

*Diary
of*

C. W. Schürmann

commenced

May 27th, 1838

*with the day of his embarking
to South-Australia
on the 28th of May 1838*

Adelaide (May 1838 – June 1840)

Recording the most important incidents during my journey from London to Adelheid in South Australia.

From London to Plymouth

(1) May 27th, 1838. On the Monday before Pentecost I boarded the ship Pestonjee Bomanjee. The weather was very unfriendly that day and the wind was against us. This circumstance, however, did not hinder our departure, as our ship was towed down the Thames by a steamboat, as is usually the case now. Since we hadn't seen the ship for two days, we were very surprised to see the crowd of people on board. To imagine the hustle and bustle, one only has to consider the surface area of a mediocre ship and the number of people moving on it, which is 260 souls, excluding the ship's crew. If you now add the latter, you will definitely get a total of at least 300 souls.

The travelers are divided into three compartments **(2)** according to their status and wealth, of which the first lives in the main cabin, the second in the 'tween decks, and the third in a room which the English call "steerage". In the first cabin everything is very nice and clean, there is enough light and good food; But in the „steerage“, where we are, there is a lack of fresh air, light and generally the necessary attention in the individual cabins. This all comes from the excessive number of people; Instead of there actually only being two rows of cabins in the tween deck, one on both sides and a wide aisle in the middle, a third row has recently been added so that between this and the side rows there is only a narrow aisle on each side. It is obvious that this arrangement deprives the individual cabins of the necessary light and fresh air. But what's even worse is that the dining room has now become so small that not everyone can sit at the table. There is also a lack of sufficient cooking facilities, so that not everything that is intended for every day can be prepared. Those in the steerage get the worst of it, as those in the main cabin are of course preferred to us **(3)** and those in the "steerage", which usually consist of entire families, cook and fry themselves. If all the cooking facilities are taken over, we will come away empty-handed. Another inconvenience lies in the lack of attendants, so that forks and knives and the like are often so dirty that you don't want to look at them, much less eat with them.

In summary: The travelers in the „steerage“ completely miss the comfort that they had expected, which is why everyone is extremely dissatisfied and some have decided to complain about it locally.

May 28th, 1838. At Gravesend, about a German mile from London, the steamer had left us the previous day and our ship had anchored. The governor also went ashore here again with the intention of getting back on board with his family in Plymouth. I can't say why we stayed here until today, perhaps because we were just waiting for the captain, who only came on board today. Based on our earlier observations, we had considered him to be a rude man, but to our shame and joy we have only now realized that we had judged too quickly, since he is a friendly and **(4)** completely

decent man. In the afternoon the anchor was lifted and we went down the Thames with a favorable wind. But as soon as we got into the open sea and had to turn to the west, the same wind was unfavorable to us and remained so almost continuously until we came to Plymouth. Of course this delayed us for a long time and we didn't arrive in the port of Plymouth until the 4th of June.

Nothing strange happened during our journey here from London, except that a man was saved from death by water by God's gracious providence. He had climbed onto the side of the ship to draw water, but was suddenly thrown down into the water by a sailing rope blown by the wind. They immediately rushed to launch a boat to come to his aid. But this was so firm that it couldn't be dealt with so quickly; That's why the man, although he could swim a little, would have drowned in front of everyone if there hadn't been a fishing boat nearby that caught the injured man and brought him on board; for if he could swim straight away, the ship was going much too fast for him to be able to hold out until a boat could be sent to him.

Since this man had his family on board, it was said, out of consideration for his (5) wife, that a boy had fallen overboard; But what they wanted to prevent with this pious lie on the one hand, was achieved on the other hand, in that every mother of sons feared that it might be her son, and therefore they rushed onto the foredeck with trembling and fear until the deception was revealed to calm them down.

The first Sunday we experienced on board fell during this trip. It was ordered by higher authority that, in the event that there was no minister of the Church of England or any other minister of the Word on board, the doctor should read the prayers. Because we were present, he wanted to transfer his commission to us; I was hesitant about giving my consent to this request, not so much because I considered reading the church prayers to be a violation of my conscience, but rather out of the wisdom of asserting our ecclesiastical position from the outset and not doing or admitting anything that might make the English, who know so little about our church, believe that I belonged to it; furthermore, in order to immediately counter all such demands for the future, and in general to prevent all indifference both on our side and on the other side.

Teichelmann, however, said that in the event of an emergency he would have no concerns, and so on the second Sunday, especially since the (6) governor also wanted it, he read the church prayers both in the evening and in the morning, after which the governor's private secretary always read a sermon.

Many, however, are dissatisfied with this type of worship, partly because they cannot hear and understand everyone, and partly because they consider it unsuitable to the present circumstances. Of course, the dissenters who are so judgmental, and we have enough of the most colorful colors on board, are Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Herrnhuthers, and so on. Among the Methodists, right at the beginning, some men wanted to prove to me sans façon [informally] that the doctrine of the Trinity was completely false, that the Son and the Holy One Spirit are lower than the Father, and so only the Father is the true God. A reference to several passages in the Gospel of

John and in particular to the last verse in the first letter of John did not satisfy him, but nevertheless appeased him, along with my explanation that I could not argue with someone who claimed to be a Christian about such a completely un-Christian subject; Since then he has left me quite content.

June. 4th, 1838. As already mentioned, we arrived in Plymouth today; We hadn't seen land for several days, so it was all the more surprising today to be greeted by the green, steep banks of Plymouth as soon as we got out of bed. Because of the unfavorable wind we had difficulty [getting] into the harbor, but after one or a few unsuccessful attempts we succeeded. As soon as the anchor (7) was dropped, some came on board, one of them bringing us letters from [George Fife] Angas, one for us, and a letter of receipt to a gentleman in Adelaide. After he apologizes in our letter for not saying goodbye to us in London, he gives us the following six hints

1) For the time being, he had opened an account for us in the Adelheid bank; for future support he wanted to wait for instructions from Dresden, [and] recommended that we be thrifty, which was unnecessary.

2) The governor, who welcomed us so kindly, would certainly be happy to give us his advice when we arrived, and Messrs. McLaren and Howe would do the same.

3) In his opinion, our first work should be to familiarize ourselves with the natives of Adelheid, their language, their customs, etc. to make known, to establish a school, to make excuses with such natives as deserved our trust; in this way we would make our way to a settlement at the confluence of the Murray and Darling as the most suitable place. This advice regarding the branch office does not appear to be free from commercial speculation. The Germans would provide us with essential assistance; Praise of Williams' work.

4) Support for our work from the government official called protector of the indigenous people.

5) All efforts [that] have been made for the good of the natives have so far failed; he ensures that ours will not get better; his advice to settle in the interior, away from Adelaide.

6) As a member of the Society for the Protection of the Aborigines, we would like to communicate to him all the information we can regarding the latter, with permission to present it to the committee of that Society.

The whole letter breathed the spirit of Christian seriousness and zeal.

(8) Contrary to all expectations, we remained in Plymouth harbor until June 11th, which was all the more embarrassing because a favorable north-easterly [wind] was blowing during all this time. The immense confusion caused by the loading of goods

caused great dissatisfaction to everyone. For those who went to the shore daily or often, these inconveniences were less noticeable, but I did not want to grant myself this pleasure because it involved the significant expense of 20 sh. was associated with mere passage money. And I only had £ 2 left, which I had decided to bring to Adelaide undamaged. However, my boredom was somewhat relieved by the fact that the ship's owner once let us go to the nearby breakwater. This is a tremendous structure, the like of which [I] have never seen before, made of huge ashlar rocks raised from the bottom of the sea to 3 or 4 feet above the surface of the sea, intended to break the fury of the waves and make the harbor safe. Towards the sea side it descends very gradually, so that in several steps you can see the bottom. On this they come rolling up with great strength, apparently determined to go over the entire building, but their strength is broken when they get higher and they go back very nicely back from whence they came, although they broke through the enormous wall two years ago. This work performed by human hands amazed me greatly, and I would like to know how they could have laid the foundation in the depths of the water. The whole thing is at least a quarter of an hour long and 12 to 20 feet wide at the top.

June 6th, 1838. With Teichelmann's knowledge, I had written a letter to Mr. P. Kavel to give to Mr. Angas, who was present in Plymouth, to take to London; But since he had left Plymouth shortly (9) before the letter was delivered and Teichelmann did not want to pay half for the letter written in both names, I did not send it.

June 8th, 1838. Without my knowledge, he wrote a letter to Dresden, and when I asked him to at least say hello from me, he simply stated that it had already been sealed. He also seemed surprised when I expressed my surprise at such an unfraternal procedure.

Oh, that the company would soon send brothers after them, if for no other reason than that I would like to have a human soul around me to whom [I] could occasionally pour out my bosom.

I have experienced enough that there is never a really trusting intellectual relationship between me and Teichelmann; mutual mistrust fills both parties, and on his side there is an arbitrariness and a lust for power that I cannot possibly always submit to without making myself guilty of feminine and sometimes, in my opinion, sinful desires. His judgment should always be the only correct one, and every deviation in opinion is persecuted to the utmost. I would almost like to apply the words of the psalm to him:

"What they say must be spoken from heaven; what they say must be valid on earth."

Oh, that he could feel what a deep wound he often inflicts through his stubbornness, and how much the good cause is damaged by stirring up discord.

June 11th, 1838. Although the wind was so unfavorable the previous day that we feared we would have to stay in the harbor any longer, this morning it was entirely in our favor. At midday the anchor was lifted and soon Plymouth was lost from sight. As we sailed past a prominent point on the shore where the pilot left us, everyone, travelers as well as sailors, climbed onto elevated objects to say farewell to their fatherland (10); everyone took off their hats, waved them in the air, and gave their good old England a three-rousing hurra. I was able to deeply rejoice in such love for one's country, which animates all classes of the English people, but I had to feel sad when I thought about my dear Germany, where such love for one's country is foreign, or at least the expression of it. The favorable wind lasted only one day, just long enough to bring us close to the canal, and from then on it has always been unfavorable.

All this time I was reading [John Williams'] narrative of the missionary ventures in the South Sea Islands. The title alone shows that this book was in no way written from a church standpoint, seeing the spread of the Gospel as an undertaking by a society, not as a task for the entire church. However, I found the story not only entertaining in many respects, but also at times edifying and sometimes highly instructive for a Gentile messenger. My wish when reading the book was that my brothers in Dresden would want to own it and that more attention would be paid to such phenomena, because they at least serve to correct our judgment about the spread of Christianity in our time and to explore the conditions of the pagans in their various countries. So the story in question directed my attention to [New] Guinea, where several million people (11) live in a pagan but independent state, a promising field for Dresden society.

All my reading, however, had to be done on the foredeck, as there is no light or space in our cabin; the latter is so filled with our beds and boxes that Teichelmann and I can hardly get dressed at the same time. There can be no question of actually studying.

June 15th, 1838. Although we had copied in London the South Australian grammar that the missionaries in Wellington Thale wrote, it was nevertheless very pleasing to us that His Excellency the Governor offered us his to study today, on the one hand because we recognized His Excellency's favorable disposition even more from it, and on the other hand because something printed reads much better than something written, especially with books like this, where many Schemes occur, as in the present one.

June 16th 1838. Last Sunday, His Excellency had intended to have us at table, but since we dine in the steerage several hours earlier than the travelers in the main cabin, his invitation came too late that day.

(12) Instead we were invited today. Our conversation, of course, concerned the land we are hastening to. Strikingly, in the course of the conversation, His Excellency said, with regard to the natives, that the best way to educate them would be to bring them

near larger cities. It goes without saying that I declared myself against it, as did Br. Teichelmann, insofar as the fusion of the natives with the Europeans would cause the former's language to perish, and since His Excellency and Mr. Hall found this to be natural, he said that he would do everything to preserve the people's language. This was unexpected from him and gave me no small amount of joy. The governor also said that there were around 20 natives in Adelheid who worked for wages and who had probably learned something of the English language. I have already turned my attention to these people in my mind, as our future teachers and as keys to their compatriots.

See previous page.

June 17th, 1838. This morning we were all woken up in a somewhat rude manner, which was at the same time apt to remind us of the situation in which we live and of Almighty God, who alone must and can sustain us in it. Suddenly (13) a strong wind arose, accompanied by a brief but heavy downpour. Since no such phenomenon had been suspected, all sails were up and that was exactly what put us in danger, as we could not control the sails due to the strong wind and rain, and the wind threw the ship with the full sails around violently. [With] sustained effort we succeeded in pulling in the sails, but it was not possible to prevent one of them from breaking in pieces. Perhaps the tearing of the thick canvas caused the loud rustling that we heard in our beds and which contributed not a little to increasing our terror. Praise be to God, who kept his strong hand over us and protected us from calamity.

June 20th, 1838. The expression of our views regarding the New Hollanders and their condition prompted Mr. Hall to delve deeper into the subject today. When, in the course of the conversation, I found myself in the situation of either cowardly hiding my views on the right of the native inhabitants and the opposite of the English, or of expressing them openly, I naturally preferred the latter, even at the risk of losing Mr. Hall's friendship. I said that one could not blame the Indians [in America] for striving for their independence, but that the English had only usurped supremacy. To his question: "I would probably also (14) be against her going to South Australia", my principles only allowed me to answer: "[That] goes without saying". As a result of this conversation he gave me a book from the governor, containing statements from witnesses about the influence of the English colonies on the natives, which I am now reading with great interest, although it is written in a somewhat rambling and stiff form.

This evening some travelers in the "steerage" asked us to lead an evening prayer, which we did willingly and stammered our prayers as well as the foreign language permitted. We were very disturbed by the shouts of the Methodists during the prayer, by the restlessness of the people and by the sailors who came down after the end of the final song and started singing.

June 21st, 1848. Today I came across a letter that had recently come from Adelheid. The most important thing in it - was the news about the enormous wages that were paid there, 10 shillings a day, and also that vice, especially drunkenness, prevailed there on an enormous scale.

June 23rd, 1838. To get an idea of how much headwind we have had to contend with so far, it can be helpful to note that we were just opposite Lisbon today; Today the wind was so favorable that we covered 1 1/2 [nautical] miles every hour on our true course.

(15) In reading the statements mentioned under the 20th of June, I was struck by a few passages which seemed to me too important and too speechless for the opinion I had held for so many years not to notice them here:

Mr. Coates: asserted that experience and history prove that the expansion of the white population leads to the reduction and gradual extermination of the black natives.

Mr. Beecham: Unless eternal justice itself changes, or I have to stick with the fact that taking possession of foreign lands without regard to their inhabitants is essentially and morally wrong, and that the English. Colonization system was founded on a principle of injustice.

Mr. Williams: In the cause of introducing Christianity among a people, I would far rather go to a country where one has never seen a European than to go to a place where one has had intercourse with Europeans. I would ten times rather meet them in their wild state than after they have consorted with Europeans.

If even the English are forced to make such confessions, we cannot be accused of making similar claims without being crooked in their principles of law and justice.

June 24th, 1838. Sunday. We had two services today, as usual Teichelmann read the prayers and then Mr. Hall read a short sermon in the morning, and I read the sermon in the afternoon.

June 28th, 1838. Thursday. After having seen nothing but sky and water for a long time, today we were greeted by the steep (16) shores of the island of Tenerife. The eastern coast of this island has only one low place, namely where the town of Santa Cruz (pronounced Kru) is built, where we docked, the rest is very steep with very small incisions, where small, cute villages are built; The residents probably live from fishing, as there was no trace of agriculture; people had only created terraced gardens on the mountains close to the houses, very similar to the vineyards near Dresden on the right bank of the Elbe. I would have gone to the shore today if the opportunity had presented itself. If possible, you have to go with a messenger that is completely full, otherwise you have to pay too much.

June 29th, 1838. Friday. I went to the shore today without having a single acquaintance with me. Teichelmann didn't want to go any other way than with other acquaintances, but since we couldn't find anyone we could join up with, I finally decided to go alone. As soon as I came ashore I tried to get some breakfast, because as it was already 11 o'clock and I hadn't eaten anything yet, I was very hungry. I had to walk back and forth for a long time before I could find the inn. Finally I met an Englishman from our ship who immediately reprimanded me. Afterwards [I] went into one of the churches, which were all open today (17) because it was St. Peter's Day. I found the church building quite pretty; The floor of the nave was paved with black and white marble stones, which followed one another alternately. The side aisles, if otherwise that is the right expression, separated from the central one by columns, were richly strewn with fragrant herbs. Only on the benches between the above-mentioned pillars were a few people seen; There were no benches in either the central aisle or the side aisles, and at mass there were as many priests as there were listeners. As I entered, a priest was preaching, it seemed, with great vivacity, but probably not with much anointing [sanctified atmosphere in a meeting], for the listeners were by no means very attentive. At the mass after the sermon, as already mentioned, a large number of priests were seen, among whom quite a few identified themselves as monks by their shaved heads [tonsure]. The only thing I noticed about all of their clowning around was the singing, which really wasn't bad.

When the church was over, I returned to the inn where I was noticed; that Br. Teichelmann had come to the country, but had gone out with an Englishman. Partly in the hope of meeting him, partly to pass the time of his absence, I went out of town to climb one of the nearby mountains. The gardens through which I walked had a sad appearance; the only green things one could see were a few fig trees and cactus. The latter grows very abundantly here, and is apparently considered a weed (18) as it has been seen growing in the walls between the gardens; The mountains were covered with these plants from bottom to top, but not densely. As I came out of the gardens onto the mountain, a single man followed me with a gun, intending to shoot game, as he signaled to me. I gave him a cigar, for which he seemed very grateful. As we continued walking we passed a small cross which I had not noticed because of its smallness, it was barely two feet high. I noticed that the man stopped, and even more so that he made signs that he wanted to cut my neck, although he was smiling, but if he had not been a suspicious person he would hardly have made such a joke. I made a serious face and shook my head, indicating that he didn't have to do such a bad thing. Then he looked up at the cross standing several feet above us and touched his hat, and I, for my part, soon showed him that I had understood him by taking off my hat as quickly as I could.

We continued on this way, but partly because of very great exhaustion, partly to get away from this person, I soon turned back after giving [him] a small Spanish silver coin. In the afternoon we walked around the town with some English people, where we thought we would find a lot of French strolling; especially in the taverns. The city may have about 2,000 inhabitants, half of whom must be beggars, since we were

always surrounded by begging boys, (19) wherever we turned. The owner of the inn where we ate is an Englishman, so it is very expensive. So we left the following day

June 30th, 1838. not back, but to a French coffee house. The only thing worth mentioning that we did today was that we went up another mountain, as far as we could go in the great heat. The external appearance of the island suggested that it was of volcanic origin, but the burnt appearance of the stones completely convinced us of this today. At the setting of the sun we had to go on board according to a law of the city, and we were indeed happy, being weary of the presumptions which the English allow themselves in a foreign country, and which we were aware of.

July 1st, 1838. Sunday. This morning at 8am we left Sta. Cruz. As we got further out to sea, the beautiful peak appeared; at first only its tip was noticed, but in the end it became completely free. A white patch was noticed at the top, which, in our captain's opinion, was made of snow, which is not at all improbable considering that the peak is over 12,000 feet high, and that the inhabitants of Sta. Cruz offered us frozen food and they brought the ice cream from the peak. Since it was very windy today, we only had the English prayers with their specific passages in the first cabin. The wind was entirely in our favor and so strong that we made about 2 German miles every hour.

(20) **July 3rd, 1838.** Today the sun passed through our zenith and will be in our north from now on. Whether we will ever see them again in their old, well-known position in the south is very much a question.

July 5th, 1838. I had long been very curious to see flying fish, and today my curiosity was completely satisfied when we saw a large number of them. But they were neither in size nor in color as I had imagined them; They were no larger than a thrush and completely white, their flight was rapid and about 50-100 feet long. As soon as their wings become dry, they cannot go any further but have to go underwater, which is what makes their flight so short.

July 6th, 1838. After having seen nothing but sky and water for a long time, today we saw, for a pleasant change, a Liverpool ship; By signaling with the flags, first the name of the ship was discovered on both sides, then the place of departure and destination, whereupon our captain added that we were all fine.

July 7th, 1838. Saturday. It had been very warm all week, as we passed through the Tropic of Cancer and therefore had the sun at its apex; However, the last day exceeded all previous ones in terms of oppressive heat and humidity. We then had to consider it a great blessing that in the afternoon there were a few strong local rain showers, which wet and cooled the dry (21) hot foredeck a little and refreshed everyone. In fact, this cooling came at the right time, because there was already general complaint among the children about body aches and the doctor said that he was very afraid that red dysentery would break out.

July 8th, 1838. Sunday. The service today was held in the same way as last Sunday, namely in the morning the prayers were read along with the biblical passages, and in

the afternoon a short sermon was added to these, which I usually read.

July 12th, 1838. we caught up with a ship bound for Calcutta; As insignificant as the mention of such a circumstance may seem, for us it was an important change from the eternal monotony.

July 15th, 1838. Sunday. Worship is being neglected more and more; some, especially those who claim to be very zealous Christians, say outright that it is just a form, even a mockery. Of course this neglect and contempt for corporate worship arises from the fact that so many belong to sects that differ from the [Anglican] Church, but this is precisely where the rotten reason becomes clear, which is based on nothing but pride and selfishness, which is moreover hypocritically enough labeled with the name of conscientiousness and the like. I now really feel how miserable it is to give yourself up as a servant of a foreign church; in addition to taking on their shame, you also invite a lot of suspicion and slander.

(22) July 17th, 1838. Today was a day of loss. Before we got up, two dogs had gone overboard. One had been deliberately thrown into the water because he was sick, but the other, a beautiful young animal, had slipped. They waited for him to swim for a long time, and there was considerable dissatisfaction that nothing had been done to save him. This was all the greater because people feared the same negligence in the event of a person falling overboard. Would such an unfortunate man, they asked, be left to his fate and nothing would be done to save him? After this process, the captain ordered the boats, which were filled with all sorts of things, to be put in readiness so that they could be used immediately if necessary. At around 12 o'clock a new, albeit insignificant, accident occurred, namely the second mate's cap fell overboard from the mast boom. We've had cool, strong winds for a long time now, but unfortunately it's always in the opposite direction, so we're only making very little progress.

July 21st, 1838. Saturday. Since we passed through the equator tomorrow, on which occasion the sailors usually have fun called the Neptune Festival, and since this could not happen the following day in order not to disturb the Sunday celebration **(23)**, this celebration took place today. However, the usual brutalities did not take place, but the whole thing was arranged with a tar barrel, which the sailors set on fire and then threw overboard. Since this happened at 8 o'clock in the evening, at which time there is already deep darkness in this area of the globe, the floating fire, which was visible for half an hour, did quite well.

July 22nd, 1838. There was great inattention during the service, which made me so depressed that for a few moments I thought about never having it again, as far as I was involved, namely never reading a sermon again. In addition to the great inattention of those present at the back of the ship, there was also a very disturbing noise below, caused by those who were not attending the service.

July 24th, 1838. I was asked by His Excellency the Governor to give his daughter, who was about 14 years old, lessons in the German language.

(24) July 25th, 1838. Wednesday. Miss Gawler took her first German lesson with me. Deceived by her physical size, I thought she was more mature than she really is and usually can be given her age. I found in her great childlike impartiality, even youthful flightiness.

July 26th, 1838. Thursday. A woman among the travelers in the steerage gave birth to a healthy, strong daughter, to the astonishment of everyone, since the mother had been sickly as long as she was on board.

Miss Gawler had to miss classes because of physical weakness.

In the afternoon an accident occurred among the children: one fell down the stairs and was injured so badly that speech and consciousness immediately disappeared and people doubted whether he would make it through.

Towards the evening we received an unexpected visit from a sea stork that circled our ship for a long time. It was therefore expected that when it got dark he would sit down on a mast, fall asleep there, fall down and allow himself to be caught, as is usually the case. But perhaps, frightened away by the report of some shotguns being tried, he disappeared when it became dark.

July 27th, 1838. Friday. Miss Gawler also missed her lesson today because the movement of the ship was so violent that it affected her head. In fact, the ship **(25)** leaned very much to one side, so that it was difficult to stay upright. But such inconveniences are not taken into account when we are only concerned with the goal, as happened today, and very quickly, as we covered 2 German miles every hour.

In the course of the thoughts that passed through my brain that evening, I thought with great vividness how advantageous it would be if the Gentile messengers were educated at home in the same way as the church ministers, and I resolved to write down at the first opportunity the reasons that I thought could be given for the intended education of the Gentile messengers, which is what happens here.

In general, if the Gentile Messengers were formed in the universities of Germany, a closer connection would be brought about between the mother and daughter churches among the Gentiles. But the fact that this connection is an advantage for both parties has already been recognized and expressed by so many that it is unnecessary to say a word more about it. However, this general advantage will only be understood in its entirety if the following individual points are carefully taken into account.

Through the education of the Gentile messengers at the universities

- 1) all appearance of separation, which now still lies on the work of Gentile conversion, especially on the education of the messengers, would be removed and thus many **(26)** would be won over to the holy cause who are now distant from it because of the appearance mentioned.

2) if the pupils had the opportunity to make acquaintances and friendships with at least the religious part of the students, they would therefore count many a friend among their fellow ministers at home; and from this the advantage would undoubtedly arise, firstly, that many a student would decide for the service of Christ among the Gentiles, for whom the matter is now too remote, and then, that those who remained at home would be moved by personal acquaintance with our Gentile messengers, [and] would suggest this important matter to their future congregations.

3) The Gentile messengers themselves, raised in the mother church just like their fellow ministers, would feel themselves to be on an equal level and more closely connected to it, whereas they would now be viewed as inferior both by others and by themselves.

4) They would have access to those educational resources which are not offered to them in the constantly changing mission institutions, namely to the teaching of capable, thorough and lasting teachers, and to the books that are usually found in the university, as well as finally to the encouraging and educational company of hard-working and clever students.

(27) It is not difficult to see that this is actually the greatest and most influential advantage.

5) If a Gentile messenger were, through the influence of foreign climes, or through age, or through something else, to be unable to proclaim the Gospel among the Gentiles any longer, he could, having been educated at a college, accept an office in the church of his fatherland; and it would have the great double advantage, firstly, that such a weak person could use his gifts and experiences to bring about great blessings at home. and secondly, society would not need to ensure the preservation of him and his family, which it is undoubtedly obliged to do in the opposite case, when the Gentile messenger is excluded from ecclesiastical offices because of the nature of his education. This exclusion of the Gentile messenger, who was educated in a crooked institution, shows that the missionary matter, as it currently stands, is not ecclesiastical according to the judgment of the entire Protestant Church.

Answering the objections that are usually made against it.

(28) *[This page has been left blank for future response.]*

(29) *[This page has been left blank for future response.]*

(30) August 3rd, 1838. We arrived at the port of Rio de Janeiro at 9 o'clock in the evening. Although it was already getting dark when we got so close to the land that we could distinguish objects, the starlit sky gave us enough light that we could see the wonderful peaks and jagged rocks of the coast. The entrance to the harbor is narrow, about three times as wide as the Elbe near Dresden, and does not give the impression of a large, magnificent harbor. which behind it stretches for hours to the west. To the right and left of the entrance are small islands, on one of which there is a lighthouse with a rotating light. Most prominent of all these rock formations is the so-called Sugar Loaf, close to the harbor entrance, which rises 700 feet above the sea, and, as its name suggests, has exactly the shape of a Sugar Loaf leaning just a little to the southwest. Its steep walls seem to make it impossible to climb it without all the necessary equipment, although I heard from Pastor Neumann that this had been done before by German sailors and more recently by some English sea officers; However, he too doubted the possibility. On both sides of the entrance to the harbor there are fortresses that completely dominate it and make any conquest impossible. We were spoken to by one of them, and after the desired information about our ship was given through a mouthpiece, they lit a bright, far-shining light to signify our arrival to a third fortress, which is built on a rock in the middle of the water, not far from the city. This answered the signal and, when we were some way into the harbor, called to us to drop our anchor, which usually didn't happen straight away. We were astonished at this English insolence [arrogance], which so little respects the laws of foreign ports, and we saw on the following day that it was carried much further in front of other English ships, probably by a warship, by making the fortress officials shout, "Let go your anchor," for a quarter, half an hour or longer before they did so. To prove that their order was serious, the fortress once fired a cannonball, whose whizzing we could clearly hear.

August 4th, 1838. This morning we looked around for Rio, which we couldn't see last night, and found it to be on the southwest side of the harbor.

Opposite is a small town of Rio Grande, which is connected to Rio by a steamboat that leaves every hour. Around 9 a.m. an official boat came to [us], inquired about our purpose and state of health and gave the captain the harbor laws in Portuguese and French. and English delivered language. Only then was it allowed to go ashore. A boat from our ship that wanted to go to land had to turn back. Since many travelers went from ship to land,

(32) Since it was Sunday the following day and we did not know how long the ship would stay here, we would have liked to have gone to Rio, but because of the lack of boats on the one hand and the rudeness of our fellow travelers on the other hand, we had to stay on board for this wonderful day.

August 5th, 1838. Although it was Sunday and the weather was not particularly favorable, I went ashore with some Englishmen because I didn't know whether I would be offered the opportunity more than once. Br. Teichelmann had to stay behind for the sake of the service. But I had every reason to regret that day, firstly because of

the bad weather, and secondly because of the company, which was not the most desired, and to which I was chained all day long because I had to go on board with them again or put up with an expensive crossing. In the French inn, where we ate an expensive lunch, I met a German tailor who, among other things, told me the good news that a German pastor was in the place. This news made me somewhat reconciled with the almost lost day, and I went back on board with my company around eight o'clock; During the crossing we were almost run over by a steamboat due to the fault of the clumsy Negroes.

August 6th, 1838. Teichelmann and I went to the shore early, looked for (33) the tailor mentioned and had him take us to Pastor Dr. Drive Neumann. He is a young man, maybe 30 years old, who used to be a Licentiat [academic degree, with teaching permission] in Berlin and has been here for a year. Br. Teichelmann had already seen him in Berlin and I had at least heard of him often, so it didn't take long for us to become familiar with him. After a pleasant conversation of a few hours, he suggested that we take a short excursion to [a] nearby hill or mountain, from which one [had] a wonderful view over the city, the harbor and the Organ Mountains stretching towards the north-east.

According to his statement, the population of Rio amounts to around 150,000 souls, of which a good two thirds are Negro slaves and quite a few Europeans. He presented the fate of the former as much more tolerable than was imagined in Europe; in particular, he was very much against the English actions against slavery. On one of the following days we visited one of the two slave ships that lay in the harbor, on which 238 Negroes were crowded together, although the ship was not half as large as ours. When it was found it had had 258 on board and may have had even more beforehand, since nothing is more likely than that several had died due to the narrow space and poor food.

The ages of the people ranged from 10 to 30, with a few possibly older.

