able to get it, and then, it will always be useful." Accordingly, my stores were ransacked in search of meshes and netting-needles. The only one of the latter which I had, suitable for the purpose, was a present from a nice old fisherman, who was a great ally of mine when we lived on the north coast. He supplied us constantly with excellent fish, which was the greater luxury, as good meat was seldom obtainable there; and whenever his line or net captured any rare or odd-looking denizen of the deep, he always carried it to me—"Cause the mistress always likes to circumspect 'em, whatever they be, and maybe she'd like to be making drawins' of 'em;" for Donald knew my propensities in that way, and humoured them with his best endeavours. One day, when he came again after an illness, in which some small ministration of mine had been of service, he brought me the netting-needle as a present. He had carved it very neatly with his knife out of a bit of seasoned native wood, and gave it a final polish on the cuff of his red flannel shirt ere he presented it. Poor old Donald! When we left that pleasant sea-side home, to remove to another part of the island, he cried so distressingly, that having my own particular regrets also heavy on my heart, I found I was crying too. He would really miss us, good old fellow! for he seemed alone in the world, and his daily visit to our kitchen and the frequent chat we held with him over his garden fence when we walked past his hut, had, no doubt, their own small value, besides the more substantial benefits derived from our residence near him.

One practice he had that always troubled me when I saw it. It was provoking to watch him wheeling away barrow-load after barrow-load of fresh, wholesome, handsome fish—their silvery scales glancing in the sunlight with iridescent tints of blue, rose, and purple; and their round amber and topaz eyes scarcely even dimmed—to manure his potato-plot; and this, whilst I knew that so many of the poor—terribly poor, "cockatoos" (as the very small

farmers are called in that locality) would have been so thankful for some of those good fish to vary their monotonous diet of potatoes alone. But Donald had not time nor strength to travel a round of twenty or thirty miles; and the cockatoos were too hard at work clearing and digging, and keeping stray cattle outside of their insufficient fences, to fetch the fish; and thus happened one of those sad misfits between supply and demand, which are so distressing and vexatious, and over which wiser heads than mine puzzle and prose, and finish very much in the same place where they begin.

Old Donald's keepsake, the needle, then, came from its hiding place into use, and to be "taken great care of." The carpenter was besieged with petitions for meshes, which he duly and neatly made. Then we must try to find the sort of twine fit for the work; in which important selection "Father" was asked to assist, by virtue of his lang-syne experience in such matters.

When all else was ready, a kind little pair of feminine hands—now folded in their last cold quiet rest—began the course of instruction, and, with more patience than many a greater work could have evoked in his mercurial soul, Geoffrey set himself earnestly and quietly to master the art of netting. Several essays were made and cancelled; the unfinished results being given to the cook for "cabbage-nets," and, I grieve to say, received by that faithful servitor with an ungracious "Bless the boy! what's use o' things with some o' the holes the size of a sixpence, and some as 'll let a tatur through? 'Sides, nobody don't eat cabbage 'cept in the kitchen, so I don't want no net to bile it in."

"Practice makes perfect" in most departments of manufactures, and a capital net was at last triumphantly tied at the end, and spread out for exhibition over the head and shoulders of the exultant maker. Then an iron hoop off a cask was procured, "whipped" with canvas, and the net firmly sewn round it with twine—a grand success! Finally, the ropes, by which it was to be lowered into the fishy haunts, being skilfully attached by the careful Father-hands, the net was complete; and I think that the household generally shared the satisfaction evinced on the occasion.

At last the day arrived.

How early Geoffrey was afoot that morning I do not venture to specify; but there were rumours afloat of mysterious noises having been heard at intervals during the previous night; and of white-garmented, bare-footed spectral shapes seen flitting about, bearing various incongruous articles—amongst which a landing-net was obtrusively visible; and which, judging from the conflicting evidence of several disturbed sleepers, must have been absolutely ubiquitous.

The early breakfast was a hurried and desultory meal, and the horses were at the door before I left the table to put on my habit.

"Indeed, Mother, I wonder you did not put it on when you got up—that would have saved ten minutes at least."

