

pr[esented]: 20/9 [18]39
Wkh.

To the Committee of the Evangelical Lutheran Mission Society in Dresden.

Beloved and honored brethren in the Lord!

May the grace and peace of God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ be with you!

When my last letter to you, which I hope will be in your hands by the time you receive this one, was written with particular joy and gratitude to the faithful Father in Heaven, because it was the first from this new world in every respect and brought you the news of our happy arrival here; I am writing this one with no less joy, because it is the response to the first news we have received from you in this country. Precisely for this reason, and due to the wonderful opportunity offered by the German ship "Zebra", Captain Hahn, this letter follows so quickly after the previous one, as otherwise the short period of time that has passed between the two, and the little worth reporting that may have occurred in our circle during that time, would have certainly led me to wait a little longer.

The unexpectedly rapid progress that the missionary cause is making in our homeland, both internally and externally, has not only delighted me immensely, but also strengthens my conviction that the church's stance on society is the only correct one. Among these advances, I count not only the significant contributions you have received, but primarily your decision to allow some students to receive a university education. How much I rejoiced at this decision, you can infer from the fact that I carried this secret wish throughout my entire preparation period, that I dwelt on it so much during my journey, that I wrote five reasons for academic education in my diary to gain a clear understanding of its benefits, and that I am already beginning to learn from experience how much the missionary needs, alongside a lively zeal for his Lord and the salvation of souls, a sound intellectual education, partly to overcome the linguistic and intellectual obstacles that the state of the heathen themselves poses to his work, and partly to gain the respect and interest in his work among Europeans, which is almost indispensable.

We had already learned from Schreyvogel's son here that the two missionary preachers, Cämmerer and Rheiners, had died. The loss of these men, who had been active in the Lord's vineyard for years, is all the more regrettable, as according to the Methodist preacher Longbottom, who had previously been a missionary in East India, no one there can replace their necessary positions. Therefore, help will likely be

expected from Germany in East India, and from whom else but from you, who are looking around for opportunities to step in? My sincere wish and prayer is that you, especially in conjunction with the Danish Missionary Society and College, may be able to fill those gaps.

However, the more I share your joy and gratitude over the progress of our glorious cause at home, the more it saddens me at the same time that I or we cannot yet increase it as we wish through news of a victory or a beginning of it, which the gospel would have achieved among the heathens here. Our knowledge of the native language is increasing only very gradually, as there are significant difficulties in acquiring it. I'm not even counting the lack of writings in the language, but the fact that the natives speak so incredibly quickly and with such unprecedented word abbreviations among themselves that we haven't gained anything from listening to their conversations so far. Furthermore, during this current summer season, when they don't go to the city to earn a living by doing small services for Europeans, they almost always lie and sleep in the parkland or, if not that, are too lazy to talk to us, unless their games get them moving in the evening. Finally, their nomadic lifestyle is a significant obstacle, as even not all, but the most lively and intelligent people among them are lost to us in this way; thus, the two men mentioned in my last letter (Captain Jack and King John) have been absent for six weeks. We have found the best way to learn from them is to lure three, four or more young people into the house, give them bread and then start talking to them, as they are then prompted to speak by what they see around them and slowly and genuinely speak to us in a clear way, while they often joke around and laugh together in groups in the parkland. We now have about 400 words with which we can make them understand almost everything, but they're not yet enough to start preaching Christian teachings. I've often tried to tell some of them about the festive aspects of the Kingdom of God, but I always found that I couldn't get through and had to stop without having explained the matter to them in its context. I must add a detail here, which, however, proves that I was understood.

Recently, I told a man that Jehovah, who sits in heaven, created the heavens and the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars, etc., and that he also created two humans. 'Which ones?' he asked. 'Black or white?' I replied, of course, 'white', but I couldn't tell him that all humans descend from those two, nor that they only became black through natural influences. So, with this story, I did more harm than good, reinforcing the man's preconceived notion that blacks and whites are inherently different people. With my next letter, I hope to be able to share some information about the language with you.

