

M. Moorhouse Esqu.  
MI. Protector of the Aborigines.

Port Lincoln, May 26, 1842

Dear Sir,

Since the "Governor Gawler" is still in the port, I'm taking the opportunity to inform you about the outcome of an expedition against the native killers since I wrote my last report to you.

On the 20th of this month, a group consisting of the police in Port Lincoln and several volunteers left the city in search of the murderers. Two days after I was summoned to Villaworta by a message from Mr. Driver to speak with a prisoner the group had captured, who was suspected of being one of the murderers.

Upon my arrival, I discovered that the prisoner was Ngarka, a native of the East Coast tribe; and the head, which was removed from a man who had been shot and was shown to me, I recognized as that of Ngula, a native of the same tribe. None of these men were ever accused of being involved in the murders.

A lot of European property from Pillaworta was found in the camps when Ngarka was arrested. He admitted that it was stolen by Ngula and others who escaped, but he claimed that he was on the coast fishing at the time the robbery took place.

A group of soldiers, who were responsible for the Pillaworta settlement, stated that on the 18th of this month, some natives came to them, including Kungka and Tumba, who shouted out their names, given to them by the soldiers, namely "One Eye" and "Monkey Face". They also reported that they fired at the natives and brought down two of them, as the natives threw spears at them and were therefore forced to run away, as they were surrounded. Ngarka does not know that any of his tribe were killed or wounded, except for Ngula, and the entire statement of the soldiers does not seem very coherent or clear.

It's not my responsibility to comment on the appropriateness of removing the heads from the bodies of the dead natives, but I think it's my duty to acquaint you with the barbaric and repugnant treatments at Pillawortha, which I witnessed. The soldiers and police officers put the heads on a pole and placed them in an old pigsty, stuffing a short clay pipe between the teeth. I protested to the lieutenant about the inappropriateness of such behavior, but I couldn't persuade him to stop it. Such

behavior will not contribute to restoring harmony between the white and black populations of Port Lincoln, and I don't need to say that it would be desirable to prevent a recurrence of similar events.

A native boy, who was captured by the group before they encountered the tribe, is being held in prison, with the prospect, I believe, of being sent to you. The destruction and removal of innocent or at least less guilty natives, while those who have forfeited their lives escape unpunished, convince me, along with some other circumstances, that my presence in this part of the province will not be desired much longer.

I would have much more to say, but I hope to be able to communicate with you in a conversation soon.

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

C. W. Schürmann