Behold us mounted. My beautiful old Arab, Nelly—once dark grey, now nearly white—bore me, and also my small valise on the pommel; night-gear, and a print-dress for our sea-fishing, occupied very small space; and a sketch-book went in the habit-pocket. My companion's "get-up" was far more striking. Mounted on the iron-grey fiery "Hotspur" (Nelly's noble son), which he managed even then like a master of horse-craft, he had a small roll-valise strapped in front; and, slung over his shoulders, like a great shield of novel construction, worn behind instead of before, he bore the landing-net. The smaller brothers shouted with delight at the remarkable effect—the good-byes were all said—the old groom grinned from ear to ear as he opened the gate—and we cantered off on our expedition.

There are several crises which occur to us in turn, as the parental, and more especially *maternal*, life and experiences advance and mature; but to me, the most striking and touching which I have yet felt, is when the child whom we have cherished and tended through soft, helpless babyhood, nursed and carried about, and fed so daintily, and guarded from less than a shadow of harm with such vigilant, self-tormenting anxiety and zeal—whose little feet we have so cautiously guided over the perils of a door-mat, and a thorn in whose tiny pink morsel of a little finger has been a matter of painful concern and kisses—when this heart-idol begins not only to stand erect on its own pedestal without being sustained by the mother-hand, but feels able and proud to offer help in its turn—that is the change one feels the most strangely. It seems quite startling—a dizzy *bouleversement* of all our established facts and feelings; and though our eyes fill with tears, that are certainly not born of sorrow, and our heart is proud and happy, still we feel that something has gone—something is lost to us for ever—and the stalwart son who offers his firm ready hand to guide us over the broken plank-bridge, or who is off his horse in a second, and adroitly disentangling a bramble from one's habit, or arranging girth or bridle more conveniently, seems to have undergone transmigration as well as growth; there is, besides the old familiar individuality, a new entity in his being, with which we are not yet on perfectly intimate terms. I feel that I express myself clumsily, but those who have shared the odd, surprised, happy state of mother-wonder I allude to, will translate my lame idiom by their own heart's memories, and will understand the queer sort of fascination I experienced in having for the first time, a trusty and efficient cavalier in my own "little boy."

We had about twenty miles to ride to reach the coast where the cray-fish abounded. The first four or five led us through straggling, scraggy bush of gaunt skeleton eucalyptus trees of several kinds—peppermint<sup>a</sup> principally, with here and there a few

wattles<sup>b</sup> or sheoaks,<sup>c</sup> and an undergrowth of small shrubs—acacia,<sup>d</sup> Daviesia,<sup>e</sup> tetratheca,<sup>f</sup> and the white, red, and pink epacridæ<sup>g</sup>; but the frequent "burnings-out" to which this land was subject had charred and "uglified" it exceedingly.

I often grow very impatient at the hideous disfiguration which these new countries suffer in the "civilising" and "redeeming-from-the-wilderness" processes, and I am well aware that such impatience is silly and irrational to all utilitarian minds; which, of course, find more to gladden them in lines of raw new posts and rails, and patches of fat rich land, upon which the poor old disinherited trees have been grubbed and split and burned, than in the grandest bit of primeval forest that ever lifted my heart and eyes to reverence its beauty. A cornfield with a good crop, cannot be anything but a goodly sight to look upon, whether it lie before us as a greener sea, with the gentle passing breeze stroking it into hollows and waves, each different in tint and undulation, and seeming the greenest things on earth, till a darkening flight of parroquets skim low across the earing heads, flashing their living emeralds before us, paling the less green field; or whether, in the fervid harvest time, the ripe full-bearded grain sways heavily on golden stems, that seem too slight to bear it up, and look, when bound and shocked as if glad to be relieved from too-pressing responsibility; whilst the harvest waggon, and the dray with its largest frame on, are piled with heaped-up loads: the teams of noble, sleek, sagacious oxen stand in solid grave content, winding in with their elastic tongues the stray handfuls within their reach; and the favourite dogs, that have sauntered with us to the field, trot off together down that bank—where the tall brake and the graceful crown-fern, and the black-berried pepper-tree with crimson stems,<sup>h</sup> grow in the cool shade of those massive-foliaged lightwoods<sup>i</sup>—and stepping lazily into the bright ripples of the brook, lie, lapping and luxurious. Corn-fields *must* be beautiful in all aspects; but alas! for the dreary state of betweenity which inevitably intervenes after original Nature is rubbed out, and before useful production is painted in! If the Ancient Britons had a taste for the picturesque, as I believe they had, how agonising to them must have been the clearings and mighty innovations of their Roman masters; the straight, broad, uncompromising belts of huge roadways, the Sarn Helen, the Via Julia, Watling-street, Ickneild-street, and others—not as now, curiously sought and dimly visible through the mellowing touch of centuries, but raw and harsh; a discord to the eye, and a throbbing sore of thralldom on the shoulders heaving beneath the yoke!

