

pr[esented]: 21/5 [18]40

Adelaide, November 5, 1839

Dear and beloved brethren in the Lord!

God's grace and peace as a greeting.

When I put pen to paper this time to report on the events of the last quarter of the year, it's more out of duty than pleasure or my own joyful impulse. This is partly because we have received so little news from you, namely just Mr. Pr. Wermelskirch's letter from August of last year, and partly because I'm all too aware of the meagerness and scarcity that still cling to my reports. Whatever the reason may be for the lack of news from you, it doesn't change the discontent and discouragement towards writing that this situation must cause in us. I had hoped that the German ship, which is supposed to be on its way here, would soon bring us letters from you, and that's why I kept putting off this report from one week to the next. However, recently we received news that that ship might sail to Port Phillip, so that hope too was dashed.

This time, I will write down the items as they are recorded in my diary in chronological order, not only because it's easier, but also because by condensing the related items, we can avoid the excessive detail that you have recommended to us.

First of all, I must at least partially retract the complaint about the lack of money, which I included in my last letter out of embarrassment at the time, because shortly afterwards, on June 25th, I received £10 from local friends. The saying found in Luther's treasure box for today was both surprising and embarrassing for me: "The Lord's advice is wonderful, but he executes it magnificently."

On **July 1st**, I made the acquaintance of the new protector of the natives, Mr. Moorhouse. He is a young man of 26 years old, a surgeon by profession, and unmarried. After four months of observation and comparison of the current protector with the previous one, I can say with a clear conscience that the change is not at all to the benefit of the natives. While Mr. Wyatt was quite similar to us in language, Mr. Moorhouse has not even started yet; while the former sought to promote the welfare of the natives according to his own views, out of pure humanity, uninfluenced by the views of the government or the judgments of the public, the latter blindly follows the wishes of both, seemingly only concerned with keeping his job.

On **July 2nd**, Kauwadla Warinja (i.e. the fatherless of Kauwadla), who spent the whole day with me and taught me a lot of new words, told me a curious view of the

natives about the sun and the moon. The former is the wife of the latter; she is very angry and strong, while her husband is old and weak. She constantly pursues him; as long as he is far ahead, he grows unconcerned about her anger (first half), until she comes closer and closer to him, scaring him so much that he curses her every day (second or last half), and finally she murders him completely (new moon). However, because the moon is jemaïama, i.e. immortal, he always comes back to life again.

On **July 4th**, Wattewattipinna (i.e. Wattewatte's father) started building his house next to mine today, so I finally have the prospect of having a neighbor in my detached house. Under Cronk's guidance, the natives are building the earthworks themselves. In the evening, two natives had a heated argument, which soon escalated into a general brawl, and as a result, bright flames like dragons flew through the pitch-black air from one hut to another. The reason was that one of them didn't share the meat from his prey with the other, as is customary among them.

On **July 9th**, Tuitpurro gave me a fascinating description of the way the native kangaroos, dogs, emus, etc. hunt. The first and last ones use nets, but the dogs use spears, because they would tear up the nets and are not afraid of the spears either.

When a hunting party spots an emu, one of them creeps up to it, always keeping on the side facing the wind, until the sun sets and the animal lies down. Once it gets dark, the other men, guided by the whistle of the pursuer, come to join them, while women and children stay at home. Arriving at the hunting site, they form a circle around the prey with their nets and light several fires to see better. As soon as the emu spots them, it jumps up and tries to escape, but everywhere it is surrounded by nets or, where there are none, it is awaited by the natives' throwing clubs. Confident of their success, the hunters already cheer: 'ngadlukko paru, ngadlukko paru', meaning 'our prey, our prey'. As soon as such a catch becomes known, the neighbors come or are sent for to share in the fat feast, after which the hunting party has eaten its fill and doesn't need to go out for new prey the next day. The emu is considered the fattest and therefore the best game.

On **July 10th**, after two failed attempts, I made a third attempt today to bring a native boy into my house. He is significantly younger than the first two, which is why I have more hope for him.

On **July 11th**, a fierce dispute broke out between the local natives and the so-called 'Easterners', the likes of which I have never seen before. I don't know the immediate cause, but the superstitious accusation that one of the latter had secretly killed a local native had to serve as a pretext. The fury, even the murderous intent on the part of the latter, was so great that I really feared that someone would see the sun set for the last time today. There was no thought of appeasement or any kind of intervention, but the quarrel ended without bloodshed. I believe that the natives fear the Europeans, and that if they had been alone in the forest, they would have put up a good fight.

On **July 12th**, I found it necessary to reprimand a stubborn boy so harshly that he started crying and later ran away. This is now the third failed attempt, which makes it clear to me that one cannot keep just one child, but at least two are needed to provide them with entertainment that suits them. However, my financial means do not allow me to support two children.

On **July 17th**, how horrific the hostility and carnage among the natives must have been in the past, is demonstrated by the following story of Wanwetpinnas, one of the most peaceful and decent men. I asked him if he had ever killed a person? Yes, he said, an Easterner who, while on a hunt, murdered his old father. As soon as he received the news of this, he set out with another man to search for the escaped murderer. As soon as they approached him, his companion certainly hit him in the arm and then struck him between the ribs with such force that the spear went through his body and into the ground, and the victim died instantly. Now, the murderer's wife and her two children were left to be killed, but he took pity on them and told them to go home, saying it was enough now. --

I had the opportunity today to notice that a native of Van Diemen's Land, who has lived with an English sailor on Kangaroo Island for several years, can pronounce the letters "F" and "S" just as poorly as the local natives, which is evidence of the relatedness of the languages.

