MELALEUKA

A history and description of New South Wales Pidgin

volume 2

Appendices

Jakelin Fleur Troy

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Sydney 1788 to 1792

1. As we were sailing in We saw 8 or 10 of the Natives, sitting on the Rocks on the South Shore, and as the Ships bordered pretty near thereto, we could hear them hollow, and observe them talking to one another very earnestly, at the same time pointing towards the Ships...soon after the Ships had anchored, the Indians went up into the Wood, lit a Fire, and sat Around about it, as unconcerned (apparently,) as tho' nothing had occurred to them. Two Boats from the Sirius, were now Manned and armed, and the *Governor*, accompanied by Captn. Hunter, and several other Officers, went towards the Shore, where they had seen the Natives, who perceiving the boats making towards the Beach, came out of the Wood, and walked along, some distance from the Water-side, but immediately on the Boats landing, they scampered up into the Woods again, with great Precipitation. On this, the Governor, advised, that we should seem quite indifferent about them, and this apparent Indifference had a good Effect, for they very soon appeared in sight of Us, When, the Governor held up some Beads, Red Cloth and other Bawbles and made signs for them to advance, but they still were exceedingly shy and timid, and would not be enticed by our allurements; which the Governor perceiving, He shewed them his Musket, then laid it on the Ground, advancing singly towards them, they now seeing that He had nothing in his Hands like a Weapon one of the oldest of the Natives gave his Spears to a younger, and approached to meet the Governor, but not without discovering manifest tokens of Fear, and distrust, making signs for the things to be laid on the Ground which, the *Governor* complying with, He advanced, tooke them up, and went back to his Companions; Another, came forthe and wanted some of the same kind of Presents, which, were given to Him by the same Method, at length, after various Methods to impress them with the Belief that We meant them no harm, they suffered Us to come up to them, and after making them all presents, which they received with much the same kind of Pleasure, which Children shew at such Bawbles, just looking at them, then holding out their hands for more, some laughing heartily, and jumping extravagantly; they began to shew a Confidence, and became very familiar, and curious about our Cloaths, feeling the Coat, Waistcoat, and even the Shirt and on seeing one of the Gentlemen pull off his Hat, they all set up a loud Hoop, one was curious enough to take hold of a Gentlemans hair that was cued, and called to his Companions to look at it, this was the occasion of another loud Hoop, accompanied with other Emotions of Astonishment. In a Word, they seemed pretty well divested of their Fears, and became very funny Fellows...They suffered the Sailors to dress them with different coloured Papers, and Fools-Caps, which pleased them mightily...the Governor...arrived in Botany Bay, only two Days before Us. In this Time, He had obtained an Intercourse or two, with some Natives on the *North Shore*...The Governor, attended by several Officers, went in two armed Boats towards a part of the Shore where, 6 of the Natives, were, and had been sitting the whole time the Supply was entering the Bay, looking and pointing at Her with great Earnestness; When the Boats had approached pretty near this Spot, two of the Natives got up, and came close to the Waters-Edge, making Motions, pointing to another part of the Shore and talking very fast and loud, seemingly, as if the Part to which they pointed, was better landing for the Boats, they could not however, discern any thing unfriendly, or threatening in the Signs and Motions which the Natives made...the Governor, or somebody in his Boat, made Signs that they wanted Water, this they signified by putting a Hat over the Side of the Boast and seeming to take up some of the salt Water put it to his Mouth, the Natives, immediately, understood this Sign and with great Willingness to Oblige, pointed to the Westward, and walked that Way, apparently with an Intention to show their Visitors the very Spot. The Boats steered towards the Place, and soon discovered the Run of fresh Water...the Gentlemen made signs of thanks for their friendly Information, at the

same time offering Presents, and doing every thing they could think of, to make them lay aside their Fears and advance towards them...when they did venture to come and take the things out of the Governor's and the other Gentlmen's Hands, it was with evident Signs of Fear, the Gentlemen now having distributed all their Presents among them, returned on Board...Thus was our first Intercourse obtained, with these *Children of Nature*. (1788) (Worgan 1978:2-4)

2. About 12 of the Natives appeared the next Morning...The Governor and the same Gentlemen that were of his Party Yesterday went on Shore, and very soon came to a Parley with them, there were some of their Acquaintances among the Number, and these advanced first...They all of them in a short time became Confident, Familiar and vastly funny took any thing that was offered them, holding out their Hands and making Signs for many things that they saw, laughed when we laughed, jumped extravagantly, and grunted by way of Music, and Repeated many Words and Phrases after Us. (1788) (Worgan 1978:4-5)

3. A party of us made an Excursion up an Arm in the North part of the Bay, where we had not been long landed before we discoverd among the Bushes a Tribe of the Natives...these rude, unsociable Fellows, immediatley threw a lance...we returned the Compliment by firing a Musket over their Heads, on which I thought they would have broken their Necks with running away from Us...about an hour after, we...fell in with them again, they stood still, but seemed ready for another Start. One of Us, now laid down the Musket and advanced towards them singly, holding out some Bawbles, and making Signs of Peace; In a little time they began to gain Confidence, and two of them approached to meet the Gentlemen who held out the Presents, the Introduction being amicably settled, they all joined Us, and took the Trinkets we offered them; The same Emotions of Pleasure, Astonishment, Curiosity and Timidity, appeared in these poor Creatures, as had been observed in our first Acquaintances. (1788) (Worgan 1978:5)

4. I must not omit mentioning a very singular Curiosity among the Men here, arising from a Doubt of what Sex we are, for from our not having, like themselves long Beards, and not seeing when they open our Shirt-Bosoms (which they do very roughly and without any Ceremony) the usual distinguishing Characteristics of Women, they start Back with Amazement, and give a Hum! with a significant look, implying what kind of Creatures are these?! – As it was not possible for Us to satisfy their Inquisitiveness in this Particular, by the simple Words *Yes* or *No*. We had Recourse to the Evidence of *Ocular Demonstration*, which made them laugh, jump and Skip in an extravagant Manner. (1788) (Worgan 1978:6)

5. Before we took our leave of the Tribe that threw the Lance; they endeavoured to convince Us, that it was not thrown by general consent, and one of them severely reprimanded the Man who threw it, and several of them struck him, but more to shew Us their Disapprobation of what he had done, than as a punishment for it. (1788) (Worgan 1978:7)

6. Captain Hunter, in one of his Excursions up the Harbour met with a Tribe of the Natives, among whom, were a Number of those Warlike Heroes, and while one or two of the Elderly Civilians advanced towards Him, *These*, stood at a Distance drawn up in somewhat a regular Disposition, each having a green Bough in his Hand (an Emblem of Peace among these People). Captain Hunter had invited them to come and take some Bawbles which he held out, but he refused to give them to the old Men who had come up to Him, making Signs, that he wished to give them to the Women...the old Fellows finding he would not give the Presents to them, hollowed to the Women in a stern Voice, on which a young woman, attended by an old Woman (after being called to 3 or 4 times) came forth, but showed evident signs and Emotions of Shyness and Timidity in advancing to take the Presents from Captain Hunter's hand. (1788) (Worgan 1978:15)

7. They are wonderfully expert at the art of Mimickry, both in their Actions and in repeating many of our Phrases, they will say – "Good Bye" after us, very distinctly, The Sailors teach them to swear. They laugh when they see us laugh, and they appear to be of a peaceable Disposition, and have a Generosity about them, in offering You a share of their Food. —If you meet with any of them, they will readily offer You *Fish*, *Fire*, and Water, they seem to be easily offended, and quick and fatal in revenging an Injury. (1788) (Worgan 1978:18)

8. Only two of Them have ventured to visit our Settlment to whom the Governor gave many presents, and did everything that he thought might Induce them to stay, or to come again and bring their companions; The Objects which must have been entirely new to them did not excite their Curiosity or Astonishment so much as one might have expected. They just looked at them, with a kind of vague Indifference, of all the Things that have been given them the Axes (Fishing hooks and Lines, or any spare Instrument or Food seem to please them most. The Drum was beat before them which terrified them exceedinlgy, they like the Fife, which pleased them for 2 or 3 Minutes. Indeed Music of any kind does not attract their attention, long together, they will sometimes jump to it, and make a grunting Noise by way of keeping Time to the Tune. I have now given You most of the Particulars relating to the Customs and Manners of this rude Race of Creatures, that we have been able as yet to learn, which must necessarily be very little from their language being such an inarticulate, unintelligible Jargon. (1788) (Worgan 1978:19)

9. The Behaviour of one of the Women was rather singular, she took a great liking to the Governor's Great Coat, and as she could not influence Him to give it to her, by soft persuasions in her own language, She tried Jumping, Capering, and various Wanton Anticks would do, but not succeeding according to her Wishes She began to Weep, in a most lamentable strain, put on languishing Looks, in short practised all the Siren's Arts... (1788) (Worgan 1978:40)

10. We got down to the Water-side again, where we left the Boat, and just as we were thinking of setting down for our cold Repast, Mr. Bradley discovered one of the Natives in a Cavern of a Rock, he was lying close down, and there was a little Girl about 4 or 5 years old beside him, they seemed to have been watching Us very anxiously...We let him see the fatal Effects of the Gun, by showing him a Bird in a Tree and then shooting it, on seeing the Bird Fall dead, he looked at the Gun with Astonishment, and seemed...afraid of it...it is a Weapon that keeps them in great Awe. (1788) (Worgan 1978:50)

11. This Evening, the Governor, and his Party returned; They met with, between Two and Three Hundred of the Natives, all, armed...The Governor and the Rest went up within 50 Yards of them, and halted, the Governor then, having given his Dagger to one of the Gentlemen, and appearing quite unarmed, advanced singly, on Which, one of the Natives, gave his Spear and Club to one of his Companions and met the Governor, soon after the Parley became general, the Rest of the Gentlemen, and many of the Natives having joined, they could not see any of the Tools which, they had taken from the Rush-Cutters, among them, neither could they make out by any Signs the Discovery of the Cause of the Murder, the whole intercourse with them was begun, and ended amicably. (1788) (Worgan 1978:52)

12. Whether the Small Pox, which has proved fatal to great Numbers of the Natives, is a Disorder to which they were subject before any Europeans visited this Country, or whether it was brought by the French Ships, we have not yet attained sufficient Knowledge of the Language to determine. It never appeared on board any of the Ships in our Passage, nor in the Settlement, until some Time after Numbers of the Natives had been seen dead with the Disorder in different Parts of the Harbour: and two Men, with a Boy of about eight Years of Age and a Girl of Eleven, had been

brought to the Hospital, in the Small Pox. Both the Men died; but the Boy and Girl recovered. These People were brought up the Middle and latter End of April; and the Small Pox never appeared in the Settlement until the Second of May, when a Man belonging to the Supply was seized with the Disorder, and died a few Days afterwards: nor has it ever appeared in the Settlement, except on that Man, and the Native, who caught the Disorder from the Children. (Phillip 1790a:99-100)

13. The natives live in Tribes, which are distinguished by the Name of their Chief, who probably takes his Name from the District in which he resides. About the North West Part of this Harbour there is a Tribe which is mentioned as being very powerful; either from their Numbers or the Abilities of their Chief. The District is called Cammerra — the Head of the Tribe is named Cammerragal, by which Name the Men of that Tribe are distinguished — a Woman of this Tribe is called Cammerragalleon — the Natives never use the Letter, S, and find some Difficulty in pronouncing it...From the Entrance of the Harbour, along the South Shore, to the Cove adjoining to this Settlement: the District is called Cadi, and the Tribe Cadigal - the Women, Cadigalleon. The South Side of the Harbour from the above-mentioned Cove to Rose-Hill, which the Natives call Parramatta, the District is called Wann, and the Tribe, Wanngal...The opposite Shore is called Wallumetta, and the Tribe, Wallumedegal...The other Tribes which live near us, are those of Gweagal, Noronggerral, Borogegal, Gomerrigal, and Boromedegal. (Phillip 1790b:106)

14. These People have several Names - the one who lives with us, calls himself Wogul trowey, Wolarrabarrey, Bannellon, Boinba, Bundebunda - and we have Reason to think that Children are named after the fish they first catch; and that after the Death of a Friend, or relation, they frequently assume one of the Names of the deceased. (Phillip 1790b:107)

15. In the beginning of May...those natives who had been most acustomed to live at the settlement would now leave it frequently for several days together, as they found plenty of fish towards the head of the harbour. (1791) (Phillip 1968:34)

16. It had ever been the governor's opinion, and what he had observed of these people confirmed it, that the best means of obtaining the confidence of a native was by example, and by placing confidence in him. With this purpose, he left the judge-advocate and Lieutenant Waterhouse, who had accompanied him in the boat, and landed himself, followed only by a seaman who had some beef and bread, with a few other articles which he was desirous of giving to such of the natives as might join him. After calling repeatedly on his old acquaintance by all his names, he was answered by a native who appeared with several others at a distance, and as he increased his distance from the boat, the native approached nearer, and took a number of little presents, on their being laid down at the distance of a few paces; but he would not come near the governor, although in answer to the question—"where was Bannelong?" he repeatedly said he was the man. This, however, could not be believed, as he was so much altered. At length a bottle was held up, and on his being asked what it was, in his own language, he answered, "*the King*;" for as he had always heard his Majesty's health drank in the first glass after dinner at the governor's table, and had been made to repeat the word before he drank his own glass of wine, he supposed the liquor was named "the King;" and though he afterwards knew it was called wine, yet he would frequently call it King...This convinced the governor that it could be no other than Bannelong, and every method was tried to entice him to come near, but he always retired on their approaching him nearer than he wished...on eight or ten of the natives placing themselves in a situation to prevent Bannelong being carried off...he came up, together with Colebe, and held out his hand; but he was so changed, and appeared so poor and miserable, that even then there was doubt whether he were the man, though Colebe was well known...After some conversation, Governor Phillip went down to the beach, and the

two officers came on shore...Bannelong appeared glad to see his old acquaintances; he was very chearful, and repeatedly shook hands with them, asking for hatchets and cloaths, which were promised to be brought him in two days. He pointed to a small fire which was burning near them, and said he should sleep there the two nights until the governor's return. (Phillip 1968:306-7)

17. ...Colebe...also seemed glad to see his former acquaintances, and made himself very merry at the manner of his friend Bannelong's getting away form Sydney, by laying his head on his hand, shutting his eyes, and saying, "Governor *nangorar*" (sleep) and imitating the manner in which his companion had run off. (Phillip 1968:306-7)

18. Bannelong, with sixteen men and boys, were met by a serjeant and three men who had been sent after the convict that was missing. Bannelong pressed them very much to return with them and kill a native who was well known from having lost an eye, and who was supposed to be a leader of the tribe that reside about Botany-Bay; but this request not being complied with, the natives continued their route, and Colebe, who was of the party, came to dine with the governor as he had promised, Bannelong and several others accompanying him...At dinner, Bannelong observed that his shield was a good one, and said that he had been to fight the man who had some time before wounded him, and that his spear had gone through both the shield and hand of his antagonist. He also said that the people he had been to fight with had killed the man who was lost. However, admitting that to be the case, it is more than probable that he had been found by the natives stealing their spears or gum, which the convicts continued to procure, and contrive to secrete until the ships arrive. (Phillip 1968:315)

19. Early in the morning of the 13th of November sixteen of the natives visited the settlement, and some fish being distributed amongst them, they made a fire in the governor's yard, and sat down to breakfast in great good humour. Those that were strangers, appeared highly delighted with the novelties that surrounded them...Bannelong, who had been for two days with some of his party at Botany-Bay, came along with these people and brought his wife with him...most of them...sat down in the yard at the back of Governor Phillip's house; but Bannelong went into the house as usual... (1790) (Phillip 1968:319)

20. ...M'Entire...followed them without his gun (though the most positive orders had been given for no one ever to join the natives unarmed) calling on them to stop, and he would give them some bread... (Phillip 1968:326)

21. Two colonists who had been in a boat fishing returned with a piece of intelligence very little to the credit of Bannelong, who had robbed them of what fish they had caught...In consequence of the fishing-boat being robbed, orders were given that no boat in future would go out of the cove unarmed, and the natives were forbid ever going to the western point of the cove, where they stole the potatoes and threw the fiz-gig...Bannelong and his wife came in soon afterwards, and Governor Phillip charged him with taking the fish from the two colonists, which he denied, saying he had been a great way off. But when the two persons were sent for and he found himself known, he entered into a long conversation, the purpose of which was an endeavour to justify himself; and this he did with an insolence that explained itself very clearly. He frequently mentioned the man who had been wounded, and threatened revenge; but, appearing to recollect himself, he offered the governor his hand, which not being accepted, he grew violent, and seemed inclined to make use of his stick. One of the centinels was now called in, as it was much feared he would do some violent act that would oblige Governor Phillip to order him to be put to death; for his behaviour was the height of savage insolence, and would have been immediately punished in any other person; but this man had so often made use of the word *be-ah-nah* [father] that they wished to bring him to reason without

proceeding to force, especially as it was suggested by an officer who was in the room that he might not be understood clearly, and the governor was very unwilling to destroy the confidence Bannelong had for some time placed in him, which the slightest punishment or confinement would have done. He therefore told him to come near, for he was then standing at some distance, but he refused and went away...Baneelon had not left the governor with any intention of returning; for, in passing the wheelwright's shop, the workmen being at dinner, he stole a hatchet, with which, though pursued, he got clear off. (the wounded man was Ban'g-ai) (Phillip 1968:333-34)

22. The natives continued to visit Sydney after Bannelong stole the hatchet, and behaved in a manner that gave every one reason to think he never would return. This, however, was not the case; for, after having frequently visited the fishing-boats, and made many enquiries to know if Governor Phillip was angry, and would shoot him, he ventured to go to the hospital, and seemed very desirous of knowing if he might come to the governor's house. At the same time, he named a man who, he said, had stolen the hatchet, and denied having ever used any threats. However, not being satisfied with the answers which were given to him, he went away...But some days afterwards he came to the governor's, who, happening to be in the yard when he came to the gate, ordered him away. he was seen soon afterwards, and as he appeared very desirous of being received again, and disclaimed any knowledge of the hatchet, or any intention of revenging the death of the native who had been shot, Governor Phillip appeared to believe him, and he was permitted to come into the yard, which was always open to the natives, and some bread and fish were given to him; but he was no longer permitted to enter the house. This was putting him on a level with the other natives, and he appeared to feel his degradation; but it did not prevent him from repeating his visits very frequently. (Phillip 1968:338)

23. Several canoes being seen, our two natives were very desirous of speaking to the persons in them...one of our natives was told to call to them, which he did, and was soon answered by an old man, who, after a short coversation, came over in his canoe, being known to Colebe. This man joined the party without the least fear; and from the questions that were put to him, respecting the river, Colebe and Balledерry concluded they had come this journey in order to procure stone hatchets, as the natives get the stones whereof they make their hatchets from that part of the river near Richmond-Hill, which the old man said was a great way off, and the road to it was very bad...Colebe and Balledерry had at first supposed that Governor Phillip and his party came from the settlement to kill ducks and patagorongs; but finding they did not stop at the places where those animals were seen in any numbers, they were at a loss to know why the journey was taken; and though they had hitherto behaved exceedingly well, yet, as they now began to be tired of a journey which yielded them no sort of advantage, they endeavoured to persuade the governor to return, saying it was a great way to the place where the stone hatchets were to be procured, and that they must come in a boat. (Phillip 1968:344)

24. Amongst those who thus bartered their fish was a young man that had lived some months with the governor, but had left him from time to time in order to go a fishing: his canoe was a new one, and the first he had ever been master of, so that it may be supposed he set no small value on it...this barter had not been carried on many days when the young man...came to Governor Phillip's hut at Parramatta in a violent rage, said the white men had broke his canoe, and he would kill them. He had his throwing-stick and several spears, and his hair, face, arms, and breast were painted red, which is a sign of great anger. It was with some difficulty that the was made to promise not to kill a white man, which he at length did, on the governor's telling him that he would kill those who destroyed his canoe...The destruction of this canoe was very unfortunate, as it was likely to prevent the natives carrying up their fish to barter; and no canoe was seen in the creek for some time afterwards. (the man was Balledерry) (Phillip 1968:353)

25. On 23d of August a number of natives visited the settlement, and six men, with seven or eight and twenty women and children came to Governor Phillip's house; amongst whom some bread was dividing... (1791) (Phillip 1968:358)

26. ...on the 14th December he was infomed that Ballederry was extremely ill. The surgeon had been to see him, and found him in a fever; and the first question he asked was, whether the Governor was still angry, or if he would let him be brought to the hospital to be cured. Bannelong had fetched the surgeon to Ballederry, and returned with him to Governor Phillip, who, saying he was not angry, and telling him to bring his companion to the settlement, he said he would; so, early the next morning, Ballederry was brought in. At first, he seemed under great apprehensions, but they presently subsided, on the governor taking him by the hand, and promsing that when he was recovered he should reside with him again. Poor Ballederry appeared to be very ill, and went with the surgeon to the hospital. (Phillip 1968:374)

27. The natives live in Tribes, which are distinguished by the Name of their Chief, who probably takes his Name from the District in which he resides. About the North West Part of this Harbour there is a Tribe which is mentioned as being very powerfull; either from their Numbers or the Abilities of their Chief. The District is called Cammerra - the Head of the Tribe is named Cammerragal, by which Name the Men of that Tribe are distinguished - a Woman of this Tribe is called Cammerragalleon — the Natives never use the Letter, S, and find some Difficulty in pronouncing it...From the Entrance of the Harbour, along the South Shore, to the Cove adjoining to this Settlement: the District is called Cadi, and the Tribe Cadigal - the Women, Cadigalleon. The South Side of the Harbour from the above-mentioned Cove to Rose-Hill, which the Natives call Parramatta, the District is called Wann, and the Tribe, Wanngal...The opposite Shore is called Wallumetta, and the Tribe, Wallumedegal...The other Tribes which live near us, are those of Gweagal, Noronggerral, Borogegal, Gomerrigal, and Boromedegal. (Phillip 1790b:106)

28. An example of the kind of misunderstandings through miscommunication that occurred is evident in Phillip's statement that the "heads" of the tribes were often given the teeth removed during initiation of the "tribe's" young men and they wore these around their neck. He note that a head man "Cammerragal is mentioned as having received the Tooth from the Native now living with us — some refuse paying this Tribute." (Phillip 1790b:106)

29. It is remarkable, that of all the Words given in the Vocabulary by Captain Cook, there are only two we have ever heard the natives make Use of. These People have several Names - the one who lives with us, calls himself Wogul trowey, Wolarrabarrey, Bannellon, Boinba, Bundebunda — and we have Reason to think that Children are named after the fish they first catch; and that after the Death of a Friend, or relation, they frequently assume one of the Names of the deceased. (Phillip 1790b:107)

30. A young Man, who appeared to be about Twenty four Years of Age [Arabanoo], was taken the latter End of December [1788]; and unfortunately died of the Small Pox in May [1789], when he was perfectly reconciled to his Situation, and appeared so sensible of the Advantages he enjoyed, that, fully persuaded he would not leave us, I had for some Time freed him from all Restraint. He had lived with me for the last two Months, and his Behaviour gave good Reason for forming a more favourable Opinion of the People of this Country, than what has been drawn from the Report made by those who formerly touched on this Coast. (Phillip1790a:99)

31. It may be naturally supposed that many would be desirous of punishing what was generally deemed an act of treachery, but Governor Phillip did not see the transaction in that light, and as soon as he arrived at Sydney he gave the necessary

directions to prevent any of the natives being fired on, unless they were the aggressors, by throwing spears... (Phillip 1968:309)

32. ...they examined with the greatest attention, and expressed the utmost astonishment, at the different covering we had on; for they certainly considered our cloaths as so many different skins, and the hat as a part of the head: they were pleased with such trifles as we had to give them, and always appeared chearful and in good humour: they danced and sung with us, and imitated our words and motions, as we did theirs. (Hunter 1968:37)

33. We soon heard some of the natives in the wood on the opposite shore; we called to them, and invited them by signs, and an offer of presents, to come over to us, the distance not being more than one hundred yards across: in a short time, seven men embarked in canoes and came over; they landed at a small distance from us, and advanced without their lances; on this I went up to meet them, and held up both my hands, to shew that I was unarmed; two officers also advanced in the same manner; we met them and shook hands; but they seemed a good deal alarmed at our five marines who were under arms by the boats, upon which they were ordered to ground their arms and stay by them; the natives then came up with great chearfulness and good humour, and seated themselves by our fire amongst us, where we ate what we had got, and invited them to partake, but they did not relish our food or drink. (Hunter 1968:39)

34. ...the natives associate in tribes of many families together, and it appeared now that they have one fixed residence, and the tribe takes its name from the place of their general residence... (Hunter 1968:43)

35. ...they received a few presents, among which was a looking-glass, which we took much trouble to shew them the use of: they were some time before they observed their own figure in the glass, but when they did, they turned it up and looked behind it; then pointed to the water, signifying that they could see their figure reflected as well from that. (on an expedition to explore Broken Bay, in June-July 1789) (Hunter 1968:107)

36. The two children...were yet too young to be of use in reconciling the natives to us. They now understood almost every thing we said, and could make themselves very well understood; but the governor was desirous of having a man or two in our possession, to whom we might teach enough of our language without the danger of losing any of their own, to render them useful to their countrymen. It had therefore for some time past been in agitation to endeavour, by force, to secure one or two. (Hunter 1968:114)

37. We have frequently observed, since this familiar intercourse took place, that they often had a dance amongst themselves at night, on the lower part of Sydney-cove, where a small house had been built by the governor's order for their accommodation. It had been signified to some of the principal amongst them that we should be glad to have an opportunity of seeing them dance, which they readily agreed to, and the following night was appointed, when the governor and a considerable number attended; every one being provided with arms of some kind: a caution which, notwithstanding friendly appearance, was generally allowed to be necessary; for experience had convinced us that these people have a good deal of treachery in their disposition... When they were all prepared, we walked round to see that there were no armed lurkers among the bushes...The dancers being ready, we were placed in a semicircle, by Ba-na-lang, and Co-al-by, who seemed to have the chief authority and direction...Their dance was truly wild and savage, yet, in many parts there appeared order and regularity...On the whole, this exhibition was well worth seeing; and this was the first opportunity that had offered for us to see any thing of the kind, since we had been in the country. (Hunter 1968:143)

38. He sings, when asked, but in general his songs are in a mournful strain, and he keeps time by swinging his arms. Whenever asked to dance, he does it with great readiness... (Hunter 1968:270)

39. Their little fleet attracted the attention of several parties of the natives, as they proceeded along the coast, who all greeted them in the same words, and in the same tone of vociferation, shouting every where 'Warra, warra, warra' words which, by the gestures that had accompanied them, could not be interepreted into invitations to land, or expressions of welcome. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:2)

40. It being remarked with concern, that the natives were becoming every day more troublesome and hostile, several people having been wounded, and others, who were necessarily employed in the woods, driven in and much alarmed by them, the governor determined on endeavouring to seize and bring into the settlement, one or two of those people, whose language it was become absolutely necessary to acquire, that they migh learn to distinguish friends from enemies. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:40)

41. To this disorder they...gave a name, Gal-gal-la; and that it was the small-pox there was scarcely a doubt; for the person seized with it was affected exactly as Europeans are who have that disorder; and on many that had recovered from it we saw the traces, in some the ravages of it on the face. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:496-7)

42. In the course of this month several convicts came in from the woods; one in particular dangerously wounded with a spear, the others much beaten and bruised by the natives...All these people denied giving any provocation to the natives: it was, however, difficult to believe them; they well knew the consequences that would attend any acts of violence on their part, as it had been declared in public orders early in the month, that in forming the intended settlement, any act of cruelty to the natives being contrary to his Majesty's most gracious intentions, the offenders would be subject to a criminal prosecution; and they well knew that the natives themselves, however injured, could not contradict their assertions. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:19)

43. On the 21st *[August 1788]* a party of natives landed from five canoes, near the point where the observatory was building, where, some of them engaging the attention of the officers and people at the observatory, the others attempted forcibly to take off a goat from the people at the hospital; in which attempt finding themselves resisted by a seaman who happened to be present, they menaced him with their spears, and, on his retiring, killed the animal and took it off in a canoe, making off toward Long Cove with much expedition. They were followed immediately by the governor, who got up with some of the party, but could neither recover the goat, nor meet with the people who had killed it. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:32)

44. The native who was secured was immediately on his landing led up to the governor's, where he was clothed, a slight iron or manacle put upon his wrist, and a trusty convict appointed to take care of him. A small hut had been previously built for his reception close to the guardhouse, wherein he and his keeper wer locked up at night; and the following morning the convict reported, that he slept very well during the night, not offering to make any attempt to get away. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:40)

45. The governor, after the death of the native who was carried off by the smallpox in May last, never had lost sight of a determination to procure another the first favourable opportunity. A boat had several times gone down the harbour for that purpose; but without succeeding until the 25th of this month, when the first lieutenant of the *Sirius*, accompanied by the master, fortunately secured two natives, both men, and brought them up to the settlement without any accident. Being well known to the children, through their means every assurance was given them of their

perfect safety in our possession. They were taken up to the governor's, the place intended for their future residence, where such restraint was laid upon their persons as was judged requisited for their security...The assurances of safety which were given them, and the steps which were taken to keep them in a state of security, were not perfectly satisfactory to the elder of the two; and he secretly determined to take the first opportunity he desired; and he made his escape...His companion would have joined him in his flight, but fear detained him a few minutes too late, and he was seized while tremblingly alive to the joyful prospect of escaping. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:71)

46. Since the escape of Bennillong the native in May last, nothing had been heard of him, nor had any thing worthy of notice occurred among the other natives. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:110)

47. Bannillong had been always much attached to Mr. Collins, and testified with much warmth his satisfaction at seeing him again. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:111)

48. The savage not understanding this civility, and perhaps thinking that he was going to seize him as a prisoner, lifted a spear from the grass with his foot, and fixing it on his throwing-stick, in an instant darted it at the governor...No other motive could be assigned for this conduct in the savage, than the supposed apprehension that he was about to be seized by the governor, which the circumstance of his advancing toward him with his hands held out might create. But it certainly would not have happened had the precaution of taking even a single musket on shore been attended to. The governor had always placed too great a confidence in these people, under an idea that the sight of fire arms would deter them from approaching...his throwing the spear at the governor was entirely the effect of his fears, and done from the impulse of self-preservation. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:111-12)

49. A boat having been sent down the harbour with some people to cut rushes, a party of natives came to the beach while they were so employed, and took three of their jackets out of the boat. On discovering this theft, the cockswain pursued a canoe with two men in it as far as a small island that lay just by, where the natives landed, leaving the canoe, or any thing belonging to a native, and towed it to the same place unobserved, and, while the cockswain and his people were collecting what rushes they had cut, threw a spear at the cockswain, which wounded him in the arm, notwithstanding they must have known that at that time we had one of their people in our possession, on whom the injury might be retaliated. He, poor fellow, did not seem to expect any such treatment from us, and began to seem reconciled to his situation. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:43)

50. ...a party of the convicts, sixteen in number, chiefly belonging to the brick-maker's gang, quitted the place of their employment, and, providing themselves with stakes, set off towards Botany Bay, with a determination to revenge, upon whatever natives they should meet, the treatment which one of their brethren had received...Near Botany Bay they fell in with the natives, but in a larger body than they expected or desired...they were driven in by the natives who killed one man and wounded six others...the governor, judging it necessary to make examples of these misguided people, who had so daringly and flagrantly broken through every order which had been given to prevent their interfering with the natives as to form a party expressly to meet with and attack them, directed that those who were not wounded should receive each one hundred and fifty lashes, and wear a fetter for a twelvemonth; the like punishment was directed to be inflicted upon those who were in the hospital, as soon as they should recover from their wounds; in pursuance of which order, seven of them were tied up in front of the provision store, and punished (for example's sake) in the presence of all the convicts. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:47)

51. Early in the month, and throughout its continuance, the people whose business called them down the harbour daily reported, that they found, either in excavations of the rock, or lying upon the beaches and points of the different coves which they had been in, the bodies of may of the wretched natives of this country. The cause of this mortality remained unknown until a family was brought up, and the disorder pronounced to have been smallpox. It was not a desireable circumstance to indroduce a disorder into the colony which was raging with such fatal violence among the natives of the country; but the saving the lives of any of these people was an object of no small importance, as the knowledge of our humanity, and the benefits which we might render them, would, it was hoped do away the evil impressions they had received of us. Two elderly men, a boy, and a girl were brought up, and placed in a separate hut at the hospital. The men were too far overcome by the disease to get the better of it; but the children did well from the moment of their coming among us. From the native who resided with us we understood that many families had been swept off by this scourge, and that others, to avoid it, had fled into the interior parts of the country. (April 1789) (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:53)

52. Of the native boy and girl who had been brought up in the last month, on their recovery from the smallpox, the latter was taken to live with the clergyman's wife, and the boy with Mr. White, the surgeon, to whom for his attention during the cure, he seemed to be much attached. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:54)

53. Whether it had ever appeared among them before could not be discovered, either from him or from the children; but it was certain that they gave it a name (gal-gal-la); a circumstance which seemed to indicate a preacquaintance with it. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:53)

54. One of the principal effects which we had supposed the seizure and captivity of Arabanoo would produce, seemed yet at as great a distance as ever; the natives neither manifested signs of increased hostility on his account, or attempted to ask any explanation of our conduct through the medium of their countryman who was in our possession, and who they knew was treated with no farther harshness than in being detained by us. Their forebearance of open and determined attack upon us can be accounted for only by recollecting their knowledge of our numbers, and their dread of our fire-arms... (Tench 1979:144)

55. The first wish they expressed to return, was complied with, in order to banish all appearance of constraint; the party who had conducted them to Sydney returning with them. When we reached the opposite shore, we found Abaroo and the other women fishing in a canoe, and Mr. Johnson and Barangaroo sitting at the fire, the latter employed in manufacturing fish-hooks. At a little distance, on an adjoining emincence, sat an Indian, with his spear in his hand, as if centinel over the hostages, for the security of his countrymen's return. (Tench 1979:179-80)

56. ...when our children, stimulated by wanton curiosity, used to flock around him, he never failed to fondle them, and, if he were eating at the time, constantly offered them the choicest part of his fare. (Tench 1979:143)

57. Bread he began to relish; and tea he drank with avidity: strong liquors he would never taste, turning from them with disgust and abhorrence. Our dogs and cats had ceased to be objects of fear, and were become his greatest pets, and constant companions at table. (Tench 1979:143)

58. "Which of them is your old favourite, Bar-an-gar-oo, of whom you used to speak so often?"---"Oh," said he, "she is become the wife of Colbee! but I have got *Bul-la Mur-ee Dee-in* [two large women] to compensate for her loss." (said by Bennelong 1790) (Tench 1979:177)

59. Baneelon's love of wine has been mentioned; and the governor, to try whether it still subsisted, uncorked a bottle, and poured out a glass of it, which the other drank off with his former marks of relish and good humour, giving for a toast, as he had been taught, *"the King"*. (Tench 1979:179)

60. One of our party lifted with ease two of them from the ground, in spite of their efforts to prevent him; whereas in return, no one of them could move him: they called him *Mùr-ree Mùl-la* (a large strong man). (16.9.1790, Tench 1979:185)

61. Unfortunately his price was a hatchet, and the only one which I had brought with me, was already disposed of to the man who had pointed my spear. In vain did I tempt him with a knife, a handkerchief, and a hat; nothing but a hatchet seemed to be regarded. *Bùlla Mògo Parrabùgò* (two hatchets tomorrow) I repeatedly cried; but having probably experienced our insincerity, he rejected the proposal with disdain. (8.10.1790, Tench 1979:188)

62. As this naturally created alarm, M'Entire said, 'don't be afraid, I know them,' and immediately laying down his gun, stepped forward, and spoke to them in their own language. The Indians, finding they were discovered, kept slowly retreating, and M'Entire acompanied them about a hundred yards, talking familiarly all the while. One of them now jumped on a fallen tree, and without giving the least warning of his intention, launched his spear at M'Entire, and lodged it in his left side. (Tench 1979:205)

63. Except the behaviour of some natives whom we met on the river, which it would be ingratitude to pass in silence, nothing particularly worthy of notice, occurred on this expedition...When we had reached within two miles of Richmond Hill, we heard a native call: we directly answered him, and conversed across the river for some time. At length he launched his canoe, and crossed to us without distrust or hesitation. We had never seen him before; but he appeared to know our friend Gombeeree, of whom he often spoke: he said his name was Dee-dò-ra. He presented us with two spears and a throwing stick, and in return we gave him some bread and beef. Finding that our route lay up the river, he offered to accompany us; and getting into his canoe, paddled up abreast of us. When we arrived at Richmond Hill it became necessary to cross the river; but the question was, how this should be effected? Deedora immediately offered his canoe: we accepted of it, and Mr. Dawes and the soldier putting their clothes into it, pushed it before them, and by alternately wading and swimming, soon passed. On the opposite shore sat several natives, to whom Deedora called, by which precaution, the arrival of strangers produced no alarm; on the contrary, they received them with every mark of benevolence. Deedora, in the meanwhile, sat talking with the serjeant and me. Soon after, another native, named Mo-rùn-ga, brought back the canoe; and now came our turn to cross. The serjeant...was excessively timorous of water, and could not swim. Morunga offered to conduct him...From this long trial of their patience, and courtesy, in the latter part of which I was entirely in their power, from their having possession of our arms, they had manifested no ungenerous sign of taking advantage of the helplessness and dependance of our situation; no rude curiosity to pry into the packages with which they were intrusted; or no sordid desire to possess the contents of them; although among them were articles exposed to view, of which it afterwards apeared they knew the use, and longed for the benefit...let him whose travels have lain among polished nations, produce me a brighter example of disinterested urbanity, than was shewn by these denizens of a barbarous clime, to a set of destitute wanderers, on the side of the Hawkesbury...On the top of Richmond Hill we shot a hawk, which fell in a tree. Deedora offered to climb for it, and we lent him a hatchet, the effect of which delighted him so much, that he begged for it...the hatchet was given to him, the only token of gratitude and respect in our power to bestow. (Tench 1979:235-6)

64. But if they sometimes injured us, to compensate, they were often of signal benefit to those who needed their assistance; two instances of which had recently occurred. A boat was overset in the harbour; Baneelon, and some other natives, who saw the accident happen, immediately plunged in, and saved all the people. When they had brought them on shore, they undressed them, kindled a fire, and dried their clothes, gave them fish to eat, and conducted them to Sydney...The other instance was of a soldier lost in the woods, when he met a party of natives: he at first know not whether to flee from them, or to implore their assistance. Seeing among them one whom he knew [Colbee], he determined to communicate his distress to him and to rely on his generosity. The Indian told him, that he had wandered a long way from home, but that he would conduct him thither, on the single condition of his delivering up a gun which he held in his hand, promising to carry it for him, and to restore it to him at parting. The soldier felt little inclination to surrender his arms, by which he would be put entirely in their power. But seeing no alternative, he at last consented; on which, the whole party laid down their spears, and faithfully escorted him to the nearest part of the settlement, where the gun was given up, and they took their leave without asking for any remuneration, or even seeming to expect it. (Tench 1979:240)

65. ... some female convicts, employed near the place, made their appearance, and all my endeavours to divert their attention from the ladies became fruitless. They attempted not, however, to offer them the least degree of violence or injury, but stood at the distance of several paces, expressing very significantly the manner they were attracted. (Tench 1979:51)

66. ...he had a beard of considerable length, which his new acquaintance gave him to understand, by signals, they would rid him of, if he pleased; stroaking their chins, and shewing him the smoothness of them at the same time; at length the old Indian consented, and one of the youngsters taking a penknife from his pocket, and making use of the best substitute for lather he could find, performed the operation with great success, and, ans it proved, much to the liking of the old man, who in a few days after reposed a confidence in us of which we had hitherto known no example, by paddling along-side the Sirius in his canoe, and pointing to his beard. Various arts were ineffectually tried to induce him to enter the ship; but as he continued to decline the invitation, a barber was sent down into the boat along-side the canoe, from whence, leaning over the gunnel, he complied with the wish of the old beau, to his infinite satisfaction. (an encounter "in the woods" between an old Aboriginal man and "several young gentlemen from the Sirius") (Tench 1979:53)

67. ...dingo...Aborigine's domesticated dog (Tench 1979:48-9)

68. ...whurra...begone (Tench 1979:36)

69. Daniel Southwell describes how Bennelong, "with a deal of humour (chiefly by gestures and and signs)" related "the manner of his being caught – for he was decoyed with a fish – and says 'beial, beial,' very good, very good; and so it was for he gets plenty without the trouble of spearing them now. His appetite is extraordinary...'tis certain he can manage the share of six men with great ease at one meal." (Mackaness quoting Southwell in Mackaness 1937:230)

70. They were observed to put themselves into threatning postures, calling out often in harsh notes *Warraw! Warraw! Warraw!* (1788, Anon 1978:11).

71. ...when the boats were returning down the river, they ran after them along upon the beach and sometimes stopped abreast of the boats calling out as usual warraw! warraw!... (1788, Anon 1978:15).

72. ...I saw thirty of them fishing...They came out of the water joined in a Body together and stood till we came up with them. As we came near them they spoke to us in a loud disonant Manner, principally uttering these words – "Warra, Warra Wai," which we judged to be to tell us to go away. When we came up to them, I tied some bits of cloth &c. round their heads and necks and also gave one of them a comb, at which he seemed especially pleased and astonished. Some of them then began to dance, and one of them offerd me one of his fishing giggs, which I refused, the Governor ordering that nothing should be taken from them. (1788, Botany Bay) (Johnson 1788:16)

73. Mrs. J. has had...a girl...Have given it the name of Milbah Maria (Milbah a name amongst the Natives). Have a native girl under my care. Have had her now about 11 months. She was brought in here together with three others dreadfully afflicted with the Small Pox. The two men died. Abaroo (the name of the Girl) and a Boy (Nanbarry) recovered; the latter is with the Surgeon General. Three more have been brought in by force, one of which died of the above disorder after he had been in the camp several months and had become reconciled to the Camp. A second made his escape, and a third, O-gul-troyee or Bennelong (for they in general have many names) is still at the Governor's, and has become very communicative and affable. Have taken some pains with Abaroo (about 15 years old) to instruct her in reading, and have no reason to complain of her improvement. She can likewise begin to speak a little Enlglish and is useful in several things about our little Hutt. Have taught her the Lord's Prayer &c., and as she comes better to understand me, endeavour to instruct her respecting a Supreme Being, &c. (Johnson 1790:29)

74. We are now upon a pretty friendly intercourse with the natives. Numbers of them are coming into the Camp daily, or rather are in night and day. This intercourse was principally brought about by means of a little girl, which, if I mistake not, I mentioned to you in a former Letter. For some time this Girl made good improvement in her behaviour and began to be very partial to her, but since they have come in in common, she has not behaved so well or so complying. Once and again she has been off in the woods for sometime, but believe she finds things better in camp and with us than amongst her Countrymen. Hope that good will come out of all this, though appearances are yet very dark. (Johnson 1791:38)

75. ...they speak very Loud and mostly all together very often Pronouncing the Words Worra Worra Wea & seemed quite surprized at not being answered...one of the Ships sent a Boast to haul her Seine...when the Natives saw the fish come on the beach they immediately ran in the Net speared the fish and carried them away...they were not stoped for fear of a disturbance... (January 1788, Botany Bay) (Fowell 1988:67)

76. February 1790, Munday 15.....went up the Harbour in my Boat and went into Lane Cove where I was Yesterday to See Dourrawan and Tirriwan the two Natives that I exchanged the hatchet with Yesterday for there two Spears...I Cald to them...the Soon Answerd me I then got out of the Boat...I cald to them again when I got to ther fire for the had run into the bush on there Seing the Boat pulling towards them...on there Seing that it was me who had given them the Hatchet Yesterday the came down to me...the had left Some Muscle on the fire to roast which the both begd of me to eat Some of...I asked them for to goe and bring me there (dins) which is there woman and I would give there woman Some bits of different coulerd cloath which I had brought on purpose to give to them...I then desired Tirriwan to goe and bring me down one of his children as Dourrawan infomd me that he was the father of the Child he had brought down and that his woman the mother of his child was (poc) dead of the (mittayon) Small Pox...I asked him for his (din) he Said that She was up in the wood given a Young child the (nipan) the Breast...I gave each of the children a bit of Red cloath...I asked them if the would give me the children for my hatt which the Seemed to wish most for but the would not on any account part with there

children which I liked them for...the Governour has often asked me as the Natives Seemd not So much affraid of me as the are of every body else to take one of them and bring them in...Yesterday and to day I might with great ease and without running any danger have taken these two men but as I told Ellis when he asked me if I did not intend to take them I told him that it would be very Ungenerous to take them for after the had place Such confidence in use that I could not think of doing it for if I had taken them both what would have become of there young children the must have Starved...after Staying with them for about two hours I got into the boat and left them and went up the cove about Six miles...the were much affraid of our Guns...I eat one of there Muscles which made me very Sick...in coming back the cald to use to come on shore but it beginning to grow dark I wished to get home...the are very fond of asking your names...I told them mine Yesterday which the recollected and cald me by it to day. (Clark 1981:109-110)

77. Several of the convicts here have been again Kild by the Natives as we Suppose one of our men is also as he has been Missing above three weeks past...they are a Set of Savage Rascals for they will take the Advantage of the defenceless where the can Such of the convicts that the mee tin the woods but as for a Red Coat the will not come near them upon no Account what ever the are So much affraid of fire Arms. (17.11.1788) (Clark 1981:273)

78. Here I cannot help making what may appear rather an ill-natured remark; our governors, for they are all such, have carried philosophy, I do not say religion, to such a pitch of refinement as is surprising. Many of these savages are allowed , what is termed, a freeman's ratio of provision for their idleness. They are bedecked at times, with dress which they make away with the first opportunity, preferring the originality of naked nature; and they are treated with the most singular tenderness. This you will suppose not more than laudable; but is there one spark of charity exhibited to poor wretches, who are at least denominated christians? No, they are frequently denied the common necessities of life! wrought to death under the oppressive heat of a burning sun; or barbarously afflicted with often little merited arbitrary punishment–this may be philosophy, according to the calculation of our rigid dictators; but I think it is the falsest species of it I have ever known or heard of. (13.12.1791) (Watling 1945:28)

79. The natives are extremely fond of painting, and often sit hours by me when at work. Several rocks round us have outre figures engraven in them; and some of their utensils and weapons are curiously carved, considering the materials they have to work with. (13.12.1791) (Watling 1945:29)

80. Their poets neither having the advantage of writing or printing, are necessitated to travel as the hedge-preachers in *Britain*, to extend their reputation. It is but lately that an itinerant sable *Ossian* called this way, and held forth to some hundreds of his countrymen, who after kindly entreating, escorted him to some other bourne, to further promulgate his composition...Whatever may be their merits in this department, I confess that I am not connoisseur enough to guess at them. Of their music, however, I may aver that nothing can be more disagreeable, unless it be their other favorite amusement, dancing; for if harmony be the foundation of the one, and grace of the other, these aborigines have not, as yet, the smallest idea of either. (13.12.1791) (Watling 1945:30)

81. While we remained at Botany Bay, as I was one morning on board the Supply we saw twenty-nine of the natives on the beach, looking towards the shipping...One of the most friendly, and who appeared to be the most confident, on signs being made to him, stuck the end of his shield in the sand, but could not be prevailed upon to throw his spear at it. Finding he declined it, I fired a pistol ball through it. The explosion frightened him, as well as his companions, a little; but they soon got over it, and on my putting the pistol into my pocket he took up the

shield, and appeared to be much surprised at finding it perforated. He then, by signs and gestures, seemed to ask if the pistol would make a hole through him; and on being made sensible that it would, he showed not the smallest signs of fear; on the contrary he endeavoured, as we construed his motions, to impress us with an idea of the superiority of his own arms, which he applied to his breast, and by staggering, and a show of falling, seemed to wish us to understand that the force and effect of them was mortal, and not to be resisted. (White 1962:110-11)

82. The governor, with two long boats...returned from Broken Bay...While he was there, he saw a great many of the natives, some of whom he thinks he had observed before, either at Botany Bay or in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson. One of the females happened to fall in love with his great coat; and to obtain it she used a variety of means. First, she danced, and played a number of antic tricks; but, finding this mode ineffectual, she had recourse to tears, which she shed plentifully. This expedient not answering, she ceased from weeping, and appeared as cheerful as any of the party around her. (9.3.1788) (White 1962:118)

83. ...we fell in with an Indian path, and, as it took a turn towards the camp, we followed it about two miles, when, on a sudden, in a valley or little bay to the northward of Botany Bay we were surprised at hearing the sound of voices, which we instantly found to proceed from a great number of the natives, sitting behind a rock, who appeared to be equally astonished with ourselves, as, from the silence we observed, they had not perceived us till we were within twenty yards of them...Every one of them, as they got up, armed himself with a long spear, the short stick before described, used in throwing it, a shield made of bark, and either a large club, pointed at one end, or a stone hatchet. At first they seemed rather hostilely inclined, and made signs, with apparent tokens of anger, for us to return; but when they saw the governor advance towards them, unarmed, and with his hands opened wide (a signal we had observed among them of amity and peace), they, with great confidence, came up to him, and received from him some trifles which he had in his pocket, such as fish-hooks, beads, and a looking-glass...As there appeared not to be less than three hundred of them in this bay, all armed, the soldiers were ordered to fix their bayonets, and to observe a close, well-connected order of march, as they descended the hill. These people...seem to dislike red coats and those who carry arms, but on the present occasion they shewed very little fear or distrust; on the contrary, they in a few minutes mixed with us, and conducted us to a very fine stream of water, out of which some of them drank, to shew that it was good...The women and children kept at some distance, one or two more forward than the rest excepted, who came to the governor for some presents. While he was distributing his gifts, the women danced (an exercise every description of people in this country seem fond of), and threw themselves into some not very decent attitudes...As they conducted us to the water, a toadstool was picked up by one of our company, which, some of the natives perceiving, they made signs for us to throw it away, as not being good to eat. Soon after I gathered some wood-sorrel, which grew in our way, but none of them endeavoured to prevent me from eating it; on the contrary, if a conclusion may be drawn from the signs which they made relative to the toadstool, they shewed, by their looks, that there was nothing hurtful in it...We halted but a short time with them, as it was growing late and we had a long way to walk. Before we parted from the the governor gave them two small hand-axes, in exchange for some of their stone axes and two of their spears. As we ascended a hill, after our departure from them, eight of them followed us until we had nearly reached the top, where one of those who had been most familiar with us made signs for us to stop; which we readily complying with, he ran to the summit and made a strange kind of hallooing, holding at the same time his hands open above his head...As soon as we came up to him, we discovered another large body of them in a bay, about half a mile below us. Our new friend seemed anxious to carry us down to them, but, it not being in our way, we declined his offer. Seeing us take another direction, he halted and opened his hands, in order, as we supposed, to put us in mind that he had

received nothing from us; upon which we presented him with a bird, the only thing we had, with which he returned, to appearance, fully content and satisfied. (30.5.1788) (White 1962:136-138)

84. This day three canoes, with a man and a woman in each, came behind the point on which the hospital is built, to fish. I went over to them, as did two other gentlemen, my assistants, without their shewing any fear at our coming; on the contrary, they manifested a friendly confidence. We gave them some bread, which they received with apparent pleasure, but did not eat any of it while in our presence. We likewise presented them with a looking-glass, but this they received with indifference, and seemed to hold in no kind of estimation...I gave one of the women a pocket handkerchief, which she immediately tied round her head, and shewed great satisfaction. She had a young child between her knees in the canoe...for whom she solicited something, in the most suppliant tone of voice I ever heard. The only thing I had about me was a narrow slip of linen, which I gave her; and, trifling as it was, she appeared to be perfectly satisfied with it; and bound it round the child's head. She would not come out of the canoe, though along-side the rocks; but the man quitted it, and shewed us some wild figs that grew near at hand. Such as were green and unripe he did not pull; but, after some search, having found one that was tolerably ripe, he made me pluck it and put it into his mouth. He eat it with an apparent relish, and smacked his lips, after he had swallowed it, to convince us how good it was. (July 1788) (White 1962:152-53)

85. ...sixteen canoes, that were out fishing, came close to the spot where we were, and that there lay on their paddles, which they managed with wonderful dexterity and address; mimicking us, and indulging in their own merriment...After many signs and entreaties, one of the women ventured to the governor, who was by himself, and, with seemingly great timidity, took from him some small fishing lines and hooks, articles which they hold in great estimation. This made her less fearful; and in a little time she became perfectly free and unrestrained. Her conduct influenced many others who came on shore for what they could procure...by signs we made them understand that we intended to offer them some presents...To this person Lieutenant Cresswell gave a white pocket handkerchief, with which she seemed much pleased. Every gentleman now singled out a female and presented her with some trinkets, not forgetting, at the same time, to bestow gifts upon some of her family, whom she took considerable pains to make known, lest they should fall into the hands of such as did not belong to her...a body of men came out of the woods...The men had also with them some new paddles, spears, and fish-gigs, which they had just been making. They readily showed us the use of every thing they had with them. Indeed they always behave with an apparent civility when they fall in with men that are armed; but when they meet persons unarmed they seldom fail to take every advantage of them...My companion continued to exhibit a number of coquettish airs while I was decorating her head, neck, and arms with my pocket and neck handkerchiefs, which I tore into ribbons, as if desirous of multiplying two presents into several. Having nothing left, except the buttons of my coat, on her admiring them, I cut them away, and with a piece of string tied them round her waist. Thus ornamented, and thus delighted with her new acquirements, she turned from me with a look of inexpressible archness. (Manly Cover, August 1788) (White 1962:159-60)

86. ...the governor, whom he calls "*Beanga*," or Father... (c. April 1791, Baneelon of Phillip) (King 1968:269)

87. "...and the governor calls him "*Dooroow*," or Son." (c. April 1791, Phillip of Baneelon) (King 1968:269)

2

Sydney 1793 to 1804

1. Copy of a letter from a Native of Botany Bay to Mr Phillips Lord Sydney's Steward being returned to his own country after he had resided a short time in England. Sidney Cove New S. Wales Augst 29 1796. Sir I am very well. I hope you are very well. I live at the Governor's. I have every day dinner there. I have not my wife: another black man took her away: we have had murry [meaning bad] doings: he spear'd me in the back, but I better now: his name is now [they frequently change their names] Carroway. all my friends alive and well. Not me go to England no more. I am at home now. I hope Sir you send me anything you please Sir. hope all are well in England. I hope Mrs Phillips very well. You nurse me Madam when I sick. You very good Madam: thank you Madam, and hope you remember me Madam, not forget. I know you very well Madam. Madam I want Stockings. thank you Madam; send me two Pair stockings. You very good Madam. Thank you Madam. Sir, you give my duty to L Sydney. Thank you very good my Lord. very good: hope very well all family. very well. Sir, send me you please some Handkerchiefs for Pocket. you please Sir send me some shoes: two pair you please Sir...Bannolong (Bennelong 1796)

2. When they mean to evince a partiality to any stranger, they immediately assume his name, calling him by theirs; this they consider as the highest compliment they can pay an Englishman, and are highly pleased at being called by their new name. (Barrington 1795b:108)

3. ...she exclaimed with great emotion, "*Didgery-goor, didgery-goor*," I thank you, I thank you... (Barrington 1795b:116)

4. ...he cried "*Boojerie, boojerie*," good, good Pelerino—and by signs asked my name, when I repeated "George," two or three times; then squeezing my hand to his breast, he made me understand that he would change names with me, and I must call him George, and he call me Palerino...this ceremony was finished by his sister kissing us both, repeating "Boojerie Palerino, Boojerie George," Good Palerino, good George... (Barrington 1795b:119)

5. Captain Parker had many opportunities of getting acquainted with several of the Natives, and as he seldom saw them without giving them some trifle or other, soon became a great favourite with them, and mostly had one other of them with me [sic] in his rambles. (Anon c.1796:6)

6. ...learning from two Indians that no water could be procured at Red Point, we accepted their offer of piloting us to a river which, they said, lay a few miles further southward, and where not only fresh water was abundant, but also fish and wild ducks. These men were natives of Botany Bay, whence it was that we understood a little of their language, whilst that of some others was unintelligible. (1796, Illawarra Coast) (Flinders, vol. 1, 1814:98)

7. The number of people had increased to near twenty, and others were still coming...we had clipped the hair and beards of the two Botany-Bay natives at Red Point; and they were shewing themselves to the others, and persuading them to follow their example. Whilst, therefore, the powder was drying, I began with a large pair of scisars to execute my new office upon the eldest of four or five chins presented to me...Some of the more timid were alarmed at a formidable instrument coming so near to their noses, and would scarcely be persuaded by their shaven friends, to allow the operation to be finished. But when their chins were held up a

second time, their fear of the instrument,—the wild stare of their eyes,—and the smile which they force, formed a compound upon the the rough savage countenance, not unworthy the pencil of a Hogarth. I was almost tempted to try what effect a little snip would produce; but our situation was too critical to admit of such experiments...Our examination of the country was confined...to a general view. This part is called *Alowrie*, by the natives, and is very low and sandy near the sides of the rivulet...The natives were in nothing, except language, different from those at Port Jackson... (1796, Illawarra Coast) (Flinders, vol. 1, 1814:99-100)

8. Two natives came down to us in a friendly manner, and seemed not to be unacquainted with Europeans. Their language differed somewhat from the Port Jackson dialect, but with the assistance of signs, we were able to make ourselves understood. (1796, Port Hacking) (Flinders, vol. 1, 1814:103)

9. ...called by the natives *womat*, *wombat*, or *womback*, according to the different dialects, or perhaps the different rendering of the wood rangers who brought the information. (1798) (Flinders, vol. 1, 1814:135)

10. Their talent for mimicry is very great. It was a favourite diversion with the children to imitate the peculiarities in any one's gait, and they would go through it with the happiest success. (Collins, vol. 1, 1975:499)

11. The principal sufferer in this affair was known in the settlement by the name of William and Ann (corrupted by their pronunciation to Wil-lam-an-nan) which he had adopted from a ship of the same name that arrived here in the year 1791. (October 1797) (Collins, vol. 2, 1975:40-41)

12. Cole-be knew that this would ensure him the appellation of jeerun, or coward, and that the friends of Ye-ra-ni-be would as certainly take up his cause. (December 1797) (Collins, vol. 2, 1795:47)

13. Ye-ra-ni-be was buried the day after his decease by the side of the public road, below the military barracks. He was placed by his friends upon a large piece of bark, and laid into a grave, which was formed by them after our manner (only not so deep), they seeming in this instance to be desirous of imitating our custom. Bennillong assisted at the ceremony, placing the head of the corpse, by which he struck a beautiful war-ra-taw, and covering the body with the blanket on which he died. (December 1797) (Collins, vol. 2, 1975:48)

14. Bennillong, notwithstanding the European polish which he could at times assume, was by no means a favourite with, or held in much estimation by the females of his own complexion. If any unfortunate girl was seen to be in his train for any time, she was well known to be actuated less by inclination than by the fear of his exercising that right which the stronger always claimed the privilege of possessing over the weaker sex. (December 1797) (Collins, vol. 2, 1975:50)

15. Instead of living peaceably and pleasantly at the governor's house as he certainly might always have done, Bennillong preferred the rude and dangerous society of his own countrymen, visiting the settlement only when induced by the recollection of the comforts which he could no where else obtain. Word was now brought in, of his having been again severely wounded in a contest with some natives. This man had lately received and recovered of several wounds, any one of which would have been sufficient to have destroyed a European. But these people in general owed their existence more to their good habit of body (living free from the use of spirituous liquors and the luxuries of the table) than to any other cause. Unless this be admitted, it will be difficult to account for their surviving the desperate wounds which they have been often known to receive. (November 1798) (Collins, vol. 2, 1975:96)

16. The mountain natives named this new animal wombat, and said it was good eating; but it was wholly unknown to those who were admitted into the settlement. (March 1798) (Collins, vol. 2, 1975:72)

17. The Wombat (or, as it is called by the natives of Port Jackson, the Womback) is a squat, thick, short-legged, and rather inactive quadruped, with great appearance of stumpy strength, and somewhat bigger than a large turnspit dog. (January 1799) (Collins, vol. 2, 1795:111)

18. Besides Funeaux's Islands, the Wombat inhabits, as has been seen, the mountains to the westward of Port Jackson. (January 1799) (Collins, vol. 2, 1795:114)

19. The natives are, in person, similar to those living about Port Jackson, but their language was perfectly unintelligible. They used canoes, of which they seemed very careful; for on his rowing round the point of Snug Cove, when Mr. Bass was on his first visit to this bay in the whale boat, a party of them paddled hastily on shore, taking their canoes upon their heads, and running off with them into the woods. They, however, did not appear so shy of their visitors as they had formerly been; and there was reason to believe that a friendly intercourse might have been easily established with them. (January 1799, referring to people at Twofold Bay met with by the sea voyaging team lead by George Bass and Mathew Flinders in the *Norfolk* in October 1798) (Collins, vol. 2, 1795:105)

20. As it was not supposed that the sloop could proceed above Herdsman's Cove, Mr. Bass and his companion went up the river in her boat, imagining that one tide would enable them to reach its source; but in this they were mistaken, falling, as they believed, several miles short of it. ...In their way up, a human voice saluted them from the hills on which they landed, carrying with them one of several swans which they had just shot. Having nearly reached the summit, two females, with a short covering hanging loose from their shoulders, suddenly appeared at some little distance before them, snatched up each a small basket, and scampered off. A man then presented himself, and suffered them to approach him without any signs of fear or distrust. He recieved the swan joyfully, seeming to esteem it a treasure. ...His language was unintelligible to them, as was theirs to him, although they addressed him in several of the dialects of New South Wales, and some few of the most common words of the South Sea Islands. With some difficulty they made him comprehend their wish to see his place of residence. He pointed over the hills, and proceeded onwards...The most probable reason of his unwillingness to be their guide seemed, his not having a male companion near him; and his fearing that if he took them to his women, their charms might induce them to run off with them—a jealousy very common with the natives of the continent...No part of their dress attracted his attention, except the red silk handkerchief round their necks. Their fire arms were to him objects neither of curiosity nor fear. ...This was the first man they had spoken with in Van Diemen's land [sic], and his frank and open deportment led them not only to form a favourable opinion of the dispoistion of its inhabitants, but to conjecture that if the country was peopled in the usual numbers, he would not have been the only one whom they would have met. (Expedition of Bass and Flinders in the *Norfolk* late 1798, Frederick Henry Bay) (Collins, vol. 2, 1975:134-35)

21. The criminal court of judicature was assembled at the close of the month; when...a man...was...sentenced to receive a severe coporal punishment, for having shot a native (man) at Botanty Bay. Could the evidence of some of these people have been taken, it was supposed that he would have been capitally convicted, in which case he would certainly have suffered, the governor being determined to put that article of his [sic] Majesty's instructions in force, which, in placing these people under the protection of the British Government, enjoined the punishing any injury

done to their persons or property, according to the degree and nature of this offence. ...When this man was brought out to be punished, several of the natives were assembled for the purpose; and he received in their presence as much of his sentence as he could bear, they witnessing his sufferings with the most perfect indifference. (January 1799) (Collins, vol. 2, 1975:141)

22. ...Mr. Ball was named Mid-ger Bool, and...none of them could ever pronounce the letters f or s. Even Bennillong, on his return from England, still used caw-be for coffee. Many other instances might be adduced. (Collins, vol. 2, 1975:180)

23. The natives of the coast, whenever speaking of those of the interior, constantly expressed themselves with contempt and marks of disapprobation. Their language was unknown to each other, and there was not any doubt of their living in a state of mutual distrust and enmity. Those natives, indeed, who frequented the town of Sydney, spoke to and of those who were not so fortunate, in a very superior tone, valuing themselves upon their friendship with the white people, and erecting in themselves an exclusive right to the enjoyment of all the benefits which were to result from that friendship. That they should prefer the shelter which they found in the houses of the inhabitants to the miserable protection from weather which their ill-constructed huts afforded, or even to that which they could meet with under a rock, will be allowed to have been natural enough... (August 1800) (Collins, vol. 2, 1975:215)

24. They are particularly careful not to mention the Names of any of their deceased Relations or Friends and nothing appears to give them more trouble than to have them named by any one this has been particularly observed by many of the colonists and I was once present when a Young Native of the name of Terrebelong being questioned something concerning a Native that was lately dead frowned and would immediately have departed in great Wrath although very familiar at the House had he not been prevented but would make no answer only that it was Murree Waree very bad or improper. They have a few amongst them Styled by the Colonists Native Doctors to whom they pay great deference and attention. (1794-96) (Paine 1983:41)

25. On the 25th of February I set out, the weather thick and cloudy, accompanied by a soldier of the New South Wales Corps, one of my own people, a native and his wife, as guides...As it rained hard towards evening, my guide halted near a wood, taking us to a place where two old men were sitting by a fire...This temporary habitation was formed by a rock overhanging the place they were seated on, and called by them *Gablegunnie*, being the term for the hut, or the House of the Rock. (on a trip to Pittwater, 1801) (Grant 1803:88)

26. We were immediately challenged from the bushes in the native language; the soldier with me answered; and we were conducted by the stranger to the huts. (on a trip to Pittwater, 1801) (Grant 1803:89)

27. ...they will in the night steal on their countrymen whilst asleep, and with an instrument called a dual, made of hard wood and gradually tapering to a point, pin them to the ground, particularly when actuated by jealousy or revenge. (1801) (Grant 1803:89)

28. In the night-time the soldier was wakened by one of the men, who requested he would go with him to fetch some water. On the former (who understood the language) asking him why he could not go alone, he was answered, "You know me *murrey jarrin*, that is, much afraid. The soldier being unwilling to stir, asked, What he was afraid of? The native said, "of the Bogle;" the term for the Evil Spirit, or Devil... (on a trip to Pittwater, 1801) (Grant 1803:90)

29. ...we came near to the banks of a stream, which the natives call *Narrowbine*. It was but barely peep of day, and objects were not easily distinguishable, yet the native informed me he saw somebody on the opposite side. As we proceeded on we sooon perceived a person walking by the river side, but could not ascertain whether he was a native or not. Our guide, however, on enquiry said, that is, "no black fellow," and that he had a musket with him. (on a trip to Pittwater, 1801) (Grant 1803:91)

30. ...it is a fact that all the natives about the Settlement, or at a distance, who have tasted bread, are very fond of it, and always ask for it. (Grant 1803:93)

31. The native we had as a guide had been probably induced to accompany us for the sake of getting plenty of biscuit, of which, as already has been mentioned, his countrymen are remarkably fond...he led us along the sea shore under the heights we had travelled in the morning, and very near a *gunnie*, or house, which he made us understand was the place of his birth. (on a trip to Pittwater, 1801) (Grant 1803:96)

32. The native which came on board in the boat appeared to be a middle-aged man, more stout and muscular than those I had seen about Sydney. He entered the vessel without any symptoms of fear, and altogether with that confidence, which shewed he had had frequent communications with our countrymen before. He often repeated the words, blanket, blanket, and woman, woman; probably from the barter, which some of these visitors had received in lieu of the seamens bedding. He testified much surprize at several articles on board, particularly the compasses in the binnacle. On my conducting him down into the cabin, and placing him before a looking-glass, he expressed more wonder than I am able to describe by innumerable gestures, attitudes and grimaces. He narrowly examined it to see if any one was behind it; and did not seem satisfied of the contrary, till I unscrewed it from the place it was fastened to. The sound of a small bugle-horn had a very great effect on him, and he endeavoured, by applying it to his own mouth, to make it sound but without effect, which surprized him very much...I had on board two natives of Sydney, called Euranabie, and Worogan his wife. These people were also objects of his notice. It is a remarkable circumstance, and as yet has not been accounted for, that the natives of New Holland, be they on ever such good terms together when they meet after a separation, take little or no notice of each other, perhaps for half an hour or more; making a sign for sitting down with their hands only, if a stranger enters a house. This stranger, whom I had placed near the natives of Sydney, sat by them without saying a word for above half an hour, soon after the expiration of which time, great familiarity took place betwixt them...Not understanding the language I could not learn the subjects of their conversation, but it appeared as if they did not readily understand each other. From this, and what I discovered in my intercourse with other parties of the natives, I am inclined to think the language of New Holland has its different dialects. (Jervis' Bay, 1801) (Grant 1803:105-6)

33. From observing the smoothness of our chins, they all expressed a desire to have their's the same; which some of my people instantly set about, clipping them close with scissars. (Jervis' Bay, 1801) (Grant 1803:107-8)

34. ...Mr Bareillier accompanied me on shore armed. We took Euranabie, the Sydney native, with us. On our landing the natives gathered round us, appearing to have no fear of us. They began a conversation with Euranabie, using many words which seemed to resemble the Sydney dialect, such as *Bail*, signifying *No*, and *Maun*, to *take away*, or *carry off*. An elderly man made Euranabie a present of a *waddie*, or club...To my great surprize he soon afterwards came up to me with evident marks of fear depicted in his countenance. On being asked the cause of his alarm, he solicited permission to go on board the vessel, as these natives would kill and *patter*, that is, *eat him*. (Jervis' Bay, 1801) (Grant 1803:108-9)

35. I brought off the human bones, and on getting on board shewed them to Euranabie. Finding two of the natives from the shore in the vessel, I desired him to ask them, whether these bones had belonged to a white man or not, and if they had killed and eaten him. ...Euranabie accordingly made the enquiries; and from what I could learn, both by means of a soldier who understood the Sydney dialect, and through Euranabie, who comprehended and spoke English tolerably well, I found the bones were those of a white man that had come in a canoe from the southward, where the ship *tumble down*, the expression he made use of for being wrecked. Although the two natives were repeatedly questioned on this subject, they never deviated in the least from their first account. I also interrogated Worogan, the wife of Euranabie, who spoke English, on this point; and if I was inclined to credit it, I should certainly do it more on account of what she told me than what I heard from the two natives of this place. From her I learned that the Bush Natives, (who appear to be a different tribe of people from those that live by the sea-side,) sometimes did eat human flesh. At my request, she shewed me in what manner they dispateched their victims, which is done by striking them in the pole of the neck with the *waddie*, or club; after which with the *womara*, or instrument they throw the spear with being armed with a shell at one end, they make an incision form the throat down the breast to the lower part of the belly, and another across the chest. This she shewed me by putting her hand in the pole of my neck, and making me stretch myself on the deck, when she went through the whole process with the very instrument before described. (Jervis' Bay, 1801) (Grant 1803:113)

36. In putting the surveying instruments into the boat, the chain was found missing...a canoe put off from the island, on which a number of the natives then were, with a man in it who held up the chain in his hand...On looking at the chain it was made up in the usual way we did, and tied with a piece of string; but in undoing it I found that the native had untwisted every bend of the wires which contained the brass-markers, and after taking them off, bent the wired back into their original form...This was first instance I had experienced of their pilfering any thing; and as I did not chuse to proceed to extremities, I gave the native a blanket and some biscuit, and the mate gave him an old hat, with which he appeared to be highly pleased...On landing, we were joined by a great number of the natives, who seemed glad that the man had been rewarded for carrying back the chain. The blanket attracted their notice much, the use of which they appeared to know. The old man whom I fomerly mentioned was among them; on seeing me he made signs for me to sit down at a distance from the rest, and by pointing to his white beard, signified a wish to have it cut off, which I immediately did with a pair of scissars, and he expressed much satisfaction at being rid of it...I observed one of the brass marks of the surveying chain fastened round the neck of one of their children hanging down behind...They examined the buttons of my coat, and the head of my dirk, with great signs of surprize; but what appeared to please them the most was my watch and its ticking noise. By the assistance of some of our party, who could speak the Sydney language, I explained its use to them, as far as they were able to comprehend it; but though both the men as well as the women expressed their satisfaction at other things they saw by loud exclamations and laughing, yet with respect to the watch they talked in a low voice amongst themselves. From what I could judge of their behaviour, they seemed to think it was an object of our adoration and worship...Wishing to get some fresh water, I made signs to the Old Chief for that purpose; he readily understood me...made me follow him to the side of a hill where some water had settled... (Jervis' Bay, 1801) (Grant 1803:116-18)

37. Many of the men and women I saw here were, in all appearance, marked with the small-pox, and on my pointing to some of the crew that had marks of that disorder, the natives made signs that they proceeded from the same disease. From many inquiries I made, I learned that they had a disorder in this country, which left marks behind it, but whether it is similar to the small-pox in Europe, I cannot

determine, as I never saw any one of them at the time they were afflicted with it. (Jervis' Bay, 1801) (Grant 1803:119)

38. When Euranabie and his wife came on board the vessel, at Sydney, they both of them received clothing; but when the weather proved warm, the woman threw aside her gown and petticoat, and preferred appearing in the state of nature, or slightly covered with a blanket. (1801) (Grant 1803:129)

39. We found the track of the natives, and fell in with several of their *gunnies*, or habitations. These are constructed with a few boughs stuck up to skreen them from the wind... (Jervis' Bay, 1801) (Grant 1803:111)

40. ...Dr. Harris went on shore to reconnoitre the place. ...On Dr. Harris' return, he brough with him a native, who, on seeing the boat had run down to it, crying out several times, *Whale Boat*! and *Budgerie Dick*! or *Good Dick*,—a name we supposed had been given him by the people sent in search of those who ran away with the Norfolk, as before mentioned. This man had some fish with him which he threw into the boat first, and then jumped into it himself, without the least hesitation. ...Out new acquaintance Dick, as soon as he got on board, continued his cries of *Whale Boat*! and in order to discover what he ment by them, I introduced him to Bangaree, with directions ot the latter to question him on the subject. Bangaree pointed to him to sit down, which, I have observed before, implied that a stranger was received with friendship. It was in vain for me to desire Bangaree to proceed in his enquiries, there was another etiquette, which could not be omitted, and this was a continuance in profound silence. This lasted for a bout twenty minutes, at the expiration of which time they by degrees entered into discourse, drawing nearer to each other, as they began to talk. We received, however, little information from Dick, whether it was that Bangaree did not well understand him; and I am inclined to think so, for some of our people who were best acquainted with the language spoken by the natives round Sydney, were at the same loss. (on the coast near the Hunter River) (Grant 1803:150-51)

41. I have mentioned marks like those remaining after the smallpox have been observed upon some of the natives; and it is certain they are subject to a disorder which has the like symptoms. It is, morever, remarkable that this disorder is known amongst them by a different name from that they give to all other eruptions on the skin. One of the natives was taken into the Hospital with this disease upon him, which though not caught by any European, infected an African negroe who died of it. (1801) (Grant 1803:167)

42. Benelong visited England with Governor Philips, and returned to New South Wales with Governor Hunter; and I am sorry to add, far from being improved by the voyage. He has unfortunately acquired a fondness for strong liquors, and is apt to take them to a great excess, at which time he proves very disorderly and ungovernable. He still retains the highest respect for Governor Philips, and discovers a grateful sense of the favours received at his hands. (1801) (Grant 1803:170)

43. It cannot be a wonder that manners so different, as those of the Settlers of New South Wales, should excite the admiration and imitation of the New Hollander. ...Hence the attempts at mimicry, for which the native of New Holland is remarkable, may be accounted for. This talent he is allowed to possess in a very eminent degree: the gait, the gesture, the minutest particular which discriminates one individual from another, the New Hollander hits off instantly. The females likewise possess the same talent, confined to their own sex; and I have had all the ladies of my acquaintance exhibited before me, in a most striking manner, by a female native of New Holland; though, at the same time, I found difficulty in prevailing upon her to display this talent. Probably she might have discovered that it gave offence to the ladies thus played off in public. (Grant 1803:170-71)

44. ...the party with me, also of six persons, including my native friend Bongaree, went towards the extremity of Sandy Cape. Several Indians with branches of trees in their hands, were there collected; and whilst they retreated themselves, were waving to us to go back. Bongaree stripped off his clothes and laid aside his spear, as inducements for them to wait for him; but finding they did not understand his language, the poor fellow, in the simplicity of his heart, addressed them in broken English, hoping to succeed better. At length they suffered him to come up, and by degrees our whole party joined; and after receiving some presents, twenty of them returned with us to the boats...Our native did not understand a word of their language, nor did they seem to know the use of his *womerah* or throwing stick; for one of them being invited to imitate Bongaree, who lanced a spear with it very dexterously and to a great distance, he, in the most awkward manner, threw both womerah and spear together. (1802, Sandy Cape near Glass House) (Flinders, vol. 2, 1814:10-11)

45. The natives...insuperable attachment to this rude state of life, will appear evident from this: Though engaged as servants, and enjoying the comforts of domestic life, which they appear for a time to be delighted with, they soon become dissatisfied; and the first time they visit the woods, generally leave their clothes behind, or desert to their former companions. Length of time is unable to overcome this attachment to their native wildness. A gentleman of considerable respectability informed me, that a native whom he had kept as a servant for three years, afterwards deserted, preferring the precarious and unsettled state of a rambling life, to all the comforts of dress, and the enjoyments of civilized and social life. This is invariably the case, with men, women, and children. (Bond 1803:3)

46. Their unwillingness to associate and connect themselves with the colonists, is manifest, from their so frequently setting fire to the Indian corn belonging to the settlement. On such occasions, it is usual to send out parties of soldiers, who, by their firing, may intimidate and cause them to retire; but not wound or kill any of them, as this would be fatal to the first white man whom they might afterwards meet. This was unhappily the case with a sergeant belonging to the New South Wales corps, and two others, whom they killed on the same day; as an act of retaliation upon our party, who had wounded or killed some of theirs...Soon after this unfortunate circumstance, I was alone, at the distance of about forty miles from Sydney Cove, on the road leading to a settlement, called Hawkesbury. Observing a party of the natives coming out of the woods (about thirty in number), I was in some measure alarmed, not being able to determine whether it would be more prudent to proceed or return...When we met, they surrounded me on every side, feeling at my pockets and clothes with the strictest care. Then indeed I was seriously alarmed for my safety; but providentially escaped unhurt, through the interference of one of the party, who having been occasionally permitted to sleep in my kitchen, knew me, and informed them in broken English that I was a good man. With this declaration of their companion they were satisfied, and permitted me to proceed...Every endeavour has been used to reconcile them to our ways of life, and to associate with the colonists, but hitherto without effect... (Bond 1803:4-5)

3

Sydney 1804 to 1820

1. When I first went to the country, I was invited to dine with Lieutenant Cummings, of the Botany Bay corps, and Mr Cummings was very much acquainted with the natives, as he was a man went out to hunt the kangaroos and other sport. He was a Irishman, and, the day I dines with him, there was about fifty natives round his house, and their nature is to ask, when they see a stranger, who he is and they say: 'Name your are miel'—that is to say 'a stranger'. Mr Cummings said I was his brother, which reached the ear of almost every native in the colony. After that I went by the name of Mr Cummings' brother. (early 1800s) (Holt 1988:68)

2. The king of the natives his name is Bennelong, that is to say 'been long' deemed their king. (early 1800s) (Holt 1988:68)

3. They are creatures has no idea of God, nor do they worship anything in representative of God or saint, but they say there is a murry devil which they are very much afraid of. (early 1800s) (Holt 1988:68)

4. I have know the ladies to dress the females of some of the chief's gins—that is the name they give the females—and they would admire themselves very much at first and for one day or two, would wear their clothes very careful and then throw all off. (early 1800s) (Holt 1988:69)

5. I have had one hundred of both male and female in my yard together, and would bring in the chief and his gin and give them their breakfast and a glass of grog, and I tell him to not let his people take any of my melons or corn or, if he would, I would be murry angry with him. He say *bail*—that means 'never fear'. He would walk out and let a shout, and every one of both sexes would come and get their orders, and would obey it as punctual as a soldier on his post. He hold up his hand and say *Murry tat tat*, pointing his hand and telling them where they were to go to make their camp and, at the same time, he would tell them not to touch anything of Master or he would murry pialla them. *Pialla* is to *spear them to death.* All this would be done and the gin should go and get *mogra* for Missus. ...The gins must fish, and carry all their provisions, corn, potatoes and bandy cutes, and goannas. ...The gins carry every thing they make use of, besides they has to carry the piccaninny. (early 1800s) (Holt 1988:69)

6. They calls...*Ogibragge* Father ...*Poisauna* Mother ...*Mogra* Fish ... *Cobawn* Big ...*Patta* Eating ...*Murray gunrin* Afraid ...*Pialla* Spearing a man ...*Murry buggury* ...Very good ...*Murry wiren* Very bad ...*Murry garna* Much offended ...*Apatta* is Eating. (early 1800s) (Holt 1988:69-70)

7. The man carries only the implements of war, which I will describe to you: He has a hielaman—that is a piece of bark made in oval form—which he holds in his left hand. It has a handle to it and that saves his body from being speared. (early 1800s) (Holt 1988:70)

8. The Caragees is the doctor that takes in charge the wounded men...to see the Caragees sucking out the blood and, when they would get it free of blood, they filled up the wound with clay, and I assure you one of them would make a cure of a wound sooner than the best surgeon in that country. And I saw one of the natives cure one Redman that was speared by a native, and Doctor Mason gave him up and a native cured him and had to cut out the spear and very handy. When he had him well, he called for five pound and told him: 'You would give ten pounds to a white. Why not

give five pounds to black Caragee? I will go to the Governor and make you pay me.' He went and got a suit of clothes and a bottle of rum for his pay. (early 1800s) (Holt 1988:7071)

9. ...a weapon called the nulla nulla, that is a piece of wood cut out of the solid beam and on one end it is the size of a breakfast plate and as thin as a plate, the handle is the size of the handstaff of a flail...a stick called the waddy, that is about three foot long and as thick as a shovel handle, and very little lighter than iron. (early 1800s) (Holt 1988:71)

10. ...the epithet of father (*Be-anna*) is their highest title of honor, and that which they uniformly apply to those who, they perceive, exercise authority over others. (Anon 1808:23)

11. ...conversing with *Ben-nil-long*; after his return from England, where he had obtained much knowledge of our customs and manners, I wished to learn what were his ideas of the place from which his countryment came, and led him to the subject by observing, that all the white men here came from England. I then asked him where the black men (or *Eora*) came from? He hesitated.—Did they come from an Island? His answer was, that he knew of none: they came from the clouds (alluding perhaps to the aborigines of the country and when they died, they returned to the clouds (*Boorow-e*). He wished to make me understand that they ascended in the shape of little children, first hovering in the tops and in the branches of trees; and mentioned something about their eating, in that state, their favourite food, little fishes. (Anon 1808:24)

12. The natives at this time a little familiarised to the settlers, began to complain of outrages committed upon them. Indeed it must be owned that some of the convicts continually committed those depradations, which must have cried loudly, and have obtained redress, had they been executed on other persons...Indeed, now they begin to understand the English language a little, many are found particularly useful, and live regularly at the settlement on the earnings of their own industry, and possess dispositions of the most amiable kind. Though there are undoubtably, continually others, who, after living some time amongst our people, quit all the comforts of the colony for the savage association of the wild natives... (very early 1800s) (Anon 1808:48)

13. As the natives associate with the inhabitants of the settlements, they very rapidly become enlightened, and have in many cases been known to give the first intelligence, of any breach of public orders issued by the Government. This has gained them the esteem of some, and the censure of others... (Anon 1808:67)

14. Some of the natives are now very regular in attending divine worship, and even those totally unacquainted with the language, behave with the greatest propriety, which respect, undoubtedly, arises from an explanation received by them, from some of their fellow natives, who have not only acquired the language, but can both read and understand the Scriptures. (very early 1800s) (Anon 1808:67)

15. The tribe called by the natives Bu-ru-be-zong-gal, and by the colonists Tree Climbers, inhabit the interior parts of the woods, and obtain their scanty miserable subsistence by the chace. This tribe do not speak the same language as the natives, who have visited the settlement... (Anon 1808:76)

16. It will, however, give great pleasure to every advocate of humanity, to learn that, through the great attention of the Governor, the officers, and their ladies, several of the native's children are educating at Port Jackson, Paramatta, &C; and though the natives still retain their savage ferocity, their children evince an innate docility of disposition, that leaves not the smallest doubt of their becoming useful members of

society. The Reverend Mr. Marsden chaplain to the colony, has a boy of one of the natives, who writes a good hand, speaks our language with great fluency, sings hymns, and has a good taste for music. In short, from the accounts we have lately received from the colony, the offspring of these savages seem susceptible of every mental endowment that can form an intelligent and good citizen. (Anon 1808:78)

17. Botany Bay, and its environs, are called by the natives, Gwea, and to this country belong the tribe of savages, called Gwea Gal, who acknowledge Bennil-long for their chief. (Peron 1809:280)

18. The natives have been, of late years, perfectly reconciled to their new countrymen; and, although their attachment to their accustomed habits and situations induced them to abstain from taking up new residences, and from mixing indiscriminately with the Europeans, they had become comparatively social, and commenced an intercourse which was calculated to rivet the prosperity of the colony. (Mann 1811:5)

19. ...there are many of the natives who feel no disinclination to mix with the inhabitants occasionally—to take their share in the labours and the reward of those who toil. Amongst these there are five in particular, to whom our countrymen have given the names of Bull Dog, Bidgy Bidgy, Bundell, Bloody Jack, and another whose name I cannot call to recollection, but who had a farm of four acres and upwards planted with maize, at Hawkesbury, which he held by permission of Governor King; and the other four made themselves extremely useful on board colonial vessels employed in the fishing and sealing trade, for which they are in the regular receipt of wages. They strive, by every means in their power, to make themselves appear like the sailors with whom they associate, by copying their customs, and imitating their manners; such as swearing, using a great quantity of tobacco, drinking grog, and other similar habits. These natives are the only ones, I believe, who are inclined to industrious behaviour, and they have most certainly rendered more essential services to the colony than any others of their countrymen, who, in general, content themselves with assisting to draw nets for fish, for the purpose of coming in for a share of the produce of others toil. (Mann 1811:47)

20. There is another sort of blacks which are call'd the water blacks, they are every thing the same as the others, only they live chiefly on fish, you can see them with fish for sale at Sydney every day...they will sell as much fish for half loaf as 5 or 6 people can eat...There is a school built at Parramatta for the education of the black children; they are taken in at 8 years old. There is a very high wall built all round; they are not allowed to see there friends without an order from the madjestrates. They are well taken care of, and cloath'd; and twice a year the Governor gives a dinner to them, and all the blacks round the neighbourhood; he in jeneral roasts a whole bullock, and gives plumb puddings and bread, and each man and woman a pint of bear, and some tobacco; its a general holliday that day; its kept in the market place at Parramatta, 16 miles from Sydney; many hundred people attends; the children seem very glad to see there parents, much more so than they are to see the children...After all the kind treatment, they will very often run away from school; and as soon as they get out side, they off with there cloathes, and run naked again into the bush. Sometimes there parents bring them back, but not very often. (Sydney before 1820) (Mellish 1825:59)

21. Evidence of Lieutenant Archibald Bell...27 November 1819...*Have you or the Settlers around you [at Windsor] experienced any interruptions from the natives [Aborigines] of late?*...About 3 years since they were troublesome, the aggression was on the part of the Settlers. Some work had been done by the natives for some of the settlers under a promise of remuneration, which was refused when applied for with very rough usage; this caused retaliation on the part of the natives who killed a white woman near the Grose River...*Have you found it practicable in any Shape to*

civilize them by Labour or by moderate restraint?...It is practicable to civilize them; but not to bring them to habits of industry...*Will they work for bread and tobacco?*...Occasionally they will for a short time...*Have they shewn themselves capable of performing any European labour?*...I have seen some few reap and one or two hold the plough for amusement...*Have they any cloathing or do they shew any disposition to wear it if given to them?*...They are partial to it and would wear it if they had the means of obtaining it. And as readily part with it, in exchange, when opportunity offers for bread and spirits...*You do not apprehend the natives would oppose any settlement that might be made in the district your son has discovered?*...I do not; several of them have expressed a wish that My son would come to reside at Boottie the name they give to the district...*Do they shew a great facility in acquiring the English Language?*...A Wonderful facility, and they have very great imitative powers particularly in ridiculing peculiarities of persons... (Ritchie 1971:173-74)

22. ...Mr de Silvier and I went to check the chronometers on Benelong's Point...We had only made a few preliminary readings when we caught sight of five natives, including a woman...they came straight to us and sat close by on the grass, repeating many times words that they had learned from the English: 'How do you do?' and 'Very well'...The woman was the most inquisitive of all the five, and examined the horizon so minutely that she saw her own reflection in the mercury and was startled...the woman was incessantly asking me now, by signs and words, to raise the mercury holder...one native had discovered the chronometer and was showing its moving second hand to his fellows, in amazement. All then drew close to the instrument and, no matter how hard I tried to keep them off, they stubbornly insisted that I show it to them—to such a point, indeed, that they began seriously to alarm me by indicating their weapons...to satisfy them, I was forced to take off my own watch, which also had a second hand, and to show them its inside. Their wonder at the sight of the pendulum, which shone in their eyes, was indescribable. They handed the watch round delightedly, and I failed to observe how ultimately one of their number took up a twig and and thrust it between the wheels, which made the watch stop...After remaining a few minutes longer, the natives laughed loudly and went off. (1814, Rossiysky in Barratt 1981:24-25)

23. I very much wanted to acquire some of these weapons for my collection of rarities...With this in mind I approached them, explaining myself by signs as best I could. They understood me very well, and offered me their bludgeons and shields with pleasure. Having nothing with me to give them in return, however, I instructed them to come out to us on the ship. They later did so. That same afternoon, at about 3 p.m., we were visited by two little craft containing four natives, amongst them two men whom I had not seen before, and they brought me their weapons. I selected three spears, a shield, two bludgeons, one very large club, giving them in exchange some threadbare clothing, a small mirror, some beads, and a bottle of rum. They handed the clothing back and asked for another bottle, which showed their passion for drinking. As they would not otherwise have agreed to the barter described, I was obliged to satisfy their desire. (1814, Rossiysky in Barratt 1981:25)

24. In New Holland...all the governor's efforts to educate the natives and to attach them to the Europeans, have been in vain. They wander with their families, the men completely naked, the women covered with something like a blanket, nourishing themselves on fish and testacea. They pass the nights in the woods, by a fire prepared by themselves. In Parramatta, however, we saw several children of natives in a school. There, they occupy themselves with the growing of kitchen vegetables and with agriculture, as well as with their studies. Among Europeans, the natives are not reckoned to total more than one thousand individuals... (1820, Vasil'yev in Barratt 1981:27)

25. ...for a bottle of rum I enjoyed the friendship of Bongaree, the chief of these natives. A copper plate hung from a red copper chain round his neck, with the

inscription: 'Bongaree, Chief of the Brocken-Bay Tribe: 1815'. His wife, an old woman smeared with fish-oil, was truly the personification of ugliness—but meeting one in the bush she always asked to be kissed...They live in societies of 30, 40, 50 or more persons, and are ruled by their own elders. Nowadays the English Government itself selects the elders and gives them a special mark to that effect consisting of a copper plate on which their rank is indicated, and which they wear round the neck. (1820, Novosil'sky in Barratt 1981:29)

26. At about midday we were visited by a family of natives in a slovenly little European boat from the north shore; they made themselves understood in a mutilated English, bowing very low in the European fashion, and grimaced to express their delight. One man among them was wearing the worn-out trousers of an English sailor. Round his forehead was a plaited band stained with red earth and at his neck hung a copper plate shaped like a quarter-moon, with the inscription: 'Boongaree. Chief of the Broken Bay Tribe. 1815'. This plate was attached to a stout copper chain. We know who our guest was by the inscription, but he added that he had accompanied Captain Flinders and Lt King on their voyages around the coasts of New Holland. Boongaree presented his wife Matora to us. She was half covered by an English woolen blanket; her hair was adorned with kangaroo teeth. A daughter was half-white, fairly pleasant in face and figure, which suggested part-European descent; but a son was black like his father. All were naked. Indicating his companions, Boongaree said, 'These are my people'. Then pointing at the whole northern shore, he said, 'This is my shore'. I ordered that they should be given a glass of grog each and as much sugar and butter as they might consume. Observing such liberality, they asked for tobacco, old clothing, guineas, and everything else that happened to catch their eye. I instructed that they should be given a little Brazilian tobacco twist and that they should have clothing and guineas when they brought us fish, live birds, a kangaroo and other animals. Their reply was, 'Oh, there are, there are!' They left the sloop half-drunk, with awful shouts. Matora called herself a queen, but behaved with even more unseemliness than all the other guests. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:34)