Doubtless, the Britons in due time learned to know the value of the Roman roads, though the fact that the fashion of making such died out with the introducers is against that theory; and in time too, the most inveterate Doctor Syntax of us all may be reconciled to the resignation of his "charming bit of wilderness," by the substantial compensation of a full barn and a balance at his banker's.



and in time also—a much longer time, though—the beauty of perfect civilisation and cultivation, of a land of garden, orchard, and cornfield, like Hereford or Devonshire, may and will surpass the wild and, it must be owned, rather hungry charms of the Australian forest; but the transition state is ugly—ugliest.

A tolerable idea of the future aspect of rural colonial civilisation might be gained by a visit to the group of homesteads through the midst of which our onward way led, after passing two fords of winding rivers, where the yellow bottle-brush,<sup>j</sup> the pink native rose,<sup>k</sup> and the white-flowered tea-tree<sup>l</sup> overhung the banks, and dipped pendant branches in the swift stream, where the small speckled trout shot madly off from the sunny shallows to the shade, and a mother wild duck, sending her brood before her, paddled away in hurried consternation, with a soft contralto “quack-quack,” as our horses splashed in, and plunging their noses into the pure bright water, had a satisfactory drink before scrambling up the bank; from which we gained a view, through a belt of gum-trees, of an old home of our own, with whose chequered memories I must not even exchange a passing word, if the chronicle of this special expedition is ever to be writ.

“Another canter, Mother! The road is pretty clear of stones here.”

And that canter brings us to the blacksmith's cottage and shop.

“There's old Vulcan” (he was lame, like his mythic prototype), “he thinks we want *him*,” said Geoffrey. “How tipsy he is!—and so early in the morning, too! No, thank you, Dobbs, not to-day.”

Then past the Scotch Church, red brick, and roomy, but not Ruskin-esque in style. Very little ornament had been bestowed on it, and what was attempted had better been let alone. The most curious feature was the bell house. I was going to write *turret*, but it was not a turret, nor any shape for which a descriptive word exists, unless it be a meat-safe!—and a model of a small meat-safe, with a steep top, it certainly was, perched on the north gable, housing the tin-dish-voiced bell, very cosily no doubt; convenient, but not architectural. Still, as a church of graceful or refined design would have been quite out of keeping with the aspect of the meenister of that ilk, the consistencies were, perhaps, better preserved as it was.

Rounding the corner of the new kirkyard, and proceeding at a right angle from the road we had hitherto traversed, we rode on between hedges of sweet briar, which nearly concealed the rail fence within, and though their first summer glory had passed, bore enough of their soft pink roses to perfume the air. The fields within these hedges, spreading far around, were pattern fields, models of neat husbandry, containing ten, twenty, forty acres each, and perfectly cleared, without stump or tree to remind one of colonial carelessness or exigency, and bearing such clean, abundant crops as might well gladden the hearts beating under

hands cleared, and fenced, and ploughed, and sowed those broad acres; fought the up-hill fight of all early colonists, and now, being “rich fellows enough, go to; and fellows that have had losses; and that have two gowns and everything handsome about them;” or, not to strain the parallel overmuch, that have every homely comfort, they merge the ploughman in the municipal councillor, the pork butcher in the “warden,” the bullock driver in the justice of the peace, and may possibly, ere long, culminate as members of the Legislature, with M.P. after their names.

