

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE LOGAN AND ALBERT DISTRICTS.

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In 1863 I came out to the Colony in the ship "Fiery Star" with my parents, who were members of the self-styled "Manchester Cotton Company." Upon arrival they were apportioned blocks of land on the north bank of the Logan river, about midway between the present hamlets of Waterford and Loganholme. After a brief stay in Brisbane they proceeded to the scene of their future activities and found that their holdings were dense vine-matted scrublands.

Being all new chums, whose lives (and occupations in the cotton mills of Manchester) had been confined to the big city, they were entirely ignorant of axe work or any form of agriculture. They, however, did manage to fell a small area of their ground and to burn off such of the fallen timber as was susceptible to the firestick. Their first planting was of maize, in patches between the prone logs of unconsumed timber. In due course this seed sprouted and promised a good return to the farmers. No doubt their expectations would have been realised had not the bandicoots and scrub paddymelons taken heavy toll of the succulent young corn. Only a small proportion of the crop was saved from their ravages. When this eventually reached the cobbing stages hordes of white cockatoos came along and finished off what the marsupials had left, and not a single cob was harvested. Pumpkins suffered a similar fate, and the whole season's work went for naught.

As a result of the experience gained, the second season's crop was a greater success, and sufficient corn was garnered for a small shipment by cutter to the town. But the returns were so meagre that it became imperative for the men folk to seek employment in other avenues of industry. The "cotton growers" were forced to leave their homes, temporarily desert their families, and find work

on the cattle stations, or at other available occupations in the bush, such as splitting fencing stuff, or shingles.

Courage of the Women.

For months at a stretch the women and their children were the sole occupants of the homes, which were built of axe-trimmed timber with stringy bark roofs, the bare ground sufficing for the floor. They must have been a brave lot of women to live as they did in such utter isolation, surrounded by the virgin bush, with all the eerie nocturnal voices (so strange and weird to newcomers from a populous town). How nerve wracking must have been the mournful call of the curlew, the native bear's mysterious call to its mate, the diabolic screechings of the flying foxes, or the ghostly voice of the morepoke! Yet they never murmured at their lot, and heroically made the best of what must really have been an utterly miserable existence.

As illustrative of the sterling stamina of the early mothers of our race I relate the following instance as typical of the womenfolk of those days. My little sister, just beginning to walk, developed a bubbly swelling under the root of her tongue. As none of the women knew what it was or might develop into, it was viewed with great concern. Early one morning my Mater set off for Brisbane carrying the infant in her arms, for there were no vehicles nor horses in our community at that time. She tramped the whole of the way, some twenty-odd miles, burdened with a heavy child, all alone, along a by no means well-defined bush track, with roving mobs of blacks all over the country. And she a new chum, to boot! She reached a doctor the same evening, and walked back home again next day, again by herself.

Food Problem Acute.

The food problem was a very acute one when first we settled on the Logan. There was no vehicular communication with the city, and all our supplies, even including, to a great extent, our meat (mostly salted, generally called "salt horse") had to come by a cutter, which was very erratic in its time-

table. Sometimes it came once in six weeks, at other times—just when it arrived. Its arrival was always heralded by a blast from a bullock horn, which, when heard, caused a stampede of the whole community to the waterside landing-place. Only the barest necessities could be afforded; but, meagre as they were, they were anxiously awaited, especially when stocks of flour and other foodstuffs were running low. There were many blacks in the district, but on no occasion did they give us any trouble. On the contrary, we were always glad to see them, for they brought us fish, kangaroo tails, crabs, or honey, to barter for our flour, sugar, tea, or “tumbacca.”

Such expensive luxuries as jams, pickles, or bottled fruits were beyond our means. Wild raspberries, Cape gooseberries and small tomatoes were turned into a preserve, and pumpkin was our standby for puddings or tarts. No fruits of any kind were grown, the only thing I remember, in that line, being one (only), bunch of bananas suspended from the rigging of the trading cutter.

Gradually we all dispersed to other scenes, and the land which members of our company had occupied, reverted to its state of primeval bush and solitude. Now I and my brother are the sole survivors of that little community of 1863-66.

Recently, I spent a week tramping, not riding, over my old haunts, which I had not set eyes upon for over fifty years.

I found the rivers denuded of all their old and glorious scrubs, and their whilom denizens were neither to be seen nor heard. The streams themselves seemed to be sullen and sluggish, and polluted, and wore an air of being ashamed of their now-a-days nudity. Utility and ugliness were the dominant notes everywhere. In many places the physical features of the places were changed or entirely obliterated; watercourse and chain of ponds of my day were, nearly all, filled in with the accumulated debris of the past half century or so.

Of my contemporaries I could not find a single representative. Their second generations in a few

instances had remained on their ancestors' holdings, but they had no community of interest in the old days with me. In despair, I betook myself to the local cemetery, where I found that most of my contemporaries were sleeping in eternal slumber.

Early Bird Life.

In the years gone by, the thickly timbered hill-slope gullies behind the old Pimpama Hotel, harboured a great number of families of Bell-birds, whose tinkling music added a rare charm to these beautiful jungle-clad ravines, their delicate tintinabulations filling the air with fairy melody. Lately I visited friends in that locality, and, in reply to inquiries, was told that these birds disappeared "ages ago" and were never met with nowadays.

At one time, before a big and comprehensive system of drainage of the many swamp areas around Carrara and Benowa, on either bank of the Nerang river, the big birds we call Swamp Redbills (and the "Abos." call Woggai) were a real pest to the sugar farmers. Invading the standing sugar-cane they had a habit of eating away with their powerful beaks the "sticks" near the ground with the result that, when a breeze sprang up all the mutilated cane fell to the ground. Now that their former haunts (the reedy swamps) have been transformed into grazing lands and farms these birds have disappeared entirely.

At one period during the early days of Southport, numbers of Red-shoulder or Crimson-wing Parrots put in an appearance and, as they had previously been unknown in that part of the State, their sudden advent was the subject of much speculation. I learned that on the occasion of the wreck of the homeward bound ship, "Young Australia," near Cape Moreton, some years earlier, someone had opened the doors of a large aviary aboard, to release the birds from captivity, and among them were a number of Red-shoulders. They had flown from the ship to the timber of Moreton Island, and, later, spread south to Stradbroke, eventually extending as far as the southern extremity of that island and thence to the mainland at Southport. Judging from the

numbers of birds, they must have bred whilst on the islands; but upon reaching the mainland their fatal beauty made them a target for every gun in the place, and in almost-no-time they were completely wiped out.

When the site of the present Railway Station at Southport was in a state of virgin nature, there were a number of "nutmeg" or "cork" trees growing thereon which in season bore great numbers of plum-like fruit. One season these trees attracted immense numbers of Flock Pigeons, perhaps because their seasonal food on the mountains had failed. They were easily approached to within gunshot range, and, during the three or four weeks of full fruiting, great bags of these birds were shot. One Sunday morning five of us with guns tallied in over 200 birds, and many more fell at a distance from the trees and which we did not trouble to scout for. They were served up at every meal, cooked in all sorts of ways, until finally everyone became sick of them. The birds, however, never put in an appearance again at that place, though they thronged the fruiting trees of the near-by scrubs.

On occasions when prolonged gales and stormy weather obtained along the coast an amazing number of seabirds might be picked up in an exhausted condition from battling against the elements, even including such long fighters as Frigate Birds, and I remember on one occasion when the cap covering of the tower of the Pacific Hotel had been inadvertently left open over night we found the room there full of various kinds of Seagulls, which were easily captured by hand.

After one such gale when a dead calm set in an invasion of small flies came. They were as small as grains of gunpowder and of similar blue-black colour, and were beyond the ken of anyone. They came in such countless numbers that they extinguished every light, lamp or candle in the place including all the river and bay "leading lights." Luckily they did not sting, but when morning dawned it was found that all the walls of the houses and the ceilings were as though freshly painted a gun-

powder blue colour from the myriads of little flies covering them. What they were or where they came from we could never find out, and we were grateful that this was the only visitation of the pests.

It was almost in the nature of a religious observance or obligation for these old-timers to visit the city on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday races. Many from all over the district rode from their distant homes, or camps, for the only time in the year to foregather in the city, there to "swop" twelve months' accumulated and overdue yarns to the accompaniment of tinkling glasses. Practically all from the Logan, Albert and Coomera districts put up at Harry Biggs' Steam Packet Hotel, situated on grounds bordering on the now filled-in creek, which in those days discharged into the river about where the steam-punt ferry approaches are at present. This creek at its mouth was large enough to accommodate small cutters which lay there and took in, or discharged, their loading, and traded to the settlements, on the various rivers at the southern end of the Bay. All horses were stabled in the hotel grounds, and were taken out only when the mob rode out to the great race of the day. I, though a mere lad, was occasionally accorded the privilege of accompanying my father to this annual festival, riding my own horse.

When the muster of nags was made for a start home the customary libation was poured out, and imbibed, before mounting and starting for the ferry at William Street ("Baxters'" as it was called), where we punted across the river. Upon landing on the south side a helter-skelter gallop ensued to the last "pub" on the outskirts of the town ("Scanlan's," I fancy it was called), where the last to arrive had to pay for drinks. Mounted again, another race was started, with its winning post at the Eight-mile Plains, and still another spin to another "pub" about a mile and a half further on, with the same losing penalty in each race.

It might be inferred that these old-timers were a drunken lot, but such was not really the case, for they only indulged to excess on such rare occasions

as above described; and, for the rest of the year, they were quite abstemious, as a class. It was not until permanent settlement, with a central township as a rallying point, was firmly established, that insobriety became noticeable. They were on the whole a very free-spending lot whenever they were able to indulge in the luxury of handling cash. This improvidence was perhaps most conspicuous among the raft timber getters. Upon reaching their destination with their logs of cedar and other timbers, they received big cheques from the sawmillers, and forthwith laid in a year's supplies of food before returning to the scrubs, at the heads of the rivers. Kegs of rum, which they averred were so useful in case of snake-bite, formed no inconsiderable portion of their cargo, but very little of this beverage ever reached their camps, owing to their frequent halts at the Bay, and other camps en route where they dealt out lavish liquid hospitality.

Early Industries.

In widely separated areas, with the sheltering McPherson range of mountains for a background grazing was (I fancy) the first industry in what are now the Logan and Albert electorates. Concomitantly, though entirely unrelated, timber-getting was carried on in the scrubs of the rivers and mountain ranges, where there were enormous quantities of valuable woods, such as red cedar, pine, beech, etc.

The then unappreciated, beautifully grained and coloured tree, the tulip, was completely ignored and was burnt with "useless" other trees. Now this wood is a rarity and commands very high prices for fancy work. All timber when felled was laboriously hauled by bullock teams into ravines or creeks, to there await the annual floods, when it was "negotiated" to the tidal river heads, there assembled into rafts, often half a mile in length, and in this form rafted to the mills in Brisbane. Not till the floods had receded and the tides become normal, did the rafters start on their way; advantage being taken of the ebb tide currents to drift down the rivers till the opposing flood set in, when the timber was anchored or tied up to the bank till next ebb. From the rivers' mouths the rafts were skilfully

navigated across the Bay to the mouth of the Brisbane River, where flood tides carried them to their mill destination. Before the birth of Southport I saw the beaches of Stradbroke and the mainland strewn with escapees from these rafts. I was told that it was quite common to raft timber from the Tweed River scrubs to Brisbane—out to sea over the dangerous Tweed Bar, then to the Bar at “Nerang Heads.” The ocean current, for a few miles out to sea from the beach, between Cape Byron and Point Lookout, is undeviatingly northward in direction. This fact was taken advantage of by the timber-getters to get their cuttings to the Brisbane markets more economically than to Sydney, which necessitated carriage by sailing vessels. These raft navigators, with a daring commensurate with that of our hardy fishermen of the English North Sea and Scottish waters, were in grave danger of losing their lives every time they set out on this perilous adventure, but they were a hardy lot in those rough days, and very skilful in their calling.