27. ...we went to the school, likewise established by the Governor, for the young daughters of the native inhabitants of New Holland. They are cleanly dressed and are taught to read, write, draw, and sew. When their education comes to an end they are free and may marry Europeans by mutual consent. There is a similar school for the native boys of New Holland...We were told that it is exceedinlgy difficult to persuade fathers to entrust their children to these beneficial institutions to be educated. The habits of freedom and a poor, wandering life in a favourable climate, seem precious to them...On the Sunday we went with the Governor to church...With little books in their hands and with eyes uplifted to heaven the children of the natives, educated at the aforementioned school, also sang. All the girls wore modest white dresses. An English upbringing had transformed their morality and way of thinking. Only their black faces remained as proof of their origin. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:34-35)

28. Wishing to turn the natives of New Holland from their nomadic existence and to accustom them to a fixed abode, Governor Macquarie had given Boongaree a specially built little house with a garden in Broken Bay. He had named him chief of the area and placed around his neck the copper plaque with the inscription, 'Chief of Broken Bay'. But the magical allurements of spirits and tobacco, for which the natives have passions, prove stronger than all the delights of a fixed, plentiful, and quiet life, and constantly entice the natives to the neighbourhood of Sydney town. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:35-6)

29. Boongaree and his family have a boat, given by the government; and other New Hollanders have likewise been given boats by inhabitants of Sydney on the condition that they surrender part of their daily catch of fish. They go out in these

boats every day, fish at the mouth of the Bay, and then hasten back to the town to surrender the due portion of the catch; the remainder they exchange for drink or tobacco. Returning from the town to their dwellings on the northern shore the natives had to pass by our sloops, and every evening they went back drunk, shouting awfully and threatening each other. Sometimes their quarrels ended in a fight. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:36)

30. One morning Boongaree came to the sloop to barter fish for a bottle of rum. To my question, 'Who broke your head?', he replied with indifference, 'My people when they were drunk', It was clear enough from this how much power he had over those whom he called his people. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:36)

31. Because the natives are so accustomed to the nomadic life, it has not proved possible to induce them to settle in any one place. In spite of all governor Macquarie's efforts, few natives have attached themselves to the colony. The elders of the native groups are distinguished by copper signs with an inscription giving their name and the place where they mostly reside; these they wear by a copper chain at their chest. The elders are sometimes useful to the government in cases of pursuit of, or searches for, escaped convicts. The government gives them boats for fishing and to facilitate their movements across water...The state of enlightenment of these natives is just what it was when the colony was founded, and it is to be regretted that from the convicts they have acquired the expletives, curses, and oaths of the English rabble. When they quarrel among themselves, which is a daily and even hourly occurrence, they have recourse to these oaths, with which their memories are stocked...Until the coming of the English their government was patriachal; each community was ruled by the senior man. But various English Governors have thought fit to select the chiefs themselves. This dignity and the distinction of the above-mentioned sign worn round the neck are bestowed on those who show most attachment to the English...Such arrangements have been introduced in order to accustom the natives to submission and, through them, to learn of escaped convicts. In this respect they are extremely useful, for they act as guides to military detachments or the police. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:38-39)

32. The children's games consist, as they do everywhere, of imitating their parents' occupations: wrestling, singing, dancing and other games. They are very fond of marbles or nut-shaped stones, and barter birds and fish to get them from English children. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:39)

33. Their language is not everywhere the same: the natives who live around Sydney understand each other but those who occupy the territories by Newcastle or Port Stephens, or who come from the other bank of the Nepean River, cannot understand the Sydney natives at all. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:39)

34. The natives living near Sydney come into the town in the morning and attempt to get what they can; but as soon as the weather shows signs of changing, and especially if they see lightning and hear thunder, they run off to their dwelling-places with extreme haste...The natives are supplied with iron tools and have always the means of obtaining as many such tools as they want. None the less, they continue to prefer their own stone axes. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:39-40)

35. Their hostility towards the English has almost ceased but the Europeans themselves often give them occasion for quarrels. The natives will sometimes break into fields and steal millet, fruit, and anything else that they chance to find. The English avenge themselves as far as they are able. A few years ago one of the natives killed an Englishman, was tried by English law, and was hanged; his comrades, who were witnesses to this, were beside themselves with horror. When a white man abuses or thrashes a black man the injured man goes immediately to the Chief of Police to complain, or at least threatens to lay a complaint; for the natives have been

told that they live under the protection of the government. It even happens that they lay complaints before the Governor himself. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:40)

36. Smoking tobacco and strong spirits have become indispensable to them, and despite their extreme laziness they will put themselves to work for tobacco, hewing wood and fetching water...The tavern-keepers mostly hire natives to rinse out their spirits casks. The first wash, which has a fairly strong flavour of spirits, they call 'bull', and the natives take this as payment for their labour. They pour it into a vessel and, when the work is done, drink it until intoxicated. Although this has been prohibited the tavern proprietors find it a convenient way of paying natives for various sorts of work and continue to ignore the prohibition. The natives come to terms in advance with the proprietors, and should someone else come to work or to beg alms they angrily drive him off. Natives are employed in many houses for various kinds of work, especially for cleaning glasses; with their long fingers they are so skilful at this that no European could do as well. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:42-43)

37. All the natives who live in the vicinity of towns, and of Sydney in particular, can speak a little English, e.g., 'Give me money' or 'Won't you give me a guinea?' (about six silver roubles), or 'a dump' (about 40 kopeks), and other phrases. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:43)

38. The native children with European blood are swarthy. In the group of New Hollanders under the direction of Boongaree it is easly to distinguish the young girl of pleasant appearance, his daughter. Boongaree himself acknowledged that she did not resemble him. Such intercourse with Europeans has spread illnesses... (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:43)

39. It is now 33 years that the Europeans have been endeavouring to draw the attention of the New Hollanders to the utility and decency of clothing; all in vain. Many natives receiving complete outfits have given them away for rum or tobacco. As they have been told that they will receive no help or work unless they cease to go completely naked they now enter the town wearing rags of some kind, but immediately strip these off when they get back to their homes. The native women will wear a woollen blanket over their shoulders in cold weather. This is their entire clothing. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:43)

40. The government has attempted to prevent the complete estrangement of the natives, and to that end has set apart special areas for them in the vicinity of the towns. This beneficent measure was taken in February 1815. Land was then granted to 16 families in a little place called George's Head, and Boongaree was placed in charge of these families. They received agricultural implements and clothing, and convicts were obliged to teach them agricultural skills...At first the natives diligently set to work; but they soon wearied of it and sold off their implements, reverting to their previous way of life. Boongaree was given a garden, specially laid out for him by a European. He still owns this garden, and every day makes a little money from the peaches which grow so abundantly in it. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:44)

41. Boongaree...is about 55 years old; he has always been distinguished by a kind heart, gentleness, and by other good qualities and has been of servide to the colony. He acted as guide to Captain Flinders during the survey of the coasts of New Holland of 1801-03, and to Lieutenant King in 1819. He has frequently put his own life at risk in order to re-establish peace among the groups which are under him. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:44)

42. In 1814 Governor Macquarie established a school at Parramatta for the upbringing of native children. It cost him much effort to gain the parents' consent to place their children in this school. They probably thought that the children were to be forced to do heavy work; but finally, a few were persuaded to consent. The results have shown that the natives of New Holland can be educated...They have had some success in reading, arithmetic and drawing. They also get on well with their fellow pupils. When grown up, they are allowed to marry and make their living by various handicrafts. (1820, Bellingshausen in Barratt 1981:44)

43. ...there came out of the woods a native of New Holland, the master of these localities. We went up to him; the New Hollander amicably shook hands with each of us, in the English manner, deeply bowing and shuffling his feet. Next he praised the beauties of his native land, pronouncing each word incorrectly and poorly. 'Who are you?', we asked him. 'Burra Burra,' replied the Indian. To our query as to his place of residence he indicated the whole extent of the wood beyond. (1820, Simonov in Barratt 1981:47)

44. Some of the men were wearing ancient and threadbare clothing. It consisted of jacket and trousers , which they solicited from the English; for the most part they received shabby clothes of the sort worn by English convicts sentenced to public works...the first request of our friend Burra Burra, once his portrait was finished, concerned clothing. This was perhaps because New Hollanders who go into the town without clothes get neither alms nor help from Europeans. This condition had been imposed in order to school them to wear clothing, and they did in fact enter the town wearing tatters. But in their dwellings they went without any clothes, which they frequently exchanged for tobacco or liquor—before begging more clothing from the English. (1820, Simonov in Barratt 1981:48)

45. ...seven more New Hollanders approached us. They were led by a man of about 55 wearing a shabby yellow jacket of the English convict's type and a torn pair of sailor's trousers. His proud step and bearing indicated an important personage. At his chest, there shone a copper plate in the shape of a half-moon, with the inscription: 'Boongaree: Chief of the Broken Bay Tribe: 1815'. The plate hung round his neck on a copper chain...From the copper plate itself it was obvious that the man's name was Boongaree, and that he was regarded as the chief of the Broken Bay Tribe. The man approached us in company with his hideous wife whose name was Matora. (1820, Simonov in Barratt 1981:49)

46. ...we visited an institution established with a view to instructing daughters of native New Hollanders in the arts of reading and writing and in the precepts of the Christian faith. Next day we saw these daughters in church dressed in clean white dresses; they had been brought from the institution. Their reverence and their harmonious singing of the hymns were clear experssions fo the moral force of Christian teaching. Children of New Holland natives grow ashamed of their previous ignorance and aof the wild customs of their tribe once they have received a little education and have grown accustomed to European notions. The Indians do not willingly leave their children in this institution; but need or self-interest sometimes impel them to do so; and then they are glad to see the children's progress. (1820, Simonov in Barratt 1981:49)

47. The English have settled in the best parts of the country. The natives wandering in their vicinity soon became used to them and now commit no hostile acts against them. But for all that, they have shown no readiness whatever—and the colony has been in existence more than 30 years—to *adapt* themselves to the European way of life. All efforts made by the English to school the Broken Bay Tribe in domesticity and regular labour have proved vain. Observing in Boongaree a species of (sympathy?) with them and some influence over his fellow-countrymen, the English proposed to begin by inculcating the precepts of civic— and settled—life

in him, as elder. With this object in mind the local authority made him a present of a garden; it was specially laid out for him by Europeans. Agricultural implements and suitable clothes were issued, and convicts instructed the natives in the work. They set to it, and the work went well—but not for long. The agricultural tools were sold; the cattle were eaten; and today, as before, the New Hollanders roam the bush and catch fish in the rivers and the bay. Boongaree remains the owner of his garden and sells the fruit that grows there well; but he leaves it quite untended. (1820, Simonov in Barratt 1981:49-50)

48. ...as Sydney is a port town often visited by ships and vessels from Europe, it is the custom there to give the polite title of captain to every skipper...As a result, captain is a pretty common title in Sydney town...Boongaree had noted this fact and on one occaion brought a fellow New Hollander to Captain Bellingshausen, recommending him to him as Captain Bellau. This he did because Bellau had his own insignificant boat. Higly amusing it was to see those two ugly natives...one proudly introducing the other as Captain Bellau! Both were served with a glass of rum...their sole object. On another occasion Boongaree came out to the sloop, bringing fish. 'Where is your captain?', he proudly asked a sailor. He was escorted to the captain's cabin. 'This is a gift for you', said Boongaree to Captain Bellingshausen in his broken English dialect, and gave him the fish. 'Thank you, Boongaree, thank you', said Bellingshausen, and gave orders for the cook to take the fish from him. 'One pound', then said Boongaree. 'For what? For a gift?' 'Yes, sir.' The Captain reached into his pocket for a small silver coin worth about 30 kopeks, and handed it over. Scraping his feet, Boongaree expressed his liveliest gratitude and went off home... (1820, Simonov in Barratt 1981:50)

49. One other native would quite often come up to our tents. This individual spoke English better than the other for he had been in London with Captain Flinders and had lived there for some time. In London, he told me, he had seen the Russian Emperor, the Austrian Emperor, the King of Prussia, King Blücher, and King Platov... 'Did you talk to them too?', I asked him...'I talked to King Biukher.'...'What did he say to you?'...'He said, "Are you an American?" and I said, "Yes American".'...'And why didn't you stay there? After all, its a lot better there than it is here.'...'Oh, incomprable better! But I started to miss my people and came back to see them.'...'So will you go back to London?'...'They wanted to take me off there, and I was all ready; but just before the ship sailed, I ran into the bush. I suddenly wanted to stay around here some more.'...I did not wonder that the man had exchanged the comforts of England for his present wild life. In London they had treated him gently, fed him well, dressed him like a doll, led him from house to house, and generally shown him off like a rare object; but while there he could have no male or female friend. (1820, Simonov in Barratt 1981:50-51)

50. I asked the native who had been in Europe what would happen to him after his death? 'If I live well', the New Hollander replied, 'all will go well with me; if I live badly, it will go badly with me.' These were no doubt the first rays of Christianity as presented to him by the Anglicans. (1820, Simonov in Barratt 1981:51)

51. We have, I am happy to say, a good Sunday School, about 110 children attend constantly. The little black children make rapid improvement. The girls can read fluently and write and sew very neatly. (Anne Marsden 1820:76)

52. The Aborigines of New South Wales are by appearances but little above the brute beast—they have no sense of Shame and as is generally reported have no knowledge of a supreme being—This I question I have had a conversation with one who appears to have improved much from intermingling with Europeans The following is a narrative question proposed by myself
Conversation with a native.

1. Who made that tree to grow—pointing towards it. Answer Whēhill—who is Whēhill—my father my father made every thing all those trees—Bush—spreading his arms—Whēhill made every thing —
2. Who is Whēhill—my father white man calls God.
3. Where does Whēhill live—Whēhill lives up—pointing towards the sky
4. Where will Black man go to when he is dead—Black man not drink rum go up—pointing upwards—Black man drink rum—fight go down—pointing downwards. Black men go up—be white men—white men one Black.
5. Do you like rum—no much.
6. Why do you not like rum—putting his hand to his brow and shook his head and reeling too and fro—no much rum—Then you like a little—a little no much.
7. The Black man's question—do you come from Engla—Yes—Black man. I am Engla man—Engla man get drunk—fight—Engla man drunk a fool—Black man no fool—black man drunk very quick—go ly down—be still—Black man like tobacco. (Leigh 1817, Sydney, NSW)

53. There does no appear to be the least encouragement to attempt a civilization of them. In the first place they are but few in number there is not to be found 500 in as many miles. These tribes are very small. The largest I have seen contained only twelve—Their language is quite different in the pronunciation—They are afraid to travel out of their own Boundaries—will attend to nothing without a reward and as soon as it be given they cease to act. ...The Governor Macquarie has established a native school in which they have 20 children most of them can read well I have been much delighted with hearing them read and spell—They read with so much bouldness and attention as supprised me— This is the only plan from which we may expect any degree of Civilisation—I am informed that the native parents diminish in number that there is not half the number that there was 20 years since. The cause is attributed to the want of food and an avertion to industry. (Leigh 1817, Sydney, NSW)

54. The few settlers, agreeable to their instructions, endeavoured to ascertain their motives for the acts of depradation and cruelty they had committed; to which end they offered a parley and interrogated them whether they had been ill treated; but all they offered in justification was an ironical declaration that they wanted and would have corn, wearing apparel, and whatsoever else the settlers had; then throwing down defence, to commence firing in hopes to intimidate their assailants, but without the desired effect,...two of the most violent and ferocious were shot. (17.6.1804, after the 'Head killings', fourteen settlers pursued the Aborigines and found three hundred of them) (*Sydney Gazette and NSW Advertiser* 19.8.1804:2c, 3a)

55. By long intercourse many of them have acquired so much of our language as to understand and be understood, but only apply the talent of mischief and deception. Some short time since a settler's wife...entertained half a dozen of these idlers with an almost reprehensible hospitality, and they in return, amused her with assurances of their best wishes and gratitude to her bounty, but in the very interim, a body of their colleagues were busily employed in clearing a whole acre of corn and carrying it off. (*Sydney Gazette and NSW Advertiser* 19.8.1804:3b,c)

56. ...Aborigine...advanced nearer to civilisation than his bretheren....interrogated as to his notion of what was to happen after death, replied with some embarassment, that he did not know positively; but perhaps "he might become a white man". ...It is evident that this poor native gave no immediate preference to manners which he might and would be encouraged to adopt. (*Sydney Gazette and NSW Advertiser* 20.1.1805:3b)

57. On Sunday last Mr. Davis, on his return from Parramatta was near the Half-way House surprised by the intreaties of a woma in distress to come to her assistance.—He accordingly stopped his horse, at the time observing two armed

natives at hand, one of whom immediately advanced upon him, and directed him to alight; but shewing a determination to resist the command, they rushed upon him and he in order to intimidate them discharged a pistol; whereupon three others who had not before shewn themselves joined the assailants, and in plain English abused and threatened him, one of them seizing him by the right foot, and getting a fast hold of his stirrup; which fortunately snapped short, whereupon he gallopped off, several spears being thrown at him...the poor woman was shortly after rescued from their hands, but not before she had been robbed of a bundle containing tea, sugar, and other articles of comfort or necessity, with which they made off. ...On Tuesday last three foot passengers were pursued a considerable distance on the Parramatta road by a gang of natives, who frequently called to them, and by alternate threats and promises endeavoured to prevail on them to stop; but their eloquence failed of its proposed end, and the travellers got safe away. ...The same day a numerous banditti fell upon a flock of sheep the propery of Mr. Edward Powell, between his house on the Parramatta road and Canterbury, and drove off 43 head, 9 of which afterwards got away from them, and rejoined the flock.—They were soon after pursued, and traced as far as Cook's River, which is a bout two miles and a half from the place where the sheep were driven from, but a heavy rain setting in the pursuers lost their track. ...The above atrocities are for the most part confined to the hordes about the George's River. They have several muskets, and what is no less to be dreaded, several desperate offenders who from a preference to idleness have deserted to the woods are suspected to have joined them. (*Sydney Gazette and NSW Advertiser* 15.10.1809:2a,b)

58. With respect to the capacity of the natives to learning, we can have no doubt, as the Native Instititution founded by Government about three years ago (1811) under the Superintendency of our late much lamented Mr. William Shelley fully proves. There are about seventeen children in the Native School, under the management of the Widow Shelley - the greater part of these poor Native children can read their Testament or Bible, and lately a part of them are admitted into the Sunday Schools. (Hassall 1817)

59. ...many of them had been taken away by men in black cloaths and put to a school in Parramatta, and they feared I was come on that errand...I then endeavoured to prove that they would rise again and live for ever, at this they struck their heads and unanimously said: 'When Black man die, *never no more, 'never no more'* .'...when I got out my portable book, they set up a laugh and walked off." (Lawry 1818)

60. Said it was like the devil (this I suppose he had learnt from the English). ('old King Yellowinanday' to Lawry when shown his face in a mirror) (Lawry 1818)

4

Sydney 1820s

1. The institution in Parramatta for the instruction of the children of natives is more an experiment than an actual school; nor does it serve to show any obvious goodwill towards the natives on the Government's part. There are no more than 13 children in it. These speak English pretty well, but instead of giving them a simple education the authorities are attempting to fill their young heads with profound truths, which their very teachers do not comprehend. ...The fact of the matter is that the greater part of these children are half-castes—the offspring of English fathers and native mothers; and the more the likeness in their features and skin colour to the European, the greater their aptitude for education. The English Government is not making great efforts to enlighten the natives and the latter, for their part, have an insuperable aversion to whatever may lead them away from their primitive state of existence: for them, an independent life is more precious than anything else. Bring them into the town, provide them with all the delights of civilised society, and they will become wretched and sad, and will flee into the bush at the first good opportunity. ...Those of the natives who settled in proximity to the English colonies became infected with smallpox. They died by thousands, and whole generations vanished. The survivors of that awful time now abandon themselves to drunkenness which, in conjunction with the rapid changes of temperature typical of the climate of Cumberland County, makes consumption quite common amongst them. (1822, Shabel'sky in Barratt 1981:54)

2. At the Cowpastures the Blacks have been fighting: a few were killed, several dangerously wounded, and many slightly hurt. *Four were eaten!!* The Blacks sent a piece of one to the Governor! by the hands of Major Ovens! To two Brothers of mine, these monsters exposed several pieces of human flesh, exclaiming as they smacked their lips, and stroked their breasts, "boodjerry patta! murry boodjerry!—fat as jumbuck"!! i.e. good food, very good, fat as mutton. (William Walker reporting to the General Secretaries on 26 January 1824) (Gunson 1974:74)

3. It is true that some of the vagabonds from the forest, who haunt these settlements, and for the sake of the rinsings of a rum-cask, or the offal of the shambles, do the basest drudgery,—pick up a few phrases of English, sufficient to communicate backward and forward with their employers; but the domestic animals in our own country, if they could communicate by any signs which their organs can utter what they actually do understand of the words continually addressed to them, of command, menance, or endearment, would be quite as accomplished linguists as these poor creatures, of our own species, are in our vernacular tongue. (1824) (Tyerman and Bennet quoted in Gunson, ed., vol. 1, 1974:14).

4. It was the custom at this time for the Aborigines both male and female to parade the streets without a particle of clothing, and it struck me very forcibly, on my first landing in Sydney in 1817, to observe such scenes in the midst of what was called a civilized community, and when walking one day with some colonial Ladies, and meeting a mixed party of undressed natives of both sexes, no slight embarrassment was felt as how dexterously to avoid the unseemly meeting, but this was speedily removed by their claiming old acquaintance privileges, and entering into a friendly conversation with our friends. (1824) (Threlkeld 1854:44)

5. ...in a few years, perhaps, even the corrobory will be no more, so sophisticated do the Indians become from their pernicious association with the convicts, who sow the seeds of drunkenness in the prolific soil of savage indolence. A rum, or even sugar-cask, filled with water, furnishes these poor creatures with an

intoxicating liquor; and the invasions of civilization are reproached with the introduction of a new vice, which operates as an inflamer of all their old ones. It is a melancholy sight to witness the drunken quarrels and fightings of the simple natives of Australia, in the streets of Sydney. ...That these unfortunate beings were comparatively ignorant of the crime of evil-speaking before we came among them, is proved by the broken English words of scurrility and execration with which they pollute their native tongue...They will not serve...They bear themselves erect, and address you with confidence, always with good-humour, and often with grace. They are not common beggars, although they accept of our carnal things in return for the fish and oysters, which are almost all we have left them for their support. They are the Will Wimbles of the colony; the carriers of news and fish; the gossips of the town; the loungers on the quay. They know everybody; and understand the nature of everybody's business...The warlike features of the tribes which surround our settlements are now quite effaced. The savages are forbidden to enter the towns with their spears, and they cheerfully comply with this requistion. They have a bowing acquaintance with everybody, and scatter their *How-d'ye-do's* with an air of friendliness and equality, and with a perfect English accent, undebased by the *Massa's*, and *Missies*, and *me-no's* of West Indian slavery. They have been tried to be brought up from infancy as servants, but they have always run away to the woods. Our government has also instituted a small school for the education of native black children. Some of their parents (particularly of half-castes) have no objection to their being clothed, and fed, and taught; but they cannot endure the thoughts of their being made servants. The children learn almost as readily as Europeans; but their parents will steal them away when they grow up, and the will not willingly return among us. A few pairs have been married and housed out of the school, but they will not settle....he looks upon us as "sophisticated:" but he always treats our persons with respect, although he holds our servants very cheap, and looks down with a kind of stoical pity upon the various articles of comfort to which we have made ourselves slaves. He has no notion of that inferiority to us, the oppression of which feeling reduces the New Zealanders and South Sea Islanders almost to despair; and he despises the comforts of civilization...He acknowledges the British government, and even accepts from the governor grants of his own patrimonial land. Some of the Indians have also seriously applied to be allowed convict-labourers, as the settlers are, although they have not patience enough to remain in the huts which our government has built for them, till the maize and cabbages that have been planted to their hands are fit to gather...We have now lived among the Australians more than thirty years; and yet...they have adopted none of our arts of life, with the exception of exchanging their stone hatchets and shell fish-hooks for our iron ones. They will never become builders, or cultivators, or mechanics, or mariners, like the New Zealanders or the South Sea Islanders... (Field 1825:434-38)

6. The Sydney Gazettes used to make a great puffing about Governor Macquarie's Native Institution. Since his departure the school has been very properly removed from the town of Paramatta, to a remoter situation in the interior, on the Richmond road; but when I visited it in 1823, there were but four children in the school of the whole Indian blood, and four tenants of the settling-huts erected for them by government; and of these last...only one was at home; but I was told they attended more numerously once a fortnight to receive their ration from the government store. The few children of the half blood are the results of "casual fruition." Great as is the disproportion of white women to men, there is no instance of even a convict permanently living with a black woman; so that there will be no class of creoles in Australia. (Field 1825:436)

7. There was another Native belonging to Parramatta...his English name was Daniel, he was a very fine youth, Caley, the Botanist, took him to live with him...when Mr Caley returned to England Daniel accompanied him. He remained in England for some considerable time...At length he returned to the Colony, and the first time I saw him after his arrival he was sitting, naked, upon the stump of a tree in

the woods...to the North of Parramatta. I expressed my astonishment at seeing him in that state...He replied "Me like the Bush best." (Marsden 1826:348)

8. ...the Aborigines, who reside in, or near, our principal towns and Settlements, many of whom have been brought up in the midst of the Europeans from their infancy. Some of them can understand and can speak our language well, are acquainted with our customs and manners, and to those who have occasionally live in Pious Families, the nature of our Holy Religion has been explained. They know why we observe the Sabbath Day, they understand what we mean by future rewards and punishments. The knowledge of these things has gradually forced itself upon our senses. But none of them have made any use of this knowledge. It has been rendered unavailing by the influence of the immoral example, and corrupt language of a vile polluted population, who have ever taken Satanic pleasure in rendering the Aborigines more viciated and degraded than what they were in their original savage state. (Marsden 1826:348)

9. To attempt to give the adult Natives in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson a written language of their own dialects, we consider, an unnecessary trouble, since their tribes are so greatly reduced in numbers, and at the same time understand the English language. We would confine all exertions on that point to the new Settlements, where the tribes are more numerous, and uncontaminated by the bad example of the whites. (Marsden 1826:348)

10. I was walking with my brother George on the bank of the Parramatta-river one beautiful evening when Bungary, chief of the Sydney tribe of black natives, was pulling down the river with two of his jins (or wives) in a boat which he had received as a present from the governor. My brother accosted Bungary on his coming up with us, and the good-natured chief immediately desired his jins to rest on their oars. During the short conversation that ensued, my brother requested Bungary to show us how Governor Macquarie made his bow. Bungary was dressed in the old uniform of a military officer. Standing up in the stern of his boat and taking off his cocked hat with the requisite punctilio, he made a formal bow; to which Bungary very properly replied in broken English: "'Top, 'top, bail me do it that yet; 'top nudda gubbana come". ('Bail' is a particle of negation in the language of the aborigines). Bungary could exhibit the peculiar manner of every governor he had seen in the colony; but he held it a point of honor never to exhibit the reigning governor. (referring to 1820s, Lang quoted in Gilchrist, ed., vol. 2, 1951:43)

11. Towards Christmas the natives come, in great numbers, to Sydney and Parramatta, from their haunts, to obtain the baneful boon, which had far better be withheld of ardent spirits, or the means of purchasing the pernicious beverage, from the ill-bestowed hospitality of the colonists. Many of these intoxicated and infuriated savages, therefore, are seen daily in the streets, naked and filthy, shouting and reeling, quarrelling and fighting, from the effects of unaccustomed good cheer—as they deem bad rum, and any offal meat that falls in their way. Going down to Botany Bay, a few days since, we found three of these unfortunate creatures, sober and hungry enough, boiling some maize in an iron pot. This mess, without any savoury addition, they greedily devoured. The pot seemed all their worldly property, for they had not a rag of clothing about their persons, and we found that they were conscious of a poverty that we did not suspect. Being all three of the rougher sex, we asked them where their *jins* (wives) were, when they answered, with great simplicity, 'We are poor men; we have no *jins*.' Wives, it seems then are treasures among the New Hollanders; but they certainly do not prize them as other people, barbarian as well as civilized, do their treasures; *jins* might be the mire under their feet, they spurn and despise them so habitually. (Tyerman and Bennet 1824:340)

12. The first cargo of grindstones was...compounded unwittingly of our most porous friable stone. They were sent to the Isle of France, and deposited in the yard

of one of our merchants there to be disposed of, whose astonishment may be readily imagined, on one of his trusty slaves bursting into his dining-room one afternoon...vociferating, "Massa, massa, oh my gad, grinetone all run away," which turned out to be literally the case,—a heavy tropical shower which was then falling had washed them down, and was actually floating them out of the yard! (Cunningham, vol. 1, 1827:5-6)

13. King Boongarre, too, with a boat-load of his dingy retainers, may possibly honour you with a visit, bedizened in his varnished cocked hat of "formal cut," his gold-laced blue coat, (flanked on the shoulders by a pair of massy epaulettes,) buttoned closely up, to evade the extravagance of including a shirt in the catalogue of his wardrobe...First, he makes one solemn measured stride from the gangway; then turning round to the quarter-deck, lifts up his beaver with the right hand a full foot from his head, (with all the grace and ease of a court exquisite,) and carrying it slowly and solemnly forwards to a full arm's-length, lowers it in a gentle and most dignified manner down to the very deck, following up this motion by an inflection on the body almost equally profound. Advancing slowly in this way, his hat gracefully poised in his hand, and his phiz wreathed with many a fantastic smile, he bids *massa* welcome to *his* country. On finding he has fairly grinned himself into your good graces, he formally prepares to take leave, endeavouring at the same time to *take* likewise what you are probably less willing to part withal – namely, a portion of your cash. Let it not be supposed, however, that his majesty condescends to *thieve*: he only solicits the *loan* of a *dump*, on pretence of treating his sick *gin* (wife) to a cup of tea, but in reality with a view of treating *himself* to a porringer of "Cooper's best," to which his Majesty is most royally devoted. (Cunningham, vol. 1, 1827:43-44)

14. The pumpkin makes an excellent subsitute for the apple in a pie, when soured and sweetened to a proper temper by lemons and sugar. The black children absolutely dance and scream when they see one,—pumpkin and sugar being their delight. To the half of a shrivelled pumpkin hanging at the door of my tent on my first essay in settling, one of our sooty satyrs could do nothing for some minutes but fidget and skip; and with his eyes sparkling, and countenance beaming in ecstasy, exclaim, "Dam my eye, *pambucan*, dam my eye *pambucan*!" such being the nearest point they can attain to the right pronunciation of their favourite *fruit*. (Cunningham, vol. 1, 1827:228)

15. In no portion of our territory have our aborigines made much progress in civilization, and in none less than within some hundred miles round Sydney,—those to the north (and those to the south too, if we may believe acocunts) materially excelling our old neighbours. At Port Stephens northerly, commences a better order of things among the tribes; something of chieftanship being apparent, and all of them building comfortable huts of tea-tree bark, capable of containing a number of persons, which they clean daily. The Port Stephens natives have in fact civilized in some respects those of Newcastle, by their mutual intercourse, for the latter are certainly a superior race to those of the interior, and very superior to those about Port Jackson. At Western Port, and other places southerly also, it is said that the natives construct comfortable huts and even villages to reside in...but to this point our Cumberland tribes have never yet attained...Governor Macquarie humanely but unavailingly built a village for their residence, which was soon suffered to fall into decay—King Boongarre appearing to think very lightly of the governor's judgment in providing such a hamlet, by the contemptuous shrug he gave in replying to a question "how he liked the houses?" "Murry boodgeree (very good), massa, *'pose he rain.*" (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:17-19)

16. The natives throughout the county of Cumberland have become so much dependent upon the whites, that without what they beg, earn, or steal, they could not well exist. The Sydney tribes live chiefly by fishing, being supplied with hooks and lines by individuals in the town, to whom they bring all the fish they catch, receiving

payment in old clothes, bread, and rum...The most disgraceful scenes of debauchery originating from the trafic in the last-mentioned article have subsisted hitherto unrestrained. ...Personal prostitution among those associating with the whites is carried on to a great extent, the husbands disposing of the favours of their wives to the convict servants for a slice of bread or a pipe of tobacco. The children produced by this intercourse are generally sacrificed. ...On Boongarre being once remonstrated with for allowing a woman to destroy a twin-child, he shrugged up his shoulders, and merely said, "*Bel boodgeree* (not good) *kill it pickaninny*," but made no subsequent efforts to check the practice. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:19-20)

17. The women every where, that I have seen, wrap themselves in some species of cloak made of opossum skins, or else in a blanket, but the men walk carelessly around quite naked, without betraying the least shame; even many at this day parading the streets of Sydney in *natural* costume, or with a pair of breeches probably dangling round their *necks*...It is amusing to see the consequential swagger of some of these dingy dandies, as they pace lordly up our streets, with a *waddie* twirling in their black paws. No Bond-Street *exquisite* could aple the great man better, for none are better mimics of their superiors; our colonial climatized females mincing it past these undraperied *beaux*, or talking with them carelessly face to face, as if unconscious of their nudity... (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:20)

18. All the natives round Sydney understand English well, and speak it too, so as to be understood by residents. The Billingsgate slang they certainly have acquired in perfection, and no white need think of competing with them in abuse or hard swearing, a constant torrent of which flows from their mouths as long as their antagonist remains before them; it is of no use for him to reply, his words being quickly drowned in the roar of cursings and contemptuous appellations. I have often stood for a considerable time witnessing contests of this kind, our native satyrs invariably forcing their opponents to retrograde, while the instant *blacky* perceives *whitey* beating a retreat, he vociferates after him – "Go along, you dam rascal; go along, you dam scoundrel; go along, you dam blackguard!" exalting his voice as his enemy retires. But should this volley of abuse provoke "white fellow" to run up and offer to strike him, "*blacky*" would dare him "to the scratch," threatening him with *the jail* and *Massa Wenta* (Mr. Wentworth, police magistrate), if he attempted it. The wisest course, perhaps, is to turn a corner and get out of sight as quickly as possible, for even escaping into a house and shutting the door is no protection, as some of the most *steely-tongued* will sometimes halloo in at the window, or even through the keyhole, as long as they think you are in hearing. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:21-22)

19. As beggars, the whole world will not produce their match. They do not attempt to *coax* you, but rely on incessant importunity; following you, side by side, from street to street, as constant as your shadow, pealing in your ears the never-ceasing sound of "Massa, gim me a dum! massa, gim me a dum!" (dump). If you have the fortitude to resist *firmly*, on two or three assaults, you may enjoy ever after a life of immunity; but by once *complying*, you entail upon yourself a plague which you will not readily throw off, every gift only serving to embolden them in making subsequent demands, and with still greater perseverance. Neither are their wishes moderately gratified on this head – less than a dump (fifteen pence) seldom proving satisfactory. When walking out one morning, I accidentally met a young scion of our black tribes, on turning the corner of the house, who saluted me with "Good morning, sir, good morning;" to which I in like manner responded, and was proceeding onwards, when my dingy acquaintance arrested my attention by his loud vociferation of "Top, sir, I want to peak to you." "Well, what is it?" said I. "Why, you know, I am your *servant*, and you have never paid me yet." "The devil you are!" responded I; "it is the first time I knew of it, for I do not recollect ever seeing your face before." "Oh yes, I <u>am</u> your servant," replied he, very resolutely; "dont I top about Massa — —'s, and boil the kettle for you sometimes in the morning?" I forthwith put my hand in my pocket, and gave him all the halfpence I had, which I left him carefully

counting, and proceeded on my walk; but before advancing a quarter of a mile, my ears were again assailed with loud shouts of "Hallo! top, top!" I turned round, and observed my friend in "the dark suit" beckoning with his hand, and walking very leisurely toward me. Thinking he was despatched with some message, I halted, but as he walked on as slowly as if deeming I ought rather to go to him than he come to me, I forthwith returned to meet him; but on reaching close enough, what was my astonishment on his holding out the halfpence in his open hand, and addressing me in a loud, grumbling, demanding tone with – "Why this is not enough to buy a loaf! you must give me more." "Then buy *half* a loaf," said I, wheeling about and resuming my walk, not without a good many hard epithets in return from the kettle-boiler. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:24-25)

20. Toward the Hawkesbury and Cow-pasture, the aborigines are not near so debased as around Sydney, and most of them will live in huts if they are built for them. Many of these too will work at harvest, and attend to other matters about the farm, having been brought up from infancy among the farming whites; but their working is only by fits and starts, little dependence being to be placed thereon. Several are employed and paid as constables, and many now retained on clothes and rations, in pursuance of Governor Darling's admirable regulations, for tracking thieves and bushrangers...they possess amazing quickness of eye and ear, tracing a man's footstep with perfect ease through every description of country... (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:25)

21. Most of them possess great powers of mimicry, bringing to your recollection as vividly the individuals they are imitating as if the latter were strutting in *propria persona* before you; while their drollery and wit are often considerable, and they apply nicknames happily, thus denominating one gentlemen here, with a wry mouth, *Wullywully* —from that feature resembling a twisted fruit so called;—another with an impediment in his speech, *Coorakabundy* (the frog), from his peculiar articulation; and a third *Parembang* (emu) from his singular walk. The gentleman with the wry mouth being commandant at one of the out-settlements, the natives took it into their heads that this was an *essential* of *governorship*, and they could not contain their astonishment on finding, upon inquiry, that the "cobawn (big) gobernor, had not mout *so* (screwing theirs into the appropriate shape), like the *narang* (little) gobernor." (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:27-28)

22. It was our good-humoured facetious Boongarre of whom the story is told about the mulatto child which his *gin* brought forth. If you ask Boongarre about it even now, he will shrug his shoulders, laugh heartily, and exclaim, "Oh yes! my gin *eatit too much white bread*!" accompanied by that sort of knowing humourous look which shows he both understands and relishes the import of the joke. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:28-29)

23. These savages possess a natural politeness, and most of them soon learn to improve their carriage and manners by studying those of the better-bred among the whites; while, in a *dignified* smile and bow, none will exceed some of our dingy neighbours. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:29)

24. A young friend of mine happening by accident to shoot a long-legged wader, named here a redbill, (a frequenter of a pond on his father's property which he had been particularly desired not to harm,) had almost forgotten the circumstance, till one day he was tasking a native about stealing some corn, an offence which the latter most stoutly denied; but my friend pushing the evidence so closely home that he was on the point of being silenced, his *gin*, who had been listening to the dialogue...shouted out, "Ah Massa William, *who shoot de redbill*? I tell you fader!" thus turning the tables, and forcing Massa William to compound matters for mutual advantage. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:29)

25. They are excellent marksmen when accustomed to the musket, and dangerous subtle enemies when at variance with the whites... (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:32)

26. Throughout the country of Cumberland in 1816, and more lately at Bathurst, the most dreadful excesses were committed by them till hunted down by bodies of soldiers and settlers with the aid of other natives. Many, very many lives might have been saved, had timely and efficient means been adopted; for it has been observed that the various tribes of savages have always one time or other essayed a trial of strength with the whites, and when once fairly satisfied of their inferior power, live ever afterwards in perfect harmony with them. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:35)

27. They believe in a good spirit, which they call *Koyan*, and in an evil spirit named *Potoyan*. The former is held to watch over and protect them from the machinations of the latter...Potoyan is provoked...if you swing a fiery stick round! "Dont, dont!" the timid ones will say, "Devil – devil come!" (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:40-41)

28. They are very fond of having their hair cropped by a white, on account of the comparative quickness and ease with which the scissors perform the operation, to their usual instrument – a shell. On my first taking up my abode in the vicinity of some tribes in a great measure unacquainted with Europeans, I had frequently this ceremony to perform, to amuse them, and get rid of their importunities; and whenever afterwards I chanced to meet them in the woods, they would shout loudly as soon as they saw me and pat their heads to show they were my old friends by the token of their cropped polls. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:43-44)

29. ...the women soon become diseased with gonorrhœa, and propogate this infectious malady among the convict-servants who cohabit with them. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:45)

30. They are lively, good-humoured, inquisitive, and intelligent; and are found to acquire the knowledge of reading, writing, &c., almost as expertly as Europeans. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:45)

31. We had an institution here, in Governor Macquarie's time, where the native children were educated, and turned out of it at the age of puberty good readers and good writers; but being all associated together, and their native instincts and ideas still remaining paramount, they took to their old habits again as soon as freed from thraldom. Major Goulburn saw the defects of this system when he had the direction of colonial affairs, and wisely broke up this institution, quartering the boys in the Male and the girls in the Female Orphan Asylum, where, mixing with a numerous population of white children, they will gradually imbibe their ideas, and manners and customs too; and if care is only taken to provide them with humane masters, no doubt good effects will result. I have seen some native youths who made very tolerable servants for knife-cleaning and such-like, even although taken into the house after being grown up; but fixed occupations will probably never answer, for the first and second generations of these young savages, at least; the wild feeling inherent in them must have time to wear out. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:52)

32. A number of the slang phrases current in St. Giles's *Greek* bid fair to become legitimatized in the dictionary of this colony: *plant*, swag, pulling up, and other epithets of the Tom and Jerry school, are established—the dross passing here as genuine, even among all ranks, while the native word *jirrand* (afraid) has become in some measure an adopted child, and may probably puzzle our future Johnsons with its *unde derivatur*. In our police-offices, the slang words are taken regularly down in examinations, and I once saw a little urchin not exceeding ten years *patter* it in evidence to the bench with the most perfect fluency. Among the lower classes, these terms form a part of every common conversation; and the children consequently

catch them. An acquaintance in Van Dieman's land, who had ordered his eldest boy to give up a plaything to a younger, only a week after arrival, was puzzled to make out the meaning of the latter, on its afterwards running in to him and calling out, "Pa! Bill has *planted* it" (hid it). In addition to this, the London mode of *pronunciation* has been duly ingrafted on the colloquial dialect of our Currency youths, and even the better sort of them are apt to meet your observation of "A fine day," with their *improving* response of "*Wery* fine indeed!" This is accounted for by the number of individuals from London and its vicinity, who speak in this manner, that have become residents in the colony, and that has stamped the language of the rising generation with their uneviable peculiarity... (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:59-60)

33. ...Samshoo, an East-Indian servant-boy belonging to a merchant here, who had been detected by his employer in purloining a large bag of dollars. "Samshoo!" said his astonished master, "what has made you turn such a rogue? you, that have been so long in my service, and always shown yourself before such an honest lad;" "Massa," blubbered Samshoo, shrugging his shoulders, "when Samshoo come here, Samshoo very good boy; now Shamshoo dam rogue; *every body*, massa, turn rogue here! by and bye, massa turn rogue too!" (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:129-30)

34. Early this morning I went to witness the funeral of one of our degraded aborigines. ...They diligently perservered in digging, till they had descended to the depth of about five feet, when they proceeded to hollow the grave on either side: this, they told me, was intended to keep him from being hurt, "*when any body walk over him*". ...I enquired, "What for you make fire?" "*To keep poor dead black man warm*", they replied. ...It was formerly a custom, when any of their number died, to receive a challenge from another tribe to go to war, to vindicate themselves from the imputation of having been the cause of his death.—but now, they usually attribute their visitations from death to the influence of white men. ...during the interment, they expressed deep despair at the frequent deaths which occur in their ranks. "Black-man die fast, more white man come. Old Black men nigh all gone. Soon no blackman, all whiteman". (Sydney district, 22 June 1821) (Mansfield 1821:337)

35. Those tribes which adjoin Sydney are stupid, ugly, depraved, diseased; but those at a distance contain a fair proportion of tall athletic men, with tolerably comely faces, indicating sense and vivacity. In conversation they exhibit no want of either, and they evidently consider themselves to be on a par with us as regards natural equality. One of the most clever and modest girls was a native black about twelve years of age. She was the best scholar in the school—read and wrote remarkably well, and had worked a sampler, equal to any that are kept in gilded frames and hung up as relics of the industry of the age. (Mansfield 1827:6-7)

36. In the commencement of January, the annual conference of the aboriginal tribes with the Governor was held as usual at Parramatta; about two hundred blacks were pesent. Bungaree was not here, but remained with several others in Sydney. The members of the conference enjoyed a full dinner of beef and plum pudding, with grog and tobacco; they had also a cart-load of slop clothing divided amongst them. (Mansfield 1828a:278-79)

37. A troop of blacks walking to the military band to feed their ears with the music. These unsophisticated beings have no conjuring book, but are alike bare and unfurnished as the four-footed prowlers of the wilderness. Bungaree is at the head, with his military cocked hat on, tipped with invariable politeness to every gentleman—"Good morning Sir, how are you?" "Quite well Bungaree, thank you." "Can you lend me one dump, Sir?—Master! I tay Sir, you know me? have you got any coppers?" "What's your name?" "Dismal, Sir. I come from the Coal Ribber you know. "Aye, Aye, Sydney's a finer place than Newcastle?" "O yes Sir, finer, murry finer, tausend houses, murry tausend tausend houses. Have you seben-pence hapenny

Sir? lend me one dump—coppers master—buy a loaf you know—look at my belly—murry hungry Sir!" (Mansfield 1828b:322)

38. The cries of Sydney are all genuine cockney, perfect in tune from the deep gutteral, to the shrill and plaintive cadence. (Mansfield 1828b:324)

39. The aboriginal language is certainly beautiful and highly expressive, much more so, we conceive, than any European tongue. Where did they get it?—"Gogaga" is their name for the bird we call the Laughing Jackass, and Gogaga repeated quick is part of the chuckling notes which distinguish that ludicrous forester. (Mansfield 1828b:328-29)

40. The Aboriginal inhabitants, in New South Wales are colloquially termed—*black fellows*; an appellation which they accept in good part; and in return entitle us—*white fellows*. At the first settlement of the Colony, according to Collins and others, the Blacks were seen in great numbers; they assembled together in the vicinity of Sydney with regularity and an appearance of the system, frequently exhibiting their customs and ceremonies, evolutions, dances, and mock engagements. Such is not the case now. They dance occasionally, it is true, but the miserable stragglers form a group very dissimilar from the pictures we are amused with in the books alluded to. While they are reeling in the streets, and quarrelling, an individual or two will frequently begin dancing, from the heartless excitement of bad liquor on an empty stomach. (Mansfield 1828c:351)

41. Bungaree accosts any gentleman he meets, in quite a familiar manner; but if the intercourse extends beyond a passing compliment, he always avails himself of it to make a serious request—for the loan of one dump, (1s 3d.). His tribe are also fond of borrowing silver, but in lieu of that, they will accept of "coppers", if they amount to the value of a loaf, which to them is the lowest standard of computation. The familiarity of their address is sometimes taken to be impudence. We saw a Sydney black meet one of the fine muscular Chiefs of New Zealand walking in the streets, to whom he went up with "How do you do, shake hands;" but the chief only smiled at him without stopping. This of course mortified the black, and he bestowed on him sundry abusive epithets belonging to the English tongue, which they are accustomed to apply to each other when angry; their own language not being sufficiently copious to admit these flowers of speech. They find no difficulty in procuring liquor, or *bull* as they call it, but a small quantity affects them with intoxication; indeed, even water in which a sugar mat has been rinsed is generally sufficient. While they are in this stupid excitement, some attempt to dance and sing; others quarrel; and there is a confused utterance of English vulgarisms, mingled with the sweet reiterations of the mother tongue—Ah, ah,—wah, allah allah, wah-gha ghoo ghoo! gha ghoo ghoo! From this state of delirium perhaps someone sinks down insensible, and then that dear creature, "anxious lovely woman" forsaking the rest, turns to attend the partner of all her weary vicissitudes; she raises his head, watches his countenance, and if there be no sign of resuscitation leans over him howling and weeping. "Ah!" she will appeal to a bystander, "Ah! it's my man,—give him some water? ah ah!" (Mansfield 1828c:352)

42. Most of their quarrels and broken *Kobbaras*... (Mansfield 1828c:352)

43. In a progress which we made, some time ago, through the interior, we fell in with a tribe of forty men, who were crossing the mountains...a middle-aged man accosted the foremost of us, and the following parlance took place—"Good morning sir—Good morning to you, where are you going?—Going to fight the Kumnaroy blacks—Rather you would fight them than us—Ha! ha! ha! could you give us some powder?—have you any?—Very little, only enough to charge our own pistols—Good bye master, where you set down (sleep)—At Kolo if we can reach there, how far is it?—This was a foolish question, but the blacks after looking up to the sky for a

moment, gave it an answer—"You be there before sun-down, good day master". (Mansfield 1828c:353)

44. Most of them wear a belt of either kangaroo skin, opossum, or bandycoot, in the folds of which they generally carry the waddy; and when all the wolf arises to devour, they exclaim, "belly jumps!"—and, merely draw the belt tighter. (Mansfield 1828c:355)

45. A species of piscivorous worm forms a staple article of subsistence, and is called by them *kobbara*, a word which also signifies the skull...We observed a boy who had a quantity of these luscious worms, tied up in a sheet of bark, and enquired what they were for—"To *patter*," said he; and immediately...let a few glide down his throat. We drew back with signs of nausea, but he only laughed and said they were *murry* good for *black*-fellow. (Mansfield 1828c:355)

46. It is usual for each tribe to have a *Karrady* or doctor, who combines in his person the functions of a preist; he cures the body and also saves the soul. ...When they die, these blacks go to the dibble, as they say for a short time only, being quickly taken by the *Karady* into *Warredya* or heaven, a place far above *Narrawan*, which is the blue sky. (Mansfield 1828c:355)

47. Whatever misfortunes they suffer, are owing they conceive to the Dibble-dibble, a malignant apparition, which roams after dusk and haunts new made graves. (Mansfield 1828c:355-56)

48. ...I understand the language is by no means general and that the Tribes (which commonly consist of only a few Persons) inhabiting different parts of the Country are unable to converse with each other when they meet. Besides it does not appear that any advantage has been gained by the Natives acquiring our language, which many of them speak with singular fluency and correctness. Some of these, to whom I have spoken were brought up at the School established by the late Governor Macquarie, and learned not only to read but to write. They returned however to their Tribes as soon as their Education was finished, and have remained with them in the Woods, though accustomed for some considerable time to the Comforts of a House, good food and Clothing. (Darling 1828:55)

49. ...I proposed...that a separate School should be formed in some part, not too distant, but at the same time quite apart from any Town, at which such Children as could be got should be placed. This was fixed at a place called Black Town, about 14 Miles N.W. of Parramatta, and a Person named Hall with his Wife, well qualified for the undertaking, were placed there to conduct the Establishment. I caused such Black Children, as were in the Male and Female Orphan Institutions, to be removed there, and directed Mr. Hall to continue the common Elements of Education, in which they had been previously instructed, but at the same time ot devote a large portion of their time to work, the Boys to be taught Carpentering (he having been bred up to that Trade) and the Girls plain Needle work by his Wife. Mr. Hall having a very religious turn of mind, I directed him to give these Children religious Instruction. ...One of these Boys aged 17, who had been bred up at the Male Orphan School, was apprenticed to a most respectable Person in Sydney, Mr. Thorp, Assistant Engineer to the Government, to learn the Trade of a Builder. After remaining about 10 days, I regret to say the Boy ran away into the Woods, and, although the Police has been Searching for him, no intelligence has as yet been received of him. (Scott 1827:56-57)

50. From Mr. Sadleir's report, after an absence of 5 Months, during which time he made a circuit of about 750 Miles, I have collected the following results...There is on the whole a good understanding between the Stock Keepers and Blacks with some exceptions... That in general the Blacks are the aggressors; nevertheless a failure in

a promise made to them is never forgotten or forgiven, nor can they brook abusive Language, or ill treament to themselves and especially to their Dogs...That illicit intercourse exists between the Stock Keepers and the Women...That the intercourse with the Convicts lead to Drunkenness, Debauchy, Profane and obscene Language and Disease...The blacks become well acquainted with the strength and force of Stock Keepers, and then take advantage of the weakness of the latter, and endeavour to take Provisions by force, and, if resistance is made, the consequence is sometimes fatal to the Stock Keeper...The intercourse with each others tribe was not so common before the White Men were amongst them as it is now...Some instances of labouring for subsistence in a small degree have occurred...Their wants are Tomahawks, fish Hooks, Clothing, and relief in sickness and old Age; and, by their frequent intercourse with the White People, Shirts, Tobacco, Pipes, etc., become necessaries of Life to them...There is no chance of distant Tribes consenting to send their Children to the Establishment at Black Town...They express a desire to have their Children Educated, and expect it with some eagerness...From the best calculation and numeration made during this Journey, it does not appear that there are more than 4,500 Souls, Divided into 31 Tribes, averaging about 147 to a Tribe, the largest number being 242, and the smallest 10...each Tribe occupies a Space from 20 to 30 Miles Square...It would be most desireable to attain their Language and to reduce it to such a system, as, by instructing them in it, a mutual intercourse might be kept up between them and the White Population. (Scott 1827:57-59)

51. The only one, who has Cattle given by the Late governor Macquarie which have increased under a Person paid for it, but totally neglected by himself, is called "Creek Jemmy," who often asks me to Sell them for Money in order (to use his own Words) he may "*Buy a long Coat and Cocked Hat, and be a Swell,*" a Colonial phrase for a well Dressed Convict; and, although a Ration has been allowed him and his Son, expressly on the Condition of the latter leaving his Child at the School at Black Town, yet he has taken her away, and will not suffer her to return on any Consideration whatever. (Scott 1827:63)

52. ...the religious and philanthropic world, ever since we took their country from the brave, unoffending people of Australia, have been deeply interested in their welfare and have ardently longed them or their hapless progeny some amends for the nameless woes, which our occupation of their country has heaped upon them. Among these stood foremost Jamor General Macquarie...Governor Macquarie...was a man of practical benevolence rather than sentiment and romance, seeing that nothing equal to the expense could be done for the adult Blacks; with that prudence for which he was remarkable, he established a school for the instruction and the board and lodging of the children of the Aborigines. The natives were at first shy of sending their children ...But, after Macquarie established a Christmas feast and a conference with the blacks of proximate and distant tribes at Parramatta, and the parents had witnesses the progress of certain of their children in reading, writing and singing hymns...they began voluntarily to place their children in the school, and accordingly prospered, so long as Governor Macquarie remained in the Colony...the School...is still alive and lingers; but its spirit, with that of its founder, is departed...Governor Macquarie built huts for the blacks at the cove or bay...The native village formed at this cove by Governor Macquarie was called Elizabeth Town in honour of Mrs Macquarie. The cove was therefore called Elizabeth Bay...Besides building huts for them, the General ordered the natives a fishing boat with fishing tackle, and, as I have heard, salt and casks to salt their fish withal...Governor Brisbane, soon after his arrival, became deeply impressed with the necessity of building a Lunatic Asylum; and as the natives had gradually disappeared from Elizabeth Bay, after the departure of their partron Governor Macquarie, Sir Thomas fixed on this spot... (Hall 1828:596-98)

5

Sydney 1830 to 1850

1. ...Wyoming...local aborigines...altogether a superior race to those in the neighbourhood of Sydney...gins...all ugly except two or three...picaninnies...as they call the children... (Felton 1831)

2. I have already remarked, that I was not prepared for the scene that met my view when I first saw Sydney. The fact was, I had not pictured to myself, nor conceived from any thing I had ever read or heard in England, that so extensive a town could have been reared in that remote region, in so brief aperiod [sic] as that which had elapsed since its foundation. It is not, however, a distant or cursory glance that will give the observer a just idea of the mercantile importance of this busy capital. In order to form an accurate estimate of it, he should take a boat and proceed from Sydney Cove to Darling Harbour. He would then be satisfied, that it is not upon the first alone that Australian commerce has raised its storehouses and wharfs, but that the whole extent of the eastern shore of the last more capacious basin, is equally crowded with warehouses, stores, dockyards, mills, and wharfs, the appearance and solidity of which would do credit even to Liverpool. Where, thirty years ago, the people flocked to the beach to hail an arrival, it is not now unusual to see from thirty to forty vessels riding at anchor at one time, collected there from every quarter of the globe. In 1831, one hundred and fifty vessels entered the harbour of Port Jackson, from foreign parts, the amount of their tonnage being 31,259 tons. (Sturt 1833:xviii-xix)

3. Among the various speculations undertaken by the merchants of Sydney, there is not one into which they have entered with so much spirit as in the South Sea Fishery. The local situation of Port Jackson gives them an advantage over the English and the American merchants, since the distance of both these from the field of their gains, must necessarily impede them greatly; whereas the ships that leave Sydney on a whaling excursion, arrive without loss of time upon their ground, and return either for fresh supplies or to repair damages with equal facility. The spirit with which the colonial youth have engaged in this adventurous and hardy service, is highly to their credit. The profits arising from it may not be (indeed I have every reason to think are not) so great as might be supposed, or such as might reasonably be expected; but the extensive scale on which it is conducted, speaks equally for the energy and perseverance of the parties concerned, in the prosecution of their commercial enterprises. It has enabled them to equip a creditable colonial marine, and given great importance to their mercantile interests in the mother country. ...In the year 1831, the quantity of sperm and black oil, the produce of the fisheries exported from New South Wales, amounted to 2307 tons, and was estimated, together with skins and whalebone, to be worth £107,971 sterling. The gross amount of all other exports during that year, did not exceed £107,697 sterling. (Sturt 1833:xxv-vi)

4. Their manners are scarcely formed yet, if I may judge from the behaviour of one of them: he was trying to teach me the mode of throwing the spear; when observing me to be somewhat clumsy, he took it out of my hand, remarking at the same time, "Oh you d—d stupid!"This was not polite in the barbarian, but so long as the natives learn their English from the convicts, I fear we shall get no better language from them. I am not at all convinced that this black intended to make use of an improper expression...These people consisted of two tribes, one from Illarong, the other belonging to the Wollombi... (Blue Mountains, 30 miles from the Wollombi River) (Breton 1834:81-82)

5. At Denbigh, during this early period, the blacks were very numerous. One evening I witnessed a corroboree in which over four hundred of them took part. My father used to employ from a hundred to two hundred of them, occasionally, in burning off dead timber. They would begin work about nine o'clock a.m., and work till three p.m. When they left off in the afternoon, they had a good meal of hasty pudding, hominy, soup, and vegetables, finishing up with sugar-bag. This last, I must explain, consisted of empty sugar mats, soaked in a bucket of water. The sweetened liquid was sucked from a piece of bruised stringy-bark, dipped into the bucket. It was an amusing sight to see from a dozen to twenty blacks camped round their innocent beverage, sponge in hand, laughing and joking with each other...I never knew any mischief to be perpetrated by the blacks in those days. An old fellow named Cogrewoy occasionally startled my mother by suddenly popping his head in at her bedroom window when he came begging for food. (late 1820s early 1830s, at the Hassall property *Denbigh*, in the neighbourhood of Camden, then called the Cowpastures) (Hassall 1977:3-4)

6. We would start at daylight, take a pony phaeton with a pair of splendid ponies, a couple of black boys with our saddle-horses, plenty of provender, and all necessaries...We ordered the trap and saddle-horses, with our black-boys. (1830s) (Hassall 1977:32-33)

7. ...a carrier and his black-boy who were driving a team to Sydney... (1830s) (Hassall 1977:94)

8. Once, I confess, I had a great fright. I was visiting a blackfellow in his cell, when suddenly the man darted across the floor and seized me by the shoulders. He had cause to show, however, for his startling behaviour. A warder had entered without my noticing him and had set down that man's dinner, in a tin dish on the floor, just behind where I stood...The poor fellow just mentioned soon became insane under the solitary treatment and, representations being made to the Government with regard to the matter, orders were given that for the future aboriginal prisoners were to be exempt from the regulation concerning solitary confinement... (in Berrima Gaol, mid C19) (Hassall 1977:106)

9. On one occasion, it being a holiday, the boys were allowed to pay a visit to the black's camp, some distance out of Parramatta, towards Prospect. The blacks had assembled from various parts of the colony, for the annual feast given them by the Governor, and to receive a blanket apiece. The latter gift is still customary wherever any blacks remain...Before the feast came off, quarrels had sometimes to be adjusted, and on this occasion a fight took place, which we had the opportunity of witnessing...There were probably six or seven hundred blacks assembled at their camps. The women of each party had first to be placed at their camps. The men painted themselves with white pipe-clay and red ochre and thus, without any clothing, the two parties advanced towards each other in a half circle, in ranks three and four deep, armed with spears, boomerangs, nullah-nullahs, waddies, and shields. When within a hundred yards or so of each other, the battle began. The spears flew across the half circle in great profusion, but were well parried by the shields. Then came the boomerangs, striking the ground first, and then rebounding in all directions among the enemy. These are dangerous weapons and cannot be warded off so well as the spears. After a little time, the contending parties closed in, and a hand-to-hand fight with their nullah-nullahs or waddies ended the affray. Three blacks were killed and a number wounded. Next day, notwithstanding, both parties assembled at the feast together and made friends. (The early days of King's School, Parramatta, opened in January 1832) (Hassall 1977:17-18)

10. About two years previous an eruptive febrile disease made its appearance among the natives of Wellington Valley, resembling the small-pox in its principal characters...About a year after I was informed it prevailed among the aborigines at

the Lachlan Burragorang, and Cox's river, and I remarked that several of the blacks at Goulburn Plains, and also at other parts of the colony, had pits on their faces, resembling those produced by small-pox...The name that this disease is known by among the aborigines is "Thunna, thunna," or "Túnna, tunna,"...I understand that during the time it prevailed among the aborigines at Wellington Valley, they did not regard it as of foreign introduction; they considered it contagious and, when one party was attacked by this formidable disease, the others deserted them, to avoid being infected...the government were induced to send a medical gentleman into the nterior to report upon, and give his opinion. ...As far back as the year 1789, says Dr. Mair in his report, an eruptive disorder, resembling the small-pox,broke out among the aborigines, and proved extensively fatal. ...From that distant period no similar disease had been observed among them, till about the month of Augus, 1830, when Mr. Brown, of Wallerowang, first saw this eruptive malady in five blacks, near the river Castlereagh, two in the incipient,a nd three in more advanced stages. He had, however, heard of its existence among the tribes to the northward six months before...Mr. Brown did not meet with any more cases of the disease till the beginning of August, 1831,when it manifested itself in three blacks, who had been in close communication with some others recently arrived from the Lachlan...These men stated that the disease had been raging in their part of the country, and that several had died of it. Some of the Wallerowang blacks, convinced of its contagious nature, had fled to Emu plains to escape infection; three of the number having afterwards returned were seized with it...At Wellington Valley the same malady was first remarked, as near as could be ascertained,) in October last year, (1830,) and continued to affect the blacks in that vicinity to December...From the testimony of George Clark, a convict, who had resided with the native tribes, far in the interior, for several years...the disease proceeded from the north-west coast, and spared none of the tribes as far as Liverpool Plains, attacking twenty and thirty at a time, none escaping its fury...They believe the disease to be infectious, but do not shun one another on that account; they name it "Boulol." The Lachlan and Wellington Valley tribes call it Thunna, thunna; and Dr. Mair also says that he heard a most lugubrious dirge chaunted at a Corrobera at Bathurst, commemorative of this destructive epidemic, and judged accurately of its nature from the melancholy note and solemn manner of the pageant...It has been remarked, by most of the eyewitnesses of this epidemic, that it proved chiefly fatal to adults and old people, seldom to children...Dr. Mair...met with no opposition on the part of the aborigines in his wishes to extend to them the inestimable benefits of vaccination...The mortality attending the disease varied from one in three to one in five or six...Vaccination seemed to possess a controlling power over it...it spread alarm and consternation among them. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:148-161)

11. The aborigines are often seen about Sydney; but to me they appear, probably from their vicious habits, a far worse-looking race than those I had seen in the interior. The *celebrated* King Bungaree had recently ended his mortal career, as well as most of his tribe, none of them ever having been induced to settle and cultivate the soil for subsistence. It is related, that in the time of the government of General Macquarie there was an attempt made, by distributing seeds among them, to induce the natives to cultivate the ground: among the packets of seed sent for distribution were some which contained fishhooks; these, together with the seeds, were given by the governor to the sable monarch, King Bungaree. Some time after the governor inquired of him whether the seeds had yet come up – "Oh berry well, berry well," exclaimed Bungaree, "all make come up berry well, except dem fish-hooks, them no come up yet." (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:338)

12. ...the numerous tribes which, but a few years ago, were seen to dwell in the neighbourhood of Sydney, are gone! They were not, however, exterminated by force, nay, they were not even treated harshly or cruelly, but were allowed to do as they pleased, and to wander where they chose. Some employed themselves in catching fish, others in procuring the finest oysters, &c., at which they were very expert. With

these they supplied the town, and were either paid in money, or received what they desired in exchange, whilst others were too lazy to exert themselves, and is nothing but beg. It was not, therefore, either force or oppression that destroyed them, but it was the corruption, the debasement, the brutality, and the profligacy which was introduced amongst them; it was, in short, because they had imbibed from us our most destructive vices, and had lost what was good among their own customs. Nothing, indeed, could be more pitiable than the sight of these wretched creatures, half-naked, half-starved, and half-drunk, straggling, squalling, jabbering, daily through the streets of Sydney... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:7-8)

13. ...their habitations...or *gunyas*... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:8)

14. ...the *mundowa*, or tracks... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:10)

15. Their weapons are few and simple, consisting of the *spear*, the *wummerah*, the *tomahawk*, the *waddie*, the *boomerang*, the *heliman*, and some carry also a sort of wooden hatchet...The *wummerah* is the instrument by which the spear is thrown...There is now scarcely a black to be seen who is not possessed of the common English tomahawk, with iron blade. The *waddie*, or club...The *boomerang*...is flat, and curved like the blade of a scimitar...It is used...as an instrument of amusement, and as a weapon to maim an animal...The *heliman*, or shield... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:12-13)

16. The black women (commonly called *gins*)... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:13)

17. ...the *cobbera*, or head...their *corrobary*, or dance... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:17)

18. ...the *wanga wanga*...large blue pigeon... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:25)

19. ...the services of these young blacks have been found so desirable, that, at the present time, almost all the settlers, in the more remote parts of the colony, have one or more of them living at their stations, whom they maintain and bring up for as long a time as they can persuade them to stay. No sooner, however, do they arrive at the age of maturity than they depart and join their tribe, without the slightest notice, and often to the great inconvenience and regret of the settler. It is true, they ever after consider themselves as belonging to the family or station, and never fail to call when in the neighbourhood. (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:28)

20. ...the blacks have a peculiar liking for our dogs, which they procure from storekeepers and government-men... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:29)

21. They catch our language much sooner than we do theirs; and though at first they make a strange confusion and misapplication of words, they are soon able to express themselves, especially to make known their wants; so that, as we went from one gunya to another, we were saluted with *Goot morning*, *ebening*, and *night*, indiscriminately; and it one of them was asked whether such a female was his mother, the reply would probably be, *No; that my uncle*, or *brother*; and on the contrary, when asked, 'Is such a one your brother?' "*No; that my sister*, &c. One of them, who, I was informed had been to Sydney, was troubled with a cough, and being questioned, he said he was *murray* (very) *bad*, and he believed that it would *hang* him; meaning, that it would choke him; and then he described an execution he had witnessed. (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:29-30)

22. Their language in the sound, has often struck me as being like the Greek, and they have one song, which commences with words whose sounds I cannot express better than by the words *Hemin, Hemin, ya Baia Baia*; then comes the words *Murrel, murrel Bangala*, &c. (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:30)

23. Several of the natives visited our tents during our stay in Argyle County...the looking-glass was handed to them, and nothing could exceed the wonder which they expressed, nor the merriment it occasioned, as each beheld his face reflected; one looked grave and stared, another appeared ashamed, while others kept grinning as they took a peep, putting out their tongues, and making ridiculous grimaces. They then looked at one another, and made their remarks with a volubility of speech, which, from our ignorance of their language, was of course entirely lost to us...It is certainly to be regretted, that even now so very little of the language of the natives of Australia is known to us, and that no pains have ever been taken to obtain, as far as possible, a correct knowledge of it...from our ignorance of their language, we are incapable of describing their feelings, or giving proper reasons for their actions, and the means by which their passions have been excited; and it is chiefly owing to this ignorance, also, that we have been unable and incompetent to ameliorate their condition. The extent of our powers of conversation with these blacks, has generally been no more than a vocabulary of a few words, and a stupid collection of sentences intermingled with bad English; and though, as I have before observed, they acquire with greater facility the means of conversing with us, I cannot believe that it is possible for us, without first being thoroughly acquainted with their own language, to impress them with a correct understanding of the sense which our words are intended to convey...one of the blacks was asked if he would like to be shaved, and with a little hesitation he consented...his companions and the tonsor himself kept up a continual giggle the whole time...I cannot say whether he expected to have become a white man after the shaving, but he certainly appeared very much chagrined and disappointed upon re-viewing himself in the looking-glass. Another consented to have his hair cut...these circumstances impressed me with the idea of the confidence which they placed in us. They were then shown one or two landscape-drawings, and sketches of dogs, trees, kangaroos, &c., which they immediately recognised and understood. I also showed them a drawing of a black man...and I certainly was astonished when they mentioned, from the likeness, the name of the individual whom the sketch represented. (Argyle county, near the Wollondilly River, Tarlo district, mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:31-32)

24. ...I perceived one of them cutting away with his tomahawk into the bark of a tree, from which he soon extracted about seven or eight grubs...which he put into his mouth...and pronounced them, tapping his chest, *Capital*!"...Another black was seen pointing with his finger to the fresh marks of an opossum that had ascended the tree in the night to take shelter in a hole during the day, upon which he exclaimed, as he looked upward, in as much of English as he was master of, *Me megalitz*, (Me see him); *Me pi him cobberra direckaly*, (Me strike him on the head directly)... (Argyle county, near the Wollondilly River, Tarlo district, mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:31-32)

25. I had an opportunity of witnessing the actions and manœvres of a black in ascending a tree after an opossum...he exclaimed, 'Look out massa; me pi him directly.' So, indeed, it happened, for the opossum, after another cut or two, darted out, and at the instant received a blow from the tomahawk which sent him to the ground dead...I observed another digging away at the trunk of a rotten tree, from which he soon brought to light a nest of small ants of a brown colour, which were completely covered with little white eggs of an oval shape...I inquired what they were going to do with them. They replied, *Budgerry patta*, (Good food). Another black was soon observed watching very attentively the top branches of a tree, – I asked what he was looking at. *Me megalet budgerry honey*, (I see good honey!). 'You see,' said he, pointing upwards to the place...the black commenced opening carefully, with his tomahawk, the hollowed limb...a complete honey-comb was exposed. (Argyle county, near the Wollondilly River, Tarlo district, mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:34)

26. I observed a black approaching towards us walking very lame, – he had lacerated his leg near the instep iwth a splinter, and when he was sat down, I offered

to send for some plaster for him, telling him it would soon heal the wound. He did not understand me, and proceeded to use his own remedy. He had brought with him a small piece of bark, which contained some red gum, with which almost all the species of the eucalyptus abounds, and with this he besmeared wht part injured, and stuck a leaf upon it, saying, it would be soon 'budgerry,' or well. (Argyle county, near the Wollondilly River, Tarlo district, mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:35)

27. On one occasion four natives came to the tent late in the evening...they appeared very fatigued, and told me that they intended to 'naggaree,' or 'sleep' at my camp that night. (Argyle county, near the Wollondilly River, Tarlo district, mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:35)

28. There, see that fellow, that bite you, tumble down 'direckerly'... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:42)

29. 'Me catch the rascal directly,' said the black...having succeeded in slipping the noose over the monkey's head, immediately twisted the pole so as to tighten the cord. 'Me got him rascal,' he exclaimed...'Come along, you rascal, come, come, come,' he cried tugging away at the monkey... (mid 1830s, the 'monkey' was a koala) (Govett 1977:61)

30. I one day accompanied a native for the purpose of seeing him fish...being desirous of trying my skill I requested him to lend me his line and tackle, assuring him that I would take the greatest care of it. He first seemed to object, but afterwards entrusted them to me with apparent unwillingness, and returned to my camp not far distant, with his fish, leaving me to manage as I best could...I made but a bungling attempt, and after throwing out the line, entangling it, and disentangling it for an hour, I felt a fish, the line bieng carried underneth the rocks...I had reason to think that the line was fastened some thirty or forty feet below...Having tied the end of the line securely to the rock, I left it, much dissatisfied...the native had...gone northward...he intended to return early next morning and fish again...I...sent off a man to Sydney, to purchase lines and necessary tackle...The morning came, and the native arrived before the messenger, in company with two others. 'Goot marning, massa, you catch him fish.' *Bale*, (no) said I. 'Me want it line,' said the native. I shook my head. He looked suspicious, and presently exclaimed, 'I believe you hook him rock, *murray*, *murray* (very) stupid you.' You are right, thought I, nodding assent; and seeing his anxiety, I immediatley offered him some tobacco, and requested them to eat...he refused in his disappointment. I told him we would go [to] the rock where the line was, and I explained on the way, whilst he listened to my story attentively. He seemed to blame himself for trusting his line to such unworthy hands, as he constantly sighed 'murray stupid me;'... (mid 1830s) (Govett 1977:64)

31. It has been related to me that a new and popular song will travel through different coast tribes, speaking different languages and scattered over five hundred or six hundred miles, in a few weeks. It appears that such of our own amusements as come within the scope of their understanding they are not slow to imitate. A young Aboriginal of the upper Williams named Macarthy who from an early age had been a favourite of a near relative of mine was a few years back brought to Sydney and by way of treat was taken to the theatre. Amid much matters from not understanding it, astonished and bewildered more than amused him, there was one thing that especially fixed his attention and that was a <u>pas seul</u> danced by Miss Lazar. From the moment she appeared upon the stage he followed her attentively with his eyes, never taking them off, hardly daring to breathe, afraid to lose a single waive of her arms and dreading lest any distrubance on his part should cause the ethereal oisiau to vanish. It appears that notwithstanding the vast difference there was between this exhibition and the rude imitation of Kangaroo and Emu actions prevailing in this native corroberries "the poetry of motion" realized in Miss Lazar's performance sank deep in his soul for on his return to the Forest he was able to go through all the mazes of the

pas seul to the undoubted admiration of the neighbouring tribes, without, as I am told, missing a single step or grace belonging to it. In the study of this character and to enjoy the pleasure they have in the exhibition I have since taken many natives to the theatre and have uniformly found that it was the dancing that delighted them above every thing else. (Windeyer c.1842)

32. Some of the native "attachés' to the establishments of settlers become useful servants, and are comfortably attired in suitable clothes...These men often accompany their masters' drays to Sydney, and sometimes join the long and toilsome stock-driving expeditions across to Adelaide; but even after a sojourn of many months with Europeans, and in a compariatively civilized state, they invariably return to their old habits, and relinquish their smart and comfortable clothes for the corrobbory costume of nudity and pipe-clay...The companionship of natives in the overland journeys above alluded to might perhaps be supposed of service in preventing injury or attacks from other natives, but this is far from being the case. The whole of the aborigines, as hitherto known, maintain most rigid laws touching all boundary questions, each tribe having a certain allotted protion of country, beyond which they cannot pass but in peril of their lives, or at least without risk of a battle; and when, even in company with and under the protection of their white masters, they traverse these forbidden climes, and meet parties of the rightful inhabitants, the adventurous travellers manifest the most intense fear, which, judging from the threatening and angry aspect of their foes, is tolerably well grounded. (Meredith 1844:100)

33. The shields used by the natives are pieces of solid wood about two feet long, something in a long diamond shape, with a loop or handle to hold them by, hollowed from the inner side. These they use with extreme adroitness, fending off blows in every direction...I have heard some of their white friends confess to having found an hour's "excellent sport" in shying at them cobs of Indian corn, from which the grain had been threshed, but which would still inflict rather a heavy blow; not one of which ever hit the sable target, so nimbly did he ward off every cob with his shield... (Meredith 1844:106-7)

34. The following is an abstract from the official general returns of the black natives, taken at the annual distribution of the government donation of blankets to each tribe within the four divisions of the colony, for the years 1835, 1836, and 1837. ...1835...1st. South, and south-western district, from Sydney to Twofold Bay, including men, women, and children...422. ...2nd. Western district, viz., Bathurst and Wellington Valley...127. ...3rd. North, and north-western district, form Sydney to Port Macquarie inclusive...1200. ...4th. Home district, Sydney and Windsor inclusive...325. ... Total number of blacks in year 1835...2094. ...1836...Total ...1582. ...1837...Total...1531. ...All these are tame blacks, who are certainly few in number compared to those who live far away from the habitations of white men. In 1830, Captain Sturt saw about 4000, all in a complete state of nudity, on the Murray River alone. (Mackenzie 1845:239-40)

35. An orphan boy, about ten years of age, rode about with me for nearly six months of last year. I found him useful in finding the horses in the morning, &c. At the same time I had two big black fellows driving bullock teams for me. They did well while they continued; but there is no dependence on them for any length of time...I have repeatedly given clothes and abundance of food to black fellows; but they soon got tired of our tame sort of living, threw away their clothes as useless lumber, fit only for bondsmen, and then joined their tribe in the forest...I know some sensible white men here who believe that the privations occasionally experienced by the blacks are more than counterbalanced by the perfect freedom and independence they enjoy...at least one white man has evinced the sincerity of his profession of such a belief by exchanging the civilised life for the savage life...great would be the surprise of any Englishman who would contrast the servile, crouching, cringing,

drunken blacks lounging about the streets of Sydney after having sold their birthright, their independence, for a morsel of bread, with the wild inhabitant of the forest...as he roams at freedom... (Mackenzie 1845:243)

36. ...1. Where were you born? At Cook's River. ...2. Do you know how long ago? ...3. What Governor was here when you were born? The Governor before Macquarie, I believe, I have been told I am about forty-nine. (Mahroot 1845)

37. ...8. How far inland? Very little far inland, where I am now. (Mahroot 1845)

38. ...9. *By Mr Lord*: How far was your country before t'other black fellow come and claim it—before any other tribe claim it? Liverpool; because Liverpool black fellow speak another language, and Five Islands speak another language again. (Mahroot 1845)

39. ...14. When you first recollect, how many black fellows were there in the tribe who spoke your language, men, women, and children? Four hundred I think in my recollection. (Mahroot 1845)

40. ...15. How old were you, do you think you were, when there were four hundred in your tribe? A very little boy, I can just recollect by guessing on it; I know there was that. ...16. Were there most women or men? There was both. ...17. Which was most, did one man have several women, or was there any man obliged to be without any wife? Oh yes, one had two, and one had none at all, may be that way it was. ...19. *By Mr. Lord*: You do not mean to say black fellow is allowed to have two gins? they was formerly and have now from that day to this. ...20. *By Dr. Lang*: Do you think that is right? No, I do not think that right at all. ...26. *By the Chariman*: Were there many children then? There was. (Mahroot 1845)

41. ...34. When did the number of your tribe begin to diminish (a pause) when did you find black fellows die off; when did they come to be few? They used to fight about the town, knock about like the deuce in liquor. ...35. It was by getting drunk you think? To that degree they took to liquor, at last they went away very fast; it was the only thing that destroyed them. ...37. Used the children to get liquor? I have seen that...38. Much? I cant say great much. 39. Used the father and mother give it them or white fellow? I have seen mother and father give it them. (Mahroot 1845)

42. ...44. How many black fellows are there now living, men, women, and children where you used ot know four hundred? I should say fifty, but not belong to Botany mind you Sir, different people raised up here in former times come. ...45. How many are there do you think alive, who were born there, who belong to the old tribe who speak your language, not the Liverpool language? Only four, three women and I am the only man. (Mahroot 1845)

43. ...46. Used your tribe to be called any particular name, for the whole of the people together? They do give them a name, I do not know what it was. ...47. Do you call the Liverpool black fellows any particular name? There is a particular name for them, just the same as you call the French people. ...48. What do you call them? Cobrakalls...49. Does that mean anything? Cobra means a kind of a worm eaten into the wood. (Mahroot 1845)

44. ...50. What do the Liverpool blacks call you? Botany Bay Moora. ...51. What does "Moora" mean? That means "your place." (Mahroot 1845)

45. ...57. *By Dr. Lang*: Do you always find plenty of food? Yes, if we can forage about the rocks and inland in the wood just the same way. (Mahroot 1845)

46. ...62. How many skins would it take to make a rug? A good lot, I should say about twenty or thirty. (Mahroot 1845)

47. ...63. When did you first learn to speak English? When I first joined the English, I left my father and mother and went to live with the English. ...With whom did you live? With Commissary Allen. (Mahroot 1845)

48. ...70. Do you ever think of God? I believe a little knowledge of it. ...71. Do you know there is a God? I believe there is. ...72. Do other black fellows? They think something about it, they believe there is something over them; I believe in my own mind there is a God. (Mahroot 1845)

49. ...77. *By Dr. Lang*: Do the black fellows think they live after they die? Some fo them do believe that ways, some do not. ...78. *By Dr. Nicholson*: What do you think will become of you when you die? I believe I go somewhere else. ...79. *By the Chairman*: How old were you when you left your father and mother? I can't tell rightly. ...80. Did they believe there was a God? They believed there was something over them. ...81. What did they call him? Boy just the same as you call the devil. 82. Was that a good or a bad being? That is his name, just the same as you call the devil. ...83. You know the devil is very wicked, and lives in a place where people will be punished, is Boy very bad or very good? He was very good. ...90. *By Mr. Lord*: What is the meaning of Boy in your language? The devil. ...91. What do black fellows mean by devil devil? Devil devil is its all over small pox like. ...92. *By the Chairman*: What is black fellows word for dead, when life is gone away, supposing black fellow die or sheep die what does black fellow say? Boy. ...93. *By Dr. Nicholson*: Who made the world, the sun, and stars, the sea and land, the trees and all we see? I believe God. ...94. Who did black fellows think made the sky and stars, the grass, the gum trees and kangaroos? They grow itself, all grow itself. ...95. Do you believe that? No, I don't believe it at all. ...96. What do you believe? Something over all these things food and fish, and all these her things that give these things. ...97. You learned that from the white people? Yes. (Mahroot 1845)

50. ...101. Were blankets given out to you? Yes, they have left it off now. (Mahroot 1845)

51. ...113. *By the Chairman*: what used you to do with all that money? I threw it a way along with my people. ...124. How much money can you earn in the week by fishing? Just keep me going to earn a bit that is all. ...125. How much, a pound, twelve shillings? No, I hardly get four shillings a week the way the fish is now. ...133. What made you take to fishing, did you follow the sea before that? Yes, I went out whaling five or six voyages. ...135. What did you do with that money when you came back? I went along with the sailors and we threw it away all together. ...136. *By Dr. Lang*: In the public houses? Yes, and then go for more again as soon as ever that was out. ...137. *By the Chairman*: Could not the other black fellows go out whaling if they liked? Yes. ...138. Why do they not like? Because it is dirty work, and hard work, and they do not fancy it at all. ...139. Would any of the black fellows living about you now like to have a farm and to grow cabbages and other things? They would not stop by it. ...140. They like to walk about? Yes. ...141. *By Mr. Lord*: Do you not think if they had gone to sea, and been taken care of as you have been by the whites, they would like to do so? Yes, but they would not like it now. ...142. *By the Chairman*: Would they like to work with white fellows now? Some would; I have got two young fellows with me, now going shooting about. ...143. Would they like to work with the spade? They would soon be for running off. ...145. Have they never tried to work? They have been tried. ...146. Why do they not go on? They stop a little while, and when the work is done they leave it for a little time. (Mahroot 1845)

52. ...147. What do black fellows do when they fall sick? They must stop in one place till they die. ...148. Do you not know there is a hospital in Sydney, where sick people get cured—do black fellows ever go there? No, they will not take the trouble to bring them all that way; there is a woman ill at Botany Bay, and I have told the black fellows there to bring her in, and they would not have the trouble to bring her in...149. And she cannot walk herself? No. ...150. Why do not you bring her in? the brother, that is the person to speak of; I put one woman into the poor house, and I got into a row with the other black fellows about it. ...151. What ddid they make a row for? Because I should not put her in without letting them know, and they went and took her out again directly, and she died two or three days after. (Mahroot 1845)

53. ...158. But they like to walk about better? Yes. (Mahroot 1845)

54. ...160. What does half-caste mean? Mulatto people, half-and-half. (Mahroot 1845)

55. ...179. Have the black fellows told you what they do when they knock out the boys' teeth? They say it is to make a man of them directly, that is what they say, I would not believe it. (Mahroot 1845)

56. ...186. What used they to fight about? Some about spearing a man, and about the women, and all these things. They used to turn out all I used to see about the Race Course here. ...189. Used the black fellows at Botany to fight with the white fellows? They used to formerly. ...190. What did they fight them for? They thought they was the devil when they saw them landed first, they did not know what to make of them. When they saw them going up the masts they thought they was oppossums. ...194. Did the black fellows all agree together to kill the white fellows, or did they do it without agreeing, every man killing as he liked? They did not agree exactly, some wild fellow maybe wanted that jacket off him or the blanket, that is what it was done for. (Mahroot 1845)

57. ...198. What would the black fellows of Botany like to have done for them to do them good? Best give him clothing of some kind to keep away from town, and stop at Botany. ...199. Why do you want them kept away from town? They are better round about that, than in Sydney. They have no firewood here, and they lay about the Race Course in the cold, when they have got a glass in their heads. (Mahroot 1845)

58. ...201. Would not black fellows like to have their children taught like the whites, to have them sent to school? Some of them would, if they were spoke to. ...205. *By the Chairman*: What do you think would be the good of the children going to school to be made like the white fellows? It would not do them any good at all; but I mean to keep them away from Sydney. (Mahroot 1845)

59. ...206. What do you think would best keep the black fellows away from Sydney? The punishment is, put him in the cells, he will remember that for years to come. ...207. for how long would you put him in a cell? Try him for one night, if you find him one night, if you find him any way lying about the streets; put him by himself, and he will remember it for years to come. (Mahroot 1845)

60. Saw all the blacks at Store for rations new ones from different parts, Port Stephens etc. went to Circular Quay met lot of blacks talked with them—met a lot of blacks bringing down drink—Ellen Davis and Ted drinking. James Broughton "You're a clergyman" threatened to knock me down "This is our Master you must not touch Master." "Down on blacks"...Aborigines rationed at Circular Quay and La Perouse. Aborigines camping in boat sheds. Removed and driven across the North Shore and Manly. Also at Botany, large camp. Aborigines in and around Sydney drinking and living on rations and camping around. ...Saw half-caste girl Ellen in

street in company with another prostitute spoke to her—invited her to Maloga, she fell into the water drunk with her baby. ...Aborigines drunk and riding on ferries. ...Went to North Shore—gave rations for children—meat flour tea and sugar in evening called at black's camp—glad to see me, conducted by "fire sticks" blacks drunk—back to Sydney in ferry—saw Jane half caste street walking at night. ...Broke up the Manly camp great crowd of blacks in Mr. Hill's yard—fire plenty of food and blankets. ...Succeeded in getting some Sydney Aborigines to Maloga. (Mathews 9.7.1881-6.8.1881)

6

Newcastle district

1. ...a *kobou noe*, or large ship... (Tyerman and Bennet 1824:339)

2. All painful disorders they attribute to possession by a foul fiend. A man who had a distracting pain in his head was found lying on the ground, and his wife standing upon the afflicted part with both her feet, to drive out the devil-devil—the reduplication of the term signifying the great devil. (Tyerman and Bennet 1824:339)

3. BARBARISMS...It is necessary to notice certain barbarisms which have crept into use, introduced by sailors, stockmen, and others, who have paid no attention to the aboriginal tongue, in the use of which both blacks and whites labour under the mistaken idea that each one is conversing in the other's language. The following list contains the most common in use in these parts:-

Barbarism.	*Meaning.*	*Aboriginal proper word.*
Boojery,	good,	murrorong.
Bail,	no,	keawai.
Boge,	to bathe,	nurongkilliko.
Bimble,	earth,	purrai.
Boomiring,	a weapon,	turrama [the 'boomerang']
Budgel,	sickness,	munni.
Cudgel,	tobacco,	kuttul, *lit.*, smoke
Gammon,	falsehood,	nakoiyayte.
Gibber,	a stone,	tunnung.
Gummy,	a spear,	warre.
Goonyer,	a hut,	kokere.
Hillimung,	a shield,	koreil.
Jin,	a wife,	porikunbai.
Jerrund,	fear,	kinta
Kangaroo,	an animal,	karai, and various names.
Carbon,	large,	kauwul.
Mije,	little,	mitti; warea.
Mogo, axe,	baibai.	
Murry,	many,	muraiai; also, kauwul-kauwul.
Pickaninney,	child,	wonnai.
Pyaller,	to speak,	wiyeliko.
Tuggerrer,	cold,	takara.
Wikky,	bread,	kunto, vegetable provisions.
Waddy,	a cudgel,	kotirra.
Wommerrer,	a weapon,	yakirri; used to throw the spear.
Strike-a-light	to make known	wi-yel-la

(1826-34) (Threlkeld 1834:ix-x)

4. Captain John Hunter (1793) gives bidgeree, "good," and Lieut.-Col. Collins (1802) gives boodjerre "good," both at Port Jackson. Some of the other words condemned here as barbarisms are used in local dialects. (Fraser 1892:ix)

5. There were a few natives not more than twenty on the spot who appeared pleased with the Idea of my settling among them. Their appearance is most disgusting. Massa when you come? how many moons? one finger was up, two fingers were up as an enquiry. Two moons were to die they were given to understand and then Massa would come and stop with them. (14.3.1825) (Threlkeld 1825d:87)

6. When I was down the natives asked me, Massa when you come sit down at Reid's Mistake, the reply was two moons. No Gammon massa. They were assured that was my intention...they speak a little English and understand more. ...My word will therefore be kept with the natives and this will help to convince them that there is no Gammon in what has been said to them...*Gammon* is what the aborigines use for falsehood. (Threlkeld 1825e:181)

7. Had some conversation with four or five Natives who could speak a little broken English, questioned them concerning who made the Sun, moon, stars &c. One of them replied that long while ago one Black fellow threw the vermin from his head into the fire and they jumped up (for became these things). When they were informed God made them, Me dont see was the reply for I do not know. Endeavoured to make them understand the object of my mission. They appeared pleased and asked where we should reside in the interior. (Threlkeld 1825:88)

8. Took with us a trusty native who speaks good English... (Threlkeld 1825:89)

9. After the ceremony of interment was over one came to me and in broken English begged I would not disclose where the body was laid. On enquiring for the reason of this injunction they told me they were afraid that white fellow come and take her head away. (Threlkeld 1825:90)

10. The korarje standing by was pointed out to me, the bone was nearly out of him, they said...Expressing my doubts...the reply was, massa, you know black fellow no tell lies! Regret arose at my not yet being able in his own tongue to point out to his consideration, the Fountain of all Truth...Two of the Aborigines came requesting my attendance at a little distance in the bush, where the two korarje were waiting to exhibit the bones...in vain was...the request made to defer until morning light. No, you come massa and see it, not long, come now; it must be in the dark...Well, massa! you no believe, you come, you see, you know all about it then...I requested a sight of the bones, but was informed no one could see them, as they were within the two korarjes' flesh until again required. Enquiring how they came first there? the reply was, Devil, devil gave it to them; but since have ascertained that Koen who made the first man gave them the bones—devil, devil, being only an English phrase. (Threlkeld 1825c:193)

11. It was about 10 o'clock at night on the 16th of November 1825, that one of the Blacks came to see me, saying, that if I would go with him to their sleeping place I should see the two Sorcerers out of whom the wonderful bones were to come that evening and to be exhibited in the mystic-ring. I urged a postponement of the feat until the next day in the day-light. The reply was "No, massa, it must be done in the dark," most certainly, was my answer, lest their tricks should be discovered in the light of day. My black friend retorted:- "Well massa, you no believe, what for you so stupid, you come and see, and then you know all about it...My guide said, "now massa the bone coming out of him." (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:52)

12. The Aborigine, who assists me in obtaining their language, informs me, that there is a being, in the Sugar-loaf Mountains, resembling a man but taller in stature; with arms, legs, face, and hair, very long on the head, but the feet are placed contrarily to the face being behind; and the body hairy, like an animal...Yarho Pattegarng, the name of their Achilles! (Threlkeld 1825c:194)

13. On Thursday morning I went to the jail, one of the Blacks came out and told me in his own language that he had been beat, and most killed by the Prisoners in the room in which he was confined, we enquired and found that the six men prisoners beat him with a brick-bat on his head, cut it and ill used him exceedingly. (Threlkeld 1826b:93)

14. A poor woman lying by her fire begged a bit of plaister for a wound in her foot, I enquired how it was done, She replied, in broken English, that a white fellow asked her to fetch some water for him in Newcastle, she refused and theat he threw a large stone at her hit her foot, and crippled her for many weeks! (Threlkeld 1826a:205)

15. ...a man was asked one day what he had got, Tahrahkul was the reply, meaning peaches, but they had no peaches formerly, what was it derived from, Why, to set the teeth on Edge. Now at the Hawksbury [sic] they may call it rough skin or any other quality, of the peach... (Threlkeld 1826a:209)

16. ...Kob-bah-rah is the name of head so the whites say at the Hawksbury [sic] but when I used it, my teacher says, no, no, you say Awol-long, so the matter rested, Shewing him an anotomical [sic] drawing of the human frame and putting down the names of the various parts, he came to the skull bone and then Kob-bah-rah was discovered to be the Skull bone. (Threlkeld 1826a:209)

17. We had calculated on having the blacks from Port Stevens, but the Australia Agricultural Company settling in that district with a grant of one million of acres of land and liberally rewarding the blacks for their labor, induced them to remain in their own locality. Our blacks were taunted by those of Port Stephens which amost produced a strike amongst our tribe:—"You," said the Port Stephens black operatives, "work for rations of cornmeal, but we have wheaten flour!" "Massa," said one of our Aborigines, "You must give us flour too." (Threlkeld 1854:50) "You," say the Port Stephens' Blacks to our tribe, "work for rations of corn meal, but we, we have wheat flour." "Massa," said one of our Blacks to me, "you must give us flour too." (Threlkeld 1827b:227)

18. A few weeks have elapsed since M'gill one morning thus addressed me: "Oh I forgot to tell you; I was speaking to the Blacks last night about what you tell me, you know, about Jehovah, and they would not believe, you know, what I tell 'em; so they bid me *ax* you to let me bring down to them to *see* a *picture* of Jehovah, to shew it to them, tonight; I saw some pictures in your books!" (Threlkeld 1828:98)

19. I then said "Her flesh is consumed, her bones are there, but where is her spirit?" He pointed to the East, saying "out yonder a long way off." Her own son, a young lad, laughed and said in English "She go England." (Threlkeld 1828:99)

20. ...Bumble-foot...This black is so named from a natural deformity, and also Devil-devil on account of his habitual wickedness. ...he attached himself to us, whilst at the same time the man whom he had grievously wounded was in my employ. I therefore, requested Bumble-foot to desist from working and return to his own land, about 40 miles distant. This gave offence, and he threatened to the Blacks, that he would kill me also, when he met me in the woods. M'gill the Black, from whom I principally obtain the Language, very cooly requested the loan of a gun, and he would go and shoot that fellow for saying so! (Threlkeld 1828:99)

21. To call in question the truthfulness of the tradition, would at once rank you amongst the "Stupid fellows," as the Aborigines term all heterodox persons who have not implicit faith in, and do not hold the tradition of, their fathers. (1825-1826) (Threlkeld 1854:64)

22. By some unaccountable means *Yarhoo* has been given as a name to this Deamoness, most likely introduced by some way from Dean Swift's travels of Gulliver, just as *pickaninney*, another barbarism, has been introduced by Europeans amongst the aborigines, for a little child, or infant in arms, and which term the blacks often use under the impression that they are speaking elegantly and correctly,

unconscious that they are murdering the Queen's English. (the 'deamoness' was *Kurriwilbán*, 1825-1826) (Threlkeld 1854:62)

23. We gave some tobacco to a black who shortly afterwards returned complaining that a "croppy" (for they so termed the prisoners), had called him to take some biscuit. (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:44)

24. ...the Croppies, as the Aborigines termed the runaway convicts... (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:57)

25. ...the reply, 'very hungry' is deemed quite a sufficient excuse for declining to engage in any enterprise whatsoever. (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:46)

26. The Aborigines soon ascertained my wish to be able to converse with them in their own tongue, and it afforded them much amusement to correct my blunders, point out my errors, not unfrequently ending with the unclassical reprimand of— "What for you so stupid, you very stupid fellow." (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:46)

27. Threlkeld was watching an Aboriginal medical woman, and commented that the blood was coming from her lip, not the sick girl's, she commented: "What for you so, stupid, look at the blood!" (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:47)

28. Speaking once to a Black on the alleged stupidity of their race, and pointing out certain courses which they pursued as evidence thereof, he very indignantly retorted that "black fellows when hungry in the bush do not cast lots for one of themselves to be killed and eaten by the rest of his companions, as white fellows do when hungry in boats at sea." (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:48)

29. When the ceremony was over, one came to me and requested, in broken English, that I would not disclose where the body was laid. Upon enquiring why I should be so particular, they answered that they were afraid lest "white fellow should come and take the head away!" (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:48)

30. "Bale me hungry; me merry tired,"... (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:53)

31. Some brine was being boiled one day out of doors, in a large iron pot, and as usual a number of natives were around, amongst whom was one from the mountains, a black that we had never before seen. Looking very earnestly into the boiling pot, he said to my son - "Massa, that rum" - "Taste and see," was the reply and taking up a tin pannikin full of the boiling hot brine, the aborigine took it, tasted it, kept drinking it, until he had drank the whole! The Blacks laughed at his simplicity, and enjoyed the ignorance of their friend from the mountains. Presently he began to say smacking his lips:- "Rum merry good, me mery drunk," and cut all manner of capers, on being asked how he liked it, "Oh! merry good merry good, make me merry drunk, me drunk like a gemmen!" (gentleman,) and danced about to the great amusement of his countrymen. It was a fact that he did not know what rum was, but had only heard of its wonderful effects upon those who drank. (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:54)

32. To my astonishment, he went to a grass-tree-stump, kicked with his naked foot, broke it in two, and from the middle of the vegetable substance picked out several fine large maggots, commonly called *cobra*, and ate them with all the enjoyment of a fine delicacy of the season! On expressing surprise at his eating such nasty looking grubs, "Oh!" says my guide, "all the same as oyster to you, and just as nice!" (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:55)

33. The aborigines retort, very truly, when expostulated with for their voracious appetites, "Why Massa you eat plenty maggots in cheese". (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:55)

34. ...when the dogs gave an alarm, the blacks came crying out: Massa! Massa! white fellows here!... (1825-26) (Threlkeld 1854:57)

35. Billy Blue, when riding out with my son one day in the bush, was asked what he thought of the account which was read to him? he replied, that he thought it was all gammon that master had told him about the Creation, for who was there who saw God create man! (Threlkeld 1836:134)

36. In the course of our progress along the Hunter, we engaged a black fellow to be our guide, in which capacity they blacks are of most essential service. A map and a compass are useful; but the local maps, which are obtained directly or indirectly from the Colonial Surveyors, have very few natural boundaries laid down, for the guidance of a stranger; and the compass, is a very uncertain benefit, when standing on the margin of an extensive morass, or when fixed in the dilemma of a thicket. But the blacks, with a perspicacity of vision which appears almost preternatural, track footsteps over bare rocks, and in the darkest or most unfrequented parts of the forest. ...he went to a tree and stood some moments viewing its bark; we asked what he saw, and after repeating the question, he answered:—"Black-fellow killed here, *murry* long while ago." ...An old wrinkled woman...leaning on a staff...received no manual greeting, but in a feeble querulous tone asked for tobacco...we met a strong muscular man of the age of forty, armed with a long spear or fizgig..."Good day, master," said he, to the foremost of us, "where you set down?" and when told in such a place, where he would see corn growing; he replied, "Aye, aye", with the usual intonation... (Mansfield 1828c:354)

37. At Hunter's River, a lively little boy was exhibiting feats of this kind before us, and being flattered with our attention, he came to where we stood, and asked with a smile, "A'n't I a *budjerry* fellow?" Our reply was, "*murry budjerry*;" he then began to amuse us with the aboriginal dance, in which they cut with the knees instead of the feet. After this, "Now," said he turning his toes out, "the white fellow's dance"—which he imitated very well. (Mansfield 1828c:354)

38. The Newcastle natives, and all the coast tribes northerly, are docile, obliging, and very willing to do occasional work, if it be not hard; but *Johnny M'Gill*, and *Jemmy Jackass*, from the Newcastle settlement, are certainly a remarkable exception to the general body, as these individuals cleared ten acres of heavy-wooded land for the missionary at Reid's Mistake as well and as quickly as could be done by white people. These two natives, and another named *Bob Barret*, accompanied Captain Allman, the former humane commandant of Port Macquarie, to that settlement, where he had been despatched to establish a penal station; and they proved of eminent service to him as bush-constables in tracing and apprehending runaways...Their names having been given to these three men by the whites, they, like all our blacks, are proud to be known thereby,—the first request they make of a white, being, to *name* them. A brass or tin plate with an inscription, is also a great desideratum in their eyes, to hang round their necks, giving them much additional consequence in the estimation of their tribes; but, as I have already said, no one possesses authority farther than what his own arm or greater intelligence can command. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:26-27)

39. ...a bush acquaintance of mine on Hunter's River, of the name of Ben...He was an accomplished thief, and whenever he exercised that calling, would instantly run and acquaint me that *such another* black had done it! telling, at the same time, the individual whom he had charged with the theft, that I was *going to shoot him*, to make him run away and thus to convince me of the truth of the account...On his begging most fervently one day for the musket, I at last assented, telling him if he fired this time and did not kill, he should never have the loan of it again. To this he

agreed, and away he went, but returned in about three hours, declaring he could see *none*, and cooly asked me for some *wickeye* (bread) and *cudgel* (tobacco) for his trouble...This fellow possesses great influence among the neighbouring tribes, and has been the principal leader and instigator of all the murders and robberies committed by them of late on Hunter's River. (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:30-31)

40. Dreading pursuit, they set off immediatly to pay a visit to the Richmond blacks, and on return to their old haunts, chased several mounted settlers on the Bulgar road, and paid a visit to a stock hut inhabited by three freemen, at Putty, to whom several of them were known. Here they reacted their former atricities, first cunningly borrowing the fowling-pieces on pretence of shooting a kangaroo, and setting one of their *gins* (wives) to amuse and deceive their entertainers by singing "Johnny stays long at the fair;" the crafty wretch actually substituting the name of the intended victim for the *my*, in "to tie up *my* bonny brown hair". While the unfortunate man's attention was occupied by the wiles of this she devil, one of the gang slipped behind and felled him dead with his "waddie;"...A party of constables and soldiers was forthwith despatched to punish the murders...The party presented their pieces and ordered them to surrender, upon which they all jumped up and bounded into the woods; but one bold fellow shamed a number of them to stop and give battle, fearlessly advancing in front, brandishing his spear, and shouting, "Come on, white fellow—black fellow no *jirrand*" (afraid)...Wishing to secure one of the gourp to obtain information, a female with a child on her shoulders was pursued...It turned out afterwards that this was unfortunately a friendly tribe, who had nothing to do with the murders...but from the female they gleaned all the requisite information regarding the guilty gang. (Some Aboriginal people from Hunters River) (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:37-39)

41. ...they determined to walk to Lake Macquarie, and for this purpose they resorted to the natives as guides, and by a great deal of coaxing and promises of bull (grog), their natural repugnance to make an exertion was overcome. An evidence of the pride which characterizes these natives was shown in this interview. One of them, whose *sobriquet* was Big-headed Blackboy, was stretched out before the fire, and no answer could be obtained from him, but a drawling repetition, in grunts of displeasure, of "Bel (not) me want to go." (Hale and Agate 1831:156)

42. The cup was made of a piece of the bark of the ti tree...Such cups are called by them *taudé*. (Hale and Agate 1831:156)

43. The guides were here again taken with sullenness and refused to proceed. They were proof against all promises and abuse, and kept replying, "Me marry (very) tired, bel (not) me want to go." (Hale and Agate 1831:156)

44. ...they...confine their lamentations to the destruction of the kangaroos by the whites; and they think it very hard that they should be punished for killing the white man's kangaroo, (a sheep or a bullock.) (Hale and Agate 1831:158)

7

Port Stephens

Texts 1-210 were collected by Robert Dawson in the period 1825-1828, in the area from Sydney to Moreton Bay—principally Port Stephens. The sources are Dawson (1826a, 1826b, 1831). Within this appendix single bracketed numbers with no further reference indicate page numbers from the source Dawson 1831. Texts 211-222 were created by Charles De Boos for his novel (1867). Texts 223 to 267 were created by an anonymous author with advice from Dawson for a novel (1830).