(34) The number of men was far greater than that of women, with the latter only being around 30. Some of the faces, it is true, looked very ugly, sluggish and stupid, but the majority showed a liveliness and alertness that I have no hesitation in saying that these blacks are capable of the same education as the whites. If my job had not required me to go further, I would have happily devoted myself to cultivating the spirit of these black people. The fate of these people had only recently been decided by Brazilian justice, namely that they should be free. Very often I have been told that if the legitimacy or validity of the catch of such a vessel cannot be proven, they remain slaves; and even if they are released, their lot does not improve much, because they are put into service by the government for several years with individual owners, to cover the expenses caused by their release; If one of the twenty or thirty negroes of such a slave owner dies, he immediately says that it was the free negro and puts the latter among his real slaves. Like me, some people will ask, "But why do the Negroes put up with this?" To this I was answered:

"When the Negroes [come] over, they know a lot of what is going on with them because of their lack of knowledge of the Portuguese language, and the slave owners are greedy and unjust enough never to tell them that they are free; and in all this the government looks through the fingers of slavery in every possible way, otherwise it should be easy for the authorities to prevent such injustice."

Among other topics of conversation, we also discussed the ecclesiastical conditions in the fatherland and (35) the position of the Lutheran society against the Berlin society, whereby it then turns out that he was very much in favor of the Prussian church and had completely wrong ideas about the purpose of the Dresden society, believing that it was created to counteract the Berlin society. The strong emotion that he revealed here gave me no small secret joy, as I concluded that the Uniards were afraid of us and were therefore admitting the actual illegality of what they had started. However much we differed in our beliefs about the church and mission societies, this did not prevent him from entertaining us in an inn in the evening. Here we got to know two other Germans, namely the Hamburg consul and another merchant, who seem to live on very confidential terms with the pastor. The latter's position seems to have been accompanied by no small temptations from some quarters, firstly because of his worldly compatriots and secondly because of the high footing on which he lived there. He often spoke of society, and in particular of the German "Club Germania", which had also gathered on the day of our arrival to celebrate the birthday of the King of Prussia. And how high he lived is evident from his high salary, which amounts to 2,000 rtl [Reichsthaler], as well as from the fact that he keeps a riding horse.

Under such circumstances, the (36) church must of course be sad, as can be seen from the fact that, according to the pastor, out of 500 Germans, barely 30 attend the Sunday service. Since I'm now talking about Neumann, I want to add everything I have to say about him here, even though it doesn't belong here given the time. Apart from himself, his entire household consists of two people, an old German church servant and a Negro slave. The church is located on the very outskirts of the city, close to a mountain, and consists of a simple one-story house, the long front of which has been converted into a spacious, nice hall and in the back of which the pastor has his apartment. A great defect in their church service is that they cannot sing because they lack both an organ and a good cantor, and what is even worse is that the noble merchants themselves are ashamed to sing. I inquired about a German school, but learned, to my dismay, that there was neither one now, nor any hope that one would be created soon, although there had already been talk of it. The education of children, I was told, usually takes place in Portuguese schools or is completely neglected. Neumann gave the Brazilians special praise. The Europeans come into little contact with [them] because everyone seeks the company of their fellow countrymen. I was in two Brazilian churches and, to my astonishment, found no seats, nothing but altars on the sides and an empty nave in the middle, from which I concluded that they never or rarely preach. The people also go to mass very little and in general I find Christianity very low in all European settlements, including here.

(37) This circumstance, like many other observations, sufficiently refute the opinion, which I also previously held, as if history would leave its old setting and make the new world it instead. At least there is nothing in Rio that would lead one to expect major social events, unless one would consider mean brawls among the weak peoples.

As a result, I went to the shore almost every day, which the kindness of the governor, who took me into his boat free of charge, gave me a good opportunity to do. I also usually visited the pastor every day; On the last day he gave me two pieces of his printed inaugural sermon, one for me, one for Teichelmann. The farewell between him and Br. Teichelmann was cold, and between me and him it was friendly but not particularly warm.

Through him we became acquainted with the missionary Spaulding, who was sent here by North American Methodists for the Catholics. He has been here for two years, but so far his efforts seem to have been completely unsuccessful, to which his still very imperfect knowledge of Portuguese may have contributed not a little. Our arrival caused a great excitement from him, which still continues, because of the Bibles that he brought to Rio and made available to the people, as well as because of the annual report that he sent to North America. A clever Irish pastor named Tilburg had seen this report, which spoke very unfavorably of the Brazilian clergy, and had written a book against it; and just as we were present, the same clever spirit had had an article against Bibles printed in the newspaper, prompted by an advertisement from the missionary that Bibles were for sale at a certain gentleman's. In the latter it was claimed that the Bible had made the English people the wisest, most religious, and happiest in the world (38); but the priest refuted this quite aptly by cleverly using his knowledge of the ecclesiastical and moral situation in England, and I only regretted that he used the ecclesiastical disunity and the great moral corruption, especially in London, as evidence against reading the Bible. It is as clear as the sun that all of Spaulding's efforts to influence the Catholic Brazilians in the way he has begun will be fruitless. He had a store of German and English Bibles and New Testaments, and we were very grateful to him for providing us with a significant number of both, especially the former. In his place should stand a man of greater gifts and knowledge than I perceived in Spaulding to make a difference.

August 12th, 1838. After we had been here for over 8 days, we left the port of Rio de Janeiro on this Sunday with the best wind; By midday we had lost sight of the land.

August 25th, 1838. We had a strange appearance on board. For a long time now, a love affair had been developing between a young girl from our middle cabin and the second mate, which was becoming more and more degenerate, and had a detrimental influence on the other young people as well as giving many people just offense. For this reason we were all very pleased that they decided to get married on board. Of course, our position towards the English Church came into play here, and what I knew in advance came to pass, namely that [if] a marriage ceremony was performed by us, [it] would not only be invalid but also punishable. Br. Teichelmann seemed to

be not a little annoyed by this and he spoke seriously about reading the English. to abandon church prayers; The joy which I now enjoyed was more than compensation for the disgrace (39) which my former steadfast refusal caused me. I now remembered the Governor who told us that we had no power to marry members of the Church of England, because under the same laws we had no permission to attend the service of the Church of England. to keep church; and that my refusal was partly for this reason and partly due to the doubt that my church would approve of such a procedure, and that I therefore felt that I had to refuse for the sake of my public office, if not for the sake of my conscience. But he thought that the English church would not disapprove of us performing their services, and he hardly gave an ear to my other reasons, in the non-English way, other than not taking credit for anything; I shouldn't have disturbed the harmony, was his opinion.

Since we couldn't trust the two brides and grooms, this was done by the captain, who has permission to do so in cases like these; The couple only have to or will have to get married again in the church.

This event caused much merriment on board; the sailors [had] made a wreath which was hung on one of the masts; the cooks and other sailors had decorated themselves with ribbons; and when the couple came back from the cabin where the wedding ceremony had been performed, they walked over a pretty carpet made of old rags and wood shavings and were greeted by several with shotguns. But the best thing was the ringing of the larger bell during the wedding ceremony. Since then we have had much more peace in our cabin.

September 1st, 1838. Did the governor ask me whether we were sent by a company in Germany or by Angas? "Of course from the former," was my answer.

(40) Doesn't Angas make a significant contribution? However; but if that were not the case, we would have gone to South Australia. So, he said, he thought Angas was sending us out.

But I soon realized that he intended something other than to know who sent us out, for he continued: The plan to keep the natives separate would not only be a false one, but would also require the permission of the government. Would I know that we are under the control of the protector of the natives! My answer was that I knew that such a protector was there; But [I] knew nothing about his control over our effectiveness; However, I hoped that this control would be of such a kind that it would be easy to carry.

One would not admit to making such a political separation with the people. My plan had nothing to do with politics and would even be recommended by Angas, who I thought was a good Brit. I wouldn't have to decide whether my plan concerned the government or not, but whether I wanted to preserve the language of the people and whether society had ordered me to do so. The latter, I replied, would be viewed by society as a matter that goes without saying, saying in my instructions that as soon as I should be able to speak the language, I would translate the catechism and the Bible

into it, and it would be up to me to preserve the language of the people and, as a people, to form a separate church community among them, which is hardly possible when they are scattered in (41) large cities; so that out of 500 souls there is hardly one to be found. And why this separateness should take place there, since nature separates it so sharply from the Europeans in color and other things.

Whether I would prevent the people, the English. to learn language; I couldn't do that at all and I wouldn't because I thought it would be a benefit if the people understood English. Would [I] encourage them to learn English? Individuals, but not the people as a whole; I would introduce their language into church and school if they were capable of so much education, and of course I would then encourage the people to learn their own language well.

I want to rely on my plan being a wrong one. Had I not said that taking possession of Australia was an injustice? I don't know that I said that, but now I want to tell him as a friend that my opinion is that the English have no right...

(42) *[This page has been left blank.]*

October 1838 - November 1838

(43) October 11th, 1838. In the morning we were greeted with the surprising sight of Kangaroo Island; the southwestern coast is high and steep, and growth appears to be low. Since this island belongs to the new settlement, we saw it as part of our destination; hence the sight of it caused such great joy among the travelers. During the day several points of the coast could be seen, showing the Sct. Vincentgolf against West; Towards the evening some even wanted to see the high mountain (Mont Lofty), which was greeted with three "Hurrahs".

October 12th, 1838. Yesterday everyone expected that we would reach Holdfast Bay and drop anchor before evening; But in this hope we were deceived, as the wind was light, the gulf was long, and the water was shallow. This morning the wind was so light that we hovered close to the coast for hours until midday before we reached the anchorage. Now time was not wasted as everyone busied themselves with inspecting and assessing the country. The coast in the Adelaide area is completely flat, close to the beach there is a ring of white drifting sand, immediately behind it is clay soil, almost level up to the chain of hills that stretches from west to east and which may be about 5 or 6 German miles from the sea; the Hohe Berg is the highest point in this chain. The mountain range is striking in that it runs from north to south and consists of nothing but blunt cones lying side by side, between which there are valleys that are said to be fertile.

At about twelve o'clock we finally dropped anchor, although we were still a short German mile from the shore. The **(44)** shallowness of the water does not allow the ship to come any closer. This causes great inconvenience when landing the goods, as everything first has to be packed into smaller vessels called barges, then into even smaller boats and finally brought through the water to dry land with human hands.

October 13th, 1838. I would have liked to go ashore; but as the captain had gone to Adelaide the day before yesterday and did not return until this evening, everything was in confusion, and as a result my wish remained unfulfilled. His Excellency went ashore with his family and had tents brought to the shore from the city.

October 14th, 1838. Although it was Sunday, the disembarkation of emigrants and their goods continued all day. Since there was no thought of a church service, I and Teichelmann went ashore; When my foot first touched the soil of this land, I felt a heartfelt gratitude to the great benefactor who had so graciously protected me from all dangers on the treacherous waves of the sea and under the storms of the indignant wind, and who had brought me here healthy and happy. Something was going on inside me that felt good but I had no words for; May Almighty God, during my pilgrimage to this new fatherland of mine, keep me as happy as I was when I took my first steps into it. After speaking with His Excellency, we went up to the town, to which the path leads through a sparse forest. We soon discovered two misconceptions that are common in Germany, namely that the flowers here don't smell and the

magnificent birds shouldn't sing. Our noses and ears now convinced us of the opposite. When you look at the trees you notice

- 1) the umbrella-like crown,
- 2) the thin foliage, similar (45) to the foliage of our willows,
- 3) the bare, branchless trunk, but thick branches are not at all rare, but these form a trunk on their own and without small branches, except at the very tip,
- 4) the gradual peeling and renewal of the bark, similar to that of our plane trees.

There are no bushes or low undergrowth as far as I have come; that makes the New Holland forests light and bare; The grass is very thin, in small round bushes, around which the bare ground is visible. Of flowers we find only a few species that were small and close to the ground. There is absolutely no need to expect the paradise that the southern latitude of the country should lead you to expect and that which travelers would like to pretend to be. The lush growth of America with its enormously large and rich foliage, such as palm trees, bananas and the like, cannot be found here at all. Those who have been here for a long time console us by saying that there was no rain this year, which has made nature so poor.

After we had covered the 1 1/2 German miles from the shore to the city, we were hungry and thirsty. After we had eaten, we looked around a little and noticed the pretty little stone church with its tower, clock and bell. It is indeed a credit to English piety that they have provided a comfortable place of worship while the people themselves live in small huts. Not far from the church we saw for the first time a group of three natives, a man with two wives, then one of four, a man with two wives and a child. I spoke to both of them and found that the men were less inclined to be spoken to than the women. They are of medium height, the men have strong limbs, especially a high chest. Their hair is straight and severe black, hanging down in strong, somewhat long curls in the men, not infrequently smeared with a red ochre color to keep out the (46) heat. The women wear their hair the same as the men, a hand's breadth long and loose, only the curls and the ochre color are missing. The skin color is not nearly as black as that of Negroes, but rather brown; Their facial features are often very beautiful, the only feature that is ugly for European tastes is their smooth, broad nose. The women are not nearly as beautiful as the men; her face is not as long as that of men, her forehead is not as free, her chin is unadorned with the noble beard of men, but her cheeks are covered with thin, straight hair, contrary to all notions of feminine beauty.

We had heard from some gentlemen who were on land yesterday about a fellow countryman named Sievers; That's why we looked for him first. He is the supervisor of a magazine for the South Australian Society, an old artillery officer from Hanover. He received us very hospitably in his magazine, which was made entirely of iron in the shape of half a cylinder, and also accommodated us for the night, as we did not want to go on board again because we had business in town the following morning. Of course our camp was not the gentlest; it consisted of two boards covered with jackets; We each covered ourselves with a soldier's cloak and expected at least a

mediocre rest; but partly the cold and partly the obnoxious fleas did not allow us to sleep.

Mr. Sievers lives in an area where the natives often and frequently gather, so that with him we had the best opportunity of observing them in the entire city. They are very fond of him and he [is] very familiar with them; He knows how to keep them busy in various ways, one fetching him water from the stream, the other fetching him coffee, the third (47) bread, and finally the fourth lights a fire in front of the storeroom and makes his coffee. The reward for such small services is bread, pipes, peas, and the like. When the others see this, they leave their nearby fires and come to him for a small gift. In general, begging is their most disgusting trait. The tribe in the city now receives daily gifts from the government consisting of rusks and similar foods, but despite this they are always hungry and beg for bread and money everywhere.

They know a few bits of English to demand this and that, but among themselves they always speak their own language with apparently great fluency. I asked some of them the name of the sun, the names of the members of the body, etc., which they gave me with great willingness; They're not bad at all, but they definitely don't want to work properly. Just as the natives of New Holland have been portrayed as unrivaledly ugly, they have also been portrayed as shockingly stupid; But just as the first is not entirely true, the last is entirely false. On the contrary, you will find in them a liveliness, docility and alertness that one could only ever wish for. When you come to a group, their question is: "Your name"; Once you have answered them, everyone begins, one after the other, to make their comments, which are always accompanied by a playful laugh. A few days ago I asked someone where his lubra (wife) was; After he showed me the same, I asked him by pointing his fingers if he had more than one, whereupon he showed me two fingers. I shook my head and showed him a (48) finger; Then the man laughed heartily and made me understand that others had three or four. By the way, the women don't seem to be treated very well; If they had bread or meat, the man always received it and then gave the woman as much as he wanted. At first I thought that perhaps the lack of food was making women so disproportionately thin; but I was told afterwards that the early marriage was to blame.

That evening they had one of their usual dances, called Corobari; It was night, and so you could only hear the singing they were doing. Eyewitnesses, however, assure us that it is said to be very pretty; They seem to be practicing the use of their weapons, which consist of a spear made of hard wood burned at one end and then sharpened, a club and something with which they push the spears and which has this shape:



October 15th, 1838. After we had breakfast and talked to the blacks for a few hours, we went to the bank where we handed in our letters from Angas to get money. But how astonished we were when we heard that we could only get £25 after three months. The bank manager was kind enough to let us read the letter, and in it we found an excerpt from P. Wermelskirch's letter to Angas, which stated that Angas should issue us a bill of exchange for £100 a year, from which £25 was to be withdrawn every 1/4 year. He had done this, but (49) nothing more. Now we sat there, deserted by our friends, without a farthing in our pockets, in a place where one can easily spend half a pound a day without being the least wasteful. How should such a procedure be interpreted by the company and Mr. Angas, was it intentional, was it negligence, both at the same time; The intention was not to give us more than £ 100 a year; What was negligent was that they didn't make sure that the money would be paid to us in advance. What should I think in such a situation? What other than that while we were safe, our supposed friends laid the cards. What should I do? Should I cry womanish tears? Should I grind my teeth? Or should I allow silent harm to eat away at my heart. Everything happened alternately. Consoled and helpless, we went back to the bank, where we reported our situation to Mr. Angas's former clerk, Calton, and his current manager here. Both were of the opinion that our situation was caused by a misunderstanding on Mr. Anga's part and that it would be easy to resolve it through their intervention. In this hope we made arrangements to have our tent and the rest of our things carried to the city on a cart drawn by oxen, and to settle in one of Mr. Angas's fields, next to Mr. Lester's apartment.

October 16th, 1838. We went to the city with most of our belongings, but some boxes and the tent had to be left behind because (50) they could not be found in the ship's hold. Fortunately, one end of Mr. Lester's hut was uninhabited, in which we temporarily set up our abode until we found our tent and a place more convenient for our work. Our closest neighbor is a German family called Pfender, who gave us a very friendly welcome. They have 2 children, the youngest of whom is 2 months old and will be baptized by one of us next Sunday. Ms. Pfender is the only fellow countrywoman here; and I remark here in passing that anyone who wanted to persuade half a hundred fellow countrymen to emigrate here would be doing a pleasing work and doing a great service to his young compatriots living here. Many young Germans would like to get married, but only to their gentle, unpretentious countrywomen who speak the same tongue; It is very understandable that they do not like the proud, less sensitive English women.

October 17th, 1838. We went again to the current bank manager; but neither we nor Mr. Lester could get him to give us our quarter in advance, as that was never the case with clerks and similar businessmen; and so we found ourselves standing here in the ranks of ordinary mercenaries. We then went to the independent preacher Stow, but did not find him at home, as he was present at the summons and proclamation of the royal governor. At 1 o'clock, His Excellency, in his captain's uniform brimming with silver and gold, took his oath in front of the Government House, then spoke to the people and was greeted with a roaring "Hurrah". (51) Later the natives are said to

have been introduced to him and spoken to by him through an interpreter, which unfortunately I did not wait for; On the same occasion he enjoined the English not to give the blacks any liquor or a bad example.

October 18th, 1838. I took part, absent and alone, in the rejoicing that certainly took place in our Varterland today, in memory of the great things that worked for our liberation a quarter of a century ago. I hear that the Germans had a party here today to commemorate their landing on Kangaroo Island, from which most of them escaped here. Teichelmann went to the beach today, partly to look around for our things, but especially to present our situation to His Excellency, who is still lying on the beach in his tent. He very kindly offered to issue us a bill of exchange for Mr. Angas. Praise be to God; who helped us out of our embarrassment through this, his servant. He gave Teichelmann the order to tell me that I would simply like to proclaim the gospel and not cause bloodshed through my political principles; as if I had ever intended that, or as if that were the immediate consequence of mentioning the glaring injustice inflicted on the natives.

October 19th, 1838. I visited Schreivogel, which was still in a very precarious condition; Mr. Stow, who we didn't find at home for the second time today, honored us with a visit this evening; he is a very lively and, apparently, well-informed man. He promised to give us all possible assistance in our matter. The heat was very intense, the thermometer showed 28°R [35°C].

(52) October 20th, 1838. A vain walk to the ship because I didn't see any of our things.

October 21st, 1838. Visit from Mr. Kleinschmidt; with him to the Wesleyan Chapel, where the groaning during prayer disgusted me. In the afternoon there was a baptism at my compatriot Mr. Pfendner's, where in the evening I made the acquaintance of compatriots Drebing, Hoffmann, Sturm and Appel, who, among other things, expressed the desire to have a German church service.

October 23rd, 1838. Tuesday. We were invited to lunch by Mr. Preacher Stow and, as is natural in English custom, to tea. Among the many things that were said, there was also something theological, whereby the points on which the teaching of the Protestant Church differs, especially the teaching of the sacraments and the church, did not remain untouched. Mr. Stow very kindly offered us his chapel for worship until 11 a.m., which offer we accepted all the more gratefully as we were looking for such a place where we could build ourselves up together.

October 24th, 1838. Wednesday. We asked the protector of the natives whether we would perhaps be allowed to temporarily move into the unused house that had been built as a schoolhouse for the natives, which he readily agreed to and added that he himself had had the same idea. As a result, I immediately made preparations to leave Mr. Lester's apartment (because the feeling of living there, eating and drinking out of grace and mercy was too unbearable for me) although Br. T. opposed this.

October 26th, 1838. Friday. In the evening we had tea with Mr. Wyatt, where very entertaining discussions took place about man, insofar as he is an animal, and about animals, insofar as they have understanding.

October 28th, 1838. Sunday. We would have taken advantage of Preacher Stow's offer if the change to our apartment last week hadn't caused us too much worry. We heard Mr. Preacher Stow preach today, mediocre; There was Schreivogel, who had improved a lot.

(53) November 1st, 1838. [This day] was a festival day for the natives that has certainly never been equaled in their history. His Excellency, the governor, had had a lunch prepared for them, consisting of roast beef, rice, rusks and tea. But such a celebration also required festive decorations; and the majority of adults had received this. Many, especially the women, had been given a simple woolen blanket; but of the men about 15-20 were dressed up in a very conspicuous manner. To cover their heads, everyone had a blue soldier's cap with a white brim and no peak; instead of a coat, one half wore red woolen sailor shirts and the other half wore blue woolen ones. The latter had a yellow stripe of calico around the body as a sash, and a purple stripe around the shoulders as a bandolier [shoulder strap]; the former with the red shirt, on the other hand, had violet-colored sashes and yellow bandoliers.

Among them, two men outstanding for their intelligence and ability, King John and Captain Jack, were particularly distinguished. Her right shoulder was adorned with a bundle of yellow silk tassels, the right side of her cap was decorated with a bouquet of different colored ribbons, the same was true with the right side of her chest and on her right arm each had 3 lines, like a Hanoverian sergeant. On the left side of her cap, dark red cords hung down over her shoulders, and tassels of a similar color served as epaulets.

(54) The outfit gave them a kind of warlike appearance; In addition, everyone carried their spear (Wieda), their club (Waddi) and their womarra in their hands. The cleaning was done where we live by Mr. Krank; At half past one o'clock the procession moved to the place where a significant number of Adelaide residents were waiting for their midday meal; the protector, Mr. Wyatt, led the procession; The men dressed according to the above description marched two by two, the rest, along with women and children, ran around them in disorder. Arriving in front of the Government House, at a signal from Mr. Wyatt, everyone waved their caps and shouted "Hurrah"; A little further on, His Excellency stood in full adornment with everyone whom curiosity had brought there. When the blacks saw this colorful crowd, they stopped and stood there until Mr. Wyatt signaled to them that they should move on, that they had nothing to be afraid of. When they arrived before His Excellency, a halt was made and "Hurrah" was shouted, then a large circle was formed around them by the white people, and the Governor made the following speech to them, which was interpreted by Mr. Wyatt:

[It appears that CWS intended to fill in the gap here with the Governor's address above, but failed to do so as he continued on the following page with what followed the address.]

(55) After they had shouted "Hurrah" again, they all sat down in a large semicircle and ate their food. There was a shooting target set up a little to the side where they were supposed to have fun with their spears after their meal, but I didn't wait for this to happen, but I hear that they threw it very skillfully and with applause.

Such a day of joy was appropriate to end with something joyful; and this was also done by them through their war dance, as I would like to call it; (the English call it Corroborees which is neither English nor South Australian). If you have seen the natives during the day stretching, yawning and sleeping, you are not a little surprised to notice how each of their limbs is in a trembling movement during these dances.

From the description that I am now going to give of this dance, the reader will see that the term "war dance" is the most appropriate. At the front sits a double row of women facing each other, striking the taut skins with their clubs, creating a muffled noise similar to drumming. When the dance is about to begin, they begin a shrill shout, then the men standing behind them move away about twenty paces, swing their clubs and spears menacingly above their heads and, in this defiant position, gradually approach the singing and drumming women with an admirable hop, or rather trembling, and a terrible shout. When you first approach, finer voices can be heard; But as they get closer, the voices become louder and louder, until, when they are close to the women, the old strong men raise a roar (56) as if heaven and earth were to perish; The sounds they make are completely meaningless, broken off briefly and repeated quickly one after the other, so that there is a balance between them and the trembling short footsteps. When the roar is at its strongest, the men stop briefly, while the women continue, go back as far as before and approach again in exactly the same way. When they have repeated this three or four times, there is a quarter or half-hour rest during which they joke with each other, or make less strenuous movements, or even beg from those around them. When they find that they have recovered long enough, it starts again and so on, until late into the night.

So what do these dances mean? If one looks at their position, movement and shouting, as well as the waving of their weapons, one must be inclined to believe that they are intended to represent an attack or a challenge from the enemy and are therefore a kind of military exercise; only then the women in front are in the way; because one would think that they would prefer to have them behind them to protect them from the enemy, like the old Germans; or one would have to assume that they allowed them to lie down in front of them in order to let their presence and the view of their defenselessness and defenselessness inspire them to greater rage and more ardent revenge. Others have attributed a religious meaning to these dances and have wanted to derive a veneration of the moon from the fact that they usually take place at the time of the full moon; but since there is no other trace of religious (57) worship among them, this assumption is probably unfounded, and it seems that they

chose the time of the full moon simply because of the bright and cheerful nights, just as they keep a larger fire than usual on such an evening for the sake of the light.

November 2nd, 1838. Since this evening we heard a noise similar to yesterday's, we suspected a new dance among the natives and went to them. Of course we didn't find what we expected; but something that richly compensated us for the effort of the long walk. They had a dance today, or a game, whatever you want to call it, somewhat similar to yesterday's, which they called Kuri, and which seemed to be a preparation for the actual dance, saying that the latter, called Parlte by them, would follow it. When we arrived, everything was already in full swing; We first noticed a row of men sitting, banging their clubs together in rhythm and singing a few words that were repeated over and over again; then in front of them sat a bunch of men who were already exhausted. Finally behind them were the dancers. Three men, completely naked, their faces painted with chalk, their bodies and chests adorned with two strips of chalk that ended at the top of their shoulders like a swallowtail, both knees wrapped in a wreath of leaves, stamped alternately with one foot or both, depending on the singers singing, and in such a frantic manner that they could hardly be seen against the billowing dust. As soon as one was exhausted, he came forward and lay down with the crowd of those who had already danced before him, always making a triumphant noise from those (58) standing by. The resulting gap was immediately filled again by one of those standing further back until everyone had their turn. When the last one sank down from exhaustion, everyone got up on their knees and made a short movement backwards and forwards with a horrible dull grunting sound. It should be noted that the women were completely inactive, except that one or the other voluntarily made a movement from one side to the other, following the rhythm of the singing and dancing. In general, the whole thing was likely to awaken the spirits of a European, and their spirits are sometimes said to have been so excited by such games that they went completely mad.

November 3rd, 1838. We have long been anxious to get the natives to wash themselves, which they never do, to which uncleanness I attribute the almost universal eye-sickness among [them]. Today we succeeded with several boys in the following way; we were drinking tea when they came into our hut; and as usual they begged for tea; I said they should get some on condition that they wash their faces and hands first. This enticement was immediately able to achieve what all the pleading had failed to achieve. It was clear from their clumsiness that they were washing for the first time in their lives. Br. Teichelmann now began to comb one of them's hair, which they liked so much that they all wanted to be combed and one even asked me if I would like to cut off his curls, which were caked with ocher, so that he too could be combed.

November 4th, 1838. [It] was a day of joy for us because for the first time in this country we were able to worship and praise the Lord our God together and in our native language. (59) The independent preacher Stow willingly offered us his chapel. Unfortunately, the number of listeners was exceptional and only four. Br. Teichelmann preached on Psalm 1.

November 11th, 1838. I preached for the first time in South Australia on Matthew 7: 24 - 27 to 6 listeners.

November 17th, 1838. I went on board the "Zebra" accompanied by Messrs. Kleinschmidt, Sturm and others. Captain Hahn's reception was extremely friendly and courteous, especially from D. Matthison and Mr. Kook. A baptized Jew named Jonas claimed to know me like Brother Teichelmann. Mr. Pastor Kavel, who was [also] on board, held a long and very strong prayer towards the evening.

[The bottom half of page 59 is left blank.]

(60) *[Page 60 in the diary is left blank.]*

(61) December 10th, 1838. Started my first letter from South Australia; Contents: Description of the sea voyage.

[The rest of page 61 is left blank.]

(62) *[Page 62 in the diary is left blank.]*

Native burial ceremony

[The diary continues on page 63. It appears that this and the following page 64 have become damp, making reading difficult.]

(63) February 20th, 1839. On the last Thursday evening, the native Wariato, one of the two wives of her husband Munaitja, died. She was one of the tallest and strongest women of all her compatriots in the prime of her life, and was about 25 to 30 years old. The cause of her illness and death was such as would not be expected among the natives, namely, a miscarriage. She spent most of the last day of her life without rational consciousness; For example, she called as loudly as she could to her mother, who was standing close to her. When her end was approaching after sunset and there was a general howl, I rushed over and found her not quite dead, but struggling with death and wheezing loudly. I fetched some wine, but the men would not allow me to give it to her, pretending that her teeth were already closed, as was the case. Since the breath lingered in her for quite a long time, perhaps because the men kept her in an upright position, I left before she passed away.

On Friday morning my first business was to look around for the dead Wariato, and was astonished to see her so wrapped up in an old piece of stuff that she was no longer half her natural length; I inquired later **(64)** wherefore she was so short, and heard that her arms were folded against her breast, and her legs were folded against her body. Many natives sat around the deceased, some with their heads resting on her body, and expressed their sympathy with loud howls and a stream of tears. Afterwards she was placed on a stretcher tied together with poles covered with dry

grass and covered with green branches and carried by 8 to 10 men. At first they walked around the spot where she had died, now and then standing still for a moment and one of them put his mouth close to her head and lisped as if he wanted to say something in her ear. Sometimes, remaining in the same spot, they turned around several times, stopped again and one whispered; turned again in the opposite direction and repeated the same thing. All this led me to suspect that people were making attempts to find out something about the deceased; So I asked what those movements and especially the whispers mean. To this I received an answer, of which I understood at least enough that the natives believed that one of the Ostmanns had killed the woman. These hikes continued on Saturday, in all the places where their camp had previously been.