On **July 21st**, since the cessation of public German worship in the city, we had gathered at Brother Teichelmann's house to enjoy the Holy Communion.

First trip to Encounter Bay.

On **July 23rd**, I put into action my long-held decision to make a trip to Encounter Bay, accompanied by Mr. Moorhouse, the new protector of the natives, a young man of 26 years old, a surgeon by profession, and unmarried.

We had set our departure for 9 o'clock in the morning, but our guide Wauwittpinna, who had promised to accompany us, initially didn't want to come along because a native had suddenly died during the night, so we didn't leave until 12 o'clock. Apart from Wauwittpinna, we also took the boy Munaitja, who had previously been in my house, with us, because the former didn't want to go alone. We all had a lot to carry, I myself had 30 pounds of salted meat, so we only covered 16 English miles (about 4 German miles) before stopping.

On **July 24th**, about 4 miles from our headquarters in Nganniparringa, we met the surveyor, Mr. McLaren, who welcomed us very hospitably. As he was in the process of moving to Kinjnajapilla, which was 6-7 miles further away, we placed our luggage on one of his carts, which was a great relief for us. We had hoped to have further opportunities to reach Willunga from Kinjnajapilla, but it wasn't until the next morning that we could do so, so we had to stay overnight here. Although we were offered a tent, since we didn't have beds, I preferred the warmth of our natives' fire to the cold tent.

On **July 25th**, we thought we would meet the governor in Willunga, but he had ridden to Encounter Bay the day before. However, a good breakfast compensated us for the detour. From here to "Mount Terrible" (Winati), we followed the path through forests and plains, guided by our native guides, whose knowledge of the land we had to admire. It was incredible the certainty with which they predicted where we would find water. There was a case where I reproached Wauwittpinna for leading us, who could barely speak from thirst, to a water prophecy, but suddenly he showed us a small hole in the root of a thick tree that might have contained five cans of water, in an area where a European would never have suspected water. Such incidents, as well as memories from their former hunting life, which are associated with hollow trees, old fire sites, or camping spots everywhere, make such a journey with natives extremely interesting. Thus, the aforementioned Kanjanjapilla was the place where Wauwittpinna's father fell and where he killed his murderer nearby. Throughout the journey, our companions made sure not to leave any unbroken rubber trees, in which they suspected one or more worms, often 3 inches long and longer, with a diameter of 1 inch, which they devoured as a delicacy. We were determined to reach Encounter Bay today, but rain, night, exhaustion, and above all, sore feet forced us to spend the night 6 miles this side at Murta-parri. Under a dense tree and by a large, powerful fire, which both dried and warmed us, we were quite comfortable.

On **July 26th**, on the fourth day, we finally reached our destination, 70 English miles away from the path we had made. Not only the picturesque bay with its bold rocky islands and the beautiful hills bordering it from the west, called Rosettenhaupt, but also the enormous carcasses and bones of whales first caught my attention. As we walked along the beach, we came across a camp of about 150 natives, consisting of so-called Parnkamejunna, who come down from the shores of Lake Alexandrina during the fishing season to feast on the blubber or the burnt bacon and the flesh of whales, as long as it is fresh. This food gives them an initially repulsive smell, but they look strong and lively. Their camp site is called Birriboanungar, on the eastern side of Ngalaikuar or the Granite Island.

Just like the local natives here with the Easterners, so are the aforementioned Parnkamejunna, the actual Encounter Bay natives or Wirramumejunna, in constant hostility. The camp of the latter was about a mile further west, namely between the aforementioned island and the Rosetten Head, on the spot that actually bears the name Wirramu alone. Their number was no more than 60 - 70 souls, as a part of their compatriots were staying in Jankaljila. At both camp sites, we found a hut separate from the others, in which the Paitjabulti (old widows) lived together. Incidentally, these two tribes speak the same language.

In Encounter Bay, apart from the people involved in the fisheries, there are also several settlers, all of whom came out with Mr. Moorhouse and include his own sister and the former Independent preacher, Mr. Newland. Although the latter has actually given up his position and taken up farming, he still preaches to the people on Sundays, who all belonged to his congregation in England. Mr. Newland is by no means a man on the verge of death, so it's all the more surprising that he could voluntarily exchange his spiritual duties for earthly farming.

On Monday, **July 29th**, in the morning, I went aboard the French whaling ship "Elisabeth von Havre" with Mr. Moorhouse to buy food for us and our companions, as our supplies had already significantly dwindled. However, the captain, along with the doctor and crew members, were absent; nevertheless, we received a very hospitable welcome. In the evening, we watched the spear-throwing exercises of several native boys; on each side, there were four, two and two facing each other. The regularity of their swings, their skill in defending or dodging, as well as in hitting the spears, and the agility of their limbs were admirable. --

In general, the local natives here are far superior to those around Adelaide, both in spirit and in body. As proof of this claim, I'll just mention the fact that a black man not only goes whaling from time to time in large numbers, but that a boat is exclusively manned by them, the boat captain not excluded. The latter speaks almost fluent English and, as I heard later, he used to go to school in Lauwersoog.

What has just been mentioned certainly demonstrates a pleasing progress in the culture of the natives, but it is regrettable that this is accompanied by an even greater decline in their morality. The crude treatment of them by the whalers, especially the atrocities that the latter commit against the female population, surpass all imagination. The punishment for this has not been absent, as many on both sides suffer from disgusting diseases. --

Thus, the messenger of the Lord not only has to contend with the heights and fortifications that the godless paganism itself erects, but before him, the Prince of Darkness sent us his servants, who find it much easier to gain entry.