1. ..."You hear, Massa? Black pellow cooee." With this he bounded forward...to seek his friend, whose voice he well knew. In a few minutes they met...When I came up to them, Ben said: "Brodder belonging to me, massa: tit (sit) down here always." (11)

2. "I tumble down pickaninny here," he said, meaning that he was born there. "Belonging to me all about, massa; pose you tit down here, I gib it to you." "Very well," I said: "I shall sit down here." "Budgeree," (very good,) he replied, "I gib it to you;" and we shook hands in ratification of the friendly treaty. (Ben, 12)

3. ..."ees, ees, ees" which I understood to mean *yes* ... (old man from Tony's tribe who could not speak English according to Dawson) (21)

4. The natives who had promised to look out for the "corbon," (great) ship... (26)

5. Crosely invariably answered my questions with "No, sir; no!" in a very expressive tone, and with a sly laugh at the end of it. (39)

6. The natives complained to me frequently, that "white pellow" (white fellows) shot their relations and friends... (58)

7. ...a tomahawk (or mago, as they call it,)... (59)

8. Before I left Port Stephens, I intimated to them that I should soon return in a "corbon" (large) ship, with a "murry" (great) plenty of white people, and murry tousand things for them to eat...they promised to get me "murry tousand bark." "Oh! plenty bark, massa." "Plenty black pellow, massa: get plenty bark." "Tree, pour, pive nangry" (three, four, five days) make plenty bark for white pellow, massa." "You come back toon?" "We look out for corbon ship on corbon water," (the sea). "We tee, (see,) massa." "We look out." "We get it bark." (60) (Dawson to Port Stephens Aborigines and their reply)

9. "Dat murry (very) good massa." "You like it?" says one fellow. "Yes," said I, "very much" "Dat belonging to kangaroo," says another. "Well, massa," said a third, "we drink little now, you know." "Black pellow murry dry." "Den more corrobery, you know." "You like it, massa?" "You like him, black pellow?" "You gib (give) him corn meal; moak, (smoke, meaning tobacco;) tomahawk. Murry tousand tings, you know." "Dat (I) bring massa pish (fish) when urokah jump up," (the sun rises,) "and corbon oysters." "Dat set down black camp, you know." "Bale dat leabe (leave) Port Teebid." "Dat belonging to massa, now." "All black pellow belonging to massa now, you know." (62) (Dawson to Port Stephens Aborigines and their reply)

10. ...in order to see the "pight" as they call it... (64)

11. "You no pear; I look out; I take care; I top pear, (I stop spear;) I tee him; I catch him, massa. Bael me (I don't) care." The word *bael* means no, not, or any negative: they frequently say, "Bael we like it;" "Bael dat good;" "Bael me go dere." But I said "You should not have carried Mary away from her husband." "Bael dat, massa," he very sharply answered; "Mary come me. Dat husband murry bad man: he waddy (beat) Mary. Mary no like it, so it leabe it. Dat pellow no goot, massa." (65) (conversation between "one of my best blacks"—Dawsons and Dawson)

12. "You come Port Teebens, massa?" "You make corbon house there?" "You gib black pellow ommina, (corn meal,) bacca, (tobacco,) bisket, and murry tousand tings?" I answered , "Yes." They raised a shout of pleasure, and said: "Dat go tit (sit) down with you; dat get it plenty bark; murry tousand bark, massa." I readily agreed to this, for bark was what I wanted, to build huts with, and they knew it. "You patter (eat) pish, massa?" said one. "Yes," said I, "and you must roast me one as you patter it."..."What is that for?" said William. "Dat belonging corbon massa," pointing to the one roasting; "Dat belonging a you," pointing to the other on the ashes. (69-70) (Aboriginal people from below Port Stephens to Dawson and his replies and William Dawson's servant to same people)

13. They would call out, "Corbon water; budgeree (good) water here, massa;" (73) (Dawson's Aboriginal guides from Port Stephens to Dawson)

14. They observed , "it was much too far without *nangry*, (sleep, rest, or night.) "Bael dat budgeree, massa." "Bael dat do white pellow good." "Too much moroo (walking) no good." "Dat make him (you) boy, (die,) massa. Black pellow like it nangry on beach always, when moroo coal ribber." (73) (Dawson's Aboriginal guides from Port Stephens to Dawson)

15. ...on inquiring who is dead, I am always answered, in a mournful tone of voice, "Dat pather (father) belonging to me." "Dat piccaninny (child) belonging to parden or mammee." When they are sick, and you ask what is the matter with them, they answer, "Oh! dat dable, dable;" which means that the devil or some evil spirit has visited them. (74)

16. They have no idea of numbers beyond five, which are reckoned by the fingers. When they wish to express a number, they hold up so many fingers: beyond five they say, "murry tousand," (many thousands.) (75)

17. Hear a conversation which one of my sable policemen, alias "*black guard*," held with me some time since. "Massa, pose black pellow crammer (steal,) den I ketch it you know. Pose dat go in bush; I look out; I find it; I bring it back; I murry cooler (angry); I gib it waddy, (club,) and put it in watch-house you know; I make it know what he 'bout; dat no crammer 'gain massa; bael I like anoder black pellow. I tit down (stay) here always; dis my place; you my massa, you know; I make black pellow work; I make it work; he no gammon me, massa." (75) (Mr Heppie "the black constable" to Dawson)`

18. ...the doctor was going from our camp to the village which is called by its native name, Carrabean. It was nearly dark, and Mr. Heppie, the black constable, (for that is his name,) called out in a thundering voice, "who come dare?" "A friend," was the answer. "O, murry goot," says Mr. Heppie. "Pose dat black pellow, I taid, dable what he do dare? Why for he leabe black camp when dark? tit (sit) down. Den I put it in watch-house you know, and take it massa when urokah (sun) jump up." "That is very right, Heppie," was the answer, with a hearty laugh at the end of it. (75-76)

19. "Black pellow pire," said one of the natives. "Let us go there," said I. "Bael I go there, massa," he answered. "Very well," said I, "take me where you please then. But why will you not go to your countrymen there?" "Dey no good, massa; bael we go," was the reply. Soon after this we heard a loud talking and laughing, and as we approached nearer, my men discovered, by the tones of the distant voices, that they were friends. "Dat good, massa," they called out: "we go dare. We get it fire-stick (fire-brand) to make fire when we nangry," (sleep.) (77) (Dawson's Aboriginal guides and boat crew from Port Stephens)

20. "Massa," said he, "waddy (wood) you tee, (see)."..."Take care, massa, bael you pall down;" (79) (a "boy about twelve years old" from Port Stephens district to Dawson)

21. Our blacks frequently expressed great indignation at the "crammering" (thieving) rascal, and proposed as a punishment, to steal his "gin" (wife) and bring him to be flogged "anoder time." (82)

22. ...a crow...they eyed it with great eagerness to patter (eat)... (82) (Dawson's Aboriginal guides from Port Stephens)

23. ...anything like a hut...they call a *gunyer*. (83)

24. "Toon tee all black pellows 'gain, massa: come on, massa. Bael me tired now: murry little way now, massa. Soon patter dinner now; corn-meal, bacca (tobacco) toon come 'gain." They then took up their loads and went briskly off, singing, "Peggy wad a tarban gale, tarried a milken pail." ("Peggy was a charming girl, and carried a milking pail.") A line which they often sing in chorus before my fire. (83-84) (Dawson's Aboriginal guides from Port Stephens)

25. After leaving the sawyers, I began by saying that I was sorry poor Tony had been killed, that I like him, and all black fellows much; that I had sent two white fellows off to be hanged for killing little Tommy up the Myall; and that I would have Byron (the constable) hanged too. "What dat kill it for, massa?" was the answer of one of the blacks. "Bael black pellow hurt dat; dat pellow no good; dat go Sydney long udder white pellow; you put irons on hands, massa, same as udder pellows, den send away, you know, dat no come back again." Then he turned to his companion and said: "Massa look it out, you know; he like all black pellows murry, murry, (very much, very much.) Dat no get away; bael dat come here, again. Massa no let it hurt black pellow gain, you know." (85) (conversation between Dawson and his Aboriginal guides from Port Stephens)

26. "Ah! Crosely," said I to the captain, "I murry sorry for poor Tony." "Yeas, yeas, massa, like it dat. He murry pine pellow. Dat make all black pellows get plenty bark. Black pellows all cry, O, much cry, massa! Glad you come back: we look out for you long time. Byron no good, massa. Dat go off Sydney, now massa come home. Dat no hurt black pellow gain, massa. All black pellows 'long (belong) massa. Massa like black pellow; black pellow like massa; yeas, yeas." (86)

27. "Bael dat, massa, bael dat: black pellow no like it." (87) (Crosely to James G Dawson and the surgeon at Port Stephens)

28. On expressing my surprise to them that their friends had all left their camps, they answered: "Bael dat, massa; dey come back again by and by. Dey go udder side harbour, to get pipe-clay. Dey cry murry long time, put on pipe-clay, den come back... (88) (Port Stephens Aborigines at time of death of their "king" Tony)

29. The oldest man of his [Tony who had died] tribe made his appearance, however, after a week's absence. I welcomed him on his return, and asked him why

he staid so long away. He made no answer; but one of my native domestics whispered me, "Dat make it house for black pellow dat boy, (die,)" meaning, that he had been preparing and earthing up the grave of the deceased Tony, whose name, since his death, has never been pronounced by any of them. (89)

30. ...the natives...gave me to understand that they knew how much I like all black pellows. (90)

31. "Bael, we want patter." (90) (Crosely and "another black constable" Myall Tom)

32. ...to patter (eat) bungwall...Bungwall is fern-root, which they roast in the ashes, and afterwards pound into a paste between two stones... (92)

33. "Mammee come, massa—dere mammee—look, massa you tee." "Yes, George," said I, "I do see," (92) (Dawson and a 6 year old Aboriginal boy from Port Stephens)

34. "Here plate, massa; poon and all. Patter (food) gone, you know. Bael I get dat, you know." "But where is the thief, Wickie?" said I. "I want to flog him. I punish white pellow when he hurts or steals from white pellow, you know." "Bael dat see me, massa. Dat murry jarrah (afraid,) you know. I got it musket, den run away all about; and I make it leabe plate behind, you know. Dat no come near me, massa. I look out. I find it one day, you know. I catch it." (94) (Wickie—a Port Stephens Aboriginal man to Dawson)

35. ...Wool (old) Bill...Maty (little) Bill... (101) (names of Aboriginal men)

36. ...the strange or "Myall pellows," as they called them... (103) (Port Stephens Aborigines about Aborigines from different areas)

37. ...Wool Bill...took his rifle, to look out kangaroo, as he called it... (104)

38. Long before I fixed upon the spot, my black friends had been calling out, "Where nangry (sleep) to-night, massa? Black pellow most tired. Murry corban hot. Corse (horse) most tired, massa." (104)

39. "That do, massa?" "Yes," I said, "that will do very well, indeed; just as well as white pellow. All black pellows belonging to me are murry good pellows." This was assented to with a nod of the head; and M'Quarie then observed to Wickie, with a look of extreme pleasure and consequence, "Massa piola (says) all te same like it white pellow." "I tinky so all te same," says Wickie. They then followed me back to the encampment; M'Quarie, as he walked along, whistling gaily in imitation of a white man. (105)

40. Wool Bill...this lad was of an extremely tractable and gentle disposition, and had, soon after my arrival at Port Stephens in February, 1826, spontaneously attached himself to me; and he ever afterwards *tit down*, as they call it, with me. (106)

41. ...the gravity of his countenance when he said "dat do, massa?" forced from me a laugh...This gave him the idea that I had brought him there for the purpose of making sport of him, and he answered like a child, in a half-angry tone, "Gammon, I bleve." "No gammon," said I. "Murry good fellow, Bill. Like him very much. Belong to me always. Come, hold the looking-glass: I shave. Then you go patter (eat or drink) tea along with all black pellows at the camp." The smile of reconciliation instantly beamed upon his countenance... (107) (Dawson and Wool Bill)

42. ...the perambulator [measuring device used on expeditions]..."I take him I bleve; I take him; bael me care;" and off he wheeled it... (108) (Wool Bill)

43. ...I invited Jemmy Bungaree and Wool Bill to walk with me to the river, to "look out duck," as they call it. "No, no, massa," said Jemmy; "bael me go; me murry gerret (afraid.) Myall (strange) pellow tit down here dat patter (eat) me. Poor me no look out." (114-115)

44. ...Wool Bill...begged most piteously that neither of us would go; that we should fall in with "bush black," and be roasted and eaten..."What for go dere, massa? All tit down here; black pellow no come den." To this I answered that he might do as he pleased, but that I should go and look out duck. I then bid him good bye, and said, "Bill no belong to me now I believe, I look out another black fellow bye and bye;" and I immediately turned my back and walked off towards the river. In an instant he called after me, "Massa, top bit, me go. Dimmy Bungaree no good, dat too mun gerret (too much afraid) I bleve;" and he was soon by my side with his fowling-piece. (117)

45. ...an animal called a guana (a very large species of lizard) jumped out of the grass...Bill...called out with great animation, "Me toot him, massa! me toot him! murry corbon pellow! murry good patter!"...I callled after him and reminded him that if the bush blacks were near they would hear the noise of the gun. "Neber mind, massa," he answered, "me toot him, den go camp; by and bye roast him." "Well," I said, "you may do as you please,"... (118)

46. ...at length, while still in a listening attitude, he exclaimed, "Alāh! (halloo) you hear him massa?" "Hear what?" said I. "Bush black pellow." "No, no," I answered, "I don't hear them, nor you neither." "Murry tupid you!" he said, "I hear him plenty." "Which way?" said I. "All about! all about! murry tousend!—morū (go) back, morū backlook out camp, massablack pellow toon come nowme no top me no morū up dere." (119)

47. ...I...told him I wished to "look out duck for dinner;"... (119) (Dawson to Wool Bill)

48. "*You tee! you tee!* no gammon now, massa! murry tousand! plenty piccaninny too." (120)

49. Bungaree in the first instance was violent, making use of the low slang language of abuse which the natives unfortunately learn from the convicts, with whom they are always intimate. (121) (Jemmy Bungaree)

50. ...Bungaree whispered to me, "Bael hurt it, massa, only blow it up dat no pight me 'gain." I then dismissed the man with a suitable admonition...Bungaree followed him, and called out, "Tom, Tom, chake hand!" (121) (Jemmy Bungaree to Dawson about an emancipist who had hit Jemmy)

51. ...ommany (ground maize)... (123)

52. "Wool Bill," said he, "been see mandoehah (foot or footsteps) belonging to bush black: murry tousand tit down near de ribber, massa!" "Never mind," I said, "we have plenty of guns, and we can soon shoot them all, if they attempt to injure us." "No, no, massa! Wool Bill been piola me, too mun black pellow tit down most close up ribber. Murry tousand pear: kill all black pellow belonging to massa, and all white pellow too!" (123-4) (Jemmy Bungaree to Dawson)

53. "All black pellow been say so, massa." When I have replied, that Myall black fellows accuse them of it also, the answer has been, "Nebber! nebber black pellow

belonging to Port Tebens, (Stephens;) murry corbon lie, massa! Myall black pellows patter (eat) always." (125)

54. ...they could never "tit down" with me, or belong to me afterwards. (126) (Dawson to his Aboriginal friends)

55. ...Bungaree...with his left hand turned back in quick motion as if for us to stop, he called out with the most rapid articulation, "Black pellow! black pellow! black pellow!"...All three of them were now in a state of extreme agitation; and Bungaree's disappointment was so great, at what he considered my stupidity, that he exclaimed: "O, lort! O lort, massa! murry corbon tupid cobrer, (head,) what for no tee it? murry tousand tit down all about pire!" (fire!)... I observed a considerable number of natives squatted round a fire as he had described. (127)

56. ...Wickie said: "We go, massa, pose you go too." (128)

57. I now ordered Wickie and his companion to make the sign of peace to them, which they did by waving the right hand over the head and then pointing to the ground. No return was made to this...I...ordered the blacks...to make the sign of peace again and then to speak to them. This was done; and an answer was returned in a very loud, and as I thought, menacing tone. I enquired what they said, to which Wickie replied: "Top bit, massa, by and bye, me piola dat again I bleve." A good deal of loud talk in the nature of an harangue on each side, then took place between the parties, the one waiting patiently till the other had finished. This at length ended in the strange blacks placing their spears against the tree as before, and with an invitation to join them. "Dat do, massa," said Wickie, "go on now I bleve." We advanced then to within twenty yards of them, when they suddenly and without any apparent cause, snatched up their spears again and pointed them at me...I called out to Wickie to desire the former to put down their spears, and if they did not, to fire upon them directly. Wickie threatened to kill them if they did not desist, and in a moment they threw their spears upon the ground, and scampered off to a thick bush by the side of the river, where they concealed themselves...I now requested Wickie to call to them in the brush, and to assure them we were friends and desirous of seeing them. He was soon answered in the same loud harangue as before, and in a few minutes two very fine and handsome men made their appearance...some exchange of words took place between them and my two natives, which I did not understand...a curious parley took place between the two strangers and myself. I held out my hand to them, but they could not understand this: they looked upon me with some suspicion, and receded from me as I advanced to shake hands. I desired Wickie to explain that it was a sign of peace and friendship: with his explanation they appeared somewhat satisfied, and put out their hands, each in his turn, at a respectful distance, leaning the body forward at the same time so as merely to touch my hand at arm's length with their fingers...They then called aloud to their bretheren in the brush,...but one only could be persuaded to come forward...My three natives who had just joined us...a long and brisk conversation ensued between them all. I desired them to invite the strangers to Port Stephens, and to tell them that I would take care of them and treat them well. In return they promised to visit us...Bungaree...I was informed, that one of the strangers had recognized him in consequence of having met him some years before when he was a boy, upon a visit with an intermediate and friendly tribe...having produced a favourable impression on the minds of our new acquaintances, and wishing to witness the effect of music upon them, I took from my pocket a small flute, which I always carried upon such occasions, and played them a tune. They stared at me in silence, but without any of the surprise I had calculated upon exciting...The wild natives of the forest showed more curiosity as to our horses than they did about us. They had evidently never seen one before, and probably had never heard of the existence of such an animal; but as one of them had an iron tomahawk in his girdle, there is no doubt of his having been made acquainted, through the medium of other tribes, with the residence of

white men in the country...the tomahawk...I have no doubt it was obtained from the upper districts of the Hunter's River, or its branches. I understood from our natives, that exchanges of articles sometimes took place between the coast-natives and those residing in the interior. Iron tomahawks, sea-shells, with which they scrape and sharpen their spears, and pieces of glass, which they use for that purpose whenever they can get them, were frequently exchanged for opossum skins, and sometimes for the belts of yarn ready manufactured, as well as a small opossum band of net-work, which they wear on their forehead when in full dress...The opossums are more numerous inland than they are near the coast, and this is the reason why such an exchange takes place...the tomahawk...the purposes to which they applied it...there was *one* use made of it which he seemed anxious to explain to me, by pointing to the branches of the trees, and smacking his lips, as if something superlatively good was taken from them by the tomahawk. I had no doubt that he meant the wild honey, and asked Bungaree if I was correct...After exchanging a few words with the stranger, he answered: "Yes, massa, yes, choogar-bag; dat mean choogar-bag," pointing to a branch of a tree as he said it. The strange native instantly catching the sound and the idea, pointed with his tomahawk to the tree, and nodding his head and smiling at me, repeated the words "Choogar-bag, choogar-bag, choogar-bag! (sugar-bag,) their English expression for honey, or any thing sweet...As our object was to follow up the course of the river, I desired Bungaree, when we were on the point of parting with the natives, to enquire of them which direction it took, and where its source was. They described, with their fingers, its various bends, pointing to the north-east, as indicating its source to be in that direction, which information ultimately proved to be correct. I then presented the strangers with a tomahawk; and as they were not now afraid to approach me, we cordially shook hands, and took our leave, not doubting, that sooner or later we should meet again, and become better acquainted, which eventually proved to be the case. (128-37) (Port Stephens Aborigines to Aborigines from another district)

58. The meeting with the strange natives was the chief subject of conversation, which was held principally in their own language, but occasionally in broken English. Seated, as usual, on a pack-saddle at the mouth of my tent...I could listen unobserved to the conversation that was going on. The little that I understood of their language, and their occasional use of mongrel English, sufficed to give me a clue to it. I understood clearly that one of the strange natives had informed them that he had a wife and several pickaninnies (children) at an encampment on the hills at the back of us, and that a good many women belonging to the tribe were at the same place. A proposition was made by one of my natives to go and steal a gin (wife;) this excited a good deal of mirth amongst them, and they appeared as if they actually fancied themselves on the spot. At length I gave them to understand that I was aware of their intentions, upon which screams of laughter took place. "I bleve," said M'Quarie "murry pretty girls tit down there, massa; me go look it out by and bye. Me tingle (single) man I bleve. Look out black gin good while ago; bael get him yet." (152-3)

59. ...those [Aborigines from Port Stephens] who usually attended me were in the habit of accompanying my flute in chorus, which they did in excellent tune and time...I was in the habit, when I wished to keep them cheerful, of singing and playing the following simple strain to them, with any words which the occasion might call for: (134-135)

60. We all sit down together, we're all met here together, we're brothers all together, yeo, yeo, yeo. (134-135)

61. ...and when they were rowing me in the boat, they would frequently change on a sudden the above words to the following: "Massa like him black pellow, massa like him black pellow, all te same as bingey, (brothers,) yeo, yeo, yeo." Some of the convicts afterwards taught them to sing the following words... (134-135)

62. "We all sit down together... (134-135)

63. We all get drunk together," &c. &c... (134-135)

64. The latter part I would not allow them to sing in my hearing, explaining to them my reasons. These words were therefore never again introduced in my presence, unless they wished to have a joke with me, when they would sometimes repeat them in the last bar, holding their hands up to their mouths, leering at the same time at each other and at me; but, on finding that I refused to join, and that I made signs of dissatisfaction, they would break into a shout, or rather a scream of laughter, one or more calling out, "Dat no good; bael massa like him; black pellow no more gammon; dat only make bleve, massa." (134-135)

65. I once put a musical snuff-box into the hands of one of my domestic natives. He held it to his ear and laughed, then examined it all over...he imagined it to have been filled with musquitoes, whose buzz resembles that of a gnat, and he remarked, very sharply, "Musquito tit down here, I bleve, massa." (135)

66. ...Bungaree suddenly called out, "Black pellow! black pellow, massa!"... (138)

67. The male kangaroos were called by my natives, old men, "wool-man;" and the females, young ladies, "young liddy." (139)

68. ...it is exceedingly difficult for a brace of the best dogs to kill a "corbon wool-man." (140)

69. ...very few dogs will attack a "wool-man"... (140)

70. A full-sized "wool-man" at bay always sits on his haunches... (140)

71. ...if he has less ferocity when he comes up with an "old man," so much the better, as he exposes himself the less... (141)

72. The strongest and most courageous dog can seldom conquer a wool-man alone... (141)

73. ...Maty Bill...eyed a "corbon wool-man," as he called it...and he called out, "Massa! massa! you tee! you tee! wool-man! wool-man! *corbon* wool-man!"... (141)

74. ...I heard...the shrill call of "*coo-oo-oo*" from my companion... (142) (Maty Bill to Dawson)

75. As soon as he saw me he stopped and called out, "Massa! massa! make haste; dingo (dogs) been got him in ribber. Murry corbon wool-man, all te same like it bullock." (142) (Maty Bill to Dawson)

76. "Wool-man budgeree (good) patter. Black pellow like him always more better." (143)

77. "No, no; dat no good: by and bye more." (146) (Aborigines from between Port Macquarie and Newcastle)

78. ...Wool Bill...said, "Urokah tit down murry toon, I bleve, massa;" meaning that the sun would soon set. I answered "I think so too, Bill: which way camp?"...I was...sceptical, and called out, "No gammon, Bill." He then burst into a loud fit of laughter at my stupidity, and said, "Bael gammon, massa! Me moru go pirst, you come close up: I chow it road."...I followed him *close up*, as he called it... (147)

79. ...in the night, during which they are generally afraid to stir a rod from their fires...being in fear of what they call "Debble, debble," or in their native language,

"Coen," which means an evil spirit of the woods, and which they say "crammer (steals) black pellow when nangry (sleeps) in bush." (153)

80. I asked Wickie why he did not marry; he answered: "Too mun (many) pickaninny, massa; too much cry about: look out black gin bye and bye;"...he said, holding up both his hands with his fingers spread out "Murry tousand moon den come wool-man; den bring misses (Mrs.) home black camp." The sly rogue meant to say that he would not marry till he was an old man... (154)

81. ...the dinner of kangaroo with the tea and "moke," (smoke,) which followed had placed them quite at their ease... (155) (Dawson's Aboriginal travelling companions)

82. ..."Coen," their devil, or evil spirit of the woods. (158)

83. I observed to Bungaree therefore, that coen, or debble, debble, was a bad fellow I believed. "Murry bad pellow, massa," he answered, "that crammer black pellow in bush sometimes." "Well," I said, "what does he do with him then?" "Carry it away in bush," was his answer. "What does he do with him when he gets him into the bush?" I asked. "Dat murry bad pellow, massa," he said, "dat go all about. Black pellow, massa," he said, "dat go all about. Black pellow nebber come back again; debble debble make him boy," (die). "What does he make him die for?" I said. "Bael me know, massa," he answered. I then asked him if he had ever seen him; he said, "no; but plenty black pellow have tee him." "When did they see him?" I said. "Good while ago," he replied. "When he makes black fellow die," I said, "what becomes of him afterwards?" "go away Englat," (England,) he answered, "den come back white pellow." This idea is so strongly impressed upon their minds, that when they discover any likeness between a white man and any one of their deceased friends, they exclaim immediately, "Dat black pellow good while ago jump up white pellow, den come back again." (158)

84. I observed to them that as debble debble was a bad fellow, and came in the dark, there was also a good Being, that prevented him from coming too often, and from hurting black fellow too much. I observed that there were two spirits, and that one was a good one, and kept the bad one from taking away all black fellows who were kind to their gins and piccaninnies, and to their fathers and mothers, as well as to every one else. They answered, "No, massa, no! nossing (nothing) at all about it—nossing at all about it," meaning that there was no such being...I then told them that white people knew there was such a being...protected *them*...when they were *good* fellows...the same to all good black fellows. "Dat belonging to white pellow, massa," they said, "bael, dat belong to black pellow." "Yes, yes," I said, "he belongs to black fellow too; they are all the same as white fellows to him." "Where dat pellow come from, massa?" said Bungaree. "Why he lives all about, every where—every where," I said, "and after you die he will be kind to you when you jump up again suppose you are murry good fellow." "Viddy will, viddy will, massa—all te same likit white pellow, massa?" "Yes," I said, "all the same." (159)

85. ...Wool Bill... I asked...what they had done with all the kangaroo at the fire last night. He answered, in a sulky tone, "Bush dingo been patter when black pellow sleep." "But he did not eat the bones too?" I said "Bael me know," he replied, "dat been carry him away I bleve." "Debble debble, I think," said I. "No, no, bael dat," he said, "pose dat come dat take it black pellow bael dat likit kangaroo." "What does he live upon then?" I said. He hesitated for a short time, when I repeated the question. I saw he was still puzzled for an answer, and on his observing me smile, he drawled out, half laughing and half angry, "Gar yar-a-a what for piola (talk to) me dat." I laughed heartily, and so did Bill, and as I saw he could not explain the question, I dropped the subject. (162)

86. ...in my way to the river...with Wool Bill, I took him so as to bring him upon the kangaroo I had hid in the grass: as soon as he saw it he called out, "Massa! massa! kangaroo!" "Come along," I said. "Yes, kangaroo, massa! kangaroo! top bit! top bit!" and he immediately called "coo-oo-oo," to the natives at the fire...I asked them very gravely how it came there; when one of them replied, in a melancholy tone, "Debble debble, I bleve." "No, no," I said, "Wool Bill told me just now that debble debble was not fond of kangaroo;" upon which Bungaree answered, "Bael dat look out kangaroo last night, massa—dat been look out black pellow." "Why did he not take black fellow then?" I said, "and why did he take kangaroo, which you say he never eats?" No answer was given me, and they all looked exceedingly sad and alarmed. "And do you," I said, "really believe that debble debble brought it here?" "Yes," answered one of them, "dat been take it." I told them I was sure he did not take it, nor had he been looking out for blackfellow last night for he would never hurt them while they were good, and they had been "murry budgeree" fellows ever since they had left Port Stephens. (162-3)

87. ...at length I said, "go patter breakfast; it was I that brought the kangaroo here last night when you were asleep; debble debble has no business here, you don't belong to him; you are too budgeree for him, as I told you. Another coen, much better than he, takes care of you when you are budgeree." "What for," said Wickie, "you been make it gammon last night massa, when black pellow nangry?" (sleep.) "Because black fellows are very stupid," I said, "and wo'nt believe what I tell them about debble debble; but when they do believe it, I will not play gammon with them again." They walked off in a pretty good humour... (163)

88. ...Wool Bill...I said to him, "Why don't you take the kangaroo, Bill?" He said nothing, but stared vacantly about. "Come, come," said I, "take it, murry stupid fellow; I brought it here last night when you were asleep. Only a little fun you know; only a little fun belonging to me." (164)

89. ...he [Wool Bill] said, "Top bit, massa, bogy," (bathe;) and he threw himself into the water... (166)

90. ..."gunyers." This is the native term for small huts... (171)

91. "Waw! waw! (halloo) massa! come back; moru (go) camp directly; bush black pellow murry near." (172)

92. ...we heard the report of a gun..."Alah! Wool Bill! kangaroo!" he exclaimed... (172)

93. ...calling his attention to the form of the huts and the shape of the spears...[Dawson] asked him if they were as good as those of the natives at Port Stephens. He examined several of them, and then threw them down with a contemptuous sneer, saying : "No good, massa. Bael dat know how to make it pear. Black pellow tit down here murry tupid;" and then turning his eyes towards our camp, he said "Come, massa! moru camp. Wool Bill been choot him kangaroo; by and bye roast him."...I found he was going to take the spears away with him, when I informed him that he must not do so. "What for no take it, massa?" he answered. "Because they are not your's," I replied; "they belong to other black fellows." "What, bush black?" he said: "bush black pellow crammer (steal) always." "Yes," I said, "and so do you, it seems; but it is very wrong. You know I like *all* black fellows when they are honest and good. I would not allow bush black to crammer from you, and you must not crammer from them." "Bael you been see bush black, massa; what for you like him?" he answered. "I never like any body," I said, "who steals; and I shall not like you if you steal those spears; so come along and patter kangaroo, and leave the spears where they are."...I asked him what he had intended to do with the spears, if he had taken them. "Pose take him," he said, "den chow him

black pellow when go camp. Black pellow plenty laugh when see him. Murry tupid bush black, bael dat know how to make it pear." (173-4)

94. "Where is your kangaroo, [Wool] Bill?" I said. He replied in a low, sullen tone, "Musquito." this was a term which was in use amongst them when their guns missed fire, or when they missed their game... (174)

95. ...Bungaree...was chattering and boasting in broken English of the superiority of his skill. (175)

96. ...Bungaree wished to know from me how many nangry (nights, or rather sleeps) would pass before we returned home. (175)

97. They said, "Home murry long way, massa; want to see all black pellow now; pose go back, den come again by and bye; what for you moru all about? Black pellow no like him; Port Tebid more better." (175)

98. The only reply they made to me was, "How many nangry in bush?" and this was often repeated... (179)

99. On asking Wool Bill whether *he* intended to leave me too...he said, "Bael me know." "Very well, " I answered, "you can go home, you know. I shall find a bush black by and bye: he will take care of my portmanteau, and bring me 'bardo' (water) when I want; and when he gets to Port Stephens, he will clean all the knives and forks, and sit down always with the cook." (179)

100. ...I remarked..."Black fellows belonging to me all good fellows, only a little gammon sometimes;" and we began to sing, "we all moru together," &c. in which they joined heartily. They never liked to be accused of gammon, and they denied that they had shown any disposition to it. I retorted upon them, by observing that they had wished to return home, and to leave me to go alone. "No, sir! no!" said Wickie; "black pellow murry tired, you know. Bael dat like him bush blacks. Pose massa like it, you know, den black pellow go always." I agreed to this to the fullest extent, and told them that I was now sure they would never leave me, and that by and bye we should all go back together, and we then sung, "We'll all go back together," &c. (179-180)

101. Soon after we have crossed one of the channels, one of the natives called out, "Massa, top bit." he bent his head in a listening posture, as if he had heard something unusual on the right of him; and in a moment he said, in a state of great excitement, "You hear?" "Hear what?" said I. "Bush black," he replied: "plenty hunt him kangaroo." The whole party upon this halted to listen, when we very faintly distinguished the hunting shout of the natives... (182)

102. I...told them that although bush blacks might be very good, still I liked Port Stephen black fellows very much indeed; and if they did as I told them, they would always sit down with me—always! always! They reapeated the last word several times, when my friend Bill observed to me, in a very soft tone, "Bael always go in bush when massa go. Plenty more black pellows belonging to Port Tebid: dey go next time." To this I answered, that although they would *always* belong to me, they should only go in bush with me when they wished it. (184)

103. ...Wickie said, "What for put bacca dere, massa?" I told him I had placed it there for the bush bolacks when they returned. They were exceedingly anxious that it should not be left there, and exhibited an extreme degree of jealousy, assuring me that these blacks had no pipes to smoke with, and that bush blacks were always "murry tupid." (184)

104. I exclaimed..."Ah! you rogue! you have taken the tobacco belonging to bush black." (185) (Dawson to Wickie)

105. ...my poor blacks, whose quick sight soon discovered a flock of kangaroos. "A wool-man! a wool-man!" was the cry. (188)

106. ...I should remain there to nangry, (sleep,)... (188) (Dawson)

107. ...I was checked in my reverie by my black companion, who reminded me that "urokah (the sun) most gone." (191)

108. When Wool Bill made his appearance, I observed to him: "What for patter so much kangaroo?" (193)

109. ...my black friends, who having been favoured with "murket," (guns,) shot several beautiful parrots... (199)

110. They have often told me, that when "hungry good while," they tighten their opossum belts... (203)

111. I communicated to the natives that I should "nangry" here on the morrow... (206)

112. Some of their first words to me on this occasion were, "Where nangry tomorrow, massa?" and on my pointing towards home, they danced about like harlequins, calling out, "Budgeree you, budgeree you, murry good massa, murry good massa,"... (211) (the three Aboriginal men who accompanied Dawson on his explorations)

113. We saw constant traces of the natives during our journey, and in one instance they could not have left their bivouac more than a few hours before we arrived at it...our natives exclaimed, "You tee, massa, mandoebah (feet) belonging to bush black most (almost) here now." (212)

114. ...buck-shot, or "butchot," as they pronounced it. (213) (Dawson's Aboriginal helpers on his explorations)

115. I saw this evening that there was someting in agitation, and although the consultation was held in their native language, I knew by the words "asrahbelhah" and "massa," which frequently occurred, that their conference had some reference to blankets. At length Wickie came to me with the most modest look imaginable, and in a very soft tone asked me on what day we should reach home; observing that they had been a very long way, and that they were all much tired, &c. After a little hesitation he said, "all black pellows been piola (speaking) me how massa gib it blanket when go Port Tebid." I did not give an immediate answer, and he then observed, "pose gib it blanket, den go in bush gain, you know." (213-214)

116. ...Wickie pointed with a cunning laugh to the tobacco stuck in his belt, calling out, "belonging to black pellow, massa!" (215)

117. ...Wickie...complained of a pain in his head. "Murry tick," as he called it, "all over belonging to cobrer," (head.) (217)

118. ...the poor blacks were dreadfully alarmed...telling me to look out for the thunder-bolt ("coen," or the devil, as they believed.) (219) (the Aboriginal men who accompanied Dawson's explorations)

119. On a sudden they tossed up their heads towards the parting clouds, and hooted at them with great violence, clapping their hands at the same time. They then observed to me: "Black pellow tend him away toon, massa." They repeated this ceremony till the storm was nearly over, after which they claimed the merit of having dispersed it... (220) (the Aboriginal men who accompanied Dawson's explorations)

120. ...I took...the opportunity of praising them for their good conduct, and telling them, as I had done many times before, that we were all bingeyes, (brothers,)... (224) (Dawson to the Aboriginal men who accompanied his explorations)

121. ...a native, who called himself Youee...with an agitated voice called out "Massa! massa! massa! you come here, you come here!"...he had discovered his gin, who had come to the settlement with her present master...they were both sitting down together near the store...he said several times in a hurried and anxious tone and manner, "You gib it ticket, you gib it ticket, massa!" I did not at first exactly understand his meaning, when he repeated his words with increased emotion, giving me to understand, that if he produced an order from me on a piece of paper, the black would be obliged to give his wife up to him. I was not aware that my influence amongst them extended so far as this and could scarcely believe that a native who had come from a distance, would entertain sufficient respect for me to obey my mandate, although my own people might do so. Youee's idea of a ticket, as he called it, was quite new to me; but as I saw, in this instance, how much they depended upon me with reference to affairs between themselves, as well as in other respects, I instantly took the advantage of it, and gave him a piece of paper, signed with an explanation upon it, for fear the constables should interfere improperly, in the event of a quarrel between them. As soon as he had received this paper, he stuck one end of it in his opossum belt, and left the other hanging out, walking off with great confidence and importance, telling me he should be sure to have her again, and that he would immediately bring her to see me. I impatiently awaited Youee's return, to see whether, from the report of my black people, my influence extended to strangers, or whether it was limited to Port Stephens. In about twenty minutes, Youee returned with his gin by his side, each of them smiling and appearing equally pleased at the restoration. The ticket was still in his belt, from which he took it, and returned it to me, observing, "Dat murry good pellow: pose black pellow lose him gin, den come massa, dat gib ticket always." He informed me that the black man delivered her up immediately on his showing the ticket; and Nanny protested that she had never wished to leave Youee, but that she had been forced to do so. (225-227)

122. ...a native called Corbon Tom wished to take a wife. The lass to whom he was attached...belonged to a tribe on Hunter's River, and had, in company with her family been several weeks upon a visit at Port Stephens...hoping to get my authority to aid his suit...He opened the business in the following words: "Massa, I look out black gin: I bleve murry nice girl, tit down Carabeen," (the name of the village.) "Well," said I, "have you asked her if she will have you?" He informed me that he had, but that she said, "No." I then observed, that he must not take her unless she consented. To this he said: "Pose gib ticket, massa, he come den." "Well, " I said, "I will give you a ticket, if you will come here with her immediately; but mind, you are not to have her, unless she consents willingly before me."...he accordingly as Youee had done, took a piece of paper, the sight of which, with Tom's explanation, was considered by her as an authority which compelled her to come with him directly to me...I had considerable doubt as to her coming upon such an occasion, and especially as she was not a constant resident with us; but my doubts were soon ended, by seeing the couple walking briskly towards me. The pleasure depicted upon Tom's countenance on his arrival, did not at all correspond with the downcast looks of the poor girl...I immediately asked her whether she liked Tom. She held down her head, and made no answer: Tom, however, soon supplied the omission, by calling out, "Yes, massa, yes," and desired her to say so...I desired him to hold his tongue...I now gave her fully to understand that I had not sent for her to marry Tom,

but only to know whether she liked him, and was willing to have him...She took courage...and...said, in a plaintive tone, "I like anoder black pellow...Tom's disappointment and rage could no longer be restrained; he gave her a violent push on the chest...I told him decidedly that he could not have the girl...that white men did not take their gins unless with their free will; and that I should not allow any black man belonging to me to take a gin without her consent. The poor girl...before she left me she said: "Tom murry coulor, (angry,) when go black camp, dat break it cobrer (head) belonging to me."...Tom had...come to his senses, and on hearing me mention the watch-house in case he persisted, he answered: "You coulor now, massa?" I said, "No, no more coulor, suppose you do as I tell you." (227-229)

123. 1. Wickie. 2. M'Quarie. 3. Bungaree. 4. Wool Bill. 5. Wallis. 6. Youee. 7. Carabean Youee. 8. Sinbad. 9. Crosely. 10. Carabean Wickie. 11. Winkle. 12. Dick. 13. Pisherman. 14. Captain Piper. 15. Carabean Bill. 16. Boy Neddy. 17. Boy Carabah.

124. The names which they bear are generally assumed by themselves. They are fond of taking those of white people in preference to their own, and they frequently brought young children and infants to be named by me. (233-234)

125. ...Wallis, next came forward and observed to me: "Top bit, massa; nebber mind, I get him."...when I called out that it would break with him. "No, no, massa," he answered, "no tumble Wallis, nebber,"... (238)

126. The natives foretold a "corbon" flood... (244)

127. ...Pisherman, who it will be remembered was a native of that part of the country, called out "tisser, (sister,) belonging a me massa," and called to her in his own language. (245)

128. ...Pisherman...I asked him why he did not laugh and appear as much pleased in his manner to his sister, as he did to me when he had found her. His only reply was, "Black pellow never do." (247)

129. I then asked why the visitors did not come to our fire: "By and bye, massa," was the answer. I urged them repeatedly upon the subject, and as often received the same answer, with the addition, that "Myall black pellow do so always." "But why," I said, "do they do so? why do they not come the same as white men, and sit down all together?" The answer was, with a very conceited smile, "Dat Myall pellow, you know, dat come by and bye." (248-249)

130. ...he followed them to the fire: not so the gin, who remained shivering before a very small fire...I wished my natives to ask her to accompany her husband, but could not induce them to do so...All the answers I could get were, "No, no, massa, black gin nangry (sleep) dere."

131. ...towards sugar-loaf Point on the north. On arriving at some green hills without timber by the side of the shore, one of our natives saw several blacks on their summits. I ordered Croseby immediately to make the sign of peace, upon which he gave his musket to another and ran forward on the beach, waving his hand above his head, and shouting as loud as he could, stopping every now and then, pointing with his hand to the ground. As soon as they found they had been observed they withdrew, and in a few minutes re-appeared. At length, a man on the top of the hill answered our signs, and soon after this several more appeared. By this time we were within hearing of them, and Croseby called to tell them who we were. He was answered in a loud and apparently angry harangue. On enquiring what his answer was, Croseby informed me that he said, "What business have you here? dis is not your place. What does white pellow do here? dere is no good in him: go away." I

was going to make some remark to Croseby, when he said: "Top bit, dat murry coulor; I piola (speak) again; dat better by and bye." Some further parley took place between them, which at length ended in a friendly invitation to us to ascend the hill, which I soon did, with Mr. Pennington and several of our natives...I distributed tobacco, pipes, and several tomahawks amongst them, and in return they gave us fish. They seemed to know who I was, and where I had come from; and Croseby informed me that they had heard of "Corbon Massa good while ago."...I invited them to Port Stephens, which our natives represented to them as affording all sorts of good things, and where Corbon Massa would treat them kindly. When we took our departure, several of them accompanied us a considerable distance on the beach, and did not leave us until the day was about to close. (252-254)

132. ...Corbon Bill answered, with a good-natured smile, "Nebber mind, you gib it letter, massa, dat go plenty toon to-night—den take it boat when urokah jump up (sun rises) to-morrow." (256)

133. As I was riding this day with Mr Pennington, considerably in advance of my party, a black woman suddenly appeared before us with a child on her shoulders; she ran off like a hare...At length I overtook her...I offered the woman biscuit and tobacco, which I saw made some impression upon her, though she refused them, and made an attempt to run off again...She at length accepted the tobacco, and her alarm appeared gradually to subside; after which she began talking aloud, as if to some of her tribe at a distance, and at the end of the speech I heard the words "white pellow;" this was succeeded by a second harangue, which ended as before. In answer to this I heard a voice...I at length succeeded in prevailing upon the stranger to take some biscuit...she still carried on a loud conversation with her friends in the bush, who I found by their voices were gradually drawing towards us...I called to them and waved my hand above my head in token of peace. Upon this several men and three or four boys came out, and after depositing their spears against a tree, they all advanced without any hesitation...The men shook hands with me upon my making the advance, and received with much cordiality some tobacco which I offered to them. While this was going on I felt a slight pull at my stirrup-iron, and on turning round, a fine little fellow about six years old looked up in my face, and observed, "I know you, massa,—I been tee you Port Tebid good while ago." "Well," I said, "name me then, if you know me;" to which he replied with an arch smile, "Corbon Massa." I asked him whether he liked Port Stephens. "Yes," he said, "murry plenty patter always; plenty black pellows go dere by and bye."...in additon to the tobacco and biscuits I supplied the strangers with several short pipes...of which our new friends had long been taught the use by the timber-cutters; and having allowed sufficient time for conversation between the strangers and our own natives, who were slightly known to each other, we separated upon terms which subsequently brought the former as friendly visitors to Port Stephens, when I saw them many times afterwards. (257-259) (on the Myall River about 14 miles from Port Stephens)

134. ...Dawly... I sent him repeated messages by individuals of his tribe that I wished him to "*set down*" with me, and that I would treat him the same as I did those who already were there...I was informed by one of his tribe, who together with his family, was domesticated at this establishment, that Dawly had come down from the hills to see me... I...gave him a pipe and tobacco and some bread...He was...apparently about thirty years of age, and could only speak a few words of broken English; his object in introducing himself to me seemed to be more a matter of curiosity than any thing else, and he said no more than could be avoided upon the occasion...I desired the native who had domesticated himself on the establishment to inform Dawly that he would be always received there, and that I would give him tobacco, clothes and food, whenever he chose to come...I was told by Bry, "Dawly come again by and bye, dat go in bush now. Plenty black pellow belonging to Dawly behind corbon hill;" pointing at the same time to a range of mountains opposite to us, behind which the tribe was encamped. (263-264)

135. ...an interesting boy, about twelve years old...residing at this establishment, and belonging to Bry's tribe. He was an orphan, and his manners and habits led us to call him Flibberty Gibbet, which the natives shortened into "Plibberty." (266)

136. Upon one occasion, when I was going to Sydney, M'Quarie and a lad named Corribah petitioned to accompany me. Their request was granted, and on our voyage there I pointed out to them the character of the drunken and celebrated King Bungaree, and cautioned them to beware of him and his black associates...The morning after we landed, I received a visit from his sable Majesty, who had on an old military cocked hat, and a old black suit of clothes. "Your tarben, tir," was his salutation; he then said he had understood two of my men had arrived with me from Port Stephens—that he always wished to see all black people who came to Sydney—and that if I would allow them to go with him, he would show them Sydney, and desire his men to take good care of them. I immediately introduced my two attendants to the old king, and told them they might go with him if they wished it for a few hours. They looked at him with much curiosity and apparent dislike, and declined the acquaintance; but Bungaree at length prevailed upon them to accompany him, and on his departure he said to me, "Lend me one dollar, sir, if you please." "No, Mr. Bungaree," I said, "I shall do no such thing; I see you want to make my men drunk, and if you do I shall not allow you to see any more of them, nor shall I ever take them with me to Sydney again." Bungaree assured me that he would not even ask them to drink and as he had no money I could easily understand his intended forebearance. (269)

137. ...after they had spent three or four days in Sydney...they returned apparently satiated with the monotony of the scene. "Dere were no corbon trees," M'Quarie said, "and no kangaroo, and too much white pellow all about." (270)

138. ...Mr. Croseby...drawled out, in the most piteous tones and supplicating manner, "Oh, my massa, my massa, my massa!" (271)

139. After I had felt her pulse, and looked at her tongue, he observed to me with an anxious countenance, "Dat boy, (die,) I bleve massa." (273) (an Aboriginal man to Dawson about his wife)

140. ...I fell in with a tribe of natives sitting around a fire. Not doubting that I should be known by some of them, I immediately rode up...a man rose from amongst them...In the language common upon such occasions, I said, "Name you." He answered, "I know you, good while ago. Corbon Massa, belonging to Port Tebid." When the words Corbon Massa and Port Stephens were pronounced, a woman at the fire called out in a loud tone, "Murry tick (very sick) in bush good while ago."... I was applied to for tobacco...then asked a variety of questions ...where had I nangried (slept) last night? where I intended to nangry this night?... (274-275) (between Sydney and Port Stephens Dawson on meeting up with a couple the wife of whom he had cured of an illness)

141. ...Little Mick made a sudden stop, and with a sharp quick voice, called out, "Alah! blat pellow!" (black fellow.)...I hear him, massa," he said, turning up his ear; "plenty all about." "Come along then, Mick," I said; "they are Port Stephens' blacks, no doubt." "Don't know, massa," he replied...a *very* large body of natives was there...Mick...satisfied himself, by giving the usual coo-oo-ee...he made a second call which was answered by a single voice..."Come on, massa, come on; belonging to Dimmy Bungaree: you hear him?" After we had got within twenty yards of the camp, Mick called out, "Corbon massa." This was instantly repeated from one end of the line to the other...succeeded by a general and confused chatter in all quarters of the camp, with "Corbon Massa, Corbon Massa," continually recurring in my ears...On a sudden I was met by three or four men with flaming torches...my

horse snorted, wheeled round and was off..."What for corse jarret (afraid) massa," he said, "gibit me bridle;"... (276-277) (last Jemmy Bungaree to Dawson)

142. ...five or six of them proposed to "nangry" by my fire... (278)

143. ...I was requested by Wallis to move out of the arena, as the "pight" would soon begin. (282)

144. ...a notorious old amazon, called Mammy Tinker, who went forward scolding... (an old Aboriginal woman from Port Stephens) (282)

145. ...an old man of our party... called "Wool (old) Bungaree,"...father of...Jemmy of the same name... (283)

146. The perpetual recurrence of the words "white pellow" in their speeches, satisfied me that the quarrel had originated in the spearing of the shepherd; that our people had been called to account by the Myall tribes, for assisting me in the pursuit of the criminals... (284)

147. ...Jemmy...came running to me...saying that the "pight was not over yet." (284)

148. I now enquired why the Myall natives had not accepted their challenge? Because they were "murry jarret," (afraid,) was the answer... (Port Stephens Aborigines) (285)

149. ...Wallis...entreated that I would allow him to give Corbon Wickie one blow more, which should not hurt him, and then Wickie would give him another also. "Only a little bit, massa," he said, "bael hurt it, den no more coulor (anger); black pellow always do so."...They seemed to be quite astonished that I should suppose they were enemies. Wallis said, "I like Corbon Wickie always, dat good pellow." "Why then," I said, "do you wish to hurt each other?" They both laughed ourtright at this question... (288)

150. ...I...when their noise had nearly ceased, heard several voices in an under tone, directed to those who were still speaking, "Corbon massa! corbon massa here!" (Port Stephens Aborigines) (289)

151. ...Mammy Tinker had her arm pierced quite through by the pointed stick of an ancient female champion, who had been opposed to her...She...laughed, remarking at the same time, "most kill him arm, massa." (289-290)

152. She had a husband, called Tinker. (Mammy Tinker) (290)

153. Whenever the old man saw me he would ask for tobacco, and if I gave him a piece he invariably said, "Mammy Tinker too;" and whenever I gave her any thing it was always "Tinker too;"... (290)

154. ...at length I was informed in a low, plaintive tone, that it was "Piannah (father) belonging to Peggy been boy," (die), and a little further on sat Peggy herself, weeping in deep distress. (293)

155. ...I said to the natives..."You look out, you know, and take care croppy (convict) no crammer," (steal.) (294)

156. ...Myall Tom had no fewer than three wives...I once scolded Tom on that score, he laughed, and slily observed of himself, "Murry pine pellow, massa; blat gin look out me always." (295)

157. I asked them whether they knew the man who stood opposite to me. Sinbad looked over his shoulder at him, and answered, "Yes, I know dat pellow; dat Wool Cope." "State what you know about him," I said. He answered, "Oh! I been tee it crammer belonging to store." "Well," I said, "turn round, and let us all see you;" but neither of them would do this; they were afraid of Cope, and nothing could prevail upon them to face him. "Well," I said, "say what you know about it, and mind you speak the truth." Sinbad answered, "Bael me tell a lie. I been tee Cope, and Micky been tee it too: dat been come out belonging to store when urokah (sun) jump up. I been tee Cope crammer plenty belonging to store; dat put it under arm like it dis, (imitating Cope's manner, and describing the articles,) den dat run all along creek; den me tee it no more, cos I been run along Micky, and piola (tell) William. Den when look out along William dat gone." Cope exclaimed, "What lies they have been telling!" At this, Sinbad looked over his shoulder at him again, and said, with indignant emphasis, "Bael lie!" then casting his eyes towards me, he said, with a softened tone, "Cos I been *tee* it, massa, and Micky been tee it too;" to which Mick instantly assented. (Sinbad and Mick—Aboriginal boys from Port Stephens) (297-298)

158. ...near the upper extremity of the navigable waters of the Karuah...was...a native who called himself Billy Bungaree...he had a constables staff, and considered himself as the protector, in his absence, of the overseer's wife and family as well as a look-out constable for *croppy*, (as they always called the runaway convicts.) (son and brother of the other Bungarees) (299)

159. ...a convict mechanic named Goodwin, who had recently decamped from Port Stephens...the account Bungaree gave of the capture was, that as soon as he came within shot of the prisoner, he called to him to stop, threatening to shoot him if he did not. "Top bit, top bit, massa carpenter; what for come here? I choot you pose no top." Goodwin immediately stopped and wished to be upon familiar terms with him, telling him that he was going to Hunter's River to bring home cattle for Corbon Massa. "No, no," said Bungaree, "bael you belonging to cattle; you belong to carpenter." Goodwin took some trouble to convince him that he was upon business for Corbon massa. When Bungaree informed me, he observed, "Where pass belonging to Corbon Massa." Goodwin immediatley showed him a forged one; but Bungaree not believing any thing he said, called out "Gammon! you belonging to carpenter. Bael Corbon Massa make it you look out cattle. No! no! bael you gammon me so. Moru on belonging to Boarul; (walk on to Boarul,) pose run, I choot it massa Goodwin. Plenty look out belonging to Billy Bungaree always." He then drove the prisoner before him to the station... (Billy Bungaree) (301)

160. ...Wallis...awoke me with the following words..."Massa! massa! croppy come down: dat nangry (sleep) black camp. Gib it ticket belonging to constable; ketch it den murry toon, directly." (302)

161. ...one of the men pulled off his shirt, which was immediately taken by one of the natives, who...discovered on its tail the Company's store mark. He immediately became alarmed, and drew it back over his head, exclaiming, as he threw it on the ground, "Bael me take it, belonging to Corbon Massa." (Aboriginal people from the neighbourhood of the Myall River) (303)

162. ...a deputation, in the persons of Corbon Wickie and his wife Peggy, was sent to me...They pleaded hard for their brethren, and said, that "All black pellows murry torry; got no patter, massa; no bacca, dat been moke him rags (smoking rags) all day. To all which I answered, "Bring Corbon Tom, and then you may all come back again, but not till then." To which the usual answer was given, "No can find him, massa; gone away in bush." (305)

163. ...Ben...whispered to me, "Bael let croppy plog it: black pellow plog it."...Ben called out..."I plog it, massa, I plog it." (Ben to Dawson about flogging Corbon Tom) (306)

164. "No, no, massa! all black pellows been piola me, (saying,) 'Ben plog it, Ben plog it;'"... (307)

165. ...Tom...observed, "Murry couler now, massa?" that is, "Are you angry with me now?"...Tom remarking..."No more crammer, massa, nebber."...they must not steal...they could not continue to be my brothers if they did...they knew I liked all black fellows very much indeed; and...provided Tom never crammered again, I should now like him as well as ever. They assented to all I said, and all promised "Nebber to crammer belonging to massa." (Corbon Tom to Dawson) (307)

166. Ben...talked as if he considered himself a kind of deputy over my dominions on "t'oder side," as they were used to call it. (309)

167. ...strangers from the upper districts of the Myall...I...called out, "I like black fellows always."...I soon heard the words Corbon Massa pronounced several times...a tall fierce-looking fellow came up to me...he uttered, "Corbon Massa, good while ago nangry," (sleep,) and then pointed towards the shore, by which I knew he must have been one of the men who had slept with us in the sandy hollow... (309-310)

168. ...I was suddenly accosted by a loud voice...calling out, "Budgeree you, my boy;" ...looking round I saw my old friend Tinker...who on hearing me answer him in the same words, burst into a wild and loud laugh...he again broke out into "budgeree you, budgeree you," with several corrobery or harlequin steps, strongly indicative of the greatest joy. (310-311)

169. ...his lamentations that "white pellow" should treat his father so...his father, of whom he several times said, turning to him with a tone and manner that could not be mistaken, "*Murry* good wool man! *Murry* good wool man, massa." (Corbon Youee to Dawson) (312)

170. A servant named Jones, whom the natives always called Doyn...was one evening cooking one of these fish...when Bungaree...said..."What for cook him, stingaree? trow it away, trow it away—no good, no good, make white pellow boy," (die)...He...came to me, and exclaimed, "What for white pellow patter stingaree, massa? piola (tell Doyn trow it away." Bungaree was told that it was not poison...Bungaree...burst out with a couple of tremendous oaths to Jones, enjoining him to "trow it away," (313-314)

171. M'Quarie was always with his mother when circumstances admitted of it; but one day wishing to take a wife, he brought home a young girl whom his mother would not permit him to retain, and she was sent away again. I wished to know from him why he had parted with her, and his answer was: "Bael wool mammy let me keep it." (316)

172. ...the hand of...Youee was literally shattered to pieces...He came...holding the shattered hand in the other, "To look out soccatoo," (the doctor.) (317) The natives at Port Stephens were perfectly alive to the effects of medicine upon them, when administered by white people; and when they were unwell, generally sent some one of their family to inform me, and sometimes would themselves go to "soccator." (323)

173. ...his hand had sloughed off a little above the wrist...On my asking Wandoman what he had done with his hand, he answered, very jokingly, "Trow him away." (318)

174. ...Wool Bill... "Oh, Bill!" I exclaimed, when I saw him, "no more belonging to me now. What for do so?"...his answer..."all black pellow do so,"... (321)

175. ...a people who have no signs for numbers beyond their five fingers, and whose ten fingers indicate many thousand, or any large number that the imagination may form... (Dawson of the Port Stephens Aboriginal people) (322)

176. ...six fine stout fellows, who styled themselves "Boat-crew belonging to corbon massa." (325)

177. ..."Nebber mind, massa, nebber mind; dat leab off by and bye; too much cry about always."..."Nebber mind, nebber mind." (Aboriginal man named Walker to Dawson about his son who was throwing a tantrum) (326)

178. ...sometimes they meet, as they say, to "patter bungwall," or fern-root... (327)

179. ...when any assaults were committed upon them by the convicts...their wish for revenge was merely that I would "blow it up," (328-329)

180. This was not the first time they had seen White "Pellows" as they call us, for they could all speak a little English, I received them as friendly as I could, gave them tobacco of which they are immoderately fond and also some bread. They were much delighted and made the same kind of noise and gestures as Children do when they receive news which pleases them. (Dawson 1826a:4 Dawson when first in Port Stephens, February 1826)

181. ...their "Waddies" or small clubs. the "Womerang" or throwing Stick... (Dawson 1826a:5)

182. ...they did not forget their promise of bringing me "Murry plenty..."--"Murry plenty of wattie" as they called it that is, great plenty of Bark. (Dawson 1826a:5 Dawson when first in Port Stephens, February 1826)

183. Some of the wives or "Gins" as they call them... (Dawson 1826a:5)

184. While I was sitting in the room at the Inn at Newcastle on my way here, a few days since, a black man came in without ceremony, naked and placed him-self against the Wall on the opposite side of the room to me, in the presence of the Coal Engineer Mr Busby and his son who were sitting with me. I did not at first know him, but as soon as he caught my eye he told me his name, and immediately proceeded to deliver a message to me in broken English with which he had been charged by one of the Company's men whom I had left in charge of the camp at Port Stephens.—He made me understand him perfectly, and in answer I sent back a note, which I have no doubt was faithfully delivered the next day. (Dawson 1826a:6)

185. Before leaving Port Stephens I informed them that I should soon return in a "corbon" (great) ship, with "murry" quantity (plenty) of white people and murry tousand tings for them to patter (eat). (Dawson 1826b:11)

186. They called out "That (we) get it (you) murry tousand Bark. plenty Black pellow get it plenty Bark - One two tree four five nangry (days or sleeps) dat make it plenty massa - Dat come back soon. We look out for corbon Ship in corbon water - we see massa when come back and we poilah (tell) white pellow" after this they

chattered in their own langauge... (Dawson 1826b:11, Port Stephens Aboriginal people to Dawson)

187. Before I go on, I ought to state that some of these natives had been with white people before at Newcastle from which this place is distant about 40 miles by land and some cedar cutting parties having been up the river here these natives had gained a smattering of English. (Dawson 1826b:11-12, Dawson re Port Stephens Aboriginal people)

188. "Bull" that is, an old sugar-bag, cut into shreds and boiled in an Iron pot filled with water, which they place over a blazing fire and stir with the end of their spears. They drink the liquor 'till they sometimes become intoxicated and are fairly blown out... (Dawson 1826b:11)

189. ...their pot of Sugar bag, or "Bull" as they call it... (Dawson 1826b:12)

190. "Dat murry goot, Massa - You like him," says one fellow, "Yes", said I, "very much" - "Dat belonging Kangaroo Massa", says another, Black pellows all murry dry now. Dat drink little you know and den more corrobery, you like blackpellow Massa you gib it cornmeal, you gib it Mogo (Tomahawk) and moak (Tobacco) murry tousand tings you know Massa -dat bring Massa pish (fish) when uroka (sun) jump up (rises) dat sit down black Camp always - dat no leave Port Stephens - all blackpellow -blonging Massa now- dat no go in bush again."(Dawson 1826b:12)

191. ...married women are called jins... (Dawson 1826b:13)

192. ...the much talked of Brig (Corbon Ship)... (Dawson 1826b:13)

193. Every now and then, I felt a gentle tap at my Coat, while standing in the crowd. "Massa dat Piccaninny (child) blongen me, or dat Jin, dat Mammse, or Parder blongen me". (Dawson 1826b:13, Port Stephens people when greeting Dawson on return from Sydney)

194. ...they...are perfectly alive to the situation of Convicts, and very soon learn the gradations of rank in Society. One of them complained lately to me that a Gubberment man here had behaved uncivilly to him, and that he would not be blown-up-by a Gubberment man. I assured him he should have my protection and that the man should be flogged if he deserved it; on enquiry into the case. "Bael (not) Massa 'he answered', I no like Gubberment man, but you no plog it - you poiler (speak) dat no blow black pellow up again -bael plog it Massa". (Dawson 1826b:14)

195. They have all a smattering of our language, but I have seen none who can speak it well enough to explain themselves beyond an idea. Still they are not fool, but very much the contrary. (Dawson 1826b:14)

196. ...a small shield...called a "Carille"...The shield is about two and a half feet long and fifteen inches broad of an oblong shape. (Dawson 1826b:14)

197. "Nebber pear Massa—Black pellow no hit me— I no Coward—I look out—I take care—I catch pear—I tee him—I top him—Massa, Bael (not) I afraid", "But", said I, "you should not have run away with another mans's Jin, Kippi—, "Bael dat Massa", he replied very sharply and rather angrily—"dat come me—dat man murry bad pellow—dat gib mary too much waddy—dat no like it—so dat come me". (Dawson 1826b:15)

198. ...the ceremony of marriage or the rules and customs of taking a Wife, they have never in their broken English, been able to explain to me. (Dawson 1826b:16)

199. It was generally said in England, that they spoke English well, the reverse is the fact, even when they have been much and long amongst the English. (Dawson 1826b:16-17)

200. A woman had twins here a few days ago. One of our men's wives said she killed one by beating its head against a post and said "two Piccaninies too much cry". (Dawson 1826b:17)

201. I was recognized by some of them as the Corbon Master at Port Stephens... (Dawson 1826b:18 people from below Port Stephens)

202. "You patta (eat) Fish massa" - "Yes", said I, "and you must roast me one in the ashes, the same as yours are done"...I became rather impatient and sent William to see for it. He returned laughing, and said he was afraid I must wait, for instead of its being in the ashes, it was set up before the fire on two forked sticks to roast, while the other for him, was in the ashes. William asked them the cause of this difference when one of them said "Dat Geppleman, dat poor man". So soon do they learn to distinguish the difference of rank in our Society. These men had been occasionally to Newcastle and I mention the above fact to show that they are an observing people... (Dawson 1826b:18 people from below Port Stephens)

203. "Corbon Water Massa" "budgeree (good) water" (Dawson 1826b:18, Port Stephens men to Dawson)

204. "Too much moroo (walking) no good", - "when black pellow moroo coal ribber, dat make it two naughry (days or sleeps)". (Dawson 1826b:18, Port Stephens men to Dawson)

205. If they are asked who is dead, they look grave and sorrowful and answer "O, dat Pader belongen to me, &c." - when they are sick and are asked what is the matter they answer "Oh dat dable dable Mossa", meaning that the devil or some evil Spirit has visited them... (Dawson 1826b:21)

206. I saw one fellow bleed himself not long since by means of a piece of flint...he said he had hurt his arm and that when woollomoola (blood) come "dat make dat pellow go away you know". (Dawson 1826b:21)

207. They have no idea of numbers beyond five - which they take from the five fingers and always answer to any question within that number by holding up the fingers - beyond this they say "many tousand". (Dawson 1826b:22)

208. ...they are exceedingly fond of being shaved like white men...I saw an Individual of our Establishment shaving one of them a short time since in his Tent and it was a most ridiculous spectacle - the fellow came to me afterwards to shew himself and said that "razor was mad tit (sit) down on chin like it white pellow" and appeared extremely proud with his smooth face. (Dawson 1826b:22)

209. The following conversation took place between me and one of my sable policemen the other day..."Massa pose black pellow crammer (steals) den I catch it you know - pose dat go in bush, den I look out, I find it, I bring it back, I murry coller (angry) I gib it waddy (Staff) den I put it Watch-house you know, I make it know what it about, dat no crammer going Massa, not I like anoder black pellow, I tit down here always, dis my place you know, you my Massa, I make black pellow work, I make it work, dat no gammon me Massa". Soon after this the Surgeon was going to the Bark Village after dark, from our Camp and Mr Kippi who considered himself on duty, I suppose, called out in a thundering tone of voice, "Who come dere" - "a friend" was the answer - "Oh murry goot," says Kippi - "Pose dat black pellow I poiler, dable what he do dare - why for dat like Black Camp when dark sit

down - den I put it in watch house, you know, and take it to Massa, when Urokah (Sun) jump up". (Dawson 1826b:23)

210. ...they come and go when they please and are made welcome and fed when they return. This attaches them to the place as their "Corbon" home and they consider themselves as belonging to it. (Dawson 1826b:23)

211. Opara will not need to maan a gin... (De Boos 1867:5);
...maaned...seized... (De Boos 1867:37)

212. ...mounseers...Frenchmen... (De Boos 1867:20)

213. ...yo yo...evil spirit... (De Boos 1867:30)

214. ...yabber...talk (De Boos 1867:32)

215. ...white gins... (De Boos 1867:42)

216. Poor peller black. (ie cold and wet and wanting shelter, a Hunter River Aboriginal person) (De Boos 1867:108)

217. ...carbonne damper... (ie a large bread) (De Boos 1867:168)

218. "Bale me take 'um nipe!" now cried Jackey, finding that there was a chance of his voice being heard, and that the knife was the great cause of offence to the whites. "Bale me take 'um!"..."Where did 'ee get 'un then?" said Larkie...The eyes of the black rolled round the group. He felt that any hesitation would be dangerous, so he replied, "Noder blackfeller been gib it!"..."One of your tribe?"..."Bale. Maroo blackfeller—murra wicked blackfeller, wild feller long o' hills!..."And where did 'ee get the money vor the liquor?" questioned Larkie...."That noder blackfeller been gib it. Gib Jackey nipe, 'spose Jackey go get 'lum!"..."And where be this maroo blackfellow?"..."Long o' camp, toder side o'ribber!" (said by Jackey Nerang of Port Stephens) (De Boos 1867:203-4)

219. "'Top," said the black. "Jackey long time way—'spose Maroo feller ask what make Jackey leng time?"..."Tell 'em," answered the constable, "that you met some whitefellers who made you lushy."..."Maroo feller look in eye, smell in mout."..."Well you've had something to drink. The men will smell that."..."Bale hab 'nuff—wind on ribber blow 'em 'way. Ball hab 'nuff for gammon drunk," replied the black with a cunning leer..."Ah, I see. You want another stifler before you go. Well you shall have one."...And Jackey Nerang explaining to the constable that he would be able to "gammon drunk" all the better for being drunk in earnest, took two "stiflers" instead of one. (said by Jackey Nerang of Port Stephens) (De Boos 1867:205)

220. "Macomo has seen the tracks, and has seen the men," he answered, "so many," he said, holding up four fingers. "Three with big guns one with young fellow guns." (De Boos 1867:281)

221. "Macomo tells the Fair Hair, that she and the young Bright Eyes may speak to the master, and tell him that when the warrigals are abroad, the kangaroo shelters her young, and that when the eagle is soaring in the sky, he has always his eye upon the prey. The master will listen to the Fair Hair, though he will not mind the voice of Macomo."...Do you mean to say, then, that these bad men are likely to come here," asked Mrs. Marcomb...One has been here already, close up. The master has bad men in the huts; and one of them has had a talk with the croppy. Let the master keep his doors fast, and his eyes open, or he may be in danger."...there are so many

servants to protect us...Those servants, no good, "Let the master not mind the servants, but look out himself." (De Boos 1867:281)

222. ...Kangawai bent his ear downwards, and for the moment every sense was concentrated in the one of listening...He raised his head, and in a low voice that trembled with fear, he whispered, "No good hut! Too many bad dibbil long o' hut!"..."Plenty croppy feller tumble down (die) long o'hut. One croppy feller shoot noder croppy feller. One croppy feller make it," and he drew his finger across his throat, "long o' knife; one croppy feller shoot," and he put his hand to his ear in the attitude of firing a pistol, "No good hut long o' blackfellow. Plenty debbil sib down."..."Bale (no)—Bale Kangawai go. Big feller white go—Bale Kangawai." (De Boos 1867:351-352)

223. "Massa, massa, top, top!" (Mickie to Alfred) (Anon 1830:51)

224. "Pollow me, massa; we tow you right bay." (Mickie to Alfred) (Anon 1830:52)

225. My young friend proved to be a shrewd little fellow; he had occasionally visited some of our settlements and picked up enough of English for us to be mutually intelligible. He wished to return immediately to his tribe, but we would not allow him to leave us that night and pressed upon him all the rites of hospitality. 'What would you like to have to eat, my little man? said my father to him, suiting the action to the word. 'Me like patter murry tings, massa.' 'Mention some of these then.' 'Me like patter, patter kankaroo, til bael me patter more—me like white pellow's ommina, me like nice honey stuff him call choogar, me like all bedgere tings.' He was soon supplied with as much bread and sugar as he could 'patter,' which was no contemptible quantity, accompanied with tea for his beverage, and he appeared to be as pleased with his new friends as we were with him—we invited him to come to us whenever he liked, to which he eagerly promised compliance. With sunrise he was off to his tribe, but he has paid us daily visits since, and is always desirous of doing something that is useful for massa; and as I have already promoted him to the office of supernumerary to the household, you will most probably often hear of little Mickie in my future letters. (Anon 1830:52-53)

226. ...the conversations which we have together, and which I may perhaps sometimes relate to you without explanation, I therefore enclose you a glossary of his language, with 'notes critical and explanatory,' by which you will be able fully to enjoy all the native eloquence of my young friend. (Anon 1830:53-54)

227. Glossary of the Australian Language...enclosed in one of Alfred's letters...Bacca, *tobacco*. Bael, *no, not*, any negative. Boy, *die*. Budgere, *good*. Bush, *the country, forest, wood*, &c. Choogar, *sugar*. Corbon, *great*. Coroberry, *dance*. Gin, *wife*. Gunyer, *bark hut*. Jarret, *afraid*. Maru, *to go*. Massa, *master*. Maty, *little*. Murry, *very, many*, &c. Nangry, *sleep; its plural descriptive of days*. Ommina, *corn-meal*. Patter, *to eat*. Pickaninny, *child*. Urokah, *the sun*. Waddy, *a club stick*. Wool-man, *another name for kangaroo*...Observations...The natives always substitute *p* for *f*, saying pellow for fellow, &c....*t* for *s*, saying tee for see, &c. &c. *b* for *v* or *w*, saying bery, bant, &c. for very, want, &c. (Anon 1830:195-196)

228. ..."massa to patter"... (Anon 1830:54)

229. On my way I was surprised at overtaking little Mickie, ambling leisurely on, and singing in no very low key. I accosted him with, 'How now, Mickie, is this the diligence with which you perform a message? you set out at least four hours before me, and I find you leisurely pursuing your way as if you had been entrusted with no commission.' 'Why, massa, pony and Mickie both tired, to me taid rest and patter.'

'But where is the parcel you were to bring back?' 'Oh! dat gone long ago, bael me bait and poor missie banting dat; but de massa tell me he tend it murry, murry quicker by canoe, me tee it go, it dere by dis time me bleve.' (Anon 1830:58-59)

230. 'Nebber mind, massa, us nargry in bush, dat all.' (Anon 1830:60)

231. "patter all night" (Anon 1830:62)

232. 'Bael me bant patter night, massa—me like tee you patter best;'... (Anon 1830:62)

233. Mickie detained me by saying, 'Top bit, massa, me dot tometing better yet;' and he exhibited part of a honeycomb... (Anon 1830:63)

234. 'Bickit, bickit.' (Anon 1830:said by a little Aboriginal girl to Alfred) (Anon 1830:72)

235. At one of my visits, I was shocked at a seeing a poor woman dreadfully beaten about the head. On inquiring of Mick the cause of her exhibitng such a spectacle, he informed me that she had displeased her husband, and so he had given her the "waddy." When I expressed my indignation and disgust at this unmanly and cruel conduct, he coolly answered, 'Black pellow albays do, massa;' and, in confirmation, pointed out the scared foreheads of most of the women. 'But, Mickie, it is very wrong,' I said; 'I hope you will never use your gin so.' 'Me nebber hab gin, massa: me tit by you albays, massa.' 'You will change your mind one of these days: you must marry, if it be only to set your bretheren a good example of the manner in which they should treat their wives.' 'No, no; me nebber hab gin and pickaninny.' 'And what is the reason of so foolish a determination?' I asked. He looked archly at me and said, 'Pickaninny too much cry, massa.' (Anon 1830:72-73)

236. ...Mickie...came, brimful with delight, to tell me he was going in the bush with some of his tribe, 'to kill kangaroo,'... (Anon 1830:74)

237. 'nangry in the bush with black pellow.' (Anon 1830:75)

238. At sun-rise, or 'when urokah jumped up,' as Mickie has it, we commenced our enterprise. (Anon 1830:75)

239. My companions sought to keep down my impatience by constantly saying, 'Us pind him presently, massa.' (Anon 1830:Aboriginal men to Alfred re finding a kangaroo to hunt) (Anon 1830:75)

240. Mickie begged me not to use my gun, as he wished to prove that he was a man to-day , and 'to catch kangaroo all by himself.' (Anon 1830:75)

241. ...reiterated entreaties that I would 'let him do it all by himself.' (Anon 1830:76)

242. 'Don't tchoot, massa; me kill him all by myself.' (Anon 1830:76)

243. 'Why for you not let me kill kangaroo all by myself, massa?' 'Because, instead of you killing him, he would have killed you, had I not come to your aid.' 'No, no, me soon make him boy: next time, me hold him head under water till him boy.' 'Why, I feared that he had already killed you.' 'Better he killed myself dan not kill kangaroo,'... (Anon 1830:77)

244. 'But ben they tay me, Mickie, you kill kangaroo? me tay, Bael Mickie kill kangaroo: Mickie pickaninny till, me b'leve; and he walked sulkily forward,

scarcely assisting me to drag the subject of his regrets. 'Come, come, Mickie,' said I, 'the next kangaroo we meet, you shall kill: do not grudge me this triumph. I thought your generous dispostion would have been better pleased at the victory of your friend than at your own.' 'Me do murry tousand tings for massa; but bael you bant kill wool man: dat noting for you do.' 'See! See!' I exclaimed, 'here is another herd of kangaroos: take my gun, and kill one for yourself.' (Anon 1830:78)

245. 'Massa, just patter dis: massa, dat murry budgere,' (Anon 1830:80)

246. 'What is the matter?' I exclaimed to the man; 'why do you seek to hurt the boy?' 'He is a little black rascal,' he gruffly replied, 'and if he do not come down I will shoot him.' 'Don't let him tchoot me, massa—don't let let him tchoot me,' vociferated Mickie still continuing his oscillations. (Anon 1830:85)

247. 'Bael top white pellow, massa.' (Anon 1830:88)

248. ...as Mickie says, 'Him call me murry bad names, massa, murry, murry bad; me no like carry him bag, and me tulky; me jarret dho, toe me carry it murry long time, massa, till me murry tire, me den tay, bael me carry corbon bag more.' (Anon 1830:89)

249. 'And to,' as he concluded with infinite glee, 'giben white pellow murry corbon trouble to pick up, patter here, bacca dere, and all murry tousand tings eberybere.' (Anon 1830:90)

250. "Massa! tear massa!" (Anon 1830:105)

251. "Bael me leabe poor massa ben him tick: me tit by him albays: me run get every tin him bants."