The deceased was to be buried on Sunday morning and I promised to be with them at sunrise; But I overslept (65) and when I got there the train had already left. Since I didn't know the place of burial, I had no choice but to take one of the few who remained behind with me and hurry after him. His sleuthing ability was able to recognize the path that the train had taken from the track, and so we soon came to the place where the pile had been stored and where the body was to be buried. A man makes the grave using a club and a kind of wooden scale, with the former he loosens the hard earth and with the latter he throws out what has been loosened. The shape of the grave was elongated and round, wider at the bottom and a little narrower at the top. When I arrived, the tomb was already half finished and I instinctively stepped to the edge, but soon I was told that I wasn't allowed to stand there, and when I asked why not, I was shown that I was standing on the grave of someone resting next to it. When the grave was near completion, two men crouched at the edge of it and evidently looked into it with great interest, speaking quietly, now with each other, now each individually, now calling in with a weak but ghostly voice, now on this side, now on that side; As they shouted, one of them shook the old piece of clothing hanging over his shoulders with both hands.

(66) While these customs were being observed, two men and two women went off in opposite directions, the former to the south, the latter to the north. After a short absence they returned at full speed, not in the direction in which they had set off, but the men from the north and the women from the south, so that each pair must have made a semicircle. The two men each held an old, extinguished firebrand in both hands, which they held close to their ear and shot with it in a slightly bent position, as if they wanted to catch someone. This was exactly the case with the women, only with the difference that instead of the firebrands they had small bunches of hay. This difference must be significant, since the natives have expressed it in the naming of the people who carry out the use described, the men being called "Ngara-kupa," two compound words, the first of which means "wood," and the women being called "Tuta-unjo," (tuta means grass or hay). Although both parties were not equally close to the grave when they saw each other, they still managed to take the last accelerated steps in an instant. Then they, along with those augurs already mentioned, surrounded the grave, and the men planted their wood and the women their hay in the earth that had been thrown out of the grave. Now all the remaining natives stood up; some

found dry grass and tree bark and placed them at the bottom of the grave. The husband of the deceased and a few others then threw themselves around the body and made a short, touching lamentation, after which the body was then lowered. As soon as it touched its resting place and the dry bark broke, those standing first shook their heads and made a muffled noise, mainly indicating disgust, which was immediately imitated by the whole group.

(67) I inquired about the cause of both this and the previous customs, but could not find out anything definite, except that they all have reference to the evil "Kuinjo". Now so many people crowded around the grave to help with the digging, and in a few moments it was finished. I didn't know that the gravedigger had always remained in the grave until now, and was therefore not a little surprised when this man emerged with all the earth thrown on his body, through which he worked his way out with great effort and in a position lying on his back. When the grave was closed, everyone moved away about 30 - 40 steps, and the gravedigger and those augurs remained sitting on the burial mound. After a little while, however, they rose and one of them threw to the crowd first the club and then the scale with which the grave [had] been made; All hands stretched out to the former and one of them happily caught her; but the latter, it seemed, and as I was later told, was deliberately left to fall to the ground. This use seemed to me to be conceivable [as] a kind of divination or questioning of fate; because after the club was caught, the previous silence and sadness was immediately replaced by loud and more than usual cheerfulness and several said to me: "Very nice (tauare manni)". We then continued on, stopping not far away and lighting a series of at least 6 or 8 small fires, which, according to the natives, had reference to the grave; Some people also made small fires here and there along the way. When we were not far from the city, an old, venerable greybeard suddenly stopped and began to cry piteously, which many people did not pay attention to, but several remained standing next to him without crying. I was told that after a few days they would go back to the grave to weep; But I can't say whether this really happened. Dixi [I have spoken].

(68) [Page 68 is left blank in the diary.]

(69) [Page 69 is left blank in the diary.]

(70) [Page 70 is left blank in the diary.]

(71) [Page 71 is left blank in the diary.]

(72) [Page 72 is left blank in the diary.]

(73) [Page 73 is left blank in the diary.]

(74) [Page 74 is left blank in the diary.]

May 1839 - August 1839

**Growing familiarity with the Kaurna language,
their culture and their view of the world**

(75) May 11th, 1839. I wrote my first letter from South Australia to my dear brother Adam. The content was mainly a description of my external situation and my relationship with Br. Teichelmann.

(76) May 30th, 1839. Today I moved into a new house, although the floor in one room had not yet been done.

May 31st, 1839. The two natives, Bakkabarti Jarraitja, who was accused and convicted of the deliberate murder of W. Duffel, and Parudija Wang utja, who was convicted of the same crime against a certain Thompson, were executed with a rope. All of the natives, but mainly the relatives and fellow tribesmen of the two unfortunates, were deeply moved and cried profusely; Many evenings and mornings after this [event] one could still hear their touching condolences.

June 3rd, 1839. I found a newborn child among the natives; In addition, a woman had given birth to an unripe, dead fruit. When I asked what they had done with the dead child, they told me that they had left it lying there, which they always did if the child was not well formed, even if it was alive, regardless of whether it was male or female.

(77) June 5th, 1839. At dusk I visited the natives in their houses and asked the Wauwitpinna, among other things, the names of some constellations. On the occasion he told me that a great star or something else in the sky was the great Paitja, called Jura, which must undoubtedly be a fabulous animal, because he described it to me as very vicious, living in the water and devouring the black people if they did not hide themselves. Because there must be an abundance of water at the appearance of this mighty beast, the natives, as Wauwitpinna expressed it, blame the heavens and the earth, e.g. E.g. like this: Kara wirkoworri, jerta wirkoworri etc. etc. and in other ways, so that the earth becomes dry and hard and the sea dries up.

The women and the untattooed children are not allowed to know this scolding and much of what follows, which is why Wauwitpinna found it advisable to go home with me, where he told me in secret and with the promise not to tell any of the natives again several things that amazed me and which seemed to be extremely important. I have long known that the natives believe in magic that kills people, because in several natural deaths they claimed that the person who died was stabbed, which is why they carry the corpse around and ask him questions. Wauwitpinna gave me an important insight into this when he said that the black people dagger names (Ngarri pungoni), as a result of which people die. In such a case, the question is presented to the corpse (nun-no): Ngurluintja enta ninna punki? and the Kadliadli [deceased]

answers: Ngurluintja aii punki. I don't know how they discovered the magician or dagger, but the narrator told me that they killed [him] afterwards.

(78) Wauwitpinna told me, among other things, about the Munaintjerlo [ancestor], which I take to be the name of the highest being and therefore instead of Jowa (Jehovah), that he made the sun, moon and stars, the earth and so on. I cannot say whether he is thought to be married or celibate.

The Munaina [ancestors] seem to be connected with Munaintjerlo, not only in name, but also in the idea of them, because both formerly lived on earth, but now dwell above, or in heaven. It was said of the Munaina, if I remember correctly, that they climbed up the spear pillar, with whom [it] happened like this. Men threw spears in all directions, but all fell to the ground, until at last they threw one straight up from the apex, which remained at the very top; They then threw a second one, the tip of which caught in the soft end of the first kaja [spear], then a third and so on until finally the pillar reached down to the ground and the people could climb up it.

The Tindojerli or Tindojerlimejo (sun father or man) has several wives (wild stars? [comets]) who are very good; but he also has some long sisters (tailed stars? [asteroids]) who are very evil. Incidentally, he seems to have power over life and death and to play an important role in the South Australians' theory of the gods.

Kakirra (the moon) has no women but a strong cough. He tells people to let the expectoration of their cough fall on their hand and give it to the Tindojerli. If he accepts it, they may still live; if not, he says, "Grab yourselves and die," and they die.

(79) What is secret about this is shared with the young people when they are getting tattoos, which is why Wauwitpinna advised me to go along next time and hear everything. A woman is not allowed to be seen unless she wants to be speared.

He said of those who go on Muljoro (frenzy) that they go up and die soon afterwards.

June 6th, 1839. If yesterday evening I had the great pleasure of receiving important information about the religious ideas of the natives, this evening I had the no less great pleasure of seeing two of them succeed in the hitherto always uncertain attempt to inform them about the main features of the Christian religion so that they understood me. I said that Munaintjerlo, whom strangers call Jehovah, made the sun, moon and stars, the earth and two men, Adam and Eve, that the latter gave birth to children and their daughters were born again, and so on, until at last there were so many men. But Eve ate the forbidden food, which is why Munaintjerlo became very angry and condemned her and all her descendants to death. But he had great compassion, so he let his child become a human being as a virgin. Jesus was circumcised like the black men, thought, spoke and acted well; was hanged by his compatriots and then went up to heaven on the third day. Fortunately, I was able to apply the biblical expression to this inadequate communication that Jesus had no father on earth and no mother in heaven.

When asked whether I had seen all of this above or in heaven, I replied that Jesus took 12 young men (80) who told strangers far and wide and then wrote it down on paper, which the people with long clothes like me, Teichelmann, Howard and Kavel are now telling the listeners. I only said the latter in response to your question as to whether Mr. Preacher Howard had seen all of this above, which, by the way, proves how easily one can be misunderstood with a poor knowledge of the language and a mind that is alien to Christian truth.

They expressed their joy at this communication, which showed that they had understood me, both through words and expressions, even through indomitable loud laughter. The [Ng]unjewainte that was heard afterwards called her home, where I accompanied her; and although one of the two later sang along, he must have first told my message to someone else, what happened in my presence, and where I again witnessed, both in telling and listening, the unbridled joy of these discoveries.

My proposal to soon build a Munaintjerlo house, where we would sing like the white people on Sundays and where I and Teichelmann would talk, met with the most enthusiastic approval. May the Lord, whose experience of these two evenings has made me greatly ashamed of my displeasure with our prospects for the future, grant that, just as teaching one evening was followed by teaching the next, so may the first year of research be followed by the second of teaching.

June 7th, 1839. 24 years ago today, the goodness of God drew me from the womb into the light. May You, my faithful Lord and God, be praised for all the good things You have done to me during my life so far (81), and forgive me for being so indifferent that I only remembered at the end of that day that I was born on the same day. Grace and mercy have accompanied me up to this point; let them continue to accompany me until my blessed exit from time into eternity.

During the night a native of the Wirra tribe had died without first being long and seriously ill, which is why I never came to know about it. In the morning all his compatriots expressed their condolences to him with loud lamentations and then carried out the usual interactions and examinations with him, during which I discovered that the Kadliadli mentioned on the 5th of this month is always the deceased's closest relative. By the way, the natives thought they had discovered today that a certain distant man was the murderer in this case. This can be recognized when the Kadliadli walks around when his name is mentioned and then walks away.

Even today, daggering was described to me more closely and clearly; According to the natives, the murderer sneaks up to a person when he is sleeping, gently lifts up his blanket, and plunges his dagger deep and upward into his abdomen, slowly withdraws it and closes the wound again so that it is not noticeable. But the consequence of this is that, because the lung is injured, the wounded person dies later.

--

Please, O Jesus, let the light of your gospel shine quickly on this people who are immersed in darkness and superstition. Amen.

(82) **June 8th, 1839.** As a result of yesterday's death, unfortunately! many natives went north to bury the deceased; they won't be coming back any time soon. In addition, several people went to Ngankiparringa to hunt kangaroos for a long time.

This morning [I had] a conversation lasting several hours with the Protector; [There was] an attractive essay about the Germans in the Gazette by Pastor Kavel.

June 10th, 1839. The few natives left behind have also left, so that not a single soul of them is here now.

June 11th, 1839. [I was] with Teichelmann and the protector of the natives to the governor to thank us for our houses. entertainment about native skills and knowledge; he asked us to give our report and our opinion at the end of the month. --

The Protector presumptuously says that he and I have discovered the mythological idea of the natives; to pay attention to this in the future.

June 12th, 1839. I wrote a long letter to Angas.

June 14th, 1839. Two native families have returned.

June 15th, 1839. Several natives have returned complaining that the Pilta or Possum had gone far away. Pleasant news of natives encountered by Robert Cock on the banks of Spencer's Gulf; just like the one in Encounter Bai when a fire broke out.

June 16th, 1839. Sunday. The natives, visibly excited, said that the relatives and countrymen of the two recently hanged (83) were nearby, full of anger against the whites, and would come tomorrow and do their spells and the like (nurroni), as a result of which they and [the] white people would die. As a consolation, they now added that they would speak for the Europeans, even if possible to prevent their deaths. -- Wauwitpinna, who spent the evening with me, told me that the murderer named by the Kadliadli had to pass a test that was similar to the old German "Judicia Dei" [God's Judgment]. The nearest relative hurls two Kaja and a certain number of Winda at him; If the person fends off all of these and survives the blow to the head with the ring-tailed lemur, he goes free and is considered innocent. --

Reportedly, we will soon have another native protector in Wyatt's place.

May [June]17th, 1839. My future neighbor, Munnaitja, Wattewattipinna, started building a new house. Mr. Wyatt, who was here today, said that his successor was directly employed by Lord Glenelg, and it was likely that his appointment would be published next Saturday.

What surprised and attracted me was the skill with which Gudnaitja removed and gutted the pilta.

May [June] 18th, 1839. Today the much feared relatives and comrades of the two executed people actually arrived in Piltawodlinga, accompanied by Minno Gudnaitja, Kadlitpinna, who had gone to meet them. Possibly enabled [enabled] by the said M. G. Kadlitpinna, they let their intended sorcery be carried out; but when I tried to ask her about it, I was quickly interrupted by Kadlitpinna and told not to ask her because he was very afraid; Apparently he didn't know for sure whether they would do magic or not and was therefore in anxious uncertainty.

In the evening visit from Messrs. Kook and Simpson.

(84) June 19th, 1839. I was in Klemzig, where I had to spend the last of my money.

Your counsel, O God, is wonderful, but you deliver it wonderfully.

Mauwitpinna tells me that Munaitjerlo is not one man, but several, just like munana mejo, so that the hope of having discovered a certain all-powerful and supreme being among the natives has become water again.

Teichelmann believes that he has discovered all tense forms of the verb.

June 20th, 1839. Wirra Gudnaitja, Wirraitjunna begins his house.

June 21st, 1839. Wrote a three-and-a-half [two(and)and-a-half] sheet report to my company.

Contents:

Trip to the Murray; the two murders committed by natives, execution of two murderers, impression of the same (Nurutti); lamentation for the dead; Investigating a death and examining the suspect; Funeral Munana and her ascension; Tindoperlitta and Kakirra. Law and its ban. Favorable conclusion from this; On the other hand, sins, polygamy and polygamy, child molestation, child murder, horrible diseases. proximity to the city, evil influence on the natives; the government has reported to Angas no power to appropriate land for them; Property rights. Our retention of the language, effort in learning it; native boys left again, otherwise dismissed; Lack of resources, loss of time and inaction are the result, otherwise travel to Encounter Bay. Image of a daily life. Our houses, description of Piltawodlinga; the governor wants our report and our opinion. Sending along newspapers. Ending.

June 22nd, 1839. Written to Pastor Wermelskirch.

Contents:

My intention to go to Wirramu to forestall the Wesleyan plan; Pastor Kavel's secret drafting and introduction of a new community constitution; Cessation of German church services in Adelaide; my opinion on whether it is desirable for a missionary to come here married or unmarried.

In the evening I visited Mr. Simsen, to whom I gave a live parrot.

List of sworn Germans in the newspaper.

Hiring a new protector.

(85) June 23rd, 1839. Very uncomfortable; headache and dizziness; entertaining visit from Mr. Meier.

June 25th, 1839. Almost dejected by the complete lack of money, today I received not only the four pounds sterling I had previously borrowed, but also, quite unexpectedly, ten pounds sterling from local friends. Today's saying from Luther's treasure chest called out to me in an instructive and confirming manner:

"The Lord's advice is wonderful, but he brings it out wonderfully, Amen."

July 1st, 1839. This morning I made the acquaintance of the new protector, Moorhouse, and spent the evening with him and others at the old protector's house. In the afternoon a visit from Mr. Webster, who told me, with his opinion on Mr. Moorhouse and his predecessor, that a certain _____, formerly a missionary of the London Society to Madagascar, was destined to Encounter Bay as a teacher of the natives; In the evening I was unpleasantly touched by a fellow countryman who was otherwise respected but was now drunk.

July 2nd, 1839. I had the native Tilti Midlaitja with me all day, who not only gave me a lot of words, but also began to learn the letters with love and in the evenings told a lot about the sun and moon, but because of his tiredness and lack of language skills I only understood with certainty that the sun is female, while the moon is old and weak, which is why the young, strong sun can easily beat it. But he lives again because he is jamaiana (immortal?). At night the sun sits in the water in its house and eats fish.

July 4th, 1839. Finally, this evening the earthworks for my future neighbor's house were started. Three natives were working and Cronk (?) **(86)**, whom the strong protector along with others efficiently gets going, merely guided them. At 6 a.m. my future neighbor cooked dinner for the workers in my house.

The protector, who had had a long conversation with the governor, said that the governor had expressed to him the wish not to allow so many natives to settle in Piltawodlinga, but to disperse them among the Europeans. He seemed to be of the same opinion, but fortunately he was not applauded by us; may this pernicious plan remain unworkable.

Around 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening two natives had a heated argument, which soon became more general and as a result of which the bright firebrands soon flew like kites through the pitch-dark air from one hut to the other. The reason for this quarrel

was that one had not shared meat from his prey with the other, as the natives usually do.

July 5th, 1839. Towards the evening, when I and Br. Teichelmann were busy removing the frame from the earthen wall of my future native neighbor's house, the governor came over with his private secretary and not only spoke sympathetically about the new settlement, but also told the protector of the natives that he would give us a small Timor horse for our journey to Encounter Bay and let Br. Teichelmann and me pay the bill of exchange that we expect from Germany.

July 7th, 1839. Sunday. In the evening, Preacher Stow heard in the newly opened Methodist chapel about Gal. 3.1.

(87) July 8th, 1839. In the evening I had the native Mauwitpinna with me again, who told me a lot about a Munaintjerlo and his pair of sisters, as well as about a kangaroo that had come back to life and about the Jamaiama, which I still didn't understand.

July 9th, 1839. A native gave me an attractive description of the way in which the blacks hunt kangaroos, dogs, emu, etc., the latter and former with nets, the dogs, because they chewed the nets, were speared with large spears. The emu are pursued by a man who positions himself so that the animal remains between him and the wind until the sun sets and the animal lies down; When it gets dark, the other men come after them, but the women and children stay at home. Arriving at the deer's lair, they disperse and form a circle around it, spread their nets and light a lot of fire in order to be able to see. When the emu sees this, it gets up and wants to leave, but everywhere it meets nets and the hunters are already shouting with joy: ngadlukko paru, ngadlukko paru; our prey, our prey. As soon as such a catch becomes known, the neighbors come to take part in the fat feast, which the hunters have long since had their fill of, and so much so that they do not go out looking for prey the following day.

July 10th, 1839. Today, after two failed attempts, I made the third attempt to adopt a native boy named Nanto Munaitja; he is younger than Waritja the first and Munaitja the second, whom I had with me.

(88) In the afternoon Judge Cooper came to my neighbor's building site and asked for Mr. Moorhouse, who was present at the time. After conversing with the latter for a while, he came to me and spoke very kindly about the durability of the earth houses, the natives, and so on.

July 11th, 1839. In the evening the natives, the Wonkamejo and the Marimejo, had a heated argument, perhaps caused by insults, but the aim was to save the life of one of the Eastern men who is said to have stabbed a Wonkamejo. The anger, even murderousness, on the part of the latter was so great that I really expected that one of them would have seen the sun set for the last time today.

Br. Teichelmann received a letter containing £2 from an unnamed person or Juvenis [youthful friend].

July 12th, 1839. The Protector told me that the Governor had shown himself very pleased with the economy shown to the natives, that the northern limit of their settlement should be the ditch or dry river bed, which extends not far from the harbor road.

Our trip to Encounter Bay is scheduled for July 22nd.

I found it necessary to scold my Nanto [Munaitja] so hard that he cried.

Moorhouse said that he was in complete agreement with Wyatt's view of the representation of the native language, which said that ours was half German and half French, and was not to be approved of because it was foreign and a hindrance to the learning of English by the natives. But I told him my opposite opinion;

Mr. Meier told me that Schlinke went to Klemzig with him yesterday and acted extremely friendly towards Bertha, as usual.

(89) July 14th, 1839. Mr. Preacher Stow heard about Romans. 8.

July 17th, 1839. Mauwitpinna told me this evening that his father was speared by an Eastern man while he was out hunting kangaroos. Afterwards he went to see him with one of the recently hanged men and, after he threw his spear into his arm, he hit the murderer through the upper body, so that the spear drove through the body again into the ground and the wounded man died instantly. The hostility and slaughter of the natives must have been terrible in the past.

Today I had the opportunity to observe that a native woman of Van Diemensland can no more pronounce the "F" and "S" than the local natives, which circumstance seems to me to indicate a relationship of the language.

July 20th, 1839. Unfortunately, from the conversation I had this evening with a native, it became all too clear to me what I had previously refused to believe, namely that the natives often kill newborn children if the mother has many of them. Such a murder is said to have occurred recently in Ngarinkaparinga. No wonder, then, that the natives are few.

(90) July 21st, 1839. Enjoyed Holy Communion in community with Drescher, Bauer, Kleinschmidt and Teichelmann.

July 22nd, 1839. The natives attribute the hoarfrost to the stars, e.g. B. the Tinninjara, Wilutti.

July 23rd, 1839. Today at 9 o'clock Mr. Moorhouse and I had planned to leave for Encounter Bay or Wirrama, but an unexpected death that occurred during the night with Midlaitja, who had been ill for a long time, delayed the departure, in that

Wauwitpinna, who had promised to accompany us, now refused and only after much persuasion could we be won over. In addition to him, we took a boy with us because Wauwitpinna didn't want to go alone. The aforementioned sudden death had also delayed me somewhat in my armor for the journey, so that Moorhouse became so impatient that he irritated me. We left Adelaide at 12pm; I was loaded with almost 30 pounds of meat, Wauwitpinna with almost as much bread, the boy with 10-12 pounds of flour and Moorhouse with tea, sugar and rice, about 10 pounds. With this burden we hiked 16 miles, namely to the Morphett Thal.

July 24th, 1839. After walking about 4 miles we came to the surveyors at Ngankiparringa, where we were very kindly received by Mr. MacLaren. Since he was in the process of moving to Kanjanjapilla, we put our (91) bundles on his cart, which took them 7 miles further, as the named place is so far from the old place. That same day we were to be taken from Kanjanjapilla to Willanga, where the governor had his tents, but since the ship that was to be brought to him was not ready until the evening, the people refused to take it there, pretending that they would not be able to find it in the dark because they did not know the way. We were allowed to sleep in a tent, but the cold soon made me look for the fire, whose beneficial warmth I had experienced the night before.

July 25th, 1839. Shortly after daybreak, with our luggage on horseback, we set out for Willanga, which we would hardly have found had the natives not spotted the smoke of the fire in the distance. The governor was away at the moment, but a good breakfast made up for the detour. From here to Mount Terrible we followed, without a path, the direction of our natives, whose knowledge of the land, water, worms, and the like, we could not help but admire. We were determined to reach Encounter Bay today, but rain, night, exhaustion and, above all, bad [sore] feet forced us to stop 6 miles on the Murta River on this side of Encounter Bay. We were quite comfortable under a thick tree and by a mighty fire that dried and warmed us at the same time.

(92) **July 26th, 1839.** On the fourth day we finally reached Encounter Bay. Not only the islands and the Rosette Head, but also the stinking Anse [small bay] and [the] bones of the whale fish first attracted my attention. As we walked along the beach, we came across a settlement of natives, who, according to our companions, consisted of Parnkamejo, who come down from the shores of Lake Alexandrina and, during the fishing season, feed on the fried blubber and the fresh flesh of the whales; The total number of these Parnkamejunna was probably around 140-150. Their campsite is called Limboanunga and is east of the island of Ngalaikruar or Granite Island. In addition, to the west of her in Wirramu or Ramong there was a camp of about 50 souls who belong to the actual Warramumejo tribe and to whom the aforementioned Parnkamejunna are hostile. On the evening before our arrival a woman from the former was miserably beaten by two men from the latter, and the speeches of the natives, as well as their preparations, such as making signs and the like, suggested that serious performances were to follow. The fact that the Wirramuninjo were so few was because most of them were in Jankaljila. By the way, both tribes speak the same language.

At noon we arrived at Moorhouse's sister and his friend and partner Newland, with the intention of resting the afternoon and going the following day to Currency Creek, which place the governor (93) had described as a favorite place of the natives and therefore suitable for a future settlement. Moorhouse, who has an 80-acre section of land in Encounter Bay, 3 workers and many other things, found so many private businesses that we did not leave until midday on the 30th of July. All we did and could do at Encounter Bay was to count the people, which we did on the 27th of July; I noticed a woman among the Wirramumejo who spoke the language of the Adelaide natives and would therefore be very useful to me if I settled there.

July 28th, 1839. After counting the natives the day before, we climbed to the top of the Rosettenhaupt cone to pass the time this afternoon. As I descended I noticed a native hut which we had not seen before; The next day I visited them to count them and found that there were only Paitjabulti (that's the old women, as the boy who accompanied us said) or widows living there. The Parnkamejo also had such a hut inhabited entirely by women, from which one may perhaps draw the conclusion that, according to native custom, old women or widows live separately from the rest.

In the morning I heard a sermon on Romans 8:1 by Preacher Newland since it was Sunday.

(94) **July 29th, 1839.** Today I went with Moorhouse and several others on board the French whale vessel "Elisabeth of Havre", where we found a hospitable welcome despite the absence of the captain, doctor and helmsmen. Moorhouse wanted to buy provisions, partly for his people and partly for us, as we had so little that he wanted to shorten the supply of the two natives who accompanied us; But I objected to this with the declaration that since we had caused the natives to accompany us against their inclination, we were also obliged to keep them. My position here was all the more awkward and unpleasant as Moorhouse had paid for my share of the provisions.

Towards evening we watched several native boys practicing their spears; There were four on each side, and the skill they showed in both deflecting and hitting the spears, as well as the agility of their limbs, excited our admiration. The boat crew also serves as proof of the superiority of the Encounter Bay natives over the Adelaide residents.

July 30th, 1839. This Tuesday morning at last at 11 or 12 o'clock Moorhouse finished his business, and accompanied by two other Englishmen, Messrs. Turner and Worthington, and a Wirramu native, we set off. Wauwitpinna, who did not like the journey to Currency Creek because he was afraid of the Parnkamejo, left us quite suddenly, and as a result soon after the Encounter Bay natives, too, on the pretext that he was ill. That the latter (95) left us was very inconvenient to all of us, because no one knew the way, and to me especially, because he could have given me the native names for Currency Creek and other places, which now eluded me, since the native boy, who remained alone with us, had never been in the area. Fortunately, the trail of several ox carts showed us the way, which we encountered and which led us to the spot. Currency Creek is actually a river which falls from the west into the lower Murray, or into the waterway between Lake Alexandrina and the sea, except that it contains salt water two or three miles upstream.

Towards evening we arrived at the place where Captain Pullen had set up camp, and although we did not meet him himself, we were nevertheless treated very decently, with kangaroo meat and so on. The following day, viz

July 31st, 1839. we set out to see the surrounding area, particularly the lower Murray and the connection of the river with it; the banks are flat and swampy so that one cannot get close to the water. This circumstance is almost annoying because of the many ducks, swans and other birds that swim boldly along under the shelter of those swamps, as if they were conscious of their safety. About 3 miles east of Pullen's camp we came across a group of some twenty (96) natives with whom we had little time to communicate. In addition to the usual weaving, baskets or bags and the like, we also found skulls among them, which they used instead of drinking vessels. They were filled with hay to purify the bad water, which they draw from a well about three feet deep next to the salty river. We drank something, but the boy had a disgust for the skull and generally behaved shyly, just like in Wirramu, although the men showed him every sign of friendship, e.g. they took him by the hand as they showed us the water. They gave us a skull, which Moorhouse kept, for which we gave them some bread cake.

We went on for several miles from here without seeing anything remarkable; it would be Hindmarsh Island in Lake Alexandrina. But when we returned, we noticed a dead man sitting upright on top of one of the huts with his legs crossed and his arms outstretched, with a rope tied around both hands and his neck to a nearby tree for balance. He was already completely dry, where or where something was still missing, so the fire that burned under him in the hut was likely to soon completely dry him out.

His whole body was painted with red (97) ocher, but his chest and belly were spotted with white paint; his beard was burnt down to the mustache and a bone about a foot long was stuck in the bridge of his nose. So he sat there, not unlike an idol or an Egyptian mummy; However, the natives probably only intend this custom to preserve the memory of the departed for a longer period of time, because when they saw that we noticed this strange figure and did not draw anyone's attention, they said in a mobile tone, "sit down, sit down."

When we got home in the evening we met Captain Pullen, a young, well-behaved but, it seemed to me, somewhat wild man, with whom we once again found hospitable accommodation for the night.

August 1st, 1839. This day began and ended with rain, and it was all the more inconvenient because we had to make most of the way back through tall grass, bushes and bushes, guided only by the trail of three horses that had preceded us. If we hadn't had the native boy with us, who could track the horses over grass and stones and everywhere, we might have wandered around for several days in the extremely desolate mountains, since neither sun nor mountains could be seen because of the fog and rain. It was our intention (98) not to stop for the night until we came to a place where there was water and wood for us, and grass for the horse that one of us had;

But when night suddenly fell, we came to a swamp, and we were forced to make do with rainwater and a little wood, from which leaves and twigs had been burned off, and the horse also had little or no grass. Drenched even without the protection of a few deciduous trees, exposed to the cold wind and rain, we were very cold throughout the long night. Meanwhile, after we had managed to light a large fire with the help of paper and an old rope that one of us luckily had in his pocket, we were doing better than expected, and the rain had let up a little. The ground was of course so wet that there was little thought of lying down, so we chatted with a cigar or a pipe of tobacco as long as we could, took turns lying down on my blanket and set out at 2 o'clock to make tea and ash cakes [baked in an "ash" = zinc sheet mold or large metal bowl], so that we were on the march again at 6 o'clock.

August 2nd, 1839. After we had followed our trail for about 3 hours, it led us to a familiar area and finally a straight path to the governor's camp.

This time we met him, and after he had given us a good breakfast, he talked to us

August 1839 - October 1839

(99) in the most friendly way for a while. Among other things, he told the Protector that the English spelling did not lend itself well to the language of the natives, because the variation in pronunciation would both confuse the natives and make the Europeans uncertain. This instruction, which was well supported with reasons, pleased me all the more as Moorhouse had previously claimed the opposite in an unfounded and ignorant manner.

We left Willunga under heavy rain around 11 a.m. and arrived back at the place where we stayed the first night at 7 p.m., drenched and exhausted. My feet were so sore and painful that I had to walk the last four miles barefoot. This night was the most unpleasant of the whole trip, the ground was wet and cold so that we couldn't lie down, we were almost tired from lack of sleep the previous night, and the people were very inattentive.