Today, **July 30th**, Mr. Moorhouse finally finished his worldly affairs in Encounter Bay, and at 11 o'clock in the morning, we set off for Taltarruar or Currency Creek, which is 11 English miles east of Encounter Bay. We wanted to visit this place because the governor had described it as the favorite spot of the numerous natives there and therefore suitable for a settlement for them. We took a third native from Encounter Bay as a guide in addition to the two Adelaide natives. However, Wanwirpinna, who had no desire to go to Taltarruar, left us before we set off, and soon after, the other one also left, pretending to be sick, so only the boy stayed with us. Fortunately, we didn't need the latter as much as we had thought, as we soon found a wagon track that led us to our destination. Taltarruar is actually not a creek, but a river that flows into the waterway between Lake Alexandrina and the sea. However, about 1 English mile before the mouth, its water becomes salty because, due to the shallow shore, the seawater penetrates so far upstream. Where the water stops being salty, the marine surveyor Pallen has his camp, from which he surveys and records the often-mentioned lake. We didn't find him at home, but we were hospitably welcomed in the Bushman's style.

On the **31st of July**, the following morning, we set off again to visit the natives who were supposed to be camped east of here. After walking about 3 miles, we encountered a group of 20-39 people, all of whom had their dark brown faces blackened with charcoal as a sign of deep mourning, and many had shaved off their head hair. All that was noticeable about them now were their cute woven baskets or bags and human skulls, which they used as drinking vessels. Driven by thirst, we drank from one of them some of their dirty sulfurous water, which was poorly filtered by the hay stuck in the skull. We walked several more miles without seeing anything, but when we returned and approached the group again, we noticed a dead man sitting upright in one of the huts with his legs crossed and arms spread out, held in balance by a rope tied to both hands and his neck, and fastened to a nearby tree. He was already completely dried out, or where there was still some moisture left, the fire maintained in the hut below him was likely to dry him out completely soon. His entire body was painted with red ochre, but his chest and stomach were adorned with white spots the size of a four-pence piece. Except for his mustache, his beard was either plucked or shaved off, and an approximately one-foot-long kangaroo bone, some of which I had previously sent away, was stuck in his nostril. He sat there, not

unlike an Egyptian mummy. The practice of this custom, which was also observed in Encounter Bay, is likely to preserve the memory of the deceased longer and more vividly; for when we saw the corpse, the natives called out to us with a moving voice: Sit down, sit down (sit down). When we returned in the evening, we met Mr. Pallen, a young, kind man at home, who once again provided us with a pleasant night's lodging.

The **first of August** began and ended with rain, which made the day all the more unpleasant for us, as we had to make the greater part of the return journey to Adelaide through long grass and undergrowth, guided only by the tracks of three horses that had passed before us. If the native boy hadn't been able to trace these tracks through grass and stones everywhere, we might have wandered for several days in the desolate mountains, as the continuous heavy rain prevented us from seeing either the sun or the mountains, which we should have used as our guide. It was our intention not to stop until we found a place where water and wood could be found, but suddenly night fell as we were standing right in front of a swamp, and with difficulty we managed to gather some rainwater for tea and wood for the fire. However, the greater challenge now was to light the wet wood, and if it hadn't been for the fortunate fact that one of us had a piece of an old, dry rope in his pocket, we would have had a hard time doing it. The most unpleasant thing that night was that the wet ground didn't allow us to lie down and rest.

On **August 2nd**, after following our track from 6 to 9 o'clock, we just arrived at the aforementioned Willunga. This time, we met the governor there, who, after we enjoyed a refreshing breakfast with him, had a very friendly conversation with us about matters concerning the natives. I was particularly pleased that he informed the protector that the English spelling could not be applied to the native language, because the variability of the language would not only confuse the natives themselves, but also leave Europeans in uncertainty about the correct pronunciation in five out of six cases. Under heavy rain, we left Willunga and arrived back at our first night's accommodation on the outward journey, wet and exhausted. My feet were so sore and painful that I was forced to walk the last four miles barefoot. The following night was the most boring of the entire journey, as we could not lie down due to the wetness of the ground, and we were too tired to fall asleep from lack of sleep the previous night.

On **August 3rd**, in the moonlight, we set off very early today. Although we only had 16 English miles left to go, the pain in my feet was so great that I didn't get home until 1 o'clock in the afternoon, wearing socks, because my boots had shrunk and torn from the constant wetness, and I couldn't wear them any longer, and they weren't even worth carrying home, even though I had just had them resoled for 20 sh (about 3 pounds Sterling) for the journey.

On **August 5th**, with Brother Teichelmann and Mr. Moorhouse, I went to visit the natives tonight, who during my absence had all moved away from Piltawodlinga to the south side of the city, ostensibly because there was a shortage of wood in the former location, but undoubtedly due to the death that had occurred there. Their joy at seeing me again and their curiosity about the natives in Encounter Bay warmed my heart deeply.

On **August 8th**, a young native man suddenly died again, whose death has caused great tension between the Southern and Northern people, as the superstitions of the former blame the latter for his death.

On **August 9th**, Mr. Flaxman, who is returning to England via East India with his family in the coming days, has gifted me and Brother Teichelmann a sum of £15 for our personal advancement.

On **August 10th**, I had long since noticed that the natives dug up the place where someone had died and erected a small mound, which they called Winko; today, when they did the same thing, I experienced that they want to seek out the departed's extinguished life through this, because Winko means lung and breath. Oh, when will the time come when this benighted people will no longer seek the immortal soul of man not in, but far above the earth, up there?