Squatting and timber-getting may be said to have been the first undertakings of the early times in the regions I write of. Agriculture followed in the shape of small farms, almost entirely on the rich scrub lands bordering the Logan, Albert, Coomera and Nerang rivers, at first by English-speaking people. Small hamlets then began to spring up in various centres of agriculture.

German Colonists.

Presently a wave of German immigrants came along in communities, generally speaking, in shipmate batches. They took up contiguous blocks of standing scrubland, and forthwith set about making the land produce the wherewithal for their domestic living, with a little surplus sufficient to meet the cost of indispensable farming implements. They were characteristically modest in their requirements, frugal in their living, and indefatigably industrious. Their womenfolk toiled in the field, just as did their men. Many of their original farms are still being profitably worked by the grandchildren of these first settlers.

At about this time of colonial development

another industry had its beginnings—the wayside “pub,” dignified by the name “hotel.”

How Sugar-growing Began.

A revolution in industrial and agrarian pursuits and activities in general had a full-fledged birth all over the districts when sugar-growing set in. For many years it eclipsed all other agrarian pursuits. With it came a very large influx of Polynesian labour, adding very considerably to the resident population. Each of these estates had from 50 to 100 of these kanakas on their workmen's rolls, and for the class of work in which they were employed they were better than the whites, or, perhaps, it was that the white-man of that day, felt it beneath his dignity to engage upon work which had been initiated by the kanakas. These black men, with rare exceptions, behaved in an exemplary manner.

After the manufacture of sugar had proved its stability, a side issue, that of distilling rum, proved a very profitable venture. A small steamer, called “The Walrus,” fitted up with appropriate “stills” and other necessary gears, travelled up and down the rivers. Anchoring at the millside wharves, she remained there till the season's crushing was over, converting the refuse of the boilings, molasses (and other filthinesses) into the white spirit, which when coloured and aged was bonded as the rum of commerce. After a few years of such operations “The Walrus” was superseded by a permanent distillery at the Ageston plantation, near the mouth of the Logan river.

With the decline of sugar-growing the Ageston distillery ceased to operate, but in after years the industry was revived at the old Beenleigh plantation, where to the present day it has a considerable output of “Bosun Bill” beverage.

In the early days of sugar production, only yellow or brown crystals were manufactured, the best qualities bringing up to £28 or £30 per ton, which was a very remunerative price, but with the repatriation of the Islanders and the high wages of the white labourer, and other causes, the industry proved a financial failure, and sugar-growing in those dis-

districts was practically wiped out of existence, giving place to the dairying and bacon businesses, with field crops as a side-line.

Sawmilling Operations.

Though sawmilling was in operation at various centres it never assumed a position of major importance in the industries of the electorates, about the only one to continue to the present time being that of Johnston and Freeman, of Southport, where there is very considerable and continued demand for sawn timbers, and whose mill appliances are very up to date. These were the main industries of bygone days. With closer settlement and the springing up of towns or villages all over the district much enterprise in various avenues of trade was shown.

The inspector of the Roads Department, whose duty it was to supervise the work in the district was Mr. David F. Longland, whose second in seniority was Mr. Stone ("Jim," I think his name was). Mr. Stone's name is perpetuated in Stone's Corner, as that was where his home stood when there was nothing but bush beyond the present Clarence Corner in Stanley Street.

Hospitality To Travellers.

These road camps reflected the open-handed hospitality of the time, for it was the invariable custom for the traveller to stop at such places and share the corned beef and damper of the gang. Indeed, it would have been considered a very gross insult for anyone to pass by without at least partaking of a cup of black tea with its concomitant brown and very moist sugar, often fortified with a fair admixture of ants. I can remember many such meals with them—feasts I would call them, if I had the luck to strike their place just as a damper was taken out of the camp-fire ashes, dusted with a branch, and laid on its edge to cool. It was eaten with a liberal spreading of meat fat or dripping, for butter was an unprocurable commodity. In exchange for this hospitality the guest was supposed to regale his hosts with the "latest" news from outside. £1 per week was then a good wage but, as expenditure was almost nil, a tidy cheque accrued

by the time a vacation was due, and the purchasing value of £1 was greatly more than it would be nowadays.

Early Settlements and Townships.

Among the very earliest whites to settle in the locality where Beenleigh now stands were John Davy, his wife, and her brother, Frank Gooding, who took up a very large holding on the North bank of the Albert River, extending from the main road at Yatala to a point opposite the northern spur of Mount Stapylton; or, as it was generally called in early days, Yellow-wood Mountain.

They named their estate Beenleigh, after their native village (Beenleigh) in Devonshire, England. Some few years later a Michael Tansey settled and built on a rise about midway between the present site of Beenleigh and Yatala. He ran a pub, a store and a butchery. He named this place Beenleigh after the neighbouring estate of Davy and Gooding. No other person ever built at this place. After some years Tansey transferred all his buildings and activities to where the present Beenleigh stands, and took the name Beenleigh with him. As the roads from Waterford and Loganholme, also the road from the upper Albert River, a road to the mouth of the Logan, and the main road from New South Wales via the Tweed River, all converge and intersect there, the site was admirably suited to catch the trade from all points of the compass.

Three Beenleighs.

At first all supplies from Brisbane were carried by small cutters (superseded in a few years by a small steamer, "The Amy," run by Messrs. Orr and Honeyman, of Brisbane). Bitter rivalry arose between Yatala, where the cargoes were discharged, and Beenleigh, and, with a view of becoming independent of Yatala, the powers of Beenleigh got the Government to survey a Government township on the bank of the Albert River at a point opposite the Northern spur of the Yellow-wood Mountain, and this was the first official site of Beenleigh. It, however, has remained merely as a wharf site and never

developed into a township. Thus there have been really three Beenleighs in the history of the place.

In the early days a man named Boobitan or Boobigun Price, who had very ample means, took up land here and started cotton growing, erecting a "gin," and cultivating a rather large area of the plant. He actually ginned one crop; but, owing to his lavish, or one might say riotous, way of living—open house with champagne and other liquor galore for everyone who called or passed by—the venture was an unqualified failure. Price left the district and returned to Brisbane, where he became one of the leading society men of the day, with the entree to Government House. Like many of the educated men who came out here well provided with cash, he speedily went through his fortune, and fell on evil days.

Coomera's Two Sites.

There also have been two Coomeras. At first, Coomera was the name of the crossing at the head of tidal waters (where the Binstead family had their home). At this spot there is, or was, a boulder-strewn ford submerged to a depth of a foot or thereabouts, of babbling crystal clear water from the numerous springs in the hills a little higher up. Like all the other river fords in the district it was uncrossable in the rainy seasons. Later on, when a punt ferry was established lower down the river, hard by the Oxenford's property by which the road mileage to the border was considerably lessened, the new site was called Coomera Township, though its original name was Kemmera—Kummera.

For many years the new township was sometimes referred to as Lower Coomera to distinguish it from the original site. The old road which was terribly hilly and bad in every other respect, fell into desuetude and the new route became the main thoroughfare. The original crossing-place was henceforth to be known as "Binstead's," so-called from the family who first settled there.

Practically the whole area of country, between Saltwater Creek, near the Coomera, to the vicinity of the Nerang River, and from the marshy saltwater

swamps bordering the Bay to the foothills of the Macpherson Range, was taken up by the late Ernest White as a cattle and horse run. In all this large tract of country there were only two, rather primitive, dwellings close by the present Ernest Junction (then called Coomabah Pocket) occupied by a man named Wardley, and by Dick Lowe, respectively, both of which have long ago crumbled to mould. The "Ernest" part of this name is commemorative of the late Ernest J. Stevens, and not of its original possessor, Ernest White. In the days of its prime, a continuous two-rail fence ran north and south along either side of the main road the whole distance of this run, dividing it into the "Horse" and the "Heifer" paddocks.

My father, with a mate named Jack Shields, had the job of splitting all the material and erecting it, during those days when our family resided on the moribund Manchester Cotton Company's "Estate" on the bank of the Logan River.

Town of Nerang.

Originally, the very small hamlet of Nerang was situated at Benowa, the sugar estate of the brothers, Robert, Matthew and David Muir, where it was a tiny business-centre for a few years. With the advance of settlement, however, the ferry-less barrier of the river caused this site to be abandoned and a wholesale transfer of all activities was made to the present Nerang township site, where the river was fordable at all times—except, of course, when floods supervened.

In my younger days, from the time of our first settling on the banks of the Logan—for a period of about twenty years—a rainy season, of annual regularity, set in either in December or January, at which times the rivers of this corner of South Queensland rose in high flood—a fact which the pine and cedar-getters took advantage of to get their season's logs down from the mountain ravines into the rivers proper. Thunderstorms were then unknown in the winter months, whereas nowadays they occur all the year round.

Pimpama Township.

Like Beenleigh, which has been located on three separate sites, and like Nerang, which moved from its original site, close by Benowa, to its present-day situation a few miles up stream, the first Pimpama was situated on the redsoil slope of the hill a short distance beyond the bridge at Ormeau, where there are to be seen at the present day a few Moreton Bay fig trees. These trees are the survivors of the trees planted there by Warwick Drewe, when the site was first occupied. They were hard by the killing-yard, where beef bullocks were slaughtered for local consumption. This tiny community totalled only some three or four families, all the men of which were engaged in either timber-getting or cattle work.

After some years of existence, however, this place was abandoned and a general trek was made by nearly all except the Murtha family to the site of the present roadside Pimpama. This location was chosen as being a far more suitable site for homes than the steep hillside of "Old Pimpama," as it was called for many years after. The winding creek, encircling a large area of level ground and a never-failing supply of clear, running water quite handy, was the chief factor in deciding upon this exodus.

Most of the original dwellings at "Old Pimpama," as well as stockyards and fences, were allowed to crumble into dust. Some of the old pioneers, at Ormeau, however, still held on, and to-day their descendants still occupy the homes of their grandparents, and have achieved a good measure of prosperity, among whom I might mention the Murtha family as typical of this now dairying and farming community.

In old times a log corduroy bridge afforded a safe crossing over this creek, but was utterly un-negotiable when heavy rains fell or a big thunder-storm deluged the mountain sides, a little way up the creek. This little culvert, with its rough sapling handrails, had, for a number of years, the sinister reputation of being ghost-haunted. An elderly man lived in a humpy on the rise close by the bridge, all alone—a man with a mystery past, and reputed

to be a University graduate—rather morose in disposition and never seeking the company of others. Timber-getting—fencing material and shingles—was his occupation. Periodically, after cashing a cheque he indulged in a solo saturnalia of rum, and upon such occasions was invisible for a week at a stretch. On one of these “benders” he was secluded longer than usual and someone called to offer help if any were needed. He discovered the old chap lying on his bunk with his throat cut and a razor on the floor, apparently dead for some days. It was the ghost of this man that, for years after, was said to haunt the crossing, always sitting on a rail of the bridge. Quite a number of residents and travellers were prepared to vouch, on oath, that they had seen the spectre of the old man.

Southport's Beginnings.

The locality on which Southport now stands was, previous to the formation of a town, always called Nerang Heads. For many years before any building was erected there, it was the custom of our family to spend an annual holiday at this spot.

Sometimes we made the journey by boat, and at other times by road, to Nerang, where we procured boats and proceeded to our destination. In these days there were no ferries over either the Coomera or Nerang, and we had to do our journey via the old Upper Coomera crossing, at Binstead's, just above the tidal waters of that stream, fording the Nerang at the crossing near the present town of Nerang, which in those days did not exist. The industries of the Nerang were timber from the mountain scrubs and farming (maize, potatoes and pumpkins), which went to Brisbane in cutters.