252. ...the gigantic lily, or *memmy*...the fern-root, or *bungwall*... (Anon 1830:118)

253. ...Mickie...said...that he had 'murry corbon pador to ask massa.' And what do you think was this urgent request? To let his sister, a little girl of twelve years old, 'blong maty missies,' and do all for them that he did for me. (Anon 1830:119)

254. "Me mart now: me dressed pit por missies' tee. Dey tay Mickie pine pellow now, me b'leve."...but where did you pick up your fine dress, Mickie?" "Ah! me dot it last: me tee massa murry pine: so me tink, me tink how me det pine, and me det murry budgere tings last." (Anon 1830:34-35)

255. ...he looked a "murry pretty pellow." (Anon 1830:137)

256. ...the "pretty misses"... (Anon 1830:144)

257. "Massa and me did dat for missies;" "massa and me take care missies;" "massa and me do tousand tings por missies." Caroline in particular was delighted at his broken English, and often engaged him in colloquy. (Anon 1830:145)

258. ...Mickie with a large basket, containing, as he said, "murry plenty patter." (Anon 1830:153)

259. ...Mickie coming close up to him said, "Black pellow tit down here, massa." (Anon 1830:154)

260. "Massa, time maru;" "Massa, it go blow and rain murry bad;" "Clouds toon tum hide urokah, bael budgere be on ribber den, wid maty, missies, and all." (Anon 1830:155)

261. Mickie...crying, "Pollow me!" (Anon 1830:159)

262. 'Tides (Anon 1830:besides) me bant get honey, and me bant tomahawk to climb de trees,' observed Mickie very gravely. This appeared to me an excellent joke, and I engaged to climb any tree as well as Mickie and his tomahawk, exclaiming, 'What possible use can this weapon be in climbing? Oh, my boy, that murry great gammon, I b'leve.' He answered by bidding me be careful and look out my path, lest I and my horse should I require the assistance of his tomahawk. (Anon 1830:165)

263. 'Tomahawk no use now, massa? Better Mickie trow him abay: all gammon bring him in bush, pose now.'...'Massa Pred'... (pred means Frederick) (Anon 1830:168)

264. 'May be, Massa Pred bear it one time or oder.' (Anon 1830:169)

265. 'Me pay you off one day, me b'leve.' (Anon 1830:169)

266. 'Massa Pred look murry, murry pretty pellow.' (Anon 1830:171)

267. "What for every body cry? Missie Emmy cry in de tummer-house, all alone by herself; all oder misies cry togeder; ebery body look tad: eben Massa Pred look murry torry." (Anon 1830:174-75)

268. Having crossed the Hunter in a ferry-boat, we were met by a native black, sent by Captain King to guide us to Port Stephens, our destination, where he resided. We had no idea of the distance, so I asked the black, when about three miles on the road, how far it was. His reply was, "Close up, massa. Close up!" To my disappointment, I found that his "close up" was some eighteen miles further on. (1839) (Hassall 1977:37)

269. ...my father, Mr. Rowley, and some of the Kings, with a crew of black-boys, rowed up the Booral and on to Stroud, where we met a number of gentlemen connected with the Australian Agricultural Company... (Hassall 1977:39)

8

Bathurst district

Texts 1-47 were collected by James Graham in the Bathurst district in the 1830s. Texts 60-61 and 68-73 were collected by James Graham on the Lachlan and Murrumbidgee Rivers in the 1840s. Texts 52-59 and 62-67 were collected by 'Selina Price' Mrs James Graham on the Murrumbidgee River, in the 1840s and are from Graham (1862). Texts 74-84 were collected by William Henry Suttor (the source is Suttor 1887) in the Bathurst and Lachlan River districts in the 1850s and 1860s. Texts 85 to 107 were collected by Louisa Ann Meredith during her one month visit to Bathurst in 1839 (the source is Meredith 1973). Texts 108 to 157 comprise the whole transcript of a single manuscript titled '"Poor Mary Ann" or The old log hut' held in the archives of the Bathurst Historical Society. Spaces have not been left between paragraphs of the last text because it is a complete document.

1. As to the natives, the first tribe of blacks he met in this colony he encountered after dark, half-way between Bathurst and Baroo; that is about twenty miles from this latter place. He saw their campfires, but did not know it was a native camp. When he approached, their dogs set on him, and two or three men came up to see what the dogs were at. He innocently asked one of them, in English, where Mr. Walker's station was: For there Lock had appointed to meet him. He looked at his companion and said, significantly, "New chum, I b'lieve." He straightened himself up with all dingity, and said—"Ay, ay; white fellow, Walker, sit down along a name Carumba, up there, I b'lieve." Forthwith king Bogan, with the great brass plate and his name on it suspended on his breast, appeared, and after using up all the English he had, in conclusion, said—"Give some boombilly—bakky, bakky." Lawrence gave him some tobacco, by which he appeared much gratified; and he sent a black to show him the way. (66)

2. It was *odd* for the first year, to have nothing but bush-yarns with black and white savages, instead of meeting and conversing with Christian neighbours, as I used to do. It was an *odd* thing that when Jerrold Lock, in a fit of zeal for God and anger at the Devil, held a meeting, I sung as clerk and he preached as parson; and that the hardened white sinners laughed at us both; and that the blacks acted over our meeing in uproarious pantomime for days, and called it—"Cobon stupid corrobbora, that one make it white fellow—that make it shaw—bow—now—yal—yal—yallujah—Amen!" It was very sad, however, that we did not persevere, and back up precept by example... (81)

3. Ash...came to me on the evening of that day, and asked me to take him to the nearest camp of blacks, to get material for an opossum-rug of real native manufacture. He, also, wanted to get, if he could, a water-mole, a flying squirrel, and some native birds for stuffing, as well as a case of Australian insects to send to England. Off we started for the camp on the creek...old Eagle-Hawk Nimagauley was head of the little clan, whose sit-down was next us...As we approached his camp his dogs poured out in a growling stream, and his gins with their pickaninnies scampered in...Old Nimagauley advanced and saluted me in English style. He was not a begging black...I told him who Mr. Ash was, and what were his wishes. When he heard we wanted opossum and kangaroo, he looked a little fierce, as if old hostilities were awakened. "Ay, ay, you come yallock yarraman over mine toolas—you yan along mine sit-down, pater mine weeli—white man tink tuck me, shoot me, if I pater white fellow jumbuck or gin-bullock. White fellows full, full, come along caleen, want more, more. Ah! ha! all fair, I b'lieve. Mine Dick piala you for weeli."...I interpreted for Ash. "Yes, yes, you white men gallop horses over my fathers' graves—you white men come on my hunting-grounds, and eat my opossums;

but if I eat the white man's sheep or heifer, he'll hang me or shoot me. You're full, full, but come over the sea, and want more, more. But, ha! ha! it's all right, I suppose. My Dick will talk to you about opossums." (81-83)

4. Joey Colwah (84)

5. We came to a great old blue gum...Dick examined it with critical care, and said—"Weeli, I believe, sit down up there." (85) (Dick Nimagauley, son of Eagle-Hawk Nimagauley)

6. He struck his forehead, and penitently said—"Stupid cobra (head) mine! ogle eye mine! What for throw it *there?* What for not throw it THERE! I been all mistake. What for let it fall on new chum's head?" (87) (Dick Nimagauley referring to a possum he had dropped, for a joke, on Ash's head)

7. Ash, making a patronising effort to speak Dick's lingo, said—"What you name it that bird?" Dick looked wondrously grave and inquisitive. "Ay, ay, that bird brother belonging to you, I b'lieve. That—that—that—LAUGHING JACKASS." (88)

8. ...he let fly his waddy—or little ball-headed club—and knocked master jackass senseless on the ground. "*You* yabber no more to your friends," he said, as he picked it up for Ash. Just then, half-a-dozen that had been silent broke out into loud ha, ha, has; and went braying through the trees. Looking at both Ash and me knowingly, he said—"All 'em brothers and gins belonging to you come out here, I b'lieve." (88) (Dick Nimagauley)

9. Dick's eye caught sight of the insects that Ash had pinned to the bits of dry bark; and pointing to them, he said—"Ay, ay; white fellows turning black—white fellows pater (eat) them?" We could hardly persuade him that we were not insectivorous animals. "Then," he said, "piala me (tell me) what for spear um like it that?" Ash said, "For a museum." Dick roared and laughed, and old Eagle-Hawk shook. Dick took up the piece of bark with the insects, and putting it under his arm began to work up and down with his elbow, and twisting his mouth and turning his eyes began to scream and chant like wild Scotch pipes. He capered about and turned the tune of "Royal Charlie," till he had us wondering whether he were daft, or how he caught the air. I need not say we were amused to find that he thought *museum* meant *music*; and that his idea of "white-man-music" had been caught from a Scotch shepherd playing the bagpipes. A favourite joke with Dick afterwards was to punish the pickaninnies by laying them on their faces on pieces of bark, and threatening to pin them with his spear, and to send them to a "musim" over the sea, as black beetles, to be seen by white pickaninies for "trepim-y-hepenny." (94)

10. "A capital shot," said Ash. "Now, Dick, you throw your wammerah and raise them, and we'll shoot when they rise." (97)

11. ...a water wag-tail was perched on a high reed, and Dick said—"I b'lieve mine spear him."...Dick drew out his woomerah, or throwing stick, a straight stick about four feet long, with a socket turned up on the end to hold the knob of the light spear. (97)

12. ...when turned over there was not one wombat, but two; for a little head protruded from the abdominal pouch. Dick laughed aloud, and looked at Colwah—"Ha, ha, all right buggerie gin wombach! gin with pickaninny belonging to Colwah at last, cobon like it you." As poor Colwah had never had luck in getting a sweetheart, he thought here was one for him at last, with a pickaninny like Colwah. (102)

13. "Gin-bullock and tong ong, tea and suga bag"—i.e., beef and damper, tea and sugar... (103)

14. ...a water mole, or duck-billed platypus..."mullangong"... (104)

15. ...boombilly (tobacco)... (106)

16. By this time it was near noon; and dick, looking up anxiously at the sun, said—"Ha, ha, euroka jump up high, high, above waddy; poor fellow, kangaroo, all tumble down, I b'lieve." If I must interpret for Dick, he said—"The sun has mounted to noon, over the tree; the kangaroos are all killed by this time, I guess." (106)

17. ...old Eagle-Hawk...looked daggers at Dick for being late; but some conciliatory grunts in Warragera about "boombilly" made all right. (106-107)

18. The gins with their connois—long flat sticks which they always carry for digging roots &c.... (109)

19. ...the net or narrabung... (109)

20. ...Eagle-Hawk...proposed to us to go with Dick and four others across to the Macquarie "to make young men;" and after deliberation we assented to go. (110)

21. It was a strange situation, you will say, that in which we then were,—pic-nicing with savages in their own native wilds, and looking on at their pranks, and interpreting to ourselves, as well as we could, their post-prandial jokes...I can assure you, their jokes were, some of them, really witty... (111)

22. Jackey Wallangoon (112)

23. ..."Chinless Joey;" or as the blacks...called him "Coro"—the crow... (112)

24. They wonder that "white fellow hab many tousand sheep, and hundrit dog, and none gin only *one*—what for white fellow hab but one gin?" (114)

25. Old Eage-Hawk talked in pure Warragera with the two Wallangundery blacks. (114)

26. Dick Nimagauley, Tommy Narang, and...Mial Willy... (116)

27. We found the blacks in high preparation to "catch munge"—fish. (118)

28. Dick said, "You fist-rate black fellow. You bell jerran yan along canoe." ("You are first-rate black fellows. You're not afraid to go on the river in a canoe.") "Certainly not afraid, Dick; I swim like a duck; but where is the canoe?" "Buggerie canoe along a waddy,"—("Beautiful canoe on that tree,")—said Dick. (119)

29. Our strange blacks could not have been much accustomed to see fire-arms; for, though they sat steady, their eyes showed a larger margin of white, and they jabbered in excited tones, and looked at my double-barrel as if it were the dreaded Devil-devil's own implement—or even that black and firey personage himself. (120)

30. ...the magic man, or crajee... (121)

31. The crajee then steps into the middle of the circle...and...in true native Warragera, reads them a long eloquent lecture on the laws of the tribe... (122)

32. ...an account of the jubilee corrobora, when the young men returned after three months...There was a grand hunt of kangaroos, emus and opossums, just before the end of "the three moons," and a great feast was made to welcome the young men. Their long abstinence was repaid by a carnival...Some of their wittiest fellows, in different clans, had prepared songs, with appropriate music. These they had rehearsed among some friends of their own; and, after the feast, they were recited by the composers two or three times in presence of all the company. After the author had sung and danced his solo till all had caught the spirit, air and dance of the piece, then, with wonderful precision, they commenced the performance. There were some performances in which all joined in common, there was the war dance; in which young men got terrible lessons, as to how they were to yell at their enemies and how to handle the club, the wammerah, and the spear...There were also songs of patriotism and love. Some mimicked the white man's ignorance of bush-life, and his peculiar habits and vices. Some of these were exceedingly droll...The Bamraman clan satirized a white man called Marsh, who employed them; but broke his word and did not pay. He always put them off by saying that the great rain (cobon walleen) had made his waggon (wheelbarrow) break down on the way. They tax him with lies (yamble), and threaten no more to wash his sheep (jumbuck) or track his horses (yarraman).

"Cabon walleen tumble down,
Wheel barrow broked,
Bloody rouge Mr. Marsh,
Bell give it blanket.

Cabon yamble Mr. Marsh,
No more wash him jumbuck,
No more track him yarraman,
Black fellow all gone." (125-26)

33. Another was a song of joy for the release of convicts at a squatter's establishment, on expiration of their time:-

"Kanga rome mara,
Morealah dhe boreeman,
Kanga rome mara
Menala dhe, dhelobhan gra,
Rome mara-menalah dhe boreeman
Dhelobhan gra."

Ash translated this into "Irish-Warragera," as he said; but it is far below the original:-

"Come tip us your mit, you now may flit,
Ould Erin again to see man;
Come tip us your mit, and dance a bit,
For the croppy is now a free man." (126)

34. Ash was in raptures with this corrobora. He thought no dancing of stiff-starched gentlemen and straight-laced ladies, in conventional drawing-rooms, had half the freedom or enjoyment of such a free dance, under the great forest trees, in the pure fresh air...The corrobora songs you would hear sung for months afterwards, in all the little camps of the natives; and that on Mr. Marsh became a favourite with both blacks and whites...If they knew any white man who was halt or lame, or in any way awkward or stupid, their mimicry of such was perfect. (127)

35. I one day passed her when doing as a monkey does with its parasitic tormentors. I expressed abhorrence, and said,—"What for black gin pater bilbi? She

expressed revenge and abhorrence of the fleas, and said, with vehemence, "What for black bilbi pater black gin?" (132)

36. Next to the spear their deadliest missile is the boomerang...when this scimitar-like instrument is thrown, it comes back to within a few feet or yards of the thrower. (134)

37. We followed up, but some black fellows, who acted as police, came up and said, "These black fellows cabon coola (very angry), you stand narang way from spears." (136)

38. ...he delivered a shouting, gesticulating speech, in pure native. It ended with the most exasperating of all words to a black, "yamble"—a word that implies blackest meanness and falsehood. (136)

39. ...the mudgegong (doctor)... (139)

40. Miall (wild) Tommy (139)

41. I saw a fellow knocked senseless with a club...The mudgegong said—"Bell poor fellow yet, Jackey jump up narang while." (140)

42. The natives unquestionably believe in a Supreme Being, whom they call Miki. When it thunders you will hear them say—"Cobon Miki got it powder," &c. ("God is blazing off lots of powder in his hunting grounds to-day.") Their principal idea of God, however, is power, and that, destructive power. I do not know, and never could learn, from whence they got this name and idea of God. That *they have it*, I am absolutely certain. Weeli means opossum; weeki, flour; meeki, young woman; and Miki God; but of course they can have no connection in meaning, though like in sound. I have thought their name Miki might be their pronunciation of Mighty or Almighty; but they have had it in regions where that attribute of God was never heard from white lips. (141-142).

43. They also believe in the transmigration of souls; or that "black fellow jump kangaroo, opossum, emu, or white fellow." In a clan near Baroo, there had died a black man called Balludery, who had a peculiarly bent arm. Shortly after his death, a white man, with a similarly curved arm, came to live in the neighbourhood. The moment the widowed gin of the black man saw him, she cried out and danced with joy, and clung to him, saying—"Oh! Balludery, mine Balludery, you jump up white fellow. You always good to me, mine Balludery." (142)

44. Into this "water of life" he drank till it was his death; and therefore the whites, parodying the name Balludery, nicknamed him "Barley-dry." (143) (referring to the colonist adopted by the mother of Balludery as the reincarnation of her son)

45. ...a "balogan," or old woman... (143

46. The black imperatively claimed his gin. She began to wail and scream—"Yackaday, yackaday"... (154)

47. As the peal would burst sharp over us, the black, who called God Miki, would cry 'Cobon Miki, got it powder.'...The black would, from time to time, utter a loud cu-r-r-r-rh and say, 'You always like it that—that make cobon bell wallen tumble down.' I could not see how it prevented rain. (184)

48. I formed a station for a Mr. C—r, where there was a rather warlike tribe, and a principal man among them—not the chief—was called Snipe...One day I had

followed some cattle through the bush up a wooded gully and right around me...were the tribe of blacks. I looked boldly at Snipe, and said in the mixed lingo of English and Warragera, 'Make a light white fellow there—ayama policeman along yarraman,'—that is, see there's a white man—look at the policeman on his horse. Snipe said, 'Bell, white fellow—no white man;' but all looked, and as they did, I dashed my horse into the bush... (187). (at Carowder)

49. One night...I heard strange noises not far from the hut. I went out and found a fine young horse driven into a pool and stuck fast, and the blacks around him. How to get him out, or get away from them, unarmed as I was, I did not know. The horse-rope was near, so I lifted it and with a bold tone, as if plenty of help were near, said, 'You, Snipe, go along with black fellow, get out him yarraman.' He shook his head and said, 'Bell yarraman move.' (188)

50. They were the Snowy Mountains' blacks and spoke a different language from the Lachlan tribe. (200) (the Aboriginal people at Mitta Mitta on the Murray River, Dawson's station set up for Jim Black)

51. A black and his lubra (Kuntungera dialect for gin or woman) came into the hut where Selina was alone...She gasped "boombilly, boombilly,"—tobacco, and brought a peace-offering of the weed. (203)

52. I knew an old gin and a little black boy to be left in charge of the camp; I heard the boy crying for nearly two hours...to my astonishment I saw a little heap of hair and the old woman sawing away at a large tuft, with a piece of an old rusty iron hoop...Her consolation to him was 'You saucy debil, what for nimbly when Mine make it buggery wool jump up'—why did he cry when she was cutting his hair so nicely. (208) (account by Mrs Struilby, Selina Price)

53. A newly-arrived immigrant girl looked in and said to her mother, "O mother there is the devil." She had never seen a black before. Bobindi looked at her, and with great indignation said—"No not *me* devil; but you most liked devil." (208) (account by Mrs Struilby, Selina Price; Bobindi was a boy from the Yeo Yeo tribe who was raised from 4 years old till his death at 10 by the Struilbys)

54. As blacks have a great terror of Devil-devil (for in *him* they all believe)... (208) (account by Mrs Struilby, Selina Price)

55. I asked Devil-devil 'did he see any one stealing my peas?' He replied, in a deep hoarse voice,—'Bobindi'...the little fellow's eyes flashed, as the devil were doing him an injustice, he said, 'Now, by —-, Mitter Devil, you *know* you lie; for mine took one pea, only one, belonging to Mittiss.' (209) (account by Mrs Struilby, Selina Price)

56. I said, 'You have got fine blackberries; you don't wish me to share.' 'No, no, Mittiss, for God's sake do not come,'... (account by Mrs Struilby, Selina Price)

57. ...he saw and admired a fine pumpkin...He asked it for 'Mittiss.' They said he should have it for me, if he swam with it across the river. 'Well,' said he, 'you just lend me bag.' (210) (account by Mrs Struilby, Selina Price)

58. His greatest treat in the world was to hear Lawrence tell some incident or scene of his home in Ireland...When he would finish a story, the dark kindling eyes of the boy would be rivetted on him, and he would say, 'Good way more farther—another one country belonging to master.' (211) (account by Mrs Struilby, Selina Price)

59. There was one who evidently acted as their leader. He could speak some English; and, coming out, he said, 'Black fellow want white fellow gunyah (hut).' Then, I said, 'Let black fellow come and man him gunyah (take it).' That he evidently feared to do; but said, 'White fellow soon poor fellow (dead man), I believe.' I raised my gun and said, 'Black fellow soon poor fellow, *I* believe.' (213-214)

60. ...Jackey Narang, (a common name, 'Jackey the Little,' as opposed to Jackey cobon,—'Jackey the Great,')... (218-219)

61. 'Bell (not) bullock yan (go) up there; bell yarraman (not a horse) yan up there; bell emu, bell jumbuck (sheep), bell kangaroo. You piala buggerie alonga mine brother belonging to Bobindi,' &c. That is—'You tell me the truth, as Bobindi's brother, are not the corpses of his black murderers lying up there?'...He besought me to let him take the 'mara'—the hand—as a trophy. (210) (said by Jackey Narang, Bobindi's cousin from the Blan country)

62. ...what the natives call a "cainby"—a pool with springs of water. Before, we had been at what they call a "billibong,"—water holes without springs and liable to dry up. (223) (Mrs Struilby)

63. During the first day of their absence forty black fellows came up to the hut, painted and without their gins, which is a sure sign of war. They asked me—"Where white fellows?" I, of course, gave them no satisfaction. I was taking my tea, and they ordered me to give them bread ("tong-ong")... (223) (Mrs Struilby)

64. He turned, and, uttering a savage yell, said, "you be poor fellow before euroka begone next night,"—You'll be dead before the sun sets to-morrow night. (224) (Mrs Struilby)

65. Presently I heard a small voice softly call "Mittiss, mittiss, you let in black pickaninny, mine piala (I'll tell you) news."...the blacks were going to kill me in the morning, "when the sun jumped up;"...the boy said it was "GENTLEMAN BILLY" I had struck... (225) (Mrs Struilby)

66. On my approach they all held down their heads and began to jabber. I said firmly—"good morning." None took any notice, but still talked. I said, "my men, cobon mine been dream last night that black fellow was going to kill me when sun jump up. Now then, which one black fellow?...I levelled the barrel first at one, then at another, repeating my question. They all fell back crying, "not me Mittiss, not me Mittiss. No black fellow want to kill you—you murry good woman." (226) (Mrs Struilby)

67. ...dogs (dingoes,)... (229) (Mrs Struilby)

68. ...the black, discovering the fresh dung of a horse, said, "Make a light (look sharp) croppy sit down along there." From the close governmental cut of their hair, convicts are all called croppies by the blacks. Blacks hate croppies, as they often meet cruel treatment at their hands. And croppies hate blacks as heartily, because they so often prove the means of their detection. (241)

69. The Yeo Yeo, sometimes called 'Old Man water-hole,' was so called by the blacks, because they said a yeo yeo—a monster whose height was gigantic, and whose feet were turned the wrong way—used to frequent it. (252)

70. Jemmy Curraburma (253)

71. They had that day hunted for 'suga bag,' and brought us a large calabash of beautiful honey. (253)

72. When I brought home a large looking-glass...The chief came forward and stood, and leaped, and turned before it, wondering first in gravity, then bursting into laughter at his other "mine own self Jemmy, cobon stupid doing like it mine own self." He turned his nose from side to side with his fingers, and seeing the same in the glass, shouted—"Make a light moro.—do look at my nose!" (258)

73. The black looked wild and frightened; and, in sad soliloquy, said, "Bell cooleen, bell pater, these poor fellows, all tumble down when euroka jump up:—nothing to eat, nothing to drink, these poor fellows will all die when the sun jumps up." (278)

74. ..."I believe this one gold: mine yan 'long master now, and tell it that one,"... (35) (c1851, Jemmy Irving, "who had received some little instruction in the old mission school at Wellington" Suttor 1887:34)

75. ...yeast made-bread...When bread so made was first offerd to the station blacks, they eyed it suspiciously, tasted it and spat it out, and offered it back, contemptuously declining to eat it, as being "too much like it that one wool." (83) (1850s, 300 miles from Bathurst down the Valley of the Lachlan)

76. "Yuccai!" ("Oh dear!") (84) (said by an Aboriginal woman of the Lachlan—Maria, alias "The Soldier", Jackey's mother)

77. A surly young fellow...glared at me and growled gutturally, "You got him 'bacca?" I do not smoke; but realising the poet's saying—that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin"—I hurriedly replied, as we seemed to drift too rapidly down the stream, "Oh, yes; plenty 'bacca."...I do not think he knew another word of English. (111) (on the Darling at "a place called Caulpaulin")

78. ...the black says to her, "Nebber you mind now, missis; we'll find him that one now, baal gammon." (126) (probably 1850s, probably between the Lachlan and the Darling)

79. ...the blacks come to a dead myall lying on the ground, with spiked ends of its branches sticking out. They minutely examine one of the spikes. "You see it that one," says one, pointing to a sharp spike. "Little Jimmy been scratch him face along a that one," putting his finger on his cheek to indicate the spot. (126) (probably 1850s, probably between the Lachlan and the Darling)

80. ..."gilgais" or shallow pools... (126-127) (probably 1850s, probably between the Lachlan and the Darling)

81. One of the blacks said sharply, "You hear him that one, that fellow find him little boy. Ball gammon! Jim sit down there where that one cattle make it that one row. That one 'gindie' (play around) along a little Jimmie. We find him now, my word! budgeree that one! baal gammon!!" (128) (probably 1850s, probably between the Lachlan and the Darling)

82. And the blacks speak to him, and say, "Well, Jimmy, what you think a long a blackfellow now, eh?" (129) (probably 1850s, probably between the Lachlan and the Darling)

83. ...I goes to the blacks' camp where big Yarree the blackfellow was, and I sez 'Yarree,' sez I, 'I believe I am bit wid a shnake,' and all the time I could scarcely shpake for the way my hearrt was choking me in the throat. 'Where, like it,' sez he. I

pulls up my trousers to show the place on the calf of my leg. Well Yarree looks at it and he gives a great laff. He sez, sez he, 'That fellow only ant, and little fellow ant too,'... (149) (Irishman to an Aboriginal man, c mid 1800s, probably Bathurst district)

84. When Governor Sir Charles Fitzroy came to visit Bathurst in 1847, one of the public institutions he inspected was the gaol. In it was a prisoner, a blackfellow from the Bogan, who was supposed to have committed some depredation there. He could speak little or no English, and was altogether wild and savage. There was no interpreter at the trial. so that the whole proceeding was mere dumb show to him. He belonged to the Wongaibun (Redant) tribe. He called himself Peeshoo, a name altered by the whites to Fishhook. (150)

85. ...the Aborigines...doctors, or "Crodjees,"...the oldest "Crodjee" present approached the charmed bark, and walked slowly round and round, examining it in every part...this was to "find where the charms lay," which charms, consisting of small crystals, he had of course concealed about his person...he commenced sucking a part of the bark, and after some other manœuvres, spat out a "charm" into his hand...Mr. Meredith aksed one of the men, the following day, "if he were such a fool as to believe that the Crodjee really sucked the crystals out of the bark?" The fellow winked, nodded, and looked wondrously wise, and intimated that *he* certainly *knew* better, but that it would not do to *say so*. (Meredith 1973:91-92)

86. ...a grand Corrobbory, or festival... (Meredith 1973:91)

87. Several of the men knew Mr. Meredith, and whilst I was one day making some purchase in a store, one of them accosted him at the door, pointing at the same time to me. "Lady there, that Gin 'long o' you?—Ay, Ay?" "Yes, that's my gin." Then somewhat banteringly, "Bel you got gin (you have no Gin); poor fellow you—you no gin!" A "poor fellow" meaning a bachelor, and the possession of a wife, among them, being in fact equivalent to keeping a servant, as the unfortunate gins perform all the labour. (Meredith 1973:93)

88. She replied, that she was going to get a beating because she had accidentally broken her husband's "pyook" (pipe). (Meredith 1973:93)

89. The single men, emphatically termed "poor fellows,"... (Meredith 1973:94)

90. ...infanticide is frequent among the women, who often dislike the trouble of taking care of their babies, and destroy them immediately after birth, saying that "Yahoo," or Devil-devil," took them. One woman, whom Mr. Meredith saw a day or two after the birth of her baby, on being asked where it ws, replied with perfect nonchalance, "I believe dingo patta!"—*She believed the dog had eaten it!* (Meredith 1973:95)

91. ...they have an *evil* spirit, which causes them great terror, whom they call "Yahoo," or "Devil-devil:" he lives in the tops of the steepest and rockiest mountains, which are totally inaccessible to all human beings, and comes down at night to seize and run away with men, women, or children, whom he eats up, children being his favourite food; and this superstition is used doubtless as a cloak to many a horrid and revolting crime committed by the wretched and unnatural mothers, who nearly always, when their infants disappear, say "Yahoo" took them. They never can tell which way he goes by his tracks, because he has the power of turning his feet in any direction he pleases, but usually wears them heels first, or, as they express it, "Mundoey that-a-way, cobbra *that*-a-way" (feet going one way, and head or face pointing the other). The name Devil-devil is of course borrowed from our vocabulary, and the doubling of the phrase denotes how terrible or intense a devil he is; that of Yahoo being used to express a bad spirit, or "Bugaboo," was common

also with the aborigines of Van Diemens's Land, and is as likely to be a coincidence with, as a loan from, Dean Swift; just as their word "*coolar*," for anger, very nearly approaches in sound our word *choler*, with a like meaning...I have seen a vocabulary of the language used by the native tribes near Adelaide...but the words wholly differe from those used to express the same thing by the tribes about Bathurst, Goulburn, and the Murrumbidgee. I have been told by a friend of Mr. Meredith's, who had made himself thoroughly acquaintedwith many of the tribes, and was known among them as the "chief who spoke their tongue,' that great diversity of dialects exists among them—not slight variations merely, but a distinctly different vocabulary, of which he gave me many striking instances. As my few examples of their patois will show, the natives who are acquainted with the settlers soon acquiare a curiously composite tongue, where English words sometimes masquerade in most novel meanings, but so arranged as to be very soon understood, especially if used to beg anything. (Meredith 1973:95-96)

92. A man named Hougong was some time chief of a Maneroo tribe, and another, called Jimmy the Rover, was second-best man. Jimmy mortally hated Hougong, but contrived to conceal his animosity under the mask of extreme friendliness, which, as his chief was no doubt as great an adept at hypocrisy as himself was of little consequence. One day Jimmy went to a stock-keeper in the neighbourhood, to propose that he should ask them both to go duck-shooting, and requesting the loan of two guns, one of which should be loaded with ball. for himself, the other with powder only, for Hougong. "Well, me and Hougong go out look for duck, ay, ay. Bel make-a-light duck!—Den me pialla Hougong—'Good many time you want fight along o' me; *now* fight, like it white man, along o' musket.' Well, me pialla—'You shoot first time.' Well, that fellow shoot. 'Ah! you 'tupid fellow, bel hit it!' Den me shoot; directly tumble down Hougong!"...Which notable speech, rendered into English, would be, "Well, I and Hougong shall then go and look for ducks. Ay, ay—we don't see any ducks. Then I say to Hougong, 'You have wanted to fight me many times; let us fight now, like white men, with muskets.' Well, I say, 'You shoot first.' He shoots.—'Ah, you stupid fellow, you did not hit me!" Then I shoot, and Hougong falls dead!" (Meredith 1973:96-97)

93. ...Jimmy heard the Hougong was dead. Great were the lamentations raised for their brave chief by his tribe, and most vehement and vociferous of all were the howlings and groanings of Jimmy the Rover. A friend of Mr. Merediths's, who was present at part of the mourning, found Jimmy full of public woe and private exultation, venting the latter in theatrical asides to those in his confidence, during the impetuous outpourings of his tumultuous stage-effect grief, beginning at the top of his voice and howling most hideously down its whole gamut, more like the yelling of a discontented dog than any other vocal performance I am acquainted with. "Oh! oh! oh! oh! Ooo-oo-oo-oo-ah! [Cabou (big) rogue that fellow Hougong!] Oh! oh! oh! oh! Oo, oo, oo-oo. [Now he dead, directly me maan (take) his Gins] Oh! oh!" and *Da Capo*. (Meredith 1973:97) (Jimmy the Rover)

94. The various expression conveyed by the peculiar "Ay, ay," so constantly used by the natives in speaking, is perfectly indescribable. It is used doubtfully, positively, interrogatively, or responsively, as the case may be, and contains in itself a whole vocabulary of meanings, which a hundred times the number of words could not convey in writing. Suppose you inquire of a native if he have seen such and such a person pass, as he has gone that way:—"Ay, ay?" (interrogatively.) "Yes, a tall man."—"Ay, ay" (thoughtfully). "A tall man, with great whiskers." "Ay, ay (positively). Good way up cobbra, cabou grasse; ay, ay" (corroboratively)..."Good way up cobbra," means "head high up;" *grasse* is used to express hair, beard, or moustache; and *cabou* means great deal, or very much. (Meredith 1973:97-98)

95. ...the poor young squaws, or "Gins,"... (Meredith 1973:98)

96. The aboriginal songs which I have heard are far from unpleasing in sound, and some have considerable melody, with much more tune and variety than those of the New Zealanders, which surprised me, as the latter people are so immeasurably superior to the natives of New South Wales in everything else. The words which the latter sing usually celebrate some great feast nearly all being about eating. One (translated runs nearly thus:—"Eat great deal; eat, eat, eat: eat again, plenty to eat! eat more yet; eat, eat, eat!" &c. &c.; and this is sung to a rather plaintive pretty air! Another song consists of a like repetition of "Wind blow, blow; wind blow," &c.; the air being really pretty. The events celebrated by these songs are seldom of a very dignified description. On one occasion a bullock-driver, known to some of a tribe, got drunk, fought his companions, and had a black eye, which occurrence was immediately immortalized by his black friends in a ditty, of which the burden, chiefly English, was "Black-eye, black-eye," with repetitions endless, the remainder being in their own language. (Meredith 1973:99)

97. The Goulburns accepted, but came armed with all their weapons; which Mr. Meredith observing, he asked them why they came to a dance armed as if for battle. They evaded the question some time, at length saying, "If we keep our weapons, very well, all go right; if we come without, directly they *jump up coolar*" (pick a quarrel, or get angry). (Meredith 1973:101)

98. One very wet miserable day a black was crowding in the warm chimney-corner of a "squatter's" hut...some of the party were asking the native why he was so idle and stupid as to go shivering about without a home when he might soon build himself a warm hut. He listened very quietly to all they had to say, merely observing at last, with the air of a man who has arrived at a most philosophical conclusion:—"Ay, ay! White fellow think it best that-a-way—Black fellow think it best *that*-a-way." "Then black fellow's a fool for his pains," was the uncourteous rejoinder. "I believe so," returned the sable stoic, and straightway folding his blanket around him, walked calmly out into the pouring rain. (Meredith 1973:103)

99. A native one day was wistfully eying a snug pigsty, where the fat grunting inmates were awaiting their supper, which was being cracked in a mill by a convict servant; doubtless their idle and obese condition must have seemed to him the *ne plus ultra* of luxury, for he thus feelingly apostrophized the pigs: "Ay, ay, budgeree fellow you! sit in gunyon all day—white fellow grind for you!" (Ay, ay, you're a lucky fellow, can lie in a house all day, whilst a white man grinds for you!) (Meredith 1973:103-4)

100. The word "gunyon," or house, they apply to everything that seems appropriated to contain any article. My husband had a silver pipe-case for the pocket, and they used to say his pyook had a "gunyon all along of himself." A dog-kennel would be "gunyon 'long of dingo," &c. (Meredith 1973:104)

101. to make them industrious is utterly hopeless; nothign but the present urgent want of anything can induce them to make the slightest exertion. If a man have one "fig" of tobacco, and you promise him another if he will do such or such a service, you must wait until his stock in hand is exhausted, before there is a chance of his trying to earn more, though they are always anxious enough to beg for "Pyook, nyook, owrangey bit o' bacco" (A pipe, and a knife, and a little bit of tobacco). (Meredith 1973:104)

102. A small kind of crayfish frequent the Macquarie, called by the natives "moramy,"... (Meredith 1973:104)

103. A piece of wood called a "wammara," about two feet long, has a notch or socket made in its upper end, into which the blunt end of the spear is inserted before throwing. (Meredith 1973:105)

104. The "nullah-nullah" is another fighting weapon, made like the others, of hard wood, with a round handle widening towards the end into a broad knob, well sharpened on the lower side like the edge of an axe. (Meredith 1973:105-6)

105. The "boomerang" had become familiar, by name at least, in England before I left, although the toys sold in shops as boomerangs are very unlike real ones, the use of which is extremely curious and ingenious. (Meredith 1973:106)

106. The word "waddie," though commonly applied to the weapons of the New South Wales aborigines, does not with them mean any particular implement, but is the term used to express wood of any kind, or trees. "You maan waddie 'long of fire," means "Go and fetch firewood." (Meredith 1973:106)

107. Mr. Meredith on one occasion remonstrated with a black who was cruelly and inhumanly maiming one of these poor harmless creatures, but the only reply the savage made was by a broad grin, and the cool remark, "Bel 'possum cry!"—(Opossum don't cry!) (Meredith 1973:112)

108. "Poor Mary Ann" or The old log hut...On the 21st day of August 1879 – My husband and I were first married and came to make our home on a small farm here – a secluded out of the way place joining the Kiloola Estate.
109. One day some months afterwards, casually opening the back door of our house I was surprised to see "Charley the Blackfellow" squatting on the ground a few yards from me; with a large bearskin rug and a bundle of kangaroo skins lying on the ground near him.–
110. With a tinge of fear, I spoke to him first and then offered him something to eat.– He told me he was with Mr Grist at Kiloola and also that he first came from "the Clarence." Speaking of the heat on the Clarence he said – "Yes but a beautiful breeze comes up of an evening all about and and makes you feel so fresh like a baby." He spoke very well with a great deal of manner and attitude.– Knowing that he had a Black wife shepherding for Mr Grist, I asked about her.– "She is from Dubbo side, and will come to see you M'am." He wanted to sell the rug, my sister afterwards bought it from him and has it yet.– soon afterwards Maryann Charlies wife came "to see" me with honey to sell and whenever she came I had a chat with her; and bought her honey.– Mary Ann seemed older than Charlie with a more earnest manner than he, and said less.– About 5 years ago after camping all over Kiloola, they "sat down" on the edge of it in a log hut; within cooee of us. Then we began to see more of them. Mary Ann bought bacon **[2]** and always paid any money she was indebted to us – she also bought hay for her "filly." Poor Maryann! I fancy I can see her now with two bags of hay on her back; running slowly away – to make them bump and my children laugh – for she dearly loved children and would do all she could to please them.–
111. I remember so well the first time she came inside my house; her expression of pity upon seeing my little Mary fallen asleep on the floor and how she begged me to "take baby up." Whenever she came to the house; my children would run to see her; One day when she came bringing her old dog Range with her, my children were having a tub – Georgie coming out to see her, she at once caught hold of her dog afraid he might fly at the naked child.
112. If Maryann found one of my turkeys nests with eggs in – she would bring me the eggs, or tell me of them and I have taken eggs from a turkey's nest a few yards from Charlies hut. Maryann had fowls too, and she and I used to discuss our chickens and show a kindly interest in each others belongings; She was very proud when Miss Grist gave her 6 geese eggs she set them under her "old hen" and was prouder still when two goslings were hatched – She and Charlie nursed these making regular pets of them selling them to me she brought them here in her basket then we nursed them instead, in spite of which they became two fine grey and white ganders and chased us.–

113. Mary Ann and Charlie seemed very good freinds and could often be seen riding about together on horseback – in consequence of **[3]** which – they lost the sheep in more ways than one.
114. On the 18th day of March 1885 Fanny my fourth child was born and one day, within a week afterwards.– George and Irene my two eldest children wandered away from the nurse to look for their father. While they were being found I consoled myself with the thought; there were plenty of Blacks near to track them if necessary.– knowing at that time Charley and Maryann had three of their friends, "sitting down" with them in camps, near the Log hut. There were Jeanie Clay, Sara:- Jeanie's adopted dauther; and Murray, Sara's husband.– Jeanie or "the old lady" as Charlie called her; was formerly the wife of a white Blacksmith, named Clay who died at Peel many years ago; and Jeanie kept his name, through two or three later marriages.– My Sister being here on a visit and; and a lover of novelty, went one day to call upon them all at their camps, and had afternoon tea with them, for noveltys sake.
115. Another day, she the children and I, went for a little picnic by ourselves, up Stoney Creek to a pretty romantic little spot near here. We had made our fire, boiled our "billy," and finished, our dinner. Georgie was busy cleaning the black off the "billy can" – when we were attracted by some sheep coming along a hill just opposite us. On one of their walks there was a crossing to be got over –. The first sheep came to it stopped first – jumped over it – stopped again – and then gave a pleased little run – the next sheep came to it – stopped first – jumped over it – stopped again – and then gave **[4]** a pleased little run – then the next and so on until all the sheep on that walk had crossed over –, we watched them wondering how so many individual sheep could do exactly the same thing in exactly the same manner –when my sister suddenly exclaimed "Look! Georgie! I do not expect you will be able to see anything like that about here when you become a man. This was Jeanie Clay and her dog following the sheep – the next time I saw Jeanie was one frosty morning; hearing a sharp shrill clear voice calling out near our house and Skipper barking I went to see the cause. It was Jeanie frantically waving a large knotted stick over her head and calling at the dog – the more she waved her stick and called; the more uneasy Skipper became.– I escorted "the old lady" to the house and had a talk with her – She gave me her latest news of Sydney and had been to the Races there
116. Skipper our dog was of a white black spotted cattle breed, and most valuable on the farm; always on the alert to see where he could put in his help - fond of the children – and with a few lessons learnt to sit up and beg with eyes and paws. The sheep were taken from Maryann and given to the Murrays whom I never knew.
117. Mary Ann having lost her flock came to help me - And could do washing and housework very well indeed and cleanly in all her ways. Although she always came when she would and went when she would, I felt with her "Come when you will you are welcome to me." Christmas 1885 coming round I gave her a currant cake. Charley thanked me for it **[5]** saying – "It went well with us it did so M'am." Early in the New Year Maryann came to me with her face cut and swollen and looking very miserable – she said. "That fellow knock me about. pull me off the horse; kick me, and now wants to drag me away somewhere I don't want to go – but spose I must." Knowing "that fellow" meant Charley I said. Where does he want to take you? "He won't say only when I said it is too hot to go far he said it is not far." Wanting to sell her "old hen" and chickens also a dish she used to strain honey into I bought them. The dish has 4 holes in the rim to hang it out of the dogs way – we call it "Maryann's dish" to this day.– After saying Goodbye she went away with Charley; While we counting over our recent losses £21 gone astray in the Bank. Ceres (our draught mares) foal having died – and Skipper being killed by a poisoned bait – felt that Maryanns going away from the Log hut was almost as great a loss as any.– After she and Charley left some Miners working at Stoney Creek for a time staid in the Log hut.
118. 9 or 10 months ago. My Husband saw Maryann again in Peel and asked her how she had been getting on – "Just the same thank you Sir sometimes better sometimes worse" Then she and Charley came back to the log hut Mary Ann soon

came to see us and said "I have been busy cleaning the hut up there potatoes lying all about and a heap of ashes up the chimney"
119. Upon my asking her about Jeanie Clay and the Murrays she told me Sara was found **[6]** dead in some gully and when they had buried her Jeanie and Murray went off together. I asked "Did Jeanie fret about Sara's death?" "She would not have taken the old man if she did" was Maryann's prompt reply.–
120. I offered her a cabbage to take home with her. "It is no use M'am I've only a quart to boil it in" This touched me so I gave her a saucepan.
121. Charley can often be seen riding – with tall Black Hat and white trousers 7 or 8 dogs following him. And when he goes to Public places of amusement he puts on the Blackfellow very much to amuse the Crowd and get a few shillings.– On these occasions Mary Ann would say to me with an air of contempt. "That fellow is off to day dressed up like I do not know what with all his dogs he wanted to take mine too to make a bigger show. He wanted me to go I'll not go to make sport."
122. Another time "He is a great man to day showing off and getting a feed." One day she said – "That fellow come to the camp last night wanting this and that and tobacco I don't keep no stores says I."
123. Charley went for a time to my brothers station – and before going he said to me "She will not go M'am my pups can't follow and she will stay and mind them helping you all the same." But Maryann would neither go with him nor mind his dogs.
124. Christmas 1887 drawing near Maryann and I were talking about it – "Where were you last Christmas Maryann?" – "Over at Oakey M'am. "Mrs McKinnon sent me a nice pat of fresh butter some fresh mutton and a cake **[7]** or pudding and I had my place all cleaned up tidy." Where was Charley? Charley! he was going to get ducks and all sorts before and when the day came he was in Wattle Flat, with a good dinner and some one to wait on him and he was too drunk to see it."
125. Speaking of their coming back she said "He won't keep no place getting drunk and making a row that is the way to spoil good people they won't stand it."
126. Taking my pudding out of the pot, and hanging it up; Mary Ann was surprised saying "Won't it get hard and stale?" "You come next Sunday Mary Ann and see and have some dinner here." "Yes I'll come thank you but I want to get some plums, and currants and a bit of suet to have something to myself like." Mr Grist about this time had given Mary Ann a small flock of sheep again for a month or two – and the next time I saw her was on the 26th of January 1888 on our way to the Childrens Picnic at Peel we saw Mary Ann after the sheep with her dogs; she then had her camp near Kiloola Gold mine.
127. Perhaps she thought of the stale pudding, but I fancy Charlie's coming back on Christmas Eve upset our arrangements.–
128. Afterwards she "shifted camp" to "Hawkens' place" (as we call it) over the hill from the log hut – then leaving Charley there she came to the log hut.– In March she kept closer to me than any other time coming nearly every day.– On the 23rd of March my husband attended evening service at Peel – and coming home late **[8]** he said – "There is a row at the camp I can hear Maryann calling out like anything." Just as he spoke we heard a long shrill piercing scream or squeal.– My husband went out and called – "What are you at Charlie?" As Maryann ran panting and coughing into our yard near my window. I heard Charley saying in low tones "Go on now" "I won't!" "I won't!" was her reply – "You are no blackfellow for me riding about all the days – while I work for my bit of a living – Go home and smoke your pipe." These words of abuse were pleasant to me for I knew nobody was killed.– My husband talked to Charley for sometime at the gate Charley said "Turn her out Boss she is too saucy running to a white man's camp like that she ought to stay and fight it out at home I've been to see my friends ("and your enemy too Charlie" (was my husband's reply) and when I come home that one run away and I've got no one to talk to" – I'll have no more to do with her I'll get another gin to mind my dogs.– Buff barked and growled and we could hear Charley grumbling to himself outside the palings for ever so long.–

129. Next morning looking through our Dining Room window we saw on the dividing fence near our house, an old blanket or bag – and 3 dogs tied to the bottom rail.– Then we saw Mary Ann carrying her can from the creek followed by Lumpy, and heading the young ducks home as was her custom whenever she found them wandering.
130. Later on she came to the house and the children were in great excitement over a **[9]** silver looking locket with chain; and a bell. Speaking of the locket – Maryann said. "I brought it for Irene but Georgie met me at the gate so I gave it to him instead." – Asking me to keep the bell – I said I would take care of it for her.
131. Thinking "the least said the soonest it is mended ded" I said nothing to her of the nights adventures until she began. "My word! that is getting a good little watch dog of yours. There was a bit of a row last night." I was camping outside the hut nearer this way with my saucepan of spuds on the fire, when I heard that fellow, coming over the hill calling me names, and when he got close I up with my saucepan and runs with him coming behind me with two big stones in his hands. Why! one of those might break a persons back." Feeling greatly amused and slightly provoked; I said "It is no use your running away from Charley like that; "why don't you give him anything you have to eat, and say nothing to him." "No fear! He will get no more from me, always coming to the camp like a Rushing wind – upsetting everybody.– He took my filly everybody knows it is my filly, I gave him a pound and a gun for that filly and he spent the pound sold the gun and took the filly; he had not a dog or anything else when he first came to me." "Where did you sleep last night?" "While he and the master were talking I stole over got my blankets and rolled myself up – there till morning" pointing to where the dogs were tied.
132. Once I asked why she married Charley.– She said "Because I was ashamed of being seen about by myself so long."
133. Then she made a very make "shift camp" **[10]** where the dogs were; my children helping her. She would have taken the roof off the log hut, if Mr Grist had not seen and prevented her saying "You have two huts are not they enough for you" but she said Charley had turned her out of both. She would not take my advice, to sleep in our kitchen until one very wet night – then in the morning she swept up the kitchen took out her bedding and went home (wherever her dogs were tied she called home) until we called her for some breakfast – She said to me in such a tone of affection "Lumpy was so good at the camp all night without me." I heard her at this camp say "Darkie I'll warm your ear." Darkie is a large savage looking dog and though as Maryann said he never had bitten anyone – if he broke loose she always said Where are the children? and secured him at once. I classed her dogs this way. Darkie never had bitten any one yet Range the old dog would bite but his teeth were old Boy would not bite unless you teased him – and Lumpy a brother of Charleys pups that "could not follow" was quite harmless except coming into the kitchen or wherever Mary Ann was; and getting at the milk sometimes.
134. Ceres feeding near her camp was attracted by the dogs when Mary Ann said "Your filly wants to have a look."
135. On Easter Sunday my Baby boy was born; and next morning, Mrs Atchieson who attended me coming into my room said "Poor old Mary Ann is off this morning over the hill with all her dogs, I suppose she has gone to hunt for them she always says she must hunt for her dogs as if they could not hunt for themselves."
136. My Sister coming on Tuesday said Maryann took the news of baby to Mrs Grists yesterday and it went on from there to us. Next Saturday, it was night, I heard some one say, Charley is here "Charley here! and my husband away what next?" Georgie had invited him down to the kitchen for some tea – I dared not hope he would refuse the invitation, so was not surprised to hear that Mrs Atchieson who was not afraid had given him some tea outside. Where was Mary Ann? In the kitchen alone with the "big baby" alseep on her lap, at his mercy! – The next news I heard was that Charley no longer able to restrain his pent up feelings had put his head in the kitchen door and said "Did you get any kangaroo scalps or tails lately?"
137. One day bringing water from the creek Mary Ann almost ran into the kitchen with it saying "There is someone running to the creek and here comes all the geese

up frightened like myself" This someone was a man who came to tell me he had just started running on the Limekilns Road with goods at Bathurst prices. It seems leaving his horse and cart on the road he had run off it to tell me, and so frightened Mary Ann and the geese. Watching the geese one day running together and flapping she said "They are like a lot of wild blacks gammoning to fight." –
138. While Mary Ann was milking one Monday morning I thinking of her bad cough felt I must speak to her of religion; but being so much taken up with the things of this world and fearing I should not put things plainly to her, I only said; when she brought in the milk and I skimmed the dish – "Did you bring your bottle for the milk?" No M'am I'll go and **[12]** fetch it. And with that she went off. At dinner time seeing her dogs were gone, I went to the camp; everything was left; the red flannel body my sister gave her for taking the news thrown aside. And half a bottle of honey in the entrance of the camp. I felt anxious, and we all wondered, the children said perhaps she had gone hunting and could not get back, we heard nothing until the following Sunday the 29th of April. Bishop Camidge of Bathurst preached at Peel and I got "baby" christened. Going to Church, I saw Charley going to Church too; dressed up without a dog. I said is Maryann at your camp Charley? "No I think she is at Mrs Grists M'am." My husband asked Charley how he liked the Bishop – Grand! Sir! he made the building tremble again, he did so!" – Next day Mary Ann came back to us bringing with her a bag of apples. She and Georgie were to have made jam of these in the saucepan at her camp. I gave her three pounds of sugar but putting it off apples and sugar went separately –
139. Maryann was tidy in her clothes but very erratic about boots; having them on in the sunshine and off in the frost – And as Georgie remarked once "Is not Mary Ann a funny girl she has boots on Monday and none on Sunday." He told her once "Girls ought not to smoke" She did not take the hint.
140. Warming her toes by the Kitchen fire one morning she said to me "That fellow come to the kitchen last night. Hallo! says he where is the Boss?" "Inside says I getting his tea; tell him I want so and so. No I won't says I if you want **[13]** anything go to the door and knock and ask for yourself. Then he began talking away; so I put my head in the corner like this and did not listen." Showing me how she did it.
141. That night Charley did knock, and suprised us for his habit is to wait about houses until he is discovered.–
142. Will not you forgive Charley Maryann? "No I'll not like him for throwing away my bundle of clothes going up Razorback from here." This was a new story to the filly and gun we knew so well but I forget her exact words. "I'll not forgive him if once I turn against anyone like that I never go back." – This looked serious. –
143. On the 2ce of May a Church Teameeting was held at Peel. Charlie was pulling our corn and Maryann was helping me Charlie said he would like to go to the "Big Feed" and asked Maryann would not she? The day before Charley said to us "Mary Ann is going she has a grand bonnet from Mrs Grist and all a rose here" pointing to the top of his head.– I gave Maryann a ticket and asked her to let me see her before she went. Charley brought both "Fillys" to go and said Maryann was to ride the black one "then she will be all black." When she came into the kitchen, looking pleased with her red dress and drab hood with red velvet rosette on the top and her boots on. Charley said "There she is! look at her!" Maryann seemed shy and to hide her blushes became very much taken up with Irene who was ready to go too with her Father – looking at Irene's hat she said "Let me see shall we swop?" **[14]** Charley said to me afterwards "she was with all the Ladies M'am washing up – but some fellows threw sticks or something at her head and I did not like that" – Looking out next day and wondering where the Teameeters were. I saw Charley with the saucepan on his head, walking away with an air of triumph; followed by Maryann with the rest of her things back from this camp to the Log hut.–
144. Feeling very ill the following Saturday, I sent for Maryann. She came after dinner but was very good, and made me some tea.– Charley came some days afterwards.– "And how are you to day M'am?" "Better thankyou Charlie but I was very ill on Saturday" "So she was telling me M'am, and she gave you a drink of tea;

the Master was away and you had no tea. Oh er! dee ar! me!" Seeing they enjoyed giving poor me a drink. I said nothing about the cornflour and Georgie's dinner.– One day, being "in a hurry" with the children. Charley said to me "I expect they bother you a bit M'am but I do like to see a lot of them about."

145. "What about the "Queens Blankets" Maryann? how used you to get them?" "Mr Grist used to get them for me but they must have been lying about a long time all eaten like but I had none this two years, once Mr Fagan at Wattle Flat had none and once Charley would not go for it" Speaking to Mrs Grist about the "Queen's blankets for Mary Ann she said "The ones they gave us for her were "old rags not worth picking up." My husband being in Town thought he would try this time and although Maryanns, and Charleys names had not been given in **[15]** he got them three coarse strong blankets. On the 23rd of May, Maryann the Children and I went for a good walk to Mrs Sinclair's a mile and a half from here and as Charley said "it will take you ladies all day to go" we took our dinner and time making a day of it – seeing us on the road you would say – it was "shift-camp".

146. On the 24th of May Maryann having given Georgie a penny to "buy crackers" we had a little "Jubilee" with bonfire and fireworks. Mary Ann laughed aloud at the double crackers saying they "chased" her" – She left Charley again in June saying "He talked all night long and I did give him some tea and next morning he said he had not had any." Then she made a camp near where her grave now is. On 24th of June, Georgie was 8 years old; and Maryann came into Sunday school here and said "It is a nice little Service enough" She nursed the baby while I played the Hymms.– At the end of June an extensive Kangaroo drive was held at Kiloola.– Charley enjoyed the sport partook of the good cheer and gave us a Graphic description of it all; – then condemned the principle saying "They are killing all the Kangaroos on me." At this time because of Darkie Maryann either brought the cows or went with Georgie for them. One day going for them; she stopped on the road and made a fire to warm Georgies hands.– Another night getting late I said "Maryann has not brought the cows." "she said she would bring them Mother, I know she will." Feeling doubtful I went to the yard just as Maryann and the cows came into it. Georgie was delighted saying – "She told me that truth she said she would bring them." **[16]** One day in July – Georgie came in with a chorus of little voices saying "Maryann is here; she says she is going to die and we are to burn all her things; she is going to die and be buried on the hill near her camp and I am to keep her billy can and dishes."

147. When I went out she was sitting near the fence resting and said "I was telling little George I might not get over but I might you know;" Speaking of burning her things she said "We must always burn dead peoples things because they are sure to come round that way again and won't like to see their old things lying about." "Do not go to your camp to night stay her in the kitchen and I will make you some oatmeal. Come inside now and see "baby"" "and where is that gentleman? Where is that beautiful boy? Looking! Looking! All around, soon get up and walk about! "He begins to think he wants nursing Maryann." And I'll nurse him when he wants it then I do not think I can go away." "Stay with him now Maryann while I go for the cows." Knowing if she went to her camp she would not return I said "Never mind your blanket we will get bags." "I must go home and make a bit of fire for them (meaning the dogs) then I will come back" she did not come. Next morning my husband saw her going away with her dogs.– The next day Charley came. And where is she to day M'am? is not she with you?" "No Charley she thought of going to Hawkens place as it is warmer and the Master saw her going across the paddock yesterday." "That must be M'am she did not stay at her camp here. I felt the ashes all cold." The following Saturday Maryann came her and took her things from her camp – to "Hawkens" Charley laughed at her saying "Yes take all your things going about **[17]** like some old traveller from place to place." When she had gone he said to me – "Is it not strange M'am how she goes off in the temper all of a minute?" "She thinks you talk too much Charley." – "I can't help talking M'am." "I expect she will go back soon Charley." – "Yes turn again M'am in a minute all the other way – I'll let her have her fling."

148. On Monday a bitter cold day. Maryann came into the kitchen agitated saying "I was nearly dead all night my fire went out and I lost my matches" When she sat by the fire her whole body heaved at each breath and when she had warm milk and got warm her breathing subsided and she became very weak – she said "I can't make it out yesterday I went to Mrs Grists and coming back I seemed like an old winded racehorse with all his sides going" Charley coming she being only a woman; began to upbraid him saying "You never came near me yesterday you knew I was bad you are not my friend." – Charley let her dogs loose and tied them with his at the hut. Mr Grist sent plenty of mutton for her and brought an order for the Hospital.. Thinking of the hospital she discussed her wardrobe with me and was not satisfied with it. Knowing her I felt sorry because strangers would not know her. But Charley set her quite against going by saying "they would put cold water on her there" He went there once and they gave him a shower bath – On Tuesday she went out into the sun. Thinking the Bible the safest. I read to her sititng in the sun, the 14th and 15th chapters of St John when I had finished Maryann said that is good to hear. Another time I read to her those beautiful lines "Shall we meet beyond **[18]** the River" given in full in "the Lifeguard." Maryann wanted Jeanie Clay to come and "Sit down" with her a bit" so I wrote to the address Maryann gave me for Jeanie to come, but we got no answer. Charley said he heard she was dead. He brought all Maryann's things here even her old basket. She kept up her cheerful grateful ways all the time and would smile to herself as she watched little Pauline "the big baby" playing.– As Mary Ann slept nearly in the fire I was afraid at night and put her bell near her calling it her "fire bell". Putting an old skirt of mine on her to help blankets she got her head in it. I went to the rescue; when she said "Dear me aint sick people funny?" One night leaning over the fire she said very earnestly "I hope I will get over; I do not want to go yet." "We must all go some day Maryann; I hope you will not go yet." "Yes" she said "When our time comes Jesus will take us when He wants us we must only trust Him." I felt so glad I could hardly speak; then I said "Who first told you about Jesus Maryann?" A Minister over at O'Connel; I can't think of his name; he used to go round and get us to go to Church once a month, before I came to Kiloola."

149. Trying to get at her age, and asking about her early days she said "We must go back to the children we are reared with and ask them how old they are? but I can't go back it is too far"

150. I also learnt that "Katie" was her Mother and "Harry" was her father – her father died when she was a baby and her Mother when she was a half grown girl. Then Mrs McKillop of Dubbo took her – and she went from her **[19]** to a Mrs Fulton – then to Mrs Thompson then to Mrs West then to Saltram; there Charley came to her – and they came to Kiloola. One night I had to do a good deal for her as she was getting very weak, when she said "Shameful! shameful! indeed, a lady to attend me when I ought to be kicked out of the house." –

151. The day after she came she got away from us. I heard the children calling Maryann! Little Pauline came running in peeped under the table and called "May ee an!" I went out and called Maryann! then knowing her ways went on with my work; some time after Georgie found her lying in the long dead grass where our grape vines are or should be.– On Wednesday she went there again, but there was a cold wind and knowing where to find her I persuaded her to come in; then cold dull days came and she got worse and weaker though she tried to console me by saying she was worse the Sunday night before she came here – and her appetite failed.– Charley was very attentive and wanted her to go to his camp at first but she would not go. At last not coming for two days she said – "He is very saucy never coming nigh us to chop a bit of wood these two days – he will have to carry me out of this to his camp and keep my fire going." She had been in the kitchen over a week and while to me a halo of affection and interest seemed to glow round her poor form on the kitchen floor I knew to casual observers the whole surroundings would have a very dreary look – then came the thought – it is **[20]** no place for her to die in. So I said "would you really like to go?" "Yes" – "Then perhaps you can go in the cart." I took up her poor things <u>carefully</u> put them into the sack – carried them out to the cart – and

turned back – proud of being so kind.– My pride fell – when I met Irene coming after me with Maryann's old boots and stockings held close in her arms like a pet kitten and quite a matter of course look on her sweet little face. Maryann walked to the cart her will seemed to give her strength and as I helped her in she said as though fearing I might think she doubted my hospitality "I am only going for firewood." – As soon as the cart reached the Log hut I heard Charley's axe.– When Maryann left she asked me to send anything I could and the mutton "easy" or "send just enought for me and I'll give him a bit."

152. Then I thought I will watch for the smoke and so know if Charley is at home.– But the smoke did not satisfy me all next day I thought I should like to see the fire – so putting two eggs in my pocket and with a jar of jam in one hand and an "easy" bit of mutton in the other I started for the camp – when I got near – out came the dogs headed by Darkie – I first thought to run – then "cooeed" for Charley to tie the dogs up – Maryann looked very bright and had a good breakfast of hare and fried potatoes Charley was proud saying – "she seemed to fancy that more" M'am than her own" meaning the mutton he said "I expect she will be away camping in the bush again soon" but I said "she must not"

153. On the following Saturday week when Charley **[21]** came – he said – "She says she would so like to see you M'am, and she says she would like some pumpkin, and she says could you spare an onion? And she won't touch my bread and I fry it well too." – I do not think I can go to day Charley – the Master is away Irene has gone with him and Georgie is not well. "And I don't like to hear about that M'am sickness soon brings us down and lays us low" "And I tell her you can't get away M'am and she says she knows that too better than I do myself." After he had gone Georgie brightening up and thinking I might not have another chance, I went again. Maryann seemed weaker – Charley had got another puppy making 8 dogs altogether at the camp 4 or 5 of them were tied inside the hut and the rest in a shed. The puppy was lying on Maryann's blanket I admired it so did she but said it barked all night – then I suggested taking it home with me for a bit – but Charley saying nothing – I added "Perhaps the children might pull it about too much" then he said "That is what I was thinking M'am." Thinking Maryann had too much fire and not enough clothes; I suggested she should put something on her arms and chest. "That is what I say M'am and sometimes she lays about with nothing on at all, going back!, quite the old style!" I felt a smile as I thought; will that old style return? – Then came the sad thought, going back is a bad sign:- I turned to Charley and said "Do you know the Lords Prayer Charley?" "Yes M'am" – "Then supposing we say it" – He and I knelt down – and while all the dogs growled I said aloud The Lords prayer – and the peace of God which **[22]** passeth all understanding keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of god and of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord Amen – Mary Ann said I will get a wash some day. Her words afterwards seemed to have a deeper meaning – Charlie came on Sunday – on Tuesday afternoon he came on horseback – seeing he had been riding I met him at the gate saying almost in one breath "Where have you been Charley? how is Maryann?" "Up to Mr Sinclair's and she is very bad to day" I went to Mrs Grist last night – but the Boss was not at home about getting her to the Hospital I washed all her clothes to go except two jackets I thought I could master her and get it out of her whatever the complaint is but I can't."

154. He went and presently came back saying she is much worse she thinks she is dying and wants to see you M'am" I could only go – My husband handed me a Church Service. When I got there I could do nothing except read a short prayer and say "Poor Maryann! I am very fond of you Why do you want me? Only because it might be the last and I am very fond of the children and you both; but I must let you go home now I am keeping you from your little ones." Thinking if there was anything Charley could go for she said to him "Don't you go away you have had running about enough"

155. When I left Charley at the door I said "I wish I could help you Charley" – "I am sure we are very much obliged to you all the same M'am but we can't help these things." Recognising poor Lumpy my heart warmed towards him –

156. On Wednesday Charley came saying "she seems **[23] [missing, paper torn]** "not better but **[missing, paper torn]** He went away and later on he came to the back door and called – "Are you in M'am?" When I went to the door he said. **[missing, paper torn]**id now, I have lost! She is dead! "died" while I was at Peel."
157. Mary ann had told Charley the same wish as she told Georgie; and she was buried on our hill near her old camp. On the **[missing, paper torn]**th day of August 1888 my husband read the Service in the presence of "Charley the Blackfellow", a Police Officer and three of my children, George, Mary and Fanny. And while the members of the English Football Club were shooting kangaroos in the hills around "Poor Maryann" was laid in her lonely grave.– Charleys grief for his **[missing, paper torn]** wife and desire to fulfil all her wishes were beautiful, and **[missing, paper torn]** tall black hat; and alas! for the contrast was ridiculous – He brought Maryanns "billy can" and dishes saying **[missing, paper torn]** decidedly "They are not mine"; he brought a bundle of kangaroo skins as "a present for **[missing, paper torn]** Master" and with a deep feeling of tenderness and pity, I spoke to him and gave him something to eat.– Cooee

158. Near Bathurst I fell in with from 100 to 200 natives, who appeared to be on excellent terms with the colonists; but some serious disturbances had taken place a few years before, when many of them were killed. Discovering afterwards that it was in vain to contend with their antagonists they became quiet, and have remained so ever since. The following is a specimen of their native language, and my reason for inserting it is, its being the best specimen of a native idiom that I was able to procure. The words are spelt as nearly as possible according to the pronunciation–

Boongoo	Squirrel.	Warranlung	Snake.
Willee	Opossum.	Mallangon	Platypus.
Wamboa	Kangaroo.	Werumba	Tortoise.
Begarra	Old ditto.	Norong	Emu.
Wondeelee	Porcupine.		
Curragonbullong	Bullock.	Cambul	Native Turkey.
Jambuck	Sheep.		
Toontoo	Black Swan.	Woàmboambang	Wild Duck.
Miree	Native Dog.	Bullterrasera	Plover.
Mill	Eyes.	Pallang	Head.
Nang	Mouth.	Moro	Nose.
Woota	Ears.	Erang	Teeth.
Ketar	Hair.	Yeran	Chin.
Tairong	Legs.	Tommal	Arms.
Gunna	Shoulder.	Tinnoung	Feet.
Berrin	Breast.	Tallin	Tongue.
Yelen	Side.	Moura	Fingers.
Eramang	Horse.	Younoun	Elbow.

(Breton1834:170-71)

159. While in the Bathurst country, I witnessed a Corrobborey, or meeting between two hostile parties*, and for some time entertained an idea that they were only amusing themselves; in fact, after all their trouble it was not evident which party go the best...*A Corrobborey, however, does not always imply a *hostile* meeting. (Breton 1834:171-72)

160. ...tribes nearly of a copper colour have been discovered in various parts of our continent, those at Port Macquarie being very savage and warlike, and much feared by the other natives, with whom they are commonly in a state of hostility. They are in fact pronounced to be cannibals by the others, and such appears to be the opinion generally entertained of all the mulatto tribes by their darker brethren; for at Bathurst, where the fame of theise distant mulatto tribes has reached, they are described by the natives as "white fellow" that "kill and eat black fellow." (Cunningham, vol. 2, 1827:14)

161. ...Tommy, alias Jackey Jackey...he knew very little English having acquired only enough patois, since his confinement, to deny his guilt..."Bayal me tumble down white fellow." "Murry me jerrun." "Bayal more walk about." (said by an Aboriginal man who killed a stockman at Bathurst, January ?) (Oldfield 1828a:278-79)

9

Wellington

1. Marra, 'to do,' 'to make,' joined to another verb, or, oftener, to nouns and adjectives, answers exactly to the Latin *facio*; as, giwai, 'sharp,' giwai-marra, 'to sharpen'; giwa, 'wet, moist,' giwa-marra, 'to moisten'; gullai, 'net,' gullai-marra, 'to net, to make a net.' Hence the natives join -mara to English verbs; as, grind-marra, 'to grind'; ring marra, 'to ring the bell.' (Gunther 1892:65)

2. In July [1836] Watson told Goongeen [Jemmy Buckley], the youth most firmly attached to the missionaries, that some of the wheat in the paddock he was working was his. He replied: "What shall I do with it? directly Black fellow know I got wheat they come up and eat it all up at once, and then I shall have to go into the Bush like another Black fellow." (Bridges 1978:344)

3. Watson frequently mentioned the unwillingness of the Aborigines to assist each other when sick. Their attitude seems to have been typified by the young man who on seeing that Bobbagul, an old man who spent much of his time at the mission, was sick, remarked 'never mind him, let him die'. (Bridges 1978:355)

4. ...next to prostitution and fornication the sins which caused them the most anguish were blasphemy and swearing. Oaths and obscenities acquired from the convict servants generally made up a significant part of the Aboriginess' limited store of English phrases. There was, of course, no vicious intent in the Aborigines' missionaries as literalist fundamentalists this was of little relevance and for them the offence constituted a major rather than a venial sin. They reproved both black and white for the habit and were delighted whenever a black boy admonished an errant white or one of their own elders, which they did on occasion at the cost of a thrashing. It is not surprising that the blacks found difficulty in understanding the objection to language freely employed by other whites, including those ranked as gentlemen. By the end of 1833 they had learnt never to swear in the presence of the missionaries. (Bridges 1978:379)

5. ...Watson ridiculed native beliefs concerning the shooting star as a portent of death and a great flood prophecy. Goongeen told him: 'You wont believe Blackfellow. Blackfellow wont believe you'. (Bridges 1978:398)

6. One black scolded Watson for going to a neighbouring station on a Sunday demanded of him the following Sunday 'what for you walk about on Sundays?' when he had only gone a few yards. Another put the situation in a nutshell when he replied to a reproof from Watson that 'Blackfellow not go Sunday'. (Bridges 1978:405)

7. The Wiradjuri had heard that the *'parton'* was coming (the Wiradjuri language has no 'rs' sound) and assumed it was Watson coming for the kids. (Reid 1988:18)

8. On 7 August 1838 Cochrane told Gunther: "I must go to the camp, the old men make me go. What need you these wicked old fellows? Why care you for the Governor? These old men our Governors, we must do as they say." (Reid 1988:19)

9. On 15 May [1838] Mrs Gunther remarked how much better behaved were the Maoris than the Aborigines. Jemmy flashed, 'Very well, very well, go then to New Zealand. I know you do not care for us, want to perish, go to hell-fire. Well we shall all go there'. (Reid 1988:19)

10. In July 1839 Gunther told the boys not to allow cicatrices to be cut on their bodies as a mark of mourning a recent death. It was forbidden by god in the Bible. Cochrane demanded: "Where the Bible come from? From God, to be sure. To what country he sent it first, to England?" (Reid 1988:19)

11. In 1835 James Backhouse and George Walker visited Montefiore's property in the Wellington Valley, then known as Myami. (McDonald 1968:28)

12. While remaining at Wellington, I enjoyed a favourable opportunity of observing a small tribe of natives, who inhabited that valley... (Henderson 1832:145)

13. ...a koree or doctor...Marinbilly...who was said to officiate in the capacity of wizard as well as doctor. (Henderson 1832:146)

14. On the arrival of the king, having first taken him apart from the remainder of his subjects, and propitiated His Royal Highness with a couple of inches of negro-head tobacco, we cautiously renewed our former inquiries...we in the first place inquired of him the meaning of the circular enclosure; as well as of those other characters which had previously attracted my attention. His reply, which was communicated both in broken English and in his own language, was clear and unequivocal...Although it probably proceeded from accident, it is perhaps deserving of observation, that the words which he employed to explain his meaning in the language of his tribe, would have expressed nearly a similar signification in the one which is commonly spoken in Hindostan. Having now conducted us to the place where we had before remarked the figure of a human being lying extended on the ground, he endeavoured to explain to us their rude system of mythology. We experienced, however, great difficulty in comprehending the import of what he intended to communicate; and still more so, in combining the different materials after they had been collected...Piame is the name of the god of the black people of New South Wales; he is the father of their race, and formerly appears to have sojourned amongst them. Mudjegong, on the other hand, is and evil spirt, who after having derived his existence from Piame, declared war upon him, and now endeavours with all his power to frustrate his undertakings...The offspring of Piame were numerous; but the whole, with the exception of two, were destroyed by Mudjegong, who converted them into different wild animals...The two remainign children were named Melgong and Yandong; who were also the progenitors of the present inhabitants. (Henderson 1832:146-47)

15. He is then instructed in their mythology, I believe, by the koree... (initiates at Wellington) (Henderson 1832:148)

16. The various languages of New South Wales, are generally soft and pleasing; a considerable proportion of the termination being similar ot those of the Malay. More to the Northward however, I understand, they make use of a number of expressions which are generally current on the continent of India. Their tribes are thinly distributed over the country. The numbers composing one of these, may vary from thirty to several hundred individuals; and it is even stated, that some have been discovered, consisting of upwards of a thousand... (Henderson 1832:149)

17. All the natives of Van Diemen's Land however, carry a throwing stick about two feet long, named a wady, and which they are in the habit of employing for the purpose of despatching a wounded victim. (Henderson 1832:150-51)

18. ...a womroo...a singular weapon, and seems to be peculiar to this part of the country. In size and shape, it resembles the blade of a sabre, imitated in wood, and deprived of the handle; both ends are however, similarly pointed, and the general curve possesses a considerable convexity. It is thrown, with the concave side towards the object, and is made to revolve horizontally. It is generally made to strike the

ground, at about ten or fifteen yards distance; after which it acquires an increased velocity, and having attained a tolerable elevation, it assumes a curved direction backwards and downwards, not unlike the irregular course which we may sometimes observe an armed rocket describe. It is capable of inflicting a severe wound, while in consequence of its irregular motion, it is far from easy to ward off its effects, by interposing the wooden shield. (Wellington) (Henderson 1832:151)

19. In the evening, the westerly tribe had a Korobery, or war dance. ('tribe' west of Wellington) (Henderson 1832:151)

20. At a distance from European settlements, they are generally treacherous in the extreme, and without the means of enforcing respect; it is always hazardous in such situations for an individual to place himself within their power. Like other savages, under a free government, they are not naturally addicted to falsehood; althought hey speedily acquire that habit in addition to many other similar qualifications, after their intercourse with the European convicts. (Henderson 1832:152)

21. Black children brought up in the schools learn very quickly and in perception, memory, and the power to discriminate they are, to say the least, equal to European children. A missionary, the Rev. F. A. Hagenauer...who has control of the Aboriginal Station at Lake Wellinton, reports that the examinations made by the Government School Inspectors show that the Aboriginal pupils taught by him are quite equal to the whites. In his last report he states that the whole of the fifth class in his school had passed the standard examination (that appointed for pupils in state schools), and that they had received certificates). (Smyth, vol. 1, 1878:22)

22. In January, 1840, I visited the old mission to the aborigines at Wellington Valley, which is situated about 240 miles nearly west from Sydney, and, at the request of the missionaries, I examined the blacks then receiving instruction. I afterwards published anonymously in the Sydney newspapers, a short account of my visit to this mission...I insert the following extract from it...Having had the pleasure of examining the black natives who are now receiving instruction from the Rev. Messrs. William Watson and James Gunther, the two resident missionaries, I beg to state the following particulars...In the Rev. Mr. Watson's house there are now residing fifteen native blacks (nine boys and six girls), whose ages vary from four to fourteen years; the greater number of them, however, are apparently about seven or eight. The majority of these can both read and write well. I also examined them on Watt's Catechism, and proposed to them several questions suggested by the chapters of the New Testament, which formed the subject of the lessons read. With both of these exercises they seemed to be quite familiar. A few of the pupils were able to repeat in English several religious hymns, and whole chapters of the New Testament. Mr. Watson, who has been here for several years...can speak the native language with tolerable fluency, but teaches the natives through the medium of the English language only. In 1835, the Rev. J.C. Handt, when connected with this mission, wrote an aboriginal grammar, translated the Confession, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and a part of the Gospels. It appears from a Report made by the missionaries at that time, that the morning and evening service of the Church of England, having been translated, divine service was then performed every Sunday in the native language...all the pupils who can read with ease, take great delight in reading any tract or story-book that comes in their way. The number of blacks that live with the Rev. Mr. Gunther (whose residence is nearly half a mile distant from Mr. Watson's), is from twelve to eighteen. Nearly all these have arrived at the years of maturity. Many more blacks, sometimes from forty to fifty, attend occasionally during the day, but return at night to their camps in the woods. Mr. Watson's only female servant is a native black, a girl of fifteen, and Mr. Gunther's nurse is also a native black, of nearly the same age. Mr. G.'s cook is an active intelligent black native. Several of the men make themselves useful in threshing, tending sheep and cattle, ploughing, reaping, carrying wood and water, &c...In warm weather they consider it a great hardship to

be obliged to wear any clothes. One evening last week...while I was talking to half a dozen stout fine-looking fellows, whose ages varied from twenty to thirty, and who were 'larking' stark naked in an outer apartment...Mrs. Gunther (the missionary's lady) came to the door and issued the order, 'Put on your shirts and come in to prayers.' This, however, seemed to be a very unpalatable order to the blacks; but the only remark made by them was, *'Murry hot yet.'* Their deportment at family worship and at Mr. Gunther's lectures was extremely solemn: they all seemed to be very attentive, and some of them sung Church music uncommonly well. (Mackenzie 1845:226-28)

23. You would naturally suppose...that the surrounding settlers would heartily co-operate with such zealous and devoted men in their attempts to evangelise and civilise the savages; but I am sorry to say that such is not the case. Men...have done everything in their power, as I have been assured by Mr. Gunther, to thwart this attempted great work...An instance of this has happened during my short stay in the district. On Sunday...a Mr. – having clothed in theatrical and fantastic style, with red knee breeches and other articles of dress to correspond, a black native female, who occasionally lives with him, sent her over with his own elegantly bound Bible and Prayer-book, for the express purpose of disturbing divine service, which the Rev. Mr. Gunther was then in the act of performing. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this profane device so far succeeded... (Wellington, 1840) (Mackenzie 1845:230-31)

24. ...to the missionaries at Wellington Valley the colonial public are under manifold obligations. To whom, except to the misionaries, are we to attribute the peaceable character of the aborigines of this district? These, instead of spearing cattle and murdering shepherds, like the blacks in other districts, assemble for the purpose of receiving moral and religious instruction. (1840) (Mackenzie 1845:231)

10

Lachlan River district

1. ...the Southern, or Girrah, side of the river... (Ranken 1895:2)

2. "Baal gammon you—baal you new chum," remarked Beneberra, with a grin that disclosed six inches of ivory. (Ranken 1895:49) (An Aboriginal man named Beneberra to Crawford after Crawford caught a rogue cow)

3. ...I saw the two black boys in their camp...Their voices blended in a recitative or choral chant, broken by bursts of laughter, and I became, by degrees, conscious that my own name was being intertwined in a musical composition, and would probably figure in the next new corroboree. ..."Umma! Walbaligo; close up Mr. Reggy been lose him alonga bush,...Ki! warri! Binebbera—that fella tumble down alonga dirt! Kabawn new chum that fella; ...Yooi, Stumpy been petch him back, I believe so,...Urra, Stumpy—go! ghindi! wirr!!" (Ranken 1895:50)

4. The tribe would be effectually frightened by this punishment; they would hardly dare to light a fire; they would lie close in mountain and thicket...At length starvation would tell on them, and they would seek to make peace. Some boys or gins would creep up to a point of scrub overlooking a station, and the far-sounding coo-ee would make the boy lolling at a fire in the paddock spring up..."What's up, Kooramin?"..."That fellow boodgeree now; that fellow want it come up."...There is a consultation and Kooramin gets leave to parley; to let them "up," on promise of good conduct for the future. (Ranken 1895:56)

5. "Ei Mr. Cawfor, you give it timbakka? Min yang indu alonga tockyard? That fella kill him bullock?" (Aboriginal women and boys to Crawford) (Ranken 1895:56)

6. Laughing Billy, a grinning scoundrel, looks as if he wanted to embrace you, and he points to the bullet-hole in his shoulder that you made three weeks ago, as if it was a mere friendly pleasantry—"close up you been tchoot him belongin' to me—my word—ghindi!" (Ranken 1895:57)

7. ..."whitefellow"...the white man... (Ranken 1895:59)

8. Fred gripped Bineberra hard by the shoulder, and shook him. "What is it?" The boy pointed with trembling hand to the westward. "You look." (Ranken 1895:79)

9. "Where is Walbaligo?" "That fella been yan." (Fred to Bineberra) (Ranken 1895:80)

10. A figure dashed along the track in front of us—it was Walbaligo. "fire alonga reed-bed—that fella wind blow him straight like it station—cattle altogether mad." (Ranken 1895:80)

11. ...James...proceeded to see about getting in the fencing stuff from Red Cliff. He got the lightest horse-dray out of the shed, but Binebbera stood and yelled at him, and laughed aloud—"Ba-ak that fella yan, Jeems," remarked the indigène, "that fella wheel cut him ground altogether!" and he showed, how, in the boggy ridges, the wheel would go down to the nave... (Ranken 1895:124)

12. ...Binebbera...dragged down an article...which, on examination, turned out to be a very simple, light, but efficient sled, made out of the forked limb of a scrub ash. "Look yere, Jeems, you nail him two crosspiece alonga here, and that fella carry altogether post and rail; and me put him two fella bullock—long spare chain—Nobby and Yallaman; and then you and me bring him fence büdgeree—eh ghindi!—baal mine pumpkin cobra!" (He meant that *his* head was not a pumpkin!) (Ranken 1895:124)

13. ..."Sugar-hands," the postman, (his real name was Joe Grant, but the nearest approach to the pronunciation that the blacks could make, was "Sugar-hands," and so he was always called. Try to pronounce "Joe Grant" aboriginal fashion, and you will find how the name gets transmogrified)... (Ranken 1895:130)

14. ...when Walbaligo shouted out, "Umma! Mister Jack, fresh horse-track here," we felt that, in our vernacular idiom, "something was up."...Walbaligo jumped off and peered about; at length he called out—"here he goes"—and pointed to the track going off at an angle...at the same time he...picked up a small fragment of silk evidently fresh off a whip-crack..."Directly find him now"...he threw his horse all at once on his haunches with a sharp jerk. "All right; that fella been run him cattle." And, indeed, even I could see now how the ground was cut with many hoofs...A loud "ki" from Walbaligo showed that he had found what was expected... (Ranken 1895:131)

15. ...the great Hippâis and the Coradjés whom she remembered in other days, when the tribal confederacies of the Murrumbidgee and the Lachlan met in council, or to fight by challenging in the glades of Burrangong. (Ranken 1895:148)

16. ...the blacks following hard, yelling in triump, "Dilli—Dilli! whi fella! Wah—Wah—Wah!" and clashing their weapons against their shields. (Ranken 1895:173) (Namoi River district, clash between Commissioner Denny and company and Aboriginal people)

17. One of the black boys came to me with tearful eyes. "Master Jack dead, you think it, Mr Reggy?"..."No, Binebbera. I believe directly better." (Ranken 1895:189)

18. "Poor fella Doctor! I believe you go like it that fella." "What, is the horse not dead?" "Baal, that fella altogether broke him bone; I believe you take him pistol." (Ranken 1895:189) (Ranken 1895:Doctor was a horse)

19. ...I told Binebbera to "come on,"... (Ranken 1895:202)

20. ...Binebbera spoke, "Mr. Reggy, you think it little Kate and Elsie come up here?" "Who?" I could not imagine what he meant. "That fella—two piccaninny—boodgera little white fella Mary—alonga Williamstown." He was thinking of the two little girls whose hands he had held on the muddy shores of Hobson's Bay. (Ranken 1895:204)

21. "Ghindi! I been find him. Plenty boodgeree country that way." (Binebbera to Crawford, helping him to find his own run) (Ranken 1895:217)

22. "Ki" (Ranken 1895:240) (exclamation of surprise by Toby)

23. "I believe," said Binebbera, "plenty black fellow all about." (Ranken 1895:253)

24. "Plenty myall black fellow!" said Toby, throwing up his hands, opening and shutting his fingers, signifying decimals infinte. Binebbera sometimes spoke good

English in order to show his superiority to the newly-caught indegène. "Toby is right, I believe." Ludgate had no belief in savages..."What humbug!" Toby stared at him. he guessed what this little fat white man meant, and could not help thinking, that even for a white man, he must be a very ignorant person..."Show him, Toby," said Binebbera with a condescending smile...He pointed to a wisp of grass inserted in a notch fresh cut in a tree, and place so as to point down the creek..."Ah, how did that get there?" said Ludgate. "Ki! baran-do-ei!" said Binebbera, "what for baal you read him blackfellow newspaper, Mr. Ludgate." There was more "sign" yet. (Ranken 1895:254)

25. In a few seconds a clatter of hoofs sounded faint. "Yarraman, I believe," said Toby. Another "cöoéé" from a stentorian pair of lungs shortly rang among the old iron bark trees, and a peal of laughter followed from an unmistakable English throat. "Ghindi! a gentleman coming!" said Binebbera, and our friend Durham alighted among us with a shout of welcome... (Ranken 1895:255)

26. "What is it, Toby?..."Black fellows here."..."Where?"..."Close up."..."How many?..."I believe two fella." (Ranken 1895:274)

27. ...the scrub turkey—the Tallegalla. (Ranken 1895:274)

28. ...a "coolamin" half full of wild honey. (Ranken 1895:274)

29. Neither could speak a word of English, or rather of the gibberish that usually serves as a vehicle of communication, but Toby, through the Warro dialect, managed to converse with them. (Ranken 1895:274)

30. ...the little stone "Mogin" that stands for axe, and carpenter's chest in general, with the blacks. (Ranken 1895:275)

31. "Minye weel unga?" asked the interpreter..."Ulla Takilbaran," he replied in clearly accented syllables. (Ranken 1895:275) (Mount Takilbaran)

32. A young gin, who had a few words of English, signified that she could wash clothes, and shortly she was with two or three of her companions down at the creek equipped with a bar of soap... (Ranken 1895:276)

33. ...I called to a boy named "Bandicoot," who had got into the way of following me, and had learned a few words of English, to fetch "some black fellows to get bark." (Ranken 1895:278)

34. Accidentally, we got close to a fire round which sat a group of old skinny duennas. Bandicoot, with terror in his eye, begged me to go wide of them. "Old woman, no good," he said. I asked why, and begged him to translate the conversation. He explained, so far as I could follow him, that they were calling the white fellows, "dog's meat, and even worse things and nastier," and they were saying that if the men of Takilbran were like their fathers, the pale-faced vermin would soon be feeding the kites and crows."...It was rather eerie work, walking through such a crew of "Myalls," and being cursed by the ladies in this fashion... (Ranken 1895:279)

35. ...a hypocritical smile spread over his features. "Boodgeree fella me," he whined. (Ranken 1895:280) (an Aboriginal man to Crawford)

36. It was Henry, the Belgian! "Blackfellow," he said "kill us altogether and take away sheep." (Ranken 1895:286)

37. Binebbera went a little way on foot, and shortly came back. "Horse no good now. I believe camp not very big way off." (Ranken 1895:288-289)

38. "Hush," said Binebbera. "Stop! I believe best wait till blackfellow sleep." (Ranken 1895:289)

39. The blacks had made a camp "close up other side. There were good many blackfellows, 'myalls.'" "How many? Seventy?" "Yes, more—thousand." (Ranken 1895:289) (Binebbera to Crawford)

40. ...Binebbera, who was watching him closely, whispered, "you stop a bit, look at him." The early riser had raised a pile of loose grass, and took therefrom two fine fish, gigantic perch of the species we misname the "Murray Cod,"..."Boodgeree breakfast belonging to you and me," chuckled our indigenous epicure. (Ranken 1895:291)

41. ...clashing their nulla-nullas against their shields... (Ranken 1895:292)

42. "The Devil!" "Ghindi!" "Bismillah!" "Holy Mother of Moses!" I don't know which of these polyglot ejaculations I used... (Ranken 1895:310) (Crawford)

43. "Baal you want it stick—Donald run away," says the last of the Yarombil tribe, for Walbaligo has fallen long ago before the myall spear. (Ranken 1895:357) (Binebbera, Donald was a pony)

11

Monaro

1. ...towards the *Fish River*...a tribe of about 60 Papuas was camping at the place, where I intended to stop for the night. ...The tidings of our journey, as I have before said, generally preceded us a considerable distance, I was therefore received by this tribe with all the petty diplomacy and cunning of half civilized people, which afforded me some observations upon that interesting (although not very exalted) state of mankind, when betweent the state of nature and perfect humanity...As we were about to pass over the last hill, three men well dressed and ornamented stopped us, and after the exchanges of mutual curiosity, asked or rather begged for some tobacco, of which they desired a large quantity; but how was I astonished, when I found that even powder and shot were among their diplomatic requisitions. These (seemingly videttes of the tribe) of course expected to have the cream of travellers donations. (Lhotsky 1835:39-40)

2. ...the Gunjas* [*This is the Papua name for their shelters of bark or boughs]... (Lhotsky 1835:40)

3. ...making nets of corrigiong... (1834, valley of Fish R., near Bredalbane Plain, Monaro) (Lhotsky 1835:41)

4. ...the quality of a gentleman was of course immediately ascribed to me, and they made inquiries respecting several of the neighbouring farmers. A question which I could not at first well understand was "name you, name you," which they kept addressing to me in an inquiring way. I at first conceived they alluded to Emus, but I soon found that they wished to know my name. I could not venture to submit to their unpractised guttural organs, a rather barbaric name, but I entirely satisfied them with the general appellation of "Doctor." I then asked in return their names, when the Chief (an elderly man) was introduced to me as Mr. Tommy, others called themselves Kegg, Wullumwudalla, &c. Asking them how far they extended their pregrinations, they said, they go as far as Goulburn, and Yass Plains, but not so far as Limestone. None of them was ever in Sydney, and the use of our coins was unknown to them. An elderly man, however, had a small old fowlingpiece carefully wrapt up in some rags. Even amongst these savages, there were some rattling youths, which understood my questions better, and answered them very intelligibly. (Lhotsky 1835:41)

5. My watch greatly excited their curiosity, and they all left their play to see it, as I pointed out to them the motion of the hands. The inside however, appeared more familiar to them, they gazed very eagerly upon the balance, which they called a wheelbarrow* [*this is the name the Menero tribe give to any Cart or Dray]...This made me rather uneasy, and as I am fond of addressing numbers, I explained to them (turning out my pockets), that if I were stuffed with tobacco, I could not satisfy all their demands. But I soon saw, how questionable it might be sometimes, even among the Papuas, when a man fraternizes with the people; for at once a simultaneous cry of "not budgeri you" (you are not a good man) resounded from almost every mouth...However, the clever and allianced youths before-mentioned, extricated me from this commencing unpopularity, and brought the affair more on a level. (1834, valley of Fish River, near Bredalbane Plain, Monaro) (Lhotsky 1835:42) (Lhotsky 1835:41-42)

6. ... Walker was coming after me, and entered into conversation with some of his old acquaintances, as he had before lived in this neighbourhood. He asked after some persons of other tribes, and unluckily mentioned some, who he was ignorant

had since died. To mention even the name of a dead person, give a deep apprehension to all Papuas I met with. They turned their heads and reminded him by their silence, and very serious countenances of the unwelcome question he had put to them. (Lhotsky 1835:42)

7. We were by-and-bye informed, that this tribe (they called themselves the Pajong tribe) expected this night the attack of a wild tribe with the intention of carrying off some of their women...I tried to enter into conversation with them respecting their ideas of eternity or mythology; however I found I had not known them long enough to gain their confidence. I had afterwards an opportunity of obtaining some information on this matter, from my friends of the Menero tribe near the Alps. (Lhotsky 1835:43)