Nearing again the same river before crossed, we pass the homesteads of these successful pioneers of the land. Substantial, roomy dwellings, nestled amidst orchards and gardens, though, in the usual colonial manner at such houses, the entrance lies through the straw yard, and past the numerous and well-tenanted pigsties, whose odours, not of Araby, assail us even at this distance. A well-built, large brick water-mill stands on the river bank, conducing as much to the convenience of the settlers around as to the emolument of the owner, who meets us at his gate, looking hale and burly in his well-worn suit of shepherd's plaid, and his broad cabbage-tree hat. His coat hangs on the fence, and his shirt sleeves have evidently been rolled up, but he is buttoning the second as he comes beaming out, with a loud “Good morning!” and an invitation to step in and “take something.” A very slight, but significant grimace from my companion strengthens my own disinclination to pause so soon in our journey; and, after all neighbourly civilities, and a homely joke or two from the miller as to our expedition and outfit, we splash through the river again just above the mill; and passing another farm-house, owned and occupied by another member of the same family clan to which the whole of the land hereabouts belongs, and encountering another pestilent exhalation from dung heaps and pigsties, we hurry on, and are soon traversing wild bush land again, where the plainly, but not smoothly, worn track, and the sheep seen here and there, are the sole indications of human occupancy.

On these rocky ranges a new and beautiful tree appears, which I admire more and more each time I greet it, and the younger saplings of which are the most perfect fishing-rods my young disciples of Isaak Walton find anywhere, in a state of nature so taper, so tough, and so limber. “The tree is here known as the Oyster-Bay Pine,<sup>m</sup> and is very local. I believe it is only found on the East Coast and on Flinders' Island. The brown cones are very handsome, and grow in great shining clusters amidst the rich green foliage, often in such profusion as to bend the branches with their weight. The large trees are very noble and picturesque in form, growing up to a great height, and tapering from root to crown, whilst the lower boughs curve gracefully and often sweep the ground.”\*

\* “Some of my Bush Friends in Tasmania.” by Louisa A. Meredith.

Gradually the forest features grow grander, the scenery more hilly, the trees taller and taller as we proceed, and the under scrub more dwarfed, either really, or seeming so by comparison with the giant trunks of the ironbark<sup>a</sup> and stringy-bark<sup>b</sup> trees which, for the most part, are straight as columns for some forty, sixty, or eighty feet, and then branch out in boughs that seem great trees themselves when one happens to be broken off by the wind, and falls so that we can scan its hugeness near. Through much of this forest, bush fires have raged year after year, blackening the column trunks, clearing off the under scrub, and thereby improving the "sheep run;" but some few deep, damp ravines escape the devastation, and there still are feathery ferns, the tall, graceful sassafras,<sup>c</sup> the musk,<sup>d</sup> with its rich green leaves lined with downy white, the pittosporum,<sup>e</sup> whose dimmer olive foliage is laden with its clusters of amber fruit, cleft open, like a casket left ajar, to show the gems within, clusters of coral, wet with shining dew. The soft, yellow fringe tufts of the many species of acacia, some with leaves like the sensitive plant, some prickly, some long and narrow, others broad and oval, and various in tint as form, nestle in nooks like these, amidst great round reedy tussocks, with brown spear-heads bristling from out their arching leaves<sup>f</sup>; whilst above, where the higher banks of the ravine join the upper forest level, the epacris puts a border of white and rosy bells on the edge of the deep green verdure.

Very little animal life stirs these solitudes. The scattered sheep of the settlers roam about, rarely even bleating, unless one has got separated too far from its fellows, or a silly little lamb has been asleep or at play whilst the mother ewe rambled on grazing—*pick-ing* would be a more descriptive word, for I imagine these hills do not keep above a quarter of a sheep to the acre. Sometimes a brush kangaroo goes bounding by, or the dogs put out a stray opossum who has been late in coming home from the night's gambols, and has fallen asleep on his doorstep—the tree foot. But such are not necessary incidents of travel, and to meet "an individual" is a yet rarer occurrence.