“Southport” was in those days, topographically, very different from its present-day aspect. The bush fringed all the shoreline, from end to end. A swamp began just below the Pacific Hotel site, and extended, and considerably widened, right to the bank of the creek beyond the Southport Hotel. This swamp provided us with as many ducks as we wanted during our holidays, and was our chief supply of drinking water.

The main channel for cutters trended from the point of Stradbroke Island to the "Parrot Rocks" near the jetty, and thence along the shore into Nerang Creek, about where the bridge now stands. At low tides there was an average depth of about six feet of water in this channel. Right opposite the residence of the late E. J. Stevens the bottom was weedy seagrass and thickly studded with cluster oysters of superb quality.

The strand at this point was very wide, perhaps 200 yards, and contained a lagoon of salt water, sloping from a few inches in depth at the southern end to 6 or 8 feet at the opposite extremity, and as the bottom was all clean sand it was an ideal bathing pool. One afternoon, while we were camped here, a violent thunderstorm sprang up with torrential rain, which filled the lagoon to overflowing and, as it happened to coincide with a low king tide, there was a very considerable fall from the levels of the outside and the inside waters. The outflow speedily cut a wide and deep channel in the soft sand, and the lagoon was drained of every drop of water. Before the next high tides could fill the depression with water, the winds filled it with sand, resulting in the complete extinction of the beach lagoon—probably for ever.

To preserve the depth of this inner channel, when it began to show signs of silting up, the Harbours and Rivers Department (under the supervision of their local lightkeeper, Dick Gardiner) laid down a breakwater of big rocks, but the sand proved invincible, and in a few short years no trace of the stones remained. The channel filled in so completely that it was dry at low or half tide.

The present-day quagmire immediately to the south of the ocean end of the Jubilee Bridge, was formerly known as Shark Bay (so named from the numbers of "blue" sharks always there. The depth was 7 to 10 feet, with "pot-holes" here and there, dipping to 15 feet and over. It is now, at low tide, a repulsive mudflat.

McIntosh Island.

The island near the mouth of Nerang Creek, now known as McIntosh Island, received its name from a

Captain McIntosh, brother-in-law of "Geordie" Hope, of the same locality. The natives called this place "Geegee," the name of a small shrub growing there.

To show the extent of erosion of the river banks, since I first saw it, I may here mention that a few hundred yards up from the landing place of the old ferry at "Meyers," the just-mentioned Mr. Hope had his dwelling. In front of it was a decent-sized garden, then an open patch of perhaps 15 to 20 yards extending to the river bank. Behind the dwelling was a vegetable garden with yucca or "monkey-puzzle" trees growing at the far rear. The flood erosions at this spot—a bend in the river—had swept away all the land, right back to the yuccas. A break-water was erected at the up-creek end of Geegee Island with the intention of deepening the eastern channel; but this barricade proved ineffectual, and the channel is now only negotiable for small craft at half-tides and higher.

My first recollection of Narrowneck, or, as it was always known in earlier days, The Bluff, was that it was very little wider than to-day, only a few scattered wind-bent trees growing between the river and the ocean beach. That is about 60 years back.

At Southport proper the growing timber originally extended right out to the outer edge of the sandflats, extending from the end of the railway line to Deepwater Point (Grand Hotel).

At the date of the survey of the township the remains of over a dozen huge tree stumps were scattered all over that area, showing that the forest had once extended out to that point. Stradbroke then extended to a point nearly opposite the Pier, the last mile being all sand-dunes.

Where Seabirds Congregated.

At its extremity the various seabirds had a rookery and congregated in thousands, especially at their breeding season, when they laid their eggs in countless numbers all over the long spit, with no pretence whatever of nest-building. So camouflaged were they that often we walked on eggs, despite the fact that we were trying to avoid so doing. Sep-

arated from the main beach of Stradbroke by a high sand ridge only, there existed a lagoon nearly half a mile long by a quarter wide and up to nine or ten feet deep, in parts, of excellent freshwater. This was situated not very far from where the scrub ceased. Strangely enough it contained freshwater eels and freshwater mullet in considerable numbers. This lagoon was the source of all our drinking and cooking water supplies in the days when we camped there.

The main channel in front of the town was deep indigo in colour, even at the lowest king tides (indicative of its depth), with a rocky and boulder-strewn bottom; and, at ebb tides, a very dangerous strong current, especially where it was augmented by the discharging Nerang water, and swept out to sea over a near-by bar.

Break Through at Jumpinpin.

This part of the bay has all silted up now, and, where once it was deep and blue water, the seaweeds now show on the surface at low tides. This is all the result of the break-through of the ocean at Jumpinpin, which break was caused in the following manner—or so it appears to me. Before this rupture took place all the waters discharging from the Albert and Logan rivers, the Pimpama creek, the Coomera, and all the other little streams of that part, found their outlet at Southport, where they met the discharge from the Nerang coming in a diametrically opposite direction. The former combination of waters was far more voluminous and strong than the latter; and consequently kept the smaller discharge in check with a tendency to erode the spit at the mouth of the Nerang. The volume and great force and impetuosity of the major current kept the southern channel scoured out to its rocky bottom. Now these northern waters find their outlet at Jumpinpin, consequently the Nerang currents preponderate, and are incessantly carrying and depositing silt in the old deep channels and foreshores. In addition they are sluggish, compared to the impetuosity of the old times. They have likewise extended the southern sandspit almost a mile to the north of its

old confines, shifting the outlet to the ocean that far, with the intrusion of deposited sand, and it would seem that this northward extension will go on till the opposing pressures of the opposite currents become balanced. For this reason, I fancy that nothing less than the closing of the break at Jumpinpin will meet the case—a task almost beyond human achievement, seeing that there is no foundation, except pure sand, at Jumpinpin.

If the old conditions, when the waters of the Logan and other streams were discharged at the Southport end of the Bay, could be restored, Nature would probably restore the deepwater channels as they were before the break took place. I myself saw the break-through at the narrow neck of Jumpinpin, during which the ever-encroaching seas seemed to melt the sand, with standing scrub on it, as though it were sugar—large areas collapsing in one sweeping surge.

The actual incidence of the break was the result of a continuance of heavy gales banking up a mountainous sea along this part of the coast, culminating at the top of a king tide, and from a difference of levels of the ocean and bay's waters. When it was high tide outside it was about low water inside. The fury of the gale drove a small trickle of water right across the dividing neck. This was quickly and incessantly followed by others, each widening the gap. The incoming waters, pouring down the precipitous inner bank in a cataract, soon made a channel for the sea to cascade into the bay, and once started, nothing on earth could retard its destructive progress.

How Southport was Named.

The surveyor selected by the Government for the laying out of Southport was the late Mr. Pratten, and it so chanced that my father and I took a holiday run down there during his work. Mr. Pratten asked my father if he could suggest an appropriate "abo" name for the new township, but as there were so many different points there, each with a different black-fellow name, my father suggested that it be named Southport—both on account of its position as the

most southern possible port of the colony, and also because my father, being a Lancashire man, had pleasant memories of the English seaside resort of that name. Thus it acquired its name.

The late R. T. Johnston was the first to build in the new township, though Dick Gardiner had for some time been living at the mouth of the "Creek" in a humpy. The Loder family were living at what is now called Loder's Creek. Both of these places were then outside the confines of the surveyed township. We built the second dwelling on the site now occupied by the Pacific Hotel; and, later on, built an hotel there, to which we gave the name "Pacific."

As soon as the town began to show sign of progress, visitors came in numbers, among whom was the late Mr. Cracknell, then Superintendent of Telegraphs. He said that he intended establishing a Post and Telegraph office there, and suggested that I should take the position of postmaster. I accepted this offer, going, in the meantime, to the Beenleigh office for tuition in the mysteries of dots and dashes. When the line was completed I was instructed to proceed from Beenleigh to open the new station, and this I did without delay. Our old cottage building, next to the Pacific Hotel, was transformed into the new Post Office. At first, and for some considerable time afterwards, postal matter from Brisbane was received in a devious way. The mails went by coach to Beenleigh and Pimpama, where they were transferred to another coach, which carried them to Nerang, whence they went by horse to Ashmore, a few miles lower down the river. Here the mail matter was re-sorted into another bag and sent on to Southport by another horse and another rider. Mails in the beginning came only once a week, but later bi-weekly. As soon as the place made progress, the mails for and from Southport were sent by horse to Coombabah (now Ernest Junction), where they met the Nerang coach.

Southport grew fast, steadily gaining in popularity as a holiday resort. Hectic land speculation ensued so soon as the place became firmly established in public favour.

Yatala on the Albert.

Yatala, on the Albert River, has a name of South Australian aboriginal origin. The first ferry over this stream was run by Captain Smales, who lived on the southern side, and owned a large tract of scrubland adjoining the ferry site. My father purchased the ferry rights from him, and for some years we lived in our house, on the north bank contiguous to the ferry approaches. When the cultivation of sugar first began, Arthur Dixon, of the staff of the Brisbane branch of the Union Bank, who was a native of Adelaide, bought Smales' property, which then was all standing scrub, and named the estate "Yatala," from the old name of the Torrens River (South Australia), which in the "abo" tribal vocabulary of that district means "flooded country." The "abos" of the Queensland Yatala called the place "Woogoomarjee," a boggy place.

The place assumed some local importance as the mail and business centre of the numerous sugar estates on the Albert River, and it was the first place where periodic meetings of the "Sugar Planters Association" were held. It is perhaps noteworthy that from this association The Agricultural Society of Southern Queensland had its inception. These sugar plantations all had their quota of "Colonial Experience" men, mostly fresh from the Universities, or big Public Schools of the Homeland. Very few of them devoted themselves seriously to learning how to grow sugar, sport in some form or other—horse-racing, cricket, shooting—or the engineering of social entertainments engaging most of their attention.

Old Time Wrecks.

In the seventies there were still to be seen obtruding from the main beach, and the beach of Stradbroke Island, two or three crumbling hulls of wrecked vessels, of the schooner or brigantine type. That of the "Salamander," a schooner of about 90 tons, wrecked in the sixties, was at times to be seen on the beach in the vicinity of the present Jubilee Bridge, until comparatively recent years. A remarkable feature of this wreck was that it periodically disappeared beneath the sand to re-

appear, after a few years, obtruding its bluff bows several feet above the beach level. One or more of these wrecks were said to be those of small sailing vessels engaged in carrying cargoes of flour from Adelaide to Brisbane. Other wrecks, of major importance in that region, were the stranding of the "Scottish Prince" on the bar at Southport, and that of the "Cambuswallace" at Jumpinpin, both of which occurred in comparatively recent times.

"Cambuswallace" Disaster.

I learnt the following story from a Scandanivian sailor of the wrecked "Cambuswallace," who said that from the latitude of Tasmania they had experienced nothing but boisterous seas with gales and rains. They had not seen the sun for something like a fortnight and were therefore unable to ascertain their position. In beating up the coast they had taken the ground, about midnight, in rain with a gale raging, and in pitch darkness. The mountainous seas swept over the vessel and he was washed overboard. He said he was a very expert swimmer and struck out, but in the complete darkness had no idea in which direction the shore lay. In addition the thick froth was often over his head and blinded him of what little vision he had, so that he was not sure that he wasn't swimming out to sea, instead of to the shore. However, after a time, his feet touched bottom and a succeeding breaker hurled him further ashore. When the sun rose he eagerly scanned the coastline, but no rising smoke or other indications of a settlement met his eye. At length his keen eyes picked up a small moving object on the beach to the south, which presently resolved itself into a man on horseback; who, when on the search for some strayed horse, had sighted the wreck. He was unable to understand the foreigner, but mounted him on the horse and led him to Curragee Oyster Camp, where he was fed and slept all day and in the evening was brought over to Southport.