August 3rd, 1839. We set off again very early this morning in order to be in Adelaide when we only had 16 English miles left, but the exhaustion and especially the pain in my feet were so great that we didn't arrive until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I had to walk the last three or four miles in socks again, not to mention the bad cold I caught.

(100) **August 5th, 1839.** In the evening I went with Mr. Moorhouse and Teichelmann to see the natives, who had all left Piltawodlinga and gone to the south side of the town, ostensibly because there was more wood in the latter place than in the former, but actually because there had been a death in Piltawodlinga. It pleased [me] that they asked me so sympathetically and often where I came from and similar questions relating to my journey. When I told them that I had seen a dried and ground corpse, they told me that the Parnkamejo do not bury the body but the bones of a dead person.

August 8th, 1839. Another young native man died who was believed to have been killed. The superstition of the natives probably contributed to these rumors, and this is all the more obvious since the deceased was not ill for long and the natives are very excited, so that a fight is expected on the side of the southern men as well as the eastern and northern men.

August 9th, 1839. A visit from Pastor Kavel, who stayed with me the night before going to Hahndorf to say goodbye to Mr. Flaxman, who is returning to Europe via the East Indies in the next few days. Mr. Flaxman gave Teichelmann and me together the sum of £15 sterling.

August 10th, 1839. This morning the natives had left the hut in which the man had died and had made new ones. They dig up the earth where the body lay and make a small (101) pile. If you ask them why, they answer, winko, what does lung or breath mean, so I think the natives are looking for the life of a deceased person.

August 12th, 1839. I went to Patta with Moorhouse because we thought the body would be buried today, which wasn't the case because they wanted to wait until the Southmen came. When we returned the Governor visited Piltawodlinga accompanied by his wife and [Mr] Halls. When the latter asked me about the success of my journey, and we discussed the Wirramu men, the governor said: If I wished to settle there, he would make arrangements for me.

A new proof that the Lord paves the way and creates means for his servants if they want to work for his kingdom without looking for their own. Bless his faithfulness.

August 13th, 1839. This evening Bauer started his English-lessons with me. After he left, I wrote a letter of the kind I had never written before to B[ertha] F[iedler].

Success, O Lord, is in your will and in your power, but my humble request is that you will make my plan a success and bless it. You know the loneliness and joylessness of my soul, that's why you don't want to deny me a bosom friend.

Although it had long been intended, this letter was more directly prompted by my visit to K[lemzig] today and by the fact that I was unable to recommend myself to B[ertha] when she left.

(102) August 15th, 1839. The protector of the natives, who dined with the governor yesterday, thought he would be able to obtain more detailed information on this occasion about the arrangement which His Excellency wanted to make for me at Encounter Bay, but he told me to-day that the large company that was there had prevented all conversation on the subject, only that he believed that [Mr.] Hall was very favorable to the undertaking. --

Bauer, Schlinke, Kleinschmidt and Kook are in Klemzig today, why?? -- ?

August 16th, 1839. Today was a very strange day for me and, God willing, could be one of the most momentous of my life. At noon I received a letter from Mr. Hall to the effect that the Governor had given me the sum of £20 sterling as a gratuity for my instruction of the natives, and had directed the same to the Treasurer. This good news encouraged me even more to carry out the project that had occupied my soul all morning and made my heart pound, namely, to deliver the letter to Bertha Teusler mentioned on the 13th of this month. Of course, the whole way I was thinking about how I could most conveniently get rid of the letter and came to the decision, before I handed over my paint for the writing board to Tischler Till, to stop by Mr. Fiedler's in the hope of finding the recipient alone. And strangely enough, a small bottle that I found close to Klemzig gave me the right opportunity to do this. Bertha was actually alone at home of all the residents of the house, only the schoolmaster [Friedrich Kavel] was present. The former was a little embarrassed when I came in, perhaps because of her clothes, because when I asked if she was home alone, she very deliberately **(103)** said that she herself had only just come out of the garden,

indicating that that was why she hadn't cleaned up; She was also very friendly, and when I offered her the above-mentioned bottle as a gift, she was obviously appreciative. She then hurried into the other room, while I sat down, half-listened to the schoolmaster's story and thought of a way to get rid of my burden. I found this in a pipe of tobacco; I hurried into the room where Bertha had gone before me and asked her for a dozen cigars. While she gave them to me, I took out my letter and gave it to her, saying that she would read it when she was alone. She didn't seem to understand me at first, or was too embarrassed, because when I wanted to burn it and she obligingly got me a light, she left the letter on the table.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fiedler came in through the door of the other room, but fortunately was delayed by the schoolmaster for so long that I gained time to tell Bertha again that she would like to read the letter when she was alone. That she now suspected its contents was demonstrated by the speed with which she took it and hid it; at the same time, her embarrassment was evident from the fact that she clenched the letter as she put it in her pocket. In all this I enjoyed unexpected frankness and lost my composure all the less in front of Mr. Fiedler as I was busy with my cigar, which I soon lit for the second time without any need, as it was still burning when I asked him whether his indisposition was leaving him and Bertha immediately left. I believed the latter's later impartiality and didn't predict anything good, but her attention made up for it.

(104) I waited all afternoon for an opportunity to tell her that if she had no one else, she would like to send me an answer through Mrs. Rhen, but it was not given to me because Prudt and the schoolmaster were present. Towards evening the former was chopping wood, and as he was very clumsy at it, I took the ax from him to chop, asking who the wood was for? and Bertha replied, to my delight, "For me." But later she asked with equal attention that I would like to stop. When I wanted to leave she had just gone to Wasser, but I was determined not to leave without recommending myself to her, so I asked Mathilde where she was; I went to meet her and asked her whether it was still possible to cross the river. She said yes, here and there, but added that she didn't know for sure whether the board was still there. I'm still annoyed that I didn't ask her to show me the board, which would have given me an opportunity to tell her about [Mrs.] Rehn. I walked very slowly, hoping to see them come to water again; She actually came later, but I was already across the river and couldn't come back with any shame; But I thought about it and wanted to ask her about [Frau] Rehn on the supposedly lost footpath, and so I went towards her on the other side of the river, but she was already gone again. But in order not to be understood by those who might have seen me wandering around, I returned across the river and went home on the right side. On the way back I lost my handkerchief -- --

In the evening the protector ate radishes with me, which told Mr. Bauer where I had been (105), which I didn't want to tell him before, but instead avoided his question. However, if he suspects or knows the reason for my visits to Klemzig, I would prefer it.

God, who guides every soul that fears and loves you according to your wise and gracious counsel, lead me to the goal of my hopes.

August 17th, 1839. As I was about to go to the restaurant, I met Maid Seeländer on the street, who asked me if I hadn't seen Bertha Teusler. Surprised and filled with the hope of an answer to my letter, I hurried home, but my waiting and hopes were disappointed, I received nothing all day.

August 20th, 1839. At 11 o'clock in the morning I received a letter from my Bertha from the postman. I was shocked at the beginning, but then came back to my senses as I diligently looked over the entire letter. Although I am dissatisfied with Bertha's answer because I cannot imagine the thoughts and feelings of her soul as I wish, I still find reason for strong hope, especially in the request not to give up prayer. This passage, as well as the devotion to God's will that prevails throughout the entire letter, shamed me and increased Bertha's value not a little, even if I could have been increased in another way. The other half, by denying pleasure in my pain, was touching to me.

(106) August 21st, 1839. Today I gave Mr. Hall my letter of thanks for the support mentioned on the 16th of this month. When I asked to be excused for any mistakes that had crept in, he assured me that it would be very good, adding at the same time that the governor had long been concerned that we had to struggle with such difficulties.

In the evening a native coming from Sidney had caused great excitement among the local natives by telling them that tomorrow the Europeans would hang the alleged murderers of the recently deceased young person.

In the conversation I had with Wauwitpinna late at night on [the] subject now mentioned, he told me wonderful stories about Nganno, his son Gurltatacko and his countrymen. Gurtaltacko was murdered; That's why Nganno traveled far and wide to look for the murderer; On these journeys he gave the places in the country the names they now have. When Nganno had found and killed the murderers, he returned home, but his countrymen were so frightened at the sight of him that they all jumped into the sea and were transformed into sea creatures. He did say that they shouldn't do that, but they answered, one, I'm a shark, the other, I'm a whale, and so on. Finally **(107)** Ngarro himself became a sea monster.

The language which Wauwitpinna used in the speeches of the introduced people was different from the present one and, according to him, was the language of the Munaana (ancestors). By the way, this story is far from fully understood, hence the lack of context.

August 22nd, 1839. I spoke to the Governor today about the arrangements which he had promised to make for my settlement in Wirramu, and was ashamed to learn that he had been more zealous in the matter than I myself, having already given orders to build me a house as a temporary expedient. I preferred this all the more because it

deprived me of any choice as to the place of my settlement, which would otherwise have caused me much unrest.

How wonderful has the counsel of the Lord been in this matter, but how wonderfully he has brought it here!

Guarantee enough that he will lead her out wonderfully and to a good end. When I arrived in this country, I could hardly hope to survive in Adelaide, but he found ways and means to set my foot further, even without (108) lack, and to take over a new field, ripe for harvest, for the gospel. If I am not deceiving myself, I must confess with shame and remorse that at least I would not have been ready to settle in Wirramu as soon as possible, but the Lord knew how to find and bring about the settlement as well as the means, the name of the Lord be praised.

Around 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon I had a visit from Mr. Fiedler, my heart beat violently when I saw him, believing that there was a special reason for this visit to him, but he didn't mention or reveal anything in his entire demeanor from which I could have concluded that he knew about the correspondence between me and Bertha. If I had Bertha's permission, I would have revealed to him my wishes regarding

Kago obsecro te, o Deus meus!
Da mihi, quod peto, quod ardentissime desidero, da mihi
eor virginis istius, quam aestimo amoque; et dabo tibi eor
meum totum cum omnibus desideriis et facultatibus!

*[I implore you, o my Lord!
Give me what I thirst for, what I desire most, give me the heart of that Virgin whom I value
and love; and I will give you my whole heart with all my desires and abilities!]*

In conversation with the Governor, he told me that he had received my letter, adding that it had given him great pleasure to give me the assistance already mentioned and that he felt fully encouraged to do so.

(109) I replied that I hoped that at the same time the welfare of the natives would be promoted thereby; to which he replied that he had all confidence in me. The money, he quickly added, would be for me exclusively and not for general purposes. My answer: That's how I would have understood the letter. He then said that he knew that I had been very generous towards the natives, leaving me to conclude that he had thought that I would also think I had to use this money for the same purpose.

*O Lord, give us for a long time these philanthropic and
blessd Head of our affairs in these settlement..*

In the battle I had with myself this evening, I was defeated, to my great sadness.

Give me strength for the future, O Lord, my God and Savior.

August 23rd, 1839. I got my £20 from the Treasury; Giltes asked, quite strangely, what for?

In the evening I wrote my second letter to Bertha Teusler.

August 24th, 1839. Saturday. It rained heavily all day, so my plan to go to Klemzig came to nothing, so I dared to send the letter with my laundress, Maid Seeländer.

(110) August 27th, 1839. I will remember this day forever, I will bless it all my life. Yesterday I wanted to go to Klemzig, but partly because I couldn't get a native with me, and partly because I was still hoping to receive a letter, I put it off until today. I felt very strange, I couldn't know whether I would be able to express my concerns, and if I could, I didn't dare hope for a good, satisfactory outcome, nor did I dare fear a bad one. So I hiked to Klemzig; Bertha was the first person from the Fiedler family that I saw. Your, as it seemed to me, more than usual friendliness gave me an idea of the good effect of my last letter and gave me no small amount of courage. After I had taken care of my business, I asked my dear Bertha for a dozen cigars and when she gave them to me, I took the opportunity to ask her whether she had received my letter. She answered yes and when I asked what she said about it, she answered with a blush: "If it were me, you should have already received certainty from your first letter."

Of course, I immediately asked what else was important, and then she told me (111) about [Daniel] Schlinke, who tried to ingratiate himself with her in a deceitful way and through pitiful foreign accomplices. The fact that a person does not feel love is evident from the fact that he allowed himself to be wooed by others, because true love would have given him, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, the strength, courage and opportunity to open his heart himself, but of course, where there is no feeling heart, nothing can be opened. In addition, true love, by its nature, likes to remain secret and likes to hide itself, except from the person it loves.

Bertha said that neither she nor her father had made a specific promise by saying that it depended on her father, and that if it was God's will, he would have no objection. I said that she was not bound and that her conscience was free, she agreed with this and to prove that her heart was definitely with me, she said that it would probably be best to write to Schlinke straight away that he had no hope, which I of course encouraged her to do.

Bertha immediately showed my letters to her father, and the latter told me that he had read my first letter before I left Klemzig.

In my conversation, which apparently **(112)** no one in the house bothered me, but unfortunately a drunken Englishman only disturbed me too much, she said many things that revealed her definite inclination towards me, some of which I forgot, but kept the following. Even in Germany, her mother would have said that the daughters were marrying off to the missionaries, her sister Mathilde had also been teasing me for a long time and what spoke most clearly was Bertha showed me Paul Gerhardt's

song: Jesus, most beloved brother, and asked me to read by name from the 7th verse onwards. No less than the above-mentioned statements was Bertha's request: to come to Klemzig as often as possible until I went to Encounter Bay.

I asked Bertha whether she had suspected anything about my earlier behavior; She replied that even though she had noticed some things, she still didn't believe that I would apply for her, a lesser person. Bertha agreed with my suggestion to talk to Mr. Fiedler about our matter; she even found it pleasant. I wanted her presence, but she said that since her father knew her feelings, and since I now also knew that she had made a clear decision towards me, she would prefer if I wanted to talk to her father in private. That's what I did, and he gave me the comforting assurance that I was dearer to him than Schlinke, whose true Christianity and genuine love he questioned; Mr. Fiedler said when I asked him that Schlinke had no claims (113).

Mr. Julius Fiedler, said both Bertha and Mr. Fiedler, had never had any connection with Bertha, and if he had had one, said Mr. Fiedler, he would have had reservations about confirming it. --

Oh Lord! My faithful God, you have helped me so far, be merciful to me further; and give me my beautiful Rachel, my gentle Sara, my attentive Lydia, my Phoebe, useful to the Christian community - my dear, beloved Bertha; So I want to thank you and sing your praises. Amen.

August 29th, 1839. In the evening I wrote a letter and a few bits of poetry to my Bertha, in which I first described to her the impression that her statement regarding Schlinke had made on me and then told her how Schlinke had tried to deceive both me, whose attraction to Bertha was known to him, and her, by not looking for her person but for her money, judging by what he himself had said about his applications in Hamburg.

August 30th, 1839. Today I went to Klemzig, accompanied by the native Kauwadla warinja, who picked up my tablet. We both had lunch at Mr. Fiedler's, whereupon I sent my companion ahead and spent the afternoon in the company of my beloved Bertha. After reading my letter, she gave me her hand in gratitude, adding that she was surprised that Schlinke was not looking for her person, but for her money. She had told him (114) earlier, she continued, that he would not receive any treasures with her, to which he replied indignantly, had he then asked for any? My answer to this was that man had no heart and was therefore unworthy of her love; and she replied that Schlinke should be safe from her from now on. --

At first it wasn't my intention to stay in Klemzig all afternoon, especially since Schlinke wanted to come out today, but since Bertha seemed to want my presence for that very reason, I was happy to comply with her request. After we were no longer expecting him, Schlinke actually arrived and found me sitting opposite Bertha; At first he seemed concerned and remained so throughout the afternoon, no doubt having an idea of how things were going. Nevertheless, he didn't dare ask me on the way back, which we took together, but he told me, tapping on the bush, that Bauer was

looking for Bertha. The latter was obviously very embarrassed when Schlinke entered, because a deep blush covered her entire face as she offered him her hand, as it seemed to me, coldly and with deliberate indifference.

As soon as Schlinke was absent, a smiling look from Bertha told me what impression his now and then visible chivalry made on her; She was obviously more clingy today than before, especially when she left, so it was all the more significant for me (115) that she refused my two-time request to write to me, supposedly because she found it difficult and, on the other hand, asked for my frequent visits. Was this out of stupidity or a feeling of her weakness, or did she deny me my request so as not to be tempted to give me certain explanations now?

Late in the evening Br. Teichelmann was with me, who seemed to suspect my relationship with Bertha, as he jokingly accused me of it and advised me to take her with me to Encounter Bay, praising her wonderful qualities and all her amiability. One feature of her face was not beautiful enough for him, otherwise he would have courted her himself; But he didn't want to tell me the same thing so that when we put our heads together we wouldn't be able to chat about it.

September 1st, 1839. Sunday. There was great excitement among the natives when the southern men wanted to attack the eastern men, ostensibly because they were complaining, but in fact because of Mullawirraburka's recently deceased brother, whom the eastern men are said to have stabbed, and because of old quarrels. Speaking to the whole crowd for the first time, I explained to them the injustice of their enmity and that the excuse that they had scolded them was not valid, since they had first given them the reason for it and were now the aggressors and therefore everyone was to blame. Few (116) agree with me, many, e.g. B. Itjamaitpinna, asserted their rights wildly and passionately, most of them ridiculed my ideas. Nevertheless, I am convinced that several people have kept a thorn in their conscience and have become afraid of the fire into which Jehovah will cast all wicked people. Towards the evening Br. Teichelmann and I were with the Easterners, to whom we told about the hostility of the Southerners and who were very orderly. To my no small delight I saw among them a man named Ngannoaltuwitpenna, whom I had seen earlier at Mount Barker with Messrs. Kook and Meier. We were lost and very thirsty, so it was no less of a service that the aforementioned native showed us water and the way. Even though it was dark, he recognized me straight away and after some thinking back and forth, I remembered him too; We were both very happy when I told him where we met [and] that he had shown us water and so on and so we clearly recognized each other.

In the evening, Br. Teichelmann told me, to my astonishment, that Pastor Kavel had refused to give him Holy Communion on Holy Friday, ostensibly because of his tension with me. May this insulting humiliation have a positive effect and not just result in dislike for Pastor Kavel.

(117) **September 2nd, 1839.** Together with Br. Teichelmann at Mr. Preacher Longbottom; At four o'clock in the evening we attended a prayer meeting led by him in the Methodist chapel.

September 3rd, 1839. With Br. Teichelmann and Mr. Meier with the natives camped towards the south, from there to [Preacher] Stow, who was not at home, with whose wife I talked for at least 1 1/2 hours.
Today Pastor Kavel was 41 years old.

September 4th, 1839. In the afternoon I went to Klemzig to visit the dear soul who feels for me there. She was currently absent from the garden, which is why I turned to Mr. Fiedler, who was busy planting young fruit trees behind the house. He told me that on Monday Schlinke's matchmaker, Schlieffe's sister-in-law, and on Tuesday Schlinke himself had been in Klemzig, and that Bertha had said a careless word from my letter to the former. Schlinke himself asked him what he had to worry about, to which he replied that it depended on Bertha.

Bertha had come back in the meantime and appeared to me as kindly and lovingly as I had never seen her before. Fortunately, we were alone for a while, where she told me what I had already heard from her father, but with the addition that even if I resigned, she would never enter into such a relationship with Schlinke. She thought she had had a sour afternoon when this loveless lover acted as if his heart had been completely broken (118) by the coldness with which she treated him. He asked her where she came from and she answered many things, but he said that it couldn't be all that, it wasn't appropriate here. She therefore plans to write him her full opinion this week, as he [has] promised to come back on Sunday so as not to get into a similar embarrassment again. --

Among the various topics of conversation there was also talk of our age; Bertha didn't really want to reveal hers, but asked me to guess, probably thinking that I would be surprised by her youth. Of course I recommended a year more, namely 18, while she is still 2 months under 17, being born on November 29th, 1822. In the midst of these conversations, Bertha had forgotten to pour me coffee for the second time; When she blamed herself for this, I wanted to excuse her and said that I had forgotten it myself, otherwise I wanted to save her from the trouble; But she cried that it was her place, adding: "and I love doing that." Her attention was such that only the purest love could be the cause of it, and she repeatedly apologized for her business calling her away for a few moments now and then. --

Towards the evening Ferdinand Kavel came and fetched some candles, which Bertha gave him; as he handed her the money, it seemed to me as if he was teasing her; perhaps suspecting the reason for my (119) frequent visits to Klemzig;

Pastor Kavel, Bertha told me, knows about the matter, as I had already concluded from his entire behavior. --

Bertha asked me when I would come back and didn't seem entirely satisfied that I probably wouldn't be able to come until next week; She asked me again to come as often as time allowed. She was very pleased when I told her that my house in Encounter Bay had not yet started, remarking: then I would be staying here for a long time. I asked her what she thought about going so far, and she openly confessed to me that it didn't matter to her, but in one respect it would be easy for her. I expressed my hope that she would be able to be very useful there, and that I had no doubt she would find joy in it. To which she replied, "God knows." --

I stayed until 9 o'clock, because whenever I talked about going, Bertha always found reasons why I wasn't in a hurry and could still stay. However, more than anything that Bertha said so dear and dear was the escort she gave me to the farm when I said goodbye. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly and sent their flicker over to us, sharing in our happiness. Bertha's sensitive, good and loving heart pitied me that I had to travel such a long, lonely path in the dark. I asked her, looking for her hand, whether she still remembered the end of my last letter, to which she replied that she would certainly never forget it, with a handshake that I will never forget either. I replied (120) if they had written to Schlinke; Rather, was her answer, it doesn't work at all. Then it will happen after all, then I will be granted a bliss that makes me tremble in anticipation; May my heart be ready to feel that bliss in all its depth and fullness. While we were talking, it suddenly occurred to me whether there might be an eavesdropper nearby, and with the agility of a tender lover she was around the corner. When she came back, we parted with a warm handshake, both of us probably not satisfied that the parting had to be so cold.

On the way back I was as if in a dream and only when I was close to the city did I become aware of the clear sky, the solemn silence of the night and myself. my soul was full of quiet joy and the certainty that our relationship was pleasing to God. Thanks be to His goodness and praise for giving us the happiness we enjoy.

September 5th, 1839. Today I spent most of the day constantly among the natives and I finally managed to gather around me a small group of 8, one of whom, Kudna Ipiti, learned 11 letters and several almost as many.

The already mentioned Jamaiama are also doctors, as Wauwitpinna told me today, who is now in the One's treatment.

There is a certain mystery connected to the game of Kuri that the natives bring from far to the north and that someone showed me today.

Schlinke was very excited when he held out his hand to me this evening. He notices.

(121) September 6th, 1839. At 11 a.m. Bertha surprised me with her visit, accompanied by Julius [Fiedler] and a woman who were fetching her brother's skins. I was ashamed of the dirt that was in my room and was generally a little embarrassed. I asked Bertha if she had been to the post office, to which she replied that she would rather send an express. When she said goodbye, she told me that she had written to

Schlinke and that her companion had carried the letter there; she would have heard him mutter something about “rogues”.

It seems to me that I have never seen Bertha more amiable than she appeared today in her unpretentious, modest January finery; Her blooming cheeks were surrounded by a simple white bonnet, which was held together under her chin by a large black ribbon, and her modest breasts were hidden by a cloth, also black, which was connected to an apron of the same color. This awe-inspiring jewelry on the one hand, and their friendly expressions on the other, made an impression on me that can only be imagined, but not described. --

In the evening I enjoyed heartfelt moments among the natives as I recounted Christ's death, burial, resurrection and future judgment. Their attention showed that they understood me; Nor had they yet forgotten the names of God our Lord and of the first human couple, which I had previously told them.

There was a long conversation with Br. Teichelmann about marriage and so on, which I didn't like.

(122) September 7th, 1839. I learned today that Pinki or Jurnto means something mysterious that women and children don't need to know. If I understand correctly, it is a piece of wood that is used specifically for bloodletting.

My visit to Klemzig today was very poor, with the presence of Mr. Julius Fiedler and later Menge cutting off almost all entertainment. Bertha was extraordinarily free and unbiased and I was too, all the more so when Bertha told me at an opportune moment that I wanted to put on a serious face now. The whole evening I struggled and worried with unbearable pain in my chest that I had to see the dear soul right in front of me and was not allowed to exchange a word or a glance with her.

When I said goodbye, Bertha accompanied me out again, where, when I expressed her regret that the visit had been so unfortunate, she replied that it had still been very happy for her. She asked to come sometimes on Sundays because her father expressed his surprise that I never came on Sundays. While we were still talking about it, Mr. Julius Fiedler approached and we had to say goodnight to each other. This lack of opportunity to share our thoughts and feelings has left a strong need in me unsatisfied and created a compelling longing within me.

(123) September 8th, 1839. Sunday. Today I was with a small group of natives on two different occasions, some of whom I asked about the names of our first parents and so on, some of whom I told them the story of creation anew, told them our commandments and the like. They were very attentive and a Jamaiana supported me not a little in criticizing my laziness and laughing at divine things. The new idea of presenting God to them as Towilla seems very right and useful, if the native applause may be otherwise considered. In the evening some even seemed to have received a salutary impression from my description of the death, resurrection and ascension of Christ, his future judgment and heaven and hell. When I asked whether he

understood me, one of them even asked me to speak to them more often so that they would understand me.

The feeling of reverence is not at all alien to the natives, as is evident from the fact that they called Sunday Jamaiama (Holy?) because the foreigners told them not to bring wood etc. on it, because they saw paper (worship) on that day and therefore they knew that it was holy (tanere jamaiama narkondi).

Oh, merciful and loving Jesus, let the time come soon when I can proclaim your gospel unhindered to these ignorant but salvation-hungry people.

Five days in the bush with the natives

(124) September 9th, 1839. Yesterday a group of about 30-40 natives had gone into the bush, accompanied by their European dogs, to hunt kangaroos. I had long wanted to observe the lives and activities of the natives in the open air for a few days, convinced that this would not only provide a closer insight into their entire nature, but would also be the best exercise in their language. I was therefore very welcome at the opportunity offered to me today by two young natives, Tuitpurro and Kudna Ipiti, to carry out this wish of mine; and I was no less pleased that Brother Teichelmann decided to go along. All my equipment for this escape consisted of a woolen blanket, some tea, biscuits, and salt; Hunting should provide us with the rest. And we were not mistaken in this, because about three German miles from the city we found several of the group that had set out yesterday already busy preparing a kangaroo that had just been hunted. The way in which the natives make a kangaroo edible is remarkable and may therefore find a place here: "As soon as the prey has been killed, a place suitable for stewing is sought nearby, which must be dry and have wood and stones present; then the animal is brought in and the most skilful person prepares to skin it except for the head and the larger pointed part of the tail, which is cut off and singed in the fire, while **(125)** that another digs a hole about 1 1/2 feet deep in the earth, a third brings small stones and a fourth wood, and when the hole is finished, lights a fire in it, in which the stones are made glowing. When the fire has burned out, the butcher has already gutted the animal, cut off the legs and thighs and slit the thick meat of the leg three times, while someone else cleans the larger intestines and makes a sausage from the blood that has collected in the chest cavity. After this has happened, the stones are pulled out of the embers and the smaller ones are put partly into the chest and abdominal cavity, partly into the slit thighs, mixed with the leaves of the small rubber tree for seasoning. Branches from the same tree are now placed both on the coals immediately below and on top of the kangaroo; The legs, the tail, the sausage, together with the noble parts of the entrails, are then stuck into the branches above and the whole thing is then covered with glowing stones. Meanwhile someone has peeled off a piece of bark from a neighboring tree, large enough to cover the kangaroo from head to tail, which is placed on the roast. The gaps between the bark and the edge of the hole are now filled with earth so that no air can penetrate. We now rest comfortably for half an hour, then the grave is opened and the most plentiful, delicious braised meat is pulled out. The butcher's business is now to play

the rigger again, as he is a little less clean and uses the club (wodna) pointed at one end more than the knife.

With the former he tears the ligaments of the joints in a very clever manner, dividing the whole thing into about 8-10 large pieces. When everyone has satisfied their appetite to some extent, they pack up the rest in order to continue eating it the following evening and morning with the entourage, which consists of women, children and a few men, and which does not take part in the hunt, but simply moves from one campsite to the other, looking for roots and similar edible plants.

Today's roasting site was so far away from the camp site and we set off so late that we only arrived at the latter when it was already completely dark. Since it was too dark to set up our own sukkah, we had to decide to sleep in a native's hut and by the fire. The surprise and joy that Br. Teichelmann and I wanted to accompany her was initially very great; No less did the supply of meat bring merriment to the crowd, so that they sang in their tune until late into the night. On this occasion I have collected some of the recitations which the natives are wont to recite in their songs, and which are remarkable because (127) they contain the impression which the appearance of the Europeans has made on the minds of the natives. The first thing I had told me was: Waiene numa, Barlokka witte, which means "Fear very much the big cattle"; how differently: Pindi mai birkibirki, that means "(a) foreign food (are) the peas", and so on.

September 10th, 1839. The next morning the natives advised us to turn back, ostensibly because they would go very far, but in fact because they feared we would eat too much of their flesh. Br. Teichelmann, as it seemed to me, was motivated to turn back out of extreme sensitivity and the inconveniences of the previous night, but I persisted in my resolution all the more so as not to allow the natives to break their word, since they had promised to give us kangaroo meat. It seemed to me that there was a weakness in Br. Teichelmann's behavior that encouraged self-interest and breaking one's word and therefore had to have a detrimental effect. No matter how completely the natives saw the injustice of their desire, it was evident not only from the fact that the two young people who had taken us with them from Adelaide tried to avoid us when we reminded them of their word, but that they all wanted Brother Teichelmann back when they saw that I was determined to stay with them. When he did not return, they sent a man after him so that (128) the Ngkunna (murderer) would not kill him; On this occasion they tried again to get me to turn back and perhaps I would have gone if we had not already been some distance from our camp when we heard of Br. Teichelmann's company. The large group was divided into two smaller ones, the one I joined consisted of about 20 all young people, with the exception of two men and a strong woman with her child, who went through everything at her husband's side. Since we were passing through an area denuded of game today, it was quick and over a long distance, so I was glad when we stopped. This happened on a ridge from which one could overlook the plain which bordered it, and in which our main hunt was to take place. This evening I made myself a hut and a good fire so that I would not be exposed to the same frost as the previous night; But there were so

many young people hanging around me that I got little for my trouble. At first I didn't stop them because I talked to them about creation, heaven (the house of God above) and hell (the fiery hole below), about the future judgment of the world and so on, and I got it to such a point that they didn't laugh (as they usually did) but listened carefully to my broken sentences, which is why I (129) couldn't get rid of them later.