On **August 12th**, the governor, accompanied by his wife and Mr. Hall, visited Piltawodlinga (where houses for the natives were built next to those of the missionaries). While I was discussing the natives in Encounter Bay with the latter, the governor listened and suddenly asked me if I would like to settle among them. I replied that this was my greatest wish and intention. Well, he said, I will make arrangements for them. This is a recent proof that the faithful Lord of the Church does not abandon his servants, but shows them ways and means if they wish to work for his kingdom without seeking their own gain.

On **August 16th**, quite unexpectedly, I received the following letter today:

Dear Sir,

I am instructed by the Governor to inform you that His Excellency was pleased to announce that the Colony's Treasurer will disburse to you the sum of twenty pounds as a gratuity from the province's public funds, in recognition of the expenses you incurred in pursuing your important work of educating the native inhabitants. Mr. Gilles (the Treasurer) will therefore grant you the aforementioned gratuity once you have registered with the colonial treasury office.

I have the honor,
most esteemed sir,
to be your devoted servant.

George Hall,
Private Secretary

Reverend C. W. Schürmann,
North Adelaide

Thus, one help follows another, so that I must exclaim with the patriarchs: "Lord, I am too unworthy of all the faithfulness and mercy that You have shown to Your servants."

On **August 21st**, when I handed over my thank-you letter for the above letter to Mr. Hall today, he assured me that the governor had long been aware that we were struggling with such financial difficulties.

(We need to stop here)

Wauwitpinna told me wonderful stories about Nganno, his son Gurltatakko, and their fellow countrymen that evening. Gurltatakko was actually missing by his father, who, after learning through superstitious attempts that he had been murdered, traveled far and wide to find the killers and avenge his son. On these journeys, the land received its current name, which Nganno gave it. After finding and killing his son's murderers, he returned home, where his reunion with his countrymen resulted in the most bizarre phenomena. When his fellow countrymen saw him, they were so terrified that they all jumped into the sea one after the other. Nganno tried his best to stop this nonsense, but one replied by jumping into the water: "I'm a shark," another: "I'm a whale," and so on. In the end, Nganno himself was overcome by the frenzy, and since this metamorphosis took place, he and his fellow countrymen have become the descendants of sea monsters. The scene of these events is said to have been Encounter Bay; the language that Wauwitpinna put into the mouths of the characters differed from the current one and, according to him, was the Munana Warra (ancestral language). However, there is still much to be understood about this story, hence the lack of coherence and the inexplicable effect of Nganno's return home.

On **August 22nd**, in order to obtain more information about the arrangements promised to me for settling in Encounter Bay, I visited the governor today and was pleased to hear that he has already given orders to build a temporary house for me. This was all the more welcome, as it eliminated any choice I might have had regarding the location of my settlement, which would have caused me a lot of trouble. During the conversation, the governor said he had received my letter from yesterday, adding that he was very pleased to be able to provide the mentioned support. I replied that I hoped this would promote the welfare of the natives, to which he responded: He placed full trust in me and felt fully justified in taking this step, quickly adding: The money is for you, not for the mission as a whole.

On **September 1st**, Sunday. There was great excitement among the large number of natives present, as the southern men wanted to capture the northern and eastern men, allegedly having insulted them a lot, but in fact due to the recent death of Mulla Wirro Burka's brother (i.e. the Old Man from the Thin Forest) or King John, whom the latter had supposedly ousted, and because of old grudges. I addressed the entire group for the first time, pointing out the injustice of their hostility, and that the excuse that they had insulted them did not hold water, as they had first given them a reason to do so, and were now the attackers and therefore entirely to blame. This argument surprised them, but only a few agreed with me, most of them laughed at me, and some opposed me vehemently and passionately. Overall, they defended their superstitious beliefs with a stubbornness that one would not have expected from them. It's no use pointing out to them that Europeans die without being stabbed by anyone, from the consequences of serious illness; for they admit this and yet claim that no black person dies of natural causes, but only from severe wounds, or from the secret dagger of the Ngukunna (assassins). Fortunately, a heavy rain fell in the evening, so there was no conflict between the parties. In the evening, Brother Teichelmann and I visited the eastern men, to whom we explained the hostility of the southern men, and who, especially since the murderer was supposed to be among them, admitted it just as willingly as those who denied it, that the deceased had died of a disease.

On **September 5th**, I managed to gather a group of eight natives, mostly children, around me, some of whom memorized several letters. If we could have them with us for an hour every day, we could get something done, but this isn't possible, or we'd have to feed the children at the same time. --

The Jamaiama are also doctors who pretend to heal the sick by talking to them, sucking their arms, and the like. They also prescribe a certain diet for the sick, through which the latter may perhaps earn some profit for themselves.

On the evening of **September 6th**, after the natives had returned from the city and so on, I enjoyed some heartwarming moments among them, which rekindled my dwindling hope, as I told them about Christ's death, burial, resurrection, and future judgment. All of this, being easily comprehensible, captured their attention and seemed to make an impression. They had remembered well the names of God, Christ, the first human couple, and so on, which I had mentioned to them earlier.

On **September 8th**, the fact that the feeling of reverence is not unfamiliar to the natives is evidenced by the fact that they call Sunday Jamaiama or Kuinjunda, in which both words emphasize the concept of secrecy and thus holiness. Since today was Sunday, and the natives tend to stay home on Sundays because the Europeans don't give them anything, I spent a long time with them twice, telling them the commandments we can translate, namely the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, and biblical stories. When asked if they understood me, four of them urged me to speak to them more often, then they would understand. This is certainly very gratifying, but all the

more disappointing that I haven't seen that same man and most of those who were with him since then, as they wander around in the interior. If they stayed together on their journeys, it would be useful to go with them, but they usually split into small groups of six to twelve people.