Early next morning Mr. Bob. Rawlins volunteered to sail me up in his boat to the scene of the disaster, and we took the sailor with us. It proved a windless morning and we had to row the

whole distance, hot and thirsty, for we had omitted to take any water with us. I had informed the local police of the circumstances the night before, and the sergeant had forthwith hired a boat and had reached Jumpinpin at early dawn. Upon arriving there, looking up a steep wall of sand, I perceived the sergeant sitting in the shade of a pandanus tree, with whisky bottles around him. I asked him if he had any water, and was informed that there was none nearer than Swan Bay, but to "come up, my boy, there's lashin's of grog for the taking of it." More arrivals followed us, including Dr. Brockway. It was found that a big majority of the crew (and the captain) had got ashore and that three or four bodies had been recovered. A hasty grave was dug on the narrow ridge of sand dividing the ocean from the bay and the bodies were interred, Dr. Brockway reading the burial service.

I happened to look up while the interment was taking place, and saw practically all the oyster camp men conveying numerous quart bottles of Burke's whisky from the beach to the adjoining scrub where it was buried for future reference. About this time a detachment of water police and other police arrived from Brisbane. They took command of the situation and speedily put an end to the wholesale pilfering that was going on.

Aboriginal Myths and Legends.

The aboriginal myths which were related to me over fifty years ago by my old-time black friends of the tribe whose territory extended from the Southern bank of the Coomera River to the Tweed River, may appear very childish to our superior way of thinking, and no doubt, superficially, they are so. Still they possess a charming freshness and naivete, especially as told to me by one of the old men, with the gravity and seriousness they always maintained when they could be induced to impart any of their mythology to profane white ears. They had to know one very intimately, and be assured of one's sympathetic attention, before they would divulge any of their lore, for they looked upon these legends as very confidential, and of a semi-sacred nature. Above all, they were keenly sensitive to the slightest hint of

ridicule, and shut up at once if they imagined their story was not believed. This is, I am inclined to think, the reason why so few, comparatively speaking, are known to the whites. These myths reveal an unexpected vein of originality, and even poetry in their conception. It is an everlasting pity that, when they were obtainable, more of them were not collected. As illustrative of the poetic side of their nature let me relate

The Legend of the Rainbow.

The legend of the Rainbow was told to me by an old gin, years ago. She informed me that when I was a "little pfeller tcharjoom" (baby), she nursed me, and, she added, chucklingly, "blahnty time I bin smack-im you then"——

Two little girl picaninnies were once, in ages gone by, playing on a grassy field, culling the wild flowers and weaving them into garlands for self-decoration. On this same field was a "god," practising the throwing of boomerangs. One of these missiles in its homeward flight came to earth near the girls, instead of—as it should have done—at the thrower's feet. The girls picked up the weapon and kept it. The god demanded it, and ordered them to bring it to him. They refused, with derisive remarks about his want of skill, and said they would keep it. They argued for days and days but reached no finality. At last the god got angry and put a curse upon the girls, with some others who had come along to see what all "the row" was about. By his potent magic they were all transferred to the sky, where the one who had picked up the boomerang was turned into a boomerang—the new moon—and the others into stars, where they for ever shine in colours, like the flowers they were wearing. The one who became the boomerang increases in size with her daily growth, getting fatter and fatter till she attains the rotundity of the full moon, after which, with increasing age, she dwindles to a thin sickle, returning in a short time to begin her little cycle of life over again. The other girl became a rainbow, but as she was not the arch culprit she only appears from time to time.

Another version of this myth is that the god threw his boomerang with such mighty force that it stuck up in the sky for ever and ever, and, being the weapon of a god, it, quite naturally, is highly burnished and shines as the rainbow.

I was told that all this happened at Wynnum, though this place is outside the territory of the narrator of the story.

The Kangaroo and the Dugong.

In the beginning of time all animated nature was equally at home in the air or water or upon the earth. In those days, the kangaroo (munnee), was clothed in a very thick hide, but destitute of hair. On the other hand the dugong (yungun) was hirsute all over. One day Munnee asked Yungun to exchange hides with him, saying that he found the thick covering that enveloped him too heavy and tiring for his strength. Yungun was agreeable, and the change was carried into effect forthwith, which is the reason of the kangaroo being clothed in fur while the dugong is bald. A woman of the tribe of abos living there happened to pass just as the change of garments was taking place, and stood by till it was completed. Then, being offended at Yungun's rejection of certain advances she had laid a curse upon the animal and doomed it to never come out of the water. In those days, so the legend runs, all animals were built in the human form or mould. Her curse took immediate effect and accounts for the semi-human appearance of the manatees, which likeness, real or fancied, has resulted in the mermaid myth of other races of mankind.

The Genesis of Pimpama Island.

In the old days, "plenty long before whiteman bin come-up" (the legend runs), all that part of Moreton Bay, from Doogurrumburum (Honeycomb), now Rocky Point, at the mouth of the Logan River, to Kanaipa (ironbark spear) was the theatre of a titanic war between all the denizens of the land, the air, and the water then inhabiting that region. In those times the country bordering on this watery tract was high and dry, not like it is now, all swamps

and marshes—and mosquitoes. The real reason of this epic conflict is obscure, but it is generally supposed that the three main divisions of animal life—terrestrial, aerial, and aquatic—fought, triangularly, for supremacy; birds, flying foxes, sharks, porpoises, “goannas,” snakes, etc., all participated in the strife.

Yowgurra, the goanna, was early in the fray, armed with a spear; but, just as he joined in the melee, boogaban, the sparrow hawk, swooped down and snatched the spear (juan) out of the grasp of Yowgurra. With this in its hands, it flew over the water and drove the spear into the back of a porpoise that just at that moment exposed itself. The porpoise, with the spear sticking in its back, exerted itself to a mighty blast and blew the weapon out; but there ensued such an incessant torrent of mingled blood and water from the spear wound that all the neighbouring territory became inundated, resulting in the present day tangle of islands, swamps, and network of channels and creeks of that portion of the Bay, and from this cause originated Pimpama Island Tajingpa, (the well), Yawulpah (wasp), Wahgumpa (turkey), Coombabah (a pocket of land), etc., all great areas of swampy country.

The legend says that the spear wound received by the porpoise never closed up, and this is the cause of its blowhole (spiracle) in its head. This is, no doubt, a very satisfactory, though perhaps a rather unscientific, way of accounting for the topographical nature of that region—and yet, who knows but that it may be the tradition, garbled and phantasiaed in the handing down by generation after generation, of some cataclysmic convulsion of Nature whereby the topography of the district was suddenly, and violently, changed from hills and gullies to the level and dead monotony of marshes of reedy growths or open and platypus-haunted lagoons.

Origin of Burleigh Heads.

In the dawn of Time, the god Jabreen or Javreen, hot, tired, and perspiring after a day's strenuous hunting, and the gorging of kuppai (honey) near what we call “Little Tallebudgera,” came out of the bush on to the ocean beach, which in those days

was one level and unbroken stretch of sand-dunes right from Kijeragah (the kaloon tree), at the mouth of Nerang Creek, to the Tweed. The tumbling waters of the ocean looked very cool and inviting to the autochthonous deity. Casting down his weapons he swam out to the horizon and back. Coming ashore he picked up his fighting waddy, and, as he did so, the spot upon which the weapon had laid rose up and followed the uplifted waddy, which was of titanic size proportionate to the towering bulk of the god who wielded it, and thus sprang into existence the rocky outcrop which we now call Little Burleigh. Feeling the pangs of hunger after his long swim he hunted around till he found another "sugarbag" (bees' nest), which he cut out of the tree and feasted greedily upon. His hands and body being smeared with the sticky nectar, he returned to the beach to wash himself in the sea (though a "vulgar" version of this section of the legend tells that he performed his ablutions by urinating on his hands and thus laving his body). After he had cleansed himself he rose up to his full height and stretched his arms skyward. The level ground thereupon rose up to the elevation of his finger-tips, and thus was formed the precipitous headland which we have named Big Burleigh or Burleigh Heads. Little Burleigh was their "Jebbribillum" or "The Waddy of Jebreen." Big Burleigh they called "Jellurgul," the meaning of which was lost. In some inexplicable manner this name was distorted by the early whites to "Tallebudgera" (which word has no place in their local dialect) and was eventually transferred to the locality now known by that name. The aboriginal name for the present Tallebudgera was "Maybree," the name of a certain tree growing there. (The name of the neighbouring locality, Mudgeerabah, has a rather startling meaning, viz., "Tell lies," i.e., the place where someone told a (probably) historic "whopper," but though my black friends were agreed as to this meaning, none could throw light on its origin.)

In early times the natives had a very sacred "borah" or ceremonial arena, in the scrubby landward slope of Jellargul. Should any uninitiated

aboriginal intrude therein or even touch any object, however trifling, death was sure to inevitably follow this impious act, as the following legend told to me will definitely prove. Once upon a time a "tchaboo" (little boy), in a camp inland from here, told his mother than he wanted to go to the beach for the day. She agreed, but warned him not to pick up anything near the borah. He promised, but in passing the vicinity of the "ring," an irresistible desire possessed him, and he picked up just the very smallest pebble he could see, and instantly dropped it on the ground again. He felt no ill-effects till next morning, when he became, rapidly, very sick. The "doctor" of the tribe was called in, and he performed certain ceremonies on, and over, the lad, who recovered, but—mark the potency of borah magic—the doctor had not killed the curse: he had merely transferred it from the boy to himself, for the next day he sickened and died, in agony proportionate to the enormity of the offence of desecrating the borah.

Life After Death.

Perhaps it might be pertinent to append to these few "myths" some comment on the popular white-man's idea that an aboriginal believed that, when he died, he forthwith renewed his existence as a white-man, or as they expressed it, "jumped up white-pfeller." This is, I am inclined to think, a misconception on the part of the whites. The native word for a "whiteman," in the dialect of the tribe I write about, is "dokkai" or "dokkarraree" (from dokkai meaning a dead man). Previous to the advent of our early predecessors this word, dokkarraree, meant "ghost" only. As spectres are reputedly only visible in the dark, and are credited with white luminosity, it was a convenient word, already in their vocabulary, to describe the salient characteristics of the invading race—viz., the whiteness of their skins, akin to the appearance of a ghost, and it would be an especially apt description to such aborigines as had never come in contact with the whites. Thus I feel convinced that, at first, they really intended it to be understood that, after death, they turned into ghosts—not white men. It is easy to imagine such a misinterpretation, or misapplication of the word, and

how such a bizarre conception of an afterlife would gain popular credence among the illiterate among the early settlers, to speedily become a fixed and unchallenged belief. I have not heard of this theory being advanced by anyone else, nevertheless I feel convinced that it is the true meaning of their apparently paradoxical myth.

Origin of Place Names.

Waterford and Kerry were named by early immigrants from the same-named places in Ireland.

Pimpama, in one dialect is the aboriginal word for freshwater crayfish ("Lobby"), but it is really "Peempeema" the place of the Peewee (Peempeem).

Coomera was in early days "Kummera-kummera," the native name of a species of wattle ("Coomera" in another neighbouring dialect means "Blood").

Curragee, on Stradbroke Island, is the same as "currajong," a tree.

Coombah, meant "a pocket of land."

Nerang (properly "Neerung") — shovelnose "shark." The native name for the site of the Nerang township was **Birribi** (the spirals of dead bark pendant from eucalyptus trees).

Southport, where the pier now is—"goo-een," the Moreton Bay ash tree.

Moondarrewa, the southern end of Stradbroke Island, should be "Moonjerabah," mosquito.