September 11th, 1839. The hunt did not go into the plain, as I had thought, but sideways towards the last foothills of the mountains; At 11 o'clock we already had a kangaroo, which the dogs had driven into the water, or rather which had jumped into the water in its fright and was subsequently beaten to death with their clubs by the natives who had rushed after the dog's barking. While it was being prepared, two young men nearby hunted a second one, which was brought over and roasted in the same hole. There were only a few of us, as the larger half of the already smaller crowd left us this morning; That's why we each had to carry as much as we could carry. When we arrived at our campsite, we found the whole group complete again, some of which were carrying a third kangaroo, which our dogs had chased down and which had been caught by them. Although it was already dark, they were immediately slaughtered and stewed; When I first caught it, I asked for a tail that I wanted to give to my Bertha as proof of how close she was to me in the bush, but they always put me off until the next time; I now believed that I would definitely get the tail from this third one, and most of them demanded it for me, but one old miser didn't want to. Now I acted like I was offended, (130) Reproaching them for breaking their word, and when they again referred me to tomorrow, I said that tomorrow and the day after that they would say that tomorrow would never come to us; to which they laughed. My brother Tuitpurro, however, who always spoke up for me, said that if I didn't have a cock tomorrow he would get angry.

September 12th, 1839. Sated and still well stocked, most of the natives remained in comfortable laziness by their fires today; only I, Tuitpurro, Kudna Ipiti and one other went hunting. Meanwhile our best dog had been so injured by the last kangaroo that he could not walk, and so we had to return soon and empty. Tuitpurro had gotten lost with our three other best dogs, and when he came home in the evening he brought the news that he had killed a kangaroo here and there in the water, but because he couldn't swim, he had to leave it behind. I was now running out of time and wanted to go home tomorrow all the more as it started to rain this evening and looked as if it would continue to rain. The natives therefore set about building huts out of tree bark against the rain, (131) but I thought of my hut made of leafy branches, in which I had already slept alone yesterday with Brother Tuitpurro, choosing the spot so that there was only room for two, just against the opposite wind, and improved it with even more branches. This was done when my brother returned from hunting, and we both slept together quite comfortably again. Now my rusks, of which I had already had little left yesterday, were almost completely gone, as others had diligently helped me eat, but Tuitpurro did not let me suffer any lack, but gave me as much meat as I wanted to eat, and on top of that told me that if I was hungry, I should demand more. He told the others who were still begging for biscuits because I didn't have any more myself. Many of the older natives felt very sorry for me because I had no more food

and was homesick so far from home (it might have been 25 English miles). Tidlaitpinna, the most respected among them and to a certain extent the leader, told me about the little rice he had left. I made it known to them that I was going back tomorrow and that my brother Tuitpurro would accompany me, which they all admitted and, as they thought, encouraged me because of my homesickness.

(132) September 13th, 1839. Although it was agreed last night that my Brother Tuitpurro should accompany me back, the natives, I don't know at whose instigation, objected to this this morning, claiming that they could not find the aforementioned kangaroo without him, and suggested other companions to me. But I insisted on our agreement of yesterday all the more because that pretense seemed to me to be without reason, Tuitpurro himself preferred to go with me rather than stay, and the other people proposed were lazy people with whom I would hardly have reached the city in a day. After a long discussion about this, I finally set off alone out of impatience and with the intention of showing the natives my unchangeable decision, convinced that this would bring the deliberations to a conclusion more quickly than through any of my ideas. As soon as they saw me go, all obstacles were removed, and Tuitpurro soon followed me, well laden with meat for us and some relatives of the rest who had remained behind in Adelaide. Although we had lost a good part of the day through useless waiting and talking, and I was almost afraid that we would no longer be able to make the long day's journey, my companion marched so well that we were in Adelaide at 7 o'clock in the evening, although tired and lame.

(133) I cannot close these five days in the bush without a few remarks that are worth not forgetting. What I had hoped for from this trip, namely a closer acquaintance with the way of life and language of the natives, has been more than confirmed. The progress in language does not consist so much in a multitude of new words, but rather in the acquisition and more fluent use of those already known, as well as in the discovery of a "modus conjunctivus", which is formed by adding the small syllable "ma" to the stem of the verb and is used very regularly in cases where we use the subjunctive of the most recent and long past times. -- Next, I was very amazed and happy about the decency and discipline among the completely free and equal natives, and especially about the obedience of the young men towards the men.

But I hope that not only did I benefit from this bush life, but that it was also of some use to some of the natives. Although I confess with shame and bow before the all-seeing eye of the Lord that I have not always used and maintained the right caution and serious dignity, which was of course no easy task given the prevailing circumstances and the prescience of the natives, I am nevertheless convinced that in one or the other the foundation has been laid for awakening the sleeping conscience, as was evident from the seriousness and questions with which they responded to my **(134)** clumsy, weak descriptions of the eternal life and eternal retribution; For example, they asked where their relatives were now, upstairs in God's dwelling, or down in the fire pit, I replied that if they were good, then they were in the former, if bad, [then] in the latter. It was not uncommon for my words to be followed by a short conversation between themselves, which I did not understand; but from their

expressions and tone I could tell that they were sympathetic and applauded. May the Lord in mercy bless the people and individual seeds that are now beginning to be sown in this raw field and curb the native and foreign weeds.

September 15th, 1839. Sunday. This afternoon I visited my dear Bertha, who, knowing nothing about my trip, naturally could not explain my long absence; and her father had said he didn't know why I wasn't coming. There were a lot of guests at Mr. Fiedler's and therefore little opportunity for conversation between me and Bertha until we got some ourselves on the farm. Among Bertha's statements, the question that struck me as proof of her real love was how long would I stay here in Adelaide? Later, speaking about our future, she told me that she might not be able to be free as soon as I would like, since she could not possibly leave her father in his present situation. I took the opportunity (135) to pull her out of a delusion in which she might want to be by replying, I feared that the time would be even longer for her than it was for me because of my financial situation. She believes that too, but she was never used to seeing money as the greatest thing and satisfaction replaces many things. Me: Since we're both still young, we wouldn't be in a hurry, especially if she feels as calm and happy as I do now. She is happy and it should be her happiness to contribute to my happiness. In the evening we talked about Bertha's dear mother, and I got to know her from a touchingly noble side: she accused herself with noble remorse of her undaughterly behavior, adding that if she had her mother now, she wouldn't know what she would want to do to love her. Such noble outpourings of the heart are more amiable and charming than all the charms of beauty, wit, decency and so on, and I couldn't answer her with vapid flattery, but said consolingly that the same thing happened when I lost my mother, that it was also not a good sign if children themselves were satisfied with their behavior towards their parents, and that just as their mother certainly forgives her, so the Lord also forgives their weaknesses will. -- Mr. Julius Fiedler had asked Bertha why she was no longer opposed to him as usual, her answer: because she realized that she would not be a (136) wife for him. Whereupon he said, even if she couldn't be his Bertha, she was still his sister! -- The lady replied when I cited professional duties as an excuse for my long absence, but I had to see our relationship to my office as just a minor matter -- -- Not like that, not at all. When I said goodbye, which I had expected a lot from, Mr. Fiedler stepped in the way.

September 17th, 1839. In the afternoon I went to Mullawirra Burka with [Br.] Teichelmann, who soon received a visit from a New South Valais native. We went back with both of them to ask the latter about several things. He speaks English fluently, but unclearly, so that I had difficulty understanding him. His language is different from that contained in Threlkeld's grammar, he could not read, but said he was educated, but not baptized, which I understood him correctly. According to him, his countrymen, who are much more numerous than the natives here, receive rations at £1 a week, build houses and farms, have lessons in their language from the priests (Parson, his expressions are very mean), and so on. He promised to come back tomorrow or something. Captain Sturt's brother brought him overland. --

Mr. Meier came to me unexpectedly and told me a lot of what Mr. Julius Fiedler [had] said in relation to (137) Mr. Fiedler and Bertha. The latter is sluggish and the like, he turned her down and not she turned him down. Today Mattewattipinna's younger wife gave birth to her first child, which she calls Kartanje, from which it appears that the children are named after the succession in which they were born from the mother, and not after the father.

September 18th, 1839. Mr. Meier accompanied me to Klemzig today, which was very unpleasant to me because his presence disrupted the conversation with Bertha. What Mr. Meier said about Bertha's blossoming is becoming truer day by day. My suspicion that Mr. Ferdinand Kavel was looking for Bertha was confirmed today by the latter himself. That Bertha loves deeply, I no longer need to take only her friendly attention as proof, but also her increasing familiarity in the conversation. I never leave without her asking me when I'll be back. --

September 19th, 1839. Pastor Kavel was with me, who suggested that I take Friedrich Krummenow with me to Encounter Bay, which of course I had little hope for.

September 22nd, 1839. Sunday. I was invited to lunch by Mr. Fiedler, which is why I left around 9 a.m. in order to be early enough for the service. When I arrived, I caught Bertha in her morning dress, just about to decorate herself. A bashful blush flashed over her at the sight of me, which showed me her peculiar beauty.

(138) In addition to me, Mr. Meyer was invited to the table and in the afternoon Kleinschmidt and Schlinke, along with several others, also came, so that the afternoon was pretty much lost. But during the evening service, Bertha and I had the house alone. Intimate conversations, some poems from [Theodor] Körner, and Ferdinand Kavel's master sheet for Bertha, as well as the end of the accompanying letter, were the subjects of our conversation. Later Fritz and Ferdinand Kavel came and over a glass of wine and a pipe of tobacco we chatted until half past one o'clock. All this time Bertha sat on my right drinking from a glass with me. When the talk came about Mr. Fiedler's trip to Hahndorf, I promised to go. On the way I told Kleinschmidt my relationship with Bertha on the condition that he not reveal it.

September 23rd, 1839. I was in Klemzig at 11 a.m. Mr. Fiedler had a bad time last night; he thought we had sinned. As we were leaving, Bertha asked: Are you coming back via Klemzig? --

The journey there was not strange in any respect, nor was the stay in Hahndorf itself, except that I told Pastor Kavel that I would not take Krummenow with me to Encounter Bay.

September 24th, 1839. On the way back, Mr. Fiedler and I talked about my love and his, since we were alone. He said how uncomfortable he felt when a day went by without seeing his beloved, and how very understandable he found it when me and Bertha weren't feeling better.

(139) I asked him what I had already learned from Bertha, whether Pastor Kavel knew my relationship with her, which he replied in the affirmative. He only carefully inquired whether Schlinke had any reason to insist on it, and I didn't raise any other objections. When I drew his attention to it, Mr. Fiedler said that I need not have any reservations or concerns about the step I have taken; in fact, I would be more free in my job with an assistant than without one. Those were comforting words.

In the evening we came home with wet feet; Bertha, pleased that we were no longer expected to arrive, not only handed me a clean pair of stockings, but also gave me a foot bath; When I wanted to pour out the water, she snatched the vessel out of my hand and did it herself. Later she prepared a wonderful bed for me, on which I rested like a prince. When she said goodnight to me, I would have liked to talk to her for a few hours, but consideration for the little ones prevented it. Mr. Fiedler told me in the afternoon that he had repeatedly reproached Bertha for the distance and the discomfort that I would cause her to experience, but that she had explained that she was happy to endure everything.

September 25th, 1839. I stayed in Klemzig until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Fiedler had already invited me to lunch the day before, and when this was eaten, Bertha sat down to sew again while her father slept. Although we had already spoken to each other a lot in the morning, (140) it was impossible for me to leave now. We talked and drank, or rather sipped, until three o'clock, she always forcing me to stay. When I complained to Mr. Fiedler about my long neglect, he told me as a consolation that the same thing had happened to him under the same circumstances. Bertha accompanied me a few steps on the way, and when I jokingly asked her if she wanted to go with me, she said there was no lack of good will. Every day she develops a great wealth of intelligence and feeling; Some time ago, when we were talking about the impending future and correspondence, she reminded me of a passage in my first letter where I said that dead paper was a very inadequate means of communicating my feelings to her, adding that she was of a different opinion, that my letters were so dear to her, and so on.

In the evening the native of New South Valais, who I already knew, was with the natives behind my house, accompanied by his compatriot. The latter is a much more educated and better young man, 19 years old, baptized and raised in an orphanage. According to him, he has 3 sisters and 2 brothers and both parents are still alive. He knew the letters but couldn't read; He seemed to me to have a reasonable knowledge of the Christian religion. (The name "Murray" is from his language) (141) and the natives who live there speak the same language. Many words sound similar to the ones here. He knew that the natives of Lake Alexandrina speak a different language.

September 27th, 1839. In the morning I went into town with Mr. Moorhouse to the Southern Cross to see the Bathurst native already mentioned. On the way back I bought a dress for Bertha for 17 1/2 shillings. In the afternoon [I] went to Klemzig in the company of Pastor Kavel. He had just received a letter from Angas with the news that 200 Germans from the Breslau area were on their way here.

Stayed with Mr. Fiedler until around 1 a.m., due to his open-heartedness and talkative nature. When the little ones wanted to go to bed, Bertha asked me to go out with them; On this occasion I first had the great happiness of kissing a kind and loving woman, my beloved Bertha.

September 29th, 1839. Sunday. I was in Klemzig all day. Bertha didn't go to church in the morning, in the afternoon Pastor Kavel, I and Krummenow talked about the latter's trip to Encounter Bay, and came to what I and Krummenow had already come to yesterday, namely that he should live with me and that I wanted to help him in return for his (142) help with home education, but that he would have to provide for his own maintenance. --

Bertha told me that our love had become widely known because of August's carelessness. I stayed the night in Klemzig because of the unfriendly weather, but unfortunately I had little opportunity to talk to Bertha in private because Ferdinand Kavel stayed so late with Mr. Fiedler. This lack of entertainment caused a great gap or emptiness inside me.

September 30th, 1839. Mr. Fiedler and Pastor Kavel wanted to buy four Timor horses today, or rather just get them because they had already been bought, but there was a lack of money. Mr. Fiedler had promised to lend me one of his two horses to Encounter Bay. Mr. Bauer, who visited me this evening, told me that I was on everyone's lips as someone who wanted to marry Mr. Fiedler's daughter. The news had come from Hahndorf and was reinforced by the fact that Mr. Fiedler wanted me to sit in front of him on Sunday, something he had never done before.

October 1st, 1839. The time is becoming incredibly long for me, a secret, anxious longing follows me wherever I walk and stand, and all the reassurance that I first felt when Bertha rewarded me with love in return is gone. The more we confess our (143) love to one another, the more my desire to see her and be around her grows. Until now I couldn't believe that one could be sick with love, but now I'm beginning to understand the feelings of such sick people. --

A bitter insult to Henry Calton came to my attention today from Mr. Moorhouse; The former had said to Mr. Preacher Quaife that we were doing nothing, that we should live in the bush with the natives, and so on.

Before you, all-knowing Lord and God, I immediately admit myself guilty to such charges of negligence in my office; I may have devoted many an hour to my love, which belonged to my profession; For the sake of your goodness, may you forgive me and govern the circumstances in such a way that I may not be tempted to steal my office for long, but rather grant me my love, the delight of my eyes and the joy of my heart, my beloved Bertha, so that she may be around me, that the sorrow of my soul and the longing of my heart may be stilled.

Br. Teichelmann came back from Kanjanjapilla today.

October 2nd, 1839. To my great chagrin, not a single native has returned to Piltawodlinga; there are a few on the opposite side of the city. --

Towards the evening I went to Klemzig and brought Mr. Fiedler the tenth part of Luther's works, in which he deals with engagements and so on (144). My beloved was busy washing; Whether she had caught a cold or something else was the cause, the poor girl had a severe toothache. During the evening hours I stayed home alone with her and Julius. When I gave her the framed portrait of her late father, she said with a warm handshake that I couldn't have given her greater joy. She then showed me some songs she had copied, the content of which was love; The last verse of one contained the groom's wish to hear his bride say a solemn "yes" at the altar, and when I asked her if she agreed with the wish, she, although embarrassed, could not help but say yes. I had the opportunity to take away her knitting, which I only wanted to give back to her on the condition that she redeemed it. She initially said she had no deposit, but when I reminded her, she promised and I was given two hot kisses, the likes of which I have never enjoyed before.

October 3rd, 1839. I wanted to speak to the governor today about my house in Encounter Bay, but Hall's news that my house was only now being started, that I could do nothing to speed up the construction, and the like were sufficient. As a result of this news, the decision to visit Encounter Bay became even stronger, and I ended up going to Captain Walker's in the afternoon to buy a Timor horse, which could only happen in his absence.

On the way to a shop where I bought something, I met (145) a German, whom I spoke to and who visited me afterwards. He is from Switzerland but has been in France for a long time; If you can believe his words, he has some money; On Sunday [I] promised him that I would go with him to Klemzig. His name is C. A. Füssli.

October 4th, 1839. [I] bought a Timoran, of which I paid a third, borrowed a third from Br. Teichelmann and have to pay the other third on November 1st. In the evening I rode to Klemzig and sold my Timoran to Mr. Fiedler. Since I stayed the night in Klemzig, Bertha and I had the evening hour alone to entertain ourselves. The next morning, namely

October 5th, 1839. Bertha went into town very early. Just as she was about to leave, I woke up and gave her my hand from my bed. Around 9 or 10 a.m. Mr. Fiedler and I rode into town to buy another Timoran, but that didn't happen. Mr. Fiedler then rode the horse to Klemzig, promising to send it to me through Julius tomorrow.

October 6th, 1839. Julius arrived on the horse before I had even had breakfast, and soon after, so did Mr. Füssli, whom I had promised to accompany him to Klemzig. Whether it was the new saddle that Mr. Fiedler had bought yesterday or the horse's kicking, it was enough that I fell down on the park land.

Bertha was dressed like a bride and was about to leave for church. Kleinschmidt told me that Schlinke claimed that he could bring witnesses that Bertha (146) had promised him marriage. Since only Schlinke had been with Weimann the previous night, I suspected that he wanted to bring the matter before the community; and, of course, Krummenow and Schliefskes had spoken about it, but not Schlinke himself.

Bertha and I enjoyed a lovely long evening together, as Mr Füssli and Teichelmann had left and the rest had all gone into the evening. I have never seen Bertha more in love and more lovable than she is this evening. Despite all the dalliances, we didn't forget to talk seriously about our relationship. She confessed to me that Schlinke had only received a stolen kiss from her. When I said that if she alone wanted to count the number of kisses given, I could not say that I had received even one from her; she replied with delightful naturalness, she likes to keep quiet for me. --

The good heart suffered from severe toothache again today. I spent the night in Klemzig again and went into town the following morning with Julius, who wanted to get the runaway Timoran back.

October 8th, 1839. When I went to Klemzig towards evening, I noticed a group of natives who had come back from the north. In Klemzig I learned the important news that Schlinke, accompanied by Krummenow, was with Pastor Kavel last Saturday and tried to assert his claims against Bertha. However, the matter will now be discussed and Bertha will probably have to appear before the authorities to face her accusers. Bertha wanted to go to the mission class that was held that evening, but since I was there the last evening before my trip, she stayed at home.

October 1839 - January 1840

My second trip to Encounter Bay.

(147) Partly to inquire whether the house promised to me at Encounter Bay would soon be ready, and partly to see what the situation of the natives would be after the fishing began, I traveled to Encounter Bay.

October 10th, 1839. Mr. Fiedler was kind enough to lend me his Timoran, which would have been an even greater relief if the stingy protector hadn't gone along on foot. We had to spend the first night in the bush and without water because we had lost the trail and it did not seem advisable to continue walking in the dark. However, the next morning it turned out that we were not far from the halfway police station in Willunga.

October 11th, 1839. After we had breakfast at the last place, we set off again, this time on the new, closer road. There was a track, but it was so indistinct in places that we lost the way again about 2 German miles before Encounter Bay.

(148) We now traveled by the compass and the approximate, and I had enough trouble to keep the Protector [on the way] that he did not lead me to Lake Murray or Lake Alexandria; We almost exchanged words about this. We reached our destination before sunset, a sad difference from the previous time, when it took us almost four days. When we passed the police office, I immediately inquired about my house (a police supervisor is going to build it) and received the sad news that the builder hadn't arrived yet, that the building materials were completely missing, that three other houses besides mine were to be built for the government, and that they didn't know when mine would be next. However, they were able to show me the place. It is close to the beach, on fresh sand washed up by the sea; Opposite the sea is the towering tall granite island, to which you can wade through water from the shore at low tide.

October 12th, 1839. This morning I went to the one fishery that wasn't completely deserted. The previous time I found many natives camped near them: but now (149) there were only three huts, which were still mostly inhabited by blind or otherwise weak and old women. The large pile which was formerly encamped at Liniboanunga, and whose area was said to be near Lake Alexandrina, had entirely disappeared, in consequence of a war with [the] Encounter Bay natives proper. A young man, Mr. Hall's surveyor, told me he had stayed there and was hit straight in the left eye by the spear. The reason for this dispute is said to have been that the Parkamejo, or those from the shores of the lake, had laid claim to a whale that had been caught by the fishery near the Wirrumamejo. This is very likely as the Liniboanunga fishery was more dispersed and the previous custom between the two tribes was that each stuck to one fishery. Mr. Halls said the fallen youth was buried with military honors; in the following way. After his own comrades-in-arms had dressed him, that is, put his

arms and legs together and wrapped the corpse in old clothes or skins and grass: the enemy warriors closed a circle around him, (150) lowered their shields at him and waved their spears, whereupon the other party received the warrior again. So Mr. Hall, who was there himself, told me what significance the above gestures had, but neither he knew nor I know, since no man among the tribes in the neighborhood of Adelaide has died in a fight since I was here. -- Besides the three mentioned above, I found two other huts scattered about; In one of them a dead child of about three years old was laid on poles, facing the sun and over the fire. I cannot say with certainty what the child died of, but most likely from a nasty disease that was widespread here and among the Adelaide natives in general. I conclude this because the child's mouth had completely rotted away and the teeth and cheekbones were completely bare; The settlers in Encounter Bay say that it endured unspeakable pain in this condition for a long time. The occupation of the natives was fishing, which can maintain the numbers that are there now because, after the whales have disappeared, smaller fish swarm and come into the bay and the two small rivers. With Mr. Halls, their best friend in Encounter Bay, there were a number of perhaps (151) 10-12 men who were staying on the granite island, where the fishing is not yet completely deserted.

October 13th, 1839. In the morning, Mr. Preacher Newland gave a sermon to his family and some friends on Psalm _____. Unfortunately, most of the emigrants do not attend his Sunday lectures because of disagreements that have occurred. In the afternoon he preached the same sermon at Mr. Hall and his people, where I heard it for the second time with insignificant alterations. Mr. Pullen of Currency Creek was present, with whom I agreed to accompany him to his camp tomorrow, in order to visit them if the Parnkamejo were in his neighborhood.

October 14th, 1839. It was raining heavily this morning and seemed to be continuing to rain. I therefore decided not to go to Currency Creek, especially since I myself did not think it likely that I would find any natives. Meanwhile, while I was making the three-mile journey to Hall's camp to inform Pullen not to wait for me, the weather cleared; and Hall thought that I would certainly not go in vain if I visited two of the places on the Murray which (152) he had mentioned, I decided all the more so as I could do nothing at Encounter Bay and consequently had a long time. We rode hard and reached our destination at 12 noon. After dinner I rode to the place where, according to Hall, there were supposed to be natives; Unfortunately I didn't find it, mistaking a corpse floating on six poles for the place Pullen had described to me. However, there were probably no natives there, because the place is said to be close to the corpse mentioned and I did not find the slightest trace, as the natives usually leave behind on their migrations. I stayed the night with the friendly, cheerful Pullen, who invited me to visit him whenever I came to his neighborhood. It will gradually move up the Murray to the great bend, which will give me a good opportunity to make investigative trips in the future.

October 15th, 1839. I was looking forward to speaking to the governor at my house today, who was expected today, but he didn't come and the news was based on a false

rumor. Now I decided to go home as soon as possible, namely tomorrow. The afternoon after I returned to Encounter Bay, [I] spent a few hours among the natives, where (153) a woman could speak the Adelaide language. Mr. Moorhouse wanted to wait until the day after tomorrow because Mrs. Hall was expected to have tea with his sister tomorrow. I accepted this reason; but when Mrs. Halls canceled her visit, I told Moorhouse that nothing stood in the way of our departure. He replied the same and wanted to stay a few more days, so I shouldn't be stopped. But afterwards he spoke differently and urged me to stay with his sister. I agreed to please his sister, but he, too proud to accept a favor from me, urged me to leave. Annoyed by this, I decided to do so too. But the next morning the bell had rung differently again and he said that we had to travel together because we only had one satchel and one tin. So we traveled on

October 16th, 1839. with each other, with the intention of touching Jankaljila, which was supposed to be only three miles out of the way. Moorhouse had received my letter from Kentisch, the local surveyor, requesting that the natives of the area be examined, who were suffering greatly from venereal disease. Since neither of us (154) had ever been to Jankaljila, we had to rely on the signpost that we were supposed to meet on the road. But not knowing where the signpost was, we missed it. When it was obvious that we had to be over, Moorhouse decided to turn back and I to continue my journey, because the desire to welcome my dear Bertha again soon carried me away with irresistible force and I also suspected that the test was because of Schlinke. It was high midday when we parted, not far from Mount Terrible, but the little Timorese trotted along with me so cheerfully that I was in Ngankiparringa by sunset. At last I lost the way and came to a very hilly area, and the horse was exhausted from thirst and exertion, so that I was very afraid, but my hopes were fulfilled and I happily came straight to Ngankiparringa. The night was not only lonely, but also unpleasant because I could not make tea, having given my tin to Moorhouse. An hour after sunset the surveyor McLaren came by.

October 17th, 1839. As soon as the day dawned, I sat up again and although I enjoyed a somewhat long breakfast at the Kangaroo Hotel, I was home by 10 a.m. in the morning. Towards the evening I surprised Bertha with my visit; She complained to me that the time had become so long for her. I had written down some verses along the way that said something similar, but she still seemed to doubt the truth in them.

(155) We enjoyed a wonderful walk in the garden in the evening. Mr. Füssli was in town so I could stay overnight. Unfortunately, Bertha's toothache and headache had not yet gone away.

October 20th, 1839. Sunday. I was invited to have lunch with Mr. Fiedler, but unfortunately the good Bertha was suffering from her head and teeth again. Je mehr die Vertraulichkeit unter uns zunimmt, je mehr lerne ich erkennen, welche edle Seele mir zu Theil geworden [ist]. In the afternoon an Englishman rode up to the house, proud of Fiedler's Timoran, who had gotten lost. Mr. Fiedler was rightly upset about this and might have wished that I had been a stricter interpreter; but my good Bertha

said it would have been best that way; thereby displaying her gentle, truly feminine sense. As usual, we had the evening to ourselves again. This time too I stayed overnight in Klemzig.

October 22nd, 1839. This evening I went with Br. Teichelmann among the natives. During the course of the conversation, one said that our sayings about Jehovah were not true, adding that other Europeans had told him so. I said that he was exuberant now, but that in the future, when God called him to go into the great fire, he would be very sad. He repeated with terrible impudence that he wanted to throw the spears at God, shaking the spear as if he wanted to show what courage he had. Another (156), mentioning the fire, said that he was very strong, indicating that the fire would not harm him. Although such speeches arise partly from a lack of knowledge of God, they are nonetheless accompanied by a great deal of sacrilege and numbing of conscience, as is shown by the seriousness which they usually show when Jehovah is spoken of. By the way, we were still pleased about the objections because they are the surest proof that the natives have not forgotten our previous speeches and that they are not indifferent to them. By the way, it wasn't even we who started this conversation first, but the natives themselves, in order to excuse the laziness that we blamed them for.

October 23rd, 1839. I was in Klemzig today; In the evening Bertha and I again enjoyed some wonderful moments on the rose bench in the garden, as we couldn't be alone in the house for a moment as Mr. and Mrs. Pfender were with Mr. Fiedler.

October 24th, 1839. Krummenow approached me today about English lessons; But I replied that I had to pick a chicken with him first. He acted as if he didn't understand me. At the same time I let him know that under no circumstances would I take him to Encounter Bay.

(157) **October 27th, 1839.** Sunday. Today we again had a time of refreshing before the Lord as the five of us approached the Lord's table. At Mr. Drescher's suggestion, the decision was made to meet at Br. Teichelmann's house every Sunday at 9 a.m. for the service from now on.

May blessings be abundant, O Lord! follow this decision and help us so that we can gratefully recognize and highly value the means of grace that have been offered to us.

Many of the natives had left this morning, although last night they had promised to do this and that next Monday.

October 28th, 1839. Today I enjoyed the most beautiful moments I have ever experienced in Bertha's company. Sitting on my lap on the rose bench, she chatted with me about past things, namely my behavior when we began our love and the Schlinke affair. At first I had seemed very sedate to her, that is, not ardent enough, but she clearly recognized that the news of her relationship with Schlinke could not remain without influence on my love.

She expressed her great regret at me because of Schlinke and went on to say that she couldn't understand how she could have even given Schlinke a friendly look. She assured me that she (158) had never given Schlinke her hand, that she wanted to become and remain his. She is afraid of the examination that she will have to undergo next Thursday, on the feast of the Reformation, because she is firmly convinced that God will not abandon innocence; no matter how unpleasant it otherwise is. My news that I intended to ask the government to convey our tent and a few other things to Encounter Bay and then go there shocked her, but she did not oppose my plan in any way. The idea that Schlinke should apologize if he could not carry out his complaint displeased her modesty; But how little she otherwise fears and how pure her conscience is can be seen from the fact that she said to Schlinke yesterday that she would have liked Schlinke to come to her so that she could have an opportunity to talk to him. The dear soul was suffering from great pain in two fingers in which she had nail ulcers. In the evening she had put something on to drink, which tormented her so much that she involuntarily broke out into loud complaints. -- I was with the pastor and spoke to him first about Krummenow, and then about the upcoming investigation; I said that if the defendant was subject to church penance in the case of the transfer [application/file that was handed over to another person/office for processing], the same would have to apply to the plaintiff if he could not prove his claim, with which he agreed with (159). He said that the matter was very unpleasant to him and that he wanted nothing more than to be fair, that he was on such terms with Mr. Godfather Fiedler that he was very reluctant to assign any blame to him. Incidentally, he seemed to believe that Schlinke would have to admit that he had no certainty and therefore had no reason to complain. Mr. Fiedler said that it went without saying that Schlinke had to apologize because without that no reconciliation could take place. I really liked Mr. Fiedler's plan to let the Schlinkes speak first, then Bertha and then ask them both to step down, because it might save the latter some embarrassment. This time too I stayed overnight in Klemzig.

October 29th, 1839. The native Nanto Kartammeru, Karnu Warinja decided to stay with me today. He is a young person, perhaps 22 - 24 years old, very lively and skilled at many things, but also very wild and stubborn; but I hope to keep him with me as a younger boy. He does all sorts of things in my economy.

