

presented] 21/10 [18]41
No. 18

Port Lincoln, March 15, 1841

Dear beloved pastor and brother in Jesus Christ!

Perhaps I should write to the company about this in a cheaper way, because I've always believed that they have the first and greatest right to our reports, which concern our effectiveness as servants of Christ. However, I have to deviate from this rule for once, and make this friendship letter the bearer of the news, which rightfully belong to the business letters, if you'll allow this somewhat cold expression.

Since my last letter (from the beginning of January), one or more natives have been with me almost constantly, so that I can now communicate with them about trivial matters. When only one or two were with me, I received them almost entirely and let them work on a quarter-acre of land that I fenced, dug up, and designated as a garden. Two men named Gutalta and Ngulgalta work well, although not consistently. Currently, four of them are present, but since I have nothing for them to do, I give them little except some rice and sugar, as provided by the government; they obtain their other food partly from other people, partly by hunting and fishing near the city.

Many of the settlers are not happy with the blacks coming to the city, and I myself consider it unwise in the long run, because they only beg and learn other bad habits there. However, I now have no other choice until the government assigns land to the natives and establishes a station in the interior, which I hope will happen soon. At least, I have urgently recommended this in my letters to the protector. Given the small number of settlers and the resulting impossibility of obtaining food by begging, I flatter myself with the hope that the local natives will be more inclined to work here than in Adelaide. Moreover, the character of the natives here, just like in Adelaide at first, is timid, modest, and accommodating; but when the fear subsides, they become intrusive and boisterous. Oh, how much wisdom and gentle self-denial are required to deal with these ~~uncouth~~ uncivilized sons of the Father; therefore, do not cease in your fervent intercession that both of these may be granted to me in abundance.

On **January 11th**, I accompanied two indigenous people, Getella and Mentalla, on a police expedition to Coffin Bay, the purpose of which was to capture the two men, Mengilti and Mitalta, who murdered Franz Hawson. Although I was initially very reluctant to participate in this venture, I eventually gave in to the idea that I would be very useful as an interpreter, and to my own desire to get to know the Coffin Bay tribe. On the first day, we encountered three young men who were fast asleep, who

were not a little frightened at the sight of the small cavalry (our number amounted to 10 men, including the natives; with 7 horses). However, our native companions told us that these were not the culprits, and they soon calmed the frightened people, who now joined our group.

The following day, we rode around the vast bay and in the late afternoon, we encountered a large tribe of strong, robust natives in Korlo, a small peninsula on the far northwest side of the bay. Their number, including women and children, might have been 30-40 people. As soon as we spotted them, one of our guides announced our presence with a loud, abrupt shout, and in an instant, all of them, who had been sitting carelessly in two dense groups and seemed to be chatting confidently, scattered. By far the largest part fled, but half a dozen of the bravest men immediately grabbed their spears and rushed towards us. Seeing that we were not attacking them, they dropped their spears halfway and came towards us with outstretched arms and the fearful cry: "Ngai malpa makka, ngai makka" (I'm not the murderer, I'm not). This scene demonstrated both the courageous determination of these men and their knowledge of the murder and the purpose of our journey. They claimed to be our own people and said that the murderers, Mengelti and Mitalta, were heading north. Since this statement seemed plausible and it seemed impossible to pursue the fugitives without shedding innocent blood, we rode back to the opposite side of the bay, where a large tribe of natives had been encountered during a previous expedition, which I did not attend. Some of the Korlo tribe accompanied us to our next night's camp, but returned the following day, not so much out of fear as from exhaustion from the intense heat and heavy marching.

On the following day, **January 13th**, we didn't find any natives anymore, so we headed to Tananna (Sleaford Bay), the next place where we could find food, and returned home the next day after a four-day absence (with nothing accomplished). The area we traveled through during this time was densely covered with Casuarina trees, but so rocky that we couldn't ride at more than two miles per hour. The whole thing is an unbroken deposit of loose limestone, which has been so weathered either by the frequent and violent fires during the summer, or by other weather influences, that only the hardest parts of the stones, in sharp points and edges that cut like knives, touch the old surface.

Although these pretexts were suitable for teaching the natives that the wise do not allow themselves to be harmed unpunished, they still could not refrain from committing several petty thefts. I would like to mention one of these here, due to the audacity with which it was carried out and the discontent it caused among the settlers.