The Point, at the mouth of the Nerang River—"Kulgeragah," the Kaloon tree.

Deepwater Point (Grand Hotel)—"Kurrahbahndeem," grass-tree.

Kanaipa—ironbark spear.

Jumpinpin—the root sucker of the pandanus tree, which was macerated and used as a chewing rope. (This rope was immersed in a receptacle containing a mixture of honey, honeycomb, dead bees, grubs and dead or rotten wood, and when thoroughly saturated with this delightful nectar, was chewed and sucked. The chewed end was then directed into a second receptacle of the liquor, ready for chewing back again

into number 1, and so on till repletion was attained. It was a contemplative occupation much favoured by the old men of the tribe.)

Mudgeerabah—"The place where someone told lies" (probably an historic tarradiddle, the origin of which I could never ascertain).

Tallebudgera, should be called "Maybree," the name of a tree. (It was popularly understood that this name meant "good fishing," but this was not so, as the local dialect has "punyarra" for "good," and "tchallom," for fish. "Budgera"—good; is an importation from some N.S.W. dialect (Sydney?). It was introduced by the early timber-getters and became current among the natives as a whiteman's word.)

Benowa, near Southport—bloodwood tree.

Bundall, near Southport—a species of prickly vine ("Cockspur").

Myers' Ferry (Surfers' Paradise)—aboriginal name, "Kurrungul," a hardwood scrub tree, much used for boomerang making.

Boobijan or Boobigun—ashes, of a fire. (See Early History.)

Coolangatta, called after a vessel of that name wrecked there.

McIntosh Island, Southport—"Geegee," a bushy shrub bearing a blue berry.

Swan Bay—"Wijeewijee-pin" (meaning unascertainable).

Crab Island, near Currigee, "Goorahan"—a long boomerang.

Woodlands (now "Land's End"), **Southport**—"Waroojra," a leaf (of any kind).

Loder's Creek, Southport—"Biggera," ironbark.

Little Burleigh—"Jabbribillum," the fighting waddy of the God Javreen or Jabreen. (See "Legends.")

Big Burleigh—native name, Jellurgul. (See "Legends.")

Gilstan, Upper Nerang.—"Boieeboiee," a certain broad-leafed tree.

Big Hill, Stradbroke—"Gooreejubba." Meaning unknown.

Rocky Point, at mouth of Logan River—"Doogumburum," honeycomb.

Etchells, or the Second Bluff, Nerang Creek, above Surfers' Paradise—"Moombee-moombee"—The Humpies.

"Dixon's" C. of E. Grammar School, Southport—"Koongoongah," Pine-tree.

Yellow-wood Mt. (Mt. Stapylton), "Joongavin"—a scrub tree or scrub grass-tree; (and Bookinburra, a peak).

Bird Island, Moreton Bay—"Muppimbilla," stone.

Russell Island—"Kanaipa," ironbark spear.

Yahwulpah, near Pimpama—wasp.

Binstead's, Upper Coomera Crossing—"Tchoong-uarragoon," flintstone knife.

Tambourine, should be "Jambreen" or "Tchambreem," the wild limetree.

Tabragalba—a waddy or club.

Ormeau, native name, "Nulgul," a dingo. ("Ormeau," French—a young elmtree.

Beenleigh—"Wobbumarjoo," boggy clay.

Swan Bay—"Juleen" and "Widgeewidgeepin" (sandberry bush, and "bora ring," respectively.

Wongalpong, should be "Wungalpong"—deaf. Railway guide gives meaning as "lyre bird," but the native name for this bird is "Kulwin." Probably there was some legend attached to "deaf"; this has been lost to latter-day blacks.

Redland Bay—"Talwurrarin," native cotton or hibiscus tree.

Numminbah (should be N'yumminbah)—the small "midjim" palm.

Cleveland—"Punkinbain," the meaning of which has been lost.

Captain Hope's Estate, Cleveland—"Wokkun" or "Wohgahn," a crow.

Garden Island—"Dundeppa," a look-out place (to watch for the incoming sea mullet in season).

Wynnum—the pandanus or “breadfruit” tree.

Currumbin—a species of pine tree.

Wooroongary (Upper Nerang)—a climbing vine, i.e., a vine used for tree climbing.

Molendinar (Southport)—“Jerringan,” stringy-bark tree.

Kynnumboon (Tweed River)—the place of possums.

Canungra—name of a scrub tree.

Billinooba, Albert River (and **Billinudjel**, Tweed)—place of parrots.

Jimboomba—name of a tree (“cattle feed on in times of drought”).

Nindooimba—a creeping snake.

Pimpama Island—“Tajingpa,” a well, or water-hole.

Tabby Tabby Island—name of a small crab, also means “plenty shells.”

Wahgumpah, near Pimpama—turkey.

Gomagulli, on Nerang Creek—wattle tree.

Junction of Logan and Albert Rivers—“Wob-bomarijee” (of Beenleigh), mud.

Cochimudlo—red clay.

St. Helena—“Noogoon,” a yam. (In another dialect “Nugoon” means a nephew.)

Tallebudgera township site—“Gullenbee,” a thorny vine (cockspur).

Gilston, Upper Nerang—“Booiee-booiee,” native “appletree.”

Dunwich—“Goompee,” round, like a ball.

Cooran (Cooran)—Moreton Bay Ash tree.

Ejuncum, on Nerang River—Grassy.

Peel Island—“Jeerkooroora,” clay. (These aboriginal names for places in Moreton Bay and elsewhere outside the territory of the Coomera to Tweed natives are what that tribe call them. The Bay Blacks and other septs would probably know them by other names.)

Moreton Island—"Mooroomuroogumpin," "finding a strange fish." The legend of this piscine discovery is lost.

Mud Island, Moreton Bay—"Bumgahmba."

Tchoongurrabaingairandeean was the name of a spot at the Tweed River where pelicans were wont to disport themselves after fishing. This fearsome word is a compound of Tchoongurra (pelican) and N'gairandeean (corroboree), meaning pelicans' playground. The early whites cut it down to "Sugarbeeainyan."

Aboriginal Word-building.

It is clear that with the advent of the white man the aborigines were compelled to coin or build up words for quite a number of things hitherto unknown—and undreamt of—by these autochthones. In the fabrication of these new words they displayed an unexpected ingenuity and aptitude, as the following few instances will illustrate. For instance: our old-time collective expression for ardent liquors, "grog," they rendered into their word, "Bunbainyeen," which is a compound of "bunbai" to "tumble down" with a much-used suffix "-nyeen," meaning, or implying, a harmful or lethal quality, thus their word means, literally, the harmful thing that causes one to tumble down. Strychnine or arsenic was "tiggeree-nyeen"—the "bitter" stuff, with deadly consequences. Their term for the whiteman's boot was not quite so appropriate as the two former instances. The best they could achieve was "boggumbil," which was their word for the Moreton Bay chestnut beanpod, the nearest approach to a boot-shape to their untutored minds.

The flashing brightness of the regent bird suggested the glory of the sun, so it was known as "nyunga," the "sun" bird. The fish "long-tom," or alligator gar, was "juan" (a spear), from its hastate build. It is interesting to note that the scientific name for this fish ("Belone") has the same meaning (spear or dart). Another odd coincidence in nomenclature is that their word for a canoe (goondool), closely approximates the Venetian "gondola," but this no doubt is a mere coincidence.

Perhaps the quaintest, and at the same time the most ingenious and interesting, compilation of a word

is the name they invented to represent such an entirely foreign object as the whiteman's gun—"Mee-boolaidooloolpee," which is constructed thus:—mee, eye; boolai, two; doolool, a loud noise or "bang"; and the terminal "pee," denoting cause or agency, thus "mee-boolai-doolool-pee" means a double-eyed banger, and, as their most vivid acquaintance of this firearm, in the early days, was with its barrel muzzles (round like two eyes), pointed at them, followed by a "bang," their coinage is entirely appropriate. These are but a few of achievements in word-building, but they are, I think, sufficient to show that our aborigines were possessed of a higher degree of intelligence that they are commonly credited with.

Aboriginal Vocabulary.

Having made a study of the language of the tribe whose territory extended from the southern bank of the Coomera River to the Tweed; and from the southern end of Moreton Bay to the mountain ranges in the direction of the setting sun, I will here give examples of vowel values to furnish a clue to the pronunciation. Many of the words of the blacks are deeply guttural—others again are a compound of guttural and nasal sounds, and still another set are what I can only describe as "dental-explosives," all of which are particularly difficult to transform into writing. The following list of words given in the Appendix is given as a vocabulary only, and does not pretend to go beyond that.

Pronunciation.

A=a, in "and"
 Ay=ay, in "say"
 Ai=i, in "kind"
 Ar=ar, in "around"
 Ah=ah, in "Shah"
 O=o, in "on"
 Oh=o, in "tone"
 Oo=oo, in "moon"
 Ow=ow, in "how"
 E=e, in "men"
 Ee=ee, in "been"
 I=i, in "big"
 Ie=y, in "very"
 U=u, in "but"

Ue. Have made this "yu," as in "used"
 N'g or ng. Nasal sound as in "hungry."
 G'n. As in (German) Gnadig
 Rrh=rolled "r" with suggestion of aspirate.
 G=invariably hard, as in "go" and never as in
 "gem"

Dj=dg, as in "wedge"

B=in a few cases this letter is optionally=v.—
 e.g., Tibbing or Tivving, the saltwater red-
 bill; Jabbrillum or Javvribillum—a "god's"
 fighting waddy.

Tch=This somewhat uncouth combination of
 consonants is used with a view to avert
 mispronunciation—if ch used it might be
 pronounced "sh." As an instance, my house
 name is "Tchoonindi" (nest), and nearly
 everyone calls it "Shoonindi." I once over-
 heard a couple of passers-by, whose eye
 caught the name, attempt to pronounce it.
 "Shoonindi," said one; "what a hell of a
 name; must be niggers living there."

K=I have used this letter in preference to C to
 indicate the "hard" sound.

A list of words which was taken down by me
 from the Aborigines direct, and in every possible way
 checked to ensure accuracy, is given in the Appendix.

APPENDIX.

Ng-goi Mwoi=The talk or language.

BIRDS.

N-yombil=any bird.

Curlew (stone plover)=Booangun, also Booiur-
 ragun.

Curlew (sea bird)=Kouganagun, Gwoiairee.

Crow=Wohgahn or Wokkahn.

Chip-chip=Dumdum.

Cockatoo (black)=Narairee. White=Kaira or
 Karee.

Catbird=Djeegai and Yaheej.

Cormorant, big black=Piggarageen.

Crane, gigantic=Killinkillin.

Diver, black and white=Dungdung.

Diver, black=Beurragin.

- Duck=Marrh. (Piebald) Derrinderrin.
 Eagle Hawk=Meebun.
 Emu=N'goorun.
 Finch, redhead=Joolimjoolim.
 Hawks=Grey Fishhawk, Bee-een. Red and White
 Seahawk, Ummunjin.
 Sparrowhawk=Boogaban.
 Ibis. It is curious to note that the blacks in-
 formed me that this bird was a very recent
 arrival in their country, and that their name
 for it was "Ibish, all same whiteman's talk."
 Kingfisher=(land), Deedee; (water), Dingding.
 Jackass, laughing=Karrgoogun or Kougoon.
 Leatherhead=Kalkoolun.
 Lyrebird=Kalwun.
 Morepoke=Boonboon.
 Magpie=(forest), Gooloomboolin; (scrub), Tchal-
 wong.
 Native Companion=Mooralmun.
 Owl=Darrapong and Bugoom.
 Pelican=Tchoongurra.
 Pigeon (flock)=Parroobun. (Brown), Kooboojee.
 (Green), Mammoogun. (Wonga), Wallaroon.
 Peewee=Peempeem.
 Parrots (collectively)=Pilleen.
 Quail=Dooloom.
 Redbill, Swamp=Woggai.
 Redbill, Sea=Givvin-givvin or Gibbin.
 Regentbird=N'yungie-n'yungie, i.e. like the sun
 (N'yunga).
 Riflebird=Wilbin.
 Swan=Doolee.
 Snipe=Gwairee (often used for any seabird).
 Shag=Dungdung, Piggarageen.
 Spoonbill=Goorkair.
 Turkey (scrub)=Woggun.
 Water Rail=Mirrung. (This word also means an
 old woman.)
 "Willie Wagtail"=Jingreejingree.