From the highest point we traversed, a wide and beautiful view is gained. In the foreground is the steep road, winding terrace-wise down, down into the low-lying sea of forest that spreads away for miles, breaking up into detached bits amongst the marshes that skirt the waters of Moulting Bay and adjacent flats and lagoons. Beyond, rises the long range of the cragged granite domes and peaks of the Schoutens, cutting sharp and clean against the background of ocean and sky, whose dividing line it is not always possible to distinguish. A short halt here gave time for the making a hurried sketch, and then, descending the narrow way,

"Winding with short turns down the precipice,"

and passing three or four more homesteads, the properties of another family also the owners of their own property

from lowly antecedents, we come upon a belt of low granite hills, with clear quartz pebble sand underfoot. Presently rising to the brow of the last hummock, we both utter a cry of delight, as the blue—bluest waters of the broad Pacific lie stretching away before us, breaking on the smooth, white quartz sand beaches in long murmuring ridges of silvery foam. I do not think that the painter lives who would dare to depict truly the colouring of that scene! The sea and sky of purest, deepest, azure, the dazzlingly white and shining beaches, on which the wavy lines of light sea-foam would hardly "tell" in the picture, losing motion; the little rocky points of red granite jutting out here and there, dividing the otherwise long beach into quadrant-shaped bays, and themselves glittering with great cubes of pink feldspar and shining scales of mica, such as I never saw elsewhere; the brilliant green bushes of boobyalla<sup>g</sup> sitting close and round on the ridgy sandbank, with matted trails of the Macquarie Harbour vine,<sup>h</sup> spreading carpets of even richer verdure around their feet—the clear positiveness of the colours would be hard and garish in a picture, but in nature was most beautiful.

"Now, Mother, if we stop here looking at the sea all day, it's my opinion we shall not catch many cray-fish."

Ten minutes more, and we reached the door of our inn, and met the hearty and delighted greeting of its hostess, once my clever, active administratrix of nursery care and discipline. Scarcely able to restrain her loving arms from clasping and lifting Geoffrey from his horse, as in his baby days, she received his greeting, as he quickly dismounted and turned to assist me, with an odd mixture of deference and amusement.

"Craw-fish! oh, yes, lots, Jeff—Mister Geoffrey! How he has grown, ma'am! I shouldn't like to carry him pick-a-back now; and my little Polly, you'd hardly know her neither, such a big girl she's getting. Which is the way? Oh! but you're going to have some dinner first, or lunch, anyhow. I'll have it on table in a twinkling. Yes, I'll find you some bait."

And she was as good as her word.

Another "twinkling" and we were off for the rocks.

"Ah! I see. That's the place—down in that narrow gulch-way. Mind how you come, Mother. There's a good stepping-stone; those that have green weed on are so slippery. Now, put one foot here, and another there. Capital! Now, one good jump over that gap, and here we are! Do look at the anemones! This rock's covered with those red, lollipop-looking fellows, and down there are some beauties, wide open, like real flowers. But never mind them now. Ah! and there's a fine echinus rolling himself over and over in that little basin; and starfish! what whoppers! Oh! I broke off a bit of this stuff you call *serpula*; it's full of live red worms. Hush! don't speak; look just down there—by that biggest leaf of

Here comes a roller!—that's a nuisance, it's washed him out of sight again; but the tide's falling, Mrs. Thomson said, so we needn't move. How the spray flies up over Diamond Island!"

"It's a pity they found coal near such a pretty place as this," said I, thinking aloud. "That great embankment, and the trucks, and the black rubbish, and the dirty-looking vessels lying here to load, and the still dirtier miners and coal folks generally, are anything but improvements."

"Well, that's all very true; but, I suppose, if we had shares in the mines, and they were paying well, the prospect would not seem so black to us, and we are far enough off all that just here. Hallo! I see him again; no, it's a bigger one. Hold on fast to the slack of the rope, Mother. I'll drop the net down in this clear place. Ah! it's frightened him; look how he backs off, flapping astern with his tail. Now, don't move! I believe those eyes of theirs can see behind as well as before, and round the corner too. Here he comes, with his paws on the edge of the hoop. Well, *claws* then—but you always say they haven't claws—oh! *legs*, is it? Very well. He's feeling about with his horns and fore legs. Down he goes! I can't see him now, but I know he's in. Stop! don't haul, there's another coming, a *very* cautious chap; he's taking a look at the outside first. You'll not get the bait that way, sir! Oh! you're coming, are you? Yes, yes, he's all right—no, he's off; what a sell! Let's pull up the one we have got. Here he comes; look out, I'll grab him."