8. I now returned to my camp to get supper, which I had scarcely began, when three men of the tribe arrived, two of them with plates*...[*It is a custom in this Colony, to give to a good behaved or well deserving man, a sort of half-moon brass plate, with his name engraved upon it, which charaterises him as the chief or King of his tribe. However his comrades pay no particular attention to this our, imposed upon them distinction. In their original state, the Papuas near Two-fold, and the Alps have no chiefs.], the other without, the latter representing as it were the House of Commons. The object of their visit was of course to obtain their supper from me, the time of which was well known to them. I gave each of them a quart pot full of tea and some bread, however, they found fault I believe both with the quality and quantity, and asked for some meat. I was induced to address them once more saying, that if they would make any thing useful to travellers, as opossum cloaks, nets, &c. or if they had during the three house I have been there caught some opossums, kangaroo-rats, or fish, I could save my other provisions, and give them in exchange some of the things they desired. (Lhotsky 1835:43-44)

9. ...Bauerings (a sort of crooked wooden projectile)... (1834, valley of Fish R., near Bredalbane Plain, Monaro) (Lhotsky 1835:45)

10. ...a *Corrobery* (a dance and song)... (Lhotsky 1835:45)

11. ...I began to feel rather "jerran", as the blacks say (*i.e.* timorous)... (Harris 1847, 1964:122)

12. ...the warregal or bush dog... (Harris 1847, 1964:127)

13. ..."gins" black women... (Harris 1847, 1964:128)

14. The blacks say, "Plenty water before white man come, plenty pish (fish), plenty kangaroo, plenty 'possum, plenty everything: now all gone. Poor fellow now, black fellow! Bye and bye that got nothing at all to patter. Then *that* tumble down" (then *he* will die). (Harris 1847, 1964:131)

15. Before we started this morning some of the blacks that I saw encamped a few evenings ago at the foot of the mountains came up to the station. They seemed spiritless and fast verging to the usual fate of the tribes – extinction. The stock-keeper told us that when he first came here to live, and there were as yet no white men about within miles, they were so savage that on the occasion of one of the tribe being killed in an affray, they kept his body unburied for months, till they could take revenge for his death. (at Jambecombène, near Jellamatong Mountain, beyond Lake Bathurst, Goulburn district ?) (Harris 1847, 1964:136)

16. Kurraducbidgee. The reader will easily distinguish the native names of places from English names. I give them as much as possible, to convey an idea of

the language. It will be perceived that it is, for the most part, exceedingly soft and euphonious. (Harris 1847, 1964:137)

17. I knew there were none but quiet tribes here, and, filled with new strength, was in a few minutes more among them, as heartily pleased as ever I had been at any thing in my whole life. They gave me plenty of baked fish and cabbage-tree, and a "bangola" of "sugar-bag" (water sweetened with native honey), for which I rewarded them with nearly the remainder of my tobacco—about half a pound. There were about a hundred of them; several of them I knew well from their coming to my hut some years before, when in the Long-Brush, behind Kiama. They put me in one of their best gunyahs (a sort of hut of bark, shaped much like those of the English gypsies), and gave me two very large opossum cloaks for the night, with many an exclamation of *"Poor fellow you, binghi* (brother)*; most dead you, I believe: what for you stupid like that? what for you not fetch 'em gun and shoot 'em parrot, and patter* (eat)*? bail boos got it chop* (the bush has got no shops)*."* (Harris 1847, 1964:173)

18. ...boomarang and wommerah and spear... (Harris 1847, 1964:173)

19. In the morning, though dreadfully tired, stiff, and weak, I set off under the guidance of two of the old men for the rendezvou. I easily made them understand where I wanted to go. You can scarcely name any particular tree in the bush but the blacks know it. This hut they recognised immediately I described it; and I found that my opinion of its original use was perfectly correct. They told even the stockman's name who used to "sit down" (live) there... I passed the remainder of the time in explaining to my guides that I wished them not to say anything to other white men of my being here. This they promised, and they are a people with whom a promise made under such circumstances is very rarely, if ever, broken. In my many years' dealings with them I never knew an instance. (Harris 1847, 1964:174)

20. Presently a whole mob of blacks, from a camp in the scrub on the opposite side of the river, came to the hut. Expecting they would steal something or other, he left his work and went into the hut to them. They soon began to ask for bread and "bullock" (beef), in a way which showed they did not mean to be denied; and then for tobacco. (Harris 1847, 1964:207)

21. ...a gin's water-couliman (a sort of bucket chopped out of the knot of a tree in which they fetch water)... (Harris 1847, 1964:210)

22. The assistance of a black, however, was requisite to make sure of the most practicable pass throught the ranges; and one was soon found, and mounted on the stock-keeper's spare horse...one of those sudden and complete changes in the state of the atmosphere took place, to which the whole of this elevated region...is so subject...the black fellow suddenly quickened his pace, with the exclamation, "Murry make haste! I believe murry togra directly." (said by Joe the Marine, on route to Monaro) (Harris 1849, 1967:22)

23. Now, Joe the Marine," said the Australian, addressing his black countryman by his standing title among the whites, "mind you don't take the wrong gully down the mountain."..."Oh, baal (not) me stupid, Misser Kable," said the black fellow. "What for you pialla (talk) like that?"..."Well, push along: it'll be no joke to camp on the mountain in this fog." (Harris 1849, 1967:22-23)

24. ...in the course of a few days a wandering tribe of natives pitched their camp on the opposite side of the creek. They were what are called "civilized blacks"—one of the tribes who had been for several years in connection with the Europeans. The young emigrant had thus the fullest opportunity of extending his circle of

acquaintance; and, whether he felt it agreeable or not, he must at all events have found it amusing, to come in to his hut and find that, ample as it was, the floor was completely covered every day at dinner-time by his black guests. Half a dozen 'gins' with their picakaninnies were crouched in the chimney, not only beside, but even behind the fire. And on every stool, and where the stools failed seated cross-legged upon the ground, the sages of the tribe furnished in some instances, specimens of the most recondite and well-nigh incredible ugliness; whilst outside the door the younger men and boys stood or sprawled on the ground, talking over their own affairs, and seeming rather like an appendage to the visit of the tribe, than personally much interested in it. (Willoughby Bracton, at Rocky Springs) (Harris 1849, 1967:39)

25. The Australian waddie, it may be explained, for the benefit of those who have never seen the weapon, is virtually a club, whatever particular form the taste of some individual warrior may give it. It is not possible always to distinguish the *waddie* from the *nullah-nullah*...the nullah-nullah is of mace or axe form; whilst the waddie is strictly a staff. (Harris 1849, 1967:130)

26. "I want to make out what these black fellows mean. Did they seem inclined to do it now?"..."I couldn't make 'em out myself," said Brown. "they're a regular myal (savage) mob. There's not above half of 'em can speak any English. The rest stand and stare at you like a lot of wild cattle."..."What did you say to 'em?"..."Oh, I told 'em that old man settler cobbon (great) rascal: always flog white man at cobbon gunyah (court-house), at Ghiagong; always shoot black fellow all about the bush everywhere: no good. That black fellows ought to mann (seize) stores: plenty bacca, plenty sugar, plenty tea, plenty flour, sit down there. Suppose that murry make haste when that got it, that sure to get away; and then yan, yan (run), murry fast t'other side Snowy Mountains. That white fellow never catch him." ..."Well?" ..."they jabbered for ever so long outside; and one of the most naturalized came in at last, proud as a dog with two tails, to say, 'black-fellow believed that meant to kill old settler, cobbon rascal, suppose too many white fellow not sit down all about gunyah; but baal (not) that stock-keeper pialla (tell) toger (soldier).'" (Morgan Brown, stockman at the Rocky Springs to Martin Beck, the Rocky Springs overseer, relating his conversation with Aboriginal people from the Monaro) (Harris 1849, 1967:213)

27. ...I was almost jerran (apprehensive)... (Harris 1849, 1967:213)

28. The fire blazed freely; five or six blacks sat crouched before it, and in the sides of the chimney; and one of them who, by an effort, could speak english intelligibly, but with a most barbarous accent, observed immediately – "You murry late come back to-night, Mr. Beck, I believe." And then after a pause he added, apparently at the suggestion of another who spoke in their own tongue, "You always walk about boos (bush) so late?..."No; not always," answered Beck..."I believe you look out cattle?..."No;" said Beck, "baal (not) me stockman: overseer me."..."I make a light (I know): Morgan Brown been pialla (tell) me."...Here another interposed to explain the meaning that the first had failed in expressing. "You every day walk about boos to make a light (find) cattle."..."Yes! yes!" said Beck, "to-morrow I make a light more bullock. To-day I make a light good many bullock. To-morrow make a light murry tousand (a great many more),"..."You yan along a yerriman (shall you go off on your horse) murry early to-morrow?"..."Baal," said Beck, "I believe I take ole man master along o' me when I yan. And baal master yan (go) till that patter (eat) breakfast. By-and-bye close up dinner-time."...Here their exclamations and fierce abrupt dialogue amongst themselves in their own tongue—many words and even fragments of sentences of which Beck understood—enabled him to understand that they were congratulating themselves upon the opportunity which would be afforded them by Mr. Bracton and himself being out of the way. (Harris 1849, 1967:222-23)

29. ...their undertaking to murder Mr. Bracton, according to Brown's account, was founded entirely on his being a "cobbon rascal," and "shooting black fellow all about the bush,"... (Harris 1849, 1967:223)

30. "Black fellow always budgery (good) fellow," said Beck. "That sit down here long?"..."Baal, baal," said some. "I don't know," said others. "Yes, yes!" said they all together, at last thinking it better to appear all in one mind...."Whenever black fellow yan (travel) this way," said Beck,"that come to my hut, I always give him plenty patter (food)."..."Ay, ay?" said they..."Yes. I believe so."..."Give it now." "Murry hungry me." "You give it this time," said one and another..."Very well," said Beck. "You put on cobbon pot, belonging to tea."..."I believe you murry budgery (very good) fellow," observed one of them, when everything was seen to be going on with Beck's approval..."You belonging to black fellow."..."I say," said one of the most proficient—for there were various grades of lingual proficiency amongst them, even to some who knew not a word of any language save their own—"Where you come from, Misser Beck? Baal you Englishman?* [*The language of the aborigines varies most remarkably in different parts. But there is a sort of slang, in which communication is held between them and the white people, common to all parts of the colony. It is spoken just as given above.]..."Baal Englishman, me," said Beck. "Baal I like Englishman. That too much take away black fellow's land. That too much, hunt away kangaroo, 'possum, fish. That jumbuc (sheep) too much drink up all bardo (water). Black fellow, me. Belongin' to 'nother country; but just the same as this black fellow." (Harris 1849, 1967:224)

31. "You see," said one of them, "that pot a-bilin."...Beck took down his tea-bag, and throwing in such a handful as excited universal applause, both in their own language and in English, went on in furtherance of his purpose..."Which way you yan (travel)? Toomut? Goodradigbie? Majurygong? Gundaroo? Pialago? Jerrabombarra? Nickeleagle?"..."Baal," they all cried, in shrill deprecatory chorus; for he had named a semicircle of stations in the exactly opposite quarter to that they belonged to. (Harris 1849, 1967:224)

32. "I believe some day, black fellow mann (seize and run away with) jumbuc (sheep) belonging to Mr. Bracton, when that murry hungry. That murry gourri jumbuc (very fat sheep) sit down t'other side Warraghi Bill cattle station."..."Baal white fellow catch him, I believe," continued Beck. "That too much, close up mountains. Before shepherd and hutkeeper yan (travel) into farm, black fellow too far away." (Harris 1849, 1967:224)

33. "Tea ready, now!" cried one of them, as he took off the plate that had been placed on the pot to keep in the steam. "Sugar, sugar!"...This demand was also presently and prodigally complied with..."Wikki, wikki, wikki!" (bread) shouted the whole assemblage. Beck handed them the greater part of a large damper he had ready baked. "Why not pieall 'bullock, bullock, bullock,' too?" he said, jocularly..."You got some bullock?" said some of them..."Yes."..."Well, give it then: give it. Black fellow your friend, you know. Binghi (brother) you, belonging to black fellow."...Beck handed them the tin dish with the chief part of a boiled leg of mutton in it, and very little more was said for the next five minutes. (Harris 1849, 1967:224-25)

34. "How many black fellow sit down along a camp?" said Beck..."That many," said one, after some consultation had taken place, as he displayed extended the fingers and thumbs of both hands, and then closing them displayed them both a second time in a similar manner, and last of all exhibiting thus a single hand: this signified twenty-five. But another corrected him with the last number, signifying that it was only twenty-three. and still a further emendation was added verbally to the effect that that included themselves now present. (Harris 1849, 1967:225)

35. "Bacca, bacca, bacca! quawh!"..."Baal I smoke," said Beck..."No good you," said the savage who had made the demand. (Harris 1849, 1967:225)

36. "Well, good-night," said one. "You my binghi," said another, laying his hand familiarly on Beck's breast, as he passed. "Suppose I meet you in boos," said a third, "baal I kill you. You my friend." "Misser Beck your name?" asked a fourth, "Very goot man, you, Mr. Beck. I remember you 'nother time." (Harris 1849, 1967:225)

37. "Overseer yan alonga yerriman (on horse-back), and massa – cobbon white fellow! – yan alonga 'nother yerriman. Only gin sit down," (only the women were to be seen about). (Harris 1849, 1967:229)

38. As they drew near she could understand very well what they said; for the savages have a great fashion when half intoxicated, of trying, in a most pedantic manner, to sustain a conversation in English:-..."Me patter him, Miaminghi. Then I pialla budgery Englishman (talk good English). Ole King Bondi been pialla (tell) me like-a that."..."You murry stupid fellow, I tell you; you baal pialla English that way."* [*The trial of an Aborigine for the murder of a white person, under the impression that by eating the victim's tongue he would be enabled to talk English, is on the records of the criminal jurisprudence of the colony.]..."Baal I care. I patter, Miaminghi. Come: d–m it. Don't you yan away. Give-us-a-hand."..."I sha'n't. You a cobbon fool," retorted Miaminghi...The trembling Marianna recognised the general threat of cannibalism, but did not comprehend its more specific meaning. (Harris 1849, 1967:232)

39. As Reuben rose, and his face was seen by the astonished circle, the cry of "Massa! Cobbon Massa!" that had begun, and would in another instant have been followed by a shower of spears, under the supposition that Mr. Bracton was returned, gave way to a general exclamation of "Misser Kable!" "Rubin!" "Budgery white fellow!"... (Harris 1849, 1967:234)

40. ...the elder Australian...seized his stockwhip, and cooly swinging the heavy thong behind him...brought back the hide-lash full on the stomach of old Bondi, which it gashed as if cut by a razor. "Murry budgery that, I believe," exclaimed Reuben. "King Bondi wear that along-a-plate. Then white fellow know him again. Ho! Miaminghi, too!" he continued...and Miaminghi got an under cut that seemed to have half severed his jaw...A third time...he took his aim and struck his mark. "Murry sick you, last time you make-a-light my station, Tallboy! Budgery Doctor, stockwhip."..."Oh! Misser Kable, Rubin! – what for you like-a-that?" yelled the black, as he sprang in his agony high up from the ground... (Harris 1849, 1967:235)

41. ...the "gourri jumbucs"... (Harris 1849, 1967:237)

42. "Murry bellyache belonging to stockwhip, I believe," said the Australian. ..."Murry stupid fellow you, old Bondi: always was. Koo-eh!" shouted Reuben. ..."You want to be shot, I believe. Suppose toger (soldier) make-a-light you to-day; good-bye old King Bondi. Baal that yan Manaroo any more: only tumble down here; and white fellow put him along-a-bimble (into the earth)." ..."Baal, Misser Kable; baal budgery, that: that no good." ...Off now went one of Charlie's barrels, suddenly rattling in echo from rock to rock. "Fire again, mate, if you don't hear any *koo-eh*," cried Reuben. "Bondi want some breakfast in handcuffs along-a-toger." ..."Baal me been take away jumbuc, Misser Kable," said Tallboy. ..."Baal me," chimed in Miaminghi. ..."Baal me too," said another..."What blackfellow yan along-a-me and drive jumbuc, suppose I give him plenty tobacco?"..."I yan," said one. "I yan," said another and another. ..."Very well: Murry make haste. Then baal I coula (angry) when blackfellow come to my station at Manaroo." (Harris 1849, 1967:252-53)

43. "Murry fool you, old Bondi: almost murry rascal, I believe. Myal blackfellow steal, bondi patter (eat.) That just the same thing. Now you make-a-light (conceive—understand). That old man settler, my friend. Suppose you let Myal blackfellow manu jumbuc 'nother time belonging to my friend, then old King Bondi never come to my station any more. I never give King Bondi wikki (bread), bullock (beef), bacca, nothing at all: only shoot him directly."..."Baal I want to take away jumbuc," said Bondi, "only that overseer belonging to settler been pialla (tell) wild blackfellow, murry gourri jumbuc (very fat sheep) sit down station. 'Pose blackfellow take 'em away; baal white fellow catch him. And then that want it: and when I pialla *'baal'* that Myal blackfellow pialla *'Yes, I must have it..'*"..."Who pialla?" asked the Australian:- "Overseer?"..."Overseer;" said Bondi; "overseer rascal: baal Bondi rascal," he added, whiningly..."Oh yes; Bondi rascal too. Bondi sit down along-a cottage when I come along-a yerriman. But all gone coula mine (my anger) this time. Only blackfellow never do it again. When overseer pialla that way?"..."That many night," said Bondi, exhibiting his first three fingers. "When blackfellow camp along-a Rock-pring." (Harris 1849, 1967:254)

44. ..."Young Tommy" had been horsed, commissioned, and instructed by each of the authors of the missives as to his duty, and was making rather more speed than he was told to do with the young horse..."Me make you go, you young monkey," ejaculated the youth. "What! you go more murry make haste? Very well: baal me care: me like it." (Harris 1849, 1967:349-50)

45. ...mistiful Bud-tha-wong...this is a half English, half aboriginal way in which the blacks speak of the mountain; meaning merely "misty Budawong;" from the astonishing intensity of the fog that sometimes prevails in its recesses. (Harris 1849, 1967:354)

46. ..."mistiful Budthawong"... (Harris 1849, 1967:391)

47. ..."white money" – the blacks of the interior disdain copper... (Harris 1849, 1967:356)

48. The young black who entered neither wiped his shoes nor took off his hat; for he had neither one nore the other to give him so much trouble: but, without at all hurrying to deliver the letter, he lifted up one foot on to the other knee, and after examining it for an instant said, very composedly, "Cuss that bush about here! How I have been cut my toe: all scrub; not open bush like Morrumbidgee." ..."What!" exclaimed his countryman. "Young Tommy, I believe, belonging to Diandullah—belonging to Rocky Springs?"..."Yes:- you my countryman," replied Tommy, who having been from his earliest days amongst the white people, spoke a very tolerable imitation of the English language. "I been bring you letter from young missis," he continued; a roguish grin passing over his black features..."Where you come from, to-day, Tommy?"..."Tydney," said Tommy; "cobbon me make haste. That Miss Gadarine been say so."..."Reuben," said Mary—thinking that the rest might as well be obtained from her friend's letter..."Let Tommy go and get some bullock (beef) and wikki (bread) and pot-o'-tea, whilst you read the letter. Jemmy let him stop in the kitchen to-night; he's dreadfully wet. I can't think how he came to get here: none of our blacks would travel at this time of night." ..."Never me jerran (afraid)," said Tommy. "Most like white man, me. Reuben, you got 'nother shirt? Murry wet, this." ...Tommy's travelling dress consisted of a red woollen shirt, a pair of duck trousers, and a belt; and each was thoroughly saturatedwith wet..."Trousers murry wet too, Misser Kable," pleaded Tommy..."Come, Tommy," said Mary..."Yes—yes; I come direcally. Reuben; (countryman you belonging to me.) Never me have a smoke all day, only little bit," he said, showing his empty pipe. And whilst Reuben was searching his pockets for some negrohead, he added, "Misser Bracton been take

away my horse in Tydney. Miss Gadarine been say I must have him; and Misser Bracton been take him away." (Harris 1849, 1967:361-62)

49. ...Tommy, who gave you that letter?" ..."Overseer—Welshman." ..."What did he say?"..."Only say, *murry, make haste.*" ..."What for murry make haste?" ..."Oh, that Miss Gadarine want you direcally." ..."Wants me?" ..."Yes, yes; *that want you.*" And Tommy first nodded to Reuben in a very serious and significant manner; and then looked at Mary and nodded in a very waggish and significant manner, just meaning neither more nor less than—"Well, its no harm: you know you're all alike. You can't do without us." ..."Tommy,: said Mary, too well accustomed to the monkey-like tricks of her aboriginal fellow-countryfolks to be at all annoyed, "Reuben wants to know what you're sent off here to him in such a hurry for." ..."D–m it," said Tommy, "I think I been speak plain enough. Miss Gadarine murry frightened, 'cause that old overseer Misser Beck been coming directly along-a-bushranger; and that want, Misser Reuben, my countryman, to come. Women can't fight." ...Tommy, are there any boats lying on this side of the water?" ..."Yes; I been see one there before I come: then 'nother what I come in along-a-gentleman: 'nother coming across." ..."Will you go with me—after you've had your supper?" ..."Baal—Reuben—hat too much rain—me murry tired." (Harris 1849, 1967:364-65)

50. "Well, Tommy?" ..."Any news?" ..."Yes: me murry hungry. I been go a good way. I find Beck camped close up Curroc-billy that first night, and stop there all next day. I watch him. Old Morgan think he keeps a good look out; but it no use: I always see bushranger, but never bushranger see me." ..."Well; but which way are they gone?" ..."D–m it! A'n't I telling you now. You're too much in a hurry. Beck stop in ranges close up Curroc-billy, because Warraghi can't travel. Warraghi shot, you know. They can hardly make him come on out of Budthawong. So that die and bury him in a little sandy creek. After they go away, I been go and see his grave: not very deep: native dog pull him out direcaly." ..."Come, come, Tommy, now cut the yarn as short as you can." ..."Well, I do. You shouldn't speak like that, Reuben. I go on then till next night, and then 'nother night; and then that camp close up grogshop, and Morgan Brown go in out of bush and buy some grog, and that corrobbera a good deal; and I hear Beck tell the rest they shall go down along-a Brisbane Water, where I come to you that time when young lady sit down in parlour along-a you, and they all say *yes*,—same as Englishman always say. That going to take away your boat I believe— think—and go to 'nother country." (Harris 1849, 1967:395)

51. I had an opportunity of seeing the common opossum of this country, (*phalangista vulpina,*) one a young female, and the other an old male specimen, (the "young feller" and "old feller" of the blacks.) (at W. Riley's Raby, South Creek) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:86-7)

52. ...the natives spin it, in their rude manner, into small cord, from which they manufacture their bags called netbuls. ('it' being possum fur) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:88)

53. ...the woman had, in this case, been two days suffering from a severe and lingering labour, during which, she often threatened the poor unborn infant with death on its coming into the world, using the expression of "pi, a, cobbera! (break its head!) and, on its birth, the unfortunate baby was absolutely killed by its unnatural parent..."Pi" signifies "to hit or break," and "cobera," "head". (at Cuttabaloo a hundred and twenty miles from Dabee, and near the Castlereagh or Big River) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:123)

54. ...the mother, who, besides her usual *netbul* or *culy*, for provisions, &c...."Netbul," (the net-bag of the aborigines,) is a corrupted native word; "culy" is one of the native appelations. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:125)

55. ...the *Buckee*, or devil-devil... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:126)

56. After the delivery of the woman a belt of opussum skin, called "Cumeel" (similar to that worn by the males, when adults) is placed around the abdomen, and is removed after being kept on from twenty-four to forty-eight hours... ("Yas", Murrumbidgee, and Tumat "countries") (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:129).

57. At "*Dabee* " I had an opportunity of viewing the native animal, called Koala or Cola...this animal is called "Goribun" by the Yas natives. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:130)

58. ...there is some reason to think that the aborigines of this country believe in the metempsychosis of the departure of the soul of their brethren into the bodies of certain animals...In one instance, a native, at Béran plains, desired a European not to kill a *Gúnar* which he was then chasing, but to catch it alive as it was "him brother." The animal, however, was killed, at which the native was much displeased, and would not eat any of it, but unceasingly complained of the "tumbling down him brother." (Yass district) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:131)

59. The kradjee, priest, soothsayer, or physician (for he appears to exercise the functions of each)... (Bennett, vol. 1, 154).

60. ...we emerged upon the "*Bredalbane Plains*,"...arrived at "*Mut, mut billy*," the farm of Mr. Reddal... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:163) (NB. see Lhotsky on this name)

61. ...the bark of the "stringy bark" (or, according to its native name in this part of the colony, *Dether*)... (Yass Plains) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:169).

62. ...a very handsome light grey flying squirrel, called by the natives *Min, ugo*, (and also *Bango* and *Berat.*) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:173-4).

63. I have before alluded to the loss of an incisor tooth of the upper jaw, observed among the adult male natives...a custom existing among them...of a male, on attaining the age of manhood, having to undergo this operation, receiving at the same time the "cumeel," or opossum-skin belt, after which he is admitted into the society of men, permitted to attend the *corroberas*, or consultations when any marauding or war expedition is in contemplation, or when the tribe is about to remove from one part of the country to another... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:177).

64. The females among the native tribes have little confidence reposed in them by the opposite sex, from fear that their secret plans and expeditions might be divulged by them: when, therefore, they form a plot to steal or kill cattle, they are careful to conceal their schemes from the weaker sex, and boys associate with them; for in instances not a few, when plans for marauding excursions have been over heard by the females the latter have betrayed them to the stock-keepers, and thus frustrated their intentions. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:177)

65. Large quantities of native perch are caught in the Yas and Murrumbidgee rivers...Those I examined were of a yellowish-green colour, covered with irregular black spots, with a silvery abdomen. They are named by the colonists, "river cod;" and by the abrigines, "Mewruk." In the stomach of this fish I frequently found shell-fish, of the genus Unio, in an entire state. The larger kind of these shells the natives of the Tumat country call "Nargun;" and the smaller, usually found in rivulets or

creeks, "Pindaquin, or Bucki."...In the Tumat country, varieties of the "river cod," are called by the natives Bewuck, Mungee, &c....Another fish of the family of perches is also caught in the Yas, Murrumbidgee, and other large rivers in the colony: it is called the "perch" by the colonists, and "Kupé" by the natives. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:180)

66. ...the love of tobacco among those who have intercourse with Europeans, is unbounded, and no more acceptable present can be made them. (Bennett 1834:182)

67. Among the few vegetable productions in use among the Australian blacks as food, is the root of a species of bulrush, which they name "Cormiork." It grows abundantly on the banks of the Yas, Murrumbidgee, Tumat, and other rivers: the roots are eaten only when young: they are prepared by being baked, and the epidermis removed. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:183)

68. ...the emu...here called Bérében by the blacks... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:189)

69. ...they...make use of a crystal for the cure of diseases, not by administering it to the sick person, but the physican employs its aid, to act upon the superstitious mind of his patient; it is the common quartz crystal, and is called by the natives, in the vicinity of Sydney, Krardgee Kibba, or Doctor Stone..."Krardgee," signifying a person who attends on the sick; and "kibba," a stone...This name, borrowed from the Europeans, is sometimes employed by the Yas natives, but that by which it is characterized by them and likewise by the natives of the Murrumbidgee and Tumat countries, is "Merrúdagalle." ...when thrown at a person...it will have the power of causing his death. This power, said by them to be possessed by the stone, having been mentioned one day by a native to a European settler, the latter ridiculed it, and desired the black to put it to the test by throwing it at him. This, however, was refused, "he being good man;" alluding to the European, "he no want kill him;" and, after using every endeavour to induce the blackee to make the trial, he shuffled out of the dilemma, by acknowledging "that it would have no effect upon the white fellers."...Baramumbup, employed the crystal for the purpose of healing the wound in the following manner...the physician commenced the examination fo the wound, which he sucked; then without spitting, he retired to a distance...on concluding, he placed teh crystal in his mouth, sucked it, and then, removing the stone, spat upon the ground, and trampled upon the discharged saliva, pressing it with his feet firmly into the earth...some such reason for this proceeding may be inferred from an observation made to any European, who may be present at this part of the ceremony, that "He no come up again." (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:190-2)

70. ...over the Razorback Mountain...at "Abbotsford" a very pretty farm belonging to Mr. Harper, near "Stonequarry Creek:"...between this farm and Lupton's Inn, I was accosted by a native black, who asked me, whether "I white feller parson, for me want shilling;" but not being of the clerical profession, I did not consider myself liable to be placed under contribution, more particularly upon the highway. It occurred to me at the time, that he must have heard of the five hundred pounds, granted annually form the colonial funds for their conversion, and concluded that all clergymen should bestow their shillings on himself and comrades. We parted with this conditional bargain that if he brought me birds and other animals, he should have shillings in return...The following is the definition of a clergyman, as once given by one of the aborigines: "He, white feller, belonging to Sunday, get up top o'waddy, pile long corrobera all about debbil debbil, and wear shirt over trowsel." (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:210)

71. ...at the "Yas Plains"...In the river...there is a small and new species of lobster, which is also procured in large quantities from the muddy ponds on the Yas Plains...The aborigines call them "Murugonan"... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:211).

72. In the Murrumbidgee, Yas, Tumat, and other large rivers, there is a different and larger species of lobster which is frequently found itn the stomachs of the "river cod." This kind is called "Mungola" by the aborigines..."Mungola"... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:212-213).

73. By the natives of Yas, the black snake is called "Bulbuk"...There is another dangerous snake, called "yellow snake" by the colonists, and "Jaruk" by the Yas natives...The most deadly snake in appearance, and I believe also in effect, is one of hideous aspect, called by the colonists the "death adder," and by the Yas natives "Tammin,"... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:215-17)

74. ...known to the colonists and strangers by the appellation of "Laughing or Feathered Jackass."...The natives at Yas call the bird "Gogera," or "Gogobera," probably from its peculiar note, which has some resemblance ot the sound of the word. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:221-2).

75. The swamp oaks, or "Plow'y," of the aborigines... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:229).

76. The aborigines will not venture into the dark recesses of the cavern for fear of the "dibbil-dibbil," as they express it. (Gudarigby Caverns, near the Murrumbidgee R.) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:229)

77. ...dingos, or native dogs,...the "Warragul" of the aborigines... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:231)

78. The *Rubus australis*, or Australian raspberry...char, mut'h, mut'h of the Yas natives... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:235).

79. ...*Tettigoniæ*, or tree hoppers...The aborigines call these insects "Galang, galang," and formerly used them as food...as the native blacks told me at Yas, "*when no white feller here, and black feller no get bread or yam.*"...My notice was particularly directed by the natives to the drums in the male insects, as the means by which they produced their thrilling sounds; at the same time adding, in their peculiar English, "*Old woman Galang, galang, no got, no make a noise*;" implying that the females do not possess these musical instruments." (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:236-7)

80. ...about the Murrumbidgee and Yas rivers...there was, also, a bird occasionally seen in this part of the colony, bearing a close resemblance to the swift...The aborigines of Yas name it "Kriolon," or "Kriola" (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:237)

81. There were a number of the aborigines about this farm, who made themselves occasionally useful by grinding wheat, and other occupations; but no dependence can be placed upon their industry for they work when they please, and remain idle when they like; the latter being of most frequent occurrence; but they are encouraged for their valuable assistance in finding strayed cattle, as they track the beasts with an accuracy seldom or never attained by a European. (at Darbylara on the Murrumbidgee Tumut Rs. junction, owned by Mr. Warby) (Bennett 1834:305)

82. Most of the stations in the interior have the native names of the place given them; but they are often better known by the name of the stock-keepers in charge... (mid C19) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:238)

83. ...Bowning Hill, or Mountain, (a conspicuous object from all parts of the Yas Plains)...Upon this mountain, and some other parts of the hilly country in the vicinity, but not, I believe, very common, is a species of kangaroo rat..."Narru" of the aborigines... (mid C19) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:238)

84. ...the large "swamp oaks," water gum," and other trees, directed my attention to the situation where the Murrumbidgee river flowed: this was the station named "Jugiong," the property of Henry O'Brien...On my arrival at this station, I found a number of the native blacks collected about, all, even the ladies, in a state of nudity...some were busily employed in making rude spears, by sharpening the point of a long stick, which was afterwards hardened in the fire: they were preparing to hunt their "evening prey." "Give them," the men at the stations observe, "ever so much bread or meat, still they will hunt opossum and other game." (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:240-41)

85. I was examining the fine muscular structuree, and the raised cicatrices, which were numerous over the arms and chest, of one of the natives, (and which he regarded as highly ornamental,) when, puzzled to ascertain the meaning of my curiosity, after I had finished, he whispered to the stock-keeper, if "he white feller gentleman ever see black feller before." (at Jugiong Station) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:242)

86. ..."white cockatoos"...are named "Wagara," or "Muruen," by the aborigines... (at Jugiong Station) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:243)

87. When on one occasion the head of a native was under examination, a gentleman present asked the wondering black, "if he knew what was doing to his head?" Blackee answered in the negative. "Why you will no more be able to catch kangaroos or opossums." No sooner was this said, than the black started away in anger, seized and flourished his spear, exclaiming, "What for you do that? What for you do all the same that!" And the unfortunate manipulator of savage craniums, as also his companion, began to be apprehensive, that the practice of the science was in a high degree dangerous among uncivilized beings...On another occasion, the temporal muscle was found unusually large in the head of a native black under investigation: this was remarked by the phrenologist to a gentleman who stood near him, at the same time squeezing it, and saying to blackee, "Cobbong (large) this." "Ah!" exclaimed the black as he made off at a rapid pace, "me now see what you want; you want patta," (eat) and escaped as quickly as possible from the ravenous cannibal appetite he supposed the phrenologist to possess. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:243)

88. A female of one of the aboriginal tribes in the Murrumbidgee country formed an attachment and cohabited with a convict named Tallboy, who, becoming a bush-ranger, was for a long time sought after by the police...This female concealed him with true native ingenuity...she would fish and hunt for him, whilst he remained secluded in the retreat she chose...She often visited the stock-keepers' huts at the different stations, and whatever provision she received from them was immediately conveyed to the unworthy object of her devoted attachment...There is a son by this female and her convict paramour about three years old, living with the tribe...it has been found difficult to get him away from them, so that he may be brought up in a civilized state of society. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:248-51)

89. The banks of the Murrumbidgee stream were adorned with large "swamp oaks," (Plow'y of the aborigines,) magnificent water gum-trees, (Dah'ha and Yarra of the aborigines,) and immense quantities of a species of mallow, rising to the height of from two to six feet, and which at this time was profusely in flower...this mallow is named "cumban" by the natives; and upon the banks, or in the vicintiy of the river, is a species of *Urtica*, ("Cundalong of the aborigines,) resembling the European species, "butter-cups:"... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:251)

90. The Murrumbidgee natives call grass by the general name of "Narluk," but they bestow different names on distinct species. Those among the native blacks, who

have pretensions to an acquaintance with the English language, call our *hair* grass. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:252)

91. ...the "Box tree" of the colony, (Berre of the natives,) "Bastard apple tree," (Carbut of the natives,) "Bastard box tree," (Bargan of the aborigines,) and "iron bark," ("Mucker" of the natives,)...the "Green wattle," or "Wundua" of the natives...also a few trees of the "Bum, billerang," or Banksia rosmarinifoliaæthe "Bell-bird," or "Gilbulla," of the natives was heard... (Murrumbidgee district) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:253)

92. ...the Tumat is a fine stream, called by the aborigines the "Been," or "Gheek,"... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:255)

93. It was stated to me in this part of the colony, that the natives call all large rivers Murrumbidgee, Nd I certainly heard it applied by them equally to the Tumat and Murrumbidgee streams; but I found they usually name the river after the country through which it flows, so that on demanding the name of the river at different places, many names are bestowed upon it: a person unaware of this circumstance is surprised at the number of names the same stream obtains. Thus, the Yas river at one part is called "Gondaroo" by the natives, and this occasioned many to suppose the correct name of the Yas river was "Gondaroo," until it was ascertained that it received that appellation from the portion of country of the same name through which it passed; afterwards receiving the name of "Yas," or "Yar," when flowing through its plains: by the latter name, however, the entire stream is known to Europeans, which is a better method of nomenclature than that adopted by the natives. The Tumat at Mr. Warby's farm was called "Bewuck," and as a variety of the "river cod" receives the same native name, the river might either be named after the number of fish found in it, or the fish from being found abundant in that particular part of the river; for a very short distance further up the stream, the aborigines bestow a different name upon it from the country through which it flows. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:256-57)

94. ...the "Black duck," or "Buddinbong," of the natives; a species of teal, the "Towrodey" of the natives, and "Wood ducks," (which from their peculiar note the aborigines name Ku-náruk, resembling the sound those birds utter,)...The "Wild turkey" of the colony, Kumbul of the natives, (a species of bustard,)... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:258)

95. ...large cranes, with lead-coloured plumage, called "Gungaroo" by the natives... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:260)

96. After crossing several creeks, (emptying themselves into the stream of the Tumat,) and riding about eight or ten miles, I arrived at a mountainous range, called "Mejungbury," upon which were growing large quantities of a species of Callitrys, called the "Murrumbidgee pine" by the colonists, from having been seen first on the hills in the vicinity of that river: it is named Kara by the aborigines. The timber is described as close grained and durable: the native blacks use it for fish-spears, on account of its lightness, which occasions it to float on the surface of the water: the white and rather fragrant gum-resin which exudes spontaneously in tears or drops from the trunk, is also used by them for several purposes; and the largest tree I saw about this range was thirty-five feet in elevation, and one to one and a half feet in diameter...The "Currijong-tree" was also occasionally seen about the range: it is named "Bundine" by the aborigines, who eat both the young roots and shoots of the tree, and use the bark in the manufacture of a small cordage, for nets, &c. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:263-64)

97. ...a mountainous range, extending in a south-west direction. It is named the "Bugong Mountain," from the circumstance of multitudes of small moths, called

Bugong by the aborigines, congregating at certain months of the year about masses of granite on this and other parts of the range...A small species of Xanthorrhœa, or yellow gum tree, called Modandra by the Aborigines,was abundant on the ranges. The bases of the young leaves of this plant are eaten by the natives, and the taste is agreeable. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:263-66)

98. At last we arrived at another peculiar group of granite rocks, in enormous masses and of various forms: this place...is called "Warrogong" by the natives...When standing on these enormous masses of granite...the beautiful clearness of the weather had afforded me a view of the "Snow Mountains," the existence of which has been doubted by many. Whilst looking at them, one of the blacks came near me, and pointing in their direction, informed me, in English it was snow. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:268-70)

99. The "Walbun," or "Culibun," is usually made from one of the knotty protuberances so commonly seen upon the trunks of the large Eucalpyti trees. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:271)

100. ...the "Netbuls" or "Talabats" of the native tribes are loaded... (referring to net bags) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:272)

101. ...the crows (called "Arabul" by the natives)...The Arabul is, I believe, not distinct from the common crow found on the low lands, and which is called "Gundagiar" or "worgan" by the natives: the distinction, according to native report, is, that the "fat fellers," or those who feed on the Bugon, are called Arabul, and the "poor fellers," or those who pick up what they can get on the low lands, are designated by the latter names. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:272-73)

102. The aborigines manifested a strong desire to see the new "white feller" who had come among them, which it seemed was a rare occurrence in this secluded place. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:275)

103. The numerals in the aboriginal language at this place proceed as far as three. Thus: one, Metombul – two, Bulla – three, Bulla metong; and Biolong, which signifies any quantity. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:275-76)

104. They have some idea of the fine arts, as I judged from some rude sketches made by a native lad in my presence. He took a piece of charcoal and sketched some figures upon a sheet of bark, which formed part of the roof of the low hut; blackee called them "white fellers," and seemed much amused at the idea. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:277)

105. The "Native or Wood-pheasant," or "Lyre bird" of the colonists, the "*Menura superba*" of naturalist, and the "Béleck, béleck," and "balangara" of the aboriginal tribes... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:277)

106. On the banks of the Tumat stream, shrubs of the genus, *Pomaderris*, *Westringia*, *Grevillea*, *Veronica*, and *Acacia*, were profusely in flower; and the flax plant, (*Linum Australis*?) called "Warruck" and "Brangara" by the natives, grew luxuriantly about the flat...The natives first pulling the bark from the stem, remove the epidermis from the flax, and dry it in the sun; they then manufacture it into small cord by rolling upon the thigh... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:281)

107. The natives name the kangaroo "Bundar and Wumbuen," but have separate names for each species. At Goulburn Plains the red species is called "Eran and Warru;" and, although the language of the different tribes vary in other respects, there is often a similarity of the names of animals among them, each having two or

three disinctive appellations, which may have been the cause of so much confusion existing among this genus of the mammalia... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:283)

108. We returned through a picturesque and fertile country, watered by the Tumat river; many of the Grey cockatoos, with red crests, known by the native name of "Gang, gang," were seen... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:287)

109. The tendons of the muscles about the tail of the kangaroo, and those of the legs of the emu, are converted into thread by the natives, who manufacture from it a neat net ornament called "Bollombine."...the ornament, one inch and a-half in breadth, extends like a fillet around the front part of the head, being tied behind by strings of the same material: it is worn by males and females, and coloured with red ochre or pipe-clay, according to the taste of the wearer... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:288-89)

110. A settler lost himself in the bush, and thinking he saw a native at a distance, he hailed witha the usual "Cu, he; cu, he," (which can be heard at a great distance, and is borrowed from the natives,)... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:288)

111. ...the "Bandicoot" (called Kudjun, Mandu, or Gorun, by the natives)... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:290)

112. ...the "Juliong," or Rose Hill parrot... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:296)

113. ...the noise proceeded from a batch of young "Wagaras," or cockatoos, in an adjoining tree, which were either disturbed by flying squirrels and opossums, or, as a black "feller" observed, "'pose got no supper, *merry hungry*." (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:297)

114. ...the emu...The natives in this part of the colony call them "Gorin," and "Berebine." (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:297)

115. The common opossum is called by the aborigines, in this part of the country, "Willie," and "Wadjan;" the ring-tailed opossum, "Bokare," and "Kindine."

116. ...the *Echidna*, or "native porcupine," the Nickobejan and Jannocumbine of the natives. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:299)

117. The Echidna is eaten by the natives, who declare it to be "cobbong budgeree" (very good,) "and, like pig, very fat." (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:301)

118. ...magpies..."Karo" of the aborigines... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:304)

119. An animal, called "Water-rat" by the colonists, and Biddunong by the aborigines...two speicies of the Kangaroo-rat found about this pat of the colony; one called "Cannamung," and the second, a larger species, called "Talbung" by the blacks...an elegant species of flycatcher, "Birinberu" of the natives (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:306)

120. The aborigines call our domestic fowls, as well as all birds, by the general name of...Bújan. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:307)

121. ...pelicans..."Guligalle" of the natives...Black swans..."Guniock" of the aborigines... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:310)

122. ...eagle hawks...Mollien of the natives... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:314)

123. ...the "Galang, galang," as they are named in the language of the country, the "locust" of the colonists... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:320)

124. The elegant drooping manna-trees (*Eucalyptus mannifera*)...The tree is called in the aboriginal language "Bartoman," and the manna is named "Cúningaban;" it is collected and eataen by the natives. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:319-20)

125. The black cockatoos ("Womberong," and "Bulowla")... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:321)

126. The aborigines were now collecting about the farms in expectation of a feast at the ensuing Christmas festival. I went up to one who was busily engaged in making an opossum-skin cloak...I asked him some questions, and then gave him a piece of tobacco: he asked for two piece tobacco, because "I merry busy, and you ask me much," said blackee. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:322-23)

127. The numerals among the aboriginal tribes of Goulburn Plains are as follows. One, Metong; – Two, Bulla; – Three, Bulla, metong; – Plenty, Nerang and Gorong. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:323)

128. Chrismas Day is regarded as a festival by the blacks who live near the habitations of the white men, it being customary at this period for the settlers to distribute among them provisions and spirits, with which they contrive to render themselves *perfectly happy*. Several tribes had formed their encampment on and about the Plains, for the occasion, their huts had been speedily erected, by collecting the branches of trees, and lying over them sheets of bark, so placed as to form a shelter to windward; the fire being made in front. Some appeared in "native costume," with an extra daub of red ochre, and the "bolombine" round the head; others wore tufts of the yellow crest of the white cockatoo, pending from their beards; but there were some who approximated to civilized society in dress, being arrayed in shirt, trowsers, and handkerchief; – and when thus cleanly "rigged out" in European finery, their personal appearance was not unprepossessing. ...Some of the "black fellers" had merly a jacket, others only a shirt: the garments, however, were merely put on for the occasion, to be soon after laid aside, as they find clothing materially obstruct them when engaged in hunting or other expeditions. The putting on the European garments setves merely to gratify their vanity, making them look "like white feller," as they express it. Having observed, to one who petitioned me for a pair of "inexpressibles," to look "like white feller," that his father did not wear breeches; he replied, "My fadder no see white feller trowsers – *if make a light* (see) make get; but no white feller sit down this place when my fadder here." (Goulburn Plains) (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:323-25)

129. ...the "Cambun" ("Bolombine" of the Tumat country,) or fillet daubed with pipeclay bound round the forehead... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:325)

130. They regarded with a degree of awe, a keyed bugle, with which a gentleman amused himself at this place: they called it the *Cobbong* (*large*) *whistle*; and were more pleased with the slow airs played upon it than those of a lively and quick movement. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:325)

131. ...the noisy revelry of the blacks, whose approaches towards civilization were manifested by their getting intoxicated. The camp was now one scene of tumult and confusion: the huts, of a weak and temporary construction, were thrown down; the men, inebriated with "bull," were chasing the women and children with sticks...numerous curses, in English, proceeded from the lips of the inebriated blacks, being terms more expressive than any their limited language could afford. As the men swore, the women screamed and talked incessantly...One of them came to

me the following morning, and said, "You ought give black feller milliken, (milk,) bullock, and sheep, for white feller come up here, drive away opossum and kangaroo, and poor black feller get noting to patta (eat,) merry, merry, get hungry,"... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:326-27)

132. Kangaroo rats, called in the native language "Kánaman,"... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:327)

133. The name of the native that accompanied me was "Buru, birrima," which he said he received from the name of the place where he was born. This appears a common method among the aborigines of bestowing names upon persons, as well as from any personal defect. The native name of Mr. Bradley's farm is "Bungee," and his little child born there will usually be known by that name among the aborigines. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:327)

134. ...the "Burriol," or musk ducks, with their young, the "Gunarung," or wood-ducks...the native companion, or Curaduck of the aborigines. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:327)

135. The bronzed-winged pigeon, the "Obungalong" in the aboriginal language... (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:328)

136. It has often been mentioned by writers upon the United States of America, that a purer and more correct English is spoken in that country than in the "old country," where it is corrupted by so many different provincial dialects. The remark respecting the United States of America will equally apply to Australia; for among the native-born Australians, (descended from European parents,) the English spoken is very pure; and it is easy to recognize a person from *home* or one born in the colony, no matter of what class of society, from this circumstance. (Bennett, vol. 1, 1834:3331-32)

137. ...a whole Tribe of the Blacks (Aborigines) came forward and acted most friendly they sat and lay down, Mr. L. and party was greatly frighted at first but they discovered at once, they intended to be civil – not one of them could speak a word of English – One of my assigned men understood their language and could speak to them. Mrs. Love kept the Gins Singing – and they danced most of the Night. They all went off quietly in the morning about two hundred of them. In meeting a party of them you first take a green Branch and Shake it if they intend to be civil, or not injure you, they immediately shake another Branch after that you can depend upon their civility, but if they do not shake their branch you may expect opposition from them. (Mr and Mrs Love and cattlemen taking up a run near the Tumut River and camped in the bush) (Bloomfields 1841)

138. The language of the blacks sounds very guttural to a European ear until accustomed to it. Many of the words, however, especially their names of places, are not only harmonious, but very expressive, and denote some peculiarity or characteristic of these places. It is therefore much to be regretted that the whites, influence chiefly by vanity, should discontinue these native names. (Mackenzie 1845:205)

139. The following is a specimen of the most common words in their language:- ...Calleen, water; patter, food; bulga, hill; birnble, ground; moru, road or path; gunya, hut; pelageree, wife; murrumbidgee, river; cunuma, snow; toggra, cold; mundarra, thunder; nuruma or wallen, rain; nangree, night or sleep; waddy, tree or stick; mungee, fish; cobbra, head; mandoi, foot; narang, small; cabonn, large or much; budgeree, good; corodgee, doctor; uroka, sun; crammer, to steal; yaen, to go; bundygerry, to understand; yabber, to speak; burra-burrai, to make haste...they count by moons. their mode of counting, except when they do it by signs, by holding

up their fingers, is extremely clumsy and imperfect. Coody, one; blythum, two; coody blythum, three; bulla bulla, four; bulla bulla coody, five; &c. (Murrumbidgee and Murray districts) (Mackenzie 1845:205-6)

140. A black woman, who was seen...knocking her child's brains out against a tree, was once pointed out to me; and on my asking her why she had committed such a crime, she quickly and coolly replied, "Pickaninny too much cry." (Mackenzie 1845:207)

141. There is one respect in which the blacks far excel Europeans, namely, in the perfection in which they (the blacks) possess the five senses...This quickness of hearing has enabled many of them living among us to pick up many words and phrases in the English language, in an incredibly short time. (Mackenzie 1845:209)

142. A strong and rather handsome fellow, named Yarry, who frequently assisted me at sheep-washing, has generally half a dozen wives;...he is continually changing them...Several young men, however, who found it difficult, in the present scarcity of women, to get wives of any sort, have often complained to me, that "Yarry was cabonn greedy;"... (Murrumbidgee and Murray districts) (Mackenzie 1845:210-11)

143. The roots of a shrub, called by the natives, "Quondong," are good food, after having been roasted for some time under the ashes. (Murrumbidgee and Murray districts) (Mackenzie 1845:213)

144. About five years ago, as I happened to be drafting sheep, with two black fellows assisting me, on the Hume River, we smothered a yearling wether, which would have weighed nearly forty pounds...I ordered the carcase to be given to those two black men...by noon next day...those two men ate the whole of the forty pounds of mutton! the result was, that for the ensuing twenty-four hours they would do nothing for me; they lay rolling themselves on the ground, heavily groaning in pain, and with their hands rubbing their bellies, exclaiming, "Cabonn buggel along bingee" (that is, I am very sick in the stomach). (Mackenzie 1845:214-15)

145. ...by steeping an empty sugar-bag in water, they obtain what they call "bull," which makes them drunk and play a variety of capers. Indeed, very little intoxicates them. (Mackenzie 1845:215)

146. ...the practice of piercing or scarifying the arms, back, and breasts, in every fantastic form, is prevalent. The only reason which I have ever heard them assign for this practice is, that it makes them *metong* (strong) for fighting... (Mackenzie 1845:215-16)

147. These people are beautiful dancers. It would perfectly astonish you to witness their corrobaries or grand balls...Like most English corrobaries, dancing commenced about nine o'clock P.M., and generally continued till two o'clock next morning...I counted fourteen females (musicians); all these sat on a log, with their opossum cloaks folded up into bags, which, as on so many drums, they beat with their open hands, and at the same time sang together, in perfect harmony, their famous national tune of "Maley, maley, ma-a ma." (Mackenzie 1845:216-17)

148. When a man dies—especially if young, and has gradually pined away—a neighbouring tribe is blamed for it, as having "*crammer gourai*" (stolen the fat), by some invisible agency, and thus caused his death...the *gourai*, or fat... (Murrumbidgee and Murray districts) (Mackenzie 1845:220-21)

149. Many of them believe that after death they will "jump up white fellows;" and they confidently assert, that, among the white Europeans here, they recognise several

of their own deceased friends and relations. (Murrumbidgee and Murray districts) (Mackenzie 1845:222)

150. Their weapons are the following:- spears, boomerang, nulla-nullah, bark shield, marga, tomahawk, and a woomera...Their tomahawks used to be of stone...but since the arrival of Europeans here, stone tomahawks have been superseded by iron ones. (Mackenzie 1845:223)

151. A stout black fellow, named Paddy, who frequently lives with me...lately describing to me one of the last murders (that of a black boy, about twelve years of age) in which he was concerned, he stated that this boy, who belonged to a neighbouring tribe that had caused the death of some one in Paddy's tribe, was employed by a squatter up the Hume River, where he (Paddy) and three more watched him for some days, until at last they found him on horseback looking after cattle, when all four rushed on him, pulled him off the horse, cut him up with their tomahawks, roasted and ate him. Old Paddy, licking his lips, added it was "*Cabon budgery patter like it Emu*,"... (Mackenzie 1845:234)

152. By the squatters the blacks have generally been treated very kindly, and yet, in many instances, the only return made for this kindness was spearing our cattle and murdering our servants, which acts frequently led to terrible retribution from the whites. Happily for both parties this state of things is now known only in history. On the one hand the blacks feel themselves completely subdued, and on the other the whites, having no reasonable ground for complaint, find it in their interest to live on friendly terms with their sable neighbours. (Mackenzie 1845:235)

153. A friend of mine gave some cuts of potatoes for seed to a black fellow, which he was induced to plant, on his being assured that after a short time these few cuttings would produce a large quantity of potatoes. Two days afterwards, the black fellow returned to my friend, to complain that the young potatoes did "not yet jump up." He then, holding up two fingers, asked if it would yet be so many days before the young potatoes should "jump up;" and on my friend admitting to him that it might be as many days as there were fingers to both his hands, he immediately went away, dug up all the cuttings of the potatoes, and ate them, saying that "white fellow is all gammon." (Mackenzie 1845:241)

154. Some of them are afraid of "*muchigang*" (ghosts); and in order to keep away the *deble-deble*, a few of them thrust a bone through their noses. (Mackenzie 1845:242)

12

South Coast

1. ...our attention was suddenly called by the screams of three women, who took up their children and ran off in great consternation. Soon afterward a man made his appearance. He was of a middle age, unarmed except with a *whaddie*, or wooden scimtar, and came up to use seemingly with careless confidence. We made much of him, and gave him some biscuit; and he in return presented us with a piece of gristly fat, probably of whale. This I tasted; but watching an opportunity to spit it out when he should not be looking, I perceived him doing precisley the same thing with our biscuit, whose taste was probably no more agreeable to him, than his whale was to me. Walking onward with us to the long beach, our new acquaintance picked up from the grass a long wooden spear pointed with bone; but this he hid a little further on, making signs that he should take it on his return. The commencement of our trigonometric operations was seen by him with indifference, if not contempt; and he quitted us, apparently well satisfied that from people who could thus occupy themselves seriously there was nothing to be apprehended...a party of seven or eight natives broke out in exclamation upon the bank above us, holding up their open hands to shew they were unarmed. We were three in number, and besides a pocket pistol, had two muskets. These they made no objection to our bringing, and we sat down in the midst of the party. It consisted entirely of young men, who were better made than the natives of Port Jackson usually are; and their countenances bespoke both good will and curiosity, though mixed with some degree of apprehension. Their curiosity was mostly directed to our persons and dress, and constantly drew off their attention from our little presents, which seemed to give but a momentary pleasure. (Twofold Bay, 1798) (Flinders, vol. 1, 1814:cx-cxi)

2. ...a man named Abram Knight, or better known as Bungey, (that was what the blacks called him as he was a shoe-maker)... (1834, at Mullenderry) (Weatherhead 1988:9)

3. ...black gins... (Weatherhead 1988:12)

4. Well on Thursday morning I was up early and was looking about when two little black boys who used to go and hunt the cows up came running to me crying out massa, massa, me find him, the tobacco had been placed on top of a post away from the yard... (1836, at Gundary on Morris's station) (Weatherhead 1988:13)

5. ..."they got a blackfellow for pilot, as they did not know where the bay was,...just at gray light the blackfellow as [sic] looking out, when all at once he thought he knew where he was, he says "by G--d, gab owe that one," well they knew what [sic] much, if it was Cape Howe they were too far south... (returning from Sydney by boat to Gundary, Nangutta Station) (1840s) (Weatherhead 1988:26)

6. He seems quite aware of what we want when enquiring the native names of different things. "White fellow him duck, blackfellow Ombarra" and was not satisfied with our pronunciation until we accented the word properly. (said by Toby or Buginboo an Aboriginal man from Eden, from "a reliable diary of Ben Boyd's period") (Wellings nd:36)

7. "Poor ole man, me wash him tomorrow, fane ole man." (Toby referring to his father, from "a reliable diary of Ben Boyd's period") (Wellings nd:37)

8. A sheep having died, it was given to the blackfellows. "Ah, ah! Jimbak! Plenty him blackfellow." (from "a reliable diary of Ben Boyd's period") (Wellings nd:37)

9. The method of establishing oneself in the woods, or, to use the colonial term of "sitting down" there, is simple enough. (Townsend 1849:13)

10. Blacks used to paddle about in their canoes, shading their eyes with their hands, and thus "looking out" eels, which they speared...I was astonished by their vociferation, and their hail in a strange jargon. (Aboriginal people at Ulladulla) (Townsend 1849:23)

11. ...gins (or native women)... (Townsend 1849:31)

12. The lake furnishes the most excellent prawns. The blacks watch for the appearance of their feelers...then scoop them out with their hands, exclaiming, "I bin man him, massa" meaning " I have caught him." (referring to Aboriginal people scooping prawns out of the river) (Townsend 1849:31)

13. The Ulladulla blacks occasionally drive rather a brisk trade in birds, and travel to Sydney with them for sale. (Townsend 1849:40).

14. ..."a new chum"...newly arrived emigrants... (Townsend 1849:45)

15. "Dumby was as sleek and round as an apple. The blacks used to delight in contemplating his proportions...probably longing to eat him; and they testified their approval by ducking, or smacking their lips, saying, "Cabon (fine) fellow that Dumby I believe." (at Bateman's Bay, Dumby was the name of a horse) (Townsend 1849:66)

16. From this group of Aborigines, one came running to us, saying that he had "bailed up," or secured, a white fellow in a neighbouring hut, having caught him without a pass. He soon brought out a white man, who looked very much frightened; and, shaking his finger at him, repeated, "mind your business, sir; mind your business." It turned out that this black imagined he was invested with the office of constable; and meeting this man, demanded his pass, which he, being a convict, was obliged to have with him. The pass happening to be old and dirty, our sable friend said it was a bad one, and laid hold of the man, saying he should go before a magistrate. We asked him to read the paper, and on this he looked at it very knowingly, and said, "I Jagga-Jagga, constable belonging to Bronlee; take up white fellow 'pose him got no pass; put him along of lock-up; made constable by – Johnny Hawthorn." (said by Wooloomalan, near Moruya) (Townsend 1849:75)

17. This black could use his fists; and, being once struck by a man whom he was assisting in ploughing, he drubbed him heartily, amid the plaudits of the bystanders. Some of the assemblages recognised my companion, and raced after him, shouting, "I say, Wooloomalan! – (the native name of his place) – where you yan? (go). Where Charley sit down? B'leve you got bacca? Eh?" (at Moruya, some of Wooloomalan's Aboriginal friends to him) (Townsend 1849:75-76)

18. During this excursion, I had an opportunity of comparing the appearance of blacks, three parts wild, with those who had "come in," or become partially civilised. Compare that merry fellow who is twanging "Jim Crow" on a Jew's harp, with that savage-looking being who is cowering over a small fire. The latter has a hang-dog look, and will not meet your eye, or even glance at you; but then he knows that he is in disgrace for killing calves; and some of his party, there is too much reason to fear, have carried off and devoured a poor little white boy who has been anxiously sought

for, and who disappeared on the same day with one of the cannibals who had been seen lurking about the father's premises. (Townsend 1849:76)

19. I fell in with the half-cast Cingalese who found the shipwrecked Mrs. Frazer amongst the wild blacks to the northward...This man was originally sent to the Colony as a convict, but ran away, and lived for many years amongst the Aborigines, by whom he said he was much respected; "very much respected indeed."...He was proud of being the natural son of a lieutenant in the army...he had received a free pardon; but he still lived entirely with the blacks, and, when I saw him, had just returned from an expedition in search of a wife. After conferring in due form with the sable fathers of the tribe, he had been allowed, as a particular friend and ancient ally, to select one of the most captivating of their daughters; and I saw the bride, arrayed in a blanket, squatted on the ground which formed their bed... (Townsend 1849:76-77)

20. ..."Jimmy Woodbury,"...a great personage in his own tribe...If you show him your shoulder-of-mutton fist, adorned with large knuckles, saying, "What do you think of this, Jimmy?" he will immediately reply, "You see *this*, massa," and exhibit his skill in fighting... (Townsend 1849:88)

21. This man was often employed, as a stockman, in taking cattle and horses up the coast...Before starting, he required a rig-out, as a necessary preliminary, that he might appear a "cabon swell," and some "white money" (silver), that he might be able "to take his grog like a gentleman;"...If it were remarked to him, when attired in his travelling dress, that he was quite the gentleman, he would answer, with an air of great complaisance, "*I believe so*, Massa."...I saw him...with one foot, which was "budgel," propped on the kettle. He had previously spit all over this foot, blowing and sputtering, as a groom does when dressing a horse. Spitting on a diseased part is a favourite remedy amongst the blacks. (Jimmy Woodbury, Ulladulla) (Townsend 1849:89-90)

22. About Ulladulla were many smart, active, young black men, who occasionally made themselves useful, especially in reaping, and in felling timber; and in the former employment they were very expert. In order to make them work, it was essential to keep them in good humour; and the occasional discharge of a broadside of jokes produced great vigour and activity in their operations. Their reward generally consisted of beef and flour, with the occasional gift of a shirt; but, their greatest treat, and most favourite dish, was boiled rice, with abundance of sugar sprinkled over it. Round a huge dish they would sit luxuriating, and carefully licking their spoons after each mouthful. At night, they made a gunyah, and lined it with straw, over which they spread their blankets, if they had any. A fire was lighted in front, and the dogs curled up at their back. There they would long sit singing; but I cannot say much for their musical taste. (Townsend 1849:90)

23. There were many old wives or "gins," lean and cross...Their apparel was not choice; it was borrowed from the whites, and consisted mostly of old gowns or frocks. When they could be induced to agree together, they were useful in picking potatoes, and husking maize; but, as they were accomplished in petit larceny, they helped themselves bountifully both to maize and potatoes, by sneaking into the fields at night... (Townsend 1849:92) (Townsend 1849:92)

24. When in their own quarters, in their camp, they laid aside their dresses, and squatted under their gunyahs, unadorned, with their chins on their knees, fondling mangy, half-starved dogs; and, if a white man passed, they stretched out their hands, drawling, "Baccy;" for they all smoked. (Townsend 1849:92)

25. Some of the younger women were proud of their children, and reared them with kindness and attention. The little black wretches used to run about naked, as

merry as grigs, and they usually rejoiced in fine names, bestowed by the whites. "Prince Leeboo" was a happy boy, with white teeth, a merry face, and abdominal proportions worthy of a Lilliputian alderman. (Townsend 1849:92)

26. They would also throw sticks and bommerengs at each others' legs... (Townsend 1849:93)

27. Those black women who live with stockmen are fair housewives, and wash and cook very well. (Townsend 1849:94)

28. The men were fond of dress; and, when they had "white money," would sometimes contrive to procure a stray garment of unusual splendour. Once they got hold of a dressing-gown, and in this they strutted about à la Monsieur Mantilini, the robe passing from one to the other; for the original owner was soon tired of it. (Townsend 1849:94)

29. All the blacks were excellent mimics, and greatly enjoyed a joke at the expense of a white man; but could not endure being themselves made a butt. Nothing made them so angry as derision. They would then work themselves into a rage, and walk off, swelling with indignation, and bawling defiance. (Townsend 1849:95)

30. When our blacks visited Sydney, and saw the military paraded, and heard the bands, they said that was "white fellows' corrobbory." On such occasions, they were always delighted if they met a settler whom they had known in the bush, and their greetings were not a little uproarious, but always concluded with the modest enquiry, "B'lieve you got white money, massa?" In the bush they used often to sing, in chorus, the famous song, "Jim Crow," saying, "Jim Crow tister went to de ball," and so forth. (Townsend 1849:100)

31. The lingo used by them, when talking to Europeans, consists of broken English, interlarded with a jargon generally believed to be composed of words of their dialects, but being, in fact, a collection of barbarisms invented by the whites, and acquired from them. A favourite expression is "gammon." When anything is narrated to them which they do not credit, they grin and shake the forefinger in the manner of reproof, and ejaculate, "Too much gammon belonging to you, massa; too much altogether." (Townsend 1849:100-1)

32. They have a notion of a being whom they by no means worship, but, on the contrary, attempt to outwit, called the Devil-Devil, and he, they believe will do them a mischief, if he have an opportunity... (Townsend 1849:101-2)

33. I recollect telling one of the blacks that I had seen the Devil-Devil in such and such a place...but finding I was hoaxing him, said, "Get out, you gammoning beggar." (Townsend 1849:102)

34. The blacks appear capable of comprehending that the white men have a "great Massa," whose dwelling is in the heavens; but further they do not go. And they cannot conceive how we are to get there; and one of them, after brooding upon the subject, exclaimed – "Yan (go) up along of wheelbarrow (dray) and bullock, I b'lieve," – meaning, by means of a dray. Some of them will tell long stories relative to a future state of existence, in which they are to be the actors; but these they evidently derive from the whites, and, when they narrate them, are romancing not a little. Thus, Charley has told me that, when he was dead, he should find himself in a very wide forest; that, presently Devil-Devil, who would be "walking all about," would come up to him, and, if he had been a good fellow, and had not "crammered (stolen) corn, Devil-Devil would tell him to sit down there, and would give him plenty of tobacco, flour, and tea and sugar; but if he had been a bad fellow, and had

crammered corn, the Devil-Devil would make him walk about a long time, and would give him nothing. (Townsend 1849:102-3)

35. I had once an opportunity of seeing a place which the aborigines had prepared, for the purpose of the ceremony of knocking out a front tooth from lads arrived at puberty...All the explanation I could get from them on the spot, was, that this was "all belonging to play-about;" but Jimmy Woodbury afterwards told me that a fire is made in the centre of the alley, and the youths sit before it in a semicircle, whilst the gins form another semicircle behind them; "then gins yan away along of bush,"... (Townsend 1849:105)

36. Blankets used to be supplied by the Government to the aborigines of the district in which Ulladulla is situate [sic]; but these supplies have been discontinued...I heard one of them say to the gallant officer before alluded to, "Captain – yan along of England, speak along of Queen, tell um Queen, blackfellow him got no blanket, him merry cold." The same black enquired why they were not paid for their land, since "blackfellow belonging to New Zealand" was paid for his. (Townsend 1849:108)

37. The black now told us that they had not yet found either the murderer or his gin, but that they should "bye-and-bye;" for they should "gammon" that he was only to be "punished,"...He added, "Baal (not) patta (eat) old woman gin; patta young woman gin; good meat, good fat, like bullock."...the culprit and his wife were to be devoured, to prevent their "jumping-up again,"...the heads were to be placed in a tree, and if Devil-Devil, when "walking all about," should see the heads, and willed that it should be so, the defunct might jump-up again. (Townsend 1849:118-19)

38. The aborigines seen in the streets of Sydney, generally present a wretched appearance. It is painful to witness the abject and degraded state of some who wander about, it can hardly be said in human shape...In the harbour there are figures cut in the rocks, representing men, whales, and canoes. There is also found the "mano colorado." Of these sculptures the natives can give no explanation, except that their fathers made them "long time ago." (Townsend 1849:119)

39. In New South Wales there is one, and one only, of the Botany Bay tribe remaining. He is very fond of the Bay, very intelligent, and has a ten-acre piece of ground and some "white-fellow" tenants. "Well Mitter," (Mr.) said he to a friend of mine, in a half-musing tone, "all black-fellow gone! all this my country! pretty place botany! Little pickaninny, I run about here. Plenty black-fellow then; corrobbory; great fight; all canoe about. Only me left now, Mitter–. Poor gin mine tumble down, (die.) All gone! Bury her like a lady, Mitter–; all put in coffin, English fashion. I feel lump in throat when I talk about her; but, – I buried her all very genteel, Mitter–." (King Bungaree of Botany Bay, Sydney) (Townsend 1849:120)

40. ..."too much parley (say) bring um wood, bring um wood; too much altogether." (said by Steevy "the black boy" at a station) (Townsend 1849:171)

41. ...addressing himself to one of the party with a patronising nod, says, "well Allman, how's Mitchell? Where Mitchell sit down? eh?" (Mr Brown, father of Steevy, re Mitchell a Commissioner of Crown Lands, and a son of Sir Thomas Mitchell, All man his brother Commissioner) (Townsend 1849:174)

42. ..."To stir um fat" was master Steevy's daily work. Being inveterately idle, he use to stand on a stool by the cask, slowly moving a stick round and round, and blubbering out, "I'll tell daddy Brown, my *fader*, and Nelly Brown, my *moder*; boo-hoo-hoo." (Townsend 1849:175)

43. Ulladulla Harbour lies some twenty miles north of Murramurang. Standing on a sheltered knoll on the inner rim of the southern point is a little rudely built cabin. Sitting on a primitive makeshift bench...is an old, old woman–an aboriginal woman...Coommee-Nullanga, the last survivor of the Murramurang camp–the last of her tribe..."Where my people?"–a pause–"dead–all dead–Coommee soon die too–then all gone."..."Why my people die? What for you wanter know?"..."Me tell you. Long tam ago me lit' picaninny, pblenty black feller sit down longa big camp. Him eat native food all same like old wild myall feller; him fat–what you call big, strong; him skin shiny, native food good, ver' good. You white feller come 'long–sit down–black feller him try lib it all same white feller; wear um clothes–eat white man tucker–drink white feller grog all tam he get him; lay 'bout camp; no clim' oller tree look for 'possum. Him skin get hard, what you call dry up; him get pblenty sick–tumble down–soon die–grog kill 'em ver' quick–ver' soon–all–die–me see 'um never–no more,"... (Milne 1916:304)

13

Edward River district

1. ...the wild dog, or dingo... (Phillips 1893:59)

2. ...the wild dog, or Warrigal dingo... (Phillips 1893:94)

3. ...the gins, or women... (Phillips 1893:74)

4. One cruel and barbarous custom then prevalent among them was *buckeen*...On the natural death of one of their tribe...A large fire being kindled, the direction the smoke took, was supposed to indicate from what quarter some black fellow or another, or the adjoining tribe, had cast an evil eye on him, thereby causing his death. On that a buckeening expedition consisting of generally three or four of the dead man's nearest relatives, started off, fully armed...watching the movements of anyone of that tribe, and, on the first opportunity of their coming upon one, singly...they threw this cord over his head, and partially strangled him...He was then laid on his back, being held down by his head and feet, whilst one operated on him by cutting...a hole into his side sufficient to insert his hand, whence he abstracted his inside fat or "*gore*," as termed by them, with which they anoint themselves... (Phillips 1893:74-76)

5. ...taunted by those who had buckeened him, that he would no more hunt the kangaroo or emu, and would have no more *corroberriees* – viz., great feasts and war dances... (Phillips 1893:77)

6. ...their general belief was, they would have another existence, and, probably, become, or turn up, white fellows. (Phillips 1893:75)

7. ...nullah-nullah, or club... (Phillips 1893:78)

8. ...the horse or "yarraman" as termed by them... (Phillips 1893:89)

9. As we proceeded, we noticed their bush telegraph signalling to the tribes lower down the river that white devils, as they called us, were coming down. This means of communication was effected by their setting fire to hollow trees, on the edges of the river or water courses, which sent up a black column of smoke, which could be seen at a long distance in this open and level country. (Phillips 1893:89)

10. ..."other one country black fellows"... (Edwards River Aboriginal people referring to Fijians who were working on a property in the district) (Phillips 1893:96)

11. "No good that fellow, too much break 'um bengee" – that is, gave them stomach-ache. (said by some Aboriginal people in reference to gooseberry jam they were being given as payment for work) (Phillips 1893:1032)

12. "Too much big one rogue that fellow Zarraman; baal more mine man him." (Aboriginal police referring to their wild mounts) (Phillips 1893:108)

13. "Baal, mine, know mine, think it devil devil, that fellow." (Phillips asking an Aboriginal man what something they could see was) (Phillips 1893:217)

14. "Devil, devil, that fellow." (Phillips 1893:218)

15. ...in 1883 the diary entry reads: 'We all went rabbiting in afternoon...It was reported that one bright aborigine refused to join his mates in trying to catch the pest...'Plenty work blackfellow bye and bye,' he is reported to have said. (quoted from the Tulla Station diaries, Grant 1970:52)

16. On the few occasions when the Wragge family visited Echuca for business or shipping, one of their trusted aboriginal station hands was sent ahead the day before with a relay horse team. He camped at the half-way point and waited for the change-over on the return journey. It was this particular man who drew a 10 lb. leg of mutton for his meat ration one night and returned the next day for another handout. On being told he had been given ten lbs. of meat only the night before, he replied simply: 'I eat 'im boss.' It was far more likely that he had a lot of hungry 'cousins'. (from diary of Tulla station, 1880s) (Grant 1970:54)

17. Of the moon...there appears to have been a general paucity of traditional stories; at any rate, but few have ever come under my notice. From these few I infer that, when the moon is young (*i.e.*, every new moon), it is shielded form its enemies by the clouds which envelop it, until such time as it gains sufficent strength to fight its own battles, when they withdraw. The following is the aspect of the idea, as related to me by Mr. A.W. Robertson: He was out riding with Tommy, son of King Mangōtah, of the Barratta tribe on the Edward River, N.S.W., when, observing that the sky was overcast, he inquired if they were going to have any rain, to which Tommy replied, "Bel,* any fellow rain, like it little-fellow Moon up there. Keep him dark; by-and-by, grow big-fellow Moon: make it all the same day at night." (David Macallister, quoted in Blair 1879:690)

14

Goulburn River district

1. ..."no stupid me, My Master Mr. Dredge tell me long time ago all that, no good me no bungalarly." Meaning that he knew what I said and was sorry that he did know it. (Thomas 28.2.1841, in Blasket 1979:234)

2. ..."big one Governor" had come to Port Phillip, and...he would give all blackfellows bread, &c... (at Dredge's property, Goulburn River) (Dredge 28.10.1839, quoted in Blasket 1979:100)

3. ...three messengers were sent from the Goulburn camp...to ascertain if the expected "wild black fellows" the Pinegurrines are sulky. (at Dredge's property, Goulburn River) (Dredge 24.1.1840, quoted in Blasket 1979:100)

4. Billy Hamilton or Yabbee made his appearance, requesting some paper, stating that he wanted to send a letter to "another one black fellow" long way off. On being furnished with paper and pencil he scribbled over one of the sides...I folded it up like a letter and secured it with a wafer. He then scribbled on the outside in imitation of an address. This letter was given in charge of one of the messengers, to be by him conveyed to the Waworongs...three persons formed this deputation...all were young men. (at Dredge's property, Goulburn River) (Dredge 24.1.1840, quoted in Blasket 1979:101)

5. The women went out seeking roots this morning. "Moonin Moonin" said there were no "param" or "tarook" at Port Phillip – too many "Jumbuck" (sheep) and "Bulgana" (bullocks, cattle) plenty eat it murnong – wall gone murnong." (Dredge 6.12.1839, in Blasket 1971:255)

6. "Poor Blackfellow me now, no like long time ago before white come here, No Tomahawk, no Spear me now, Plenty hungry poor Black fellows now... (Thomas 1841, in Blasket 1979:381)

15

Loddon River district

1. ...they came upon us, often in considerable numbers...including black fellows, coolies, lubras, gins and piccaninnies, that is, married and single males, married and single women, and children. (Joyce 1949:84)

2. The lubras and gins followed in the rear... (Joyce 1949:85)

3. The first thing after halting for camp...was to strip off a few sheets of bark and set them in a slanting position, supported against a horizontal sapling or two forked sticks. This was their *mia mia* for the time. (Joyce 1949:85)

4. They never failed on their arrival to draw up to the hut or go inside and squat round our fire, and then it was 'Give it flour', 'Give it sugar', 'Give it tea' and 'Give it bacca'. If we gave them any it would be for some service about the station or because they were without their usual supply of food. (Joyce 1949:87)

5. Although upon my arrival the colony had only been settled about six years, they had managed to pick up a sufficient admixture of their own and our expressions to make themselves moderately well understood, much more so than I find the Chinamen of the present day. 'You make alight' was for 'Do you understand?', 'Pull away' for 'Going along or travelling', 'Bigone' for anything fast or excessive in size, and 'merry jig' for 'very good'. A horse was a 'Yarra man' and a sheep a 'jumbuck'; 'bime bye come barley' was for 'bye and bye come back again'; 'tumble down' was 'to die'. At first their explanation of the white man was 'tumble down black fellow come up white fellow'. Their description of an old man was 'cobra (head) like it flour bag'. Their call to each other was a sharp aspirate 'wah'; I never at any time heard them 'coo-ee', that was a white fellow's call. Their theology, as far as I knew, did not extend beyond a belief in a 'debil debil'... (Joyce 1949:87-88)

6. The chief of the Loddon tribe was styled 'King Abraham' and wore round his neck, suspended in front of him, a brass medal with his title inscribed thereon; but I never heard of any special chieftainship or authority among themselves... (Joyce 1949:88)

7. The names they assumed, or rather that were given to them, were those of distinguished naval or military heroes, or other notable persons. There was Nelson and Bonaparte, General Duncan, Buckley and Old Man Brandy. (Joyce 1949:88)

8. ...cat-nac, or kidney fat... (Joyce 1949:89)

9. ...the usual appeal to 'Give it sixpence'... (Joyce 1949:92)

10. In 1883, "An Old Identity" writing to the Daylesford "Advocate" concerning the Aboriginal Station at Franklinford, told that forty years previously, Superintendent (later Governor) La Trobe visited the station and conversed with Jumbuk – the self-styled "King" of the Jajowurrong people...In the course of this conversation, Jumbuk told Sir Joseph that he himself was "all the same brother King" and remarked (rather improbably) "that he was one hundred years old, and that when his father was a boy he had seen smoke issuing from the top of Mount Franklin which was covered with fire" – all of which, in the estimation of the "old identity" was a "Black Lie"! (Morrison 1971:9)

11. ...honey stored in the hollow branches of forest trees by the native stingless bees...what they later came to know as "sugar-bag." (Morrison 1971:19)

12. ..."manna" produced at certain seasons of the year by the "White" – or "Manna" Gum...This product was known to them as "boombool"... (Morrison 1971:20)

13. The "Quarry" at Mt. William...The Aboriginal people knew the area as "WILLIAM-i-MOOR-ING." – "Home of the TOMAHAWK,"... (Morrison 1971:22)

14. One indignant old man rebelling against Protector Parker's innovations demanded of him, "Why don't you go back to the 'woorer-woorer' (the sky) – where you came from?" (Morrison 1971:24).