It gives me pleasure to now be able to assure you with certainty that the natives of South Australia are not entirely without religious beliefs. For a long time, I had the word Kuinjo (ui is a diphthong) in my dictionary among other meaningless words, not knowing what they meant by it, until Brother Teichelmann figured out a few days ago that Kuinjo is a sick, evil little man who sits high up and causes pain to the black

people, especially in their chest and shoulders. He only comes when they don't have a fire burning, hence they make sure there's always at least one fire going. As easy as it would be to find parallels to this kind of fire service in the history of religions, it would be unwise to attribute these beliefs to an ancient origin. Further research has revealed that there is not just one Kuinjo, but several of them. He announces his arrival with a cry in the air, Ngar, ngar. Incidentally, I noticed that I myself heard such a cry in the distance one evening, which really sounded so eerie and occurred in such irregular long pauses that I wouldn't be surprised if the natives attributed it to that evil Kuinjo. As soon as they hear these sounds, they fear and rush to their houses or camps. That circumcision still has some religious significance among them is beyond doubt, at least considering the great complexity of its execution. That some of them also have an idea of eternal continuity of human existence seems certain to me.

In the external situation of the natives or in their relationship with the government and the colonists in general, nothing has changed yet. No one thinks or wants to think that it is a duty to reserve some land for the natives, on which they could settle in the future, because the governor says they must merge with the Europeans, and the people and legal scholars claim that the natives have no more claim to the land than they do, because they have not cultivated it. Whether the appointment of a powerless protector of the natives and, more recently, a teacher, is intended to make the world believe that the government cares about the natives or to realize those dreams of integration, I do not want to decide. However, it can be foreseen that if the refusal to provide land for the natives continues, our effectiveness among them will be low and short-lived, and that sooner or later, the tragedies will repeat themselves in South Australia, as they have done in South and North America, and recently in Vandiemel's Land and New South Wales, regarding the indigenous people. (What has recently happened in Sydney and the prevailing sentiment against the natives there can be seen from the appendices.)

Under such circumstances, I consider it necessary and my preferred plan is to settle as soon as possible outside the borders of the colony, to the east, about 5 - 6 days' journey from here, both because of the supposedly numerous natives there, and the natives here, so that the latter, if they can no longer stay here, can find a peaceful refuge there. I do not consider the difficulties associated with this venture to be insurmountable, as we are single, free people, and several natives are not averse to going with us; the only question is, where do we get the funds necessary to buy some livestock and provisions for a few months? I leave this matter to your wise consideration, with the remark that I am ready to do this, provided you send funds and a brother to go with us, as Brother Teichelmann is not of my opinion, and one would have to stay here temporarily, partly because of the natives, partly because of the Germans, who are becoming more numerous in the city every day.

We opened a subscription some time ago for the construction of a small German church, which had already raised up to 17 Levir Sterling, but now, because several people considered the project too premature and costly, it has stalled. If we could

receive some support from Germany, we would certainly soon see a German Lutheran church being built in Adelaide.

I hereby send you some weapons of the natives, which might be of interest; I would have also liked to send some live animals, if Captain Hahn had been willing to take them. For himself, he is taking a pair of wild dogs, which he obtained from the natives through me.

As for financial matters, I'd just like to mention that when it comes to them, this colony should not be compared with Cape Town, but rather with East India. With the subsidy you've granted, for which I'd like to thank you sincerely, I hope to manage, although the first year cannot serve as a norm, as we were provided with so many clothes for our outfits that we didn't need much in the first year. Moreover, we're still living rent-free in our wooden hut, but whether this will continue in the future is yet to be decided and will only be determined in the coming week(?).

Finally, just a request to continue sending us frequent communications in the future, as they serve to remind us of all the blessings of our homeland, and to encourage and strengthen us in this spiritual desert. May the Lord, who blesses you so abundantly and has since committed himself to your and my work, continue to be with you and your brother in him.

Clamor Schürmann

Adelaide, February 8, 1839.

*- Fires are so frequent due to the heat and the terrible dust that hardly two out of ten people manage to avoid being affected by them.

From his external situation, he adds: "You could do me a great favor if you would send me some music for the flute. Some evenings, I'm torn between a thousand hopes and just as many memories, until both dissolve into the most melancholic awareness of my loneliness. That's why I often pick up my flute, but my limited supply of arias and the like has already been used up, so I don't enjoy it anymore. * Therefore, to * Mr. Camch, I would appreciate it if you could send me some suitable pieces."

I will send the letter to the committee to the brothers in the following way: "In conclusion"