On **February 15th**, six natives came to Happy Valley, the northernmost border of the city, to visit a woman who lived there and asked for bread. However, the woman went into the house and locked the door behind her. Afterwards, the woman saw them going to the neighbor's house, which was locked and no one was inside. They climbed through a window, quietly filled their camp bags with potatoes, and then ran

away, without daring to disturb them.

The extent of the natives' tendency to steal small items is also evident from the following circumstance. I had been missing a table knife for some time, and after searching everywhere, I accused Yutalta, who had been sleeping in my house for weeks, of taking it. But he denied it and claimed that another man named Yaltuwinni had taken it. When this young man arrived, I searched his belongings, but he did not have the knife. A few days later, I found the same knife in Yutalta's pockets, and I need hardly add that this combination of thievery, ingratitude, and cunning deeply hurt me.

There have also been some thefts in the bush at the stations; so much so that I'm almost afraid that the natives will make this their business, in which case hostility between blacks and whites, the consequences of which would be unforeseeable, would be inevitable. As much as I could, I warned the natives and drew their attention to the consequences, to which they always named the perpetrators; it could therefore well be that, due to the fear arising from my suggestions, they have refrained from further thefts for several weeks.

(No. 3 didn't go in due to a lack of space.)

~~From the three issues of the "Southern Australian", you will see that the Methodists have established a relief mission society for Australia, and from the letters of the brothers in Adelaide, it appears that they have focused their attention on the tribes at Lake Alexandrina and the Murray, most of whom speak the Encounter Bay language. This news has somewhat alarmed Brother Meyer, who urgently requests in his latest letter that I leave Port Lincoln and join him to avoid the feared collision. However, I cannot possibly comply with this request, due to the time loss I would incur and the conviction that the Wesleyans, if they succeeded in displacing them from the east, would immediately turn their attention here once the door has been opened. Instead, I have advised Brother Meyer to seek a capable assistant who has the strength and courage to endure the hardships and potential dangers of the journeys that would be necessary there. This is my opinion and advice, but it goes without saying that I will gladly comply with the wishes of the society at any time. — I cannot refrain from mentioning here an item that also appeared in that newspaper and surprised me greatly, namely that a Methodist community is said to have been established in Winnenden in Württemberg, which would be almost disastrous.~~

Since the arrival of the brethren Meyer and Klose, I haven't received any news from Dresden, except for a letter from the dear Cordes from London dated July 10, 1840, which I received the day before yesterday. He sent me a Malay grammar and wrote that the society has bought a house in Liliengasse, which I'm very happy about and pray to God that he may let the blessing rest doubly in this house, which seems to have partially faded from the Franckeschen Anstalt in Halle.

Furthermore, I learn from Cordes' letters that you share my views on the matters concerning my intended marriage and that you wish to actively participate in it. Oh, how I would have wanted to thank you, if it weren't for God's disappointment or the devil's play with me. Truly, I still don't know which of the two I should attribute the sad turn of events to.

I can't help but make a few quiet remarks here regarding the marriage of missionaries and the views of the committee members on this matter. It seems to me, and I believe also to Brother Teichelmann, that denying the good Klose his wishes in this regard is as unwise as it is harsh; the first, because a woman, like the widow Funke, could have been extremely useful at the Adelaide Station, and the latter, because Klose's age seems to deserve consideration. The society says that it could only approve if its missionaries brought a sister with them, or chose one among the immigrant European women. But indeed, these passages in the report, if they didn't stem from a disdain for the colonial society, would be likely to alienate the hearts of its missionaries from the society.

How is he supposed to find a partner if acquaintance with the opposite sex is not allowed during his study years? How is he supposed to find such a partner among the European women in the colony, where even honest disciples of Christ can't resist the temptations of wealth, and the missionary struggles to make ends meet? Not to mention that he wouldn't even find a partner from a different denomination, which, according to the judgment of our church fathers, is not even advisable in the heart of Germany, let alone in an English colony. I believe that a missionary who is married to a genuine Lutheran would be much more stable than one who is married to a member of another church or sect. You can learn from Kavel's and my example how difficult it is to marry happily in the colony, how much hardship the former has faced, and how much pain I have experienced. I don't believe that my poverty alone was my fault, but I know that Bertha's father is a self-interested person and is not driven by any noble motives. But enough of this. Please don't hold it against me for what I've said, but just see it as what I'm expressing, as far as I'm not personally involved, namely as my unauthoritative opinion.