15. "My own people...camped around and 'eat' (ate) me out." (said by Thomas Farmer at Mount Franklin, 1860s) (Morrison 1971:74)

16. ...a party of Loddon Blacks arrive...they as usual find fault with the station saying "all gone flour, only turn em round wheel wheat no good that." (Thomas, 29.8.1844, in Blasket 1979:208)

17. ..."read in book" like white fellow... (Parker 12.7.1842, in Blasket 1979:238)

18. ...the old lubras of the tribe...One old and hideous hag, in particular, dabbed her yam-stick into the ground dramatically, and affirmed that "Cobra belonging to mindai, along o' this one station, tail like it along o' Mr. McCallum!" (thus indicating a length of about eleven miles only!) (referring to the *mindai,* a dangerous animal said by the local Aboriginal people to infest a lake north of the Pyrenees in the Loddon district 1843) (Hall 1853, in Bride 1898:267)

19. "The doctor was very good to wash away wombi", (i.e. syphilis) but "too much stupid" as to every other complaint"... (Aboriginal people at Loddon Station to Parker re his medical officer) (Parker 1.6.1842, in Blasket 1979:354)

16

Lower Murray River

1. ...the quietude of the bush was suddenly disturbed by a loud yell – followed by La-la-ra-ra-ra-lal-a-la-ling long – and then another yell – The natives were holding a corrobory on the other side of the river – we could not see them – so we sat and listened to their wild savage song – at last weary with black fellas sport...we turned into our blankets...At breakfast time - a black fellow came paddling along in his mungo – or canoe – The wary native saw us – and sitting down in his frail bark – watched us:- Darkie was evidently afraid to come too near to us – We cooied to him – and made signs that we wished him to come ashore – After some long consideration – he stood up – and paddled towards us – pulling his mungo half on shore he advanced a few steps – and picking up a small stick – held it out to us – meaning it – as a token of friendship – He was a tall old, man – frightfully ugly – and in a perfect state of nature. – We smiled – and beckoned him to come nearer – He hesitated – and appeared very much inclined to run back to his canoe – but the timely invitation to have a swig of tea – altered his mind. I placed a pannikin of scalding hot tea before him – and a slice of damper – darkie – grinned – and squatting on his heels – began to make himself comfortable. – To all our enquiries – he replied by shrugging his shoulders. – As I required some help to catch the horses in, I gammoned the old ourang'outang' to follow me – Some horses have a great dislike to black skins – and my mate's horse shewed its displeasure by kicking out very freely at poor darkie. The poor fellow tried all sorts of dodges to catch the horse – but to no purpose. He returned – shrugging his shoulders and screeched out ba-ba-tut-tut-flou bag yarraman (white horse) plenty kicky out – black fella no goot – white fella plenty catchee. (near Móorrindee, near a river) (Tester 1851:fr407)

2. Padlarra, I found was darkie's name and giving him the two horses to hold I succeeded in getting "flou bag" – after a good deal of trouble. On our return to camp – I gave Padlarra as a reward for his assistance – a new pipe – and a piece of tobacco – This present delighted him much, and seating himself on his heels, he proceeded to address the pipe in a very animated manner...The sight of our guns made him rather uneasy – After a long survey of white fellas thunder stick – he put his finger into one of the muzzels – and being perfectly satisfied that it would only shoot once he grinned horribly – "me go now white fella – "Padlarra want see him tribe" – pointing at the same time to the opposite side of the river – "black fella camp there – another grin – and darkie moved off to his mungo – and was soon paddling away doubtless happy at being once more – out of danger. (near Móorrindee, near a river) (Tester 1851:fr407)

3. How about the Natives? – Well you'll fall in with plenty on 'em – "They are all on the move now – bent a good many on em – on darned war with some of the other tribes – Got guns I see – don't use 'em – take my advice – when yer come on a party – ride bold up and hold a palaver. Two white skins of little use against great odds. Murry black – fierce fella – and darned cannible – fact – and no flies. It was only a day or so afore I left the Lake – that a darkie who they called Jacky (and a useful Coon he was – about the station) joined some more of his tribe and murdered an old chief named Willammy – "They gammon'd him to swim over to a Billybung in the river – and join in a Corrobory a bad Corrobory – for him poor devil for he was speared to death... (Lake Victoria) (Tester:fr410)

4. Here darkie – shouted the stockman singling out a native – you take mungo – and paddle off to the next station and say you come from Heinrick – Yarra flats – and bring back some bullaky (beef) – Darkie grinned – and bounded off to his canoe – The name of this place is Yatcoo...Since we have been here the natives have arrived in large numbers all of them armed with spears and waddies. In spite of our letting them

winnie winnie (go away) the hut door is blocked up with black eager faces our German friend explained the reason of all this curiosity on the part of the natives. The darkies take you for Troopers – and imagine you are in the look out for some of them – They will take care to behave themselves now you are here – and a good job too. I have been for 5 years – a solitary inhabitant of this hut – and don't recollect seeing so many natives before one thing is – it is a grand corrobory with them...We visited their camp by moonlight. There were about a hundred of them men – women and children some of the natives were cooking fish one old gin – had got an Iguana...Our presence gratified them very much – and they took good care – to ask us for tobacco – White fella – me want – bacca - gib me bacca – black pella plenty moke – The rascals were all too lazy to dance corrobory that night. (Tester 1851:fr418-19)

5. ...young lubra... (Tester 1851:fr419)

6. ...supper off salt Jumbuck and dough boys... (Tester 1851:fr421)

7. ...I awoke at pickanniny daylight... (Tester 1851:fr421)

8. She gave me to understand – that I was "no goot no goot – at mungo" – "white fella very stupid." (Tester 1851:fr423)

9. Oh! darkie what you want – eh! His dark eyes twinkled at the sight of the hooks. "Me want pish hook – pickanniny pish hook gib me hook – white pella." Holding up a large hook – you like that? Ho-ho-tut-tut-very goot – and thrusting in his dirty black shrivelled hand – snatched away the hook in a moment. Ha-ha-very pretty – me plenty pish now – What you name white pella? Jim – ho-ho – me Jim – you broder Jim – Gib me more hook – No – no winne-winne – you got hook – shaking his head and looking very disconsolate – me want more hook – gib me bacca – jumbuck flow –nice white pella – brother – Jim. Giving him a small hook – and a little bit of bacca – I managed to get rid of the greedy old rascal. (Tester 1851:fr424)

10. ...tucker (food)... (Tester 1851:fr425)

11. Winne-winne – you old opossum – The intruder was an old gin (woman) – Winne-winne I say or I'll pitch your old carcase into the river – darn me if I wont – and in a brace o'snakes too... (Tester 1851:fr425)

12. Cooie...it is Padlarra – come back with the beef I sent him for – Why darkie – you've made a long trip of it – where have you been – you sly old wombat – aye! Padlarra – no sit down – him plenty paddle mungo till Station come – long miles away Padlarra stop 'till Bullaky die – then Padlarra – have plenty tuck out – So you stuff your own black skin first – do yer – mighty fine – plenty gammon – and no flies Mr Padlarra – The beef upon examination was full of maggots – and quite unfit to be eaten. (Tester 1851:fr426)

13. Ap! Padlarra – what you want up here – eh! Padlarra yawned and shewed his ivorys – me come to see white fella go away – say good bye Dare say indeed – you're very affectionate – here take this stick of bacca and clay pipe – we can read your black heart. (Tester 1851:fr428)

14. ...native breakwinds – "wurleys"... (near Lake Bonny) (Tester 1851:fr430)

15. Fell in with two natives – fishing. Their sudden appearance startled the horses...Asked them where white fellow sit down – gave them some tobacco to show us the way. (near Lake Bonny) (Tester 1851:fr431)

16. I made signs to the black thief that if the axe wasn't quickly produced I would shoot him – Darky lay down – yawning – pretended he didn't understand – I cocked

my gun – Darkie's eyes twinkled – "me no got tomahawk" – I put the piece to my shoulder and fired over his head – This was quite enough for them… (Tester 1851:fr433)

17. You see that – you black snakes! holding it closer – you see that – aye! Me want bacca – plenty moke – Winne-winne – Murray black – no goot – him bad plenty steal – and putting the much coveted bit of bacca into my pouch again I stuck spurs to my horse and left them… (Tester 1851:fr434)

18. We found 8 black fellows fishing…Being desirous of obtaining some fish we beckoned to them it was some time before they ventured to approach us. One native the largest man we had seen – being over six feet and powerfully built came up and asked for the axe, we were very reluctant to give it to him – but upon his making signs that he wanted it to chop wood with – we let him have it…We asked them if they had any fish – They nodded – Taking a stick of tobacco out of the saddle bag – we gave them to understand that it should be given in exchange. The tall native – spoke in a rapid manner to them – and with violent gesticulations impressed their dull minds – with the fact, that white fella – "him very hungry" it was not long before one of the darkies – scrambled to his feet and went off to fetch the desired luxury. As the big black fellow had been instrumental in getting us something for supper we made him a present of the bacca – together with a new clay pipe…Their knowledge of our language was very scanty and we possessed equally a poor idea of their tongue. (at Ral-Ral Creek) (Tester 1851:fr435-36)

19. …they examined the creatures wondering how it was white fellas thunder stick could kill a long way off. (at Ral-Ral Creek) (Tester 1851:fr437)

20. A man came out to see what the barking was about – Haloo mates – glad to see you – heard of your coming two days ago – Indeed – who told you – The natives – they said there were two white fellows and three yarramans on the road – the darkies took you for a couple of Troopers. (between Ral-Ral Creek and Chowalla, 120 miles from Lake Victoria) (Tester 1851:fr438)

21. The tarnation darkies… do us a good deal o' mischief…why they hunt our cattle and drive 'em off the run to a Billy Bung and spear the poor brutes – and get plenty tuck out. (between Ral-Ral Creek and Chowalla, 120 miles from Lake Victoria) (Tester 1851:fr440)

22. Murray black pick out Bullaky with plenty butter (fat) Cooie-cooie a native poked his head in at the door – Jacky! – bring along in, and look lively you old wombat. Jacky grinned – me bring log plenty quick – "Jacky – knowing coon said the other stockman very useful old Cockatoo – rare hand at cattle tracking and no flies." He is an Adelaide black no trouble at all – quiet as a pet canary – The poor black snake mighty narvous – shake like a jelly – when murray black about – they would soon shed him – and dance Corrobory around his dead skin – Jacky entered dragging a large log and rolled it on to the fire – "So Jacky you no like Murray black – How's that – Jacky looked grave – shrugged his shoulders – and in a sorrowful tone – drawled out – "Me no like Murray black – him plenty kill me hide in hollow gum tree when black fella come by – me nother tribe – poor Jacky – Me sit down with white fella – him very goot – much bullaky – flou – bacca – plenty plenty tuck out. (between Ral-Ral Creek and Chowalla, 120 miles from Lake Victoria) (Tester 1851:fr441)

23. Six more natives met us shortly afterwards…Asked them where white fellow sit down – They scratched with their spears – six times in the sand – and pointing in the direction of the Lake – "white fellow sit down – six mile away in rush wurly – Gave them some tobacco for their information. (near Lake Victoria) (Tester 1851:fr443)

24. Two natives came forward and holding their heads down – pulled their hair apart and shewed us long gashes in the scalp – "See white fella – black fella rub plenty fat there – me strong – plenty strong now." They fancy that possessing the fat of their victims – adds fresh vigour to their bodies... (Tester 1851:fr445)

25. ...my mate who was rather stout of body – got surrounded by a few women who amused themselves by gently poking him with their spears – intimating by loud yells – and abundance of laughter "white fella him very nice – plenty butter" following up the latter expression with an ominous licking of the lips... (Tester 1851:fr446)

26. ...lubras with pickanninies... (Tester 1851:fr447)

27. ...we came to the annah branch – a tributary of the Murray – here we fell in with a good many natives...we made known to them that we wanted a mungo to take our baggage over. The rascals pretended not to understand us – we were not to be gammoned, and promised that the first blackfellow that got us a mungo – should have a stick of tobacco – and two fish hooks. Two darkies lay on the ground poking the sand with their spears – their eyes glistened when we showed them the precious gift. Approaching them we gave them to understand that if they complied with our request white fellow would immediately reward them. We were answered by a shake of the head and a yawn – Come – come darky what you say – eh! We give you these – look – adding another stick of tobacco – jabber – jabber jabber – black fella – want floa (we were to be fleeced and no mistake) I went to the saddle bag and got a pannakin of flour and put it before them – now darky – stamping my foot no gammon – you get mungo white fella plenty angry. – Jabber – jabber – the flour was handed round and smelt tasted spit out – smelt again and again till at last – feeling quite sure what that their [sic] was no poison in it – another long palaver followed – the lazy savages got to their legs and walking up to a wurly where the darkies were laughing commenced palavering... (Tester 1851:fr451-52)

28. ...an old gin – contrived to get hold of our quart pot and was walking off with it... (Tester 1851:fr453)

29. ...I took that black coon – Tom – with me... (Tester 1851:fr458)

30. ...Darkie – knowing coon... (Tester 1851:fr459)

31. ...yer a cheeky coon... Here Bill – get up yer lazy coon... (one bushman to another) (Tester 1851:fr413)

32. ...I fell in with three hungry looking coons – returning from the diggings...They told me they had been on the fields 4 months – and not got gold enough to find 'em in grub. (referring to non-Aboriginal men) (Tester 1851:fr425)

33. ...it was probable that the horses had roamed into the bush - for the sake of feed. – Darkie walked cautiously – ran – jumped from side to side – now and then stooping to examine a foot print – me got yarraman – been here – see white fellow – holding up a bit of stick with a graze on it – went a little further – Darkie shook his head – no goot dis way white fella – me tink yarraman gone dat way – kept on for nearly an hour – without success - Darkie – getting puzzled suddenly – away he darted – and I lost him for a moment or so, in the scrub – coming up with him I found him on the ground at full length listening – come darkie I said – get up its no use you coiling there let us try this way – coming to a small gully – my black guide – stopped short and falling on his knees commenced examining a shoe print – come here white fella – see – see yarraman been here – ha-ha – sure soon catchee now come on – the traces got more numerous – darkie clapped his hands – See – see yarraman been here short time ago – off he darted again – presently back he comes and dancing with delight – me found em – me shew you – a little further see down there – look – I looked into a long

winding gully and for the moment did not see the horses...white fella – no see - stupid white fella – there – them, pointing – sure enough there were the horses – comfortably feeding in a nice grassy spot. (on Patterson's station) (Tester 1851:fr462-63)

34. ...here we found about fifty wurleys... (Tester 1851:fr463)

35. We presently found ourselves in a large camp of natives who set up a loud jabbering as we rode in among them. We got off our horses – and asked them in what direction the Commisioners – lay – It cost us some little trouble to make them understand – One old man who happened to be rather more intelligent than his fellows – made signs by scratching on the ground three times with a spear that white fellas big wurly was 3 miles off – pointing at the same time to a dray track through the scrub – we took the hint and paid him – in tobacco. His precious gift made darky highly delighted – and holding up the tobacco – shewed his unswerving mates – what white fella had given him – We found black fellas directions correct. The Commissioners – was a large slab hut. (Tester 1851:fr469)

36. ...a womera or throwing stick... (Tester 1851:fr470)

37. ...saw a great number of wonga wonga pidgeons... (Tester 1851:fr472)

38. ...the spear and boomerang... (Tester 1851:fr480)

39. ...good white pellas... (Tester 1851:fr480)

40. Moolatte kept a canoe, and was we found after much labour to understand him – much big black fellow – in catchee fish – on the following morning we made our way to lake Boga... (Tester 1851:fr480)

41. ...greenhorn (new chum)... (Tester 1851:fr526)

42. ...they began to talk and "yabber yabber" at a great rate. (Kirby 1895:30)

43. ...the lubras (women)... (Kirby 1895:115)

44. ...the blacks...would make their "mia-mias" a short distance from the hut... (Kirby 1895:46)

45. ...the blacks said we were no good, and that we ought to give them bullocks like the good white man... (Kirby 1895:53)

46. We sent black Beveridge to the tribe...they gave him no satisfaction...he shook his head and said, "Me thinkum killum more cattle." (Kirby 1895:54)

47. ...the blacks sent another message to Andrew to the effect that they would kill him at "narrangee" (daylight) on the following Sunday morning...He would say, "Oh, its all gammon!... (Kirby 1895:56-57)

48. ...black Beveridge...calling out, "My brother, my brother" (he often called Andrew his brother). (Kirby 1895:59)

49. ...they had a big yabber, and although I did not know what they said, I caught two words that I did know the meaning of, and they were the words "cal" and "memmo." "Cal" signified dog, and "memmo" meant emu... (Kirby 1895:71)

50. The "new chum" in most cases had either read or heard that savages have chiefs...his first question almost would be, "who chief?" or "who king?"...Some one

of the blacks just to please him would say, "Me chief," or "Me king." "Oh, you king! eh?" "Yes, me king, me Billy." (Kirby 1895:75)

51. ...they had a great notion of some Spirit that was all badness...they called "Nutcha,"... (Kirby 1895:75)

52. ..."Coramo," which in English means opossum... (Kirby 1895:76)

53. When we first came in contact with the blacks, and as soon as we could understand each other a little, their chief wish seemed to be for us to give them names, and for some time a mob of six to a dozen a day would come to our hut to be named...They got so numerous at last that all the names, such as Jacky, Bobby, Charley, Tommy, Dicky, &c. became exhausted, and we had to resort to some of a more aristocratic sound, such as Sir Robert Peel. (Kirby 1895:77)

54. ..."wanup" signified fire... (Kirby 1895:82)

55. These new white men made themselves very agreeable to the blacks, and promised them...they would give them plenty "tucker." (Kirby 1895:85)

56. At last he managed to say, "Mitter Beveridge." (said by Aboriginal man known as Mr Beveridge) (Kirby 1895:113)

57. The blacks in the parts I am now writing about were as a rule quite harmless and peaceable, and nearly all of them could make themselves understood in broken English... (Ingleby's station, Swan Hill district) (Kirby 1895:195)

58. "You want um shepherd? Me shepherd if you like; oh, yes! me shepherd, you give it damper." (Ingleby's station, Swan Hill district) (Kirby 1895:195)

59. "Me no more shepherd, me pull away long-a-way," meaning that he was going away a good many miles from there. (Ingleby's station, Swan Hill district) (Kirby 1895:196)

60. ...a black lubra, rejoicing in the name of "Judy," came and said, "Tommy (meaning the shepherd) pull away, I believe you want um nother one?"..."Yes," said Donald, "your cooley shepherd?"..."Me no got um cooley; *me* shepherd if you give it plenty damper."..."You no lose um sheep, Judy?" but before Judy could reply another lubra...spoke up and said, "No b–y fear, (pointing to Judy) him b–y good shepherd, him never lose um sheep." (Ingleby's station, Swan Hill district) (Kirby 1895:196)

61. Donald said, "Sheep look very well, Judy."..."No b–y fear," said Judy, "no good grass here; what for you no go more further over there (pointing to the westward), plenty good one grass there, and big one water-hole."..."How far away?" said Donald..."Oh, me think um five miles." (Ingleby's station, Swan Hill district) (Kirby 1895:200)

62. ..."massa," with a white "pickaninny,"... (Hinkins 1884:11)

63. ...the old lubra... (Hinkins 1884:12)

64. He was called "Najara" by his companions, but I gave him the name of "Cockie," after which I was inundated by the rest of the tribe, who were all desirous for "massa" to change their names too, so that I had enough to do to find names for all the party; but I succeeded pretty well, and seemed to give them satisfaction. (Hinkins 1884:12)

65. I though it advisable to make friends with Cockie, so that he might prove a protection to us, instead of perhaps, becoming an enemy. So, after considerable persuasion on my part, and great reluctance on his, I at last coaxed him inside my hut, and giving him something to eat, I tried to make him understand, as well as I could, that he was a brother of mine, and that I would treat him kindly. After this I soon induced him by kind words and treatment to remain about the premises; and, after a time, I employed him in sundry odd jobs, which he performed most faithfully...After a while, and a little instruction, he would come up to the hut at break of day and light the fire for me, and put the kettle on to prepare for breakfast, and when the water was boiling he would call out to me, "Massa, blackfellow," meaning the kettle, "bubble-bubble," that is, "boils," when I would go and make the tea...I soon became very much attached to him, and he apparently to me, as he often repeated "Merri-jig John," by which he meant he liked me, they using the word "merri-jig" for everything that pleased them. (Hinkins 1884:13)

66. ...wongal...a root which very much resembles the "liquorice [sic] used in England, and grows in swampy ground. The natives chew the root, which is very pleasant to the taste, and with the fibres of the plant they make their nets, &c. (Hinkins 1884:13-14)

67. ...telling him not to give anything out to "white fellow" during my absence, but to take what he wanted for himself and "pickaninny." (Hinkins to Najara) (Hinkins 1884:15)

68. ...on my asking him "Where pickaninny?" he rubbed his eyes and said with perfect coolness, "I b'lieve, 'leep 'long o' mimia," meaning she was asleep in the hut... (Hinkins to Najara) (Hinkins 1884:15-16)

69. ..."Merri-jig this one, 'nother one supper," that was, he had already had his supper, and that I was giving him another. He then said, "Mine tink em you tumble down and no come barlee, pickaninny b'longing to me," by which he meant to say that if I had died during my absence, or never returned, he should have taken the child for his own, and he added, "borak 'nother white 'one' fellow manum," that is, that he would not have given her up to any other white person...I gave him a small bag of sugar...He capered about...saying "Dis one b'longing to me, no gammon John, plenty gib it," meaning that it really was his, and that I was not joking with him, and that he was satisfied at the quantity. (Hinkins to Najara) (Hinkins 1884:15)

70. Cockie immediately rose, and burst out laughing heartily, saying, "Big one stoopid you, you yabber borak pickanniny no hab it dinner, pickaninny plenty dinner, mine gib it," meaning that though I had said she should have none, he had given her plenty of his own. (Hinkins 1884:17)

71. ..."All gone coolie," that meant I was no longer angry with the child...he would say "What for you piam (beat) pickaninny? never blackfellow like o'dat." (Hinkins 1884:17)

72. ...I took from the tribe a fine-looking boy...On account of his good looks and fine figure, I gave him the name of Prince Albert...he appeared, and wished "massa" to take him back as his boy again. (Hinkins 1884:18)

73. "Always like o'dat blackfellow long o' lubra," meaning that that was the way all the blackfellows acted towards their women... (Hinkins 1884:19)

74. One day I lost a favourite pipe...I charged the blacks with "bimballaly de pipe," that is, stealing it...Cockie at once went to their camp...On his returning to me he most positively declared, "Borak blackfellow bimballaly pipe b'longing to you, neber."..."Neber blackfellow bimballaly pipe b'longing to John." (Hinkins 1884:19)

75. "All gone pickaninny, plenty mine wash em in creek, mannum new 'possum cloak," meaning that she had washed herself well in the creek and had a new opossum cloak. (Hinkins 1884:20)

76. ...I called Cockie and another of the blacks, and told them "You go with white-fellow, cut canoe, and put him across the river," near the station he wanted to go to...on my asking sternly, "Where white-fellow?" Cockie burst out laughing, and answered, "I b'lieve long o mimia t'other side." Pointing to the handkerchief, watch-guard, and dog, I again asked sternly, for I...did not believe the man was safe, "Name these," meaning "Where did you get these things from?" He again laughed heartily...then said "Plenty white-fellow gib it, that one stoopid white-fellow mine yabber (talk) gib it dis one" (give me this), touching the handkerchief, "d'reckly white-fellow gib it" (directly); the same with the watch-guard and dog, "White-fellow gib it all, d'reckly mine yabber gib it," (directly I ask for it). I found out afterwards, that before leaving the shepherd Cockie had said "Borak" (never) "you yabber 'long o John," (you tell John) "mine bimballaly" (I stole) "handkerchief, chain, and dog, only you gib it," (give it). (Hinkins 1884:21)

77. ..."Fry em fritters,"... (Hinkins 1884:22)

78. ...a new chum... (Hinkins 1884:22)

79. ...a minister of the Presbyterian church occasionally came to visit a station at Mount Hope...I would generally get some of the blacks to attend...One Sabbath afternoon one of them returned from this meeting, and came to tell me where he had been. This was a very cute fellow, whom, from his short thick neck, I had named "Billy Bull." He was the doctor of the tribe. I asked him "You made a lite white-fellow? (you know or understand) merrijig white-fellow," (good or kind). He shook his head, and answered, "Big one yabber (talk) white-fellow, lite (like) o'dat," opening his mouth to its full extent, "but borak gib it," by which he meant that the minister talked a great deal, but did not give them anything. (Hinkins 1884:22-3)

80. ...confined to my bed with a severe sick headache...Billy Bull...the doctor of the tribe...came to see me, as he said "professionally," as he had heard that I "carried budgel," that is, I was very ill, and coming to my bed, he said "D'recly all gone budgel," (soon be well)...he told the other blacks "All gone budgel b'longing to John now," (that I was quite well now)...I asked him "Which one you mannum (get or like) 'bacco or sugar?" He said "Borak 'bacco, sugar (not 'bacco nor sugar), only blour (flour), big one budgel all gone, big one blour you gib it," that is, that as I had been very ill and he had cured me, so now I was to give him plenty of flour. I laughed, and gave him about a couple of pounds of flour, when he exclaimed, "Oh, merrijig John (good John) n'other one budgel cumbally (another sicknes come) d'recly mine (me) come again." (Hinkins 1884:23-4)

81. "Merrijig black-fellow, no good white-fellow." (said by Hinkins' child) (Hinkins 1884:25)

82. ...it became a saying amongst them "Neber John tell a lie." If any of the men on the station employed them and offered to pay them in tobacco, sugar, &c., they would immediately refer the subject to me, saying "Come o long o John, John yabber 'gib it' merrijig dat," (if John says give it, that is good, or right)... (Hinkins 1884:26)

83. ...their "yabber" (talk)... (Hinkins 1884:28)

84. ..."spears," "nulla nullas," a kind of club, "boomerangs,"... (Hinkins 1884:28)

85. ...a very powerful black-fellow whom I had named "Rowan,"... (Hinkins 1884:29)

86. ..."On'y ride 'em jumbuck like yarroman." meaning that they rode the rams like horses...having seen the stock-riders wear spurs to urge on their horses, they, to imitate them, had fastened sticks...to their heels, saying "Dis one make em gallop." (Hinkins 1884:30)

87. ...Cockie came to me apparently in great distress...he said, "Mine big one yabber, borak you sulky," meaning he would tell me something particular if I would not be angry. On my satisfying him by saying "Borak sulky me," he said "Name dat in pickaninny mimia like it broder (brother) b'long to blour (flour), meaning the lime in the shed. I endeavoured to make him sensible what it was..."Borak you sulky (do not be angry), black-fellow bimballaly (stole) some of dat and make it 'bubble bubble' (a sort of gruel) when put him in pot 'long o cutters (water), oh! blackfellow much frightened and say neber like o dat blour (flour) and when eat him, like it stone and like, ugh," at the same time making such hideous and grotesque grimaces to express his disgust, adding "blackfellow all like o dat, and I b'lieve all tumble down," he meant he thought they would all die...Then looking very seriously in my face he said "Now you yabber borak, tumble down blackfellow," by which he meant I was to promise they should not die...I said "Come along o camp mine make a light (I will go and see) blackfellow."...I said "Borak tumble down black-fellow" (blackfellow will not die)... (Hinkins 1884:31-2)

88. ..."always like o dat black-fellow." (Hinkins 1884:33)

89. One of their number – the "medicine Man" – whom I had named "Billy Bull,"... (Hinkins 1884:33)

90. ...I was surprised at hearing a great noise, caused by a number of the young boys of the tribe crying out at the top of their voices, "pull away, pull away white lubra," *i.e.*, run away white woman. On my going to the door of the hut, I saw one of the blackfellows poising his spear, and in the act of throwing it at the woman who was wife of one of the splitters then working at the station...I...fired towards him...I...seized my other gun and ran up to them, shouting as loud as I could to cause him to desist from his attempt to spear the white woman...The other blacks also, on hearing what I said, were greatly alarmed, and in their fear and rage began abusing him, as it seemed to me, in their own language for what he had done. My little girl told them, "Any more like o dat spear 'em white lubra, babouk (father) b'longing to me, shoot 'em all about blackfellows and send 'em all way, long way – that is, that if any of them attempted again to spear any of the white lubras, her father would shoot them, and send the rest a long way from the station. (Hinkins 1884:34)

91. ...the grandest corrobbaree I ever saw. (Hinkins 1884:34)

92. ..."merri-jig dat one John," *i.e.*, that I was a good fellow. (Hinkins 1884:35)

93. ..."pull away white lubra; no dance till white lubra pull away" (go away)... (Hinkins 1884:35)

94. The black police, as spectators, frequently shouted "merri-jig dat" (very good that) when they saw any striking movement among the dancers. (Hinkins 1884:36)

95. ...my child shed two of her front teeth, and the blacks having a custom of knocking out the two front teeth of some of their children, thought that I had purposely done so...they were quite delighted, exclaiming "merri-jig dat (very good), pickaninny Jenny; now 'em like it black lubra" (now just like black woman). (Hinkins 1884:36-7)

96. ...I said, "now big one shoot; you see pickaninny waddy long way" (young fir-tree), and I pointed to the young pine-tree in which I had secreted the ball, saying, "now mine shoot 'em." They immediately expressed great astonishment, making a clucking noise with their tongue, which must be heard in order to understand the expression of it. This they use on all occasions of sudden surprise, or when they are much excited, and they cried out, "what for you stoopid borak, you shoot 'em pickaninny waddy neber" (why are you so stupid; you will never shoot that young pine-tree)...I raised my gun, and fired towards the tree...I called to them to follow me; but they only laughed heartily, and cried out, "big one you stoopid borak ball quambi long o waddy," meaning that I should not find the ball in the tree...some of the younger ones ran forward, and reaching the tree before me, shouted out at the top of their voices, "no gammon musket b'longing to John, ball quambi long o waddy," *i.e.*, that it was no deception, but that the ball really was in the tree – thus showing me that they had discovered the secreted ball...I cannot describe their consternation and surprise; yabbering at the top of their voices to each other...repeating the clucking noise frequently...after this the fowling-piece was held in dread by them, all saying, "no good black-fellow pull away (run away), dat one musket b'longing to John no gammon" (no deception). (Hinkins 1884:37-8)

97. ...Cockie came and asked me to "shoot him crow," which these blacks are very fond of eating...His surprise was great at their all being shot...I said to him that it was according to the number of the shot placed in the gun that "so many tumbled down."...I constantly after this kept an old musket filled to the muzzle with ball...telling them that "like it crow, mine fire, dat one so many black-fellow tumble down," *i.e.*, that as I had killed so many crows, so, if I fired that gun, so many of them would be killed. (Hinkins 1884:39)

98. ...I called them up one at a time, telling them that the first who put a spear into the "bull's-eye" was to have the damper, saying, "plenty more damper long o mimia" (in the hut), upon which they all jumped about, crying out, "merri-jig dat" (very good that.)...I took aim and fired sending the ball through the centre of it. They then ran to fetch the cake, and brought it to me, saying, "merri-jig dat musket b'longing to John; no good pear" (spear). (Hinkins 1884:39-40)

99. ..."I b'lieve big one you jearing," meaning that he thought that I was very much frightened. (Cockie to Hinkins) (Hinkins 1884:40)

100. At one time Mr R –, the owner of the station, was visiting his property...I heard him desiring Cockie in an insolent tone of voice to fetch his horse from the paddock for him; but Cockie answered "borak, master fetch him yarroman," *i.e.*, "never; master fetch his horse himself."...I called Cockie to me, and quietly told him to fetch "yarroman (horse) belonging to master,"... (Hinkins 1884:41)

101. I immediately called Cockie...I said, "you make a lite this one massa?" (you know this master well?). He replied with sternness, "plenty, no good dat one white fellow" (quite well; white fellow no good). I said, "merri-jig dat one massa" (that master is good). He answered, "neber" (never, or not so), and walked indignantly away...I told him he must "drink em tea a long a big one massa" (take his tea with the head master)...I asked him "where you make a lite massa" (where did you know master?). He answered, "long o Loddon" (at the Loddon), meaning the river Loddon, "when massa big one sulky, want o shoot him" (when master was very angry and wanted to shoot him); and he described the time and place, which Mr. P – well recollected. (Mr P – was one of the Crown Lands Commissioners, in charge of the police) (Hinkins 1884:42)

102. ..."barrabba you yabba long o babouk b'longing to you;" meaning that she was not even to tell me, her father, what they had been talking about. (Aboriginal people to Hinkins' daughter) (Hinkins 1884:43)

103. Their continual cry was "never combarlee John and pickaninny white lubra Jenny," meaning we should never return...The men...crying out "merri-jig John, merri-jig pickaninny Jenny" (good John, good little Jenny). (Hinkins 1884:45-6)

104. ...on asking them such questions as "who made you?" or "the sun, moon, light, darkness, etc.," their invariable answer was "nother one blackfellow." In dark weather, preceeding a heavy storm, they would say, "big one sulky nother one blackfellow wallan combarlee" (great blackfellow send it because he is very angry.) (Hinkins 1884:46)

105. ...Cockie, Friday, and billy Bull came to him to ask after "massa and pickaninny Jenny." (Hinkins 1884:46)

106. ...she cried out at the top of her voice, "Father! father! look; white-fellow carry musket with spear on the top," meaning the bayonet. (Hinkin's daughter) (Hinkins 1884:48)

107. ...I was taking a glass of wine...Cockie, flew at me to take the glass from my hand, saying, "borak you drink it dat one, d'reckly you tumble down like it captain" (meaning that if I drank it I should fall down like the captain, who had been an overseer at the station at one time, and who was very much given to drink); "dat one debble debble." (Hinkins 1884:50)

108. ...Tommy Gilman a full black man of this district has looked upon me as his friend for some years – Every time he came to Echuca he would come to my store to see "*Yanworka*"; as they called me – He did not beg as other blacks, but seemed satisfied with my appreciation of him, and with anything I chose to give him – after my departure to England he called up the the store and enquired "Where Master" – "Long a England, Tommy." "When him Come back?" "By and bye Tommy." After a little thoughtful meditation, he ejaculated "How far England?" "Long way, Tommy", my storeman (Michael McDowell) replied "first time long a Melbourne, then <u>big fellaa</u> water," the latter with a drawl – then plenty big fella water, one fella moon two fella moon longa big Canoe, then England" Tommy waited a while and with a determined exclamation he said "Me go" Some months after this he was in Melbourne with a mob of cattle belonging to a squatter. Ther he enquired "which way England?", "Where big fella Canoe?" He was directed to Williamstown, where he anxiously asked the strange question "When Canoe Come back from England, bring back Master belonging to me?" Getting no satisfaction to his repeated yearning he came back again to the Murray River and haunted the store with the same plaintive cry "Master Come back?" "When master Come?" "By and bye Tommy, him Come back – You wait" – Tommy waited...Hearing in the town I had Come, he rushed in the store with hasty steps. I was serving a customer at the time in the drapery department. Seeing me he made a dive at me and in a moment I was in his embrace "thoma nea-ne Mar, ar tha" (my dear master) he excitedly cried and pressed me to him with extreme affection, Kissing me at the same time – I was not prepared for this expression of regard, so was silently passive for a time – hearing my voice he said "Master, you yabber " (speak) asking me one or two questions, he exclaimed "that good fella yabber, long a my ear, you yabber more master" – Finding my tongue a little I spoke again and again my faithful sable friend he demonstrated his affection by 'hugging me like a vice, repeating over and over the expression "Massa you Come back, me squeeze you long a my heart." All that afternoon wherever I went – Tommy was at my side, clinging to my arm and would scarcely allow anyone else to speak to me...I asked one of my employees to pay the punt across the river Murray – Tommy in a moment sprang to my

side and exclaimed "No not him give it me give it," at the same time producing a shilling from his own pocket. (Maloga Mission, near Euchuca) (Mathews 14.4.1870)

109. Bobby is about 11 years of age. today he was tlling of osme of his early attachments to a little black girl called Lizzie. He said "When I seen her first time, mine wanted to marry her if I was big enough and she grew big, I would get married quick." (Maloga Mission, near Euchuca) (Mathews 1874)

110. ...Mickey..."Mine no kill him; that fellow tumble down"... (Maloga Mission, near Euchuca, 13.4.1877) (Mathews 1878)

111. ..."Jatcha"...brother... (Mathews 1879)

112. An old black woman..."Master me see big fish down 'long a bank; you been tie 'im up, me think." "No, Polly," I replied, "I never tied up any fish! Where did you see it?" "You come along, mine show it."..."There, master, me no tell 'im lie."(Maloga Mission, near Euchuca, 5.4.1892) (Mathews 1893)

113. ..."Queez me in, me got two shirts on." Failing to compress her enough, she said – "me not like white fella lady." (Mathews daughters trying to fit an old Aboriginal lady into a dress, Maloga Mission, 16.3.1892) (Mathews 1893)

17

Upper Murray River

The JFH Mitchell references given, undated, with 'fr' meaning 'frame' and page numbers refer to the full microfilm of the Mitchell papers held in the Mitchell Library (ML: ZA 1671).

1. Doubtless they came from camp with no hostile intent, but merely to beg a bit of tobacco, "cudthel," or some bread, "thongong,"... (1906, ref to early 1840s) (JFH Mitchell fr33)

2. ...notorious scoundrels, such as Jack-en-dubby, Wheelbarrow Jimmy and Merryman... (1906, ref to early 1840s) (JFH Mitchell fr34)

3. Most of the adult darkies have succumbed to rum or disease, passing away in the belief that they "will jump up white-fellow." (1906, ref to early 1840s) (JFH Mitchell fr34)

4. "Crargee," Doctor or wise man... (16.10.1905, ref to 1854) (JFH Mitchell fr37)

5. "Warraguls" or "Buckeen." Blacks on the war-path. "Gouri." Fat. "Miami" or "Gunyah." Dwelling of bark. (16.10.1905, ref to 1854) (JFH Mitchell fr38)

6. YARRA, My authority is questioned in re the word "Yarra." Being conversant with the ("Weri-ari;" No! No!) "Woradgery" dialect, and having talked (Yelared) with members of the tribe as far back as 1842, when my playmates were "bouries," (blackboys) I was taught as their boys were taught and from various facts, know, that "Yarra" is the name of the Red Gum Trees, Rostrato (see Dictionary), Here I would ask of historians, if they can be sure that the question on this word, was understood by the blackfellow when questioned, and, equally, was his answer understood? (JFH Mitchell fr42)

7. ...as I was in my boy days much with the aborigines; having the "bouries" (boys) for playmates with my late brother James, that I had opportunites to learn from the adults, many things not usually disclosed to the "Whitephellow", amongst which may be mentioned the names of places, &c., some of which if known (and in daily use would, most probably, be changed for some other, less euphonious for one more presentable to sensitive natures!!...When at school at Melbourne in 1848, I frequently met natives spearing eels in the brick-holes immediately above the old Prince's-bridge (a wooden structure and tollbridge.) and from them learned that the red-gum trees (the only large trees there, were called "yarra"...The brick-holes mentioned were full of eels, and natives were often spearing them there, hence my opportunity (town boys took no interest!) to "yelar" with my "mar-mung-um," countrymen, I have no hesitation, if called upon to make statutory declaration that my statement is true, ie, that the Aborigines called this timber "yarra" (Woradgery dialect, Yarra, means Red!). I may say further that my fondness for sport was greater than for play, so I learned the blackfellows "modus operandi", which was simple and slow, but natives have great patience! (JFH Mitchell frs189-190)

8. Making frequent enquiry, I found that my brother James and I were the only two who knew the native name for the "Ornithorhincus Paradoxus - "Wammul"... (JFH Mitchell fr279)

9. We disregarded the warning in 1849 and were very "budgel" -, sick from it. (JFH Mitchell fr279)

10. ..."Bouries" and "Boulargeroos" (Boys and Girls)... (JFH Mitchell fr43)

11. Possum, "Willie,"... (JFH Mitchell fr44)

12. ..."bimbles" or districts where they abound. (ref to game hunted by Aboriginal people) (JFH Mitchell fr44)

13. And the "kindamindy," laugh, when one of us got a header, would make the bush ring. (JFH Mitchell fr45)

14. I found a blackboy, Samson, (an old friend) who offered to take "Massa John" to Albury... (JFH Mitchell fr46)

15. Said Samson "Massa John, inthu ball jarrand? (You not Frightened?)" "Weri (No)" I answered, so with saddle and bridle I embarked and away we went to cross over two miles of a rappid stream... (1848) (JFH Mitchell fr280)

16. ...the sun - "yera". (JFH Mitchell fr280)

17. When we came to "Mungabareena", 1836, following Hamilton-Hume's (the explorer's) track - (marked in 1824) the blackmen told us, that during a cubon murrum-*bidgee (big water or flood) (*big flood or water course) that the flood waters went round the Northern end of the Albury-range. (JFH Mitchell fr284)

18. ..."murreen," canoe... (JFH Mitchell fr47)

19. ..."lubras", black women... (JFH Mitchell fr50)

20. ..."dingoes" (native dogs)... (JFH Mitchell fr50)

21. ...wild dogs, "Dingos" or "Warraguls"... (JFH Mitchell fr52)

22. ...my watch-box a "gunyah" made of boughs thrown over a frame of saplings... (JFH Mitchell fr52)

23. I may mention a pleasant little interlude to break the monotony of my life under the "Jibbo" (bald-headed mountains) which came in a short time before my departure from "Running Creek", in the advent of "Corgon" Edward, and his black-boy, "Tommybulgarly", who declared he knew of a "cuborn budgery win-a-long" (JFH Mitchell summer plain) that would feed "Cuborn-sousan, mos' hundred jumbucs", when "cuborn dury" (hot) right in the very "bingy" of the Snowy Alps - "Bogongs". But Tommy, after two failures to "bindigary" (see or find) certain land marks, began to *funk*, so the wily rogue, doing what is now called back-pedal, induced us to eat some "cuborn-budgey" (very good blackfellow dainty) out with his "thowen" (tomahawk) from the centre of a treefern, (a doctor, "Crargee" will tell you its properties) which so affected us, that we threatened to make him swallow a dose of his toothsome "jan-jamber", which caused him to make tracks, and his capture taking us so many miles out of the course indicated to reach this plain, and feeling sure Tommy was all abroad we gave up the quest, and left it to friend Wildish to discover, which I believe is now known as "Snowy Plain". (May 1908, ref to 1851) (JFH Mitchell fr53)

24. TOMMY BURGARLY. Mr Edward Mitchell's Black boy. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

25. CUBORN-BUDGERY-WIN-A-LONG Good summer plain. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

26. CUBORN-SOUSAN-MOS A hundred jumbucs. (JFH Mitchell fr 121)

27. CUBORN-DURY Hot. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

28. BINDIGARY. To see or find. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

29. YELOR YABBA. To speak. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

30. WERI-UDTHA BINDIGARY NEINA. Cannot be found in Wooradgery. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

31. CUBORN MURRUMBUNG. Very good. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

32. "MINU-WUNG-INTHU" Who are you? (JFH Mitchell fr121)

33. "BURRA BARI YAN" Make haste and go. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

34. "CUDTHEL DERI BIDDY BOORBIN" Give me a smoke, I've a pain in my stomach. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

35. "PIEM" Hit him. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

36. "MITTONG UDTHA" Strong I am. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

37. "COOLER" Angry. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

38. "BIMBLE" Tribal boundary. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

39. "BE-U-YAH" Ready. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

40. "COORAMALEE" I'm coming. (JFH Mitchell fr121)

41. I once heard a black say, in his own language, "Baal udthu yamble-yarra!" I am not a red liar! (JFH Mitchell fr59)

42. About 1838 Mrs Elizabeth Mitchell born June 6th, 1797 at Parramatta N.S.W., with her family of 4 daughters and 4 sons (2 youngest boys) occupied "Mungambareena" Station, near Albury. Of this family I can speak with certainty; they were always kind to the blacks, and, consequently, were never molested by the tribe, but made use of the gins in domestic duties, they getting food and tobacco (JFH Mitchell "cudthel") in return. As a boy ("bouri") I have heard the lubras (gins) call out to my mother or sisters:- Mittis Co! Millick ber gun-gary hungry bourbin; cudthel deri biddy bourbin!" I am hungry for milk and in pain for tobacco! The 2 boys were always with the black boys, fishing, &c., and our consistently kind treatment, (which was known far and wide) had its reward; for although the ladies were often without a protector, they were never molested or even threatened. Later Thomas of "Tangambalanga", was appointed black protector, distributing blankets, &c., the Nation's gifts. (JFH Mitchell fr59)

43. I will confine myself principally to the "Woradgery" or, weri-ari (no-no) (nu-nu) tribe (or "Bimble") ie - district or tribal boundary - Tribes being very jealous of the encroachment of other tribes without leave - or credential sticks. (JFH Mitchell fr81)

44. In Heriots time, King George, or (old man George) saved the station at the risk of his life, from a raid planned by his own tribe. He was known as "Gentleman

George". Natures true gentleman!! (At Dora-dora Station, Upper Murray) (JFH Mitchell fr 89)

45. Old man George, King George, Gentleman George, deserves special mention. He was King of the "No no" "Woradgery" tribe, and was well known to our family and to settlers generally - In Elliott Heriot's day, when managing "Dora Dora" Station for Redhall, he saved the Station, (at the risk of his life) from a raid by his own tribe. He knew the whites were good to the Blacks of his tribe and indeed we were - and although my Mother and sister were often left without male protector, they were never molested, and the gins and lubras were useful helps in many ways. It gives me pleasure to record this of Gentleman George an aboriginal of whose race it was said "They are the lowest in the scale of humanity" - A Lible! "Yamble Yarra"!!...Samson, Mitchell's Ned, Mr. Barborn's "Jimmy" "No No" Neddy Wheeler Yackendoona and many more were trustworty and intelligent. (JFH Mitchell fr112)

46. Gunyah, miami - (Vic) means a camp. (JFH Mitchell fr91)

47. ..."Bung bung". 'Twas here the Blacks first heard a double barrel gun - hence the name. (JFH Mitchell fr92)

48. "Heilaman" - Aboriginal shield, used against the Nulla-nulla some blacks say, "Yelar-man-Yelar" to talk from the ringing sound when struck - Practical talk! (JFH Mitchell fr94)

49. "Yarra" - River -Vic. - The name has many appellations - but from the blacks in 1847 - when I was conversant with several dialects, I learned that "Yarra" was the red gum Eucalyptua rostrata. (JFH Mitchell fr110)

50. Yarraman means a red-horse, bay or chestnut. (JFH Mitchell fr110)

51. "Yamble" means to lie - "Yambler" a liar - and if a black said - as I have heard them "Inthu Yamble-Yarra" - they meant - "You are a red liar". "Bael udthrum Yamble" - I do not lie. (JFH Mitchell fr112)

52. Some natives were very truthful and honest - could be trusted to cut as many sheets of bark as pen notches in a stick - for much "cudthel" tobacco and if not fully paid - just look out! (JFH Mitchell fr112)

53. "COOEE" (The Call note) given by an Aboriginal Lubra (wife or woman) is quite distinguishable from the "Cooee". (JFH Mitchell fr119)

54. "BUDIGERY-DURA" Good day. (JFH Mitchell fr119)

55. There is no V or Z in the Aboriginal language. (JFH Mitchell fr119)

56. "JUMBUC" Should not be spelt with a K. All Aboriginal words are soft. (JFH Mitchell fr120)

57. "CUBORN BOLLONG" Great Head. (JFH Mitchell fr119)

58. "BRASS-PLATE" Worn by Kings. Was their delight as it brought them into prominence. "King Yarry". (JFH Mitchell fr119)

59. "HEILAMAN" A shield to ward off the blows from the "Nulla Nulla" or Waddy. (JFH Mitchell fr120)

60. "Woradjery" tribe is now called "Riverina" Tribe. (JFH Mitchell fr120)

61. ...Murray Cod "Mungee"... (JFH Mitchell fr132)

62. ...the "Ornithorhynchus" "Wammul"... (JFH Mitchell fr132)

63. As I am now in my 83rd year, and was an observant man, it has been painful to me to note the profusion of errors that have already crept into our history, especially as regards the euphonious native names, that have been corrupted beyond recognition. (from a letter to the Surveyor General, Sydney, NSW from JFH Mitchell "Ravenshoe", Ravenswood, Victoria 1.1.1914) (JFH Mitchell fr146)

64. 'Yaddy' is the name of the grass-tree (European) as well as of the gum. The gum is found at the root of the so-called tree, and was used for joining the hard-wood point (thollong) to a reed (jireel) or the light spear-like growth from the grass-tree. (JFH Mitchell fr185)

65. "The Yaddy" "Aboriginal name" for the grass tree – Called so by the early settlers, as I remember in 1835 The Aboriginals used the "spear-like growth" for spears and the gum (called "Yaddy" also) taken from the root to fix a hard-wood point - for a weapon of war, or chase...The name is of the "Woradgery or Weri-ari tribe"- The No-No or Murray tongue - The spears whether jireel, or yaddy, are thrown over a hundred yards, with great precision, by a womera (spear-thrower) (JFH Mitchell fr98)

66. In the forties of 1800 - the peregrinations of Cn. Lds. Comm. B. took him far afield; his duties being to settle disputes and determine boundaries between squatters on newly occupied Crownlands: arresting bush-rangers, or punishing black-fellows for robbing, back-sheep station huts; making too free with shepherds damper and mutton, Jack-the-painter tea &c, or showing their disapproval of the "nunni-biddy", "whitephellow," by drilling a hole in a shepherd or watchman, with a spear, or cracking their "cobera's" (heads) with a "nulla-nulla". (JFH Mitchell fr239)

67. ...when within range of a possible "boomerang" or "jereel" - spear - he called a "halt"!! (JFH Mitchell fr239)

68. ...as a boure (boy) of 12 was sent to the crossing place on some errand, and crossing the "gap" had reached where the "Advance Australia' now stands, when I noticed some dozen or more native blacks coming in hot haste from the thick scrub, so I pulled up and called "Mine Co minuah" (Hoy! whats up, tell me) excitedley masser Johnny munboumulgary (tremendous Black fellows devil) mudgegong (pointing to the thicket)..."Baal" (no said I) "naal udthu yamble yarra mudgegon" (I do not tell a lie devil sit down or is present) said I! "Innu bindigary innu jelar?" (what did you see describe it, tell me?) Masser Johnny "yea-wah cubon Cobera" (very big head) "munwodther cuborn har mill" (big surprise, tremendous ears, very big head, white rings, white eyes) "masser he yabber "(brayed he-haw-he-haw) no animal can stand the smell of a black...I beheld...a real live niddy jackass...To hear the blacks telling the tale of the discovery each in his own way, and their ideas of this marvellous monstrosity" would wake the risible faculties of the most sedate and the story going from one to another lost nothing in narration, and for a few days relieved the monotony prevailing!! the donkey's owner sharing the joke!!..."Yelar", talk with the blacks...1917 - after a lapse of 73 years. (JFH Mitchell fr243-244)

69. Burra Co! Cubon budgery Cudthel?" - "Yarlo ber mar-mung-um! (JFH Mitchell fr273)

70. ...Crargee (Krargee) Doctor... (JFH Mitchell 101)

71. "bollong" - head (JFH Mitchell 131)

72. "gerry-bung" (gray skin) [refers to a kangaroo] (JFH Mitchell 137)

73. "quamby" sleeping spot (JFH Mitchell 143)

74. Quamby, Quamby-took ... To settle down, rest or sleep. (Victoria) (JFH Mitchell 1906:24)

75. They were very careful of their "Coberas," heads. (1906:27)

76. Aboriginal Expletives, Oaths and Imprecations.
"Cudthi-mudder," Go to A.B.C. "Nunni-biddy," Designing scoundrel.
"Moonbiddie-Moon-bejardie." "Moonill-Murgoo"
Boom-boo," Worthless "Burrin-guddy."
"Courargather-mouri or bouri." (Like a in far) Tell that to the marines.
"Merijole," A mean rascal.
"Girry-girry-jole." A red rogue or rascal
"Ky meri," Having strong passions. "Currum-u-like-oo."
"Booyen-gudyah or guddy, bouri, or
mouri," boy. (JFH Mitchell 1906:29)

77. To My Dear "Corgon" Brother Ned, Albury, N.S.W., 1908. (JFH Mitchell fr50)

78. Woradgery, Murray River Blacks think catfish ("Thongor" or "beardy fish") are "cuborn murrumbung" (very good) – to eat. But at approach of spring they were "Nunni-biddy" (no good) and would make one sick. (JFH Mitchell 252)

79. Tuggari aboriginal for cold. (JFH Mitchell 253)

80. For the first time in print, the name "Merri" Creek spelt nearly as pronounced by the blacks. The true spelling "Meri" and pronounced Meri-bun; No-good Creek - (called, now, Merry Creek) Revd Waterfield also calls the River:- "Yarra" not Yarrow, which is Scotch "The Cross of Yarrow". I still maintain "Yarra" is the red-gum tree:- bun & bung - a creek. Keil-bun-dera, Brackish soil creek. (JFH Mitchell fr292)

81. 'Bullen' means 'two', and 'Merri', worthless, wicked, etc....the aboriginal 'MERI', signified 'no good'..."War" means "beware of something startling "Bool", a noisy. hill in eruption would give Bo-o-l'. (JFH Mitchell fr321)

82. "Bulla" is two, 2, - "Meri" is wicked, vile, something to be feared:- dangerous, having worked mischief "Boomboo". (JFH Mitchell fr326)

83. Coleen -! Widges and "Wegie" is water. (JFH Mitchell fr327)

84. "Munjal" = Biggest of the Cod-fish - "mun" means large gee or jal the fish. (JFH Mitchell fr328)

85. Murmungar - cod - The Milter - Bingo-mungar - The Spawner! (JFH Mitchell fr328)

86. Aboriginal benedictions in times of peace and good-will!!
"Curren-Ogun-Murrah"! Happy gunyah; Camp to you - my hand on it! (JFH Mitchell "murrah" a hand)
"Wein-bro-bro" - A joyous fire side to you!! Songs "Mar-mung-un", My friend or countryman:- in a joyful meeting -
"Bar-goonie = yal-beyan" - By the white moon it is wonderful! - "Bar is white Goonie the "Moon"

"Wegille-ber-girriger yamm" A drink please.
"Buna-barie" coombigy" - Quick for a swim = Summer pastime!!
"Be-yu-yar"? are you ready? "Currum-a-lie" - Spear the Currum a round piece of bark to represent a "currim" (kangaroo-rat) or "padymelon" -
"Ande-warrah?" What do you want, or say? - Min-u-ah?" Eh, what? "Min-u-mi-yia!! + I understand.
Angry words scolding! "Buro-yen-guddy.boy - "bouri" or girls - "boulargeroo" Cudthi-mudda.bouri. go to --- you bady.boy
"Boomboo or Bumboo" - bad woman or girl!
Meri-jole a bad - Man - vile fellow! (JFH Mitchell fr329)

87. To the Editor of the "Albury Banner" from "Warganbimble" Wargan-Weigle, Octr. "bulla", 1917...Bungalarly Mister Editor,...Udthu cuborn brar-brar ner inthu ner bulla-unbi Banneri – Inthu murrumbung goin, & baal udthu mor "yabba meri-jole" languidge"!: but mine budgery yelar-yelar, deranda-diranda! Bar-goin ner Wargan bimble bin Cuborn Kindimindy ner "yarn", "Albury in Swaddlings", ner "Banner" when blackfellows bin bun-bari when bindigary mun-boomulgary & em yabba-yabba mun-eh-au-eh au!!...Mine udthui, marmun-un (countryman)...Woradgery...Good Mr Editor... I was very pleased with you for sending me three "Banners"; you are a good man, and I will not (never more) talk bad "languidge", but speak soft (good) words, day-by-day!...White people at "Ravenshoe" had a big (hearty, laugh at the yarn, "Albury in Swaddlings, in the "Banner", and the blackfellows' running away from what they thought was a big "dibble dibbil" and the terrifying bray of the creature!... Seriously my countryman: I thank you for sending me three "Banners"...Yours sincerely JFH Mitchell

88. August 4th 1911. From "Wagga Express" we learn that the powers that be, are ordering off all Aboriginals from "Yass" to a tract set apart for them, far from their old happy hunting grounds "Bimble" (tribal bounds) - a shame!! White Australia??? Today 13th March 1912, I learn that Queen Lucy's "gunyah" is burnt and she is dying in hospital of a broken heart!

89. Queen Lucy, in grief;
The law of the whitphellow, is not for the black-man!
We, the rightful owners of "Yass" must quit, that's his plan!
Willy-Nilly, no appeal; a new field to explore,
Where we will both die of grief, and be heard of no more!
Our bimble all taken, Kangaroo-ground without game,
Thus to be treated, is to the big whitephellow's shame!
Me and Ned will wobungy, in our old mia-mi
King O M may go to gerry-bung Boo-mulgary!!

90. King Ned, Angry;
Cuborn mine cooler alonga Kingy Malley,
Him nunni-biddy, meri-jole, bollong-ass, bally!
Him yabber-yabber, "Me mittong white-man, baal gas,
OM Burrabari, yan-away, from the White City "Yass"
Ned Mine mittong too - Udthu cuborn piem bollong;
You fight Malley? Inthu jerrand! inthu come along!
"Chips" JFHM, King Ned, his mark! April 1912.

91. Note...Bimble tribal boundary; wobungy to die, perish!; gerry-bung Boo-mulgary grey old dibil-dibil; cuborn coolar very angry; nunni-biddy meri-jole worthless fellow; cobbera the head; yabber-yabber tall talk; mittong strong; burrabari yan-away go away quicly; Udthu myself; Inthui yourself; jerrand cowardly and frightened.

92. Castlemaine gossip. (JFH Mitchell By "Zekle") "Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown, An' pecked in thru' the winder." - Lowell...It is pleasing to know that the Victorian aborigines are taking a lively interest in the world war, and that their sympathies are strongly in favor of Great Britain and conscription. The following letter, in vernacular, I have received from an aboriginal, "Kindimindy Joe". "Mister Editor, - Inthui bindigary, udthu (you) cuborn murrumbung bar-goin!! Inthu mittong to yelar ner piem warragul jingy-le-murra German, ner war. S'posem inthu baal gerybung, cobera, ther-eely mine yan-a-garry an piem bollong ner jing y-ley yabbering Germans!!! My oath: ud-thu cuborn cooler in er Nurmung-bir-bouri mine-mar-mungun baal no burra-bari enlistem soger, an mak wobungy Turk au patter gouri of whitephellow an makem mittong an cuborn fitem like boomalgary, theringa!! Yama, bouries inthu yabber, "mine mittong, white phellow", yamble-yarra inthu, "black-fellow mittong", inthu jerrand ner fight, tuggera mundowie, yah, inthu jerrand dingos!! Yan-naugery. - Kindimindy Joe." The following is the translantion, kindly supplied by John Mitchell, Esq., of Ravenswood, a world-wide authority on the N.S.W. aborigine, his language and customs. "Mr Editor, you are a very good white man. You are strong in speech in hitting those out and out bloody-handed Germans in this war. Supposing I were not grey-headed, I would go directly and knock on the head some of those blood-imbrued, tall-talking yabbering Germans. My oath! I am very angry with some of our young warrior white boys, my own countrymen, for not making haste to enlist as soldiers, and kill some Turks and eat the fat of some of those white-fellow, and become strong to fight like the very devil! You see? I say, boys, you claim to be superior to a black-fellow. You are red liars. Black-fellow strong. Bah, you are frightened, - cowards, - cold-footed, slinking mongrels. - Laughing Joe." (JFH Mitchell p487-89)

93. "Darby-Murray" Two black boys who accompanied in the year 1841 or 1842 from Appin, three of the Mitchell brothers - Thomas, Edward, and John, with their two sisters, Eliza and Agnes, to "Mungabareena"...Mr. Meyer's Blackfellow who was speared was called "Gulliver". Mr. Charles Barbour's blackfellow was called "Jimmy No-No" of the Weri-ari or Woradgery Tribe and was much beloved by him, as he was a faithful servant (one could say friend) being like an orderly, always with him. He once said to his master "Masser never go turn back to blackfellow" no turns yours to me "him put spear in there", pointing to his back. (JFH Mitchell p233)

94. They used to return lusty, fat, shining, and satisfied, loud in their praises of the Bogong as a menu, saying they were "Cuborn murrum-bung". (JFH Mitchell p241)

95. Old-man-George or King George...Aboriginal name not known - age about 60. Saved Dora-dora from a raid by blacks - he did this at the risk of his life (called Nature's gentleman). (JFH Mitchell p219)

96. Narn-yah (Tommy)...The Hunter; Pobbiere...Amiable, friendly; Yi-yarra (Tommy)...Not known...These three "bourier" boys were playmates at "Murramuranbong" Vic. Mr. A.A. Huon's station, 1846. (JFH Mitchell p219)

97. No-No, or Weri-weri (Jimmy)..."Woradgery" tribal designation - This splendid man 6ft. 2in. was Mr. Charles Barbour's servant (of Glenrock N.S.W. and Gundowring Vic. a nephew of Hamilton Hume the explorer companion in his search for grazing country in the early forties). Jimmy was speared by that notorious scoundrel Jack-en-dubby" who took part in the Massacre of Faithful's men, 16 in number, near Benalla, Victoria. (JFH Mitchell p219)

98. ...Warragul (wild) blacks... (JFH Mitchell p221)

99. Wheeler Neddy of "Colac-Colac"...Neddy one of the last of the Murray tribe, was a man of no ordinary intelligence, and I feel is deserving of this tribute to his memory! (JFH Mitchell p221)

100. Boom-boo (Caroline)...A scold "nunni-biddie". (JFH Mitchell p221)

101. Gerran or Jerran (Ellen)...Shy, timid, fear imbued. A pathetic story is told of this poor black woman, the sorrowful daughter of Montra and Imra. Ellen - Gerran probably Ellen, English. (JFH Mitchell p221)

102. Magoother...Silly or stupid. (JFH Mitchell p221)

103. Whooro-wheel...White woman's friend. (JFH Mitchell p221)

104. A letter in "Woradgery" or "No-No dialect in answer to a boy's question in regard meaning of Meri-jole & "Murrumbang" or "Bun-gal-larlie". Blackfellows letter to a bouri..."Wargan-bimble"..."Wargan-Keigle"..."Bulla-bulla-unbi, Goonie"...Murrumbungbouri, Charley,...Mar-mung-un...Inthu's momar yelar. Charley nigar's, "Meri-jole" & "Murrumbung"! "Meri-jole"; Cuborn nunni-biddy - ner White-phellow or black-phellow!..."Murrumbung" or "Bunga-larle". A cuborn budgery "bouri" or "boulargeroo": Inthu ner murrumbung bouri, when inthu nungar nungar. Moma & pobar, yelar, yelar - ner udthu & unbi-doora; inthu cuborn whitephellow, & bra-bra to be Murrumbung!...Udthu's Gooridgee...John... English...Blackfellow's letter to - a boy friend, or countryman,..."Ravenshoe"... Ravenswood...5th month or moon...Ever-good-boy, Charley,...Your father says, "Charley does not know or understand, the meanings of "Meri-jole" & "Murrumbung" Meri-jole: Cuborn wicked white or blackfellow! - You are a very good boy, when you obey your father & mother, and one-day, you will be a great man, and will find joy in being good!...Your uncle, John. (JFH Mitchell p352)

105. Laughing Joe's letter, & interpretation, in pidgin English...Chips...Mister Editor...Udthu bindigary, Inthu cuborn murrumbung bar-goin!! - Inthu mittong to yelar ner piem warragul, jingy-le - murra German, ner War. S'posem udthu baal girry-bung cobera, therecly mine yan-a-girry an piem bollong ner jingy-ly yabbering Germans!! "My oath", udthu cuborn cooler inner, mar-mung-un-bar-bouri mine nurmungs, baal no burra-bari inlistem-Soger, an mak-wobungy Turke an patter gouri of white-phellow an makem mittong & Cuborn fitem yer-likem boomulgary, theringa!! - Yamma, bouries, inthu yabber, "Mine mittong white-phellow"! Yamble-yarra inthu, black-fellow mittong! - inthu jerrand ner fight-em. German, tuggera mundowie; yah; inthu jerrand-dingo : yan nangery,...Kindy-mindy Joe...Mr Editor...I perceive you are a very good white man! –You are strong in speech, in re, hitting those out and out, bloody-handed Germans, in re this War! Supposing I was not grey-headed. I would go directly and knock on the head some of those blood-imbrued, tall talking Germans!! "My oath"! I am very angry with our young warrior white boys, my own countrymen, for not making haste to enlist as soldiers, and kill some Turks and eat the fat of some of those whitefellows and become strong to fight like the very devil, you see?! - I say boys!! You claim to be superior to a blackfellow; you are a red liar!! Blackfellow Strong, bah, you are frightened, cowards, cold footed, dingoes...Go to bed & sleep!!...Laughing Joe. (JFH Mitchell p595)

106. ...the Murrumbidgee. This name is a corruption of "Morumbeeja" – a "flood" or "big one water,"... (Andrews 1920:8)

107. When the native guide was asked if the cold was ever great in Omio (i.e. Strathdownie), he replied, "When all the hills of Maneroo got on white nightcap (i.e., snow), in Omio, blackfellow not want it blanket." (ref to 1835) (Andrews 1920:26)

108. Their liking for finery was marked, especially for good boots. One named "Bangy" was full of tricks, and alas also a thief...finding a pair of excellent boots in the room he slept in, substituted them for his own old ones, and left with his boss for

home. When approaching the station, he looked at the stolen boots and exclaimed, "Yawah, mine been put on wrong fellow Bungywalk." (Andrews 1920:37)

109. ...a black had been riding a horse with a sore back and his master told him to ride another. The black objected that he could only ride it in his best boots. The master insisted, and the black got on the horse, but was soon unseated and his large old boot caught in the stirrup. After being dragged some distance, the stirrup came off the saddle, and the black got up and exclaimed "I tole you so I want it Sunday boot." (Andrews 1920:37)

110. ...and when he came to inspect the horses, found them already turned out. He hunted up the boy and furiously asked him why he did not wait till told. The boy answered, "That poor fellow want'em grass, coborn hot, and plenty ply (fly)." The colonel then said, "Never let them out again till you have my orders to do so." At this the boy's temper got the better of him and he replied, "Why you yabber it like that, mudgegar (master); baal yabber longer me like it that. What you got? Baal got it bullock, baal got it Yarraman, baal got it jumbuck; mine know all you got it, cobborn plenty —boot." (Andrews 1920:38)

111. ...two blackfellows were fighting on the bank of the Kiewa river when one was knocked into the river and drowned. This accident was too public to be overlooked, and an inquest was held. The coroner was a foreigner and did not pronounce his words as some of the native witnesses were accustomed to hear them. To one a question had to be repeated till at last he understood, when he said to the coroner, "why don't you yabber budgery English, coborn you – – foreigner." (Andrews 1920:38)

112. "Merriman" was a well-known character about Albury in the early days. He and Jackendebby were the ringleaders of the Faithful Massacre... (Andrews 1920:38)

113. ...the three spears left the throwers' "woomerahs,"...Merriman...with only his "heeliman," awaited them... (Andrews 1920:39)

114. Merriman had three brothers, named "Old Ned" or "Needy Wheeler," Harlequin, who was shot by a police constable at Merimarenbung and Simon, who died at Tangambalanga. They were sons of "Billy Elengeist," a previous chief or king of the Little river tribe. (Andrews 1920:39)

115. In the early days, a well-known blackfellow on the Upper Murray was known as "Gentleman Jack," and his wife as "Flash Margaret." (Andrews 1920:40)

116. ..."Yabba" (plenty talk)... (Andrews 1920:79)

117. Pioneers frequently contented themselves for long periods, with tents or even rough reed "mia-mias." (Andrews 1920:82)

118. ...David Reid endeavoured to form Quat Quatta or "Quart Quarta" (plenty fish)... (Andrews 1920:86)

119. ...Thomas Vicars Foote (known to the natives as "Mundowie," that being their name for "a foot")... (Andrews 1920:86)

120. ..."Oornee," a platypus... (Andrews 1920:88)

121. Dr. Creighton...settled at Albury, and was allowed by Mrs. Mitchell to reside at what is now called Doctor's Point. He lived there greatly respected and loved for his charitable disposition toward all in need, till 1847, when his death was regretted by

all who knew him. His groom was a black man named "Jimmie the Doctor," and is still remembered by some of the oldest inhabitants. (Andrews 1920:89)

122. "Massa!" said the blackfellow, "you see? Policemen come up now. Towsan (thousand) policemen! I believe that fellow directly shootum all about blackfellow!" (Comment by a Tongala Bangerang Aborigine on seeing the Commissioner of Crown Lands and his men riding up to Tongala station) (Curr 1883:116)

123. "Massa! Old man Wong come up now! Postman, that fellow belongin to Ngooraialum;" or, in other words, that old Wong (crow), the anxiously-expected *avant courier* of the Ngooraialum was, at hand." (Messenger from the Ngooraialum arriving amongst the Bangerang as a herald of their arrival for a marriage exchange corroboree) (Curr 1883:130)

124. "Good morning, Mellapurning!" said my brother. "Good morning, Massa!" replied the young lady in fur, a little surprised at our appearance..."What for you sing to-day?"..."Alonga Kotoopka (baby)," said she, smiling. "That pella plenty laup now!"..."Where kooli (husband) belonging to you?"..."Look out 'possum. You air-im tomahawk? Mine yait-im pish alonga Kotoopka."..."Te! te! borak Kotoopka yait-im pish."...Here the mother, turning her head to one side, with an arch expression of face, made with her tongue a sound much resembling the drawing of a cork from a bottle, which did duty as an exclamation of surprise. "No yait-im fish? Top-a-bit you mikalite. Tungooga Kotoopka thaichimiac mungi!"..."Well, good-bye, Mellapurning; can't stop now; we are off to the Moira," said my brother, who did not care to see young omnivorous perform." (Curr and his brother to a Waringulum woman, while examining the Moira as a site for a new sheep run) (Curr 1883:168-9)

125. "By and by...you see ole man blackpella. No gammon that pella; pather belonging to Warri. You look out now!" (Tommy, a Bangerang Aboriginal man talking to Curr about an old and respected Moira man, as he was rowing Curr down the Tongala R) (Curr 1883:175)

126. ...a very old man—the identical Warri's father...He had never before seen a white man...after an abortive attempt at a warlike caper, he howled, abused and spat at me in senile fury, asking, as Tommy afterwards explained, why I came to the Moira? What I wanted? That I was a demon from the grave! That the water, the fish, and the ducks belonged to his tribe. That he spat at me and hated me. That I was Pekka (a ghost), but that man or devil he would spear me!..."Push, Tommy!" said I, unwilling to annoy these people further. One vigorous shove cleared us of the bank, and the stream soon swept us round a point, and out of sight of the camp. "Well, well!" said Tommy, "big one stupid ole man! no gammon!" "What name belong to young girl?" [referring to a young girl sent to protect the old man by the other Aborigines] said I. "Undya:rning," replied Tommy. Good nerves, Undya:rning, thought I, and a good representative of her race in that particular... (Conversation between Curr and Tommy, an encounter with the Moira Aborigines, 1842) (Curr 1883:177-9) ..."white pella." (Curr 1883:197)

127. "Warri.---"Well, massa!"...A.---"Well! Warri, my boy, sit down."...W.---"Give me smoke? (I gave him some tobacco). Where police take me now?"...A.---I believe to Melbourne."...W.---"Melbourne, eh? what will the whitefellows in Melbourne do to me?...A.---"Well! can't say. I don't know."...W.---"I believe they'll hang me eh?"...A.---"I believe so."...W.---"Well! (with a loud cluck) well! why are you stupid? Why do you get your own blackfellows hung?"...A.---"Well! why do the Blacks eat up my sheep?"...W.---"Stupid! Stupid! Blackfellow."...Warri would then hobble off in the most comical way, with shortened stride, his pipe in his mouth to seek sympathy elsewhere."...Warri and his lubra (wife), Mirandola... (Curr speaking with Warri a Bangerang man captured by the police for the misdeeds of his

people towards Curr's sheep, Warri and Curr were "well acquainted" 1842) (Curr 1883:202-5)

128. "When they [the Bangerang] were not doing one, they were pretty sure to be doing the other [smoking or begging tobacco], so that the words, terrible from constant repetition, *i inyanook bakka, mitta Cowel, ingarnica!* (give little tobacco, Mr. Curr, smallest!) rang for ever in my ears. The ladies, it is true, in their persuasive way, prefaced their requests with "thoma ngieni" (dear you) one of the few terms of affection they had; but it all ended in "i inyanook bakka." [i = give, in = TrM, ya = a, nook = little, bakka = tobacco] (Curr 1883:240)

129. "As an instance of his aptitude for primary instruction in our learning, I may notice that I have known black boys learn the principal portions of the alphabet in a very few lessons. The book from which the task was learnt was, no doubt a novel one, being the backs and ribs of cattle on which the letters of the alphabet were branded. These we used to point out and name as we rode along; so that after a few lessons, when your impromptu young stockman returned from a ride amongst the cattle on the run, to the question of whether he had seen any strangers (strange cattle), he would reply as glibly as possible---"Oh yes; mine bin see two pella white cow, brand rib AB (in) circle; 'nother pella ole cow, brand R (in) diamond, shoulder; one cleanskin (unbranded beast), too, mine bin see." (Curr 1883:294)

130. It was curious to notice that tact of the Blacks in estimating the standing of persons they casually met, and that, after a few moments' conversation, they would say whether a stranger was a gentleman or one of the working class. Sometimes, however, they would say, in doubt, *imbat oberchia* (I believe overseer). (Curr 1883:296)

131. 'I don't mind them on my hands and face, but I can't bear them on my body. How do you manage without clothes?' 'Oh, you see,' said Jacky, '*Blackfellow all face*, so nebber mind!' (re mosquitoes) (Curr 1883:389)

132. Papa saying, making signs as he spoke, "You come my gunyah – bring lubra, bring piccaninny. I give you salt, other things – meat, sheep, jumbuk."...Papa, waving a hand at Mary, said, "Piccaninny!" (Docker, in Samuel 1950:58)

133. "What is is it, Jimmy?"..."Trooper come pick up blackfellow."...Jimmy's eyes were rolling..."But he does not want you. You have done nothing wrong."..."Gubmint say, 'You bring em blackfellow.' He bring em blackfellow. Trooper come, blackfellow go quick." (Docker, in Samuel 1950:71)

134. "Master George!" called Black billy...."What is it?" said George..."Master George, Talisman walk lame."..."Here!" said George. "A big splinter of wood...When could he have picked it up?"..."You remember, Mr. George. He start back near that jagged, old stump. One, two minutes before." (Docker, in Samuel 1950:

135. *Bar be tchin*, George...he said I gave them flour and panniken [and] told blackfellow all about I was very good. He is a *Pe par Wal le dig ger*, country...on Campaspe. (Robinson 23.3.1843, in Clark 1988:62)

136. ...at Curr's...*Yare re rite*, the *Worran yellum* black, spoke English and the Waverang language... (Robinson 25.3.1843, in Clark 1988:62)

137. ...we saw blacks running towds us from the reeds & then came to us and I shook hands. They were big men, very cind; called me big master, *big mar mar atta*. Irwin called out timidly when he saw them, 'here come plenty spears'...the N- said, 'plenty timber this road, men never going', but they would show us a good one and

went on...a smoke lay at a short distance and the N- told us that was their camp, 'plenty blackfellow'.....told the N- Mr. Dick to pull away... Redmun said...the black came with spear and had...got the 2 police 2 believe them X creek picininy was more thousands. (Murray River above Bullock Creek, creek picininy = Picaninny Creek, N- 'native', Irwin was an Aboriginal man from the Murray) (Robinson 1.4.1843, in Clark 1988:68)

138. Coroboree song of the Moira Lake tribe of blacks, composed by Johnny, their chief, on first seeing a breech-loading gun, about the year 1875. "Boung ang ah!* Boung ang ah! Melbourne Ah! dunning ah! cartridge, breech-loader, webalung oh! gebero, jedero, powder, ah pucka wunga Kingen Kat, mungins, everi weri jah mung oh!" De, bung ang ah!...repeat *...This tribe was also known as the Yorta Yorta tribe. Yorta means no...Maloga – Sugar. Letuga – Meat. Birit – Bread. Bojanga – Egg. Ngaway – Yes. Ghatcha – Sister. Bitcha – Opossum. Baraba – Where. Dawma-mene, most endearing term. Yuck Hi! Good gracious! Tahjip – Baby. Gitika – Girl from 10 to 14 yrs. Yelka – Tea. Walacha – Fat. Bigeramja – Emu. Tanjip-goopna – Kangaroo. Wowah – Brother. Yayah – One. Bulchubal – Two. Kingermin – There...A Edwards... Maughan Street...Wellington...25.3.1915. (Milne n.d.)

18

Victorian goldfields

1. Worradyeree, a corruption of languages understood by the tribes generally.

Dingo	Dog	Beeguong	Liar
Bingie	Belly	Burra Burri	Be quick
Baul	No	Cooler	Angry
Boodgerie	Good	Heelamun	Shield
Budyal	Sick	Wonga Wonga	Blue Pigeon
Narrang	Little	Jumbuc	Sheep
Cubbon	Large	Waddie Mundoe	Wooden Leg
Muttong	Strong	Kurango	No
Mundoe	Feet		
Bungework	Boot (Pettit 1855, fr)		

2. You would be amused to hear the names given to places about here = The party 1st working at a place generally names it = in our immediate locality is More-pork Gully, New-chum gully, Murderers Flat, Pennyweight Flat = 4 Ofool Hell etc etc. There is also plenty of slang = Swearing is universal the oaths are very few, but very select (choice) a new comer is termed a 'New Chum' an old hand an 'Old Chum' - addressing each other its mate, matey, partner or something of that sort - don't speak about Masters - Thieves are termed 'Rowdy Mob' = if a party is stopped it is termed 'bailed,' or 'stuck up', Old Convicts are called - 'Laggers' or 'Leggars', in speaking of a hole that turns out good for nothing it is said to be a 'Shisker', don't know how to spell this is how to pronounce = Trying old holes (deserted) is called - "Forsaking". (Pettit, Jan 1855, fr 52)

3. ...rain! - and it comes down "and no gammon" - "my word" - "believe me" (colonial phrases without the trimmings)... (Pettit, June 1855, fr63)

4. The aborigines will occasionally carry children off if they get a chance - but none have been seen about this spot - these natives are certainly excessively ugly - bright specimens of "Human Natur," [sic] and decidedly partial to rum, 'backer,' and white money - they are not now allowed to camp, in the vicinity of Melbourne being great nuisances - these parts are almost free from them now - And the race is fast disappearing. (Pettit, 13.3.1854, fr84)

5. ...food - "grub" or "tucker"...tobacco - "baker"... (Pettit, 10.11.1854, fr 115)

6. ...all gammon - nonsense... (used frequently by Pettit) (Pettit, 10.11.1854, fr 115)

7. Fell in with some natives and their lubras and children - lying about in all directions - the [sic] wearing too much clothing is not one of their little weaknesses by any means - they requested shillings should be given them - but we had an idea we required the shilling ourselves and went on. (near Sugar Loaf Peak, about twenty miles from Melbourne) (Pettit, 10.11.1854, fr 116)

8. ..."spiling" = spoiling..."a floarer" = a punch (forceful)... (Pettit, 10.11.1854, fr 118)

9. ...am heartily tired of "shilly shallying", humbugging, changing and knocking about. (Pettit, Dara-ville 6.1.1856, fr150)

10. I am a government "Hosoifer" not a "peeler" but an Assistant Surveyor... (Pettit, Parraville, Sept 1856, fr174)

11. Have a whole tribe of Blacks for neighbours just now = And there are about fifty of 'em having what they call a corrobberee Suppose we should call it an apology for a dance - The Devils are all naked, pipe clayed over in different patterns, pimping on all sorts of queer attitudes before fires - I occasionally form one of an admiring audience - having a trifling flirtation with some of the dark beauties at the same time...Ableit [sic] you never saw such an ugly stinking lot of wretches in your life - I believe my sense of smell is good to detect a Black 40 or 50 yards off - its not the essence of lavander [sic] water or Eau de cologne can assure you. (Pettit, Mitchell or Macarthur Rivers, Gippsland, mid 1850s, fr194)

12. I had colonially speaking "a tremendous buster". (Pettit, Watts' Creek, Feb 1859, fr 238)

13. We have been of late regaled at night with music (of anything but a Melodious Character) perpetrated by Native Dogs (Dingoes or Warraguls in Black-fellows lingo) who howl singly..." (Pettit, Timburra Creek, 31.5.1859, fr253)

14. ..."waddy" - a club... (Pettit, Timburra Creek, 31.5.1859, fr253)

15. ..."kilt entirely" = killed entirely..."gammon to be" = pretend to be... (Pettit, Timburra Creek, 31.5.1859, fr254)

16. ...*mia-mys*, or shelters... (Philip Chauncy, district surveyor, Ballarat, in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:235)

19

Western District of Victoria

1. On one occasion, having tried in vain to get an old man–known about Camperdown as Doctor George–to understand something of the Christian religion, I turned the conversation to the subject of a large meteor which had appeared a few months previously, and asked him if he had seen it. After a little he caught my meaning, and said–"Yes! me see him, like it fire; him go 'ff 'ff," pointing with his finger its path along the sky. I asked him what he thought it was. He answered, carelessly, "Borak me know." Then suddenly brightening up, and putting on a slyly grave countenance, he said: "Me think, great big one master"–pointing to the sky–"want smoke him pipe. Him strike him match," suiting the action to the words, "and puff, puff," pretending to smoke. Then he made a movement as though he slowly dropped a match through the air. (related to James Dawson by a friend from Camperdown, Dawson 1981:109-110)

2. At Tuckfield's a young female came and said she was the sister to Tom Brown, and beged of me to kill the man than killed him. She said he was a (Bloody rouge). (Robinson 14.3.1842, in Clark 1988:18)

3. ...the lubra...said, "Black picaninny all die. No good; white picaninny live. (1840s, Lake Nyalong Dunderdale 1870:141)

4. "Gib fig tobacker, mate?" (1840s, Grampians, Dunderdale 1870:176-77)

5. There was a tame blackfellow we called Alick, and two gins, living about our station, and he had a daughter we called piccaninny charlotte, ten or eleven years old, who was very quick and smart, and spoke English very well. One morning, when I was in the milking yard, she came to me and said, 'You look out. Cockatoo Bill got your axe under his rug–sitting among an lot of lubras. Chop you down when you bring up milk in buckets.'...The lubras began yabbering, and in an instant Bill dropped his rug and the axe, leaped over the heads of the women, and was off like a deer. I took a flying shot at him with both barrels. His lubra went avout afterwards among the stations complaining that Jack Quart Pot shot Cockatoo Bill, and Parker (the Government Protector) made enquiries about him. I saw him coming towards my hut, and I said to piccaninny Charlotte, "No talk, no English, no nothing;' and when Parker asked her if she knew anything about Cockatoo Bill, she shammed stupid, and he couldn't get a word out of her. (1840s, related by a man who had worked on a station owned by Charles Lynot in the Pyrenee Ranges, Dunderdale 1870:205)

20

Melbourne and surrounding districts

1. The first day of our arrival was of course a scene of bustle. The weather cleared up, goods and chattels were unpacked, kitchen utensils displayed, and their uses explained to the wondering assistants, who had never beheld most of the articles before, and began timidly to enquire their names...Of course their stock of English words was very small, and they mixed so many native words with their English, that it was difficult to comprehend their meaning. Their pronunciation was different to that of any coloured people that I ever heard. They laid great stress on the vowel sounds, sometimes giving the full and accurate expression to words that we are accustomed to shorten; such as potatoe, which they rendered po-ta-to, laying the utmost stress on the first and last syllables. But in most cases they added to and extended their words to an outrageous length, putting two or three vowels in the place of one. It is almost impossible to give an idea in writing of the peculiarity of their pronunciation; they sounded *big*, *be-eg*, and if they wanted to give greater emphasis, and convey the idea of the superlative of size, they added yet another vowel, and made it *be-e-eg*. "Plenty," was another word that they murdered in the same manner; it was always if used in the mildest term, *planty*, that was the positive degree; to make it comparative, they put in another a, *plaanty*, and to express the superlative, three *a's* were requisite...It will be noticed that in almost all native names the vowels abound, though there are not generally enough of them employed to give an accurate idea of the native pronunciation. Very little can be said for the euphony of their language; they talked generally so fast and so loud that it just sounded like the unmeaning jargon known by the title of "High Dutch." (Edgar 1865:3)

2. Never were boys more anxious to learn, or quicker in picking up the first elements of a language. "What this fellar?" one would ask, pointing to a cup; "What call this fellar?" indicating a saucer; and much amused they were at finding that cup, saucer, and spoon belonged to each other; or, as they phrased it, "Him belong to him."...Everything was handled and admired; a pair of bellows particularly. After learning their name and use, they employed them for several minutes in blowing into each other's eyes, and down their mouths...my wax doll...when I made it open and shut its eyes, their astonishment knew no bounds. "Picaninni!" said one stout boy, with an awe-struck face, "Him picaninni!"...They stared at the doll's wide-open eyes, crying, "Him see me! Picaninni see me!"...the stout boy...turned himself with his bck to it, clasped his hands round his head, and exclaimed with a chuckle at his own cleverness, "Picaninni can't see me now!" When the doll's eyes closed, they relapsed into sudden silence, because, "Picaninni gone to sleep." (Edgar 1865:3-4)

3. ...ecstasy reached its height when the piano was brought in. "What him for? What him do?" they questioned. I...struck the keys. Immediately every black head peeped into the room and every voice cried, "Him Jew's harp! *Beeeg* one Jew's harp!" – the only musical instrument they had any idea of. (Edgar 1865:4)

4. ...papa had told them previously that he expected his lubra and picaninni to come and live with them, whereat they testified much surprise, and inquired doubtfully, "Picaninni boy?" "No," said papa, "picaninni girl!"...They whispered the information to each other, "Him picaninni girl!"..."Him merri-jig?" they questioned papa again. *Merri-jig*...means good, pretty, lovable; anything they liked was merri-jig...I don't know whether you would think so," answered papa...you can judge when you see her..."When him come?"..."Lubra and picaninni come soon?" (Edgar 1865:4)

5. "What call him?" asked one...pointing to my curls...I told him. "Him got curls too," he added...pointing to mamma. (Edgar 1865:4)

6. As soon as words were repeated to them, they used them; very queerly, of course, at first, but their quickness in remembering was remarkable. (Edgar 1865:5)

7. ...grandmamma never learned to particularise; she called Jackey, Charley, and Jemmy, Tommy, – and they were mischievous enough to never set her right; but constantly tantalised the poor old lady by laughing at her perplexity. "Him call me Jemmy!" Charley would cry to his fellows... (Edgar 1865:5)

8. These boys – we always called them "the boys," although Big Jemmy must at least have been twenty, and Little Jemmy, though small, proved not much younger – these boys had been brought some months previously from the bush by the Black Protector, Mr. Thomas, to be placed under Christian instruction, as the Government were desirous of discovering how far the aboriginal inhabitants were capable of training. It was of no use dealing with the older blacks; the parents could not be induced to part with their little ones, of whom as far as our experience went, we found them excessively fond; so that these six boys, at ages when they could act independently of their relatives, were all that had been persuaded to come for instruction...The teaching they had received thus far had been desultory and, produced no beneficial results; in fact they were much inclined to run back to the bush, when papa – having been obliged to leave his office in Hobart Town to try if the climate of Victoria would benefit his health – offered his services as their superintendent. The boys took pleasantly to the change; but were greatly surprised that they should not be allowed to dawdle about all day long, get their meals when they pleased, and smoke, sleep, or bathe in the river as the fit seized them. (Edgar 1865:5-6)

9. ...when papa proposed...they should help him to set about improving the premises...Gurrnboop found a voice first..."What for work?" asked he..."What for work!" repeated papa; "You've been here some time, Gurrenboop; did you never do any work?"..."Only *coliba kytchnk*," i.e., fetch water, "and chop him wood."..."And did you not learn anything?"..."Him make little boys say a,b, c, sometimes." "And what did you do all day long?"..."Nosin!" was Gurrenboop's answer...."But what did your master do, then?"... Gurrenboop arose...and delivered gravely a speech that became one of our "household words:" "Him preach!"..."him preach all day, ev'ey day, him preach PLA-A-ANTY!" drawing out the last word to a trisyllable..."Who do you think is to find you tea and sugar, damper, meat, and dumplings, if you won't work?"...Big Jemmy, still puffing with his head half up the chimney, answered, between his teeth, "Gentlemens!"..."Very true; the gentlemen do provide for you... (Edgar 1865:6)

10. Jackey...I heard him say in his usual oracular manner..."White fellar work planty, blackfellar *no* work." He ruminated over the subject a bit, then repeated decisively, "No work!" and the other boys were evidently of his opinion. (Edgar 1865:7)

11. ...Little Jemmy's curly head showed itself..."Little boys want baccy."... (Edgar 1865:7)

12. ...Where's the tobacco I gave you yesterday?"...One made a sign signifying "All gone."...if you don't help or do your share of work every day, I won't give you any 'baccy.'"..."Me work," said Jackey, directly, holding out his hand; "little bit baccy, me work."...Papa brought out part of a fig for him. "Merri-jig!" cried Jackey..."me work, me smoke, merri-jig."..."Me work," said Jemmy. "Me work, " cried Charley. "And me." "And me."..."Good one." "Merri-jig." "Me work," and Charley added, "Like white-fellar." (Edgar 1865:8-9)

13. Our boys...soon mastered their little class books...Not the faintest idea of figures had the poor fellows. They could not count their fingers, nor tell how many

moons it was since they left the bush. We taught them to number the articles before them, or made use of any easy method that presented itself to enlighten them in the mysteries of cyphering...they...finally could add a sum as well as any one. (Edgar 1865:9)

14. ...mamma was in the school-house...a black face appeared at the door. "Is that Charley?"...Charley grinned..."What is it, Charley?"..."that fellar wants you."..."What 'fellar'?"..."That fellar in there," pointing to our house..."Is there a man there? – well, tell Mr. Edgar."..."No, him want you," said Charley; "not man – little fellar – little fellar want you."..."What little fellow, Charley?"..."Why, little old fellar."...Charley... continued to explain, "little old fellar – good one fellar,"...as mamma got face to face with grandmamma, "there him is – there – Mr. Edgar's mother!"...We all laughed heartily, grandmamma included, when she heard of poor Charley's expressions. But he was told it was very rude to call any one a "fellar," particularly womankind...he must call her Mrs. Mitchell...Charley went off to the others and jabbered away...and by the frequent use he made of *Meesis Mitchell's* name, we concluded he was detailing the information he had received. (Edgar 1865:10)

15. Charley improved by our instructions as to his language and manners; he soon dropped the *him's* and *me's* that characterised their speech, and adopted English altogether, evidently scorning the native tongue as beneath the use of a civilised person. He learned to call himself "I;" indeed papa used to say he was all *I*, for he was egotism itself. While the other boys rested satisfied with their own tongue, and never attempted to improve their broken English, Charley greedily drank in our expressions and paraded them as his own; noticed how "white gentlemen" dressed, moved and behaved, and aped their manners in a very extraordinary style. (Edgar 1865:10)

16. ...the Baptist chapel, Collins Street, Melbourne...Mr. Lush was the minister...they really did listen and understand too, very often, was evident from the conversation that filled up the Sunday evenings when they were not able to go again to Melbourne. They held discussions about what Mr. Lush had said, and often one would stand up with a book, and pretend to preach, giving out the very chapter and verse he had heard in the morning. The ordinances too, of the Lord's Supper and Baptism, which they stayed to witness, drew forth many wondering comments and induced many questions...When at home on Sundays they read with us, learnt hymns by word of mouth and then sang them. The latter was a favourite exercise. None of them had bad voices, but Gurrenboop's was sweet as a girl's, clear and flexible. He became the leader of the band; and many a hymn of praise went up from our hearth...Their favourite melodies were, "There is a happy land," "Here we suffer grief and pain," and "There is a land of pure delight." Anything with a chorus suited their ideas of vocalism...Often when we had retired to rest...we were startled by the "Oh! that will be joyful," that rang out in a variety of tones from the boys' bedroom...Sometimes we lay and listened as hymn after hymn, following in rapid succession...they would not cease even when their stock of tunes was exhausted. (Edgar 1865:11-12)

17. Anyone who has had anything to do with these natives knows how impossible to overcome is their constitutional sulkiness...these sullen fits of our boys seldom lasted more than a day; during which they often refused their food, and absented themselves from the house altogether...next morning the hungry boy would be first in the kitchen eager for his breakfast, and quite ready to confess his fault. "Me beeg one sulky, yes'day, meesis; me bad fellah; beeg one sulky!" (Edgar 1865:12)

18. Big Jemmy...turning to little Jemmy says: "Fetch my pipe!"..."Fill him up!" ..."Where baccy?" whines Little Jemmy..."You got some," retorts the other..."Me only got little bit; where your baccy?" (Edgar 1865:13)

19. "No more pipe here," whines Little Jemmy, "pipe in school-house."..."Go fetch him, quick, quick!" and Charley swaggers up to the frightened boy, who is creeping nearer and nearer to me..."What you do, Mees Lucy Anna?" asks Charley..."Him la-a-zy.," says Charley...Gurrenboop interposes..."Fetch my pipe!"...the other boys call out in chorus, "Where my supper?" – "Fetch my supper!"...I begin again..."Now Charley, you're a good boy: you can fetch your own pipe, and Gurrenboop's too, out of the school-house."..."Let little boys go," says Charley, waving his hand grandly; "not me; let black fellar go."...(They all called each other "little boy," and "black fellar," but resented the dignity if we applied the title to the speaker himself.) (Edgar 1865:14)

20. ...Jackey...turned up the whites of his great eyes, spread his mouth from ear to ear, and grinned out "Gammon!"..."No! its no gammon," said papa... (Edgar 1865:14)

21. Big Jemmy was master of the kitchen and school-house in his own estimation ...when told to do anything always turned to the next in size, "Tommy, go do what meesis say!"... (Edgar 1865:15)

22. The boys gave names to all their pets...a...little whining dog..."Bobby," ...a...pig...they called "Publican."...papa brought home an illustrated alphabet to amuse them; and when they came to "P for Publican," a very corpulent man, with more body than his legs seemed able to carry, they roared till the house rang again... "What for him eat so much?" asked Charley. "Black fellar never eat so much, black fellar never beeg one fat."..."What call him?" asked another..."Publican."... "Him Publican keep house sell rum?"..."Yes, keeps a public-house."..."Him beeg one drink, beeg one eat – beeeg one Publican;"...After this there was no hesitation as to what term they should apply to anything or any person over-corpulent; "Publican" was the universal word. Of course the fat pig was a "Publican," and their conversation of an evening would run on in this way" "Bobby got him supper," "Me milk him goat to-night," "Publican ran away to-day," or "Publican got beeg one belly to-night." And it sounded rather strange...to hear Charley, coming in with a knife in his hand, say "I killed him; I killed the Publican!" (Edgar 1865:17-18)

23. ...white men and our boys did not get on well together. Most of the workmen could not resist a bit of sport at the expense of "Sambo," or "Blackimore;"... (Edgar 1865:18)

24. ...some withered tree standing up black and grim, like a "wild black fellar"..."Him *tree*, meesis; why can't meesis see him tree in dark?" (Edgar 1865:19)

25. ...they stood...in awe of Dr. Cousins, the medical attendant at the lunatic asylum...and whom Gurrenboop styled "A beeg one gentleman!" (Edgar 1865:19)

26. Tommy...would get out and walk up a hill, to "Help him Dora." (Edgar 1865:20)

27. ...the boys used to say, when our stores were opened, "Good one Hobart Town – merri-jig Hobart Town – ev'ey sing good there – me like to see Hobart Town!" (Edgar 1865:20)

28. ..."merri-jig picannini"..."Black fellar never wash picannini, dirty fellar; white fellar wash picannini – good one picannini – white fellar wash him plaanty,"... (Edgar 1865:21)

29. They could not understand why we had pudding as well as meat. "White fellar have two dinners," was their remark; "what for eat him two dinners every

day?"...They liked their pudding first, and if allowed to have it, cared not for meat afterwards. "Me had enough; save him for my supper." (Edgar 1865:22)

30. ...a "white gentleman,"... (Edgar 1865:22)

31. ...some white shirts...for which Charley expressed great disdain, because they had large turn-down collars..."White boys not wear them so," said he, "white boys wear little collars."..."How do you know?" asked mamma..."Why, I see them in chapel – lots – wear nice little collars."..."Big collar beeg one ugly," put in Little Jemmy; "please mend 'em little." (Edgar 1865:22)

32. ...they were excellent weeders, so careful to root up the "nasty sings"...Jackey found a silver thimble. He brought it in directly, "Me find a little thimble, meesis." (Edgar 1865:22)

33. ...all the blacks, even "wild fellars," know the difference between a precious metal and a base: the wild blacks have been known to refuse coppers and ask for "white money," whilst "paper money" was held in wondrous reverence. (Edgar 1865:23)

34. ...Gurrenboop was in Melbourne one afternoon, and a gentleman gave him a threepenny bit...he bought a loaf of bread, which he brought home and handed it to mamma..."why do you give it me, Gurrenboop? I don't want the bread."..."Me not want it," said Gurrenboop..."Then why did you buy it?"..."Me not know; gentlemens give me money; me like to buy somesing."..."Then will you have it for your supper?" ..."Yes, dat'll do!" said he..."But you should not buy what you don't want...if you had saved the money you might have been glad of it another time."..."Buy him a Jew's harp," suggested Jackey. (Edgar 1865:23)

35. "Master was beeg one sick, him want a doctor!" (Edgar 1865:23)

36. ...Tommy...went in to "have a little bit talk;" Mr. Lush's and another friend's whose premises were near together, being the constant resort of our boys...Tommy was in a rather sulky mood; for a boy driving a cart, had also been driving him up the street, with approbrious nicknames, such as "Sambo! Smutty! Blacky! Look at Sambo!" ..."What's the matter, Tommy?"asked Mr. Lush, junior..."Him call me 'Sambo,'" said Tommy, indicating the boy..."Oh! that fellow, Tommy; well, never mind him, he's a bad boy; he ran away from England, and stowed himself in a cask on board a ship." ...Tommy caught at this eagerly. "What him do? What him do?"...Tommy...stood at the door waiting patiently for the return of the "bad fellar."...The boy had come down the street again...by-and-bye my lord saw Tommy. "Oh! there's Sambo again."...Tommy couldn't keep it any longer..."*Who ran away from England?...Who put himself in a cask?* Not *me;* oh no, *me never* do that!"...The boy slunk off. "Him never call me 'Sambo,' no more," chuckled Tommy... (Edgar 1865:24)

37. ...a man riding on a bullock...Tommy...laughed till his cheeks shone with tears..."Him think him bullock a horse!" (Edgar 1865:24)

38. "Dora want him hay!" said Tommy..."Dora want him breakfast first,"..."There is no hay, Tommy."..."Planty," he cried out, "planty."..."Where?"..."In paddock, planty, Dora like him."..."Oh, that's green food, Tommy!"..."Yaas!" said Tommy, delighted to be understood at last. (Edgar 1865:25)

39. ...Bessy was "big one sulky,"... (Edgar 1865:26)

40. Big Jemmy turned savagely to Tommy..."What for you not go?...Get out, lazy fellar!"...Tommy resisted...they both fell upon Charley..."Charley, go 'long, master'll be killed!" (Edgar 1865:26)

41. ..."Wild black fellars,"...they held in especial dread... (Edgar 1865:27)

42. One moonlight night...suddenly sounded in our ears the crack of a heavy whip, accompanied by a voice that struck us as familiar; "Hi! Ho! Hi! Get up, Reuben! Shorthorns! Old Jack! Hi! Get up, then!"...Gurrenboop's voice, "Ho! Hi! Reuben! Get up, boy!" crack, crack, then a struggle as if they were in some deep rut..."Is that you, Gurrenboop?"...He stopped his noise at the question. "What were you doing?"..."Me drive bullock."..."Where are they!"..."Me got none, me gammon."..."You had better be a bullock driver, Gurrenboop," was papa's suggestion..."Me like that...me talk to bullock driver planty when me see him." (Edgar 1865:27)

43. "What for me black and you white?"...Mamma would have laughed but for his piteous face..."I like to be white," continued Charley, earnestly; "what for not make little boys white as well as the house?"...Mamma did laugh now..."Well, we'll whitewash you, Charley." (Edgar 1865:28)

44. He returned from Melbourne in a state of wonderful excitement one day, and informed us as soon as he entered, that he had seen "a black gentleman." Not one of those niggers with wool for hair, and ugly black faces, but a real black gentleman..."Well, Charley. And you want to imitate him?"..."Yes! I like to be a gentleman. Black gentleman as good as white."..."And what next do you want, Charley?"..."I want a black coat and trousers."..."Do you? What has made you dissatisfied with your light clothes?..."Oh, this black gentleman wear black; and white gentleman do, too."..."What's the next want, Charley?"..."I want nice white shirts, very starched; and collar to stick up so," putting his hands stiffly round his neck..."I want a white waistcoat, and a cane, and a black hat, and *Wellington boots.*"..."*I want a white wife.*"...The boys, who had been pretty quiet auditors so far, set up a roar at this. "Him want white lubra! Black lubra not good enough for him."..."No!" cried Charley, indignantly; "I wouldn't have black lubra, he's no good; I'll have white woman."..."Oh, Charley, Charley!" said papa, still laughing. "Who do you think would have *you?*"..."You black fellar," put in Jackey..."white woman not like you."..."Plenty white woman marry black man," retorted Charley; "I see 'em; and I'm going to be black gentleman!" (Edgar 1865:28-29)

45. They believed in an Evil Spirit..."debble-debble," as they rendered his name in English... (Edgar 1865:30)

46. ...when they died their bodies did not turn to dust, nor become annihilated; they "*Tumbled down black fellar, and came up again white!*" (Edgar 1865:32)

47. The lubras...build the "mymys," or low huts formed of boughs... (Edgar 1865:32)

48. The native weapons are...three...The waddie is a short thick stick, pointed at one end. The spear is much longer and slighter...The boomerang is of a crescent shape...To these the Aborigines added, after their intercourse with the white population, the tomahawk; which became their favourite and most deadly weapon. (Edgar 1865:33)

49. The language is slightly different in opposite parts of the continent; it differs as languages generally do, in the pronunciation and use of words, according to the district in which it is spoken. (Edgar 1865:34)

50. ...the dance they called the "corrobboree." They will perform the dance for "white money;" but not so effectively as when it is the result of a spontaneous burst of joy. (Edgar 1865:34)

51. ..."white fellar,"... (Edgar 1865:35)

52. Poor Tommy was terribly frightened one evening..."Him see black fellar," answered Big Jemmy..."me not see him, Tommy say him see him."..."Did you, Tommy?"..."Yas! me see him behind him tree."..."Perhaps you made a mistake, Tommy."..."No, me see him...me see him watch behind tree."..."You had better have your tea, Tommy."..."Me not want any...me not eat tonight." (Edgar 1865:36)

53. "Me go," said Little Jemmy, "me know him road; me stay there when me come from my country."..."but do you remember the road? You were only there once."...Oh! me mind him," was the ready response; "me got him in my eye." (Edgar 1865:37)

54. "Where's the other boy, Little Jemmy?"..."Him there," he responded... We questioned the woman, but she did not understand English well; she looked miserable and stupid. The other boys were applied to as interpreters, but they could not get any sensible answer...Presently our boys laughed, and the woman laughed. She comprehended us at last...there was the little urchin at her back..."What's his name?" ..."Tommy," said the woman..."And the other one is Wurrabool?"..."Yes."..."Ask the woman what her name is," said mamma to one of the boys. It was Parley. the name was not approved. "I can't stand Parley-ing," said mamma; "we'll call her Kitty."... "Give him better name," said Little Jemmy, pointing to Wurrabool, "him got ugly name."...So Wurrabool was altered to Harry. There was some talk of changing Tommy's too, because of our other Tommy, for we felt the inconvenience of having two Jemmies; but as Kitty preferred the name, though she made no objection to Harry, she had her way, and the child was called Little Tommy...The boys gave us an explanation of her words and gestures...She tell picanninies meesis very good, and they must be good one boy to meesis." (wife of Bungaleenee who died in prison at Dandenong Police Station) (Edgar 1865:38-39)

55. Little Tommy soon began to crawl all over the house after mamma, and hearing the title I gave her, called her "Mamma" too. His mother, or "Yaugun," as he and Harry called her, scolded him for this; and Harry grew ashamed of hearing Tommy's childish cry of "Mamma, mamma." "'Tisn't your mamma," Harry would say; "'tis Mees Lucy Anna's mamma, you must say meesis." (Edgar 1865:39)

56. "*That fellar* not go to chapel!" cried Charley, with as much disgust as he could put into the word *fellar*..."Of course she is," replied mamma, "why shouldn't she?"..."She's black!" exclaimed Charley..."Well! so are you. She's not a bit blacker."..."I don't want to sit by that fellar!"..."You can stand then, if that suits you better."..."but little boys laugh at Kitty," was the next objection..."I don't see them laughing at you," responded mamma, "and I'm sure they need not laugh at a black woman either."..."*Put him on a veil then!*" said Charley, who was apt to forget his grammar when excited. (Edgar 1865:40-41)

57. ...papa held him firmly with one hand, and plied the whip with the other..."You break my back," screamed Charley, "you break my back!" (Edgar 1865:42)

58. They knew their punishment was just; and when their temper was over, would be sure to say, "Oh! me bad fellar; me no good; me beeg one sulky; and master flog me, me no good now." (Edgar 1865:42)

59. Harry made a capital little messenger. He could go to the Asylum with the butter and eggs, and return in a wonderfully short space of time. "Me like to go to 'Sylum," he used to say, "Meesis Watson give me somesing."...he brought in the knives and forks. He could not count by numbers, but he did it in this way..."One for master," setting the article at the head of the table..."One for meesis," walking down to the botton...."One for Meesis Mitchell," laying it at the side..."One for Mees Lucy Anna," going round to the opposite side. (Edgar 1865:43)

60. Chop, chop went Harry's tomahawk, Tommy bobbing his head about in all directions, and presently the tomahawk came down on the child's unprotected head. A loud scream – "Yaugun, Yaugunee," and Kitty sprang out of the kitchen...Little Tommy's piteous cry, "Yaugunee, Yaugunee," which seemed to be a more pathetic title than Yaugun. Out ran Kitty directly. "What's the matter, Tommy?"..."Mamma whip me," screamed Topmmy' "me pick mamma's daisies; mamma whip me."..."Oh! you bad fellar," said Kitty, without the least compassion, and she went back to her work..."Tommy," said mamma, as he was trotting along the garden path after her; "you mustn't pick my daisies..."Me won't pick mamma's daisies," answered Tommy...he picked every daisy...Hence the whipping...He got no pity from his mother..."Ah! you bad fellar! Pick meesis flowers; go 'long, bad fellar! no good you."...Little Tommy...scolded himself thus..."Me no good now; me bad fellar. Mamma tell me not to pick mamma's daisies, and me pick mamma's daisies, and mamma whip me. Me no good now....But me never pick mamma's daisies no more." (Edgar 1865:44-45)

61. "Take him handbarrow," suggested Jackey..."Cap-it-al!" cried Charley, "I'll go, I'll carry one end."..."An me," added Jackey, "me go too."..."Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Jackey..."handbarrow meri-jig!"..."Haw! haw! haw!" echoed Charley, "that capital fun! You not wet a bit, Mees Lucy Anna? Haw! haw! You like that handbarrow? Very good! Haw! haw! haw!"... (Edgar 1865:46)

62. "You like him black fellar's coach, Mees Lucy Anna?" and Jackey grinned at me..."Good one black fellar's coach – ha! ha! ha! You have another ride, Mees Lucy Anna? Ha! ha! Take him back to 'Sylum, Charley. Come along! Never mind him rain! Him," pointing to me, "very dry." (Edgar 1865:47)

63. Three boys were added to their number about this time; they came from the district of Warnambool. A settler there had written to someone about them, and they arrived in a vessel at Melbourne. One was a tall fellow, the other two younger and smaller, but all three equal adepts in the art of "gammoning" and duplicity. They had been hanging about white men's huts, and picked up, with the English language, many low and disreputable ways...The tall lad bore a curious name, that of "Tar-Bucket," which he said some sailors had given him...The other two were called Peter and John...They spoke English pretty well, but used some native words in a sense that was unfamiliar to our ears sometimes. For instance, mamma said to Tar-bucket one day, as he stood warming himself at the fire, and regarding the cooking process with much complacency, chattering away in his customary garrulous fashion;..."I wish you would bring me a few onions, Tar-Bucket."...he demanded "where do the onions *quambi*?" meaning literally, "where do they sleep, or rest?" *quambi* being the general word for lying down or sleeping. (Edgar 1865:48)

64. Tar-bucket...requested mamma to give him also "a merri-jig waistcoat for Sunday." (Edgar 1865:48-49)

65. ...papa...offered to pay them wages...for their work at the bridge...They hailed the scheme with acclamations..."Build him beeg one bridge, white gentleman like him," said Big Jemmy..."Give little boys money," chimed in Gurrenboop..."Get him white money plaanty," added Little Jemmy. "White fellar say 'Good one black fellar!'" cried Big Tommy... (Edgar 1865:49)

66. About three weeks had elapsed after their arrival at the Institute, when on the boys assembling for breakfast, mamma missed their faces and tongues too, for, as Gurrenboop said, they could "talk plaanty!" confirming the boys in their oft-repeated assertion, "Him no good, him talk too much." "Beeg one preach," and "Beeg one talk," they had a great contempt for..."Why doesn't Tar-Bucket come to breakfast? Where is he?"..."Tar-Bucket gone," was the answer..."Gone! – where?"..."Run away."..."Run away? What, back to the bush?"..."Yas! Him wild black fellar again."..."And where is Peter?"..."Him run away too."..."And John?"..."John gone too; him all gone."..."Take him clothes, too," grinned Jackey..."And blanket plaaanty!!" added little [sic] Jemmy..."What for have common fellar like that here?" said Charley, with unutterable disdain; "he's only wild black fellar!"..."Why didn't you tell us that they were going off?" asked papa. "Me not know," they answered, "me sleep. Him run away quiet."..."Me not know. Him talk beeg one by himself" (meaning the three runaways had whispered together a good deal), "but him not tell him going to run away. Him go to bed like other little boys. And when me get up this morning me see no more little boys only these; and me see him clothes gone, and him blanket: Me tell other little boys, and him laugh beeg one! Him no good!" added Big Jemmy...but whether he meant the runaway boys, or the "other little boys," was not very clear... (Edgar 1865:50-51)

67. "Plum-pudding very good," said Little Jemmy, with a sly glance at mamma, as he lighted his pipe for dessert, "why not have him plum-pudding every day, Kitty?" (Edgar 1865:54)

68. "Me got white money this time – him gentleman;" or, "Him only poor fellar – give me penny."