Five days with the natives in the bush.

On **September 9th**, yesterday, an unusually large group of 30 to 40 natives ventured into the bush, accompanied by their European dogs, with whom they intended to hunt kangaroos.

I had long wished to observe the life and activities of the natives in the wild for a few days, not only to gain a better understanding of their entire being, but also to practice their language. Therefore, I greatly welcomed the opportunity offered to me today by two young natives, named Tuitpurro and Kudno Ipiti, to fulfill this wish, and I was equally pleased that Brother Teichelmann decided to join us.

My entire equipment for this excursion consisted of a woolen quilt, some tea, rusks, and salt; the rest was supposed to be provided by the hunt. And we weren't disappointed, because a few miles outside the city, we found several people busy preparing a kangaroo that had just been hunted. The way the natives make a kangaroo edible is remarkable and might therefore deserve a mention here:

As soon as the prey is killed, a suitable spot for roasting is sought nearby, which must be dry and provide wood and stone. Then the animal is carried there and the most skilled person sets about skinning it down to the head and the largest part of the tail, the latter of which is cut off and scorched in the fire, while another digs a hole about 1.5 feet deep in the ground, a third fetches small stones, and a fourth brings wood and starts a fire in the hole, in which the stones are heated to a red-hot state.

When the fire has burned out, the butcher has already gutted the animal, cut off the legs and thighs, and sliced the thick meat of the thigh three times, while another person cleans the larger intestines and makes a sausage from the blood accumulating in the chest cavity. Now, the stones are pulled out of the embers, and the smaller ones are placed partly in the chest and abdominal cavities, partly in the sliced thighs, mixed with the leaves of the small rubber tree for seasoning.

After that, the kangaroo is placed in the hole on the coals, by scattering branches of the aforementioned tree both underneath and on top of it; the legs, tail, sausage, and raw intestines are then inserted into the upper part, and the whole thing is covered with the remaining glowing stones. Meanwhile, someone has peeled off a piece of bark from a nearby tree, large enough to cover the kangaroo from head to tail; the gaps between the bark and the edge of the hole are then filled with earth, so that no air can penetrate.

After having rested comfortably for an hour, we opened the crypt and pulled out a clean, delicious stew. The butcher now also plays the role of the carver,

although he is a bit less clean and uses the sharp cleaver (Wodna) more than the knife. With the cleaver, he skillfully tore apart the joints of the animal, then divided the whole creature into 8-10 pieces.

Now, when everyone has satisfied their appetite, they pack up the leftovers to be consumed the following evening and morning by the caravan consisting of women, children, and a few accompanying men, who do not participate in the hunt but simply move from one camp to another, searching for edible roots, lizards, and so on.

Today's roasting spot was so far from the camp and we set off so late that by the time we arrived at the latter, it was already too dark to build our own hut, and we had to sleep in a native's hut and by their fire. The surprise and joy at my and Brother Teichelmann's company were initially very great; moreover, the supply of meat brought such cheerfulness among the group that they sang in their own way until late into the night. The short phrases they used in their songs, which I now understood for the first time, are remarkable because they reflect the impressions that the appearance of Europeans made on the native mind. For example, one of them says: Waienenuma bullakka witte, i.e. they are very afraid of the big cattle.

On **September 10th**, the natives advised us to turn back this morning, ostensibly because they would be going too far, but probably because they feared we would eat too much of their meat. Brother Teichelmann, it seemed to me, was too sensitive to be persuaded to turn back, but I persisted in my resolve not to allow the natives to break their promise to provide us with enough kangaroo meat. It was evident that they realized their mistake, as they wanted to take back Brother Teichelmann when they saw that I was determined to stay with them, and they sent a companion with him to prevent him from being killed by assassins (Ngukunna). The large group split into two smaller ones here; the one I joined consisted mostly of young people. As we passed through an area devoid of game, we made rapid progress over a long distance, so I was very glad when we stopped to rest.

That evening, I made myself a hut from branches and a fire to avoid being exposed to the same frost as the previous night; but the young people camped so close around me that I didn't enjoy my efforts much. At first, I didn't mind them, because I was talking to them about religious matters, and it even got to the point where they no longer laughed as they usually did, but listened attentively; hence, I couldn't get rid of them later on.

On **September 11th**, the hunt today didn't go into the plain that lay before us, but sideways onto the foothills of the mountains. At 11 o'clock, we already had a kangaroo, which the dogs had driven into the water, and which was subsequently killed by the natives chasing after the dogs' barking with their clubs. While preparing it, two young men nearby hunted down a second one, which was brought over and roasted in the same pit. Since only a few of us went hunting this morning, everyone

had as much to carry as they could manage. When we arrived at our new camp site, we found the original pile completely reunited, from which some brought over a third kangaroo, which had been chased up by our dogs rushing ahead, and they also slaughtered it right away, even though it was already quite dark.

On **September 12th**, well-fed and still abundantly supplied with provisions, most of the natives today remained in comfortable idleness by their fires; only I, Tuitpurro, Kudna Ipiti, and another went hunting. However, since our best dog was so badly mauled by a kangaroo yesterday that it couldn't run, we soon had to come back empty-handed; and Tuitpurro, who got lost from us, had hunted one, but because he couldn't swim, he had to leave it in the water.