FISHES.

- Fish (collectively)=Tchalloom.
 Bream=N'goolun.
 Blackfish=Polligun, Birragun.
 Cod, saltwater=Toogoo.

- Crab, mud species—Tchoobar, or Tchoovey.
 Crab, Soldier=Boongooboongo.
 Crayfish (“lobbie”)=Moolaim.
 Cockle=Wohg’n
 Cobra (teredo)=Kahmboo.
 Catfish=Moolunyum, N’goolum, or Mooligum
 Diamond Fish=N’gooloolee, or Gooloo-ee.
 Dugong=Yungun.
 Eel, freshwater=Jooroon.
 Ugarie, Eugarie=Yugaree. Called “Pippie” at
 Tweed River.
 Flathead=Tuggun.
 Fishing Net=Arrabin, or G’narrabin.
 Fishing Line=Woggoi.
 Groper=Kudjung.
 Garfish=Juan. (Juan also means spear.)
 Jewfish=Beegoon, or Booigun.
 Jellyfish: Birrin.
 Longtom=Kidjai-ee.
 John Dory=Kunnumbera.
 Mullet (“sea”), Queeung. (Mangrove), Jelloom.
 This word would appear to be the same as
 the generic “tchaloom” and the standard
 word for piscine life.
 (smaller species) Tygum. This word is
 nowadays usually pronounced “tiger,” but
 tygum is the correct name.
 Mussel=N’goorung.
 Octopus=Munyill.
 Oyster=Kinyingurra.
 Porpoise=Kowunday, also Boobaingun.
 Roe of fish=Kobbyen.
 Sharks=Boiee, Jargun, and Woorajum.
 Shovelnose Ray=Nerrung.
 Sawfish=Burrall.
 Sting Ray=Wemm. (Same word for flying
 squirrel.)
 Sole=Woolumbilla. (Woolumbulla.)
 Schnapper=Kinbum.
 Shrimp=Moolaim. (Same as for “crawfish.”)
 Tailerfish=Poorbah, or Boombai.
 Turtle=Boobai-ar.
 Tortoise=Bing-geen. (Freshwater species.)

OTHER ANIMALS.

- Ants=(Jumper), Diddain or Deerain. (Soldier),
Goomoon. (Small Black), Moondun. (White),
Bahmgun. (Green, Sugarant), N'ginnyee.
(Bulldog), Jeerang.
- Bandicoot=Yagoi (or Yowgoiee).
- Bear (native)=Boorabee.
- Bat=Bilbileen.
- Bee=Kuppai, and Nugai. (Small native bee),
Goodjeer. English Bee, Nugai purragul pur-
ragul, i.e. the much stinging nugai.
- Beetle=Beengin.
- Butterfly=Tchellung-nai-marim. (Same for moth
and firefly.)
- Centipede=Piahra.
- Dingo=Yurugin.
- Dog=The domesticated mongrel, Noggum.
- Flea=Tchindill, also Keejeewong.
- Firefly=Tchellung'naimarim.
- Flying Fox=Girramon, Girrung, or Keerung.
- Fly=Common Fly, Joonburra.
- Grasshopper=Neenahn.
- Hornet=Toogul (large), Pooeen (small). Yahwool
(wasp).
- Iguana=Yowgurra. Moogil (smaller kind). Pai-
yam (black scrub kind). Marroon ("those
that dig in ground.")
- Kangaroo=Munnee (and Gummow for females
only). Giddeewun (Wallaby). Wongaree
(Rock Wallaby). Kurree (padymelon).
Bahmool (Kangaroo Rat). Goondaree (Bush
Rat).
- Locust=Birribirrim.
- Lizard=Tchooloon (small). N'yerrum (sleeping
lizard). Also loosely used for Frilled and
Jew Lizard.
- Leech=N'yennai.
- Mosquito=Moonjooroo.
- Moth=Tchel-n'-gnaimarim.
- Mouse=Goondaroo Bijungalung (i.e., the "small
rat").
- Opossum=Gweeahn, big forest possum. Others,
Kooyan or Koowan.
- Porcupine=Booneen.

Rat=Goondaroo.
 Snakes=Kahbool (carpet). Jeeoomgung (black).
 Buggool (brown). Yerrin (green). Munder-
 oogum (Death Adder). Delil (bandy bandy).
 N'goongaree (water snake).
 Squirrel=Wemm. Tcheer-wooroora-oora.
 Snail=Bangum.
 Sandfly=Kinnin.
 Tick=N'goolun, and Girrun.
 Wasp=Yahwool.

STAGES OF LIFE.

Baby (M. or F.)=Tcharjoom.
 1 to 5 years, Girl=Yahgurrie.
 5 to 10=Woolbung.
 10 to 20=Kullaigun, if not a mother.
 10 to 20=N'goborai, if a mother.
 20 to 40=Meerung-kungulli.
 1 to 10, Boy=Tchaboo.
 10 to 15=Keeburra.
 15 to 20=Murroogun.
 Over 20=Bargul and Mibbinmen.
 Over 50=Kidjung-kidjurragan.
 Toothless old man=Wungaigirree.

FAMILY RELATIONSHIPS.

Father=Beeung.
 Mother=Wahjung.
 Grandfather=Najing.
 Grandmother=Barbun.
 Husband=Nubung.
 Wife=Nubungun.
 Baby=Urungun, or Tcharjoom.
 Son=Mooim.
 Daughter=Mooimgun.
 Boy=Tchaboo.
 Girl=Yahgurrie.
 Uncle=Kohlung.
 Aunt=G'naroon.
 Brother=Bunahm.
 Sister=Nannong.
 Cousin=Yerrabool.
 Man=Meebin.
 Woman=Jalgun.
 You=Wahloo.

Me (I)=Mummalee.
 Him=Nula.
 Her=N'yahler.

NUMERALS.

One=Yabbaroo.
 Two=Boolai.
 Three=Boolai-yabbaroo.
 Four=Boolai-boolai.
 Beyond which they use the expression "Kom-aiboo." Our indefinite "a lot of"=Kurralboo, or Kurral (many). "A few"=Yugum Kurral (=not many).

GENERAL VOCABULARY.

Arm=Koongil.
 Ashes=Boobair, or Boobee.
 Angry=Kowoon or Kowgoon.
 Ant=Vide list of animals.
 Another=Kaibee, also N'gundaroo.
 Ahead, straight=Poomboiee.
 Almost, nearly=Meelungawaralalah.
 Ask=N'yingbool
 Appertaining to=Goobee, or Googee, used as a terminal only.
 Armpits=Wungun.
 Bandicoot=Vide list of animals.
 Body=Bee-oo, and Yu-ung.
 Beard=Yerrin, includes moustache.
 Breasts=Ammah (the milk breast). N'gumeen =any breast.
 Bone=Turragun.
 Blood=Coomera and Pudjil.
 Breath=Boo-i-ee.
 Bite, to=Yingah. (A bite=Yingun.)
 Bird, any=Beerin, N'yombil or N'yungumbil.
 Boomerang=Wurrun (big). Burragun (small).
 Bag=Pindun (made of split grass). Koolgun (of swamp rush). Koolai (of vine string).
 Bad=Tchoong ("No good"=Tcharmjung. "Very bad"=Tchoong tcharmjung.)
 Big=Komai, or Kongwai.
 Blind=Moobee, or Mee-bulloom. (Mee=eye.)
 Beautiful=Jugeegun (=pretty). Punyahra=good.

- Bark, of dog=Ginyilgai (also means "cough").
 Bougbool (also means "vomit").
- Break=Toonmah. Kornee. (Kowah Kornee=
 break in two.)
- Bend=Boolahnday.
- Beat=Boi-air (=thrash). Bai-ay (=overcome,
 or come first).
- Black=Toondoan, or Too-oon.
- Beach, the=Go-oi-eegum. Borroogurra (=Ocean
 Beach.)
- Baby=Vide family relationships.
- Bury=Goongoomunee. Duahlah (=dig up the
 ground).
- Bound=Kuniah (=tied down). Tchoolwah
 (=to jump).
- Bread=Nungoon.
- Breeze=Boorajing (=any wind).
- Broad=Bulbarrim (=wide).
- Beef=Tchimmun (=flesh of any kind).
- Bees Wax=Mooiee.
- Before=Wairahboo (=some time back). Wair-
 ahmaiboo (=a little while ago). Also, with
 varied niceties of meaning, Koop, Koopun-
 bah, Koopundee, Koopundillala, all of which
 are shaded meanings of "previously."
- Bear=Tcharjoom kangeean (=to give birth to).
 Kangeean=to empty herself, of a tcharjoom,
 baby.)
- Beg=N'yingbullahla.
- Beggar=N'yingbullngin.
- Begin=Kindikinday,
- Behind=N'yumbul.
- Beldam, a=Boogarahn bunyahn kougun kouahn-
 gun (=a quarrelsome old hag).
- Belly=Moo-ong.
- Belch=Bougbool. (Same as "bark" and "vomit.")
- Bean=Boggumbil. (The Moreton Bay Chestnut
 Bean.)
- Bump=Nabooramah.
- Burn, to=Murroobah.
- Best=Boogoorahm.
- Back, of body=Bu.
- Broken Sore=Jiggai.
- Beak=Djang (Djang).

- Barb=Koolumbil (or N'goo-umbil)=prickle,
 thorn.
 Barter, to=Kurrabahn-weebullay.
 Baby=Tcharjoom. (If sex emphasised, Tcharboo
 masc. Tcharboo-yahgaree fem.).
 Butterfly=Tchelngaimarim.
 Bush, the =Bubbera (=forest).
 Blackfellow=who goes away to steal a gin to be
 his wife, N'gurrawunjan.
 Blanket=N'gumbeen (=a covering).
 Bottom=Tchooyar.
 Boat=Gundool (=Canoe).
 Bell=Tchingtching. (Evidently coined word.)
 Boot=Boggumbil (i.e., the pod of Moreton Bay
 Chestnut Bean).
 Blaze=Bobyen (same for a light).
 Belonging to me=Guayahjil.
 Bang, a=Doolool.
 Bitter=Tiggeree.
 Back, the small of=Kurrabool.
 Blunt=Murroon.
 Bat=Bilbilleen.
 Bite, to=Yingah. A bite, Yingun. Biting, Ying-
 ahla.
 Below=Tchoo-ee. ("Lower still"=Tchooejong).
 Belt, a=Wahngoobie (i.e. the thing belonging to
 the wahn, hips or waist).
 Bend it. Imp.=Kurrohmah.
 Berry, a=Bullun-bulloon.
 Birth=Nyamool (or Tcharjoom) Kairibinee.
 Best=Boogarahm.
 Beware=Warrh.
 Beyond=Buckra, buckra.
 Blow, a=Boombay.
 Board, a=Tchoolurra.
 Boast=Mwoiee-mwoiee-nyeen.
 Bobtailed=Tchoonkoonoon.
 Boil, a=Tchoolaroo.
 Brave=Neejong (=daring).
 Bind, to=Kunniah (a binding=Kunday).
 Both=Nyeereeng.
 Boil, to=Murrabah.
 Cloud=Tchoongun.
 Chin=Wohool.