October 30th, 1839. This morning some natives came back while I was at their campsite. One came completely naked and full of anger and with a club in his hand with which he wanted to attack his wife because (160) she had left him and come to Adelaide before him. But another native, Kudmoburka, embraced him from behind and held him until his anger subsided and he was tired. Furthermore, it seems to me that the intention behind the holding is to stand with honor and yet not inflict any blows. I was confirmed in this by the fact that he would not hand over the club and spear, which he had later picked up, to anyone other than me. Now and then it seems as if the telling of Bible stories brings joy, but usually the thought of food and drink pushes all others away. Towards the evening I went back to the natives with Br. Teichelmann. When we arrived, the argument started again. The husband of the woman mentioned wanted to throw a club at an old man for leading his wife home,

but luckily he didn't hit him. Whether our mediation contributed anything, she became calm again, but the quarrel is only going to start tomorrow. I understand that Mr. Moorhouse is traveling with some policemen to the Murray, where a large mob of natives are said to have attacked a flock of sheep after driving away the shepherds. -- Despite all these incidents that occupy my mind, my soul is primarily occupied with the thought of my dear Bertha;

Prepare, O Lord! them with joyful courage for tomorrow and let their blamelessness be revealed. Grant (161) to her noble heart untroubled peace and to her beautiful body relief from pain and complete health. Grant that tomorrow I may embrace her as the only one mine, and that all unpleasant memories of the past may be banished from my heart by the grateful and joyful recognition of my happiness. -- Your ways, O God! are often wonderful, but always good, and so in this case too. You don't want to keep me any less in this belief in relation to the natives, otherwise I would lose all courage at the sight of the enormous difficulties that are set against my successful work by both their own passions and by the Europeans. O! my Savior! keep me in the simple, childlike faith that you have appointed me to be a witness among this people, regardless of whether they accept my testimony soon or late or not at all, otherwise I will be unhappy. Amen.

October 31st, 1839. On this important day, the Reformation Festival was celebrated for the first time in South Australia, a great joy for every true Lutheran. Given the great and persistent drought we have had, today's wonderful rain brought no less joy. When it was at its strongest, I was on the way to Klemzig, where Schlinke wanted to assert his claim to Bertha today.

(162) When I arrived, Schlinke wasn't there yet, and we almost thought he wouldn't come again when he suddenly drove up during the children's lesson, when Bertha and I were talking very confidentially about the beginning of our love. Immediately after the end of the children's apprenticeship, headmaster Weimann appeared and brought Bertha and Mr. Fiedler to the barriers; I would have liked to have had a word with Bertha immediately beforehand, but the house was so full of people that this couldn't happen. This circumstance increased the unrest that I felt during the interrogation, which lasted at least two hours. No time in my life has been longer than these two hours, and I have never looked forward to the outcome of anything with greater excitement than today. I was always on the verge of going to the pastor to see and hear what was going on, when Mathilde brought me the news that they had spoken very violently, and I was driven by fear and anger that perhaps my dear Bertha would be harshly treated, that perhaps she would want to shed tears, abandoned by everyone, while I would sit at home, fearful like a hare and patiently like a sheep, powerlessly confessing her love. Diese Gedanken trieben mich, mit unwiderstehlicher Gewalt hinaus, When I knocked, contrary to my expectations, someone shouted: "Come in"; Although Mr. Pastor Kavel answered my question as to whether I was disturbing him, he didn't think so, but there was a pause for a few (163) moments, which made it difficult for me to continue. Finally Mr. Fiedler said that I had come at

just the right time, because I could now say for myself whether he had told me anything about Krummenov, or what kind of chicken I had to pick with the latter; However, when I agreed to explain, they didn't even want to know. I now said that once I had been asked to take part in the proceedings, I was free to ask how far they had come. The pastor then said that the matter needed careful consideration and that he would give an explanation in the next week or so. Misunderstanding this, I said that the matter could be settled today and that it would not suffer any delay because there were others involved. Meanwhile, Fiedler reassured me that the pastor only meant a written argument for Schlinke supported by biblical reasons.

The latter then said that if he was wrong and had to suffer from this...

The pastor: He doesn't suffer here at all because the "if" is needed by father and daughter.

Schlinke: It would always be a yes for the Christian.

Me: The Christian can give a yes with conditions.

Schlinke: If there hadn't been someone behind it, it would probably have been a yes.

Me: What does he mean by that?

Schlinke: If a wedge hadn't driven it off.

Me: no wedge (164) drove him off, I didn't know it, and when *he* interjected, something like that didn't go unnoticed, his closest neighbors didn't know it either.

We almost got into a verbal argument because I accused him of being an ungallant man to act against his alleged lover like he was doing here. Then it was time to "ask for forgiveness," during which Bertha left. Schlinke tried to shake my hand with his face turned away, but let her fall unconscious. He then went out close behind Bertha, which caused me to follow [him], but I no longer saw him.

The joy of accompanying my Bertha home as she now appeared to me was without limits. She told me the course of the investigation as follows:

After Pastor Kavel gave a prayer, Schlinke gave his lecture using the same words that she and [her] father had said. He would then have wished, since he was completely alone, to take Weimann to his assistance, which Mr. Pastor Kavel and others would have found unnecessary, since he (Kavel) would not treat Mr. Fiedler any more lightly than he would treat anyone else. The verdict given by [Mr.] Pastor and [Mr.] Seeländer would have been that it was indefinite or conditional and that Schlinke therefore had no certainty. Weimann also mentioned the deposit that she had given him. This if (165) and but was

repeated over and over, but Ms. Schliefske received a harsh warning not to get involved in such matters.

I still have to point out that Schlinke thought of writing a short letter to Hamburg if he didn't get it right, to which I and others laughed and Pastor Kavel replied that he wasn't afraid of his threats. Nobody bothered to ask what he meant by that, but I found out later that he wanted to sue me at the Hamburg Mission Association.

There were indescribable moments that I spent in Bertha's company in the evenings, sometimes in her arms. -- I didn't go to bed until 3 a.m. because Mr. Füssli was lying drunk in my bed and couldn't be woken up.

November 1st, 1839. I stayed in Klemzig for lunch today. Bertha and I shelled green peas in the morning, with every opportunity for entertainment. She would like our engagement day to be postponed until her birthday. Mr. Fiedler told me that Mr. Pastor Kavel said that he didn't know whether he was allowed to be present at my engagement because he didn't know whether I also had permission to be with me. This displeased me right from the start because Pastor Kavel's speech presupposes that a society can have the right (166) to prohibit marriage, and after Br. Teichelmann's attention, even more so because Pastor Kavel thinks I can pull off a boy's prank.

Krummenow did deny that he had caused Schlinke to make the accusation; But Kleinschmidt assured that Schlinke himself said: The matter was unpleasant to him and he would not have undertaken it if Krummenow and Schlinke had not presented it to him as necessary. And Bauer saw the Klemzig church order in Schlinke's hands and also heard from Kramer that Krummenow had given Schlinke instructions on how he had started the matter.

Br. Teichelmann spoke again this evening in favor of Schlinke, and to my annoyance that I ordered him to remain silent.

November 22nd, 1839. Since I knew that Bertha would be coming to Adelaide today, I also did some business in the city at that time; nämlich ich ging nach dem Polizeiamte, um mit Herrn Edwardt zu sprechen; Unfortunately he was away and [Mr] Stewart knew nothing about the houses in Encounter Bay. Afterwards I asked about my hair broom. When I got out of town I wanted to go to Rowland's area in the hope of meeting Bertha there somewhere, but lo and behold, I met the fair woman at Hack's. We then went to the Waterloo House to buy rings, but he didn't have any, but directed us to Wainwright (167), who had plenty of supplies. Bertha acted very bashfully, but she allowed herself to adjust her ring; hers cost only a pound; He wanted to recommend a colorful one to me for two pounds, but Bertha said they had to be the same, so I also took one for one pound. After she had done some business, she put her basket on the cart and led the way across the bridge with me; where I led her to the natives, who asked me if she was my wife. A woman asked me if my soul was angry (turla)? After I received a sweet kiss from her [Bertha], I led her back onto the path, where we soon met some Klemzig women and soon afterwards the car and

we had to separate.

Mr. Bauer told me that Pastor Kavel would hold a service tomorrow, the 23rd Sunday after Trinity, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon in Stow's chapel; a very fraternal undertaking on his part.

November 23rd, 1839. Sunday. This morning at 9 a.m. we had service again for the first time after a break of several months, in Br. Teichelmann's house. He read the first reflection from Porst's "Growth of the Reborn". After the service was over, the Kleinschmidts went to Klemzig. My joy of soon having Bertha as my betrothed bride was made very bitter today by Preacher Kavel. When Bertha reported for Holy Communion yesterday, Pastor Kavel turned her away (168) because the Schlinke affair was not yet over. He had to write to my company in Dresden first, and until then he advised her to consider her relationship with me as non-existent; Of course, this would sadden us, but we would certainly see later that it was a good thing.

The effect of this priestly admonition on Bertha's faithful and conscientious heart was so great that she asked me to take back the ring mentioned yesterday and that she refused to give [me] a kiss of deep love and fidelity. Upset by Kavel's domineering behavior, I went to him to confront him about it.

He said that his conscience would not allow him to act otherwise, since society was taking Father's place with me.

I replied that even if that were the case, it was my duty to make it known to the company, as I intended to do, but not his.

He: I can write as much as I want, he won't stop me from doing that.

Me: That's right, but he doesn't need to write at all; or whether he suspected that I would carelessly embarrass him, assuming that society had to impose such a command?

Him: Not that.

Me: Then why he wanted to make society suspect me, as if I had committed a stupid prank here.

He: He would let me read his letter first,

Me: But what if society doesn't object, as I know in advance?

He: For the sake of Schlinke and the church in general, things must be taken so seriously with Fiedler and his daughter so that those who want to join in the future (169) do not want to be offended, or as he put it, so that Fiedler and his daughter do not stand in their way.

Me: But what does that have to do with society and what “right” I should have to suffer so that there is enough effect.

He: I'm innocent, of course, and I feel very sorry for him, but he can't help it.

Me: I see no connection between his community and my society, and if he had understood it clearly, he would be able to express it so clearly that I could understand it.

He: He would like to tell me his reasons in writing in a few days, as he now needs time to discuss them.

Me: Well, I just have to say it again that he is taking on someone else's responsibility. --

I became violent several times, declaring that I wanted my bride to be indebted to no one in the world but her own free decision and the consent of her father;

Another time, *he said*, admonishing me to be patient, he would have had the same thing with his bride before he could have received her parents' consent.

Me: Nobody else would have intervened then; I would also have the consent of my bride's parents, and I didn't need that of my guardians because I was of age. By the way, I would still like to accept his conscientiousness if he had been asked to attend the wedding; But I wouldn't have even thought of that, and nobody would have complained about it, and so on, and so on.

(170) Was it anger over Kavel's rule or was it love for dear Bertha, enough tears came to my eyes as I walked away from Pastor Kavel. Bertha, however, was astonished by the news I brought her and could not understand what Schlinke's affair had to do with society in Dresden, but she nevertheless did not want to reflect badly on Pastor Kavel and she very much disliked the harsh expressions that came out from me now and then. In the evening we were just as confidential as usual, but her fear didn't let her give me the kiss I asked for, and she only admitted to keeping the ring when I told her that I would never ask for it back, even in the worst case scenario. Oh how true is what I accused Pastor Kavel of, that he had alienated my bride's heart from me. –

Dark and difficult is the path that you, my God, would have me walk; but certainly, You will illuminate and enlighten him. In this important matter, which You have promoted so far, grant me on the one hand wise moderation and on the other hand courageous determination, so that I may not harm myself or your cause either through passionate impatience or through tame, unmanly indulgence. Amen.

I am now curious about Kavel's reasons and Fiedler's answer to the question: whether he would give his consent to our engagement, even if Pastor Kavel persists in his opinion.

(171) It is not entirely clear to me whether Mr. Pastor Kavel wants to report the matter to the society in Dresden or to please Mr. Schlinken. I would like to believe the former because he emphasizes their paternal rights and mentions that they entertained me, and so on; and that would be as domineering as it would be insulting to me. The latter is believable because Pastor Kavel said: Schlinke would be as dear to him as I am, it would have to happen for his sake or for his satisfaction; but this would mean insulting my bride; or make the world believe as if I got it second hand. That's why my decision is, either I now get engaged to my bride, who has been cleansed of everything, or -- -- the thought is terrible. --

Before I had even been to the pastor, I complained about my matter to Mr. Kook, who found Kavel's opinion very presumptuous and who told me that I couldn't put up with that. -- Yes, how worthy would I be of my lovely Bertha if I allowed myself to be patronized like that? -- By the way, Mr. Kook said that marriage is the most beautiful time in human life, which should not be shortened at any cost; It is also the most suitable to give the future marriage a noble direction if it is used carefully. What a wonderful friend old Kook is.

(172) **July 4th [November], 1839.** Br. Teichelmann, to whom I told what had happened yesterday, was very indignant at Pastor Kavel's presumption and said that I could not put up with it for the sake of my office.

July 5th [November], 1839. Br. Teichelmann told me that he had written a letter to Pastor Kavel to confront him about his overbearing rule over us. Fearing that his irritability would make things worse, I asked him to wait at least another eight days until we could see what turn things were taking; what he put up with.

July 6th [November], 1839. I went to Klemzig today with great excitement, but Mr. Fiedler wasn't at home, and without him I didn't want to talk to Pastor Kavel, especially since Bertha herself advised me against it. Even if my journey so far was in vain, Bertha's love compensated me richly. For the first hour I couldn't get rid of the sadness that last Sunday had brought upon me, but she knew how to drive it away by her assurance of her love and loyalty. Pastor Kavel's intention to report her relationship with Schlinke to Germany seemed like a disgrace to him. During that hour of the evening we were in the garden, leaving Mr. Füssli alone. When I went home, she accompanied me for a bit, which she herself had suggested. Oh, what happiness it is to love and be loved; We both had to admit that we had never felt it so vividly and that we had never imagined that we would share the same, excused himself with a lot of unforeseen (173) work and gave me a paper he had written to read, entitled: "Decision in the lawsuit brought by Mr. Schlinke against Mr. A. Fiedler and his daughter Jungfrau Bertha Teusler." After reading through the paper, I reminded Pastor Kavel that he should have asked me if I had permission from my company to get engaged, which he admitted. To the second reason mentioned in the

letter, as if the brothers in Germany could take reason for my marriage, I replied: that it would hardly be possible for any of them to look after my wife; I wouldn't consider myself to be such a great "lumen mundi [light of the world]" as to expect such a thing. When [I] asked Pastor Kavel when he would write to Dresden, he answered me quite unexpectedly: He would only write if I asked him to do so. I replied: I would certainly never ask him to do so again because I could not possibly contribute to exposing my bride to public censure. But I wouldn't mind if he wrote the matter to Pastor Wermelskirch. Then he: The flexibility? he still wants to practice. But I also took this back immediately because my bride could accuse me of encouraging her blame.

I did not receive the letter because it was not yet signed by Pastor Kavel himself or by an elder. At Fiedler's house I met Mr. Fiedler, who had just returned, and I was able to talk to him quite a bit alone. I told him that I had given Bertha a ring, to which he had no objection. I spent a few hours with Bertha in the first room that evening; while Mr. Julius Fiedler,

[from page 173 there is no longer a page number manually written; the numbering continues in the sequence of the present pages]

(174) Füssli and Kavel were talking in the second and the father was with the pastor. When the latter came back, he promised to visit me tomorrow and bring Pastor Kavel's letter with him.

November 8th, 1839. But when I got up, Mr. Fiedler came to me with the above-mentioned letter in his pocket. To my astonishment, it was not yet signed and in the envelope there was an announcement that yesterday evening Pastor Kavel and the elder revealed that they could not change the decision to report the whole thing with Schlinke and my bride to my company. At the same time, Mr. Fiedler had a letter to Schlinken, which in any case had the same content as mine. While I was reading the letters, Br. Teichelmann joined us and a long conversation followed between the three of us about Pastor Kavel's procedures in this and some previous cases. Mr. Fiedler was very angry with Pastor Kavel and said that he would write to him. After we had lunch at Br. Teichelmann's, I went into town with Mr. Fiedler and then went to Anga's section, where we chatted confidentially about all kinds of things, especially about my future mother-in-law. Late in the evening I wrote a rude letter to Pastor Kavel.

November 9th, 1839. The native Jamaruwe Nunkanere (Bob), son of Jungarauwe, is currently lying in Kadlitpinna's house, suffering from venous disease. I visited him today and asked him if he would like to go with me to Encounter Bay and teach me the language of his tribe and serve as an example to his fellow tribesmen? what he promised;

May the Lord grant that this man may become something to the praise of his mighty and glorious grace. Amen.

Mr. Bauer told me that Mr. Julius Fiedler told Schlinken that Bertha actually belonged to him.

(175) November 10th, 1839. Sunday. This morning I began to teach Jammaruwe the Lord's Prayer in English, following up the final request with an exhortation that he should ask God to deliver him from his present physical and eternal spiritual evils. He was very attentive.

In the afternoon I was back in Klemzig; Mr. Fiedler told me that he had paid a friendly visit to the Kavel family and that the old mother seemed to have changed her mind in her current illness. Thank God. To my chagrin, Bertha was busy all day; When we sat behind the tree in the garden and I read Kavel's letter and my answer to her, Br. Teichelmann and Mr. Julius Fiedler surprised us. In the evening we sat together in confidence for another hour in the same old spot, even though it was raining. She showed her tender concern for me by covering my bare head with her shawl in the cold rain and regretting that many an evening I had to go home alone in the dark for her sake. She said that so far she had not enjoyed any happiness equal to that of love. I said that I was so sorry that she was so busy with all sorts of business, and had no real role model or companion whose association could be useful for the development of her character, and so on. She completely agreed with that.

November 11th, 1839. I hear from Mr. Bauer that the news came from Hahndorf through Mr. Kleinschmidt that Mr. Pastor Kavel took my letter very badly and wanted to present it to the elders; There was also talk of writing to Dresden and whether the marriage would be useful for the mission.

(176) November 12th, 1839. Jammaruwe had mostly forgotten everything I had told him about Bible stories; He also cannot find his way into the language so easily, as it becomes difficult for him to translate from English into his own language. Word has come that the Murray natives had a five-hour battle with the Europeans there and killed a stockman.

Mr Hall, who was in Piltawodlinga with the Governor yesterday, had asked whether I still lived in my present house or was I already in Encounter Bay?

November 13th, 1839. Bertha and I had spent so long in the garden talking confidentially that her father told her not to go out for so long in the evening, as we could be together in the house. Friedrich Kavel, who in Klemzig, kept me in Mr. Pastor's apartment overnight.

November 14th, 1839. Mr. Friedrich Kavel went with me into town and said a lot about my marriage matter, which didn't lead me to expect anything good from Pastor Kavel; He took the decision with him, and Mr. Kook also said that my letter was too strong.

November 17th, 1839. Sunday. At the table with Br. Teichelmann at Mr. Drescher's, to which Mr. Menge [had invited himself]. Mr. Drescher drunk.

November 18th, 1839. Mr. Fiedler had me picked up in August to do some business with him in the city. In the evening I wanted to visit my dear Bertha, but heavy rain prevented me.

November 19th, 1839. The fourth letter was written to the society and to Pastor Wermelskirch, as Pastor Kavel has still not responded.

(177) On the way to Klemzig I met two people from Hahndorf who gave me Pastor Kavel's reply to my last letter. The impression it made on me was a mixture of sadness and anger, which I was only able to fend off with difficulty. The news also made a sad impression on my dear Bertha.

First I almost got into an argument with Füssli about the English word "Esquire", and when Mr. Julius Fiedler came home, he got into a heated argument with Füssli; later also Ferdinand Kavel with Dr. Pundt so hard that he picked up a chair. Tired of these spectacles, I always wanted to leave, but Mr. Julius Fiedler forced me to stay, and when I left, he accompanied me to the city in just his shirt sleeves and without a head covering. He was very gentle, wished me luck with my happiness with my Bertha and he wanted to make it so that we could get married soon; his praise of Bertha was significant. --

Unfortunately, the police want to take the native of Jammuruwe with me to the Murray, where I could make progress with him in the language. So one hope after another is thwarted;

Give me patience, O Lord Jesus, and let your example inspire me to do so.

November 20th, 1839. Br. Teichelmann told me that Mr. Julius Fiedler, who was with him today, told him that Lange and all Germans had given up all respect for me because one evening I demanded wine from Mr. Meyer and sang drinking songs. Julius Fiedler wants (178) to speak out against old Mr. Fiedler in the community because the latter does not save the honor of his blessed wife, who was accused of first inciting Kavel to commit adultery.

November 21st, 1839. In the morning Mr. Fiedler came to me, who still has his unchanged opinion against Pastor Kavel.

Jammaruwe stayed here today due to unfavorable weather.

November 22nd, 1839. Jammaruwe left today. Today I brought a short answer to the letter from Pastor Kavel received on the 19th of this month to Klemzig.

November 23rd, 1839. Today I received a letter from Brother Adam, written on February 17th, 1839. In the evening my friend Kook came to me, who wanted to go to Klemzig, but at my persuasion he spent the night with me. He admitted that I was right about Friedrich Kavel, but said that I had written too strongly. But Mr. Meyer supported me.

November 25th, 1839. I went to Klemzig today to find out what Mr. Fiedler wanted to have said to Kavel. He had stuck to the old speech. his conscience wouldn't allow it; I would have written to him so violently that even Mr. Kook would have found it too strong; My bride should be reminded that one day I might come many miles from here, perhaps even out of the country, and so on. By the way, today Mr. Fiedler gave me the key to explaining all of Kavel's behavior towards us so far. Namely, Mr. Angas wanted us, me and Br. Teichelmann, to be under (179) his supervision, this was also agreed with Pastor Wermelskirch during his visit to England, and yet not a syllable of this was mentioned in our instruction with which he (Pastor Kavel) was dismissed from our company. That's why Pastor Kavel doesn't want to have anything to do with the mission and so on.

Pastor Kavel also said that there might be more objections, namely from Julius Fiedler. --

I asked Bertha whether she would promise this if Pastor Kavel insisted that she give up her relationship with me? She couldn't do that, was her answer.

November 26th, 1839. Br. Teichelmann, to whom I told what had caused Pastor Kavel to withdraw from the mission, went to Klemzig today without my knowledge to consult with Pastor Kavel. Everything that had any bearing on the relationship between us and Kavel's community had been gone through and the result was that the new church laws were to be communicated to us and, if we agreed with them, a fraternal preparation was to be brought about.

In the evening at Moorhouse for tea, where Preacher Newland was present.

November 27th, 1839. When Br. Teichelmann and I returned from the natives, we received a visit from Mr. Fiedler and soon afterwards from Pastor Kavel, where the subject was discussed again, especially in relation to our instructions; in a very friendly way. In the evening with the natives; Tuitpurro had retained everything I [had told] him from the biblical story on the journey into the bush.

(180) **November 28th, 1839.** Among other Germans who had gathered at my place this evening to sign the request for citizens' letters was Mr. Schlinke; he was very excited, either from embarrassment or anger.

November 29th, 1839. Today, as my dear Bertha's birthday, I was of course in Klemzig. She really liked my presents, but she said they surprised her too much. She had expected me before I came and sent Mathilden out many times to see if I hadn't come yet. [We] spent the evening very comfortably.

November 30th, 1839. Mr. Fiedler went to town with me this morning; On the way he made the suggestion that if I bought a Timorese, I should undertake a coal business and share half the profits with me, to which I agreed. In town we went to H. Calton, Drescher and Thomson. The natives all returned to Piltawodlinga today.

December 1st, 1839. Since Mr. Fiedler had invited me and Br. Teichelmann to lunch, we both went to Klemzig after the service was over. Bertha, who was in church, appeared today in a suit completely different from her previous one. The new thing in Klemzig was that a girl named Tschendscher had stolen and as a result had left the community, that furthermore the entire community was under church discipline, and (181) there was no communion, and that was because Mr. Fiedler declared it wrong that he was excluded from communion without a good reason. There had been a lot of sharp talk in the Klemzigers' secret council last evening; Among other things, Pastor Kavel had said that church discipline should be carried out, even if only five remained, and Mr. Fiedler [had] replied that not one would remain. This is how it had to happen in order to convince Pastor Kavel of his error.

--

Master Weimann had again made something against Bertha, namely that she had said in her letter to Schlinke that she didn't want to get married yet. That's why Mr. Fiedler asked to show the letter, and if it said something like that, he would answer, he told me: Bertha wasn't getting married yet, and she hadn't said that she wouldn't fall in love. --

Tonight Bertha gave me a hand and a kiss to be mine forever;

Thank you, my God, for this priceless gift; help me to use it gratefully and conscientiously.

According to a letter from Mr. Lobeck in Berlin, a doctor from Berlin and his family may be expected to settle in South Australia (182) on the next German ship, and a number of 20 young craftsmen from Berlin who want to dedicate themselves to the natives are expected here. Furthermore, the Prussian maritime trade is said to intend to trade here, and the Prussian government plans to establish a colony in Australia.

December 4th, 1839. This evening I was just getting around to Itjamaitpinna having her forehead sucked by a Jammaiamma or Warrawarra (that's Doctor). When he had finished, he spat out saliva mixed with blood, which he said he had sucked out of the former's forehead and was said to have cured the disease. He also took out of his mouth a small stake made of leaves or something similar, and then tore it into several pieces, while looking into the distance with a very meaningful expression, ostensibly in order to see the paitja that he was supposed to have taken or sucked from the sick person's body. The Warrawarra itself then went aside for a distance; When he came again, he wanted to suck another one just like the first one. Since I had denied (183) that he had spat out the blood from his forehead, which was completely uninjured, and had accused him of lying, this new attempt should convince me. I replied that if I had first seen the Warrawarra's tongue and mouth and, after he had sucked, blood, I would believe that he had sucked it from his forehead. This was granted to me, and when the Warrawarra showed me his tongue, I saw a small lump of coagulated blood, or something of the sort, lying on it; But when I wanted to show it to the others, he closed his mouth and wouldn't open it again. When I claimed that the Warrawarra was lying and told the others not to believe him, they became very violent, called me a mantakarrikarri-burka, which means one who accuses

someone of lying, and asked me why I called the black people liars, since the other white people did not; yes, a young person even came and poked me in the chest. To the first I replied that other whites did not know what the blacks believed, otherwise they would tell them the same thing, (184) because God (Jehovah) had forbidden [it] to believe such things; they should only ask Kartammerru whether he would not say the same. To this they replied the old way, we whites believed Jehovah's word, and the blacks theirs, we were right and they were right p p. I said, but if God's Word says that theirs is bad, how can both be right? They then asked whether I had seen Jehovah, whether he was like a man or an animal, whether he sat in my house? Finally I asked Itjamaitpinna to tell me where the red color on the Warrawarra's tongue came from before he sucked, to which he replied that it was enough now, I should speak no more, that the blacks were bad p p, all, it seemed to me, out of mockery.

December 5th, 1839. Today I visited my dear Bertha and brought her a poem that I had started to give to her for her birthday, but which I only finished afterwards. She was very happy about it and thanked me warmly for it, adding that it surpassed everything else.

December 6th, 1839. Moorhouse himself now seems to be interested in Jamaruwe getting land in Encounter Bay and in going with me (185), for he said he was afraid that before the governor came back all the good land there would be voted away: as soon as the governor got back he wanted to talk to him about this matter.

December 7th, 1839. Saturday. From Tuesday onwards I worked all week on putting up a fence around Teichelmann's house and garden, with the intention of keeping the natives busy, because it seemed almost a sin to me to see them lazing around in front of us without trying everything to get them to work. I succeeded in my intention because several people worked hard all week. --

It seems as if the natives realize that we are looking out for their best interests, and that their attachment to us, which is becoming more and more evident every day, is as much a consequence of this as of our knowledge of their language. God grant that they will soon be able to fully learn what our intention is among them and that they will then allow it to be achieved in themselves.

December 9th, 1839. While Br. Teichelmann and I were again busy putting up his fence, Mr. Hall, the governor's private secretary (186), suddenly and unexpectedly came to us. I asked him for advice as to how I should get food etc. to Wirramu in the future, to which he gave me the pleasant answer that the government would bring it to me on their ship "Waterwitch". From his conversation we could conclude that the withdrawal of rations from the natives was in no way His Excellency's initiative, for Hall said he did not agree with Moorhouse on this point. Of course, the natives would have to be expected to work for what they received; But repeated attempts must also be made to get them to work by viewing and treating them as children. Br. Teichelmann indicated that the transfer of the office of protector of the natives from Mr. Wyatt to [Mr.] Moorhouse was not very beneficial to the blacks, to which Hall replied that that was his opinion too. He believed that if [Mr.] Wyatt wanted to publish his collection of words, it would be very good.

December 10th, 1839. I visited my bride again. She had been in town but [had] not been able to visit me as I had expected due to busy business and lack of time. When it came to the point that she might soon be able to move to New Silesia (187) because [her] father intended to take over livestock on behalf of others and to spend the summer in the place mentioned, I reminded her that the distance between me and her would then become that great again, again asking what she said about it, to which

she replied: it is and will be a sour apple.

Me: she could always avoid biting it.

She: how so?

Me, jokingly, said she could only do with me as she had already done with someone else and tell me to go my own way.

She: I'm pretty sure of that.

In the evening we read a little again in the "Vicar of Wakefield".

December 11th, 1839. Since I had stayed the night in Klemzig, I went into town with Mr. Fiedler today and spent an hour or so with him at Teichelmann's. The natives have the news among them that two of the northerners have been murdered.

December 12th, 1839. Mullawirraburka and Iljamai itpinna were with me this evening, to whom I again explained what we, I and Br. Teichelmann, actually wanted among them and at the same time that [they] didn't have to believe such lies; if they thought that their relatives had been stabbed to death by an evil person without any traces of violence being seen on them; nor even if someone pretends to cure [an] illness by sucking (188) and the like. The conversation was immediately over.

A woman came to me to get leeches from me; Since the two natives mentioned promised to look for some tomorrow, I told the woman to come back the next evening. But the natives kept their word, which is why I made harsh accusations against them, which they felt.

December 13th, 1839. + + +

December 14th, 1839. Idla Waritja, who was mentioned on October 30th, came back from the bush this evening with a large number of friends to beat the old man, Parriwongaburka. At first Ilyamaitpinna and Murrparaitpinna successfully acted as mediators between the two, so that I thought the argument was at least over for the time being; but as darkness fell, it flared up again, and soon became general, with the natives rehashing the superstitious murder of Mullawirraburka's brother. The clubs clattered and the audible blows fell on the heads that I would not have been surprised if a life had been lost. But that wasn't the case; but Idla Waritja was so badly wounded that the blood rushed from his mouth and nose, and several others were

badly cut.