69. "You don't come here for any good, Wyredulong!" said papa to him one day, "and I won't have you 'gammoning' the boys, and making them sulky. Now, go away. If you must stay in the bush, why stay and let my boys alone..."Me only want to talk to little boys; give me a little bit baccy, or white money to buy baccy;"... (Edgar 1865:55-56)

70. ...the doctor being "a beeg one gentleman," the boys were naturally more disposed to pay attention to his wishes than if he had been "a common fellar;"... (Edgar 1865:56)

71. ...Charley...anxious for the honour of a ride upon the doctor's horse, sprang forward, crying out "I'll ride him, Sir. I'll ride your horse."..."You can't ride him," said he; "he'll run away with you."..."Not he," answered Charley..."I ride him capital, you see!"..."Take care of my horse, Charley."..."I take care," returned Charley... (Edgar 1865:57)

72. "Him not up to bridge, but him getting up tree." (ref to flood) (Edgar 1865:60)

73. "Me not go to bed to-night," said Little Jemmy, "me sit by him fire, and look out."..."me go to 'Sylum," said Jackey..."Yes! go to 'Sylum," cried Charley, "that's the best. Mr. Edgar go, and all."..."What you do there?" asked Big Jemmy, who was considering the matter over his pipe. "Meesis Watson got no room. What for go there? Too many little boys."..."Plaanty room," said Jackey. "Beeg one place! Me sleep in kitchen, close to fire."..."I daresay," said Charley, "you think Captain Watson let you. He say, 'Get out, dirty black fellar!'"..."*You* white gentleman," returned Jackey, sneeringly. "Captain Watson say, 'Come 'long, *Mr.* what-your-name *Charles*: come 'long into parlour; nice fire, good one supper, quambi on sofa.' Oh! you beeg one gentleman." (Edgar 1865:60)

74. "But flood soon come to house," objected Big Tommy, "carry house away."..."And flour and potatoes, and all in the storeroom," added Gurrenboop. "Take him up to 'Sylum," continued Jackey; "take him flour up tomorrow morning. Captain Watson find room in him store." (Edgar 1865:61)

75. "Mr. Edgar! Master! not a bit bridge – bridge all gone!"...poor fellar bridge..."What will white fellar say?" asked Little Jemmy, sadly, "him say plaanty time, we beat him flood."..."Him say now, not build him high eno'," said Jackey. "Flood never come so high before," grumbled Charley..."Get no more white money," chorussed all the others. (Edgar 1865:62-63)

76. ...Tommy's sullenness increased to a thunder-cloud before we reached Melbourne. Two or three "wild black fellars" sprang up in our road, and ran after us, jabbering to him with great earnestness..."What did they say?" asked mamma, as soon as the thunder-cloud had somewhat cleared away. "Oh, him no good," was all his answer. (Edgar 1865:64-65)

77. "What did Big Tommy say when he went out?"..."Him say him never come back no more."..."I wish I had known that before," said papa; "why did you not tell me? You know I don't understand half you say." (Edgar 1865:66)

78. "Big Jemmy!" said papa..."What are you saying? Was Tommy your brother really?"..."Yes, him my brother! Me got no more brother now."..."Him my brother,"..."My father beeeg one cry to hear my brother killed. Him old man, beeeg one cry!" and the reflection caused Big Jemmy's tears to flow still faster..."Him beeg one cry to hear Tommy dead," he continued; "him say, wild black fellar kill Jemmy too. Him say him only got me now; and him beeeg one cry to see me!"..."Me want to go home to my father!"..."Me want to see my poor old father!"..."My father beeg one cry to see me!"..."My father say black fellar kill me too!"..."Me want to go back to my father. Ask Mr. Edgar to let me go back to my father."..."Me never go back to the bush...me not like to be wild fellar. Mr. Edgar think me run away in bush: me never do that. Me work for white fellar, and me live with my father. Me want to go to my country! Me want to see my father!" (Edgar 1865:69-70)

79. Some of the boys had bought...umbrellas...Little Jemmy did not possess one...Big Jemmy, when asked what he had done with this precious article, replied that he had "made him a present to Little Jemmy."..."Me all ready to go back to my country, meesis."..."But you haven't had any breakfast. Wait a few minutes, you shall have some directly."..."Oh! me not wait. Me not hungry. Bullock driver say him go 'bout six o'clock; me make haste; him go without me." (Edgar 1865:71)

80. ...Big Jemmy...came towards me...'Me going to my country,' said he..."Then how is it, Big Jemmy, you are walking up and down the street in this manner?'..."'Oh! bullock-driver not ready yet. Him say yes'day, him go this morning; him say now, him go to-night. Not quite ready.'..."'Hadn't you better go home, then, until it is time to start? It will tire you far more to keep walking about like this; and bad fellows may get hold of you.'..."'Oh!, me walk up and down Collins Street,' said the poor fellow, 'gentlemens know me here. Plaanty gentlemens say "What you do here, Big Jemmy?" Me not go back to Merri Creek...me say good-bye this morning; and me got all my clothes' (showing his bundle), 'and Mr. Edgar gave me 10s.'..."Big Jemmy, have you had any dinner?'..."'No, Sir.'..."'Did you have any breakfast?'..."'No,...Me come away so early, for me think bullock driver start at six o'clock; me not like to wait, me come away quick.'..."'But why didn't you buy something to eat at the shops? You must be hungry, and I know you have some money.'..."'Oh!...Mr. Edgar gave me money to pay my passage, and buy food from black driver; *not to spend in Melbourne!*' (Edgar 1865:73)

81. In Big Jemmy's own graphic words, "My father beeg one cry to hear of Tommy's death; and me work for white fellar, and me never go back to black fellar any more." (Edgar 1865:73)

82. ...papa said..."Do any of you remember when you first saw a white man?"...Jackey spoke up directly. "Oh, me mind him," said he, "me mind him well!"..."Where did you see a white man first?"..."Me see him down in my own country, down in Gipps' Land, shoot him black fellar plaanty!"..."Why, Jackey, what are you talking about!"..."Oh! me tell him true," responded Jackey..."But Jackey, you must have been dreaming, or hearing idle tales. Why should a white man come there shooting the blacks?"..."Captain Danna come down...with him black police; shoot him black fellar there, black lubra there, black picaninni there," pointing fiercely to different corners, "shoot him pla-a-anty!"..."Captain Danna!" echoed papa, in astonishment, "What should Captain Danna shoot them for? And the black police – why, Jackey?"..."Me tell him true," repeated Jackey, "me see him."..."Where were you then?"..."Me run up tree."..."But what did they shoot them for? They wouldn't murder the blacks for nothing, surely." "Oh! black fellar steal white fellar's sheep; and white fellar tell Captain Danna; and Captain Danna come down and shoot him black fellar, and lubra, and picaninni plaanty!"..."But why did the blacks steal the settler's sheep?"..."Oh! white fellar shoot him black fellar's kangaroo – black fellar eat him white fellar's sheep." (Edgar 1865:74-75)

83. ...as the "black fellars" said, it was just tit for tat – "You steal him kangaroo, me steal him sheep,"... (Edgar 1865:75)

84. ...they coverd them up with more cinders, and left them to cook...they could not resist the temptation to pull down the covering every few minutes to look and see "how him 'possum getting on." (Edgar 1865:76)

85. ...you told me you did not want any more dinner."..."Want him 'possum!" said Jackey, who was tearing the flesh off the bones, and devouring as fast as he tore. "Got him holiday to eat him 'possum."..."Not a bit bread...Bread very good, 'possum better wisout bread."..."Have a bit, meesis?" said Jemmy... (Edgar 1865:77)

86. In spite...of their occasional return to bush food, they liked "white fellar's" cookery best; and particularly loved the morning mess of thick milk which was made for breakfast, whenever the cows were in full milk. They fancied when first they tasted it that they could never eat enough of such "merri-jig tungenung" – all kinds of food they called *tungenung*... (Edgar 1865:77)

87. "Why, Jemmy, what's the matter?"..."Him," pointing to the old man, "want to get over here"..."Why does he want to come over here!"..."Him want to see Kitty!"...Some of the other boys came up...began to...shout "Kitty, Kitty, come and see old fellar! Old fellar want you!"..."Him want boat,"... (Edgar 1865:78)

88. "I want to have two names," said Charley..."I mean...that white gentlemen have two names. You call him Mr. Lush, or Mr. Edgar, and he got another name beside. Why don't black gentlemen have two names? I think that very nice."...Mama...took him up on his own ground..."Well, Charley, you shall be called Charley No-no, or Charley Never."...Charley had a habit of contradicting everything you charged him with. If you said to him, "Charley, you've done such a thing;" or, "Charley, you've been very lazy to-day;" he invariably gave one of his two favourite answers, either "No, no!" or else "Never!" uttered in a tone of emphatic denial..."Charles No-no! – Charles Never! – Mr. No-no! – Mr. Never! – *Mr. Charles Never!* – Mr. Never sound very well..."My name Charles Never, I'll be called Mr. Never. Capital name!"..."I think it very good name...I like it very much. Mr. – Charles – Never!" Then, as the reflection crossed his mind that if he couldn't get any one to call him so, it would be of no use to him, he added with great earnestness;

"Will you call me by my right name? Not *Charley*; I don't like Charley; I like to be Charles Never!" (Edgar 1865:79)

89. "Me had another name once," said Gurrenboop; "white fellar use to call me Thomas."..."Me like Thomas Gurrenboop best," said he..."But we can't help calling you Gurrenboop you know, we are used to it, and we have one Tommy now."..."That'll do,"...Then Jemmy put in his demand..."Me like two names too."..."Well, Jemmy, what name do you want?"...Me not know; master find me one."..."James Black,"..."Me not like to be called *Black*," said Jemmy gravely..."But I know several white gentlemen of the name of Black."..."Me not like him" said Jemmy stoutly...."Brown then; James Brown."...But Jemmy shook his head again. "me not like him."..."Perhaps he would like his name White," said mamma..."Yaas!" said Jemmy, and his eyes danced..."Me like to be called White – James White – merri-jig name!"...Poor Jemmy! His name should be white, if he wasn't...Jackey, I suppose you don't want another name?"..."Oh, me do!...me think about him."..."Me want to be called after somebody me know down in my country."..."Me think me have Warren – Jackey Warren."..."And now," said Jemmy, alias James White, turning round to Kitty and the children, "what call him – and him?"...said mamma, "Kitty ought to have her husband's name, Bungaleenee, and the children too..."What for give *her* two names?" cried Charley with a great outburst of disdain. "*Only* black lubra!" But Jemmy took a pride in it, and repeated their names to the trio, "Kitty Bungaleenee, Harry Bungaleenee, Thomas Bungaleenee."..."Put him name down in book; in copy book and spelling book, like white fellar."..."And tell gentlemen and ladies to call little boys properly."..."Charley! you must not dictate to people in that manner; that would be very rude."..."But if you don't tell him, he never know," reasoned Charley; "he'll never call me Charles Never." (Edgar 1865:80-81)

90. "What for I not do something, like gentleman?" asked Charley..."I want to get money." (Edgar 1865:81)

91. "Meesis not see little boys in dark!"...when mamma had the lamp lit...the sudden brilliancy made her eyes blink..."White fellar always wink," cried Jackey; "wink in daylight, wink in candlelight. Black fellar never wink." (Edgar 1865:82)

92. A smiling and low-voiced talking in the parlour, hushed when I approached; a jargon in the kitchen, not hushed, certainly, at my intrusion, but continued with a milder and more sentimental expression than their language had appeared capable of before... (Edgar 1865:82-83)

93. "Have him plum-pudding again," said Jemmy. (Edgar 1865:83)

94. The chieftess, who had a very glib tongue, and spoke English with tolerable accuracy, came forward gracefully to introduce herself. She informed us that her husband was the chief of the tribe, that he was up at the gate, and that she had come in "to see Parley."..."And what is your husband's name?" asked mamma..."Maknoll," she said..."Then," said mamma, "you are *Mrs.* Maknoll!"...When the former was tired of talking and questioning, she began to coax us for a "little bit tea and sugar." (Edgar 1865:86)

95. "What are they saying?" asked mamma..."Him say, meesis not like black fellar. Him say, meesis by-and-by boil me in pot to make me white."..."Oh, Kitty! you know better."..."Yes," said Kitty, laughing again; "me tell him, meesis boil clothes in pot, not black fellar." (Edgar 1865:87)

96. ..."good one meesis"... (Edgar 1865:90)

97. Mr. Never strutted up to mamma's flour-tub, holding out his ungloved hand. "Oh! keep away, Charley; you'll get all over flour." (Edgar 1865:90)

98. "But Charley, how does your work get on?..."I work very nice," was the dignified reply..."Yes, you say so; but what does your master say?..."I work very well," repeated Charley..."But does *he* say so?..."Yes! he say so."..."How about the laziness, Charley? Is that cured?..."I work very well," he said again. "I work always. He make me work too hard."..."Well, Charley," said Jackey..."How you getting on?..."Oh! that you, Jackey?"...Mr. Never...condescended to notice me...and...commenced "How you do?" "But stop, Charley!" said papa, "the last time I saw your master he did not give a good report of you..."He say I work very well," persisted Charley. "And he gave me holiday to come and tell you. And I make this."...Charley produced from one of his pockets a waistcoat... (Edgar 1865:91-92)

99. "What do you do in Melbourne?" asked mamma. "You go strolling about a great deal too much, Charley..."I like to walk about," was the pompous reply, "Gentlemen walk about." (Edgar 1865:92-93)

100. "Oh! it's Charley," said she..."CHARLES NEVER, Ma'am!" (Edgar 1865:93)

101. "I going to write to the Queen."..."I mean to write to the Queen...and ask her to give me a piece of land."..."What for, Charley?"..."Why, to build a house on; and I mean to ask her for £400 to build my house."...but do you think you will get it?..."Yes! Why not?"...the Queen does not receive letters like that..."You say one time," said he, scornfully, "the Queen a good woman."..."So she is, Charley."..."And yet she send white man out here, take black fellar's land, and drive them away, and shoot them, and build planty house and garden on my land; and when I say, I ask her to give me back a piece of my land and money to build house, you say she think I not know better. I know better. This land, *my* land first of all...Land belong to black man, and white man come and drive him away, and take it all. And I want a piece of my land back again, and £400 to build my house. £400 not much to the Queen, and she take planty land from me. That all I want, and you not let me do it!..."What for the Queen sell my land, and not give me any money? I only want £400 – build my house; and a piece of land up by jail – very good place." (Edgar 1865:93-94)

102. "He make me work so hard!"...Charley never by any chance called the tailor *his master*, but gave him the undignified title of "he." (Edgar 1865:95)

103. ...a dirty, miserable lad of fifteen or sixteen...showed his black face at the kitchen door...Gurrenboop seemed to know him, and commenced a conversation directly..."Who is he?" asked papa..."Him *Sugar-Sugar.*"..."Me here before," said the boy..."Me live here with other master...Me come to quambi here, long a little boys," said he...Where have you been all this time? In the bush with the wild blacks?...he nodded..."And you are tired of being a 'wild black fellar?'"...He nodded again..."Well, we shall be very glad to have you if you are a good boy, and don't want to run away again. How is it that you are lame?..."Me got sore foot – have him sore foot long time:"... (Edgar 1865:97-98)

104. Charley's continual complaint was of the hardship of having to perform his tasks..."he make me work so hard. I want to leave off work. I want to be a gentleman. I want a horse to ride about." (Edgar 1865:100)

105. "Me bad fellar, beeg one bad fellar, me beeg one sulky long time. When master tell me 'bout it, me beeg one sulky *with him.*"..."When master show me looking-glass, me never look at him. Oh! me no good then; beeg one sulky!" ..."Me beeg one thirsty for my dinner," Jackey would say, in his quaint manner; or "me beeg one hungry for my tea;" expressions which he persisted in using in spite of our explanations as to their impropriety. (Edgar 1865:100)

106. ...sorrel; a weed particularly obnoxious in papa's eyes, and against which he carried on a perpetual crusade, even to telling the little fellows, when they saw a weed like that (showing them the sorrel), to put it in the fire, not among the other weeds; for it was a nasty thing...Tommy never forgot the injunction. Many a time he waddled into the kitchen with the utmost solemnity, with something clasped in his hand, and made for the fireplace...we used to ask, "What have you there, Tommy?"..."Me find nasty sing, master tell me to burn him, nasty sing!" (Edgar 1865:101-102)

107. When Mr. Charles Never was informed of the flight of his former companions, he remarked with his customary disdain, "He's only wild black fellar! I tell you so. Only *common fellar*! He not know better!" (Edgar 1865:103)

108. "Where's your mother?" cried mamma..."Yangun's gone away," said Harry..."Yangun's gone away, Mamma," repeated Tommy..."Where to?"..."Gone to bush," said Harry..."Yangun say she go back to bush again: but she not take us to bush. She tell us to be good boys, and mind meesis. She say, meesis very good, and take care of us. She tell me and Tommy not to go out in bush, because wild black fellar catch us. Wild black fellar no good – kill little boys. She say, meesis take better care of us than Yangun. Wild black fellar beat us in bush, and we die. Yangun tell us always to stay with meesis; good one meesis!"...Harry delivered his sentences in a way that left no doubt they were but the repetition of Kitty's own words. (Edgar 1865:103-4)

109. Harry was saying, "Me go to Hobart Town, Tommy," which he had, apparently repeated before, for Tommy said sharply, "Me go too, *long a Mamma*!"..."Good one place that Hobart Town," continued Harry, "Meesis got good one house, good one garden, meesis got jam there, and apples and – and –...and good one *everysing* there, Tommy!"...Tommy acquiesced..."Mamma give me some."..."*You* mustn't say *mamma*," cried Harry, indignantly; "tisn't your mamma; 'tis *meesis*. You big fellow now, – must say meesis." (Edgar 1865:105)

110. "Now me preach," he would say; "and Tommy, you be congregation. You sit down there, and listen."...he shouted out all the phrases he could remember having heard from the pulpit; and when his stock failed him, added a gibble-gabble of his own...When Harry thought his sermon had been long enough, he would stop suddenly, and say, "Now that'll do this time. "Say 'Amen,' Tommy!"...And Tommy obediently said, "Amen!"...Then Harry's book was opened again, with the words, "Now, me give out a hymn; and you sing, Tommy!"..."Now, sing, Tommy!"..."*That* not the way to sing! You not sing right. *This* the way to sing:"... (Edgar 1865:106-7)

111. ...Harry...began to say , "Me do it,"... (Edgar 1865:107)

112. "Meesis gone away," said poor Harry, "meesis tell Frederick to come back soon, and put little boys to bed." (Edgar 1865:108)

113. "Are the ladies at home?"..."Yes."..."Then I come to have a chat with them," said Mr. Never, walking boldly in. "You tell them I come. My name Charles Never."..."I called to see if Mr. – at home,"..."Did you want to see him?"..."Oh, no! not particular. I only come to see him, and have a chat. If he gone out, I talk to you." (Edgar 1865:110)

114. ...a black man who was working a punt...said eagerly, "You come from Hobart Town?..."Yes."..."You know Mr. Edgar?"..."Certainly; I know him very well."..."And Meesis Edgar, and Mees Lucy Anna?"..."Yes, I know them all."..."Good one, Mr. Edgar," said Jackey; "him teach little boys at Merri Creek. Him all well?"...Shall I tell them I have seen you?"..."Yes... You tell Mr. Edgar me never go back to bush again. Me work for white fellar always. Me like to go to

Hobart Town...good one place that Hobart Town!"..."Why, you've never been there, have you?"..."Me know...Me know; good one place! You know Meesis Mitchell?"..."Mrs. Mitchell is dead, Jackey."..."Oh, me beeg one sorry!...*Carbon* good fellar, Meesis Mitchell. Me beeg one sorry!"...(This word *carbon* was a favourite of Jackey's, which we had almost forgotten until the repetition of this conversation brought it to our remembrance. It was a variation of the native word "merr-jig," but was somewhat more emphatic. It comprised the extremest heights of goodness.) (Jackey Warren's speech) (Edgar 1865:111)

115. You eat pig, black fellow eat wild dog; white fellow say, 'no good wild dog,' black fellow say, 'no good pig.' (Haydon 1846:58)

116. ..."cooly"...Aboriginal man or husband... (Haydon 1846:73)

117. ..."he no more walks about, only lies down and dies." (Haydon 1846:74)

118. I was greatly interested in one of my excursions with one of the blacks who accompanied me, giving a description of a "yabber," or discourse his protector had treated him and his people with on the Sunday previous; his action all the time he was delivering it was most ludicrous, and a certain nasal twang showed that very little had passed unnoticed by him. He proceeded to say that after Mr. – had talked with the Great Father about something, he did not know what, he commenced a sermon in the following words. – "My black fellows are very good –...the Goulburn and other tribes are not good, they have killed white men, and they will all be hanged – my black fellows can go to Melbourne and procure bread, tea, sugar, and tobacco of the white people, and not be afraid – they are very good,"... (at Westernport, Protector Thomas) (Haydon 1846:99)

119. On my showing one of these children of nature an engraving of the infant Jesus, he declared "such a fellow was no good – he was weak and small, and could not protect them – no good little Jesus, very good the old man," meaning the Great Spirit... (Haydon 1846:100)

120. ...their belief of a future state is, that after death they will *jump up white men.* (Haydon 1846:103)

121. A most ludicrous circumstance once occurred in my presence in Westernport. A gentleman afflicted with a disease of the feet had been walking on the sands leaving an immense impression; I was walking on the beach with a native when we suddenly came upon these tracks...After looking at them for about a minute he turned towards me breaking silence at the same time with the monosyllable indicate of surprise, "ky, said he, big white fellow, long fellow like a tree," pointing at the same time to a tea tree about fourteen feet in height, "ky, ky, me never see white man like that,...By gar, I believe that paring (trail) belongs to the devil – come on – let us go back, ky, ky, ky." He then looked at the track once more, and said "devil no got long leg, no take long steps." (Haydon 1846:115)

122. ...he encamped for the night. Some natives also had determined on a quamby there...and...were not backward in begging for flour to make a damper with, prefacing it with the usual remark of "kit-kit warrynet," (we are very hungry.). On being informed that there was no flour on the dray, they said, "Oh, gammon! white fellow – look at the bags – see it is all tumbling out." Their attention had been drawn to the lime bags...one...helped himself plentifully from one of the lime bags...and each man was very shortly making up the lime for damper...on tasting it they discovered that it was not flour, and that it was unfit for food...one of the men belonging to the dray...requested to be informed of the name of the portion of country they were in; one now rose up and informed the enquirer that it was formerly called Monite, but that now its name should be No Good Damper... (Haydon 1846:115-16)

123. ...mia mia or hut... (Haydon 1846:116)

124. After the native saw I was perfectly convinced of the truth of his previous statement, "now," said he, "white man berry clever, no mistake, make him house, and flour, and tea, and sugar, and tobacco, and clothes, but white fellow no find out when another white man walk along a road – I believe sometimes white man berry stupid." (Haydon 1846:137)

125. ..."golboranarrak"...tomahawk... (Haydon 1846:138)

126. One of the natives, a young man...came towards the dray and said..."Dat your white man sit down dere?..."Yes:" said Hugh..."Tick – dat fellow" said Benbo, giving an explanation of his meaning by signs, which Hugh translated into "sick."..."No."..."Drunk?"..."No."... Hugh noticed a brass plate with an inscription dangling from the neck of the black fellow, and was regarding it attentively, when the wearer said –..."What name me?"..."BENBO, CHIEF OF THE WEIRABEE," said Hugh, reading it on the brass plate..."Yock-ki, clever, white man: – me Benbo: – me like white man, and tea, and sugar, and bacca, and bread – all berry good. "What name you?" inquired Benbo of Hugh..."Raymond."..."Eigh – Mitter Ramon – berry good name dat."..."Name you?" said Benbo, addressing Slinger..."Slinger."..."Tclinger – Mitter Tclinger," stuttered Benbo in a vain effort to pronounce the s, and producing a sound something between a sneeze and a cough. – "No good name dat – Ramon berry good."..."Yock-ki! – Berry drunk, white fellow," said the chief of the little party, as he retreated beyond the reach of Weevel... (Haydon 1854:49-50)

127. The Australian natives having no sound of s in their language, find it almost impossible to overcome the pronunciation of it in another. If a Port Philip black fellow is told to say "split sixpence," he emits a spluttering sound resembling tplit tickpent–e. (Haydon 1854:50)

128. "Berry good hat...black fellow only look – not teal." Weevel stood transfixed, whilst Hugh and Slinger were convulsed with laughter..."What for you laugh?" said Benbo – "look at my coat,"... (Haydon 1854:52)

129. "Yes" said Benbo "me go – me take my wife too – strong fellow my wife – carry ebbery ting – good fellow dat – no gammon my wife." (Haydon 1854:63)

130. ...native weapons...boumerangs, waddy or heavy club, a stone tomahawk, some long spears, and an instrument by which they are thrown, called a womera. (Haydon 1854:63)

131. ...*lubra*, or wife... (Haydon 1854:63)

132. "Eigh! eigh! old 'possum (chop – chop – chop), you dere eh? (chop, &c.,) berry good; you wait a lilly bit (chop, &c.). Ah! Ah! me see him back (chop, &c.) – me make him door (chop, &c.). Now den, where your tail, eh?" and having seized it and twirled it round rapidly several times, he would bring its head against a limb, and as he watched its struggles, would continue, "Poor fellow, neber mind; me eat you by and by;" and then apparently in a great passion, "What; you no die, eh? (whack – whack _ with the tomahawk). You ugly tief, me knock your eye out (whack – whack). Oh! Ah! Dead, I belieb." (Haydon 1854:64-65)

133. ...Benbo...said some "good white fellows" lived there... (Haydon 1854:65)

134. In 184 – there was an unfortunate native executed for murder...Whilst in gaol, the black having learned some broken English, the following specimen of gallows

oratory took place:- "Where me go?"..."To heaven, I hope."..."Where em?"..."There," said the chaplain, pointing above..."Ki! – long way!! – plenty tea, and flour, and baccy dere?"..."It is a good place," said the chaplain...The executioner then proceeded to pull a cap over his face, when the native said, "What for you put him head in a bag, you dam black tief?"..."Let us pray," said the chaplain..."No, me too dam frightened. – Long way hem, eh?" But before a reply could be made, the native was in eternity... (Haydon 1854:82-83)

135. ...*carbora*...the native name of an animal of the sloth species, but incorrectly called by the colonists, a bear... (Haydon 1854:126)

136. ...*weelems*, or rude huts... (Haydon 1854:129)

137. ...*Bund-gil-carno*, the evil spirit... (Haydon 1854:129)

138. ...Black Pidgeon...Are you fond of rum?...'Berry.' 'And baccy?' 'Berry.' 'Can you dive well, Pidgeon?' 'Berry.' 'Are you afraid of *tallon-arron?*' (i.e. sharks.) 'No.'...'Ky!' he said, 'black fellow get berry drunk by and by, like white fellow.' (Haydon 1854:180)

139. ...all used a term such as "wild black fellows" to refer to their enemies. (Blasket 1979:105)

140. I again tell them that they make Willums on White Mans ground, and cut down Trees and cut off Bark, make White Man Sulky – they say no white mans ground Black Mans. (Thomas, 15.9.1840, quoted by Blasket 1979:186)

141. "Why you want black fellow away, plenty long time ago Meregeek Batman come here Black fellow plenty bread plenty sugar, Blanket and like now plenty Port Phillip Black plenty Goldborn Black" meaning that there was a sufficiency now for all of them." (said by Billibellary, or Jacky Jacky of the Waverongs) (Thomas, 1.1.1840, quoted by Blasket 1979:189)

142. ...he too long set him down with White Men, and no more set em down, meaning by that all the Blacks are sulky on that account. (Billibellary to Thomas) (Thomas, 17.10.1843, in Blasket 1979:205)

143. ..."if I like it what's that to white man...why not white man learn him to read when take him away" – No he stated only make me work work, and Black fellows no like work, and never live like white man! (Yanker Yanker to Thomas) (Thomas 3.9.1844, in blasket 1979:208)

144. ...their cry is me learn you give me black Money... (Thomas 17.10.1844, in Blasket 1979:209)

145. "Sunday flour"...the flour given to Aborigines for attending church, instituted by Governor La Trobe in 1840... (Blasket 1979:226)

146. ..."no like Sunday at Nerre Nerre Warren"... (Thomas 18.4.1841, in Blasket 1979:227)

147. The Aborigines came to call their sacred dances 'big Sunday corroberry' as a result of the emphasis of white teachings which set Sundays apart as the most sacred days. (Blasket 1979:232)

148. ...most of them can talk sufficient English to responsd to the common intercourse of man... (Thomas commenting about Aboriginal people at Narre Narre Warren, near Dandenong) (Thomas 14.12.1841, in Blasket 1979:238)

149. ..."hard work massa! too much mine-believe-it! Nebber mind! No more to-day. I say! You got him bacca ?" (Aboriginal man digging potatoes on McCrae property, Glagstaff Hill, 1841) (McCrae nd, in Blasket 1979:250)

150. ..."no good bush too much hungry"... (Thomas 12.8.1844, in Blasket 1979:255)

151. ...Bush big one hungry no belly full like it Melbourne... (Thomas 1844, in Blasket 1979:259)

152. I was I think the first white man that taught them the meaning of the word thank. (Thomas, in Blasket 1979:265)

153. ...some of them say bye and bye, Port Phillip black fellows – Waworong blackfellows – "quomby dead – all gone." (said by Aboriginal people camped south of the Yarra River) (Dredge 7.5.1839, in Blasket 1979:288)

154. "You give me shilling, Mr. Hull." "No," I said, "I will not give you a shilling. I will go and give you some bread," and he held out his hand to me and he said "me plenty sulky you long time ago, you plenty sulky me; no sulky now, Derrimut soon die", and then he pointed with a plaintive manner, which they can effect, to the Bank of Victoria, he said "You see, Mr. Hull, Bank of Victoria, all this mine, all along here Derrimut's once, no matter now, me soon tumble down." I said, "Have you no children?" and he flew into a passion immediately. "Why me have lubra? Why me have piccaniny? You have all this place, no good have children, no good have lubra, me tumble down and die very soon now." (Hull 1858, in Tudehope 1963, in Blasket 1979:288)

155. ...he said the Black Lubras say now no good Children, Blackfellow say no Country Now for them, very good we kill and no more come up pickaniny. (Billibllary to Thomas) (Thomas 7.10.1843, in Blasket 1979:289)

156. ...me been very bad two Gentlemen yesterday make me drunk, and me break a good white mans window me go now to pay him or let him take me to Police Office. (King Benbow, Yarra River, to Thomas) (Thomas 31.5.1848, in Blasket 1979:296)

157. "No wrongfellow. The white man only drunk." (Korum or Jack, of Melbourne, to Thomas on the release of a man who had attacked him while drunk) (Thomas 18.7.1839, in Blasket 1979:305)

158. ...black touch em constable *nanbo kodung unner* Jail (long time stop in jail) but Big One beat em lubra no sulky. (Big One was an Aboriginal man of Mt Macedon) (Thomas 28.2.1847, in Blasket 1979:305)

159. ...Borack Borack Borack (No, No, No)... (said by a Portland Bay man "Billy Urquor") (Thomas 1847, in Blasket 1979:307)

160. "You murry stupid! Kickeraboo – you plenty lawyer, plenty got it fine word, what for you not Judge – me like him grog all day – and murry drunk all night. (Johnny Watkins in reply to the prosecuting Chief Constable's speech at his trial for drunkeness) (Port Phillip Gazette 4.2.1843, in Blasket 1979:308)

161. ...me no bad blackfellow God no angry with me Pundgyl (God) *nulworthen murrumbeek moocoop*, God take care of my soul. (a dying Aboriginal man to Thomas) (Thomas 1.12.1848, in Blasket 1979:325)

162. ...mainmait...strange Aborigines... (Parker 1841, in Blasket 1979:331)

163. ...wooreet...removal of kidney fat by sorcery... (Parker 1841, in Blasket 1979:331)

164. ..."big one sulky"... (Parker 1841, in Blasket 1979:331)

165. ...the stars were once black fellows like themselves but very very good, kill 'em plenty of wild blacks. (Melbourne Aboriginal people to Thomas) (Thomas, in Blasket 1979:333)

166. ...you too much hit me, now me fight you... (Thomas 1848, in Blasket 1979:371)

167. ...they seemed to have imbibed the ludicrous notion that the white people are their ancestors returned to them – and that after they die they will 'jump up white man'. (Orton 1836:86)

168. ...they are usually exceedingly loquacious and in their social intercourse maintain a constant jabber and confusion. (Orton 1836:86)

169. The fact of my being able to converse with them in their own tongue, gave me considerable influence. They used to say – 'No stupid, Mr Locke; always yabba the same as black-fellow.' (Smyth vol 2 1878, in *AND*:289)

170. Bobby cried out to Mr Beveridge, 'what for you yabber me cram jumbuck?' anglice, 'why did you charge me with stealing your sheep?' (Port Phillip Herald 25 February, 1847, Supplement, in *AND*)

171. The Aboriginal people of "the Yarra, Goulburn and Mordialloc tribes" marked the marriage of HRH Edward Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra of Denmark by sending Queen Victoria some artefacts they had made for the occasion and delivering to her an illuminated address (Morrison 1971:98). The address was "inscribed on vellum and was written in the native language, with an interpretation in English. The vellum was also ornamented with appropriate pen and ink sketches, one representing a mia-mia with a black fellow lubra, and children, the others representing a kangaroo, an emu, and a native dog, the whole being surrounded with a border combining waddies, spears, shields, fishing-nets and other implements in use amongst the natives. Mr. Brough Smyth presented the address to His Excellency and read the English translation" (Morrison 1971:103). Aboriginal Protector Thomas interpreted at the presentation. The English translation was as follows:- "Blacks of the tribes of Wawoorong, Boonoorong and Tara-Waragal send this to the Great Mother Queen Victoria...We and other black fellows send very many thanks to the great Mother Queen for many many things...Blackfellows now throw away all war-spears. No more fighting, but live like white men almost...Blackfellows hear that your first son has married. Very good that! Blackfellows send all good to him, and to you his great mother, Victoria... Blackfellows come from Miam and Willum to bring this paper to the good Governor. He will tell you more...All blackfellows round about agree to this...that is all." (Morrison 1971:103).

172. Yarra Yarra: "Flowing Flowing". Among the natives, things of a rippling character were indicated by the use of the word "Yarra" in its various modifications. The tide rolling up on the beach became "Yarrain", the beard, "Yarragondook". A modern Australian cricketer, bowling a deceptive ball, could be explained in aboriginal parlance by the following sentence: "Mine tinkit that p'feller Grimmett gibbit a 'Yarragoogly', boss!" some authorities say "Yarra" is the blackfellow word for river, in which case it carries no distinction, paralleling the way of a child who names a horse, "horse". (comment by Hugh McCrae 1934, McCrae 1966:31)

173. Farquhar suffering from an eruption on his face...Dr Thomas tells me it is called, in colonial talk, "Dibble-dibble" – a kind of confluent pock – much uglier, and more offensive, even than smallpox. (1841, McCrae 1966:53)

174. Our familiar aborigines spent the day here. Betty, or "Yellambourrime" (Rough-haired) exchanged names with Lucia. This is a native compliment to be received with good grace. (1843, McCrae 1966:100)

175. "Budgeree Tom", and others of his tribe, arrived from Gippsland. (1844, McCrae 1966:129)

176. ...Dandenong (native word for "Big Hill"). (1844, McCrae 1966:129)

177. ..."No-Good Damper"...the inn...A lime carter, after a night in the bush noticed one of his bags thrown down and the contents poured over the grass. Assured that some wild animal had done this, he adjusted everything and continued along the road, but had hardly gone a hundred yards when there appeared an aboriginal, who called out "That p'feller no good damper!" meaning of course, that he had taken the lime and tried it as flour. In this way De Villiers's Inn came by its name. (Hugh McCrae in McCrae 1966:129)

178. Recollecting Dr Kilgour's conversation of yesterday evening, he said the natives north of the Grampians talk about a species of Boa called *Mindi*, which lies in wait by waterholes, and, if an emu comes to drink, makes a meal of the complete bird! (1844, McCrae 1966:149)

179. "Mister Mann", "Horsfall", and two other blackfellows, with their lubras, came to *quamby* [camp] for the night. After sunset the men went to look for kangaroo and saw five; but their dogs "no good"; and ours too supercilious to take their commands. The poor wretches begged hard for the loan of a tumbelgumbel (gun); but I was afraid to lend them Mr McCrae's though they had no meat for supper, and I hadn't *pulgane* for them! (1844, Arthur's Seat, McCrae 1966:196)

180. ...one of the Port Phillip Association rules (1836): "That all parties protect aborigines; but never teach them the use of firearms; or allow them to possess firearems." (1845, Hugh McCrae in McCrae 1966:196)

181. "Ben-Benjie", "Eliza", and "Sally", with her brother "George", came to *quamby* for the night. (1845, Arthur's Seat, McCrae 1966:196)

182. Mr Robert Russell says that Mr Cobb talks to the blacks in their own language, and that the following is an account, given by them, of the formation of Port Phillip Bay: "Plenty long ago... gago, gego, gugo...alonga Corio, men could cross, dry-foot, from our side of the bay to Geelong." They described a hurricane – trees bending to and fro – then the earth sank, and the sea rushed in through the Heads, till the void places became broad and deep as they are today. Mr La Trobe adds the aboriginal tradition that the Yarra's course followed the Carrum Carrum Swamp and debouched into the sea at Western Port. (1850, Arthur's Seat, McCrae 1966:204-5)

183. 'A hard frost, and I have been to visit our blacks, who are *quambied* (camped) outside the paddock fence, on the edge of Cape Schanck Road. Here I found "Bogie" in great distress, because his son, Johnnie (aged nineteen), was dying...I heard a loud wail from the lubras and knew that Johnnie had gone..."Bogie" says he is too old to kill a blackfellow – which is the usual custom. (1853, Arthur's Seat, McCrae 1966:214)

184. ...I perceived a young lubra in her possum rug, her eyes beseeching pity, and her finger on her lip. I whispered to her, asking what she did there... but all she said

was "Moonie find me! Moonie find me!" and then, in an almost inaudible cry, "Moonie kill me!" I could not bid her go out and be murdered. (nd, Arthur's Seat, McCrae 1966:224)

185. Ben-Benjie amused us much tonight by throwing his bommerings. We gave him some flour, tea, and sugar. (George Gordon McCrae, Arthurs Seat, 1846 in McCrae 1966:241)

186. Ben-Benjie went out with the gun at break of day and returned with two ducks...Ben-Benjie with Sandy Perry and me went to the "Nose" and speared four leather jackets and four sting rays. We brought the fishes to Eliza and went out a second time. We saw no leather-jackets; but as we returned Ben-Benjie struck a large Tem-Tem and brought it ashore...After tea, late in the evening, Ben-Benjie, hearing the porpoises coming to the shore ran down to the beach and speared six large fishes each about 15 inches in length. He gave us all of these with the exception of one which he reserved for himself and Eliza. (George Gordon McCrae, Arthurs Seat, 1846 in McCrae 1966:241)

187. Ben-Benjie gave me three bommerings one leanquil (waddy) one fishing spear, a woomera and to Sandy a mulka (shield) to keep for him, as he went to Devine's this morning. (George Gordon McCrae, Arthurs Seat, 1846 in McCrae 1966:241-42)

188. Ben-Benjie...shot a kangaroo and killed a large guano...Eliza told me the words of a few native songs. I noted them down. There was one which the Goulburn blacks' tribe sing when one of their number is sent to jail.

Malay nyar wara goma malay a a
nyar wara a rindia a a malay
wara goma a a a malay a a rindia
a a malay a a wah wara goma etc.

Other Native Songs (Goulburn)

Wittimbullah miralbanga
Thumbulbalyndia munacalebra
curricullalindula wittimbulbah
Miralbanga thumbulbalyndia
Munacalebra curricullalindula
Turee!
Turee byal turil by dthon
nanga turee pacoonbeen
booyal pacoonbeen turee wah

Arremootye moorunmoorun
nyinga macoonba blynturee
byrringalaca macoonba tinga
wah arremoothago ah.

Unganyangabarra poorangalpama
Jail mine pullarwaddyn
Jail wah wah.

the last three lines composed (?) by Ningolubbel when in jail. (George Gordon McCrae, Arthurs Seat, 1847 in McCrae 1966:244)

189. ...a Corrobera or Native War Dance... (George Gordon McCrae, Arthurs Seat, 1847 in McCrae 1966:245)

190. Each wraps himself in his opossum rug and retires to his miamia or native hut... (George Gordon McCrae, Arthurs Seat, 1847 in McCrae 1966:245)

191. ...wives or lubras... (George Gordon McCrae, Arthurs Seat, 1847 in McCrae 1966:246)

192. The blacks have two or three, even four wives. The wives are treated most cruelly by their husbands. While the men sleep the women go to or are rather sent to the nearest European Settlement to beg money. Sometimes they will take silver in preference to copper (!), and, if copper is offered and silver refused they will set up a great clamour. (George Gordon McCrae, Arthurs Seat, 1847 in McCrae 1966:246)

193. The names of the weapons are as follows:...*Geenyam*, a kind of oval shield...*Bommering*, a weapon for throwing, is made of the root or branch of a tree...*Gerar*, a kind of spear; usually made of Mitcheroo wood...*Waddie*, a kind of club...*Mulka*, a kind of shield...The *Wia Wight* is a kind of weapon with an oval head with a stick attached. (George Gordon McCrae, Arthurs Seat, 1846 in McCrae 1966:251-2)

194. ...two natives sprang from behind the tree, but seeing the men present their guns at them, they made signs of peace, at the same time calling out, as the men understood: "Good while ago, good while ago." As Mr. Hume was not far off, and knew their manners, he also made signs to them of peace. They laid down their arms, and at the same time called out to our men to lay down theirs also. When this was done they advanced, and, after a great deal of jabbering on both sides (not a word either one or the other understood), they came with us to the tent, and by degrees we began to understand each other by signs. From this we understand that a vessel had lately been in the bay, that they had been landing some things, including something like my trunk, that the commander always appeared in a bustle, and said to the men, "here, here," at the same time pointing to them to come down, or put them down. They described to us where the vessel laid. They also pointed towards Port Phillip and indicated that they had seen the men fell trees at that place; at the same time taking an axe, they described the way they used them, not forgetting the grunt or hiss which the men invariably do when they are striking anything with any force (undoubtably alluding to the time that a settlement was about to be established there). (at Corio Bay, Hume and Hovell 1825 in Scott 1921:370-72)

195. I see very little difference between these men and those about Sydney, but their language is quite different. Mr. Hume knows a little of the Jervis Bay language, which he spoke to them, but they could not understand one word. Their manners are the same, and they use the same kind of weapon...The name of the bay where they said the vessel lay is Geelong; Mount Wollstonecraft they call "Wibamanharter"; water is "Golamoo"; the name of a bird which Mr. Hume shot and skinned (something of a diver) they call "Bonering"; dog is "Narranuki"; bread is "Mumbungea." They did not appear to be astonished at the sight of the horses and bullocks, but they were very much afraid ot them, much more so than they were of us, and dreadfully alarmed if they saw the bullocks look towards them, notwithstanding they were at a great distance from them. This fear we encouraged, as we considered it the greatest security against any attack. I have no doubt but this is the principal cause of our not seeing any of the natives during the whole of our journey before. (at Corio Bay, Hume and Hovell 1825 in Scott 1921:370-72)

196. "The bush better than house, plenty of grub good as mutton." (1840s, Foster Fyans quoting Woolmudgen, a young man from Geelong who lived with a colonist Mr Fisher in Bride 1983:188)

197. Pointing to the men, I told the boy, who, in a cool way replied, "I know it; I am ready for them"...Come on Merrijig," he cried to the doctor, who came for the purpose of extracting Bon Jon's kidney fat..."Me give...if you wish it...only kill one with the big knife...If you let me kill him, I'll get his wife" (1840s, Foster Fyans

quoting Bon Jon a Geelong Aboriginal boy who lived with Foster Fyans for four years in Bride 1983:189)

198. In 1839 I took possession of the Mount Macedon Station...Of the aborigines at my time of locating there, there was one tribe consisting of about 150, including adult males and females and children of both sexes, who camped from place to place in their mia-mias, between Mount Macedon and Mount Alexander, generally calling at the various stations on their way for the purpose of soliciting food...They were unable to converse with Europeans, but made signs as the means of communicating their wants or desires. (Edward Dryden quoted in Bride 1983:342)

199. ...great Punjil stalks like a "big one gentleman" in the clouds, on the earth, &c., always carrying a "big one sword."...Punjil one day cut, with his large knife, two pieces of bark, mixed up a lot of clay, and made two black men...young men not like pickaninnies...Pallian was in a creek...the water got thick like mud, so that he could scarcely move; he plucked off a small bough from a tree that hung over the creek, and looked through the bough at the water, and said, "name you." He beat harder and harder, and saw near him come up four hands, then two heads, and so on, till breasts, and two human figures complete appeared. Pallian exclaimed, "like my brother Punjil, me make two Bagrooks."...the two lubras came above the water...They gave each koolin a lubra. Punjil put a spear in each koolin's hand, and Karakarook, daughter to Punjil, put in each lubra's hand a kannan (woman's stick)...One morning, when they awoke they "no see Punjil, Pallian, and Karakarook"; "they had gone up above." The blacks say that all this took place "very far, far away" to the N.W., not where "now blackfellows all about here sit down," alluding to their belief that man and woman were first created in other countries. All agree (I mean different tribes) in stating that that country was "far, far away," beyond what they know to the N.W., over seas. (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:422-23)

200. They say that "long time after Punjil made man and woman, blacks had no fire, were very cold, and eat all flesh raw"; that some lubras went out to get food. They were with their *kannan* digging up *murrar* (piss-ants' eggs)...two young men named Tourt and Tarrer..."Tourt no more come back"; he was burnt to death... (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:423-24)

201. The blacks say that after they had fire they were all *marnumuk* (meaning comfortable), and increased to great numbers; and after many, many years "blackfellows get very bad (wicked), when Punjil and Pallian big one sulky." "Punjil come down with his big one knife and cut the earth all over like blackfellow cut up damper and come up water, and Pallian drive all big one water from sea on land; then like great guns come up koor-reen (storms) and pull up all trees, and come up water everywhere, and very bad blackfellows drowned, and that great many not very bad, Punjil take up and make stars of, and that Punjil when all gone water, send another very good man and woman, named Berwool and Bobinger, and take and cut up one kangaroo and other animals into small pieces and they became a great number." Karakarook and Tarrer...again descend...but stop "only little time" and then leave them. (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:424)

202. They say that mankind, after many years, got very many and again very bad, fighting, killing, and eating one another – "no work, blackfellows all sit down only one country; Punjil come down again with his big knife, big one sulky, and cut into pieces all men, women, and children, kangaroo, and all living animals, but they not die. Then come up a great storm (koor-reen), followed by many whirlwinds (pit-ker-ring), and take up all the pieces and carry them everywhere – far, far away – and drop them in every country; then blackfellows in all countries; no blackfellows in all countries till then; and blackfellow no more see 'em Punjil; he too much sulky. Black

doctors sometimes dream of him." (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:424-25)

203. ...a number of large bags like sacks appeared in the air...they filled as they passed along..."they busted, made noise like gun, and then came wind; no wind before this."...this occurred also "far, far away,"... (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:425)

204. ...a bear made a noise as we passed. The black stopped, and a parley commenced. I stood gazing alternately at the black and the bear. At length my black came to me and said, "Me big one stupid; bear tell me no you go that way." (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:427)

205. ...tarnuk (buckets)... (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:427)

206. The blacks say that "big one Punjil once sit on that mountain." (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:427)

207. The blacks say, when Bobbinary was a child that it had been raining for some days, and "blackfellows all sad, their bellies tied up to keep off hunger; that the child Bobbinary began to sing, and that sun immediately came out, and no more rain. That ever since then he had been able to send rain away." (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:428)

208. ...marmbula (kidney fat)... (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:428)

209. kunnundure (charcoal powder)... (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:435)

210. She is after this of age to have a koolin... (William Thomas relating his knowledge of Aboriginal culture quoted in Bride 1983:436)

211. Some half-castes very quickly adopt European customs, and others prefer the society of the blacks – depending on the manner in whcih they have been situated in their youth. (Smyth, vol 1, 1878:21)

212. The adult wild native when brought into contact with the whites learns the English language quicly and easily, and all the words that at all resemble those of his own tongue are pornounced distinctly. Those which are harsh, or in which sibilants occur, he softens and he keeps closely to the grammar of his own language. (Smyth, vol 1, 1878:22)

213. ...when they saw the sketch he had made...suggested alteration, and when that was effected they exclaimed, "Ko-ki! berry good! that fellow, all right now!"... (a conversation between Howitt and some Aboriginal people) (Smyth, vol 1, 1878:152)

214. ...a Western Port black, named 'Billy Lonsdale,' seeing the brickmaker smoothing the clay in the mould, said 'Marminarta, like 'em that PUND-JEL make 'em Koolin.' (quoted from the Aboriginal Protector William Thomas's manuscript in Smyth, vol 1, 1878:424)

215. Aboriginal legend of a deluge...A long time ago, 'when father belonging to you and me been alive,' there was a very great flood...When she wanted to get into the canoe, he said, 'Not now–next time;'...when the Pelican came back, he said 'Come on now.'...he was very angry, and began to paint himself white, 'to look out fight' with the blackfellows. (Smyth, vol 1, 1878:478)

216. ...*Marloo* (pipeclay)... (Port Albert) (Smyth, vol 1, 1878:478)

217. Once upon a time the blacks were down at the Lakes–a 'big lot of them;' they were 'driving fish with their net' (Lawn)...All the mob of black gins ran after him... (Smyth, vol 1, 1878:478-9)

218. Another version of the dog and the natives at Shaving Point, as related and explained by Toolabar...Near Shaving Point, at the Lakes, a big mob of blacks were fishing with the big grass-nets. They were fishing all night, and came to the camp in the morning where the women were. They said, 'Oh, we have got plenty of fish.' The women said *Yacka-torn* (very good). One of the dogs belonging to the women sang out *Yacka-torn* also. Then they were all made into *Wallung* (a rock). If a dog belonging to you or me were to talk like that, then we should be changed directly into stone. Once at Swan Reach I heard a dog sing out very loud. My father and I heard him. I was a very little boy. We ran away very fast. If he had been near to me we should have been 'like it *Wallung*' (stone). All the blackfellows sang out and ran away. I could only hear the dog say '*Bring*' (bone). I think he was saying Bringu tarnu ginganunga. (Smyth, vol 1, 1878:479)

219. About the year 1861...a number of the Murray river and Lake blacks had agreed to go up the coast as far as Twofold Bay, and they were to be guided by 'Jackey the Whaler,' who had been there years before 'spearing whales.' It was also determined that they should accept the invitation of a blackfellow, 'Tommy,' to visit him on the way. This Tommy was in the service of some whites who had a small cattle station in the middle of the great wilderness of country lying between the Snowy river an Cape Howe...They camped about a quarter of a mile from the station, at the edge of the dense jungle through which the river flows...Here the blacks remained for a few days, and some of the men took a job to strip bark for the owners of the place. These were two young men of from sixteen to eighteen, so far as their ages can be ascertained from the accounts given by the blacks. Tommy and these two whites were the only residents there; the nearest station was thirty to thirty-five miles distant, and the whole surrounding country, with the exception of the way to this station, is an almost impenetrable scrub. (Smyth, vol 1, 1878:479-80)

220. He know 'em that one whistle belonging to Paddy. (Smyth, vol 1, 1878:483)

221. When the white settlers brought their horses, cattle, and sheep, and many appliances of civilization to Australia, the natives were compelled to coin several new words, in order to make themselves understood. Some of these are expressive, and in their formation highly instructive. I will quote a few examples:-

Barn-door fowl	*Chuck-chuck.*
Swine	*Pig-pig.*
Sheep	*Yeep* or *Eu-ep.*
Horse	*Kirt-kirt-tar-nuk* or *Kut-kut-tarnook* (many vessels).
Cattle	*Koo-roo-m'n.* (*Ko-ror* is the word for kangaroo.)
Dog (introduced)	*Karl* (from the noise he makes when he snarls).
Spoon	*Woo-roo-knee-chal-loop* (the mouth of the mussel).
Pot or kettle	*Tar-nook* (the native name for the wooden vessel used
by	them).
Bottle	*Doom-doom-e-bur-a-mul.* (Having reference to its
shape, like	an emu.)
Roof	*Boorp-e-lar* (the head of the house).
Candle	*Marm-bull* (that is to say "fat").
Gun	*Drum-bullabul* (thunder).
Ship	*Bul-li-to Kooron* (large canoe).
Boat	*Wye-bo Kooron* (small canoe). (Smyth, vol 2, 1878:4)

222. It is believe that they have several signs, known only to themselves, or to those amongst the whites who have had intercourse with them for lengthened periods, which convey information readily and accurately. (Smyth, vol 2, 1878:4)

223. Interjections, cries, etc....The well-known call *Coo-ee*, used when the natives hail each other in the bush, is universally adopted by colonists, and this speaks strongly in its favor. It would be difficult, indeed, to utter any other sound which would be as clear and as soft, as significant, and be carried as far in the forest as this call. (Smyth, vol 2, 1878:20)

224. European food, &c....

Bread or flour	Ner-rong.
Rice	Kur-ran.
Sugar	Gaem-gaem.
Meat (general)	Win-gar-um.
Beef	Gul-gan-ner.
Mutton	Ee-up.
Pork	Tal-lum.
Biscuit	Pal-let-ner-rong.
Soup	Lil-le-bro.
Tea	Mor-an-doo.
Butter	Brim-brim-o.
Milk	Brem-brem.
Herbs	Par-rum.
Carrots	Kam-bo-duk.
Tobacco	Kun-ang-ner-ro-men.
Spirits	Bal-lam.
To drink spirits	No-bi-an-bal-lam.
To get drunk	Bul-li-to no-bi-an. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:127)

225. ...however, hungry a black might be...he would not partake of a rasher of bacon. They could not explain why, only "no good pig." (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:127)

226. Come here to-morrow, and cut me some wood, and me give you white money. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:127)

227. What for you stupid, and get em big one drunk; by-and-by you die like it another one black fellow. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:127)

228. What going for? To look out kangaroo. Where are your spears? Here, in my miam. No good spear. Very good gun. Now let us go. Me see kangaroo; no you make noise, me shoot him. Go on fire. Ah! tumble down dead. No dead, only gammon; you see run away that one. Big one stupid. Now, go look out opossum. Me see tracks up the tree. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:127)

229. ...gun...tranbulla-bel. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:127)
...guns...trangbullabil... (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

230. Blackfellows' corrobboree to-night. No; too much tumble down rain. You tell 'em blackfellows to corrobboree, and me give them white money. Blackfellows big one stupid, no corrobboree. What for blackfellows no corrobboree? Blackfellows die last moon. Blackfellows' corrobboree to-morrow night. Yes, big one corrobboree; all blackfellows dance. Don't you know another one moon come? (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:127-28)

231. What for you tell 'em lie? sun only little up. Where tailwork?...When I first came among the blacks, not an adult male or female were without their tailwork–a

wood from which they procure fire; not by friction, as the Sydney blacks, but perpendicular, as working a drilling-bow. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:128)

232. Very good now, big one fire... (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:128)

233. ...big one, stupid me... (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

234. Me big one hungry. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

235. Sit down to-day; no look-out, only eat, sleep, and sing. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

236. Here, pickaninny, give that to the lubras, and tell them when they have eaten to go and look out gum for blackfellows to eat. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

237. You too much greedy, pickaninny... (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

238. Now let us sleep, big one stupid; white man work every day, no like 'em this. No you make a noise, pickaninny; play out there. Big one bellyful me. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

239. ...me get it... (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

240. ...no me thow it down; no me stupid. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

241. Another one day get 'em guns. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

242. No more play now, it is is too hot. When go down sun, then play at wavoit. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

243. Now koolin, where wavoit? Come all blackfellows. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

244. Now let us see who throw out the farthest. Throw it out. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:129)

245. No you take it, my wavoit...No, no; me give it you. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:130)

246. All done play. Dark now. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:130)

247. Sit all around. Stop, just stop. (Thomas in Smyth, vol 2, 1878:130)

248. During our stay at Western Port, our companions had an interview with the savages of this part of New Holland. The human race appears very scanty in this quarter. Such of the natives as they saw, appeared suspicious, diffident, and treacherous; and their language seemed to bear no other resemblance to that of the people of Diemen's Land, than the excessive rapidity of its pronunciation. (1802) (Peron 1809:269)

249. The country at the back of the beach consisted of dried-up swamps and barren sand hills. Some natives came down with very little hesitation, and conducted themselves amicably: they appeared never to have seen or heard of white people before. (George Bass, 1798, Western Port, in Flinders, vol. 1, 1814:cviii)

250. There were a number of Blacks about during the day, their camping site being on the site of Government House where they used to give Corroborees on moonlight nights before large audiences of white people. On one occasion they gave a corroboree

near the site of the Melbourne gaol and for audience they had two visiting tribes and a large number of the townspeople, men, women and children. ...The performance was proceeding splendidly when suddenly a shower of reed spears was thrown among the dancers. There was a general yell and a scatter in all directions, the black women tumbling over the white and crying out "Pull away white Lubra blackfellow plenty angry." Of this event I was an eyewitness. It is fully and accurately recorded in his Chronicles of early Melbourne. (Somerville nd, referring to late 1830s Melbourne)

21

New South Wales Pidgin Wordlist

Note: Items marked with an asterisk * are core vocabulary. Key to abbreviations is at beginning of thesis.

a [1] *
a (NC31, LM82, M172, M32, M201, L25)
- a

a [2]
ah! (M60, SC7, MR87)
- ah!

aha
Ah! ha! (B3)
- aha!

abav
above (B15)
- above

abilin
a-bilin (MR31)
- boiling

adthu
udthu (UM68), udtha (UM36), udthrum (UM51), ud-thu (UM92), udthui (UM87)
1. I (UM68)
2. myself (UM91)
ety. AB Wiradhuri *gaddu* 'I' (G:67)

afta
after (M199)
- after

agen *
'gain (PS17), gain (PS25), again (PS25, SC36, MR40, LM80, M66)
- again

agli
ugly (M31)
- ugly

ai [1]
eye (M53)
- eye

ai [2] *
I (PS2, B1, L21, MR28, SC11, UM109, ER16, M22)
- I

aiai
aye aye (NC36), ay, ay (B1)
1. yes (NC36, B1)
2. used doubtfully, positively, interrogatively or responsively (B94)
ety. E.COLL *ay ay* 'yes, right!'

aiama
ayama (B49)
- look
ety. AB

aibliv *
I bleve (PS58), I believe (UM122, B5, L18, MR17, SC14), I b'lieve (LM68, B1), I belieb (M132)
1. I believe!
2. right! (PS58)

aiblivso
I believe so (L3, SC20)
- I believe so!

ail
I'll (SC41)
- I will

aisei
I say (MR30, SC17)
- I say!

ala
alāh! (PS46)
- halloo!
ety. AB

along [1]
along
1. for (PS157)
2. along (PS157
3. to (PS157)
4. in (B28, MR144)

alonga [1] *
along a (B1, MR28), alonga (B28), o long o (LM82), a long a (LM101, B82), along o' (MR28, LR18), alonga (UM124), along of (SC15)
1. to (LM82, UM124, L5, SC35)
2. at (B1 L5, MR34, LR18, M182)
3. in (B28, L3, MR42, SC15)
4. on (B3, L12, MR28)
5. about (B82)
6. with (LM101, MR28)
7. by means of (SC33)
8. near (B81)

alonga [2]
along o' (B92)
- POSS

along with
along with (PS41)
- with

ama
umma! (L3)
- umma!
ety. AB

amen
Amen (B2)
- Amen!

and (an) *
and (NC10, PS17, B24, L12, MR17, UM110, M9,LM69, WV1), an (UM92, M61)
- and

animalz
animals (M201)
- animals

anion
onion (M63)
- onion

ant
ant (B83)
- ant

ap
up (PS46, B1, M74)
- up

apandaun - up and down
up and down (M80)

ara - hoy!
urra! (L3) **ety.** AB

arm - arm
arm (PS157)

as - us
us (M108)

ask - ask
ask (MR126)

at - at
at (L12, M80)

aut - out
out (B8)

awei - away
away (PS83, M101, SC34), 'way (PS219, LM90)

az - as
as (NC3PS25, M108)

babatatat - ba-ba-tut-tut!
ba-ba-tut-tut (LM1) **ety.** AB

babilbabil [1] - boil
bubble-bubble (LM65)

babilbabil [2] - a sort of gruel
bubble-bubble (LM87)

babuk - father
babouk (LM9) **ety.** AB

bad - bad
bad (PS222, LM17)

badfela * - bad one
bad pellow (PS197), bad fellah (M17), bad fellar (M36), bad fellow (SC33)

badjal * **1.** sick or diseased
budgel (NC3, SC20, UM9, LM80), buggel (MR144), budyal (VG1) **2.** sickness or disease
ety. AB Sydney language **badjal** 'sick'

bagrukz - people
Bagrooks (M199) **ety.** AB

bai [1] - beside
by (M73, SC15)

bai [2]
buy (M34)
baiim
buy him (M34)
- to buy
- buy (Vtr)

baiami
Piame (W14)
- principal god of the Aboriginal people in general
ety. AB

baigod (baiga)
by G--d (SC4), by gar (M121)
- by God!

baihimself
by himself (M66)
- alone

bail *
bail (2S34, 4S10, NC3), bael (PS11), bale (NC30, PS9), ball (B81, PS219, UM15), baal (B78, L2, MR23, UM41, ER12, SC32), bael (UM51), bell (B61), bel (NC43, 4S16, B87), baul (VG1)
- no, not
ety. AB Sydney language **biyal** a general negative

bailgamon
baal gammon (L2)
- no nonsense! (**gamon** nonsense)

baimbai *
bye and bye (PS44, MR14, ER15), by and bye (PS45), bime bye (LR5), by and by (UM125, PS28), by-and-by (M95), by-and-bye (MR28), bye-and-bye (SC32)
- future tense marker

bak [1]
ba-ak (L11), back (L3)
- to return

bak [2]
back (M57)
baktu
back to (M62)
- back
- to return to

baka (baki, bako) *
bacca (PS69, MR26, SC15, LM4, UM128, LR4), 'bacca (B77), bacco (LM80, B101), backer (VG4), baccy (M12, SC20), 'baccy (M12), bakky, bakky (B1)
- tobacco

bakin
buckeen (UM5, ER4)
- ritualised revenge for death
ety. AB

balogan
balogan (B45)
- old woman
ety. AB Wiradhuri *ballágun* 'an old woman' (G:70)

bangalarli [1]
bungalarly (GR1)
- to steal
ety. AB

bangalarli 2
bunga-larle (UM104), bun-gal-larlie (UM104)
- good
ety. AB

bangbang
bung bung (UM47)
- bang bang! (i.e. the sound of a double barrel gun)

bangola
bangola (MR17)
- pannikin

bangwal
bungwall (PS32)
- edible fern-root
ety. AB Jagara (*AND*)

banjiwok
bungywalk (UM108), bungework (VG1), bungey (SC1)
- boot
ety. AB

bara
burra (UM69)
- hurry; AB
ety. AB

barabari
bura-burrai (MR139), burra-bari (UM92), burra burri (VG1)
- hasten quickly

barabariyanawei
burrabari yan-away (UM91)
- to go away quickly (**burrabari** 'hasten', **yan** 'go')

baraba
barrabba (LM102)
- no, not
ety. AB

bardo
bardo (PS99, MR30)
- water
ety. AB Sydney **badu** 'water'

bargoin
bar-goin (UM92)
- non-Aboriginal person (lit. white man)
ety. AB Wiradhuri *bar* 'white' *goin* 'man' (JFHM)

bark 1
bark (PS8)
- to bark

bark 2
bark (PS186)
- bark (as of a tree)

barli
barlee (LM69)
- to return
ety. AB

bast
busted (M203)
- burst

bat *
but (B24, MR30, LM79, M60, SC38)
1. but (LM79, M60, SC38)
2. only (B24)

bata
butter (LM22)
- fat

batjot
butchot (PS114)
- buckshot

baut [1] * (**abaut**) - to be around
about (PS80, SC38, MR48)

baut [2] - approximately
'bout (M79)

baut [3] - to be doing
'bout (PS17), about (PS209)

baut [4] - concerning
'bout (M105), about (SC38)

bea - koala
bear (M204)

bed - bed
bed (M66)

behaind - to be behind
behind (M52)

beilup - apprehend
bailed up (SC16)

bekam - become
became (M201)

beli - belly
bellies (M207), belly (M22)

beliak - bellyache
bellyache (MR42)

berd - bird
bird (B7)

beri - bury
bury (SC38)

beriim - bury (Vtr)
bury him (MR50)

best - best
best (L38)

beta - better
better (L17, M54)

bi - to be
be (B64)

biana - father, honorary father
be-anna (3S10), piannah (PS154) **ety.** Sydney **biana** 'father'

bifo * - marker of past tense
before (B64, MR14, GR6, M75)

big * **1.** big (M1, SC42)
big (UM137, M1, SC42), beeg **2.** important (UM137)

(M1), beeeg (M1)

bigmasa - head, leader
big mar mar atta (UM137)

bignaif - sword
big knife (M197)

bigsandeikoroberi - Aboriginal sacred dances (**koroberi** 'dance')
big Sunday corroberry (M147)

bigfela *
big feller (PS222), big fellow (M109)
1. brave one (PS222)
2. adult (M109)

bigfela wait - brave non-Aboriginal person
big feller white (PS222)

bigung - liar
beeguong (VG1)
ety. AB

bigwan *
big one (UM106), bigone (LR5), beeeg one (M3)
1. big (UM106, M22, LM61)
2. a lot (M22, LM80, UM106)
3. very (LM99, UM126, ER12, M31)
4. fast or excessive in size (LR5, M201)
5. head, leader (LM101, GR2)
6. a long time (LM79, M66)
7. a long distance (LM96)
8. great (M199)

bigwan gabana - head Governor
big one Governor (GR2)

bigwan masa - head master
big one massa (LM101)

bigwan naif - sword
big one knife (M201)

bigwan sord - great sword
big one sword (M199)

bigwan yaba - to talk about something specific and important
big one yabber (LM87)

bigweiof - far
big way off (L37)

bilbi - flea
bilbi (B35)
ety. AB Wiradhuri *birbi* 'a flea' (G:74)

bildim build (Vtr)
build him (M65)

bilibong - water holes that are not spring-fed and consequently are liable to dry up
billibong (B62)
ety. AB Wiradhuri *billa* 'river' (G:75), *-bang* 'hollow, increase, multitude' (G:65)

bimbalali - steal
bimballaly (LM74)
ety. AB

bimbel *
bimble, birnble (MR139)
1. districts (UM13)
2. tribal land (UM38)
3. earth (MR42, NC3)

4. ground (MR139)
ety. Sydney language **bamul** 'earth'

bin *
been (PS75, B6, L3, MR38, UM108, LM33), bin (UM129, SC11)
- past tense marker

binji *
bingee (MR144), bengee (ER11), bingie (VG1)
- belly, stomach
ety. AB Sydney language **bindhi** 'stomach'

bindingari
bindingary (UM23), bindigary (UM105)
1. to see or find (UM23)
2. to understand (UM105)
ety. AB

bingi *
bingey (PS61), binghi (MR17) bingy (UM23)
- brother
ety. AB Kattang and Thangatti *bingai* 'brother'

bisket *
biscuit (NC23, 2S31), bisket (PS69), beriguet (SYD4.3.2.1)
- biscuit

bitim
beat him (M75)
- defeat (Vtr)

bitj
beach (PS14)
- beach

biuya
be-u-yah (UM39)
- ready
ety. AB

bizi
busy (MR126)
- busy

blad
blood (NC26)
- blood

bladigud
b–y good (LM60)
- bloody good!

bladirog
bloody rouge (B32), Bloody Rogue (WV2)
- bloody rogue!

blaithum
blythum (MR139)
- two

blak *
black (3S8, B65, PS216, LM5, M44), blacks (M200)
1. Aboriginal
2. Aboriginal person
3. dark-skinned person (M44)

blakbilbi
black bilbi (B35)
- Aboriginal flea (**bilbi** 'flea')

blakboiz
black boys (L3)
- Aboriginal men

blakdoktaz
black doctors (M202)
- Aboriginal doctors

blakdraiva - Aboriginal driver
black driver (M80)

blakjentilman - dark-skinned gentleman
black gentleman (M44)

blakjin - Aboriginal woman or wife
black gin (B35, PS80), blat jin (PS156), black gins (SC2)

blakkamp - Aboriginal camp
black camp (PS80)

blakkaradji - Aboriginal doctor
black caragee (3S8)

blaklubra - Aboriginal woman or wife
black lubra (LM5, M44)

blakpikanini - Aboriginal child
black picanninny (B65), black picaninni (M82)

blakpolis - Aboriginal police
black police (M82)

blakai - black eye
black eye (B96)

blakfela [1] *
black fellow (2S29, 4S40, NC7, W2, L23, MR14, LR5, UM131, ER10, GR4, B28), black pellow (PS1), blat pellow (PS141),black pella (LM4), blackpella (UM125), black fella (LM1), blackfellar (M10), black fellar (M19), black feller (MR85, SC42), blackfellow (W5, L24, LM27, UM93, ER15, M195, SC5), black-fellow (SC38), black-phellow (UM104), black fellows (L26)
1. Aboriginal
2. Aboriginal person
3. dark skinned (SC35)

blakfela blongentu niuziland - Maori
black fellow belonging to New Zealand (SC35)

blakfela faia - Aboriginal fire
black pellow pire (PS19)

blakfela kamp - Aboriginal camp
black fella camp (LM2)

blakfela kotj - Aboriginal coach (i.e. a handbarrow pulled by an Aboriginal man)
black fellar's coach (M62)

blakfela kui - Aboriginal call
black pellow cooee (PS1)

blakfela lubra - Aboriginal woman or wife
black fellow lubra (M195)

blakfelaz land - Aboriginal land
black fellow's land (MR30)

blakfela niuzpeipa - Aboriginal news service
blackfellow newspaper (L24)

blakfela [2] - kettle
blackfellow (LM65)

blaki - Aboriginal person
blacky (4S18), blackee (MR87)

blakman *
black man
blakmanz graund
Black Mans ground (M140)
1. Aboriginal (M140)
2. Aboriginal person (3S11, 4S34, M101)
- Aboriginal land

blanket *
blanket (PS115, B32, M66, SC31)
- blanket

bliv
believe (B98), b'leve (SC16), b'lieve (SC29)
- believe

bloim
blow him (L10), blow 'em (PS219)
- blow (Vtr)

bloitap
blow it up (PS50)
- chastise
ety. E.COLL *to blow up* 'to chastise'

blongen *
blongen (PS193), belonging (PS12, B7), blonging (PS190)
- marker of possession

blongena
belonging a (PS127)
- marker of possession

blongentu [1] *
belonging to (PS1, B7, MR30, SC15), belongin to (UM123), belongin' to (L6), b'longing to (LM69), belong to (PS44, UM126), b'long to (LM87), belong to (M2)
1. marker of possession
2. marker of association (PS165, B58, MR30)

blongentu [2]
belonging to
1. to (PS159)
2. from (PS165)

bogel
bogle (2S28)
- the devil

bogi
boge (NC30), bogy (PS89)
- bathe
ety. AB Sydney **bugi** 'bathe, swim'

boi [1]
boy (L3, M54)
- boy

boi [2]
boy (PS14)
- die
ety. probably a combination of English *die* and Jagara *baŋ*; *bong* was common in C19 Australian pidgin (*AND*)

boil
boil (M95)
- boil

bol [1]
ball (SC29)
- ball (i.e. a formal dance)

bol [2]
ball (LM96)
- shot ball

bolong
bollong (UM71)
bolongas
bollong-ass (UM90)
- head
ety. AB
- ass's head! (**bolong** 'head')

bon
bone (L18)
- bone

borak *
borak (LM69, UM124, LM76, WV1)
- no, not—a general negator
ety. AB Wathawurung *burag* 'no' (*AND*)

bos *
boss (B139, ER16, M172)
- boss

bot
boat (M87)
- boat

botkru
boat-crew (PS176)
- boat-crew

braidel
bridle (PS141)
- bridle

brand
brand (UM129)
- brand

bratha (**brada**)*
brother (B7, MR58, LM9, LR10, M78), brodder (PS1), broder (LM9)
- brother

bred *
bread (2S30, MR20, M85)
- bread

breik
break (M57)
- to break

breikdaun
break down (B32)
- break down

breikim
break 'um (ER11), broke him (L18)
- break (Vtr)

breikim benji
break 'um bengee (ER11)
- stomach ache (**benji** 'belly')

breikit
broked (B32)
- break down (Vtr)

brekfast *
breakfast (L40, MR28, M38)
- breakfast

bridj
bridge (M65)
- bridge

bring *
bring (PS9, MR48, LM22)
- to bring

bringim
bring em (UM133), bring him (L12), bring um (SC35)
- bring (Vtr)

bringit - bring (Vtr)
bring it (PS17)

budjari * **1.** good
budgeree (PS13, B81, L3, MR117, M175), boojerie (2S4), budgerie (2S40), buggerie (B12), buggery (B52), budgery (UM69), büdgeree (L12), boodgera (L20), buggury (3S6), boojery (NC3), budgeri (MR5), boodgerie (B61), boodgeree (4S67), budgery (MR30)
2. truth (B61)
3. lucky (B99)
ety. AB Sydney language **budyari** 'good'

budjaribudjari - excellent
boojerie, boojerie (2S4)

budjaridura - good day! (**dura** 'day')
budigery-dura (UM54)

budjariyu - good for you!
budgeree yu (PS168)

budjarifela * **1.** good one! (NC37, PS86, L35)
budgeree fellows (PS86), budgeree fellow (B99), boodgeree fella (L35), budjerry fellow (NC37), budgery fellow (MR30)
2. lucky (B99)

buk - book
book (LR17, M89)

buki - evil spirit
buckee (MR55)

bul - a drink made from boiling sugar bags
bull (S441, PS188, MR131)
ety. E COLL.*bull* 'a type of alcoholic drink'

bula - two
bulla (MR127)

bulabula - four
bulla bulla (MR139)

bulabulakudi - five
bulla bulla coody (MR139)

bulametong - three
bulla metong (MR127)

bulathum - two
blythum (MR139)

bulargeru - girl
boulargeroo (UM10)
ety. AB

bulga - hill
bulga (MR139)

bulgana - beef
bulgana (GR5), pulgane (M179)

bulok (buloki) * - beef, bullock, cattle
bullock (PS75, B61, L5, MR20, UM110, M37, SC32), bullaky (LM4)

bulokdraiva
bullock driver (M42)
- bullock driver

bumalgari
boomulgary (UM92)
- devil
ety. AB

bumarang *
boomerang (B36, LM38), boomiring (NC3), boomerang (M48), bommering (M193), bommerengs (SC25), bumarang (MR18), bauering (MR9)
- boomerang
ety. AB Sydney language **bumarit**, **wumarang** scimitar-shaped fighting weapon

bumbili
boombilly (B1)
- tobacco
ety. AB Wiradhuri *bumbinna* 'to smoke' (G:75)

bumbu
boom-boo (UM76)
- worthless
ety. AB

bumbul
boombool (LR12)
- secretion from the white or manna gum
ety. AB Loddon River

bundijari
bundygerry (MR139)
- to understand

buri
bouries
1. Aboriginal boy (UM6)
2. boy (UM10)
ety. AB

buruwi
boorow-e (3S11)
- clouds

bush *
bush, boos (MR36)
1. bush (PS17, W2, L3, SC34, MR26, M78)
2. wild (PS84)
3. uncivilised (PS44)

bushblak
bush black (PS93)
- uncivilised Aboriginal person

bushdingo
bush dingo (PS84)
- wild dog

bushblakfela
bush black pellow (PS44)
- uncivilised Aboriginal person

but
boot (UM110)
- boot

dadi
daddy (SC41)
- daddy

dai *
die
1. die (3S59, W3, LM12, M108, SC42)
2. wane (as the moon) (NC5)

dairekli (derekli) *
directly (B93, W2, L14, MR22, UM122), direcally (MR48), d'reckly (LM76), therecly (UM105), thereely (UM92)
- future tense marker

dak *
duck (PS47, B92, SC5)
- duck

dammaiai
dam my eye (4S14)
- damn my eye!

damp
dump (4S13)
- a dump—one of the first items of local Australian currency

dampa
damper
1. bread (PS217)
2. damper (LM58, M177)

dan
than (M196)
- than

dandenong
dandenong (M176)
- big hill

dark
dark
1. night (PS18)
2. dark (M91)

dat (that) 1 *
dat (PS9), that (4S10, NC31, B7, SC15, UM110, GR1, LM87, LR16, M42)
1. that (NC31, PS9, B7, SC14, MR31, UM110, GR1, LM87, LR16, M42)
2. who (PS29)
3. him (PS26)
4. he (PS25, MR114)
5. she (B87, MR49)
6. it (PS19)
7. you (PS121)
8. we (EXC) (PS12)
9. they (PS19, B2, MR14, UM110)

dat 2
dat (PS11)
- marker of possession

dat 3
that (MR30)
- the

datdu
dat do (PS41), dat'll do (M34)
- that will do!
ety. E COLL. phrase

datfela *
dat pella (UM125), that pella (UM124), dat pellow (PS11), that fellow (NC19, B81), that fellar (M14), that p'feller (M177)
1. that (PS11, B79, L10, UM122, ER11)
2. him (NC19, PS157, L3)
3. he (B92, L9)
4. she (M56)
5. it (11)
6. them (B81, L20)
7. they (B81)
8. those (B81)

datmeni
that many (MR43)
- that many

datsol - that's all!
that is all (M195)

datwan * **1.** that (B2, SC5, LM76)
that one **2.** him (B74)
3. them (B81)

datwei (datawei) * - there
that way (L21, MR38, LM33, M204), that-a-way (B91)

daun - down
down (M82)

de (the) * - the
de (PS52, LM74, M196), the (NC26, M201)

dea (thea) * - there
there (B1, LM2, UM93, M14, MR26), dare (PS18), dere (PS11)

debil * **1.** devil, evil spirit
devil (3S3), dibble (4S46), dable (PS18), dibbil (PS222), debbil (PS222), debil (3S52, B52) **2.** rogue (B52)

debildebil 1 * - great devil or very evil spirit
dibble-dibble (4S47), dable, dable (PS15), devil-devil (NC1, 4S27, B29), devil devil (ER13), debil debil (LR5), debble debble (LM107), debble-debble (M45), Devil-Devil (SC27)

debildebil 2 - an eruption of the skin
dibble-dibble (M173)

ded * - dead
dead (B93, L170, MR17, M78, SC42)

dei - they
dey (PS19, M201)

deilait - daylight
daylight (M91)

deizi - daisy
daisy (M60)

dem * - them
them (B9, LM33, M31)

den * - then
then (PS9, L12, MR14, LM12, M56, SC34)

dert - the ground
dirt (L3)

dertifela - a dirty one
dirty fellar (M28)

dilidili - hoy!
dilli-dilli! (L16) **ety.** AB

dina * - dinner
dinner (PS47, LM70, M29)
dinataim - dinner time
dinner-time (MR28)

dingo * - dingo
dingo (PS75, UM20, ER1, VG1), dingoe (B67) **ety.** AB Sydney **dingu** 'dog'

dis * - this
dis (PS17, M66, UM137), this (SC18)
displeis - this place
this place (MR128, M154)
distaim - this time
this time (MR128, M68)
diswei - this way
dis way (LM33)

disfela - this one
this fellar (M2)

diswan * - this one
dis one (LM69), this one (B74, LM69, LR18)

diz - these
these (B37, M66)

dog - dog
dog (B24, LM76)

dokta - doctor
doctor (M35)

dont - do not
don't (M89)

drai * - dry
dry (PS9, M62, LR19, LM9), dury (UM23)

draiap - dry up
dry up (SC42)

draifut - on foot as opposed to by boat (lit. dry-footed)
dry-foot (M182)

draiv * - drive
drive (MR42, M42)
draivawei - drive away
drive away (MR131)
draivim - drive away (Vtr)
drive them (M101)

drank * - drunk
drunk (NC31, PS62, M126)

drim - dream
dream (M202)

drink * - to drink
drink (M22, SC42)
drinkap - drink completely
drink up (MR30)
drinkim - drink (Vtr)
drink em (LM101)

drop - drop
drop (M202)

du - do
do (MR87, M3), doing (B72)
duit - do (Vtr)
do it (4S10)

dura - day
dura (UM54)

duso - thus
do so (PS174)

ei - eh!
eh (SC16), ei! (L4)

eibisi - alphabet (i.e. a, b, c)
a, b, c (M9)
ety. E COLL *the abc* 'the alphabet'

eli - early
early (MR28, M80)

eni - any
any (M52)
enimo - again
any more (MR42, M81)

erth - earth
earth (M201)

eva - ever
ever (MR85)

everi * - every
every (M202)
everidei - daily
ev'ey day (M9), every day (M29)

everithing - everything
everything (MR14). ev'ey sing (M27)

everiwea - everywhere
everywhere (MR26, M201)

f'f - ff, ff! (i.e. the sound of a meteor crossing the sky)
'ff, 'ff (WV1)

fafaawei - a long distance
far, far away (M202)

faia [1] **(paia)** - fire
pire (PS19), fire (4S24, B106, L10, M73, WV1)

faia [2] - to fire a gun
fire (LM97)

faiastik - fire-brand
fire-stick (PS19)

faind * - to find
find (M32)

faindim - find (Vtr)
find him (B78, L14, SC3), found em (LM33)

faindit - find (Vtr)
find it (PS17)

fait (pait) - to fight
fight (B92, UM90, SC38), pight (PS10)

faitim - fight (Vtr)
fitem (UM92)

faiv (paiv) - five
pive (PS60), five (LM61)

fam - farm
farm (MR32)

fan - fun
fun (M61)

fat * **1.** fat (S2, SC41, M22, LM24)
fat **2.** in good condition (SC42)

fatfelaz - mountain currawong
fat fellers (MR101)

feis - face
face (B79, UM131)

-fela (-pela) * - nominalising suffix;
pellow (PS41), feller (MR101). fellar (M14), fellah (M17) **ety.** E.COLL *fellow* 'person or thing'

fens - fence
fence (L12)

ferst * - first
pirst (PS78), first (M38)
ferstaim - first time
first time (B92)
ferstreit - excellent
fist-rate (B28)

fetj * - to fetch
fetch (M18)
fetjim - fetch (Vtr)
fetch him (LM100, M19), fetch 'em (MR17)
fetjim bak - bring back (Vtr)
petch him back (L3)

fil - feel
feel (SC38)

filimap - fill up (Vtr)
fill him up (M18)

flad - flood
flood (M74)

flaua [1] * - flour
flour (NC16, LR4, SC33, MR26, UM135, M74), floa (LM27), blour (LM80), flow (LM9), flou (LM22)

flauabag
flou bag (LM2), flour bag (LR5)
1. white, grey (LM2)
2. flour bag (LR5)
flauabag yaraman - grey or white horse (**yaraman** 'horse')
flou bag yarraman (LM1)

flauaz - flowers
flowers (M60)

flesh - flesh
flesh (M200)

flog (plog) - to flog
flog (M58)
flogit - flog (Vtr)
plog it (PS163)

fo [1] *
for
1. for, because (PS8, MR131, M3)
2. concerning (B3)

fo [2] **(po)** - four
pour (PS8)

fol - fall
fall (B6)

forina - foreigner
foreigner (UM111)

fraiim - fry (Vtr)
fry em (LM77)

fraiten - frighten
frightened (LM87)

frend - friend
friends (B8), friend (MR33)

fresh - fresh
fresh (L14)

fritaz - fritters
fritters (LM77)

from - from
from (M53)

ful - fool
fool (MR38)

fulful - very full
full, full (B3)

gabamint - government
gubmint (UM133)

gabamintman - convict
Gubberment man (PS194) **ety.** EAE *government man* 'convict'

gabana - governor
gubbana (4S10)

gaden - garden
garden (M101)

gail - girl
gale (PS24)

galanggalang - cicada
galang galang (MR79)

galop - gallop
gallop (LM86)

gami - a spear
gummi **ety.** Sydney language **gamai** 'spears in general'

gamon * **1.** deceive (PS17, LM96)
gammon **2.** lie (NC3, PS41, B78,LM12, UM125)
3. nonsense (PS159, LM12, L2 UM125, M20)
4. pretend (M42, SC36)
5. anything unbelievable (SC30)

gamon drank - fake drunk

gammon drunk (PS219)

gamoning bega - lying beggar!
gammoning beggar (SC32)

gan - gun
gun (M203)

ganggang - gang gang cockatoo
gang gang (MR108)

gariara - garyaraa!
gar yar-a-a (PS85) **ety.** AB Port Stephens

gera - a spear usually made of Mitcheroo wood
gerar (M193)

gib (**giv**) * - to give
gib (PS12, LM4), give (MR131, UM127, M34)

gibim - give (Vtr)
gib him (PS9), give him (MR30, M54)

gibit - give (Vtr)
gibit (PS141), gib it (PS8), give it (B32, L5, MR33, LR4, M34), gibbit (M172)

giba - stone
gibber (NC3), kibba (MR69)

gibagunya - cave (lit. hut or house of rock)
gablegunnie (2S25) **ety.** AB Sydney language **giba** 'stone, rock', **gunya** 'artificial habitation'

gilgai - shallow pools
gilgai (B80) **ety.** AB

ginyam - an oval shaped shield
geenyam (M193)

gira - southern; AB
girrah (L1)

girigirijol - red rogue!
girry-girry-jole (UM76)

go * - go
go (PS44, L3, LM2, UM133, M19, WV1), going (UM137), goes (L14)

goaut - go
go out (B92, M108)

goawei - leave
go away (LM13)

gobak - return
go back (M81)

goingtu - purposive marker
going to (M66)

golamu - water
golamoo (M194)

golong - go along!
go 'long (M40, M60)

gomo - go faster
go more (MR44)

gon * - gone
gone (PS34, B32, LM33, SC38)

gonapabav - rise
gone up above (M199)

gorong - plenty
gorong (MR127)

got (get) * **1.** obtain
got (B87, SC29, MR14, UM110, LM9, LM33, M18), get (PS8, MR131, M87, SC42) **2.** find (LM33)
3. have (B87,SC29)
4. to become (M201)

gotim - get (Vtr)
got him (PS75, M22), get him (PS125, M65, SC42)

gotit - get (Vtr)
got it (PS34, B42, MR26, UM110), get it (PS12)

got verimeni - increased greatly
got very many (M202)

gotap (getap) **1.** continue (M42)
getup (M42), getting up (M72) **2.** rise (MR70, M66)
get up (MR70)

gotaut (getaut) - get out!
get out (SC32)

gotautim - get out (Vtr)
get out him (B49)

gotno (getno) * - to have not—a general privative
got no (PS162, MR113, SC15, M73), got none (M42)

gotnomo - to have not—a general privative
get no more (M75), got no more (M78)

gotnotingatol (getnoting) - have nothing
got nothing at all (MR14), get noting (MR131)

goton (geton) **1.** to progress (M84)
getting on **2.** to cope (M98)
3. to wear (UM107)

goton waitnaitkap - snow-capped
got on white night cap (UM107)

gowt - goat
goat (M22)

grab - food
grub (M196)

gras [1] - grass
grass (MR90, LM61, UM110)

gras [2] - hair, beard, moustache, whiskers
grasse (B94)

graindmarra - to grind (English grind plus **marra** 'to make')
grind-marra (W1)

graund - ground
ground (L11)

greit * **1.** huge (M201)
great **2.** very (M201, WV1)
3. great (SC38)

greitgan - huge guns
great guns (M201)

greitmasa - God
great Massa (SC27)

greitmeni - very many
great many (M201)

greitnamba - very many
great number (M201)

greitbigwan masa - God
great big one master (WV1)

gridi - greedy
greedy (MR141)

grog - alcohol
grog (SC200)

guana - goanna
guana (PS45), guano (M188) **ety.** borrowed into English from an Arawak word in Jamaican Creole *liguanea, iguana* (d'Costa & Lalla 1989:2)

gud (gut) * - good
good (NC31, PS9, B43, MR69, SC36, LM39, M27), goot (PS11, MR36)

gudaz - equal to
good as (M196)

gudbai
good-bye (MR42, M80), good bye (LM13)
- good-bye!