And, with a swing, round came the net on the rocks, and our first game was safely and literally "bagged."

Sometimes we pulled up two or even three at a haul, but the difficulty of securely grasping, or, as Geoffrey phrased it, grabbing them—despite their prickly-armed backs, and strong muscular jerks and flapping—gave means of safe escape to many, even when pulled up and under our hands.

I began to think we had caught enough, when another "Look out!" from Geoffrey, made me coil the rope firmly round my hand, waiting the next signal.

"Well, this is a heavy one! It must be half a dozen! Gently—that's it. Now for it; up he comes! Why, *what* is it? It's all soft; what can it be?"

"A great cuttle fish!" I exclaimed, "like those we found on the north coast, with arms above a yard long. Look at the suckers down them, like a double row of buttons, smaller and smaller to the end; and how beautifully his pink skin is mottled over with brown!"

"Oh! he is an odd fish! Let's get him well up on the rocks and have a good look at him."

But ere we could remove our prize—in far less time than it takes to read these words about it—the strange creature escaped—melted, as it seemed, through the meshes of the net, and slid nimbly down the rocky chasm out of our sight. It was incredible, though we



saw it. One moment a large solid mass of spotted pink, twisting, writhing life lay before us, safely netted, as it seemed; the next it was flowing out over the rock, as though it had, by some preternatural power, instantaneously liquified.

Geoffrey's amazement scarcely exceeded mine, though I had, some years previously, found a similar creature left by the receding tide, and, seeing it was still alive, had gathered it up in both hands and carried it to a deep pool. I well remember the very unpleasant sensation caused by its long, solid tentaculæ encircling and fastening on my arms, with all their rows of suckers adhering so tightly as almost to hurt, and the body of the thing seemed at least four times the size of the net meshes through which our new acquaintance—a larger specimen—had so mysteriously disappeared.

"Well, I never saw anything like it!" ejaculated Geoffrey, examining his net, and expecting, at least, to find a great hole in it. "I've heard you talk of 'dissolving views,' Mother; could any of them beat that?"

It was the last haul that evening, and the following day was unfavourable for our sport, to the great disappointment of Geoffrey, who before I was up had been out to try. So the morning was otherwise occupied, and the evening saw us safely home again, to tell the tale of our pleasant expedition, and the efficiency of the landing net.

#### NOTES.

<sup>a</sup> Peppermint Gum	..	..	Eucalyptus amygdalina.
<sup>b</sup> "Wattle"	..	..	Acacia dealbata (silver w.) A. mollissima (black w.)
<sup>c</sup> She-oak, or, Sheac	..	..	Casuarina torulosa (quadrivalvis).
<sup>d</sup> Acacia	..	..	A. verticillata, and others.
<sup>e</sup> Daviesia	..	..	Daviesia ulexina.
<sup>f</sup> Native Lilac	..	..	Tetratheca glandulosa.
<sup>g</sup> Epacridæ	..	..	Epacris impressa (var.)
<sup>h</sup> Native Pepper	..	..	Tasmannia aromatica.
<sup>i</sup> Lightwood, or, Blackwood	..	..	Acacia melanoxylon.
<sup>j</sup> Yellow Bottle Brush	..	..	Callistemon salignus.
<sup>k</sup> Native Rose	..	..	Banera rubioides.
<sup>l</sup> Tea Tree	..	..	Leptospermum scoparium.
<sup>m</sup> Oyster Bay Pine	..	..	Frenela rhomboidea.
<sup>n</sup> Ironbark	..	..	Eucalyptus sideroxylon.
<sup>o</sup> Stringybark	..	..	Eucalyptus gigantea.
<sup>p</sup> Sassafras	..	..	Atherosperma moschata.
<sup>q</sup> Musk	..	..	Eurybia argophylla.
<sup>r</sup> Pittosporum	..	..	Pittosporum bicolor.
<sup>s</sup> Great Tussock Grass	..	..	Lepidosperma longitudinalis.
<sup>t</sup> Boobyalla	..	..	Acacia sophoræ.
<sup>u</sup> Macquarie Harbour Vine	..	..	Muehlenbeckia adpressa.