December 15th, 1839. This morning, before I got up, the natives had already fought again, namely over a young (189) girl who wants to have an old woman named Tainmunda burka as her wife and who was also given to him by her father. But she prefers a young person, Pultao. The girl and another woman also received severe blows. When I arrived that morning, Tainmunda burka went around to the men one by one, handed them weapons, ring-tailed lemurs and warris, and said words to them that I didn't understand, but that obviously contained an invitation to a fight. But everyone threw away their weapons again, which made the old man so angry that he couldn't contain himself from anger, walking back and forth, lifting his legs alternately as if he wanted to attack someone, and stroking his beard in order to put it in his mouth, which he was too short for. --

With Br. Teichelmann in Klemzig, to my chagrin, not enough that he said that it was rude of Mamsell Teusler to bring me water rather than him, even though he didn't ask for any from her, only from his father, and she didn't know anything about it; but in Fiedler's presence he reproached me for coming from Klemzig late in the evening. I said I didn't need such advice, and when he said he had such a right as a college, (190) I replied that he didn't have the right, which he took now and then, so Mr. Fiedler said we shouldn't let it get to that point.

When I told Bertha this, just as he said that she was rude, and earlier that Mr. Fiedler's children had no education, [and] pointed out that he didn't know that with Bertha, she asked me with a delightful mildness and gentleness not to be so annoyed about it, at the same time admitting that he was an immoral person. She said that she had long feared that she was not educated enough for Mr. Teichelmann, which I certainly tried to talk her out of. --

As I was walking home from Teichelmann in the evening, I met a native not far from the camp site who didn't really want to speak in response to my questions, and as I got a little further, I saw someone hiding behind a pile of shingles, I asked: Nganna mejo?, but got no answer, instead the person came towards me, and when I asked again Nganna mena parni nabu? and received no answer, I took the hare banner [escape], since I had no defensive weapon with me. The next morning in Wirraitpinna's house lay the girl over whom the natives had fought that morning, perhaps this was the person who tried to hide behind the shingles.

(191) **December 16th, 1893.** The Protector, Mr. Moorhouse, and I again had a long and lively conversation today about the claims of the natives and the hopes that could be said in relation to them, especially the old ones among them. The fact that he doesn't see or doesn't want to see the just claims of the natives is an old thing to me, but he had never expressed his desperation for their formation into useful people so clearly as he did today, when he said that if he were now asked whether one could hope that the old native inhabitants could become useful (available), he would definitely say no. I replied, was that seriously his belief? and when he repeated it, I asked him the question: Why would one need a protector and what use could one

have? He meant to protect her from insults. I replied that the police could do that just as well. But this, he said, was hostile to the natives. Me: With this view, his would just be a protective police force.

(192) Although he tried to prove and gloss over his opinion, it still seems to me that a man of such principles cannot answer to his conscience for being the protector of the natives. --

In the course of the conversation we agreed that I would attempt to teach the native children on condition that they were given something to eat.

December 17th, 1839. Today I visited my dear Bertha again and not only enjoyed a wonderful evening with her, but also had the pleasantly surprising experience that she laid a good foundation in the grammar of the German language when [she] was in Köpenick. On the way to Klemzig I found a bunch of natives from the east who had probably come to fight, although they denied it. During their journey through Klemzig they had not behaved in the best way, with a boy scolding my bride and an old man giving little Julius a slap in the face.

December 18th, 1839. This evening the natives had wanted to fight each other again by our people visiting the Eastern men in their camp, but the latter had held the offended and angry men among them so that it didn't come to that. In the evening with Julius Drescher.

[An intricate cross, in the shape of a paw cross, is included here, presumably as a sign of a day to "mark red on the calendar" as the first payment of a £100 bill of exchange had arrived today (December 19th).]



December 19th, 1839. Through Mr. Dickens we received today the first number of the bill of 100 pounds together with a letter from (193) Mr. Angas, who uses extremely sad language that criticizes Br. Teichelmann's letter of October 24th, ~~1839~~ [1838].

When I visited the Eastern men today, I noticed the boy Bertha described to me who had scolded them. He initially denied it, but later promised not to do it again. I couldn't find the old man who [had] beaten Julius. Among this tribe there is also a man whom the natives call Pitta, named Kadlo Nerka, who speaks a different language than the local natives and also than the Raminjerar. While I was listening to him say words to me and writing them down, the owner of the Adelaide Chronicle, who was previously unknown to me, came, asked me whether I was from Teichelmann's college and afterwards gave me a number of his paper containing the last letter with the request that if we wanted to have anything printed about the native language, to leave it to him. In this way, the greatest difficulty in publishing a dictionary and a grammar would be overcome, namely that of finding a printer.

December 20th, 1839. By chance I met my dear bride and her father in town today, who had bought a wedding dress for the latter's bride. --

Mr. Edwards, the builder of my house, told me that there was nothing of my house in the ground yet, that the workmen were first preparing the wood; However (194) they would now be strong. The house will be 18 feet 16 inches long and 12 feet 6 inches wide and will consist of one room. By next January, Edwards said it would be finished.

This evening I wanted to visit Mr. H. Calton, but I didn't see him at home. -- In the course of the afternoon a large group of natives, so-called Wirramejunna, arrived, some of whom I had never seen and who had never been in Adelaide since the colony was founded. They had barely sat down when there was another argument, again about a girl who was promised as a wife to Murroparuitpinna, but who is staying with one of the men mentioned above. I didn't see the beginning, but I was told that Murroparuitpinna had beaten the girl, but then she was beaten again by her relatives. Infuriated by this, he ran across the river to his hut, fetched his spears and came back at his enemy like a madman, his beard between his teeth and with every sign of an attack. The others now held him back from all injury, but one hardly believed that peace had been established when Muliari-burka furiously attacked a woman with a kaja who, as they said, had previously been his wife, but had later left [him], then taken another husband and (195) was now a widow after his death. Fortunately, instead of hitting the body as intended, the first throw hit the bone of the arm resting on the body, on which the tip of the spear broke, so that the second throw with the same spear was harmless, and Wirraitpinna's safe arm held him back from further abuse of the poor defenseless woman. This barbarism was all the greater because the woman was carrying a small child on her back and had one or two walking or sitting next to her.

During or before this performance, the Wirramejunna, the strangers in the lead, made a face to leave, offended, it seemed, by the unfriendly reception on the part of Murroparuitpinna, while our old regulars, as Itjamaitpinna and so on, immediately sent a few young people after them, who came before them and brought several back with them, among them also the strangers. After the latter had sat there silently for a few moments, one stood up, took a ring-tailed lemur and used it to give another a blow over the head as if he wanted to shatter him, then gave the weapon to the other and patiently and out of friendship allowed him to give him a blow that was perhaps even more violent, so that the blood ran down both of their backs in streams (196). They wanted to repeat the same thing with other of their friends by putting the weapon in their hands and presenting their heads, but a third person kindly intervened and prevented it.

If you ask about the cause of such stupid customs, you will get the answer: Kurror arrendi, there is "to be ashamed", which I take to mean that they want to show how little they are afraid of blows and pain, even though no fight or fight has taken place. Which opinion seems all the more likely to me since some people hit the

Tainmendaburka mentioned on the 15th of this month in the same way, with the explanation, Karro karretoai, that is, "so that he would not be ashamed."

Among the Wirramejunna who arrived today was one named "Captain Mitchel", who some time ago received news to the local natives that he had stolen the wife of a Norman and then killed the husband. Br. Teichelmann and I accused him of this as soon as we saw him, and not only did he not deny it, but he fell silent when we told him that the murderer would go to hell as a bad person, and he was obviously frightened, so that he said that it was a bad (197) Norman and not our compatriot. In addition, we immediately spoke to Itjamaiitpinna about him, often looking at him and he at us with fearful looks. Itjamaiitpinna actually told us something very damaging about him, namely that he had also killed a white man before. What is the missionary to do in such cases?

December 21st, 1839. Those Wirramejunna who had not returned yesterday usually all returned this morning, but not Captain Mitchel, who seems to have been driven away by his guilt-tainted conscience. One of the strangers who had been hit like this by his friends yesterday spent the greater part of the day with me, the pain of the wound in his head, almost an inch deep, not allowing him to go into town with the others. With such new arrivals you can see most clearly how detrimental contact with white people has on the minds of the natives, as they are always much more willing and modest than those who have been in contact with Europeans (198) for a long time.

This evening there was war again, as Idla Waritja wanted to try for the third time to satisfy his feeling of revenge. But the immediate cause seemed to come from our people themselves. Idla Waritja himself and his brother came up to ours and the argument began with the latter first throwing and hitting his opponent over the plate without his resistance, but then it rained so many and such harsh blows on the top of his head that he sank on his backside. As soon as his friends who had stayed behind saw [this], they came running and in an instant the fight was common. Wirraitpinna, otherwise one of our best people, grabbed his sharpened European ax and was about to hit his enemies with it when Br. Teichelmann and Mr. Julius Fiedler, who were present, stopped him and took it away from him. The latter thought he could prevent the argument by intervening, but he soon saw what I [had] already told him beforehand, that he wouldn't be able to do that without a fire rifle, apart from the fact that it wasn't even wise.

(199) Never have I seen women take such an active part in their fights as this time; Not only did they make a terrible scream as usual and hit the ground with their staffs, but they also beat their heads until they bloodied themselves, the latter particularly being done by the Wirraanki. Itja mai itpinna, whom I spoke to after the argument had ended, which was accelerated by two police officers approaching, told me that before the whites came, the blacks immediately threw spears, two on each side, and that many had fallen on such occasions. The enemy party, he also said, would now bring in more reinforcements and then they wanted to move south from the city and give a good fight. I replied that I and others would also follow them there, which he

told me again, adding that he would not fall, that he was very strong, and so on. But when I told him that the war was very bad and that those who were addicted to arguments would go to hell; (200) he said straight to his face: they didn't believe that, it wasn't true.

Today we received a letter along with some issues from the "Anzeigenblatte" and the "Pilgrim from Saxony" from Secretary Naumann, written 14 months ago, namely on October 19th, 1838.

December 22nd, 1839. Sunday. In the afternoon I visited my dear, dear bride. She was not only amiable as always, but also full of ardent love. Happily, although coincidentally, while leafing through "Lavanter's Songs" I came across the lovely song entitled "Prayer of Two Separated Lovers", which was entirely appropriate for our relationship. Bertha is developing more and more the gifts of her mind and heart in all directions. I would never like to misjudge them, but would rather value them highly at all moments of my life and love Bertha herself as much as I do now.

Since our relationship was declared, you, dear bride, have never misunderstood me and my love, but if you could only look into my soul for a moment and see the entire depth and warmth of my love, you would certainly be surprised yourself.

Strangely enough, it happened that I found out what Bertha had in mind for me for Christmas (201), because I had left my handkerchief at Br. Teichelmann's, with whom I had lunch; and since I came to Klemzig and was sweating profusely, I asked her for one, and lo and behold, she produced a silk one, which I had seen her working on earlier, and whose purpose she did not want to tell me at the time, but answered that it was for a man in the village. But her father would have forbidden her to say for whom.

We spent part of the evening in the garden behind the house, as Mr. Julius Fiedler was late and we would not have been undisturbed. Mr. Fiedler gave me a box of cigars. Bertha told me, among other things, that father had said to her that if she and I were in Encounter Bay and he was in New Silesia, then they would rarely see each other. But then I would have to buy [a] cart, and there would probably be enough time for us, me and Bertha, to visit her at least once every year. And once, she would have answered, they would come, so that we would see [each other] again every six months.

On one occasion, when I made it clear to her how happy her love made me, she repeated that she wanted nothing more than to make me happy always, as much as that was up to her. --

When I came home, the Ostmanns were having a dance, with our people being spectators, so that the (202) previous enmity seems to have been given up.

December 23rd, 1839. As agreed, today I held school with the native children for the first time; There were 7 of them along with a few adults. Among the latter was Itja mai itpinna, who grasped the letters so quickly that he was able to give me a little help. --

Last Saturday an ax came away from me, and as I suspected, not without reason, that it had been stolen by my natives, I asked them about it today and examined their nets and bags or pouches. Not only did they allow me to do the latter, but the former voluntarily showed me their nets and generally showed great reluctance to steal them.

Mr. Julius Fiedler visited me at school today.

December 24th, 1839. Instead of 7, I had 15 children at school today. So far they are learning easily and quickly and are giving me joy; God grant that this will never be dampened by the children's departure. Bought a parasol for Bertha, 18 shillings.

December 25th, 1839. On today's feast the five of us celebrate Holy Communion again. Mr. Kook, who came to me last night and spent the night, complains very much about Pastor Kavel's domineering nature.

In the evening the Wirramejunna had a brilliant Kuri, where I noticed that two Jammaiamma had a stretched out square net with four tufts of hair at the corners in their hands and were leading the game (203). After this was finished, Mullawirburka and his people had established a considerable Unjawaieti, as the natives say, and it seems to me that Kuri is peculiar to the northerners and the Unjawaieti to the southerners.

[A paw cross is also inserted here, but without any further reference.]



December 26th, 1839. The number of my students today was about 18, excluding some adults. I was in Klemzig at lunchtime. When I arrived Bertha was in church and there was little opportunity for conversation in the afternoon, so out of sheer long wait we went to Payneham for tea with Mr Cook. There were a lot of people from Hahndorf and Glen Osmond in Klemzig today to attend the general meeting. Mr. Cook, who also attended, was turned away because he had not been accepted into the community; The school teacher Kavel told me that the subjects of the consultation were some water barrels received from the South Australian company and the marriage. When the latter was discussed, I was also thought of. It's becoming clearer to me every day that Pastor Kavel wants to rule, but doesn't want a brotherly relationship at all.

Bertha and I enjoyed a wonderful evening in the garden; I was seriously surprised at her compliance and then at the shame that followed. I almost (204) couldn't say

goodbye to her, because while I was saying goodbye to the guests, she was in the other room with her father and his bride, and because she didn't hear or see that I wanted to leave, I had to wait outside for a long time before she came in. I've never had a sadder farewell to her than today.

December 27th, 1839. Since I came a little late today, several of the native children had already gone out; Of the few, about eight, that I had there, some knew the A B C completely. Yesterday Br. Teichelmann drew all the letters of the alphabet for me on paper with ink, which I glued individually onto small boards; and since I have also nailed some folded strips onto my board, I can put the letters together as I like; the latter are printed and not handwritten letters.

[And therefore these were Latin characters and not from the Sütterlin script.]

December 28th, 1839. On that day took place one of the greatest celebrations among the natives that I have ever witnessed, namely the circumcision of five boys. They began by chasing the young people, with the women pretending not to admit it and shouting while the men laughed. Then the boys were led to the (205) place where they were to be circumcised, with their eyes covered, and when they had arrived they were laid on the ground and covered with clothes.

The women and children remained down in the riverbed throughout the entire ceremony, as they were forbidden to be spectators if they lost their belongings.

It seems as if the circumcision of some young people is usually arranged in secret by the elders, for not only are large numbers always gathered on this occasion (this time the number of men present was no less than 75), but one does not hear the least about it beforehand, as is usually the case with all their undertakings. --

When the boys were lying there and after a while they had rested and discussed the further course of the ceremony, a kind of race began, which the natives call Turlo jakkani and which consists of the following.

A man runs towards another man, stomping and grumbling, and hugs him from behind. The latter, who has long been familiar with this sign, immediately takes off his clothes and begins to run as mightily as if he wanted to run to the end of the world; Meanwhile, constantly pursued on his heels by the first and another (206), he only runs until he is exhausted, where then the two pursuers, one by the shoulders and the other by the legs, take him and stretch him out along the length of the boy to be circumcised and lay him on his back, covering his entire body with dust.

One such person is now called Turlo, whose office it will later be to carry out the circumcision. This time six of them were hunted one after the other in this way, one for each of the five boys and one extra, perhaps as a reserve in case of inaction of one of their number.

As the last one was lying down, they began to raise the first one up again, one after the other, by one of them taking them by the head and something being said to them with great speed and in a bickering song by the one alone and soon afterwards by the people around who were pushing close, in which finally the person being raised up himself joined in with apparently great anger and eagerness, but when he was up, he and everyone used to laugh about it.

Now 11 - 19 mostly young men formed a regular line, in which the front man carried a staff, walked in circles twice around the entire camp and then, led by a new leader, to whom the previous leader had given his staff from behind, stood up about 50 paces outside the circle they had described.

(207) From here, two of their number gradually brought in so many men from the spectators that there were thirty of them, the last two stationed a short distance away from them, one towards the east, the other towards the west.

After the glass had been beaten into shape for trimming (they now use old bottles and the like instead of the rock crystal they had previously used) and brought to the Turlos, who were still sitting in the same place, the whole crowd formed a line again, the beards, and those who did not have such a long beard, took a piece of the kangaroo skin between their teeth and began to stamp and growl with grim gestures to such an extent that they heard that would have been frightening.

Two Englishmen, who were just in front of the slowly advancing units, actually left. The impression of this procession is impossible to describe, but if you consider what kind of noise there must be when 30 tree-strong natives stamp on the ground with all their might and in an instant and the roughest sounds come out of their throats with all their fury, then you will hardly suspect me of exaggeration if I call it horrible and are not surprised that the boys, who were uncovered during a short pause (208) and were lined up, trembling and trembling in fear as the angry mob slowly came at them.

Arriving close in front of those to be circumcised, the person in front stuck his staff into the ground and then lay down on his knees, as did the one next behind, and those who had no room on the staff lay down on top of their predecessors until the whole team was crowded together in a round lump 6-8 feet in diameter and almost as high. The boys were now laid on their backs on this altar and were cut with their glasses by the Turlos, to the constant humming, or rather grunting, of the men lying beneath them.

After the action was completed, the men once again lined up at a short distance with the same gestures, then the leader threw his staff over the boys, which they all cheered, and everything was over, except that after a while a brand of fire was given to the Turlos and whispered something in their ears.

The young men were then led by two men to a special place where they would

stay until they healed. –

Since the children were not allowed to go over the edge of the river bank because of the ceremony described above, there could be no school today.

(209) Mr. Fiedler and Fritz Kavel were with me, the former borrowed another £26 from me, so that with the previous £37 I now have to demand £63 sterling from him.

December 29th, 1839. Sunday. Today I wanted to go with Br. Teichelmann to Messrs. Bote and Aldenhoven, but since Teichelmann was annoying me with his activities, I let him go alone and went to Klemzig. Bertha hadn't expected me, so she was very happy that I had come; She complained to me that she was so worried and anxious that she would have written to me if only she had had someone to send.

The reason for mentioning my name came from Fiedler himself; impossible [inappropriate] Pastor Kavel would have given an example like mine, whereupon he would have said that he should only always say when he thinks what it helps to keep quiet.

December 30th, 1839. Mr. Moorhouse told me that the Governor had sent the Raminjere Tamurewe to Taltarnar and had not permitted him to come to Adelaide. Mr. Stevenson, as Moorhouse also told me, wants to see the native children's school and report on it. Quod non [Why not].

Today I had (210) the opportunity to see how the natives bled themselves. Everyone does this to themselves by tying a string around their upper arm, just like the Europeans do, and then taking a piece of sharp glass with which they drill the vein repeatedly and for so long that a chill runs down your spine when you look at it. Today there were two of them; The first let his blood flow onto the ground, while the second held a stake or wooden nail about 5-6 inches long and allowed the blood to be applied to his head, which had already been covered with blood. After he had bled out, he stuck the above-mentioned mysterious stake, [called] Puing-karra in their language, to the fire so that the blood would dry on it, to prevent headaches and death that would otherwise strike the person who had been bled. The women are not allowed to see this act at any cost. The purpose of their bloodletting is the same as that of Europeans, namely, to relieve the headache when suffering from congestion of blood.

I hear that four natives have been captured today who are said to have stolen potatoes from the governor's garden. Muleanibarka, whom I jokingly teased with a spear, was very angry.

December 31st, 1839.

Once again, with your help, my God, this year has ended;
If I look over it even briefly, I find traces (211) of your patience and loyalty

towards me everywhere. You have assigned me a certain sphere of activity for the future and have given me a lovely companion in it, which is why I am saying goodbye to this year with the consolation and the hope that you will be no less gracious to me in the years ahead of me and will appoint me as a blessing. Forgive me for all my weaknesses and sins of the past period and help me from now on to make good use of my time both for myself and for my office and teach me to remember that I must die in order to become wise.

[Here, too, a (different) paw cross is recorded here.]



January 1840 - June 1840

January 1st, 1840. Since we didn't have a service in Adelaide today, I went to Klemzig quite early, hoping to meet Bertha alone at home, which I wasn't mistaken about. She told me that her father had prayed for us that morning so much that it moved her to tears. Towards the evening we had a walk around the village, where we had a pleasant chat and at one point sat down on the green lawn. I went home early because Bertha, who has become much more lively in Christian terms for some time, wanted to go in the evening and it was threatening to get very dark. With great conscientiousness and simplicity, Bertha said that she believed it would be sinful if she tried to suppress the pull she felt after the evening hour.

Help us, O God and Father, that with the new year our love for you and for one another may gain new strength, new life and fresh seriousness. Amen.

(212) January 2nd, 1840. Unfortunately, I hear that Pastor Kavel's separatism goes further and further in that he rejected Bauer as a witness at the baptism of the child of a certain Milde, and declared Mrs. Schlinke [and] also [Mrs.] Kleinschmidt incapable of the same honor.

Oh God from heaven, look at this and have mercy on him.

January 3rd, 1840. The natives, among whom it had been a bit humid for a few days, were very excited today because the Wirra people threatened ours that they wanted to charm them (narroni). I spoke strongly against it to many people, so that several people, including Mullawirrabekka, became very upset. Several, however, seemed to become uncertain in their belief in the power of the magic and agreed with me that I knew the opposite from the paper.

Wrote a 3-sheet letter to my brother Adam.

Contents:

Blame for his un-Germanness, blame for his name change. My view on Germany, On the emigration of our brothers and sisters and that I could not advise Friedrich to do so, Our dogmatic and ecclesiastical differences, Dispute between me and Br. Teichelmann and my settlement in Encounter Bay. My engagement and description of my bride, the Schlinke story and its consequences, namely the separation and removal of Pastor Kavel, that I would write to our siblings to request that my company give them emigration money of up to 100 pounds sterling.

I started spelling at my school today.

In the evening at Moorhouse and Newland.

(213) January 4th, 1840. A conversation with Tuitparro or Nanwe taltarni, about their magic and especially his own, during which he became very angry when I accused him of lying. + A little letter from my Bertha.

January 5th, 1840. Today's service was held by me in my house, while Br. Teichelmann had a new hallway made in his. I spent the afternoon with my Bertha, and although we had little time alone, we both enjoyed wonderful moments now and then. Both her father and she disliked Kavel's separatism, and when I expressed my fear that we too might still be attacked by it, she said that no one should separate us.

January 6th, 1840. This evening we celebrated the first mission hour in South Australia, although apart from the two of us only Kleinschmidt and Bauer were present.

January 7th, 1840. Br. Teichelmann and I enjoyed the honor of having lunch with His Excellency today. The company was only small, and seemed to have been chosen with the intention of talking about the natives; Moorhouse was among those present. The Murray natives were discussed; Rang- (214) kanere will finally receive land after the governor's promise. The governor was exceptionally friendly.

January 8th, 1840. Towards the evening there was supposed to be a fight between the Wirramejenna and our natives near the iron magazine, but Teichelmann and I put a stop to it by imagining that the whites would send the police; as the governor actually said yesterday.

A boy told me that the ostrich created the earth and when I asked him who made the ostrich, he replied: "ngando pia? Yes, who?" The natives will put up with anything we tell them as long as we don't challenge their superstitions; proof that they don't believe any of it.

January 9th, 1840. Today I visited my bride again, who was busy doing my laundry. If I hadn't come, she would have left for the evening hour, but she stayed there. Mr. Fiedler would like to postpone our engagement because he doesn't have any money to organize it. Today my dear bride gave me permission to address her with the familiar expression "Du" when we were alone.

(215) **January 10th, 1840.** Mr. Bauer, to whom I told that Pastor Kavel had excluded him from the sponsorship because of the suspicion of his connection with Mrs. Milde, said to prove the Klemzigers' gossipiness that Mr. Julius Fiedler had said things about a person close to me that he did not even want to say in his mouth.

January 11th, 1840. Today I was so happy to be visited by my lovely bride by bringing me my laundry. While her brother August, who had brought her and the laundry here, made the detour over the bridge, we stayed in my house and then walked straight arm in arm to the city, where I gave her two pairs of stockings. Since we were in the shop for quite a long time, August had left, so we had to rush to Pfender's Hut in North Adelaide, where he still had something to load up.

January 12th, 1840. Today all the southern people and most of the forest men (Patparnejunna and Wirramejunna) have gone hunting south, the latter invited by the former. This makes me all the more sorry because my school is now almost

completely gone, at least the children who came most regularly were the most advanced. Not only her quick grasp of the letters and so on, but also her joy and participation in the telling of biblical stories, such as Joseph's, gave me a lot of pleasure and (216) gave me not a little encouragement, but it is now too much to worry that in the wild her mind will become completely wild again and what she has learned will be forgotten.

January 13th, 1840. My Bertha, whom I [had] promised to visit today, complained that the afternoon was so long and so anxious for her because I stayed out so late. Like mine, their love increases daily; When I asked her whether it wouldn't be nice to spend the evenings in Encounter Bay, as undisturbed as we were at that moment, she replied with such a wistful "yes" that I would try in vain to describe it. Bertha begged me earnestly to go to the missionary class with her. As much as I would have liked to oblige her, it was impossible for me.

January 14th, 1840. I went to Messrs. McLaren, Stephens and Rowlands today to inquire whether the £100 recently received from us was Mr. Angas's annual contribution or extra; But no one could tell me, only that the last two believed that the money was a special sum. Before I left, I had already asked for Br. Teichelmann's papers relating to the financial matter; But since he didn't want to give it to me yet, I explained to him that I didn't want to have anything to do with the matter anymore. I had to have Mr. Stephens remind me of the complaint he made.

In the afternoon I sent two native boys to Klemzig with a note to Mr. Fiedler, who gave me a short answer. As insignificant as this is in itself, it is significant for those who know the natives. One of the boys noticed my English dictionary, and immediately (217) he said all the letters of the word "Dictionary" printed on the back, except for the last one, which the natives don't have in their A B C.

January 17th, 1840. During my visits to Klemzig I told Bertha that Br. Teichelmann had advised me to marry us soon and that I would do so if the relationship with her new mother turned out to be unfavorable. She said she was still so young and would be an old woman in just a few years.

January 18th 1840. Today I have our quarterly £25 as Teichelmann did not want to agree to it because Mr Stephens [had] told him that it was up to us whether we wanted to move to a friend after receiving £20 from friends and £20 from the government. On his advice, I left the money in the bank with interest, where we can have it as soon as we need it.

This evening Teichelmann and I were with all three groups of natives; among the Marimejenna we heard that the Wikandi partanna had speared his wife because of her fornication; among the Wirramejunna, who were divided into two groups, we learned that Badni and Jurinna had used spears to kill Kartanjali's wife because she did not want to comply with their indecent demands (218). I threatened the former, if he did not bring his wife alive, to tell the governor that he was a murderer and must be hanged. To the latter we explained the wickedness of their behavior and the wrath of

God against it, so that they promised not to do it again.

January 19th, 1840. Today Mr. Bothe and Ferdinand Aldenhoven were with us for the service; Kleinschmidt was missing. Mr. Bauer, whom I asked about Julius Fiedler's slander against my bride, told me that it consisted of the fact that she was no longer a virgin. In the afternoon I went straight to Klemzig to report it to my father; who, when I told him, answered in a fit of excitement: The scoundrel. I didn't say anything to my bride to save her the grief she would have had about it. Mr. Fiedler has promised not to let the matter get stuck.

Bertha and I enjoyed the evening alone again, with partly joking and partly serious conversations. She had been to the sacrament today and had confessed on Saturday, where, in response to Pastor Kavel's question, she admitted that it had been beneficial for her to have been excluded from the enjoyment of the sacrament for so long; that she recognized that she had not been careful enough about what had happened; Kavel had also asked her what I said about it; (219) It seemed to him to have been upset during the examination at the time? To which she said she didn't know and she hadn't spoken to me about it. Incidentally, her confession, along with that of many others, had been read publicly by Pastor Kavel that evening. On Kavel's advice, Bertha went to Schlinken today and asked him whether he had anything against her, to which he said "No", and that he wished her God's blessing to enjoy the Holy Communion, to which he shook his hand. Bertah, who had never told me the same thing about her restlessness, said that this had taken a heavy load off her heart. In the evening she accompanies me from the village.

January 20th, 1840. I didn't have school today because I slept too long. Br. Teichelmann agrees with me that it is advisable to contact Pastor Kavel either verbally or in writing for an explanation about his previous and ongoing relationship with the mission. In the evening we were together at the Marimejunna, where there was a good opportunity to proclaim the divine truth. Muranga partanna was back.

January 21st, 1840. The Marimejunna were very short and grumpy today because I scolded them for the kartiatoanki and they were now ashamed.

(220) **January 22nd, 1840.** My bride, whom I visited today, is still suffering from a worrying cough. She had heard about Fiedler's slander, which annoyed her but didn't otherwise worry her at all. She planned to confront him about it and ask him whether what he said about her now would not have come true if she had previously wanted it like he had? She told me that one night, when Mr. A. Fiedler and D. Mathisson were already in the house, Fiedler crept into the hut at her and Mathilde's feet and lay down between her and Mathilde. She was frightened when she woke up and she, like her sister, jumped up and made a noise, to which he [had] said not to be grumpy and to keep quiet. -- I reminded Bertha of the little respect her father showed her in such delicate matters, and she agreed with me. In the evening she accompanies me to the end of the village.

January 23rd, 1840. As promised, I visited Mr. Fiedler this morning to go with him to Mr. Rowlands. Since we didn't meet him at home, we went to Mr. C. Calton, with whom we arranged the horse matter in such a way that Fiedler should deliver 3 tons of hay to the well and then receive six months' grace from him (Calton) for the arrears.

In the evening my neighbor Wattiwattipinna confessed to me that the natives used to kill children so that they could wander more freely. In their view, the Piadimeyunna are the souls of their deceased ancestors, all of whom learned the wisdom and art that they now possess in the pit (221). Even now the souls (and perhaps also the bodies) of the adults go to that pit, but those of the children are eaten by a black man from a distant land (ngarkodi tanka or gitpi takutya) and then reborn there. A bird called Karkanye announces with its cries the time when the little souls will eat. +

January 24th, 1840. This evening the Marimeyunna came to the Wirrameyunna in warlike display; Her swings didn't look bad. There is great excitement among them at present because Mullawirrabakka and his comrades are said to still be hostile towards them because of the death of his brother, which they blame on one of the Marimeyunna. Mr. Meyer came to me unexpectedly today, and later Bauer and Kleinschmidt too. The former told me that Pastor Kavel had not allowed him to enjoy Holy Communion because he had not yet been tested and accepted into the community and because he was a Freemason. I then told him that I could not accept both reasons, but that his view of the person of Christ was such that he could not have been admitted; whereupon he repeated his previously expressed doubts regarding the deity of the Lord. I hope that the friend, who has apparently become weary, is searching for the right goal.