guddei
good day (NC36, 4S43)
- good-day!

gudfela
good pellow (PS41, SC33)
- good one

gudmeni
good many (L39)
- very many

gudmenitaim
good many time (B92)
- often

gudmoning
good morning (4S19, UM124)
- good morning!

gudnait
good night (MR36)
- good night

gudwailago
good while ago (M194)
- a greeting to Hume and Hovell from Aboriginal people at Corio Bay

gudwan
good one (LM61, M12)
- good

gudwanfela
good one fellar (M14)
- the good one

gudweiap
good way up (B94)
- high up

guin
goin (UM87)
- man

gunya *
gunyah (B59, UM5), gunnie (2S31), goonyer (NC3), gunyon (B99), gunyer (PS70), gunya (MR139), gunjas (MR2)
1. dwelling of bark (UM5)
2. a camp (UM46)
3. house (B99)
4. hut (B59, SC20)
5. any container or shelter (B100)
6. anything like a hut (PS70)
ety. AB Sydney language **gunya** 'artificial dwelling temporary or permanent'

gunya longa dingo
gunyon 'long of dingo (B100)
- dog kennel (**gunya** 'house', **longa** 'of', **dingo** 'dog')

guri *
gourri (MR32), gourai (MR148), gouri (UM5), gore (ER4)
1. fat (UM5)
2. kidney fat (ER4)
ety. AB

guridji
gooridgee (UM104)
- uncle
ety. AB

hab (hav) *
hab (PS219, B24, LM12), had
- to have

(M29), have (M29)

habim - have (Vtr)
have him (M67)

habit - have (Vtr)
hab it (LM70)

habno - not have
not had (M200)

haba - harbour
harbour (PS28)

haha * - ha ha!
ha, ha (B12), ha-ha (LM9), ha! ha! ha! (M61), haw! haw! haw! (M61)

hai - high
high (B16, M74)

haid - to hide
hide (LM22)

handbaro - handbarrow
handbarrow (M61)

handkafz - hand cuffs
handcuffs (MR42)

handrit - hundred
hundrit (B24)

hang - hang
hang (UM127)

hanga * - hunger
hunger (M207)

hangri [1] - hungry
hungry (NC30, MR32, LM18, M105), gun-gary (UM42), hungry (GR6)

hangri [2] - thirsty
hungry (MR32, M105)

hanketjif - handkerchief
handkerchief (LM76)

hantawei - drive off
hunt away (MR30)

hantim - hunt (Vtr)
hunt him (PS101)

har - ear
har (UM68)

hat [1] - hut
hut (PS222)

hat 2 - hat
hat (M128)

hatkipa - hut keeper
hutkeeper (MR32)

hau 1 - how
how (M84)

hau 2 - how!
how (M84)

haumeni - how many?
how many (NC5, PS98, MR34)

haus 1 - house
house (PS12, M22)

haus 2 - grave
house (PS29)

hazban - husband
husband (PS11)

he - her
her (SC38)

hed - head
head (B6)

hei - hay
hay (M38)

helpim - help (Vtr)
help him (M26)

her - her
her (M90)

hertit - hurt (Vtr)
hurt it (PS50)

hi * **1.** he (PS18, L14, MR69, UM68, SC42)
he **2.** she (PS122, M44)
3. the (MR85)

hia 1 * - here
here (NC34, PS1, B8, L12, MR128, SC38, GR6, LM33, M19)

hia 2 * - to hear
hear (M78)

hiarim - hear (Vtr)
hear him (PS46, B81), air-im (UM124)

hilaman * - shield
hillimung (NC3), heilaman **ety.** AB Sydney language **yilimung** 'small

(UM48), heeliman (UM113), heelamun (VG1)

bark shield used to repel spears'

hilz
hills (PS218)

- hill

him [1] *
him

1. he (UM90, WV1, SC42)
2. him (W3, L40, M84)
3. the (M22, SC5)
4. they (M66, SC35)
5. them (M66)
6. you (M62)
7. her (M2)
8. she (M14)
9. it (M84)

him [2]
him (LM12)

- PrM (LM12)

hipai
hippâis

- leader (L15)
ety. AB

hiz
his (B93)

- his

hoho
ho ho (LM9)

- ho ho!
ety. AB

hohotatat
ho-ho-tut-tut (LM9)

- ho hot tut tut!

holidei
holiday (M85)

- holiday

hologamtri
hollow gum tree (LM22)

- hollow gum tree

hom
home (PS97, M78)

- home

hors *
horse (L37, MR48, M37), corse (PS38)

- horse

horstrak
horse track (L14)

- horse track

hot
hot (W22, UM110)

- hot

huk
hook (LM9)

- hook

if
if (B3, MR128, LM60, M197)

- if

iinianuk
i inyanook (UM128)

- give a little
ety. AB? Bangerang

-im * - TrM
him (PS46, B59, LM2, M29, SC3), um (B9, LM58), 'um (ER11), -um (LM46), em (LM33), 'em (M31), -em (UM92), in (LR17, M108)

imbat - I believe!
imbat (UM130)

imu - emu
emu (B43, MR151) **ety.** AB

in [1] **1.** him
in (LM40), 'em (LM95) **2.** he
3. her
4. she

in [2] * - in
in (NC33, PS17, B99, LM22, UM93, M14, SC38)

ina - enough
eno' (M74), enough (M29)

indu - you (UM15)
inthu (UM15), innu (UM68), indu (L5) **ety.** AB Wiradjuri *gindu* 'you, singular' inthui (UM91) (G:67)

iner **1.** with
in er (UM92), inner (UM105) **2.** about

ingarnika - smallest
ingarnica (UM128) **ety.** AB Bangerang

ingla - England
Engla (3S52)

inglaman - English person
Engla man (3S52)

inglish - English language
English (MR38, UM111)

inglishfashon - English style
English fashion (SC38)

inglishman **1.** Englishman (MR30)
2. English language (MR38)

inlistim soger - enlist (i.e. join the army)
inlistim-Soger (UM105), enlistem Soger (UM92)

intu - into
into (MR32, M73)

iora - Aboriginal people
eora (3S11) **ety.** AB Sydney language **yura** 'Aboriginal people'

it [1] * - to eat
eat (4S22, M22, SC42)

itim
eat him (LM87, M29), eat 'im (ER16), yait-im (UM124)
itit
eat it (GR5)

1. eat (Vtr)

2. feed (Vtr) (UM124)
- eat (Vtr)

it [2]
it

1. she (PS11)
2. them (PS122)

-it *
it (4S10, PS50, B32, LM58, ER13, LR4, M34)

- TrM

iz
is (M14)

- is

jambak *
jumbuck (B3, GR5, LR5, UM110, LM9), jumbucs (UM23), jumbuc (MR30, VG1), jumbuk (UM132), jimbak (SC7)

- sheep, mutton
ety. EAE borrowing from Cape Malay *domboc* 'fat tailed sheep' (Tryon 1992)

jampap *
jump up (PS18, B41, UM3), jump (B43), jump-up (SC36)

1. to be reborn (PS18, B41, MR149, SC36, UM3)
2. to grow (B52, MR153)
3. to become (NC7, B97)

jaran (jarand) *
jarrin (2S28), jerrand (UM91), gerran (UM101), jerran (MR11, UM101), jearing (LM99), gerret (PS43), jarrah (PS34), jarret (PS141), gunrin (3S6), gunrin (3S6), jerrund (NC3), jirrand (NC40)

- afraid, cowardly, shy, timid
ety. AB Sydney **dyirun** 'fear, coward'

jarandingo
jerrand dingos (UM92), jerrand-dingo (UM105)

- slinking dogs! (**jerand** 'cowardly', **dingo** 'dog')

jasttheseimaz
just the same as (MR30)

- identical to

jeil
jail (4S18, M101)

- jail

jentil
genteel (SC38)

- genteel

jentilman *
gentleman (L25, MR4, M68, SC20), gemmen (NC31), geppleman (PS202), gentlemens (M9)

- gentleman

jeribang [1]
gerry-bung (UM72)

- a type of grey kangaroo
ety. AB

jeribang 2
gerry-bung (UM72)
- old (lit. grey-haired, from the colour of the kangaroo of the same name)
ety. AB

jeribangbumulgari
gerry-bung Boo-mulgary (UM91)
- grey-haired old devil! (**bumulgari** 'devil')

jeribangkobera
gerybung cobera (UM92), girrybung cobera (UM105)
- old (lit. grey-headed) (**kobera** 'head')

jeril
jireel (UM64)
- spear made from the spear-like reed growing from the grass-tree
ety. AB

jin *
gin (4S10, 3S5, B24, SC36, MR37, ER3, LM11, LR1), gins (L4, MR13, SC22), jin (NC3), jins (PS191)
- woman, wife, female
ety. AB Sydney language **djin** 'woman, wife'

jinbulok
gin-bullock
1. heifer (B3) (**jin** 'female' **bulok** 'bovine')
2. beef (B13)

jindi
gindie (B81), ghindi (L3)
1. to play around, child's play!
2. what fun! (L3)
ety. AB Wiradhuri *kindai* 'play' (G:96)

jingili
jing y-le (UM92)
- blood-imbrued
ety. AB

jingilimara
jingy-le-murra (UM92)
- bloody-handed (**mara** 'hand')

jinwombat
gin-wombach (B12)
- female wombat (**jin** 'female')

jiusap
jew's harp (M3)
1. Jew's harp
2. piano

kabon *
corbon (PS4), carbonne (PS217), cobon (B2), cabon (B32, SC14), cabou (B93), coborn (UM111), cobborn (UM110), cubon (UM68), cuborn (UM68), cubbon (VG1), kabawn (L3), cobawn (3S6), carbon (NC3), cobbon (MR26), cobbong (MR88), cabonn (MR139)
1. very, much (B37, L3, MR139, UM111)
2. great (PS4, B32, MR26)
3. big or large (3S6, NC3, PS8, MR88, UM68)
4. main (PS210)
5. fine (SC15)

kabonaus
corbon house (PS12)
- headquarters, base (lit. main house)

kabonbudjari
cuborn budgey (UM23), cuborn budgery (UM25), cobbong budgeree (MR117)
1. delicious (**budjari** 'good')
2. excellent (UM25)

kabonbolong
cuborn bollong (UM57)
- big-head! (**bolong** 'head')

kabongunya
cobbon gunyah (MR26)
- court house

kabonhom
corbon home (PS210)
- headquarters, base (lit. main home)

kabonmarambang - very good (**marambang** 'good')
cuborn murrumbung (UM31),
cuborn murrum-bung (UM93)

kabonmarambidji - flood or great watercourse
cubon murrumbidgee (UM17) (**marambidji** 'watercourse')

kabonmiki - Great God (**miki** 'god')
Cobon Miki (B42)

kabonmasa - the main master
corbon massa (PS12), cabbon
massa (MR39

kabonnuwi - large ship
kobou noe (NC1)

kabonplenti - a great amount
cobborn plenty (UM110)

kabonpot blongentu ti - teapot
cobbon pot belonging to tea (MR30)

kabonrog - great rogue!
cabou rogue (B93)

kabonship - brig (lit. the main ship)
corbon ship (PS192)

kabonsuel - a man of great style
cabon swell (SC17)

kabontausan - great many (lit. many thousand)
cuborn sousan (UM23)

kabonwisel - a keyed bugle
cobbong whistle (MR130)

kabonwota - sea (lit. the big water)
corbon water (PS8)

kabonfela - fine (SC15)
corbon pellow (PS45), cabon
fellow (SC14)

kadjel - tobacco
cudgel (NC3), cudthel (UM1) **ety.** AB

kadjimada - go to A.B.C.!
cudthi-mudder (UM76) **ety.** AB

kai - an exclamation
ki! (L14) **ety.** AB Wiradhuri *yukai!*

kai marri - an interjection meaning to have strong
ky meri (UM76) feelings (**kai** 'an exclamation', **marri** 'very')
ety. AB

kainbi - a pool with springs of water
cainby (B62) **ety.** AB

kal - dog
cal (LM49) **ety.** AB

kalin [1] **1.** sea (B3)
caleen (B3), calleen (MR139) **2.** water (B73, MR139)
ety. AB Wiradhuri *kaling* 'water' (G:95)

kalin [2]
cooleen (B73)
- to drink

kam *
come, coming (L25)
1. arrive (4S27, MR14, LM12, GR6, UM133, M203)
2. come (4S27, NC9, PS33, B3, L25, M4, UM137, SC42)

kamalong
come along (UM90, M62)
- come!

kamandsi
come and see (M87)
- look!

kamap *
come up
1. arrive (W2, MR131, UM122)
2. come (L4)
3. appear (M201)
4. rise from the dead (LR5, M46)

kamawei
come away (M80)
- leave

kambai
come by (LM22)
- pass

kambak
come back (M77)
- return

kamdaun
come down
1. descend (M201)
2. arrive (M82)

kamon
come on (LM33)
- come on!

kambarli
cumbally (LM80), come barley
1. return (LM103);
2. come (LM104)
(LR5), combarlee (LM103)

kamp *
camp (PS46, L37, MR34, LM87, SC42)
- camp

kanan
kannan (M199)
- woman's stick

kandelait
candlelight (M91)
- candlelight

kangaru *
kangaroo (NC3, PS9, B43, MR14, M82)
- kangaroo; AB Guugu Yimidhirr *ganguru*;

kanstabl
constable
- constable (SC15)

kantri
country
1. country (L21, M202, SC38);
2. home territory (B58, M53)

kantriman
countryman (MR48)
- countryperson

kanu
canoe (B28, SC38)
- canoe

kanunduri
kunnundure (M209)
- charcoal powder
ety. AB

kapital
cap-it-al! (M61)
- capital!

kapten
captain (LM107, SC35)
- captain

karango
kurango (VG1)
- a general negative
ety. AB

karadji *
caragee (3S8), korarje (NC10), crajee (B30), crodjees (B85), koree (W13), coradjés (L15) crargee (UM4), kradjee (MR59), 'doctor, clever man, sorcerer' corodgee (MR139)
1. doctor or wise man (3S8, NC10, B85, MR139)
2. wizard, soothsayer (B30, W13, MR59)
3. priest (MR59)
ety. AB Sydney language **garadyigan**

karadjikiba
krardgee kibba (MR69)
- doctor's stone, a quartz crystal with the power to heal

kari (tari) *
carry (L12, M74), tarried (PS24)
1. to carry (M74)
2. to hold (L12)

kariit
carry it (PS83)
- carry (Vtr)

karil
carille (PS196)
- a small, oblong shield
ety. AB Kattang *guril* 'shield'

karo
karo (MR118)
- magpie

karr
cur-r-r-r-rh (B47)
- curr! (i.e. a word to prevent rain)
ety. AB

kas
curse (MR48)
- curses!

kat *
cut (MR48, M201)
- to cut

katap
cut up (M201)
- to cut up

katim
cut him (L11)
- cut (Vtr)

katas
cutters (LM87)
- water

katel *
cattle (B81, L10, MR28, LM46)
- cattle

katelsteishon
cattle station (MR32)
- cattle station

katj *
catch (B27)
- to catch

katjim
catch him (PS65), catchee (LM1)
- catch (Vtr)

katjit
catch it (PS94), ketch it (PS17)
- catch (Vtr)

katnak - kidney fat
cat-nac (LR8) **ety.** AB Loddon River

kaud - coward
coward (PS197)

ke - care
care (MR38)

kerlz - curls
curls (M5)

kikiaut - kick out
kicky out (LM1)

kil - to kill
kill (MR36, LM22, M184)
kilim - kill (Vtr)
kill 'em (SC42), killed him (M22), killum (LM46), kill him (L5, M197)
kilit - kill (Vtr)
kill it (4S16, PS25)

kindamindi - laugh
kindamindy (UM13), kindimindy (UM92) **ety.** AB

king - king
king (LM50, LR10)

kip - keep
keep (M22)
kipit - keep (Vtr)
keep it (PS173)

kipof - prevent
keep off (M207)

kitjen - kitchen
kitchen (M73)

kleva - clever
clever (M124)

klim - climb
clim' (SC42)

klinskin - unbranded cattle
cleanskin (UM129)

klosap * **1.** near (PS52, L3, MR28)
close up **2.** nearby (L39)
3. recently (L6)

klostu - near
close to (M73)

kloz - clothes
clothes (M66, SC42)

ko - hoy!
Co! (UM42)

kobera * - head
kobbaras (4S42), cobrer (PS117, B6), kob-bah-rah (NC16), cobera (MR53, UM66), cobra (L12, LR5), cobbra (B91, MR139)
ety. AB Sydney language **gabara** 'head'

koberalaikitflauabag - an old man (lit. head like a flour bag)
cobra like it flour bag (LR5)

kopas - coppers (i.e. copper money)
coppers (4S37)

koen - devil or evil spirit of the woods
coen (PS158)
ety. AB Kattang and Thangatti *guwinj* 'spirit, ghost'

kofin - coffin (SC38)
coffin

kokhat - cocked hat
cocked hat (4S51)

kol - to call
call (M2)

kolim - call by name (Vtr)
call him (M5)

kola - shirt collar
collars (M31)

kold - cold
cold (SC35)

kolibakitjnk - to fetch water
coliba kytchnk (M9)

komonfela - common one
common fellar (M66)

kon - corn
corn (SC33)

konmil - corn meal
corn meal (NC17, PS9)

konoi - long, flat digging-stick used by women
connoi (B18)
ety. AB

kopas - coppers (i.e. copper money, small change)
coppers (4S37)

kopibuk - copy book
copy book (M89)

koramo - possum
coramo (LM52)

korgon - brother
corgon (UM77) **ety.** AB Wiradhuri

korijong - currajong
corrigiong (MR3)

koro - crow
coro (B23), crow (LM97)

koroberi *
corrobbora (B2), korobery (W19), corrobery (MR10, ER4), corroberriees (ER4), corrobory (LM1), corrobbaree (LM91), corrobberee (VG11), corrobboree (M50), corrobera (M189), corrobbory (SC38)
1. a dance (ER4)
2. to dance (PS9, SC38)
3. great feasts and war dances (W19, ER4, M189)
4. festival (B86)
5. a performance (B2)

kos - because
cos (PS157)

kotupka - baby
kotoopka (UM124) **ety.** AB Waringulum

krai * - cry
cry (PS28, B107, MR140, M78)

krama * - to steal
crammer (PS17, MR139), cram (M170), crammered (SC33) **ety.** E.COLL *crammer* 'a liar' (*DS*)

krik - creek
creek (LM75)

kropi *
croppy
1. convict (NC23, B68)
2. runaway convicts (NC24, PS158)
ety. EAE, *croppy* 'convict, especially Irish', E. COLL *croppy* 'rebel who had hair or ears cropped' (*AND*)

kropifela - convicted one
croppy feller (PS222)

krospis - crosspiece on a dray
crosspiece (L12)

kudi - one
coody (MR139)

kudiblaithum - three
coody blythum (MR139)

kui [1]
cooee (UM53)
- a call used by Aboriginal women, as distinguished from the widely used cooee!

kui [2] *
coo-oo-ee (PS141), coo-oo-oo (PS74), koo-eh (MR42), ku he (MR110)
- a widely used call to hail people at a distance
ety. Sdyney language **gawuwi!** 'a call to hail people at a distance'

kukim
cook him (PS170)
- cook (Vtr)

kula *
coola (B37), coolar (B91), cooler (PS18, UM3, VG17), coller (PS209), couler (PS165), coulor (PS122), coolie (LM71), garna (3S6), coula (MR42)
1. angry
2. offended
ety. AB Sydney language **gulara**

kulamin
coolamin (L28), couliman (MR21), culy (M54)
- dish for carrying things made from bark
ety. AB Sydney language **gulima**, possibly also Wiradhuri

kuli (kulin)
kooli (UM124), cooley (LM60), koolin (M199)
- man or husband

kun
coon (LM3)
- Aboriginal person

kunuma
cunuma (MR139)
- snow

kuramali
cooramalee (UM40)
- I'm coming!
ety. AB

kurargathabouri
courargather-bouri (UM76), courargather-mouri (UM76)
- an exclamation of anger (source gives as a meaning 'tell that to the marines!') (**buri** 'boy')
ety. AB

kurin
koor-reen (M201)
- storm

kwambi *
quamby (UM73, M179), quambi (LM96), quomby (M153)
1. sleeping spot (UM73)
2. to settle down, restor sleep (UM74, M63)
3. stay (LM96, M63)
4. camp (M179)

kwambi ded
quomby dead (M153)
- die

kwambi tuk
quamby-took (UM74)
- to settle down, rest or sleep

kwiet
quiet (M66)
- quiet

kwik - quickly
quick (LM22, UM133)
kwikkwik - very quickly
quick, quick (M19)

kwin - queen
Queen (M101, SC35)

laf - laugh
laugh (M56), laup (UM124)

lafingjakas - kookaburra
laughing jackass (B7)

laik [1] * - to be like
like (M66, MR17, SC36)
laika - to be like
like a (MR38)
laikim [1] - to be like (Vtr)
likem (UM105)
laikit [1] - to be like (Vtr)
like it (PS157, B12, M151, WV1, UM110), likit (PS85), lite o' (LM71), liked (B53)

laik [2] * - to like
like (NC31, PS17, GR6, LM22, LR17, UM92, UM110, M12)
laikim [2] - like (Vtr)
like him (PS9, M38)
laikit [2] - like
like it (PS9, B9, LM87, LR5, UM110, M143)

laikit [3] - to be
like it (B83, LR18)

laikit [4] - to
like it (L10)

laikit [5] - on
like it (B83)

lamp - lump
lump (SC38)

land - land
land (M101)

languidj - language
languidge (UM87)

lasttaim - last time
last time (MR40)

left - left (i.e. remaining)
left (SC38)

leibaut - lie around
lay 'bout (SC42)

leidi - lady
lady (B87, SC38), ladies (M89)

leit - late
late (MR28)

leta - letter
letter (MR48)

leizi - lazy
la-az-y (M19)

leizifela - lazy one
lazy fellar (M40)

let * - to allow
let (PS163, M19)
letit - allow (Vtr)
let it (PS25, B6)
letim - allow (Vtr)
let him (W3)
let in - admit
let in (B65)

lib -to leave
leabe (PS9)
libit - leave (Vtr)
leabe it (PS11)

libof - leave off!
leabe off (PS177), leave off (M104) **ety.** E.COLL *leave off* 'stop!'

linkwil - a club
leanquil (M187) **ety.** AB

litl * - little
little (PS9, B81, L20, M31, SC38), lit (SC42)
litlbit * **1.** a little
little bit (PS149, MR48, M18), a little bit (M36), a bit (M61) **2.** brief (M36)
litlboi - a youth
little boys (M9)
litlpikanini - little child
little pickaninny (SC38)
litltaim - a short time
little time (M201)

litlfela - little one
little fellow (B83), littl fellar (M14)

litloldfela - little old one
little old fellar (M14)

liv (lib)
live (M78)
- to live

livit
lib it (SC42)
- to live

log
log (LM22)
- log

lokap
lock-up (SC15)
- gaol, holding cell
ety. E.COLL *lockup* 'gaol'

long 1 *
long (PS25, L12), 'long (B74, LM12, M73)
1. with (PS25)
2. to (B74, L12)
3. along (PS157)
4. at (LM12)
5. in (M73)
6. about (MR70)

long 2
'long (PS86)
- POSS

longa 1 *
long o' (PS218), 'long 'o (LM68), long 'o (LM73), long o (LM101), longer (UM110), long a (M103), longa (SC42)
1. at (PS218, SC42)
2. in (PS222, LM68)
3. to (UM110, SC42)
4. from (PS218)
5. with (PS222)
6. for (PS222)

longa 2
'long o' (B87), 'long of (B100)
- marker of possession

longkot
long coat (4S51)
- a long coat

longtaim *
long time (PS26, M103), lengtime (PS219), long time (SC33)
- a long time

longtaimago
long time ago (SC37), long tam ago (SC42), long time ago (GR1)
- marker of distant time

longwailago
long while ago (NC36)
- marker of distant time

longwei
long-a-way (LM59), long way (PS97, LM9)
- far

lort
lort (PS55)
- Lord!

lots
lots (M31)
- often
ety. E.COLL

lubra *
lubra (B51, UM19, LM4, LR1, M4, VG4)
1. woman (usually Aboriginal woman)
2. wife
ety. AB 'woman in Kuntungera dialect' (B51)

luk *
look (B92, L8, LM33) - to look

lukat
look at (NC26) - look at

lukatim
look at him (M105) - look at (Vtr)

lukaut *
look out (PS58, UM125), look it out (PS25), looking out (SC9)

1. to seek (PS17, UM124, SC9)
2. to look(UM125)
3. to watch (PS8, M73)
4. to becautious (PS11)
5. to wait (PS26)
6. to find (PS25)

lukia
look yere (L12) - look here!

lukinglas
looking-glass (M105) - looking glass (i.e. mirror)

lusim *
lose um (LM60), lose him (PS119, L3) - lose (Vtr)

mad
mad (L10) - mad (i.e. crazy)

mada
moder (SC37), mother (M14) - mother

madjiga
mudgegar (UM110) - master
ety. AB

madjigong [1] *
muchigang (MR154), mudjegong (W14), mudgegon (UM68)

1. devil, evil spirit
2. ghosts (MR154)
ety. AB Wiradhuri *mudgeegong* 'evil spirit' (JFHM:fr60)

madjigong [2]
mudgegong (B39) - doctor

magutha
magoother (UM102) - silly or stupid

mai *
my (4S22, PS17, MR40, GR1, M18, LR15, SC38) - my

maiboi
my boy (PS168) - my boy!

mail
miles (LM61) - mile

mailzawei
miles away (LM12) - a long distance

main [1] *
mine, min (L12)

1. I (B52, L12, ER12, UM90, LM69, M172)
2. me (B61, ER13)

main [2] *
mine (SC38, B3, MR43, UM105)

- my

maind
mind (M108)

- mind

maindim
mind him (M53)

- remember (Vtr)

maindyobisnes
mind your business

- watch out (i.e. be careful) (SC15)

mainounself

- myself
mine own self (B72)

maiol *
myall (PS108, B40, L34, SC42), miel (3S1), miel (3S1), myal (MR26)

1. wild
2. place seldom frequented
3. strange
4. stranger
ety. AB Sydney **maiyal** 'wild, stranger'

maiolblakfela
myall black fellow (L24)

- an Aboriginal stranger

maiolfela
myall pellows (PS36), myall feller (SC42)

1. a stranger (PS36)
2. wild (SC42)

maioth
my oath (UM92)

- my oath!

maiwod
my word! (B81, L6)

- my word!

malangong
mullangong (B14)

- platypus
ety. AB

malka
mulka (M193)

- a shield
ety. AB

mam
m'am (B123), ma'am (M100)

- madam

mambangia
mumbungea (M194)

- bread

mami (mama) *
mammee (PS15), mammy (PS171), mammse (PS193), mamma (M55), momar (UM104)

- mother

man [1] *
maan (PS211, B93), maun (2S34), mann (MR26)

1. to take or seize (2S34, PS211, B93, MR26)
2. to fetch (B106)
ety. Sydney language **man-** 'to take'

manim *
manum (LM69), man him (B59, SC12)
1. take (Vtr)
2. catch (Vtr) (SC12)

manim
man him (ER12)
- ride (lit. 'to take horse') (Vtr)

man[2]
man (MR69, M14), men (UM137)
- man

man bumulgari madjigong
manboumulgary mudgegong (UM68)
- a great devil feared by Aboriginal people (**man** 'take', **bumulgari** 'devil' **madjigong** 'evil spirit')

mandowi *
mundoey (B91), mandoebah (PS113), mundowie (UM92, UM119), mundoe (VG1), mandoi (MR139)
1. feet
2. leg (VG1)
ety. AB Sydney language (inland dialect) **manduwi** 'feet'

mangi *
mungee (MR139, UM61), mungi (UM124), munge (B27)
1. Murray Cod (UM61)
2. fish (B27, MR139, UM124)

mango
mungo (LM1)
- canoe
ety. AB

mani
money (M34)
- money

manwodtha
munwodther (UM68)
- a big surprise

mara
hand (B61)
- hand
ety. AB Wiradhuri *marra* 'the hand' (G:97)

marambang
murrrumbung (UM92), murrum-bung (UM93)
- good
ety. AB

marambidji
murrumbidgee (MR139, UM17), morumbeeja (UM106)
1. water
2. flood
3. watercourse
ety. AB

marar
murrar (M200)
- eggs of the piss-ant

mariblak
Murry black (LM17)
- an Aboriginal person of the Murry River area

marin
murreen (UM18)
- canoe
ety. AB

marmangan
mar-mung-um (UM7), marmun-un (UM87), mar-mungun (UM92)
- countryman
ety. AB

marmangan baburi
mar-mung-un-bar-bouri (UM105)
- non-Aboriginal countrymen (**barbouri** 'non-Aboriginal boy')

marmbula
marmbula (M208)
- kidney fat

marnumuk
marnumuk (M201)
- comfortable

-marra
marra (Wellington:1)
- to do or make, used by Aboriginal people in Wellington area as a purposive suffix on English verbs
ety. AB Wiradhuri *marra* 'to do, to make' suffixed to nominals as a verbaliser (G:65)

marri [1] *
murry (2S28, 4S14, PS9, MR22, merry (NC31, MR113), murrey (2S28), murray (3S6), muree (SYD14)
1. very (4S14, NC31, 3S3, 2S28, PS9, B66, W22, SC35, MR22, M160)
2. great (PS8)
3. bad (2S1)
ety. AB Sydney **marri** 'many, very, great, large'

marribudjari
murry buggury (3S6, 4S45)
- very good!, excellent!

marrigud
merry good (NC31)
- very good!, excellent!

marrimari *
murry, murry (PS25), muree muree (SYD4.3.2.4), merry merry (MR131)
1. greatly (PS25)
2. large (SYD4.3.2.4)
3. small (SYD4.3.2.4)

marrinuwi
muree nouee (SYD17)
- ship (**nuwi** 'canoe')

marritausand
murry tousand (PS16), murry tousand (MR28)
1. any number beyond five (PS16)
2. a great number (MR28)

marriwiri
muree waree (SYD14), murray wiren (3S6)
- very bad, improper, to abhor
ety. AB Sydney **wiri** 'bad'

marri [2]
marry (M44)
- marry

marufela
Maroo feller (PS219)
- a member of the 'Maroo tribe'

masa *
massa (NC10, PS11, UM122, LM62), master (4S43, NC36, B58, SC3, LM100, GR1, M35), masser (UM68), mossa (PS205), mister (4S18)
- master

masket
musket (PS34, LM97), masket (B92), murket (PS109)
- musket

maskito
musquito (PS94)
- to miss a shot

matj [1] *
much
1. a lot (MR126, LM22)
2. very (LM40)

matj [2]
match (WV1)
- match

maton
mutton (M196)
- mutton

maunten
mountains (MR32), mountain (M206)
- mountain

maut
mout (PS219)
- mouth

meik *
mad (PS208), make (PS8, M9, B47, M201), mak (UM92)
1. to cause to
2. to make
3. to obtain (PS8)

meika
make a (MR79)
- make (Vtr)

meikim *
make him (PS83), make em (LM86), makem (UM92), made him (M79)
- make (Vtr)

meikim boi
make him boy (PS83)
- kill (lit. make die) (Vtr)

meikim mitong
makem mittong (UM105)
- strengthen (**mitong** 'strong') (Vtr)

meikit *
make it (PS29, B2, LM87)
- make (Vtr)

meikitno
make it know (PS17)
- make known

meikwobungi
mak-wobungy (UM105)
- kill (lit. cause to die)

meikalait *
made a lite (LM79), make a light (B48, MR28, LM87), make alight (LR5), mikalite (UM124)
1. to understand (LM79, LR5);
2. to see (B48, MR42, UM124)
3. to discover (LM87)
4. to know (LM101, MR28)
5. to hurry (B68)
6. to know (MR28)
ety. E.COLL *make a light* 'to hurry or see'

meikbliv
make bleve (PS64)
- to pretend
ety. E COLL. phrase *make believe* 'to pretend'

meikget
make get (MR128)
- obtain

meikheist
make haste (M79, MR42)
- hurry

memi
memmy (PS252)
- a gigantic lily
ety. AB

memo
memmo (LM49)
- emu
ety. AB

mendim
mend 'em (M31)
- mend (Vtr)

menitausand
many tousand (B24)
- very many (lit. many thousand)

meri
Mary (L20)
- woman, girl

merijig *
merri-jig (LM65, M27), merry jig (LR5)
1. pleasing (LM65);
2. good or kind (LM79);
3. very good (LR5)
4. pretty (M4)
5. lovable
ety. E.COLL a *grig* was originally a 'farthing' and by the mid nineteenth century meant 'very active and lively' (*DS*), a *merry grig* was 'a jocose and lively person', see an extension of this term—'merry as grigs' (SC:25)

merijol
merijole (UM76)
- mean rascal!
ety. AB

mi *
me
1. I (2S28, 4S7, NC30, 4S7, PS11, B53, L12, MR23, SC6, LM2, UM90, GR1, WV1, M17)
2. me (PS1, B43, L6, MR28, SC38, LM9, UM110, GR6, M2)
3. we (M66, SC3)

miamia *
miami (UM5), mia-mia (LM44, UM117, M195), mia mia (LR3), miamia (M190), mimia (LM68), mymys (M47), mia-mys (VG16), miam (M195)
- temporary dwelling made from bark and boughs of trees
ety. AB Wathawurung and Wuyuwurung *miam miam* (*AND*)

miki 1
Miki (B42)
- a supreme being or god
ety. AB Wiradhuri *migge* 'lightening' (G:98)

miki 2
meeki (B42)
- young woman
ety. AB Wiradhuri *miggé'* marriageable young woman' (G:98)

mil
mill (UM68)
- eyes

milik
miliken (MR131), millick (UM42)
- milk

milken pail
milken pail (PS24)
- milking pail

milkim
milk him (M22)
- milk (Vtr)

mindai
mindai (LR18), mindi (M178)
- a dangerous mythological animal believed to be a species of snake large enough to eat an emu and which causes epidemic disease amongst people
ety. AB Victoria

minua
minuah
- tell me (UM69)
ety. AB

minyang
min yang (L5)
- why
ety. AB Wiradhuri *minyang* 'what' (G:98)

miolabaut
me all about (PS2)
- us

mis
mees (M59)
- miss

misis 1
missis (B78)
- wife
ety. E.COLL *the missus* 'wife'

misis 2 *
missus (3S5), misses (PS80), mittis (B66, UM42), meesis (M17)
- mistress

misteik
mistake (B6)
- mistake

mit
meat (SC36)
- meat

misa (mita)
misser (MR23), mitter (SC38)
- mister

mit
meet (MR36)
- meet

mitji (mati)
mije (NC3), maty (PS35)
- little
ety. AB Kattang *mitji*, Thangatti *butji*

mitong 1 *
metong (MR146), mittong (UM91), muttong (VG1)
- strong
ety. AB

mitong 2
metong (MR127)
- one

mo *
more (PS77, L39, ER12, LM9)
- more

mo beta
more better (PS76)
- best
ety. E COLL. phrase *more better* 'better again'

mo fetha
more further (LM61)
- further again

mogo
mogo (NC3, SYD4.3.2.6), mago (PS7), mogin (L30)
1. tomahawk
2. stone axe (L30)
ety. AB Sydney language **mugu** 'axe'

mogra
mogra (3S6)
- fish
ety. Sydney language **magura** 'fish in general'

mok *
moak (PS9), moke (PS162, LM4), smoke (UM127)
- tobacco

mokim
moke him (PS162)
- smoke (Vtr)

moning
morning (M66)
- morning

morami
moramy (B102)
- a small kind of crayfish (possibly a yabbie)
ety. AB

moru *
moro (B72), morū (PS46), moroo (PS14), moru (MR139)
1. come
2. go (PS46)
3. walk (PS14)
4. road or path (MR139)
ety. AB Sydney language **muru** 'to walk or go'

morubak
moru back (PS46)
- return (lit. go back)

mos 1 *
most (NC12, PS107, MR17), almost (M195)
- almost

mos 2 *
most (B53, PS38, MR48)
- very

mostaid
most tired (PS104)
- exhausted

mos 3
most (UM23)
- many

moshandred
mos' hundred (UM23)
- very many

motausand
more thousands (UM137)
- a very large number

mun *
moon (PS80, B32, MR139, M13), moons (NC5)
- month (i.e. one cycle of the moon equals one month)

mundara
mundarra (MR139)
- thunder

munsias
mounseers (PS212)
- Frenchmen (lit. Fr. *monsieur* 'gentleman') or educated indian servants such as language teachers

musim - museum
musim (B9)

muton - fish harpoon
muton (SYD4.3.2.6) **ety.** AB Sydney **muding** 'fish harpoon'

muv - move
move (B49)

nada * - another, other
nudda (4S10), anoder (PS17), noder (PS218), another (W2, M62), nother (LM22), 'nother (MR30, LM69), n'other (LM80), udder (PS25), other (M66)

nadafela - another one
'nother pela (UM129)

nadawan * - another one
'another one (B58, GR3), nother one (LM69)

nadawan kantri - foreigner
other one country (ER10)

nadawan kantri blakfelaz - a dark-skinned foreigner
other one country black fellows (ER10)

naf - enough
'nuff (PS219)

nai (naif) - knife
nipe (PS218), knife (PS222)

nais - nice
nice (LM9, M31)

nal - I
naal (UM68) **ety.** AB Wiradjuri *ngalli* 'we two' (G:68)

nalanala * - a fighting club with a round handle widening towards the end into a broad knob and well sharpened on th lower side like the edge of an axe
nullah-nullah (B104, MR25, ER7), nulla nulla (3S9, LM84), nulla-nulla (UM59), nulla-nullas (L41) **ety.** AB Sydney **nalanala** 'mushroom-headed club'

nan - none
none (B24)

nangri * **1.** sleep, rest (PS19, MR139)
nangry (PS19), naughry (PS204) **2.** days (PS186)
nangree (MR139) **3.** night (PS19, MR139)
ety. AB Sydney **nanga-** 'to sleep'

nanibidi **1.** non-Aboriginal person (UM66)
nunni-biddy (UM66), nunni-biddie **2.** a designing scoundrel (UM76)

(UM100)

3. a scold(UM100)

nanibidi merijol
nunni-biddy meri-jole (UM91)

ety. AB
- a worthless fellow

narabang
narrabung (B19)

- a net
ety. AB Wiradhuri *narbang* 'a woman's bag or the pouch of an animal' (G:101)

naranaki
narranuki (M194)

- dog

narang *
narang (B37, MR139), narrang (VG1)

- little
ety. AB Sydney language **narang** 'little, younger'

narangi
narrangee (LM47)

- daylight (lit. little one)

narangwail
narang while (B41)

- soon

nasing (nating) *
nossing (PS84), nosin (M9)

- nothing

nastising
nasty sing (M106)

- a weed

natja
nutcha (LM51)

- a bad spirit
ety. AB

nau *
now (PS9, B92, MR14, SC34, GR6, L3, LM2, UM122, M58)

- now

neba *
neber (PS45, LM74, M22), nebber (PS83), never (MR43, SC42, LM71, UM93)

- never

nebamaind *
nebber mind (PS132, UM131), never mind (W3)

- never mind!
ety. E.Coll *never mind* 'don't be concerned'

nebanomo
never no more (3S52)

- never ever again

neilim
nail him (L12)

- nail (Vtr)

neim [1] *
name (B1, MR36, UM126, M54), named (M201)

- name, named

neim [2] *
name (LM87, M199)

-interrogative marker

neimdat
name dat (LM87)

- what is that?

neimdiz
name these (LM76)

- where did you get these?

neimyu
name you (3S1, M199)
- what is this?

neitivfud
native food (SC43)
- bush tucker

neksnait
next night (B64)
- tomorrow night

ner [1]
ner (UM104)
- are
ety. AB

ner [2]
ner (UM92)
1. in
2. for
3. of
4. to do
ety. AB

nerang
nerang (MR127)
- plenty

nermang
nurmungs (UM105)
- warriors
ety. AB

nermang barburi
Nurmung-bir-bouri (UM92)
- young non-Aboriginal warrior (**barbouri** 'non-Aboriginal boy')

netbul
netbuls (MR52)
- Aboriginal net bags made from spun possum fur

niga
nigar (UM104)
- does not know or understand
ety. AB

nimbli
nimbly (B52)
- cry
ety. AB

niu
new (LM75)
- new

niuk
nyook (B101)
- knife
ety. AB

niutjam
new chum (B1, SC13, L2)
1. newcomer
2. inexperienced
ety. E.COLL *new chum*'novice, inexperienced person, newcomer'

no [1] *
know (ER13, UM110, M34, WV1, SC42)
- to know

noim
know him (MR40)
- know (Vtr)

no [2] *
no (2S29, NC40, PS11, B53, MR69, SC42, UM92, LM9, GR1, M10)
1. no
2. not

nogamon * - no nonsense!
no gammon! (NC6, UM126, M20)

nogot - to have not
no got (MR79, LM16), no get (MR79)

nogud * - bad or evil
no good (PS221, ER10, GR1, L34, MR26, M58), no goot (PS11, LM1)

nobladifia - no bloody fear!
no b–y fear (LM60)

noiz - noise
noise (MR79, M203)

nomo * - never again
no more (2S21, PS64, B8, MR87, SC42, LM59, M195)

nono - definitely not!
no no! (M88)

not * - not
not (2S1, B6, L37, MR5, M14)

notabit - none
not a bit (M74)

notgo - remain
not go (W6)

nuruma - rain
nuruma (MR139)
ety. AB

obatjia - overseer
overseer (MR37), oberchia (UM130)

o - oh!
oh (N31, MR23)

of * - of
of (UM92, M196, M202), o' (PS218)

ogulai - look closely
ogle eye (B6)
ety. E Coll *ogle* 'tostare, examine intensely'

oista - oyster
oysters (PS9)

ol [1] **(ola)** *
all, all a (B142), oller (SC42)
1. all (2S1, PS9, B16, MR30, LM76, UM110, M73, SC34)
2. completely (B6, B142, M68)

oldei - all day

all day (M9)

olgamon - all nonsense!
all gammon (NC35, MR153, LM47)

olgon * **1.** completely gone (4S35, LM71, M12, GR5, SC34)
all gone (4S35, MR14, SC34, LM71, M12), wall gone (GR5) **2.** disappear (M201)

oltaim - regularly (lit. all the time)
all tam (SC42)

ol [2] (**ola**) - the
all (PS53), oller (SC42)

ol [3] - they
all (2S1, PS44)

ol (**old**)[4] * - old
ole (MR38, UM129, M78), wool (PS35), old (L34, MR42, SC6)

olkau - old cow
ole cow (UM129)

olman * **1.** old man (UM126, M78)
ole man (SC5, UM126), olman (M78), wool man (PS80) **2.** old age (PS80)
3. male kangaroo (PS75)

olman blakfela - the old Aboriginal man
ole man blackpella (UM125)

olman masa - the old master
ole man masta (MR28)

olwuman - old woman or wife
old woman (L34)

olwuman jin - old Aboriginal woman or wife
old woman gin (SC32)

olwuman galanggalang - female cicada
old woman galang galang (MR79)

olabaut * **1.** all (NC10, LM90, UM122, M199)
all about **2.** everywhere, all around (PS84, B109, L23, MR26, SC32)
3. concerning (MR70)

oldei - all day
all day (MR48)

olem - all
all'em (B8)

olfea - its all right!
all fair (B3)

olfela [1] - old one
old fellar (M87)

olfela [2] - old male possum
old feller (MR51)

oloba - everywhere
all over (PS117, M201)

olrait - alright!
all right (L14)

olteseim * - identical
all the same (B122, MR87, LR10), all te same (PS61), all same (SC42)

olteseimaz - identical
all the same as (NC40), all te same as (PS61)

olteseimlaikit - identical to (Vtr)
all te same like it (PS39), all te same likit (PS84)

oltugeda
all together (PS69), altogether (L12, SC26)
1. all (PS69, L12)
2. all together, in oneplace (PS129)
3. completely (SC26, L10)

olweiz * - always
always (PS1, B43, MR26, LM73, M91)

ombara - duck; AB
ombarra (SC5)

omina - hominy (i.e. ground maize)
ommina (PS69), ommany (PS51)

on - on
on (PS14, B6, W6, M73)

onli * - only
only (PS88, B24, MR42, SC34, LM76, M18), on'y (LM86)

openbush - lightly timbered country
open bush (MR48)

or - or
or (MR79)

orait - alright!
all right (B12)

oranjibita - little bit
owrangey bit o' (B101)
ety. AB Sydney *narangi* 'little'

orni - a platypus (i.e. shortened form of the zoological name for platypus *ornithorhynchus anatinus*)
oornee (UM120)

ort - ort
ought (MR131)

oun - own
own (LR15)

ova - over
over (B3)

ovadea - there
over there (LM61)

ovahia - here
over here (M87)

ow - oh!
oh (UM131)

oyes - oh yes!
oh yes! (LM58, UM129)

pablikan - publican
publican (M22)

pada * - father
parden (PS15), pather (PS15, UM125), parder (PS193), pader (PS205), father (M78), fader (SC41), fadder (MR128), pobar (UM104)

padel - paddle
paddle (LM12)

padok - paddock
paddock (M38)

pafpaf - to smoke
puff, puff (WV1)

paiala * **1.** to talk, speak (NC3, PS194, B3, MR23)
piala (PS194, B3), pyaller (NC3), pialla (B92, MR23), piola (PS39), poilah (PS186), poiler (PS209), pieall (MR33) **2.** to say (PS39, B92)
3. to tell (PS186, MR33)
ety. AB Sydney language **baiala-** 'speak'

pai * **1.** to beat (SYD15, MR53)
pie (SYD15), pi a (MR53) **2.** to break (MR53)
paiim - hit (Vtr)
piem (UM35), piam (LM71) **ety.** AB Sydney language **baiyi-** 'hit, beat'

pain (fain) - fine
pine (PS26), fane (SC6)

painfela - fine
pine pellow (PS26)

paip - pipe
pipe (LM74, M18, WV1)

paipklei - pipe-clay used by Aboriginal people to paint themselves for ritual purposes
pipe-clay (PS28)

pala - parlour
parlour (M73)

pambakan
pambucan (4S14)
- pumpkin

pambakan kobra
pumpkin cobra (L12)
- pumpkin head
ety. E COLL phrase using ABSydney language **gabara** 'head'

panikin
panniken (UM135)
- panniken

panish
punish (SC36)
- punish

parli
parley (M54, SC40)
1. discuss (M54)
2. say (SC40)

parton
parson (W7)
- parson

pas
pass (SC15)
- pass issued to convicts

pasaj
passage (M80)
- journey

pata *
pater (B3), patter (2S34, PS41, MR14, UM92), patta (3S6, 4S2, MR87, SC36)
1. to drink (PS41)
2. to eat (2S34, 3S6, PS41, B3, MR87, SC36, UM92)
3. food (4S2, PS34, MR139)
ety. AB Sydney language **bada-** 'eat'

pataim
patter him (MR38)
- eat (Vtr)

pauda
powder (B42)
- gunpowder

pei
pay (M80)
- pay

peipamani
paper money (M33)
- paper money

peka
pekka (UM126)
- ghost

pelageri
pelageree (MR139)
- wife

peni
penny (M68)
- penny

pi
pea (B55)
- pea

pia
pear (PS11, LM98)
- fear

pik
pick (M60)
- pick

pikanini *
pickaninny (4S16, B12, MR140), pickaninney (NC3, PS226), piccaninny (3S5, PS15, L20), picaninny (UM132, LM87, SC42), picininy (UM137), pickanniny (LM7), picaninni (M2), picannini (M28), pickaninny (SC38)
1. baby or child
2. small or little (LM7, LM87)
3. young (LM96)
ety. E. COLL *pickaninny* 'baby' from Portugese *pequeniño* 'child, little'

pikaniniboi
picaninni boy (M4)
- a male child

pikaninideilait
pickanniny daylight (LM7)
- dawn (lit. little daylight)

pikaninigerl
picaninni girl (M4)
- a female child

pikaninimaiamaia
pickaninny mimia (LM87)
- a shed (lit. a small house)

pikaninipishuk
pickanniny pish hook (LM9)
- a small fish hook

pikaniniwadi
pickaninny waddy (LM96)
- a young tree

pikaniniwaitlubra
pickaninny white lubra (LM103)
- female non-Aboriginal child

pikap
pick up (UM133)
- collect

pikaut
pick out (LM22)
- choose

pipel
people (LR15, SC42)
- people

pish (fish) *
pish (PS9, UM124, LM9), fish (MR14, UM118)
- fish

pishuk
pish hook (LM9)
- fish hook

pitkering
pit-ker-ring (M202)
- whirlwind

piuk
pyook (B88)
- pipe
ety. unknown possibly Wiradhuri

plai
ply (UM110)
- a fly

plampuding
plum pudding (M67)
- plum-pudding

pleiabaut
play-about (SC34)
- ceremony

pleis
place (M73, SC38)
- a place

pleit
plate
1. plate (PS33)
2. brass gorget presented to Aboriginal kings (MR40)

plenti [1] *
plenty (PS185, MR14, LM1, UM124, GR5, ER15, L21, M196), planty (M1), plaanty (M1), plaaanty (M1), pla-a-nty (M82), pblenty (SC42)
1. many (NC33, PS185, LM1, UM137, GR5, ER15, SC38, L23)
2. plenty (M1, UM137, M196)
3. a lot (UM137, LM70, MR14 SC7, L21)

plentitok
plenty talk (UM116)
- a lot of talking

plenti [2] *
plenty
1. very (PS132)
2. excessively (LM75, UM124)

plentilongago
plenty long ago (M182)
- a long time ago

plentiplenti
plenty plenty (LM22)
- very much

plenti [3]
plenty
- constant (PS159)

plentitaim
plaanty time (M75)
- often

plenti [4]
plenty (LM1)
- easily

pliz
please (M31)
- please

po *
poor
1. pitiful (PS202, GR6, LM22, SC5)
2. dead (PS43)

pofela *
poor fellow (B16, MR14), poor peller (PS216), poor fellar (M68), poor fella (L18), poor fellers (MR101)
1. pitiful (PS216, B73, L18, UM110, M68)
2. dead (B16)
3. bachelor (B87)

poldaun
pall down (PS20)
- fall

polisman
policeman (B48, UM122), police (UM127)
- policeman

poman
poor men (4S11)
- bachelor

pos
pose (PS8), 'pose (4S14, SC15), 'spose (PS218), s'posem (UM92)
- suppose

posam * - possum
'possum (B107, MR14, SC42, UM124, M84), opossum (B43)

posamklok - possum cloak
'possum cloak (LM75)

post-and-reil - post and rail
post and rail (L12)

postman - postman
postman (UM123)

pot * - pot
pot (MR31, LM87, M95)

potato - potatoe
potatoes (M74)

pototi - pot of tea
pot-o'-tea (MR48)

prezent - present
present (M79)

priti - pretty
pretty (SC38)

pritifela - pretty one
pretty fellow (PS248)

pritj - preach
preach (M9)

propali - properly
properly (M89)

pulap - uproot
pull up (M201)

pulawei
pull away

1. leave (LM93, UM137)
2. run away (LM90)
3. going along or travelling (LR5)

pun - spoon
poon (PS34)

put * - to put
put (UM93, SC38)

putim - put (Vtr)
put him (L12, M89, MR42, SC15, LM76)

putit - put (Vtr)
put it (PS18)

putaiononhandz - handcuff
put irons on hands (PS25)

puton - to put on
put on (UM108)
putimon - put on (Vtr)
put him on (M56)

raid - to ride
ride (M62)
raidim - ride (Vtr)
ride 'em (LM86), ride him (M71)
raidabout - ride around
ride about (M104)

rait - to write
write (M101)

ram (lam) - rum
rum (NC31, M22), lum (PS218)

ran * - to run
run (PS34)
ranim - chase (Vtr)
run him (L14)
ranabaut - run around
run about (SC38)
ranap - to climb
run up (M82)
ranawei - run away
run away (L43, M66)

raskal - rascal
rascal (MR26)

rau - row
row (B81)

raundabaut - everywhere
round about (M171)

redi - ready
ready (M79)

rein * - rain
rain (4S14, MR49, M62)

rememba - rememer
remember (MR36)

rib - rib
rib (UM129)

riba - river
ribber (PS52)

ridbed - reed bed
reed-bed (L10)

ridim - read (Vtr)
read in (LR17), read him (L24)

ringmarra
ring marra
- to ring the bell (English 'ring' plus **marra** 'to make')

rod
road (M53, UM137)
- road

rog
rogue (ER12)
- a rogue

rongfela
wrong fellow (UM108)
- wrong one

rosim
roast him (PS45)
- roast (Vtr)

rum
room (M73)
- space

sa
sar (SC15), sir (4S19)
- sir

sad
sad (M207)
- sad

said
side (PS28)
- side

sailum
'sylum (M59)
- asylum

salki *
tulky (PS248), sulky (LM87, M17)
- angry, unhappy, bad tempered

sam
some (M18)
- some

samsing
somsing (M34), somesing (M59), something (M89)
- something

samtaimz
sometimes (M9)
- sometimes

sandei *
Sunday
1. Sunday (W6, M64)
2. special or best (UM109)
3. sacred (M147)

sandeibut
Sunday boot (UM109)
- Sunday boots (i.e. best boots)

sandeiflaua
Sunday flour
- the flour given to Aboriginal people for attending church on Sunday (instituted by Governor La Trobe in Victoria in 1840)

sapa *
supper (MR113, LM69, M19)
- supper

sei * - say
taid (PS18), say (LM13, UM133, M9)

seiso - to say it is so (i.e. to claim)
say so (PS53)

seivim - save (Vtr)
save him (M29)

sel - sell
sell (M22)

semas - same as
same as (PS25)

send * - to send
send (M201)

sendim - send (Vtr)
tend him (PS119), send em (LM90)

shaini - shiny
shiny (SC42)

sheped - shepherd
shepherd (MR32, LM58)

shiling - shilling
shilling (MR70)

ship * **1.** sheep (LM60, M82)
sheep **2.** mutton (MR131)

sho - sure!
sure (LM33)

sholda - shoulder
shoulder (UM129)

shotaimago - recently
short time ago (LM33)

show (tjow) * - to show
shaw (B2), shew (LM33)

showim - show (Vtr)
show him (L24)

shoit - show (Vtr)
chow it (PS78)

shut (tjut) * - to shoot
choot (PS159), shoot (PS222, B3, LM96)

shutim - shoot (Vtr)
toot him (PS45), shoot 'em (MR17, LM90), shootum (UM122), shoot him (M82), tchoot him (L6)

shutit - shoot (Vtr)
choot it (PS159)

si [1] **(ti)** * - to see
see (MR85, SC19, LM13, UM122, M2), tee (PS8)

siim - see (Vtr)
tee him (PS11), see him (LM2, M42, WV1), see 'em (M44), see um (SC42)

siit - see (Vtr)
tee it (PS157), see it (B79)

si [2] - the sea
sea (M201)

sik (tik) * - sick
tick (PS117), sick (MR40, SC42, M35)

siksoklok - six o'clock
six o'clock (M79)

sikspens - sixpence
sixpence (LR9)

sing - sing
sing (UM124)

sit - sit
sit (B99, M206)

sitdaun [1] **(titdaun)** *
sit down (PS190, B1, MR19, SC9, M199, LM12), set down (4S43, NC36, PS9), sib down (PS222), tit down (PS18)

1. stay (PS18, B81, SC15)
2. live, settle (NC36, B1, MR19, SC9, M199)
3. stop (LM12)
4. sleep (4S43)
5. is (MR26)

sitdaun [2] - to make
sit down (PS9)

skin - skin
skin (SC42)

skrab - scrub
scrub (MR48)

skratj - one day in jail (*DS*) or a floggin (*AND*)
scratch (4S18)

skratjim - scratch (Vtr)
scratch him (B79)

skulhaus - school-house
school-house (M19)

slip (lip) * - sleep
sleep (L38, M66), 'leep (LM68)

smok * - to smoke
smoke (MR48, M12)

smokim - smoke (Vtr)
smoke him (WV1)

smolpis - small pieces
small pieces (M201)

sno - snow
snow (MR98)

so
so

1. therefore (PS11, UM131)
2. thus (PS39, M31)
3. very (PS108)

sofa - sofa
sofa (M73)

sofut - sore foot
sore foot (M103)

soga (togara) - soldier
soger (UM92), togra (MR22)

sohad - very hard
so hard (M102)

sokato - doctor
soccator (PS172), soccatoo (PS172)

somatj - so much
so much (M22)

sori (tori) - sorry
torry (PS162), sorry (PS26)

sosi - saucy
saucy (B52)

speatjen - spare chain
spare chain (L12)

spelingbuk - spelling book
spelling book (M89)

spia * - a spear
spear (GR6, UM93), spears (UM137)

spiarim * - spear (Vtr)
spear him (B11), spear um (B9)
spear 'em (LM90)

spik - speak
speak (SC31)

stand - stand
stand (B37)

stat - start
start (M80)

staz - stars
stars (M201)

stei - stay
stay (M53, M108)

steishon * - station
station (L10, MR43, LM12, LR18)

sterim - stir (Vtr)
stir um (SC37)

stik - stick
stick (L43)

stil - to steal
steal (LM17, M82), teal (M128)
stilim - steal (Vtr)
steal him (M83)

stingari - stingray
stingaree (PS170)

sto - store
store (M74)

stokkipa - stock keeper
stock-keeper (MR26)

stokwip - stock whip
stockwhip (MR40)

stokyad - stockyard
tockyard (L5)

ston - stone
stone (LM87)

stop (top)
top (4S10, PS11), stop (NC5, LM12, M201)
1. stay (NC5, LM12, M201)
2. stop (PS11)
stopstop - wait!
top, 'top (4S10)
stopabit (topabit) - wait
top-a-bit (PS44, UM124)
stop a bit (L40)

storum - storeroom
storeroom (M74)

straikalait - to make known
strike-a-light (NC3)

straikim
strike (WV1)
- to strike a match

streit
straight (L10)
- straight

strong
strong (LM24, SC42)
- strong

stupid (**tupid**) *
stupid (NC26, B2, LM33, UM127, GR1, M204, LR19), stoopid (LM76), tupid (PS46)
- stupid

stupidfela (**tupidfela**) *
'tupid fellow (B92), stupid fellow (NC25, PS216, MR38)
- stupid one

suga *
sugar (MR26, SC33, LM80, LR4, M94)
- sugar

sugabag *
suga bag (B13), choogar bag (PS57), sugar-bag (MR17, LR11)
1. anything sweet
2. honey (B13)
3. honey from native Australian bees (MR17, LR11)
4. sugar (B13)

sun *
soon (B59, LM33, M4, SC42), toon (PS8)
- soon

swel
swell (4S51)
- a well-dressed convict

tadasaid *
t'oder side (PS166), toder side (PS218), udder side (PS28), t'other side (LM76), other side (L39), t'other side (MR26)
- the other side

tagera *
tuggerrer (NC3), tuggera (UM92) toggra (MR139)
- cold
ety. AB Sydney language **dagara** 'cold'

tagera manduwi
tuggera mundowie (UM92)
- coward! (lit. cold foot) (**manduwi** 'feet')

taid
tired (NC30)
- tired

taidap
tied up (M207)
- bound

tak
tuck (B3)
- hang
ety. E.COLL *tuck* 'to hang', used until c1850 (Partridge 1989)

taka
tucker (LM10, SC42)
- food
ety. EAE *tucker* 'food' probably from E.COLL *tuck out* 'feast'

takaut
tuck out (LM12)
- eat, feast

taligala
tallegalla (L27)
- scrub turkey
ety. AB

tambelgambel
tumbelgumbel (M179)
- gun

tamboldaun *
tumble down, tumbled down (M46)
1. to die (2S35, PS222, B16, MR14, SC38, LM69, LR5, M46)
2. to fall down (PS2, B32, L3, SC42?)
3. wreck (2S35)

tamboldaunim
tumble down him (MR58)
- kill (Vtr)

tamboldaun pikanini
tumble down pickaninny (PS2)
- to be born

tanabot
thunderbolt (PS118)
- the devil

tarban
tarban (PS24), tarben (PS136)
- charming

tarnuk
tarnuk (M204)
- bucket

tausan
tousand (PS9), towsan (UM122), thousand (L39)
- a very large number (lit. thousands)

teik *
take (UM127, M201)
- to take

teikim
take him (PS42, L18, M61), take 'um (PS218)
- take (Vtr)

teikit
take it (PS18, M101)
- take (Vtr)

teikap
take up
1. collect (M201)
2. apprehend (SC15)

teikke
take care
1. take care! (PS20, M71)
ety. E COLL. phrase *take care* 'be careful';
2. to take care of (M108)

teikawei
take away
1. to steal (MR42)
2. to take (MR30)

teikimawei
take 'em away (MR43)
- remove (Vtr)

teil
tail (LR18)
- tail

tel *
tell (MR38, SC41, GR1, M54)
- to tell

telim
- tell (Vtr)

tell him (M66), tell um (SC35)

telit - tell (Vtr)
tell it (B74)

tenap - to become
turn up (ER6)

tete - te te! an exclamation of disgust or annoyance
Te! te! (UM124)
ety. AB Waringulum

thaikimiak - to eat
thaichimiac (UM124)

thandastik - gun
thunder stick (LM2)

thank - thank
thank (M152)

theringa - you see!
theringa (UM92)
ety. AB

thersti **1.** thirsty
thirsty (M105) **2.** hungry

thimbl - thimble
thimble (M32)

thomangieni - dear you! (an exclamation of surprise)
thoma ngieni (UM128)
ety. AB Bangerang

thowen - tomahawk
thowen (UM23)
ety. AB

throt - throat
throat (SC38)

ti * - tea
tea (PS41, B13, MR26, SC33, LM101, LR4, M94)

tiket - a letter or note of authority written and signed by a non-Aboriginal person of authority and given to an Aboriginal person for various purposes where the non-Aboriginal person's authority was needed in absentia
ticket (PS121)

til * - until
'till (LM12), till (L38, MR28, M202)

timba - trees, timber
timber (UM137)

timbaka - tobacco
timbakka (L5)

ting - thing
tings (PS9)

tingolman - bachelor (lit. single man)
tingle man (PS58)

tink * - to think
tink (B3, LM33), think (M80, WV1)

tinkim - think (Vtr)
tink em (LM69), thinkum (LM46), think um (LM61), think him (M37)

tinkit - think (Vtr)
tinky (PS39), think it (B98, L17, ER13), tinkit (M172)

tir - sir
tir (PS136)

tiz - it is
'tis (M55)

tisa (tista) - sister
tisser (PS127), tister (SC29)

tiznt - it is not
'tisn't (M55)

tjapel - chapel
chapel (M56)

tjeikand - shake hands
chake hand (PS50)

tjein - chain
chain (LM76)

tjif - chief
chief (LM50)

tjildren - children
children (M202)

tjin - chin
chin (PS208)

tjopim - chop (Vtr)
chop him (M9)

tobako - tobacco
tobacco (MR42)

tok - talk
talk (M36, SC38)

tolyuso - Told you so!
tole you so (UM109)

tomahok * - tomahawk
tomahawk (PS9, UM124, GR6, LM16, M48)

tongong
tong ong (B13), thongong (UM1), tungenung (M86)
1. damper (B13)
2. bread (UM1)
3. all kinds of food including milk (M86)
ety. E.COLL probably *tongue* 'bread' (*DS*)

topa - on top of
top o' (MR70)

tow - toe
toe (MR48)

trai - try
try (SC42)

traib - tribe
tribe (LM2)

trakim - track (Vtr)
track him (B32)

trausis - trousers
trousers (MR48), trowsel (MR70)

tri [1] - three
tree (PS8)

tri [2] - tree
tree (M52), trees (M201)

tripimihepeni - threepence halfpenny
trepim-y-hepenny (B9)

troit - throw (Vtr)
trow it (PS170), throw it (B6)

tru - truthfully
true (M82)

trupa - trooper
trooper (UM133)

tu [1] *
to (B8, MR14, UM92, LM13, M27, SC29)
1. to
2. of
3. for

tu [2] * - too
too (PS56, B83, MR42, SC42, UM90, M5)

tuhad - too hard
too hard (M98)

tumatj *
too much, too mun (PS52)
1. very (PS44, B75, SC30, ER11, LR19, M66)
2. a lot (PS80)
3. many (PS137, PS52)
4. excessive (4S22, MR30, SC39)

tumeni
too many (PS222, M73), too mun (PS44)
- very many

tu [3]
two (PS186, L12, M29)
- two

tudei *
today (MR42, UM124, M22)
- today

tufaawei
too far away (MR32)
- a long distance away

tufela
two pella (UM129), two fella (L12)
- two

tugeda
together (PS62)
- together

tuk
took (B55)
- took

tulas
toolas (B3)
- ancestors' graves
ety. AB

tumoro
tomorrow (SC6)
- tomorrow

tunait
tonight (PS132, M22)
- tonight

tunguga
tungooga (UM124)
- cry
ety. AB Sydney language **dunga-** 'cry'

tupis
two piece (MR16)
- two pieces

uroka *
euroka (B15), urokah (PS18), uroka (MR139)
- sun
ety. AB Sydney **yuruga-** 'to sweat'

uroka bigon
euroka begone (B64)
- sunset

uroka jamap
euroka jump up (B73), urokah jump up (PS18)
- sunrise

uroka jamapai
euroka jump up high (B15)
- noon (**jamap** 'rise')

uroka sitdaun
urokah tit down (PS78)
- sunset (**sitdaun** 'settle, stop, remain')

veil
veil (M56)
- veil

veri (beri) * - very
very (NC24, L37, M62, LM18, SC38), berry (M124), ver' (SC42)

veribad - wicked
very bad (M201)

verifafaawei - a long distance away
very far, far away (M199)

verigud * **1.** excellent!
very good (S21, LR19, UM135, M101), berry good (M128) **2.** excellent!

veriguddat - great!
very good that! (M195)

veripreti - lucky
very pretty (LM9)

veriwel * - alright!
very well (S21, PS84, W9, MR42, M88), viddy well (PS84), very goot (LM22), berry good (M126)

wa * - halloo!
wah (L16, LR5), waw, waw (PS91) **ety.** AB Kattang *wa* 'interjection signifyingthat someone is approaching'

wai [1] - why!
why (NC33)

wai [2] - why?
why (SC43, UM110, M34)

waifo - why?
why for (PS18)

waild * - wild
wild (SC42)

waildblakfela - Aboriginal stranger
wild black fellows (PS18, M22)

wait * **1.** light-skinned (M43)
white **2.** non-Aboriginal person (S36, GR6)

waitboi - non-Aboriginal youths
white boys (M31)

waitdevilz - non-Aboriginal people
white devils (ER9)

waitjentilman - light-skinned gentleman
white gentlemen (M15)

waitjin - non-Aboriginal woman or wife
white gins (PS215)

waitkau - a white cow
white cow (UM129)

waitlubra - non-Aboriginal woman or wife
white lubra (LM90, M44)

waitmani * - silver coins
white money (MR47, SC20, M33, VG4)

waitwuman - non-Aboriginal woman
white woman (M44)

waitfela (waitpela) * - non-Aboriginal
white fellow (4S18, NC34, B1, MR26, SC5, LR5, ER6), white pellow (PS6), whitefellow (L7), white fella (L20, LM1), white fellar (M10), white-fellar (M12), white feller (MR85, SC42), whi fella (L16), white-fellow (UM3), whitephellow (UM89), white-phellow (UM104), white pella (LM9)

waitfela blongentu sandei - clergyman
white feller belonging to Sunday (MR70)

waitfelaz dans - non-Aboriginal person's dance
white fellows dance (NC37)

waitfela grog - non-Aboriginal alcohol
white feller grog (SC42) **ety.** E.COLL *grog* 'alcohol'

waitfela gunya - the house of a non-Aboriginal person
white fellow gunyah (B60)

waitfela jentilman - non-Aboriginal gentilman
white feller gentleman (MR85)

waitfela korobori - military parade (SC29)
white fellows' corrobbory

waitfela meri - non-Aboriginal female
white fella Mary (L20)

waitfela pason - clergyman
white feller parson (MR70)

waitfela trausis - trowsers
white feller trowsers (MR128)

waiti - non-Aboriginal person
whitey (4S18)

waitman * **1.** non-Aboriginal **2.** non-Aboriginal person
white-man (UM90), white man (3S52, B92, MR14, SC42, M101)

waitman muzik - non-Aboriginal music
white man music (B9)

waitmanz graund - non-Aboriginal land
white man's ground (M140)

waitmanz kangaru **1.** sheep (NC44)
white man's kangaroo **2.** cattle (NC44)

waitman taka - non-Aboriginal food (**taka** 'food')
white man tucker (SC42)

waitwanfela - the non-Aboriginal person (lit. the white one)
white one fellow (LM69)

walin * - rain
walleen (B32), wallen (B47, MR139), wallan (LM104) **ety.** AB Sydney language **walan** 'rain'

wamal - platypus
wammul (UM8) **ety.** AB

wan [1] * - one
one (PS186, B24, UM129, M59)

-wan [2] - nominalising suffix
one (B269, M17)

wan [3] - an
one (NC7)

wanap - fire
wanup (LM54) **ety.** AB

wans - once
once (M206)

wantaim - once
one time (M101)

wari - warri!
warri! (L3) **ety.** AB Sydney language **wura** 'begone'

watzap - what's up!
what's up (L4)

wea [1] * - where?
where (NC36, PS38, B63, MR30, SC16, UM124, LM76, M18)

wea [2] * - to wear
wear (M31)

wearim - wear (Vtr)
wear um (SC42), wear them (M31)

wea shert ova trausis - to wear a cassock
wear shirt over trowsel (MR70)

wei - way
way (B37)

weistkot - waistcoat
waiscoat (M64)

weit - wait
wait (L38, M80)

wel * - well!
well! (NC10, B92, MR36, SC38, UM127, M82)

welwel - well, well!
well, well! (UM126)

wen [1] * - when
when (3S59, PS9, B73, MR26, SC38, M201)

wen [2] - at
when (PS18, LM22)

wen [3] * - when?
when (NC6, MR43, M4)

went
went (SC29)
- went

wer
wirr! (L3)
- wirr!
ety. AB

werk
work (PS17, ER15, M10)
work

werli
wurley (LM14)
- shelter constructed by Aboriginal people
ety. Gaurna and related languages *wa(d)li* 'temporary shelter' (*AND*)

wet
wet (MR48, M61)
- wet

wi
we (PS186, M108)
- we

wiawait
wia wight (M193)
- a weapon with an oval head attached to a stick
ety. AB

wiki *
wikky (NC3), wickeye (NC39), weeki (B42), wikki (mR33)
1. bread (NC3)
2. flour (B42)
ety. AB Wiradhuri *wiggé* 'bread, vegetable' (G:105)

wil
wheel (L11)
- wheel

wilam
willum (M195)
- an Aboriginal dwellling
ety. AB

wilbaro *
wheelbarrow (B32, MR5), wheel barrow (B32), wheelbarrow (SC34)
1. wagon, car or dray
2. the balancing mechanism in a watch (MR5)

wilbaroandbulok
wheelbarrow and bullock (SC33)
- dray

wilbaroandrei
wheelbarrow and dray (SC34)
- bullock dray

wili
weeli (B42), willie (UM11)
- possum
ety. AB Wiradhuri *willei* 'an opossum'(G:105)

winalong
win-a-long (UM25)
- summer plain
ety. AB Wiradjuri

wind
wind (L10, M203)
- wind

winiwini
winnie winnie (LM4), winne-winne (LM9)
- go away
ety. AB

wink
wink (M91)
- blink

wiol
we all (PS60)
- all of us

wip
whip (M60)
- to whip

wiri *
waree (SYD14), weri (UM15), wiren (3S6)
1. bad (SYD14, 3S6)
2. a general negative (UM15)
ety. AB Sydney **wiri** 'no, not—a general negative'

wishit
wish it (M197)
- desire (Vtr)

with *
with (PS12, LM22, M103)
- with

withaut
wisout (M85), without (M79)
- without

witjwan
which one (B66)
- which?

witjwei
which way (MR31)
- where?

wo
war (UM92)
- war

wobangi
wobungy (UM91)
- to die, perish; AB

wod
wad (PS24)
- was

wodi [1] *
waddy (NC3, PS181, B8, MR25, UM59, M187, VG14), waddie (2S34), wady (W17), waddie (M48)
- a small club, ball-headed and pointed at one end which can be thrown
ety. AB Sydney **wadi** 'a club'

wodi [2]
waddy (PS11)
- to beat
ety. AB Sydney **wadi-** 'to beat'

wodi [3] *
waddy, waddie (4S17, B106, VG1)
1. tree (B16, MR139, LM96)
2. wood (PS20, B106, MR70, VG1)
3. bark (PS182)
4. a stick (MR139)
ety. AB Sydney language **wadi** 'wood'

wodimandowi
waddie mundoe (VG1)
- wooden leg (**mandowi** 'leg')

wok
walk (M80, SC32), walking (SC33)
- to walk

wokabaut *
walk about (W6, SC33, M99), walking all about (SC33)
1. to roam
2. to stroll (M99)

wombat (wombak) *
womat (2S9), wombat (2S9), womback (2S9), wombach (B12)
- wombat
ety. AB Sydney language (inland) **wombat** 'wombat'

wombi
wombi (LR19)
- syphilis
ety. AB

wong
wong (UM123)
- crow
ety. AB Ngooraialum

wongal
wongal (LM66)
- root of a swamp plant used by Aboriginal people living by the Murray River for food and fibre

wongawonga
wonga wonga (LM37, VG1)
- a type of pigeon with blue plumage
ety. ABSydney language **wunga wunga** 'bronzewing pigeon'

wont 1 *
want (PS31, B3, LM2, M11, WV1)
- want

wonta *
want to (NC43, MR42), want o (LM101), wanter (SC42)
- desire to do

wontim *
want um (LM57), want'em (UM110), want him (M38)
- want (Vtr)

wontit *
want it (L4, UM107, M34)
- want (Vtr)

wont 2
won't (M60)
- won't

worigal 1
warragul (UM98)
1. stranger
2. wild
ety. AB

worigalblakz
warragul blacks (UM98)
- Aboriginal strangers

worigal 2
warragul (UM5)
- Aboriginal people on the warpath

worigal 3 *
warigal (PS221), warragul (MR77, UM21, VG13), warregal (MR12)
- wild dog
ety. AB Sydney language **wuragal** and **djunguwaragal** 'large dog'

worigaldingo
warrigal dingo (ER2)
- wild dog

wosh
wash (M28)
- to wash

woshim
wash em (LM75), wash him (B32,
- wash (Vtr)

M28), wash him (SC6)

woshawei - remove
wash away (LR19)

wospia - war spear
war spears (M171)

wot [1]* **1.** what? (UM110, M19, LM9)
what **2.** which? (MR42)

wot [1] what!
what (MR48)

wota * - water
water (PS13, UM106, M201)

wotahol - waterhole
water-hole (LM61)

wotfo * **1.** why? (NC25, PS44, B6, W6, L24, MR17, SC42, LM96, UM124, M22)
what for **2.** what? (PS18)

wotj - to watch
watch (M52)

wotjaus - watch-house
watch house (PS17)

wotkol - what is this called?
what call (M2)

wotyukol - to be called thus
what you call (SC42)

wotyuneim - whatever's your name!
what-you-name (M73)

wud - wood
wood (M9, SC39)

wul **1.** hair (B52)
wool **2.** wool (B75)

wulomula - blood
woollomoola (PS206) **ety.** AB probably Port Stephens

wuman - woman
woman (M201)

wumara * - a throwing-stick to launch spears, about two feet long with a socket in the upper end into which the blunt end of the spear is inserted
womara (2S35), wommerrer (NC3), woomerah (B11), wammerah (B10), wammara (B103), womroo (W18), woomerah (UM113), womera (UM65, LM36), womerang (PS181), wommerah (MR18) - **ety.** AB Sydney language **wumara**

wurawura
woorer-woorer (LR14)
- the sky
ety. AB Loddon River

ya
yah (UM92)
ya!
ety. AB

yaba *
yabber (PS214, MR139, UM110), yabba (UM116)
1. to speak (B8, MR139, UM110)
2. to talk a lot (UM116)
3. to tell (LM76)
4. a donkey's bray (UM68)
ety. AB Wuywurung (*AND*)

yabait
yabber it (UM110)
- speak (Vtr)

yabayaba
yabber yabber (LM42), yabber-yabber (UM9)
- lots of talking or an animated discussion

yadi
yaddy (UM64)
- grass-tree
ety. AB

yahu
yarhoo (NC22), yahoo (B91)
1. a female spirit also known as Kurriwilbán in the Newcastle district (NC22)
2. an evil spirit (B91)

yakadai
yackaday, yackaday (B46)
- yakadai! (a cry used by Aboriginal women)
ety. AB

yakai
yuccai (B76)
- oh dear!
ety. AB Wiradhuri *yake!* 'exclamation of pain' (G:107)

yalok
yallock (B3)
- gallop

yaluja
yallujah (B2)
- hallelujah!

yam
yam (MR79)
- yam

yama
yama (UM92), yamma (UM105)
- I say!
ety. AB

yambil
yamble (B38, UM51)
1. a lie, the blackest meanness and falsehood
2. to lie
ety. AB Wiradhuri *yambul* 'nothing, nonsense, a lie, mere talk' (G:107)

yambilyara
yamble-yarra (UM51)
- red liar! (**yara** 'red')

yan *
yan, yaen (MR139)
1. to come (B3)
2. to go (B28, L9, MR28, SC16)
ety. AB

yanagari
yan-a-garry (UM92), yan-a-girry (UM105)
- go
ety. AB

yanap
yan up (SC33)
- rise

yanawei
yan away (MR38, SC34)
- go

yannangari
yan nangery (UM105), yan-nangery (UM92)
- go and sleep! (a closing line for a letter) (**nangara** 'sleep')

yanyan
yan, yan (MR26)
- to run

yang *
young (PS67, UM126)
- young

yanggel
young girl (UM126)
- young girl

yanglidi
young liddy (PS67)
- female kangaroo (lit. young lady)

yangmisis
young missis (MR48)
- youn mistress

yangwumanjin
young woman gin (SC36)
- young woman

yangfela 1
young fellow (PS220), young feller (MR51)
- small one

yangfelagan
young fellow guns (PS220)
- handgun (lit. small one gun)

yangfela 2
young feller (MR51)
- young female possum

yara 1
yarra
- red
ety. AB Wiradhuri *yara* 'red' (JFHM)

yara
yarra (UM6)
- red gum trees, *rostrato*

yara 2
yarra (M172)
- flowing
ety. AB Melbourne district

yarayara
yarra yarra (M172)
- flowing, flowing

yaragonduk
yarragondook (M172)
- beard
ety. AB

yarain
yarrain (M172)
- the tide rolling up on the beach
ety. AB **yara** 'flowing, Sydney language - **in** 'from'

yaraman *
yarraman (LM33, L25), yarroman (LM86), yarra man (LR5), yerriman (MR28), zarraman (ER12)
1. horse (B3, L25, MR28, UM110, ER8, LM33, LR5,)
2. a red-horse, bay or chestnut (UM50) (**yara** 'red')

ety. AB Sydney language **yaraman** 'horse' Wiradhuri *yarraman'* a horse' (G:108)

yaugan
yaugun (M55), yaugunee (M60), yangan (M108)
- mother

yawa
yawah (UM108)
- yawah!
ety. AB

yela
jela (UM68), yelar (UM92)
- talk
ety. AB

yelarmanyelar
yelar-man-yelar (UM48)
- practical talk, derived from the sound of the **nalanala** against the **hilaman**
ety. AB

yelayaba
yelor yabba (UM29)
- to speak (**yaba** 'speak')

yera
yera (UM16)
- sun

yes *
yes (L39, MR50, M34, WV1), yaas (M38), yas (M52)
- yes

yesyes
yeas, yeas (PS26), ees, ees, ees (PS3)
- definitely

yesdei
yes'day (M17)
- yesterday

yet *
yet (4S10, B41, MR153, W22)
- yet

yiawa
yea-wah (UM68)
- very; AB

yioyio
yeo yeo (B69), Yo Yo (PS213)
- a monster whose height was gigantic, and whose feet were turned the wrong way
ety. AB Wirahuri *yuyung* 'backwards' (G:109)

yirrig
yirrig (NC4.3.3.2.2)
- a quill pen

yo *
your (B8, MR33, M18)
- your

yu[1] *
you
1. you (4S34, PS11, B3, LM9, LR5, UM90, M14)
2. singular you (NC26, W6, L2, MR5, SC16, M14, M197)
3. plural you (MR40, SC42, M204)

yu[2]
you (PS140)
- your

yuandmi - singular you and me (L12)
you and me

yui - yooi! (L3)
yooi! **ety.** AB

yuno * - you know!
you know (NC8, 2S28, PS34)

yusi - you see!
you see (UM131)

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Comparison of Dawson's data with the phonological systems of Kattang and Thangatti

1. INTRODUCTION

Nils Holmer worked with speakers of Kattang and Thangatti in 1964 and published his analyses of the languages in 1966 and 1967. He commented that the people he worked with in documenting Kattang and Thangatti spoke English as their first language[1]. The Aboriginal languages they spoke were not their first languages and were affected by English. Through their knowledge of English the people had acquired sounds which were not part of the repertoire of their Aboriginal languages. Holmer examined some of the changes in the phonologies of modern Kattang and Thangatti[2] resulting from contact with English. He noted that 'additional phonemes have been acquired under the influence of English...*S* (an alveolar spirant) and...*sj* (a palatal spirant or the English 'sh')' (Holmer 1966:14). Holmer cautioned that 'the *s*-sound has always been a difficult sound to the Australian Aborigines; even today the English word 'castle' may be heard pronounced *gatjal* by Kattang or Thangatti speakers' (Holmer 1966:96). In older varieties of borrowed words *r* was used to 'render English 's' or 'sh' in postvocalic position, as in Thangatti *burigan* 'cat' (from English 'pussy cat')' (Holmer 1966:14).

Dawson's data is from the earliest period of contact between English-speaking people and Aboriginal people of the Port Stephens district. Therefore, it is likely that borrowings from English into NSW Pidgin followed a conservative pronunciation based on their own languages. However, there is some evidence in Dawson's data to suggest that Port Stephens people were acquiring a sibilant in the English borrowings. Without Holmer's comments it would be possible to dismiss the variation in Dawson's data as the product of his mishearing, preconceived ideas and orthographic problems.

Holmer noted that both the fricatives *f* and *v* are often pronounced like *b* (Holmer 1966:96). His comment suggests that the sounds were realised as bilabials. He observed that the aspirate *h*, in Kattang and Thangatti 'may rather be described as a variant of initial-vowel phoneme' (Holmer 1966:14). When pronouncing vowel-initial English words speakers of Kattang and Thangatti alternate freely between the use of either an initial *h-*, *ng-* , or a vowel (Holmer 1966:96). However, 'the pronunciation with *h-* is perhaps the most common one in Aboriginal English, for example *hit* 'eat', *hemju* 'emu', *hwan* 'one'. In the genuine Aboriginal pronunciation, *ng* is preferred', and borrowed words such as 'apple' acquire an initial 'ng'—*ngapal* (Holmer 1966:96-97). Within Dawson's data the only evidence for modification of an initial English vowel is *u* —> *wu* in, for example, **wul** 'old'. Generally, Dawson writes vowel initial words with the usual English spelling.

The word structure of Kattang and Thangatti would certainly have influenced the pronunciation of Aboriginal speakers. However, Dawson was only aware of the

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[1]Holmer made no suggestions about a date from when Kattang and Thangatti people might have been speaking some form of English as one of their first languages.

[2]The sound systems of Kattang and Thangatti contain 'six fundamental classes of consonants...(1) labials (b, p, m); (2) dentals (d̪, t̪, n̪, l̪); (3) alveolars (d, t, n, l, r); (4) cerebrals (or retroflex sounds: ṛ, ḷ, ṭ); (5) palatals (dj, tj, nj); velars (g, k, ng)' (Holmer 1966:13). Holmer also identified 'r̪...a kind of fricative 'r' used in Thangatti...it suggests a strongly articulated compound sound (*rz*), but is occasionally weaker and difficult to distinguish from *r*' (Holmer 1966:14). 'The vowel phonemes are in both languages *a, i* and *u*' (Holmer 1966:21).

most salient differences between his own speech and that of Aboriginal speakers. Therefore, the word structure in his data is taken to have been based on English and words are considered to have the same number and variety of syllable structures as in the corresponding English words. In transcribing his data, Dawson adhered to English word breaks which would have been most unlikely in the output of Aboriginal speakers. In the reference orthography used in this thesis, English word breaks are ignored for words which clearly form a single lexical item, for example, **sitdaun** 'stay' from 'sit down'.

2. PLOSIVES

In Kattang and Thangatti plosives are devoiced rather than voiced or voiceless. However, in Kattang word or syllable initally, after another consonant or a long vowel plosives are more like English voiced sounds. Word or syllable terminal plosives are more like English voiceless sounds (Holmer 1966:12-13). Holmer's comments indicate that while a rule seems to apply for plosives in Kattang and Thangatti it is not particularly strong.

Therefore, it is possible that Dawson was unable to hear the difference between voiced and voiceless plosives. His repeated representations of words beginning with 'k' suggests he tended to hear voiceless sounds. Furthermore, as in the case of sibilants (see below) it is likely that Aboriginal people were acquiring initial voiceless plosives. Word initial 'k' is particularly likely to have been acquired as it was not a strongly distinguished form in either Kattang or Thangatti (Holmer 1966:12-13). There is one case in which a voiced dental/alveolar stop is realised as a sibilant, notably, *soccator/soccatoo* 'doctor' (7:172). Terminal nasal dental stop 'nd' is realised as voiceless dental stop 't', for example, *Englat* 'England' (7:83).

3. FRICATIVES

In Dawson's data interdental fricatives are realised as stops, voiced dental or alveolar stop and voiceless dental or alveolar stop. The change is predictable in terms of Kattang and Thangatti phonology. For example, word medially th —> d, *brodder* 'brother' (7:1), word initially before a mid or low vowel th —> d, *dat* 'that, *den* 'then'(7:9) and word initially before a high vowel th —> t, *tousand tings* 'thousand things' (7:9).

As they are in Kattang and Thangatti, voiced labiodental fricative is realised as voiced bilabial stop and voiceless labiodental fricative is realised as voiceless bilabial stop. For example, word finally v —> b, *gib* 'give' (7:9), word medially v —> b, *Port Teebid* 'Port Stephens' (7:9), word initially f —> p, *pellow* 'fellow' (7:9)

However, Dawson's data does allow the realisation of final voiced *v*. For example, **aibliv** 'I believe' is usually written as *I bleve*. It is likely that the spelling is the result of habit, Dawson following the usual English form rather than observing closely Aboriginal pronunciation.

4. AFFRICATES

Dawson recorded data which demonstrates Holmer's observation about palatal sounds in Kattang and Thangatti, i.e. 'regarding the palatal sounds, it should only be remarked that they differ considerably from English 'j' and 'ch' being much closer to English 'd' and 't' (with which they sometimes seem to alternate). The Kattang and

5. SIBILANTS

In Dawson's data sibilants are generally realised as voiceless dental/alveolar stop or ommitted. For example, word initially before a vowel s —> t (7:1, 8, 18) *tit* 'sit' (7:1), word initially before a consonant s —> ø (7:2, 9, 11, 34) *moak* 'smoke' (7:9). The item **sitdaun** 'stay' is realised fifteen times as *tit down* and is always attributed to Aboriginal speakers when in that form. It is realised as *sit down* ten times and *set down* twice but in most of those cases it is attributed to Dawson's own speech.

In spite of his comment (5.4.2.1) about the difficulty Aboriginal people have pronouncing sibilants Holmer included in his lexicon of Thangatti items containing sibilants all of which are borrowings from English, eg *sit* 'seat', *bilisman* 'policeman, *bilis* 'fleas'. Furthermore, Holmer claimed that borrowings from English could contain sibilants. Therefore, while it was most common for sibilants to be realised as dental/alveolar stops or ommitted it is also likely that Dawson occasionally heard Aboriginal people pronouncing sibilants. Evidence for final 's' in the item **haus** 'house' is found in the lexicon of Thangatti where Holmer recorded *bapligaus* 'pub/hotel'[3].

6. VOWELS

Kattang and Thangatti words never have initial vowels (Holmer 1966:26). However, Dawson included a number of items, spelt as they are in English, with an initial vowel—*a* or *o*. Therefore, it is likely that in the case of many vowel initial items Dawson made no attempt to represent the pronunciation of Aboriginal speakers.

However, Dawson placed an initial semi-vowel *w* before intial *o* in the case of two lexical items often repeated in his data—wool (**wul**) 'old' andwoolman (**wulman**) 'old man kangaroo' meaning a fully mature male kangaroo. This evidence suggests that there may have been a developing rule in the melanolect of NSW Pidgin that a semi-vowel closest to the intial vowel was placed before the vowel, i.e. *w* before back vowels and *y* before front vowels.

[3]This item is also recorded as *pablikaus* for Queensland Aboriginal English and Queensland Canefields English (Dutton 1980:130).