I was now running out of time and wanted to go home even more tomorrow, as it started to rain and it seemed like it would continue to rain. My bread had long since run out. The natives began to build huts from rubber bark to protect themselves from the rain, each one here and there where bark could be found, while I turned my leaf hut to face the wind and sealed it with new branches. Thus, I slept comfortably inside with my brother Tuitpurro, just as we had done the previous night. I can't praise Tuitpurro enough, because he did everything a brother could do for another on this journey. When other natives begged me for bread, he turned them away, realizing that my supply was barely enough for myself. But he never took any bread when I offered it to him. He offered me as much meat as I could eat and always urged me to tell him if I wanted more. And he did all this not out of interest, because all I could give him was a pipe of tobacco and a sip of tea, but out of joy that I had accompanied him so far and out of compassion, because they all believed I was feeling great homesickness due to my distance from the city. This evening, I agreed with Tuitpurro to go home with him tomorrow, which all the others approved of and even encouraged us to do.

On **September 13th**. Although it had been agreed yesterday evening that my brother Tuitpurro should accompany me back, the natives today, I don't know at whose instigation, raised objections against this, pretending that they couldn't find the mentioned kangaroo without him, and suggested other companions to me. However, I insisted all the more on our yesterday's agreement, as that pretense seemed to me to be unfounded. Tuitpurro himself wanted to go with me rather than stay, and the others suggested were lazy people, with whom I would have had difficulty reaching the city in one day. After a long back-and-forth discussion about this, I finally set off in impatience and with the intention of showing the natives my unchangeable decision to go alone, convinced that this would bring the discussions to a quicker conclusion than all my representations. As soon as they saw me leaving, all obstacles were cleared away and Tuitpurro came with meat for us and some relatives who had stayed in the city, well loaded, soon after me. Although we had lost a good part of the day through useless talking and waiting, and I almost feared that we wouldn't manage the long day's journey, nevertheless my companion marched so well that we arrived in Adelaide at 7 o'clock in the evening, albeit tired and weary.

I cannot conclude these five days in the bush without making a few general remarks. What I had promised myself from this trip, namely a closer acquaintance with the way of life and customs of the natives, I have found to be fully confirmed. The progress in the language does not consist so much in a large number of new words, but rather in a closer appropriation and more fluent use of those already known, and especially in the discovery of a conjunctive mode, which is formed by adding the small syllable "ma" to the name of the verb and is used very regularly. Mai Adami janno ngakku- ma, pa jakko padluma i. e. If Adam had not eaten the food, he would not have died. I must have heard this syllable pronounced a hundred times, without being able to figure out what it meant. --

After that, I was surprised and delighted by the breeding and decency among the completely free and equal natives, and especially by the obedience of the young men towards the men.

However, I hope that I have not only benefited from this bush life, but that it has also been of some use to some of the indigenous people. Admittedly, I am ashamed and regretful that I may not have always exercised due caution and seriousness, which was indeed no easy task given my limited language skills and the prevailing circumstances. Nevertheless, I am convinced that in some cases, a beginning has been made in awakening the sleeping conscience, which could lead to the accomplishment of good works if the souls could be kept under continuous spiritual care. Sometimes, after my descriptions of eternal life and less retribution, there followed a first conversation among them themselves, which I unfortunately did not understand. Sometimes, questions followed, such as: Where are their deceased relatives now; in Jehovah's house (in heaven), or in the fiery pit (hell)? May God grant that the seed of the divine word, which is now being scattered, albeit weakly and irregularly, among the indigenous people of this land, will not fall by the wayside and be trampled upon any longer, as is unfortunately all too often the case now.

On the afternoon of **September 17th**, I went with Brother Teichelmann to Mullawirra Burka, who was soon visited by one of the natives who recently came here with herds of cattle from New South Wales. We went back home with both of them to ask the latter as much as possible. He speaks fairly fluent English, but his pronunciation is so indistinct that I could hardly understand him, and sometimes not at all. He could not read, but said he had been educated, just not baptized. His language is different from the one contained in Threlkeld's grammar. According to him, his compatriots, who are much more numerous than the local natives, build houses and cultivate the land, receive education in their language from the priests (his language was extremely vulgar), and so on.

On the evening of **September 25th**, the native of New South Wales was with me again, accompanied by one of his compatriots, of whom there are five here in total. The latter is a much more modest, educated, and better young man, 19 years old, baptized and raised in an orphanage, although he still has both parents and five

siblings alive. He could also not read, but he could spell, and seemed to have a decent knowledge of the main truths of the Christian religion.

On **October 8th**, after a long absence of all the natives, I noticed a small group on the way to Klemzig today, who had just returned from the northeast.

Second trip to Encounter Bay.

Partly to inquire whether my house in Encounter Bay would be finished soon, and partly to see what the situation would be for the natives after the fishing season had ended, I travelled to Encounter Bay on October 10th. Mr. Fiedler was kind enough to lend me his little Timoran horse (Timor Pony), which would have been of even greater help to me if it hadn't been for the protector, Mr. Moorhouse, who had come along on foot. The first night, we had to spend in the bush without water, because we got lost as night fell.

On **October 11th**, instead of taking almost four days for the first time, we reached our destination on the second day today. As we passed the police station, I immediately inquired about my house (as a police supervisor will be building it) and received the disappointing news that the builder had not yet arrived, that the building materials were still missing, that in addition to mine, three other houses were to be built on behalf of the government, and that it was not known which one would be the first. However, they were able to show me the site; it is located close to the beach on * quicksand washed up by the sea; opposite, towards the sea, is the bold, steep granite island or Ngalaikruar, which can be waded to at low tide.