But I'll say it without any hesitation, if I were where I was a year and a half ago, I would want to exercise the right that God has undeniably given to every man; I would want to refrain from all hasty writings -- and throw overboard all talk of paternal power and paternal consent through a simple action.

From the sentence in Cordes' letters, "S. intends to get married as soon as everything is prepared for the journey to Encounter Bay, I conclude that you share my opinion and therefore do not approve of Kavel's silly nonsense that the missionary, after having strengthened his acquaintance, should first write to the society and then wait until he receives a response."

I'm very eager to receive news from Germany, particularly regarding my dispute with Kavel and my settlement in Port Lincoln. A few months ago, Kavel issued a request for us to set down our thoughts on church order and send them to him, which I believe Brother Meyer and the Adelaide brothers have done. However, I found no inclination to do so, partly because the subject isn't close to my heart, but mainly because I've lost all trust in Pastor Kavel and his elders, and therefore I can't regard this measure as anything other than a ploy to reinforce his mystical hierarchical nature, either through our agreement or through formal separation from us. May God grant us grace and the sincere will to zealously pursue the office of reconciliation, then suitable arrangements for the leadership of our community will be found without much effort.

The newspapers reported some time ago that the King of Prussia died on June 7th of last year, and it emerges from Cordes' letters that King Wilhelm II is proving to be very popular, which gives the brothers in Prussia hope that the church will be granted more freedom. May the King of Kings rule the new king's heart and thus teach him to govern his people in a Christian and just manner; this is my prayer, as it is surely the prayer of all those who hold the church, our spiritual mother, dear to their hearts.

Our wallet is now very empty again, and the German bills, which were supposed to arrive in October, seem to be taking their own path or waiting for good fortune at Angas's comptoir. If this matter could be handled with a business-like mindset, we would be spared our unnecessary worries. In my naivety, I lent the unfaithful fiddler a sum of money last year on the condition that he would repay it to me as soon as I needed it, but he still owes me £18, a very paternal gesture. My salary of £50 is indeed a noticeable help, but the increased prices of food in Port Lincoln are greatly reducing it, and if no support comes, I will have to dismiss my boy.

The subject that most motivated me to write to you this time is the ending, which I saved until the last moment; it's the ending of your dear letter of August 9, 1839.

The brethren Klose and Meyer delivered it, and since I couldn't unpack it right away, it had to be overlooked when I finished my last letter to you. At that time of grief, I didn't shed many tears, otherwise it would have meant a lot to you if I assured you that that passage brought tears to my eyes. Oh, my dear friend, my beloved brother and esteemed father! How could you misunderstand your Jonathan so much, how could you raise suspicions on such a weak basis, as if my heart had strayed from my David, or even more, as if I were acting unrecognizably against your faithful, tender, and I would add, protective brotherly love! --

I cannot hide from you the deep pain you have caused me, even though you had already revoked it earlier due to a later letter. I hope that my correspondence with you since then has dispelled any shadow of suspicion. --

You see, the words just don't flow anymore, truly not because of the cold, but because I find them meaningless for what I actually feel for you. If all joy leaves me, and I trust fewer people, as I've come to realize that few truly deserve it, then you would truly be the last one.

Because you then call yourself my David, let me say one last word of confidential friendship to you. How can I get out of the turmoil, struggles, and worries into which I have been treacherously plunged, and which passions of all kinds are making things even more oppressive?

In Port Lincoln, where I certainly moved for good reasons, but also partly fled out of discontent, there's no one who prays with me, encourages me, or comforts me. Sometimes I think I need to lower my expectations, because I've risen too high, and sometimes I feel I've sunk too low and need to rise again. Sometimes I have great hope for my sphere of influence, and sometimes my life seems isolated, useless, and faithless, and I long for Germany, the land of warm, faithful hearts. Pray, yes, pray sincerely with me; that the God of peace may fill my and all our hearts with his all-sufficient grace and his abundant peace, and teach us to do his will.

Sending warm greetings to your dear wife and all brothers.

I will remain your faithful one.

C. W. Schürmann

Recd. 20th Sept. 1841
Dear, Most Reverend Mr. Pastor Wermelskirch.
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