- Coals, fire=G'noon or G'noo-un.
 Claw, a=Doongun (Tchillung=the whole bunch of talons).
 Coo-ee, a=Kungalalah or Kungalooloo. (=call out).
 Coo-ee, to=Kungah.
 Cry, to=Toongahla.
 Climb=Wundah or Wohndeh.
 Climbing=Wundahla.
 Climbing Vine, a=Juggaburra and Woogee. (=A rope of vine to climb trees with).
 Cook=Kooroogoo. (Murrabah=to roast on the coals).
 Canoe=Gundool and Nambaragool.
 Calm=Duggen.
 Creek=Jerrungbin and Kurrabee.
 Clay=Tchellung. (Also=mud).
 Carry=Wahra and Wahbillon.
 Cough=Gingilgai or Kinyilgai.
 Camp, a=Kudjen. Djimmun and Kurrul (=a collection of huts). Moombee or Mimi (=a single humpy).
 Chest, the=Bee-o.
 Cinders=Weel.
 Country=Tchellai and Tcharkoon (=surrounding locality. Munyah (=Native Country).
 Calf, of Leg=Pooyoo.
 Cane=Mobool (the "lawyer" vine).
 Cold=Moorin.
 Cut=Tchoongaroo (=cut from a knife). Bundayngool, a tomahawk cut.
 Cheek, the=Nugul.
 Cat, native=Bunjim.
 Corroboree=Boomahla-n'garleego,=painted and ready for corroboree.
 Chestnut (M B) tree=Boggumbil.
 Capsize, to=Karroobunday, or Karroobillay.
 Crooked, Curved=Koorohn.
 Comb, Bees Wax=Moiee.
 Catch=Bahmkahbillay.
 Chew=Tchabullay.
 Craving, for=Yeenkaiayla (Yeen-kai-ay-la).
 Child=Ycharjoom (Tcharjoom).
 Courage=G'neejarng.

- Cover. to=Punmah. (Punmah bullay=cover yourself).
- Covering a=N'gumbun. (This word used for "blanket").
- Chopping=Tougaree (=the sound of chopping).
- Dog=Urugin (=Dingo). Noggum (=white man's dog).
- Day=N'yunga. (same as "Day" "Sun.")
- Death Adder=Noondooroogum.
- Dust=Boobee or Boobair.
- Dance=N'gahralar.
- Dream=Boojerum.
- Die=Tahbalen.
- Drink=Tchoogar. (N'goong Tchoogar=drink of water).
- Damper, a=Booren.
- Deaf=Gwongoom.
- Drown=Mooroogaien.
- Dry=Tulgai (also=dry dead timber).
- Dilly-bag=Pindun (of split grass). Dilli and Koolgun (of swamp rushes of these two names). Koolgun (of vine string).
- Drop, to=Tchumgayba (=to fall).
- Daughter=Mooimjerragun.
- Dig=Duah.
- Dwarf=Moolbioon or Moolgoolung.
- Depart, to=Yunga.
- Daring=Neejong.
- Dirty=Toolgul.
- Embers, of fire=G'noon or G'noo-un.
- Eye=Mee.
- Ear=Beenung.
- Entrails=Muggai.
- Eat=Tcharla and Tchabalahla.
- Earth=Tchagoom.
- Egg=Kahboon, Kobyen, or Kobbin.
- Eel=Tchoorohn.
- End=Burrai (=the tip or terminal).
- Excrement=Goodna, Goonong and Goondong).
- Early=Budjeraboo (=sunrise).
- Edge, sharp=Kurrabil.
- Elopement=Kambooningun, referring to the woman (fem.) Kambooin, referring to the man (mas.)

- Elbow—Kingum. (Also means any bend).
 Empty, to=Kangeean or Kahbeean.
 Exchange=Kurrabahn wubullay (=to barter).
 Fish, any=Tchaloom.
 Foot=Jennung.
 Finger=Tungun. (Also=toe).
 Food=Tcharla (=anything to eat).
 Fight=Gowgun and Kunnera.
 Flour=Bullerah.
 Fish-net=Arrabin or G'narrabin.
 Fish-spear=Juggai.
 Fish-line=Woggai.
 Fern=Gummeroo.
 Fat=Wudjeree and Kunnun-wahgun.
 Figtree=Vide ("Trees").
 Float, to=Tchoorella.
 Fin=Yerra (same for "wing").
 Flowers=Budjerabin.
 Fire=Waiburra.
 Feather=Tcheemee.
 Frost=Tchooburra.
 Fall down, tumble=Bunbai. (Tchumgahba=to drop from a height).
 First, foremost=N'goolung.
 Forest, the=Bubbera.
 Fool=Wongoom.
 Fork, of a branch=Meejeel.
 Female=N'yahm.
 Far, distant=Kowlah or Kowljung.
 Finished=Kooraboo.
 Fundament=Bundung.
 Flesh=Tchimmun.
 Grog=Bunbain'yeen.
 Good=Punyahra. Very good=Boogarahm.
 Grass=Eejung.
 Grass-tree=Boombenbeen-burrall and Kurragurr-anumban.
 Gum=Mun-gurra.
 Giving in marriage=Yarrabunee.
 Glad, to be=Punyahra (same as "good").
 Gunyah a=Koon. (i.e. a single humpy).
 Gun=Dooloolpee.
 Ghost=Moggarie. (Dokkai=dead and also a white man).

- Gape, yawn=N'yahnbirri and N'gunbirri.
 Get up (and go away)=Yangahlar-n'gaio.
 Get up, arise=Yangah.
 Greyheaded=Kijurragin (=old man).
 Grease, fat=Wedjaree.
 Hornet=Tugool.
 Hail=Bundun and Kurrung-kurrung (ice).
 Head=Kungurra.
 Head, top of=Powroo or Pahroo.
 Hair of head=Powroo, same as top of the head.
 Hair, any=Kaira.
 Hand=Tungun (also means fingers or toes).
 Hips, the=Kunnim, Wahn, or Terrung.
 Hold, to=Gahngah. (Also used for "touch.")
 Home=Woongoolalah, or Woorain.
 House, my own=Jimmunyah.
 Hurry=Wooginninyah and Woorain.
 Haste, make=Woorenda.
 Hello=Meenyahgoo. (Implies, Hello, what do you
 come for?)
 Hungry=Kubbaree.
 Hill=Bool, Boo-ool, or Boiool.
 Hole, a=Queeurra (also means pudendum
 muliebre). Koogahra and Koo-ee-oogahra.
 Honey=Goodja, the native bee honey. Kuppai,
 English bee.
 Honeysuckle=Bumburra.
 Honeycomb=Moo-i-ee.
 Humpy, a=Jimmun, Moombee, and Mi-Mi.
 Hang, to=Tchellengornee, Tchooralayla, and
 Woolwah.
 Hot (Heat)=Moonjung, pungent. N'yungul,
 Temperature. (Hot weather, Boogarahm
 n'yunga=very good sun.)
 Hit=Pai-ay. (Boomee=a very severe hit.)
 Him=Nulee. (Him, over there=Moomalee nulee.)
 Hard (and dry)=Turrun.
 Handle=Tchabbaree.
 Husband=Nubung.
 Heavy=Tchoongul.
 Hawks=Vide "Birds."
 Hat=Binka (=anything to cover the head).
 Homesick=Tchungeel.
 Hiccough=Neegbool.

- Hunt=N'goola-wool-layla.
 Hurt=N'yelyel=pain.
 Hide, a=Yulun=skin. (Cf. Yulunmah, "kiss.")
 Hook=Koolanbil. (The thorn of cockspur vine.)
 Hop=Tchoolbangalah.
 Horde=Komaiboo.
 Heel=Kirrurra, or Jinnunggoobie (=belonging to the foot).
 High=Kaijong.
 Intensity=is expressed by adding the terminal "-djong."
 I=N'gai-o, or N'gai-ool.
 Itch=Mundun. (Mundah=scratch.)
 In=Tchooyah, (=inside).
 Irregular=Kooroon-kooroon (i.e., bent, twisted, etc.).
 Jump, a=Tchoolwah. (Tchoolwahinday, or Tchoolbangalah=to jump.)
 Jaw, the=Moogool. (Same as "cheek.")
 Jest, Joke=N'gunyow, N'gunnung, or N'gunyung.
 Joint=Kindeen, and Boorin.
 Jellyfish=Birrin.
 Kick, a=Boongahn. (Bungah, to kick.)
 Knock down=Bunbeenmunnay.
 Knee=Kindil.
 Kangaroo, any=Munee.
 Knife=Tchoongaroo. (Also means cut inflicted by knife.)
 Know too much=Binnung-binnung (=too much EAR).
 Kiss=Yulunmah or Yellinmah from Ulun skin or yellin lips.
 Know=Kungulay. (Not to know=Kungnat-chung.)
 Knot=Kindeen, and Bumbum.
 Kill=Boonmah. (Boonmah dokkaimah, kill outright from dokkai=dead.)
 Leech=N'yennai.
 Lightning=Jungun, or Tchennagung.
 Lips=Yellin, which also means tongue, and Jahm.
 Lay down (to sleep)=N'goorahm.
 Love, like=Pudjera.
 Low=Moorgalung. (Lower=Tchooyer.)

- Lazy=Doong and Kurrool. (Same words for
 "tired." Tired and Lazy are synonyms in
 this tribe.
 Leave=Wonah.
 Look up, to=Waikaimelay.
 Left-hand=Wurruum, or Wurrugim. (Right-hand,
 Tchoonimbah.)
 Lick=Yellin-n'yumah (Yellin=tongue).
 Light (weight)=Boomboomgun.
 Loud=N'goorook.
 Lie, falsehood=N'gunjerrah.
 Lament=Toong (=tears).
 Large=Komai, or Kongwai.
 Last, the=Numbeel.
 Lose=Wohlunyen.
 Lead, to=Boo-ay-bullayla.
 Leaf=Woorong.
 Less=Beejungalung (=little).
 Late, in day=Nyungagai-an (=sunset).
 Lots of, plenty=Komaiboo, Kurralboo, and Wool-
 alboo.
 Leaning, sloping=Mooleengun (Mountain side;
 Moolee a mountain).
 Let go=Tchowgah.
 Moon=Keebum.
 Moth=Tchalln'gnaimahrim.
 Mouth=Jang.
 Moustache=Yerrin.
 Mud=Tchellung.
 Mangrove=Jungeegerrie.
 Mushroom=Billemben.
 Many=Kurrul.
 Milk=N'g-ammah. (Ammah the breasts.)
 Man=Tokorai, or Tokororai.
 Mountain=Moolee (and Bippo further north).
 Mad=Wong-goom-gung.
 Moan=N'goor, or N'gooooor.
 "Middling"=Punyahragullie=only somewhat
 good.
 Middle=Poondarra, and Boolaboolah.
 Make=Kinjeebillah.
 Male=Nulee.
 Mob=Kurrul, or Kurrulboo.
 Mark, a=Wahl (such as an axe mark).
 Marry=Yarrabunnee (=giving).