On **October 12th**, I went to the still not completely abandoned fishing camp in Wirramu in the morning, where this time I only found three huts, which were mostly inhabited by blind people and old women. The Pankamejunna in Limboanangar had completely disappeared as a result of a conflict with other tribes. A young man told me that the surveyor Halls had been hit in the left eye by a spear. The reason for this conflict was that, after the fishing camp in Limboanangar was abandoned, the Pankamejunna claimed the fish caught by the fishing camp in Wirramu, which started its fishing season a bit later than the former. --

Apart from the three mentioned, I found two other huts scattered around, and in one of them, a dead child of about 3 years old, laid on poles facing the sun and over the fire. I can't say for sure what caused the child's death, but most likely it was due to a terrible disease that has spread among the natives here, just like in Adelaide. I conclude this because the child's mouth was completely rotten, so that the teeth and jaw bones were completely exposed; the settlers in Encounter Bay say that he endured unspeakable pain in this condition for a long time. --

The natives' occupation was fishing, which can maintain the current number of them, about 50 souls, as, after the whales have disappeared, smaller fish flock to the bay and the two small rivers.

On **October 14th**, since I had little or nothing to do in Encounter Bay, I decided to ride to Taltarruar with Mr. Pallen, especially since Mr. Hall was certain that I would meet natives near his place. So I rode around Taltarruar in the afternoon, but found

nothing except a corpse, which was floating on three poles on the banks of the lower Murray or the waterway between the lake and the sea. I spent the night with the friendly Pallen, who invited me to visit him whenever I came to his neighborhood. He will gradually move up the Murray to the great bend of the river, so that I will have a good point of reference for any future trips in the area.

On **October 16th**, we traveled back again with the intention of reaching Jankaljila, which was only three miles away and where a signpost should have guided us. However, we missed the signpost and as soon as we were sure we had passed it, Moorhouse decided to go back, and I, having nothing to do in Jankaljila and longing to return home, decided to continue traveling. Now, my little Timoran horse trotted so cheerfully under me that I arrived in Ngankijarringa at sunset and had covered at least 40 English miles that day. The last 5 or 6 miles I had lost my way and ended up in a mountainous area. The horse was exhausted from thirst and exertion, and the sun was rapidly setting. How heartily glad and grateful I was, therefore, when I suddenly saw Ngankijarringa in front of me on the top of a hill. The long night was not only lonely, but also extremely unpleasant, because I had no wood for the fire and had given my teapot to Mr. Moorhouse.

On **October 17th**, as soon as the morning dawned, I got up again and, although I enjoyed a somewhat lengthy breakfast 5 miles from the city, I was still at home by 10 o'clock in the morning.

On **October 22nd**, tonight, Brother Teichelmann and I visited the natives together. During the conversation, one of them said that our words from Jehovah were not true, adding that other Europeans had told him the same. I replied that he was now overconfident; but in the future, when God calls him to go into the great fire, he would be very sorrowful. To this, he responded with appalling arrogance, saying he wanted to throw a spear at God, shaking the spear in his hand with violent gestures. Another said he was very strong, or hard, implying that the fire would not harm him. Of course, such remarks partly stem from a lack of knowledge of God, but they are nevertheless accompanied by a great deal of blasphemy and conscience-strickenness, as evidenced by the seriousness they otherwise show when talking about Jehovah. Nevertheless, we were pleased by these objections, as they are proof that our lectures or rather conversations about Christian truths are not forgotten by them, but are discussed and have an impact among them. They are also suitable for distinguishing between light and darkness, the good and the bad, as was the case once before, when some expressed disapproval of those blasphemous remarks.

On **October 24th**, we had another time of refreshment in the presence of the Lord, where we, five in number, approached the Lord's table and simultaneously decided to gather for worship at Brother Teichelmann's every Sunday at 9 a.m. from now on.

On **October 29th**, the native Karnu Warinja decided to live with me today. He is a young man of 20, very lively and skilled at certain things, but also wild and stubborn.

After two days, he ran away again with a pair of trousers and two shirts. I will hardly make another such attempt with a pagan native, not only because it's costly and useless, but also because the natives view it as a joke due to the constant running away of young people. Even now, they always ask me where so-and-so is, referring to the young men who have also been with me, and when I reply that they've left, they start laughing loudly.

On **October 30th**, while I was at the natives' camp this morning, a small group just returned from the interior. One of them came completely naked, full of anger and with a club in his hand, rushing towards us. However, the others all sat indifferently until he was very close, where Kudmoburka grabbed him from behind and held him until he had exhausted himself in his rage and his anger had subsided. He absolutely refused to give up the club and the spear, which he had picked up during the struggle, probably because he would have considered it a humiliation. But after some persuasion, he willingly gave them to me. The reason for this man's anger was that his wife had secretly left him in the bush and gone back to Adelaide, and his intention was to punish her now. In the evening, the quarrel started again, but not with the wife, but with the man who had taken his wife with him. He threw a club with all his might at the old man, but fortunately did not hit him. The young people took care of the old man and a fierce exchange of words ensued, which ended the matter. --

The protector, Mr. Moorhouse, traveled with several police officers to Murray today, where the natives are said to have attacked a herd of sheep and either killed or dispersed some of them. The number of indigenous people present at the incident was estimated to be between 500 and 600.

During the last few days, even more distressing news has arrived, as the Murray natives had a five-hour battle with the cattle drivers and killed the supervisor. As a result, another group of mounted police has been dispatched to the area.

For several days, the previously mentioned native boat guide, named Jammuruwe (English name: Bob) from Encounter Bay, has been here in Piltaworlinga, suffering from a nasty illness. I visit him at least once a day and teach him the ways of salvation through the English language. Although this is only a limited means, as he has learned nothing but religious expressions and terms among the whalers, his comprehension and memory are weaker than his former liveliness would have led to expect; nevertheless, I have great, perhaps too bold hopes for him. He listens patiently and attentively to everything, but seemed to be very shy at first; he particularly enjoys writing. He had promised to go with me to Encounter Bay, and I will use all my influence to persuade him to come along, even though the protector would like to keep him in the city. Among his own tribesmen, he is not only more uninhibited, but also more respected than he could be here, and consequently, he can do more good there, provided he is righteously converted to the Lord. I can't say how long it will take before we go to Encounter Bay, and I know for sure that my house will be the first to be built there; so perhaps it will be in two or three months.

Well, I have now told you, dear and highly respected brethren, a long and detailed account, more out of duty than out of my own joyful impulse, because I feel all too deeply that some goals, which would signal the conversion of even just one soul, would be more valuable in your eyes and bring you greater joy than all these bows. Indeed, the promise to us may still be fulfilled: Those who sow with tears will reap with joy, and I do not doubt for a moment the almighty influence of divine grace; but the question always presses on me with the weight of a hundred pounds: How can the indigenous people, with their current nomadic and begging lifestyle, be brought under the influence of this divine grace? Only the future holds the answer to this.

The most important thing since my last letter and in this report is perhaps my settlement among the natives in Encounter Bay. I felt great concern before this decision matured in me, and even greater concern was spared me by the Lord, who persuaded the governor and Mr. Hall to support the venture. But even now, my soul is full of worries about this matter; for if I now go to Encounter Bay and Jammuruwe accompanies me, how will I provide for the latter? How can the local natives be persuaded to stay permanently? Although they fish, they also want to eat other food; there are Europeans there, but so few that they cannot employ even a tenth of the natives. I am and remain of the opinion that if the natives are not guided towards farming, the most natural transition from their previous life, there will be little hope. But farming requires livestock, land, plows, and the like, and all of this costs more money here than I can expect from a German brother.

This change, which is directly related to my profession, is followed by another, which initially concerns me personally, but which I consider it my duty and a privilege to inform you about. You will recall from previous letters how helpless we are with our domestic affairs, how time-consuming it is to handle them all ourselves, and how expensive it is to obtain outside help; but it was harder to describe how much more we miss as a friend.

I foresee that in this double respect, I will be much worse off in Encounter Bay than in Adelaide, and because I foresaw this and the benefits it would bring to me, my profession, and the alleviation of this situation, I did not hesitate to take the step I am talking about here, namely to get engaged. My bride is from Pastor Kavel's congregation, the stepdaughter of Mr. Fiedler, formerly a royal forester in Klemzig. She herself is called Bertha M. Teusler, the daughter of a teacher who died years ago in the Zöllichau area. Modesty forbids me to say anything in her praise, so I will just state the facts that she not only enjoyed a Christian and educational upbringing, but also, since the loss of her mother shortly after her arrival, has taken on the role of a mother to her youngest siblings and is thus experienced in all household matters, despite being only 17 years old. I am sure you will believe that I did not choose her lightly or recklessly, otherwise I could also mention that I had the approval of Brother Teichelmann and Pastor Kavel. It was my intention not to marry until I had received a response from you to this news, and since Pastor Kavel now believes I should not do

so without your unconditional consent, I would like to ask for it all the more now.

As for our financial matters, we have no personal complaints to make now. My total income from the previous year and so far amounted to £114,

including	£14 from the governor upon our arrival,
an advance of	£20 from the same person,
a gift of	£20 from local missionary friends, Rev. Stow and others,
	£49 1/2 from H. Angas through the South Australian Bank,
and	£7 1/2 from H. Flaxman as a gift -

together, a total of £114 Sterling.

About thirty pounds of this sum are still in our hands, of which I could and would have spent much more, given that my clothes are pretty much worn out except for the laundry, if I hadn't intended to save them for my, admittedly costly, move to Encounter Bay.

There is much more that could be mentioned about the prosperity of our compatriots in this colony, about the flourishing of all the English church parties, about the successful progress of the colony in general, etc. However, apart from the fact that such matters do not really belong in our reports, the comparison with our modest progress is distressing for us. Moreover, if we get too caught up in the issues and events concerning the colony, they may distract us from keeping our focus on the vital aspects of our goal.

Yesterday, Brother Teichelmann and I decided to subscribe to the South Australian Register next year and send it to you quarterly, so that you can be informed of all matters that attract attention in the colony at various times. --

But we too would like to receive more news from Germany, not just from you, and we would like to ask you to send us a good newspaper. The more lively the communication between us and our fellow believers in our homeland, the closer and stronger the bond between the two will become in the future; this is not only proven by older church writings, but also by our past experience. We are overwhelmed with English news, but we receive nothing from Germany; and German eventually fades into oblivion in our memories.

Before you receive this letter, you have no doubt already sent several new workers to the Lord's great vineyard; if they come here, I will be very pleased to not be alone in Encounter Bay in the future; two will be enough to work among the local people. However, my most fervent wish, prayer, and endeavor is that the blessed effectiveness of the Society not only lies in the number of its sent out gospel preachers, but even more so in the number of souls won for the gospel. Wishing and praying that the Lord Jesus Christ may strengthen us inwardly with ever greater love and zeal, and increase our numbers outwardly, I remain, beloved brothers!

Your humble brother.

C. W. Schürmann