- Marrow=G'noonyung. (Also means pus discharge
 from a wound.)
 Me=G'naiool.
 More=Moojong. ("still more"=K'nobee.)
 Mosquito=Moonjooroo.
 Morning=Budjeraboo (=early).
 Midday=Kurrambai.
 Married Man=Tchalgaingoora.
 Moving away=Yugerahla.
 Muscle=Wahra.
 Not, No=Yugum.
 Night=N'gundaree.
 Neck=Tchallum.
 Nape of neck=Toorabin.
 Nail, Claw=Doongum.
 Nose=Murroo. (Sulky=Murroo-murroo.)
 Nest=Tchoonindi, or Jindee.
 Net, fishing=Arrabin.
 Nail of hand=Doongunah-Burrai (i.e. tips of
 fingers).
 North=Koogin.
 Now=Bahn.
 New=Bulling.
 Nearly=Moolunga-worahla.
 Naked=Moondaroo.
 Narrow=Bulbarim-tchoom (i.e. "wanting
 width").
 Near=Tennung.
 Noise=Moogurra (of thunder). N'goin-n'goian-
 gan (of people talking). Tooroobul (of foot-
 steps).
 Navel=Ninyimirree.
 Orchid=Kud-den.
 Oyster=Kinyingurra.
 Old=Kidjong, and Kooralah.
 Old Woman=Mirrung (same as "water-rail"
 bird).
 Old Man=Kidjurragin.
 Obstinate=Kinyeen (also means "tough").
 Open to=Toonmah.
 Opposite=Nurring Kimilahla.
 Over=Nurring. (Going over=Nurringalahla.)
 Overhead=Wai.
 Octopus=Mainyil.

Poison=Tiggeree (bitter). Tiggerenyeen (the terminal -nyeen implies a harmful or lethal quality added to the bitter, hence Tiggerenyeen used for such poisons as strychnine, arsenic, etc.).

Paddle=Tchaboolgun.

Point, to=Kullun. (Beejoon=a sharp point ("smalled").)

Play, to=N'garahla.

Put it in=Kaibeleemah.

Piccabeen Palm=Punjun. (Tweed dialect, Pigga-been.)

Painting=Boomahla. (Boomahla n'garahleegoo =Painted ready for a corroboree.)

Prickle=Mamoong (=splinter). Koolumbil (=a thorn).

Pungent=G'noonjung.

Previously=Wairahboo.

Posterior, the=Bundung.

Quiet=Numboolen.

Quick=Woorenda or G'nobbun. (Woogininyah=Hurry up be quick.)

Rain=Quong, or N'goong (same as "water").

Run=Kooran, and Kowriegowrie.

Rock, a=Bundun.

River=Baloon.

Round=Bullin.

Rushes=Tooloon, Bunday, and Dilli (swamp reeds).

Red=Kudjeen.

Rest=Booee.

Ready=N'garliego.

Roe, fish=Kobbyen.

Root=Tcherrung.

Road=Koolgun (=track).

Rattling noise=Tingoombai, and Telloobai.

Rowlocks=Tchaboolgungoobie or Kundilgoogee, (i.e. "belonging to the paddle or canoe").

Right-hand, the; and to=Toonimbah, or Tchoonimbah.

Rotten=Pudgereegun.

Redbill, swamp bird=Woggai. (Tibbing or Tivving, the salt-water bird.)

Rat=Mundaroo.

Sky, the=Tchoonagun.

- Sun=N'yunga.
 Star=Kooyumgun.
 South=Yerragay.
 Skin=Yulun.
 Scale, fish=N'yeeahm.
 Speak=Mwoiee.
 Sharp=Moogin-yinah. Kurrabil.
 Scratch=Mundah.
 Sing=Yerrabay.
 Spit, Saliva=N'gungaree.
 Swim=N'yerroolahla.
 Sit=Yahgen, a seat. Sit down (imp.), Yahnah.
 Sitting down, Yahnbai.
 Sleep=N'goorahm.
 Sand=Yahrung, Kooeegum, and Koolgum.
 Shell, a=Bundull.
 Shield=Bug-gah. ("Koontan" further up Bay.)
 Spear, any=Juan. (Juggai=Fish-spear, multi-
 pronged.)
 Staghorn "Fern"=Toombin.
 Staghorn (Elk)=Joonbeel.
 Shovelnose Ray=Nerung.
 Small=Beejungalung. (Bijoon=little or sharp-
 ened.)
 Sharpen=Mooginyah (=keen-edged) or Moogin-
 yindah.
 Swamp=Baloon. (Same for "Lagoon.")
 Storm=Moogra (=Thunder).
 Sweet=Meenin. (Kujeen'yahra=honey-like.)
 Salty=Tiggeree. (Same as "bitter.")
 Sorry=Kijeerahboo or Kijeerinbahl (=sympath-
 etic). Tchoor-tcheer-ungai (=sadness, as
 when speaking of friends who have left).
 Sneeze=N'yirribirrie, and Nuthagahnee.
 Sink=Moorooyahn.
 Suck=Woolah. (N'gammah-woolah=Suck the
 breast.)
 Seaweed=Moorung.
 Sunrise=N'yunga-bungahn. (Bujeraboo=
 early.)
 Sunset=N'yunga-Gaian. (Sun go down.)
 String=Wogoiee (=any fibre or vine used as
 such).
 Smoke=Tallo.

- Stone=Tay-yo, and Pundun.
 Shin=Narrin.
 Shade, Shadow=Woolaroo.
 Shirt=Koongil-kaien. (Koongil, arms; Kaien, to
 put on Kaielo I go in.)
 Stinking=Boko, or Buggo.
 Secret, to be=Wonah wobbah N'yunyee (=Don't
 tell on me).
 Search=N'gulla-gullawah.
 Sea, the open=Toomgun.
 Show=Numbah (=point out).
 Steal=Wooragai.
 South=Pireen.
 Seat=Yahnbaigoogee (=“belonging to sit
 down”).
 Sinew=N'yahra (same as “vein”).
 Splinter=Mamoong.
 Sister=Nannong.
 Smooth—Kujjai (Kug-jai).
 Seagull=Kowgahrie.
 Spotted=Bungeerie.
 Striped=Kulgun-kulgahn.
 Sick=Tunbyun and Yelyel. (Bougbool=vomiting
 and also the bark of a dog).
 Sulky=Murroo-murroo (=“looking down the
 nose.” Murroo Nose.)
 Shove, to=Yugiemah.
 Smash=Toonmah kowah.
 Sore, a =Jiggai.
 Swarm=same as “lot of ” (q.v.).
 Sting=Purragul.
 Short=Moolgoolung.
 Savage=Yinyee-n'ying. (=snapping, biting.)
 Strike=Boombay.
 Sweetheart=Kumbooen (f.). Meebelam-
 gun (m.).
 Shrew, a=Geeal-geeal-gun (f.). Geeal-geean-
 gan (m.).
 Scrub=Kobbun.
 Sneak=Kudjkahlalah.
 Scar=Birrung. Tchoongaragool=Ornamental
 cicatrices on body.
 Slow=Woonung.

- Snail=Bangum.
 Straight ahead=Poomboiee.
 Tooth=Jirrung, or Dirrung.
 Tongue=Yellin. (Also used for "lips.")
 Tears=Toongahla (Toon-n'yumgallagan=tears
 are falling.)
 Tall=Mwoi, or Mwoiee.
 Touch=Gahngah. (Also means "hold.")
 To-day=Bai-ahn, and Kullie n'yunga=this day
 or sun.
 To-morrow=Noogoo.
 Tides=Yenyee (high). Goonajooral (low). Koon-
 ajoora (a falling tide).
 Tired=Doong, or Kurrool. (Same for "lazy".)
 Tie=Kunnay.
 Tomahawk=Bundahn (=Chopper).
 Travel=Yinbul-laylah.
 Tail=Tchoon. (Also means "penis.")
 Tell me=Jeeunganyee.
 Tree=Telee.
 Thigh=Tcheroom.
 Thunder=Moogra, or Moogurra.
 Take off=Burraburrah.
 Top=Burrai.
 Thief=Woorogai. (Woorogai-nyeen=a bad
 thief.)
 Take, to=Kahngah (=to accept).
 Thirsty=N'yrrigin.
 This=Kullie.
 That=Kikkalee.
 Testes=Bool.
 Tracks=Tcharrara (=footprints).
 Throw=Pirrah.
 Think=Kung-nah.
 Thread=Woggoiee.
 Tough=Kunyeen (Kun'yeen).
 Toes=Tungunah, or Burrai tchimmin-googee.
 Voice=Mwoiee.
 Vomit=Bougbool.
 Vine=Woggoiee. Currajong. Mobool (Lawyer
 vine).
 Vein=N'yahra.
 Vent=Koomoo.
 Vessel=Nugun (to hold water).
 Under=Tchooee.

- Uneven=Kurroon-kurroon.
 Urine=Talloobai.
 Water=N'goong. (Same for "rain.")
 Wind=Yerragay. (Booragin N. Tileen S.
 Mijeegai E. Tchungai W.)
 Walk=Yahnbai, and Yehgahla (Yengahla).
 Whistle, a=Woongoombee. (Woongoongalahla to
 whistle.)
 Waddy, a=Jabberee.
 Wide=Bulbarrim, and Goorahra.
 Waterhole=Baloon.
 Waves of sea=Yarrabum.
 Wash=Junboolen.
 Wing=Yerrah.
 Woman=Talgun. (White or Black.)
 Wood=Talee.
 White=Kibbera.
 Where?=Eelee.
 What?=Meenyung.
 Weep=Toongahla.
 Wasp=Pooeen.
 West, a man from=Tchungainyen.
 Wish=Yeenkai-ayler.
 Whiteman=Dokkai. (Same for "ghost.")
 Yes=Ee-oh, or Yo.
 Yesterday=Kainyeboo G'nobo (=The day past).
 Yamstick=Kunnai.
 Yam=Tum, or Dum.
 You=Wahloo.
 Yours=Wunga.
 Yonder=Mummalee.
 Yelp=Bougbool.

ADDENDUM TO VOCABULARY.

- Ant Hill=Bahmgun.
 All right=Punyahra. (Same as "good.")
 Bowerbird=Dooloom.
 Bullrout fish=Tchibbie.
 Bat=Billen.
 Crane, gigantic—Mooroolmun.
 Crab, sand=Weenyum. (Bungoo-bungoo=little
 rock crab.)
 Crayfish=Moolain (freshwater "lobbie").
 Cobra=Gomboo (teredo).
 Coral=Katool, and Guttara.

- Crows Nest=Joonbeel. (Staghorn fern sp.)
 Creek=Baloon. (Kurrabay=a small creek or
 trickling watercourse.)
 Contentment=Nurrunen. (Same as happi-
 ness.")
 Dollar bird=Tchooroogarrie.
 Dive=Kulgahl.
 Friend=Gilleeunyah-jimbillung.
 Fly, a=Yarroolay.
 Ferns, any=Kummeroo.
 Flats=Koonoongai (level ground).
 Gumtree=Mungurra (bluegum). Yurarah
 (spotted gum).
 Good health=Punyahra-n'gyo.
 Hail (ice)=Bundgung.
 Honeysuckle=Gumburra. (Same for Queensland
 Nut tree which in some respects is a similar
 tree.)
 Happiness=Nurrunen.
 Home=Noomboolalah, Noombin, or Noomboolya.
 Ice=Bundgung.
 I stay here=Yahnawahloo. (You stop here.)
 John Dory fish=Gunnumberra.
 Kick=Bingah.
 Leech=Nyennay.
 Lagoon, open=Pahloom (or Baloon).
 Hope=Kahngah.
 Mulberry bird=Kulgullun.
 My Own=Unyah.
 Native land, my=Unyah-jagool.
 Play=N'garralah.
 Plenty=Kurrool.
 Red honeysuckle=Dungahla.
 Rest, Repose=Yahngulla or Yahngla. (The place
 where one sits down.) Also indicates friend-
 ship.
 Seaside=Booroogurra, or Booroogra. (Near the
 Sea=Wundai and Boo-ool. The Beach=
 Kooyoogum. The Surf or Waves=Doomgun.
 Saltwater Rail=Woolwoah. (The "Sneaking
 Jack.")
 Trevalli fish=Junbeen.
 Ti-tree=Woojooroo.
 Redland=Kudjen. Used for painting for Cor-
 robboree.
 Waterfall, a=Oolahra.