Mr. Cook, to whom Pastor Kavel had previously given Holy Communion, but has now refused with the excuse that the conditions of the community are now different, is said to have said: Pastor Kavel does not need him as a Lutheran from time immemorial, but he must take Kavel back as a former apostate!

(222) **January 26th, 1840.** Today, instead of a sermon, Br. Teichelmann read those pieces from the confessional writings that relate to confession, where there was a lot of talk about the wrongness of Kavel's public confession. Invited by my bride to be alone with her for the morning and by Mr. Fiedler for lunch, I went to Klemzig immediately after the service; But it had become so late that people came home from church right after me, and my and Bertha's hopes were thwarted. The latter was very unwell, but things got better with her towards the afternoon and evening. We were not able to be alone much during the afternoon, and since Bertha wanted to attend the evening session and the moon was no longer shining, I went home with Mr. Bauer straight after tea. At Br. Teichelmann's I met Mr. Meyer, who then went with me.

January 27th, 1840. Finally today I received two issues of the Perth Gazette containing the beginning of Grey's Vocabulary, after [I] had repeatedly given them up as lost. --

Today [I] used the printed letters sticked on by Br. Teichelmann for the first time with the native children and started to sound them out.

January 29th, 1840. The phonation method works extremely well with my students. The natives tell me not to go to Encounter Bay, they'll be upset because of me. Day by day their devotion increases, not because of my generosity, but because of my great language skills.

(223) Muleakiburka, who had previously told me that he had speared a man, today said that he had strangled his wife's wife, proof of how cruel the blacks must have been towards each other before the arrival of the whites.

January 30th, 1840. Last night there was such a noise among the natives camped near my house that I woke up and got up. I found that Wauwitpinna, otherwise a quiet man, was beside himself with anger at his young wife and her companions. He had lent it, but it had continued to be used beyond his permission or at least his expectation. Not only had he wanted to spear his wife, but he had actually thrown a spear at the Wirramejunna, who had committed the shameful deed. The latter, who had initially fled, came back defiantly in the morning, but there was no argument. Judging from this incident, the women appear to be active instruments in such ceremonies and to be sent by the men as matchmakers.

Oh, how deeply morally this people stands; When will the time come when they will be reborn from their ungodly nature to the good and pious God? -- He alone knows.

Today I had to spend the most painful hour that I (224) experienced in South Australia in Klemzig and with people where I was otherwise only used to enjoying joy. Mr. Fiedler, who I just found busy in front of the house, received me with more respect and less trust than usual. Bertha, who was alone in the house, seemed more self-conscious and embarrassed, but she accepted a kiss. Attributing the embarrassment to another cause, I did not allow myself to be disturbed, and even when, when I inquired about her health, she told me that she had been feeling unwell for a few days, and even when she added that her illness was of a very unique nature, I was not prepared for what followed, as I thought that her illness was of a secret nature. But when she gave me the answer to my question about what was new: Quite a lot, namely that our relationship could no longer continue until I had reconciled with Kavel and the community and approved the latter's orders, then I realized that I was no longer sitting in the right saddle. More inclined to think that Bertha's speech was a dream than to be serious, I told her she was joking as I walked up to her. But when she replied that joking was quite far from her mind and showed signs of displeasure at my trust; when she told me that she couldn't keep the familiar word "you" today, when, as I set her eyes on her, she looked at me with a look that seemed to be devoid of all love (225): then I finally became aware of my situation and my loss.

In order to recover somewhat from the first impression that struck my soul like a thunderbolt, I went into the next room for a few moments, but soon sat down next to Bertha again to find out what had caused her unexpected and strange declaration. She said her father had overheard something of our last conversation about public confession and had spoken to her about it the day before yesterday; She thinks what he said to her was correct, she couldn't possibly separate from the community, which would happen if I didn't agree with her.

Me: It never occurred to me to separate them from the community;

She: that it would be sad for her if we didn't agree:

Me: that a happy marriage only requires that both parties seriously seek salvation. At the same time I pointed out that although I could submit to all reasonable conditions, I could not possibly act my conscience and approve of errors.

She herself said that I probably wouldn't turn back, suggesting that it would be better if we gave up our connection straight away.

Words cannot express how this cut through my heart; in fact, the explanation confused me so much that I lost all thought.

(226) Soon afterwards Mr. Fiedler came in, whom I asked to take part in our conversation and Bertha to repeat what we had said.

He said that for some time he had been saddened by the fact that Pastor Kavel and I did not agree. that he heard again on Sunday that I rejected public confession, but since we both wanted to be Lutherans, I must be mistaken; He had held it against his daughter, who was only his stepdaughter but whom he regarded as his own children and whose emigration had cost him a lot of effort, and told her that our marriage was out of place under such circumstances. He also accused me of avoiding the Klemzig church service by never coming in the mornings and never attending in the evenings.

Me: It is clear that Pastor Kavel and I did not agree, but the question was who was making the mistake; in public confession, the same was with Kavel, and that was also my opinion, and as long as I was not convinced of the opposite, I would have to stick with this assertion for the sake of conscience. He himself knew very well that I had also been personally insulted by Pastor Kavel, and he had approved of my letters to Kavel.

[*Fiedler:*] Maybe he would have retracted it if I had talked to him about it;

Me: I spoke to him and he explained to me that he wouldn't have acted any differently towards me, even if I were Luther.

(227) It was agreed that we, Kavel and I, should discuss the matter; I don't know where from, but my heart felt some peace after this conversation. Bertha had gone out in the meantime and when she came back she asked me what we had agreed with

each other; Me: nothing but that I should talk to Pastor Kavel. I asked her for a kiss, which she refused me, just as she didn't want to sit in her old place. I asked her if she could play with her most sacred feelings? to which she replied, with her chest very high and her breathing quick, that she couldn't, but the matter was too important, and I knew best how necessary admonitions were to her. She had made similar allusions before, so I had to believe that she thought I was becoming a hindrance to her salvation. I told her that this was a very harsh reproach, to which I could not reply, but could only ask her to forgive me if my dealings with her had caused me to be so afraid of what she did.

It was no less bitter for me that when I asked her not to leave me, she said that God would not leave me without her, and when I told her that for my happiness it was not enough for me to have my food and drink, [she replied] that I would also find another friend. She also feels that she is not at all suited to the high and important calling (228) of showing others the way to happiness. I had told her how she could have given me a kiss at the reception if she had something like that on her mind, so she reminded me of it when I now asked for one as a token of her love, but she did it anyway, and when she left again with a look that seemed to indicate love.

When I said goodbye, I told Fiedler that the community had treated me badly and that I had to stick with it and, by the way, leave this matter to God.

What an incident and how to explain on my bride's part. It is clear that she was intimidated by her father; but couldn't she say a word to apologize for me before she judged me and judged me herself? -- She did say that I could have guessed that she had had something like this on her mind for some time, but then why not tell me anything and, as is the nature of love, ask me to give in? Why give me this choice of either-or, completely against the nature of love? Although I don't have to forget that she asked me to go to the evening class with her, I also have to mention at the same time that she said that she could see that it would be difficult for me; I can't hide from myself the fact that she told me that her father had said to Fritz Kavel that my and Kavel's legal agreement had caused him many a sleepless night; but (229) how could I take this to be a preparation for such an incident? -- I'm reluctant to give space to the thought, but from the first moment it forced itself on me, as if Bertha's love depended on her father's will and was therefore not love at all; that perhaps she would have been as far along with her former lovers as she was with me, and that she abdicated [farewell] just as carelessly as she did now. I am not yet afraid that I will lose her, but this incident has left a wound in my heart that will not heal again soon, doubts about Bertha's real love.

O God grant that my anxiety may be wrong; but Bertha, Bertha! How could you change so quickly, put our connection on an uncertain either-or, which you also believe will work against us? Tell me, on what have you based your love for me so far, and what could tear down that foundation so quickly. Oh, how you have made me so deeply saddened, so heartily sad; come back and give me your heart again, then my heart will be happy again.

*God, my Father, do not allow my own life, my only joy and the feast of my eyes, to be taken from me; do not allow my dear bride to be torn away from me.
Amen.*

(230) During my absence Muleakaibukka had speared and beaten his wife, it is not known for what reason, perhaps because she had denied him the food he had asked for. She was hit in the side of the back and suffers so much from the wound that she cannot walk.

February 1st, 1840. Overwhelmed by the impression from the day before yesterday, I immediately became a little unwell, but today I became so unwell that I could only with difficulty be up at short intervals; In addition to this external suffering, there was now the new suffering that was gnawing at my soul, so that I was very worried. I called out to the Lord, but he would not hear me yet.

February 2nd, 1840. That evening, as I thought clearly about the incident, I became extremely frightened. I picked up the Bible and read what came to mind and found great reassurance in David's words

“How sad you are, my soul! and you are so restless within me”.

February 4th, 1840. Still doubtful, but hoping to shake off my secret sorrow, I went to Klemzig today. Bertha was busy with her laundry and seemed to avoid me more than look for me, so that I had to sit alone most of the afternoon. When Bertha finally came in toward evening, oh how the distress in my heart increased! She didn't want to give me a kiss (231), she explained to me that she had little hope that we would still have each other, and if it weren't for the assurances of love and loyalty that I reminded her of, she would have already made up her mind, namely, to give me up. Almost displeased and yet also half doubting the seriousness of this declaration, even though she always claimed that she spoke from the heart, I remained more self-conscious than I would have expected of myself.

I told my father what had happened, namely that I had lost Bertha. At first he didn't want to believe it, but when I said her words he understood and said that the girl had already caused him so much grief, sighing deeply. But he added to console me that I shouldn't give up hope yet, that he still wanted to talk to her.

As Bertha [had] promised me, she stayed at home to please me and let Mathilde go in the evening: I told her what [her] father [had] said, which made such an impression that she changed from that moment on. We sat on her bed, and it was there that our love found itself again; She gave me a kiss that she would be mine again, on condition that I reconcile with Pastor Kavel. Even at the farewell she gave me a voluntary kiss, and even came to my corner, where we couldn't be noticed from the other room (232), to bring it to me.

How do I understand my bride? It soon seems to me as if the whole thing was a ploy by women to tease me and gloat, which she denies; I soon think, what I fear, that this is the real reason why Bertha's love had disappeared because she thought her father was averse to me. But how could her love disappear so completely, how could she spend the afternoon cheerful with her sister and scare me? How could she have made the decision, as she told me, to send me back all my presents? How could she believe her sister, who had been telling her for a long time that we wouldn't become a couple yet?

Oh Bertha! Bertha! what stumbling block will I fear this incident will be for the future? When should I consider your love to be entirely based on me? You said yourself that you didn't know what you had based it on until now.

I spoke to her father a bit later as we were leaving. He was happy that we had found each other again. He added that it would have reflected badly on her if she had abdicated me too.

(233) I have forgotten that Bertha told me that she was offended when I told her that I wanted to curse my potatoes, and in general she seemed to find fault with my Christianity.

February 5th, 1840. My students give me a lot of joy; at least they take it quickly when they come. Since the protector has had several alphabets printed, some of which Br. Teichelmann has stuck onto small sticks, I can represent almost any word and sound it out with the most advanced children. While I was in the Wirramejunna huts, the governor came by. rode up to us and asked me if we were making any progress? My answer was very slowly, as the natives were too lazy, to which he replied that he was afraid we wouldn't be able to do much with them. --

In the evening all three tribes, namely the Patpa, Wirra and Marimejunna, were together for the big game. While everyone's attention was focused on the latter, the treacherous Pultao tried to spear the young girl Midli batarti.

February 6th, 1840. This day was a real day of happiness and joy for me. For the first time today, Mullawirrabukka's (234) and a few other children come to school on their own, that is, without being fetched by me. Around midday, Br. Teichelmann brought me letters from the society, one for me and one for the community. They are dated August 30, 1839 and therefore contain answers to some inquiries which we made in our first letters,

as on the propriety of observing the worship of the English Church, on polygamy of the natives, on the retention of unleavened or use of leavened bread in the Lord's Supper.

References to our disunity, to the use of the native language in teaching, and other important teachings which reassure me on certain points, as well as the Society's fraternal concern for us, which emerges from the letter, [and] fills my heart with love and joy.

The letters had come on the ship "John", but several items mentioned have not yet arrived. Br. Teichelmann said he had received a very harsh letter, but he didn't want to let me read it yet.

In the afternoon I went to Klemzig again; My bride, who by the way wasn't expecting me today, came to meet me very friendly. Nevertheless, when I asked her what her heart was now, she answered that she was still undecided; She also said to her father, who had asked her what we had agreed to together, that she was surprised that I had become so happy on my last visit. I penetrated her more now, telling her not to be too sure of me; which is of no use as long as she persists in this opinion. She should not forget the unrest she was causing me and put herself in my shoes, what she would feel; if I acted like she did now.

(235) With the last words, tears came to her eyes and, taking my hand, she said: she no longer wanted to be responsible for my unrest, and if I forgive her and nothing special comes between them, then she would be mine again. Me: To that the Lord says Amen and that she is now doubly mine.

After we talked for a while, I went to Pastor Kavel to reconcile with him. At first we talked about more indifferent things, like receiving our letters and the like, but then I broke out and said that I had come to him with a specific intention, perhaps that he would guess it? He suggested two things: either I had come because of a boy for hire from the community or because of my engagement. As an introduction to the latter, my intention could be much more, namely to unite with him, since he knew as well as I did that hearts had been estranged from one another for some time. This had also been his wish for a long time, but he did not want to pursue it, but rather complained about the matter to the Lord. When I asked him to tell me what he wanted to have in his heart against me, he replied that he considered me a Lutheran and that he had nothing against me other than the fact that he believed that I had let myself go for some time, and although I did encounter great difficulties in my profession, I had perhaps not shown the necessary seriousness and zeal for commandment, of which he had to accuse himself of, by talking to us (236) about completely indifferent things instead of the affairs of the kingdom of God when he was with us.

When asked more closely, he based his opinion of me on the dispute between me and Br. Teichelmann, as well as on the fact that I never attend the service in Klemzig when I am there, neither in the evening nor in the morning. Partly, I replied, this had not happened because the evening hours were the only time and opportunity to talk to my busy bride, and also that I had felt rejected by him because he had told Brother Teichelmann that he wanted nothing to do with the mission and of course [had] thought that it was useless of me to carry water to the sea. His statement stems from a misunderstanding of Teichelmann's claim that he would not deviate from his instructions even a hair, which he would now not do after understanding our instructions and conversation with Br. Teichelmann.

In response to my objection that I had personally felt very hurt by the fact that he had told my bride not to get involved with me until a certain condition had been met, he replied that at the time he had neither understood the state laws nor the instructions precisely enough, and that he had made a mistake in transferring the rules of other missionary societies to ours. But even assuming that, according to my instructions, I should not have married without the prior consent of my company, I would still be the person to whom he should have turned first (237), and that he would have put me in a bad light by not doing so. He didn't say much in response, but said that I shouldn't have withdrawn from the service because of personal dislike. At one point it seemed to me as if he did not yet see my and Bertha's union as being in accordance with the divine will, but he limited himself to the opinion that Mr. Fiedler and his daughter could have avoided these incidents with greater caution and vigilance, but added that even Fiedler declared at the time that he no longer knew about me that it was God's will [that I] should have his daughter, as he did about Schlinken. --

We talked a lot about public confession without fully agreeing on it. In defense he argued that the Jews had confessed their sins before John the Baptist, and that the state of the community was such that everyone had fallen into church discipline. He had not started the matter without plenty of thought and some fruit, and I should tell him what he should have done under the circumstances as he described them. I not only told him my opinion, but also added that his procedure was dangerous, to which he replied that I should just let them have it, I'll see that it was and will be right and beneficial for them.

When I asked him whether he would trust me before news came from the company, should we wish it sooner, he first replied that I should give him an hour to think about it, but then, when I reminded him that he could do so with a clear conscience (238) if he gave me as much trust as one owes to an honest man, he found no objections, neither in the state laws nor in our instructions, so he could never be taken to task about it be blamed.

Finally, I asked him about the accusation made by a community leader who said that I had behaved in such a way that the community had to withdraw from us, whether he agreed with this assertion he had made? He denied this, saying he didn't know anything about it, he only heard afterwards that we drank wine and sang; He said I should go to the superintendent and confront him about it. I replied that this was his duty since he belonged to his community and had made the above-mentioned statement before him. At the end we prayed together and shared the kiss of brotherly love and unity. --

Krummenow, who went to the Murray with Engelhardt to look for a place for his settlement, was neither encouraged nor supported by Pastor Kavel, nor was he further advised against it; He should be prepared and instructed before he begins his profession; it was not exactly said whether he would then be ordained.

Mr. Fiedler says he thinks his marriage will last at most another quarter of a year. Bertha patted me on the shoulders, probably to remind me that she would get married if I wanted, but she wanted to have a mother again first to see how she would endow her. During the (239) evening we were alone again as Mr. Fiedler soon went to his bride. Of course we talked about the past and she asked me to forget it and not think about it anymore. As she was leaving she asked me to come back soon, and if possible on one of the afternoons when she was freest.

February 7th, 1840. This evening, while we, Brother Teichelmann and I, were at the various native camps, a faint reddish light suddenly appeared in the southern sky. As soon as one person noticed this, he told the others and immediately there arose a general noise and howling among all three tribes, as they took the light to be the harbinger of a plague that would take us all and which a sorcerer from the Northmen would bring about. We told them not to believe it, that such phenomena were common in our country, without the consequences they feared. Some agreed, others disagreed.

February 8th, 1840. Br. Teichelmann taught school today by doing the A B C and I did the Lautir class. The children's progress is very satisfactory given their circumstances.

Pastor Kavel spent the night at Kleinschmidt's last night. Why couldn't he come to me, especially since he left his horse with Captain Finniß? He didn't come today either, when (240) Kleinschmidt said that we could expect a visit from him.

Tonight I saw the native again who showed me, Kook and Meier the way and water beyond Mount Barker last year; he recognized me. By tribe or country he is a Karkaljabukka, his name is _____.

February 9th, 1840. In the evening Br. Teichelmann and I were with Preacher Stow, expecting that he would give a funeral oration to the late Williams, but this did not happen. On the way back we passed by the natives and were not a little surprised to see a dance performed by the Marimeyunna. While the women, huddled together in a tight circle, sang a monotonous but gentle-sounding song, the men, decorated with large white stripes, danced with an agility, grace and tact that astonished us. Nothing was heard of the wild, senseless roar of the local natives, but at most the sound of two Wirri slapping together to set the beat.

February 10th, 1840. Mr. Julius Fiedler met me this evening with the natives. During the short conversation we had together, he expressed his dissatisfaction with church affairs and his intention to go back. Natives of the Murray were amazed and delighted when I addressed them in the Encounter Bay language, which they understood.

(241) **February 11th, 1840.** My Bertha, who I visited today, received me very friendly. Unable to completely put aside the memory of what had happened, I appeared less cheerful than usual, which is why Bertha asked me what was wrong

with me or why I looked so sad. When I replied that I was fine, she came and snuggled up to me lovingly: she made the evening meal as early as possible in order to make our evening that much longer. After tea, when we were able to spend a moment alone again, she laid my head on her bosom, lamented that she had had to miss me for so long and praised our lot as a wonderful one, so that I too could not refrain from saying that her regained love made me happy. I was talking about engagement; She said that it was unnecessary for her sake, that nothing should separate her from me, that something completely extraordinary would have to happen. Bertha had accused Mr. Fiedler of his slander, and he had denied it and also made it clear that he would confront Bauer harshly about it.

Since Mr. August Fiedler, who has the matter in his face, stayed at home during the evening, Bertha and I visited there.

Mr. Howe, who recently drove a herd of cattle here from New South Wales (242), told me that the natives were indeed treacherous and that one had to be careful with them, but that the drovers also lived terribly among them; Not only had they found a lot of skulls, but the last ones, namely Finissen's traveling party, themselves admitted that at one point no fewer than 8 men of them had been shot. He praised New South Wales as being much better than South Australia.

February 14th, 1840. In the evening Mr. Kook came to me unexpectedly; There is a rumor that Mr. Harrock's shepherd was killed by natives.

February 15th, 1840. A native was arrested because he had behaved improperly, namely trying to break down the door of a house. The excitement which the news of this caused among all the natives was extraordinary. This gave me a good opportunity to introduce them to the evil of begging.

Mr. Fiedler came to me to go with him to C. Calton, who had demanded his money or the horse, contrary to an earlier agreement. Since Calton wasn't at home, we went to Rowlands, who had ordered Fiedler.

(243) He was in a bad mood and was not inclined to advance any money to Mr. Fiedler, since he already owed him both for himself and for the community. He wasn't told anything when he bought the horse, but now he should help us; C. Calton also told him that Pastor Kavel had scolded him passionately and terribly; Calton also complained that Fiedler never delivered him a full weight of hay. If such information was extremely unpleasant to me, it was doubly so when Calton, whom we now visited and met, answered when I asked if he had a moment to talk to Mr. Fiedler, saying that he did have time, but after what had happened, he was not inclined to talk much more. He complained that Pastor Kavel had become very angry and had treated him in a way that was completely unbecoming of a Christian preacher. He suffered at least £10 worth of damage to the hay supplied by Fiedler, the last hay was bad and so on.

Finally we agreed that Calton and Fiedler would share the damage, the former would give the latter a receipt for the sum paid so far and another 6 months' notice for the rest. All of this was supposed to happen next Tuesday, when he invited us to lunch. Mr. Fiedler brought me the Klemzig church regulations without mentioning anything in particular.

(244) February 16th, 1840. At the morning service, at Teichelmann's request and desire, I read out the Klemzig church regulations; But no one wanted to give their opinion on it yet. Before the service, several natives came to us, promising to hear Jehovah's word. I quickly told them about man's creation and fall and concluded with the 10 Commandments. In the evening, Teichelmann, Kook and I listened to Missionary Williams' funeral sermon, given by Stow.

February 18th, 1840. With Mr. Fiedler today [went] to Mr. C. Calton, and later [went] to Klemzig. On the way he asked me whether I had read the Klemzig church regulations and what I thought of them? When I replied that, although I agreed with the whole thing, I could not approve of some points, he seemed hurt and said that the agreement was still not there. I later asked him to get married, but he found it unnecessary because, even if it was church law, three days before the wedding was still time enough; and if I intended to use this to protect myself from incidents like one that happened, he wouldn't allow it at all.

Bertha avoided me in a very conspicuous way, because after supper she talked to girls from the village instead of me. I told her that I was so worried about her, always remembering that, as Fiedler told me, she [had] said that she had not found what she [had] been looking for in me. But she **(245)** didn't show anything, but gave me a kiss when I said goodbye.

February 20th, 1840. I went to Hahndorf with Mr. Kook, partly to rent a boy and partly to talk to Pastor Kavel about my marriage relationship. He wasn't in Hahndorf yet when we arrived, but only arrived in the evening. That same evening we talked about the church order, and although he defended the points I disputed, for example the handing over of a sinner to Satan, etc., we still agreed that he wanted to go through the whole thing again and then go through it with us, Teichelmann and me. Regarding my marriage relationship, he said that I could not blame him if he was not as firmly convinced as I was of the will of God, nor of the fact that the recent disturbance in our love came from Satan; but I could rely on him to be on my side, and at least he had no direct influence in the recent incident, and he never considered it to be God's will as much as he did now; When I asked him to do what he could on his side, he promised to send a message regarding me to Fiedler and his daughter.

February 21st, 1840. I stayed in Hahndorf, hired the boy **(246)** Gottfried Pfeifer, with a monthly salary of 25 s., and attended the prayer hour in the evening, where letters from Germany were read out and prayers were said for the church there. Princess Reuss wrote that she didn't like Wermelskirch and that he wasn't allowed to preach in Saxony either, and although I contradicted that, Pastor Kavel said in his prayer as if the Princess was right. In general, it seemed to me as if a separatist view

of the Lutheran Church outside of Prussia prevailed both with Pastor Kavel and with his congregation [exist].

February 22nd, 1840. After I had experienced a day and two nights in the most Christian and fraternal way with Pastor Kavel, I made my way back. During this time I decided to visit my Bertha in order to get over the somewhat unpleasant impression of my last visit and to recover from the arduous 4 1/2 [hours] journey. But I was terribly deceived or disappointed! --

Bertha told me that she was back to her old position, that God's will was not at all clear to her, that she had no spark of hope for our connection, that she could not separate from the community, and so on; all in a tone that destroyed me. I reminded her of my penultimate visit and the assurances she had made, and she was obviously afraid, which she didn't deny, but unfortunately she added that she had felt something uncertain the entire time we were together. When Mr. Fiedler came in soon afterwards, we talked about the matter together and I explained that I would never give up my hope, that hope would not lead to shame and the like. But stayed (247) Bertha making her statement. As she went out, tears fell from my eyes, driven even more by Fiedler's announcement that Bertha, when he had reproached her for her inconstancy and recklessness, said that her love had grown cold; And, Fiedler added, I don't want to force them, but I think it's reckless. The best thing, and what left me with a faint glimmer of hope, was that Bertha said she couldn't make up her mind in one afternoon. As I wanted to leave, Mr. Fiedler offered me money, which hurt me terribly because I couldn't help but think that they would put up with me in the Fiedler house and then not care about me any further, even though Fiedler didn't want to think about it. I cannot say, rather I cannot describe, the pain I felt and how many tears I shed on the way back and later at home. Br. Teichelmann, who stayed with me that evening, witnessed the violent outburst of my mental anguish, felt sorry for me and tried to comfort me. But nothing wanted to happen, I wanted to hear nothing but the hope that Bertha could still become mine. And what temptations assaulted me! -- I began to doubt divine providence and man's faithfulness, I was frightened and trembling about the future that I would have to live under such doubts and, moreover, in a holy office. I felt forgotten and abandoned by God and people, a burden to myself.

(248) **February 23rd, 1840.** I slept fitfully and with many interruptions, during which the dear name Bertha was always on the tip of my tongue, but only to frighten me. In the morning the violent excitement was no longer there, but instead there was great, anxious, vague anxiety; I had little devotion during the service, and when I returned to my lonely house at the end of the service, I was once again seized with such intense pain that I took up the pen to pour it out in a letter to Bertha, which was done in a good hour. In this situation I prayed, if not hard, at least fervently, only for the possession of Bertha and without consolation for my soul. Towards the evening my messenger brought me back a few lines from Bertha, so full of politeness that they could not alleviate my pain. My conversation with Br. Teichelmann was such that he warned me against sinful statements.

February 24th, 1840. Today I was supposed to go back to work and go to school; but where was the lust and love that I used to feel? --

I took the crucifix that the people of Hahndorf had given me, walked around with it in the various huts and talked to the natives about Christ, whereby they were very attentive and my tears streamed down. During the day I immersed myself in my grief again, and in the evening, after Mr. Bauer and Brother Teichelmann (249) had left, I wrote to Pastor Kavel to lighten my burdened heart and ask him to do what he could for me in order to avert my great loss.

February 26th, 1840. After I had been waiting eagerly for a letter from Bertha, I finally could no longer resist visiting her. Since yesterday evening I had felt a joyful hope that I would not lose her, and this accompanied me all the way to Klemzig. Unfortunately I only found Mathilden at home and Bertha busy with the laundry, but she came in, drank coffee with me and stayed longer than I had hoped. The father had gone to New Silesia, so we had a good opportunity to talk undisturbed. She maintained that she had not yet recognized God's will, nor did she feel any love, but her behavior was friendly and overall such that it gave me hope for anything. Her main complaint about my letter was that at the end I asked her to ask for my death, but she didn't want us to destroy it. She had written me a letter on Monday asking for 14 days to think about it, but she didn't want to show it to me. (250) I couldn't get her to kiss me or say "Du", but I think she would have sat on my lap if she had had the time and not been embarrassed.

By the way, we spoke to each other very seriously and in a Christian way, and agreed to pray very diligently that, if it was God's will, he would give her this conviction and give her the old love. The past, Bertha said, was like a dream to her. My news that Pastor Kavel said that he had never considered our relationship to be God's will more than now, that he wanted to write to Fiedler about me and that we were both reunited in a brotherly manner, seemed to have contributed not a little to this turn of events, which was almost unexpected to me. When Bertha asked why God had brought about this disturbance, I answered my heart's conviction in order to draw us, especially myself, back to himself and unite with my fellow believers. It seemed to me that she approved of this.

I spent a large part of the afternoon with Fritz Kavel. As I was walking through the house, I unexpectedly saw Bertha again. I showed her the poem: "Männertreu", which she found quite nice, but wanted to keep for another time. It didn't happen that I wrote something on the paper to her, and so it stayed there. We parted amicably, but not as lovers; it hurt;

You alone, faithful God and Father! You will certainly change the situation soon, I hope so to you. Do it soon. Amen.

(251) **February 29th, 1840.** Bertha, through her sister Mathilde, sent me some stockings and nine pounds of money from her father instead of bringing it herself.

March 1st, 1840. Sunday. Driven by restlessness, I went back to Klemzig. Bertha offered me a cup of coffee while Julius Fiedler and Ferdinand Kavel were there, but then walked away so that I couldn't say a word to her. I spoke to Mathilden several times and asked her what first and actually motivated Bertha to turn away from me? She didn't want to say it; Bertha also said that she couldn't tell me, she would rather write it to me; Therefore I asked Mathilde to let me know by letter as soon as possible. Mr. Fiedler, whom I spoke to shortly before leaving, said that he couldn't do anything about the matter; he advised me to write to her every now and then and, by the way, to entrust the matter to God. My suffering is very close to him, he even said that some people wouldn't blame him very much if he held a grudge against the girl; I told him not to do that, to which he replied that he was also praying against it.

Oh God, everything is possible for you, show that here!

(252) March 2nd, 1840. This was a day of great darkness, fear and sadness; I wanted to renounce Bertha and give myself entirely to the Lord, but the memory was too strong, the pain too great.

March 3rd, 1840. As I stood up, the words came to my mind with unusual vividness: "All things are possible to him who believes." While I was still thinking about this, I received a very comforting and hopeful letter from Pastor Kavel.

Early in the morning the Pitta, who were joined by other tribes, had a game called Kuruanko, which consisted of snatching a handful of ostrich feathers from someone's hand. Eventually the game became so serious that 4-5 spears were thrown by both sides.

In the evening with Br. Teichelmann at Preacher Stow's, who told us that he had learned that some of our brothers were on their way here. Maybe sent by Gosner?

March 4th, 1840. I wrote to Bertha that I had received a letter from Pastor Kavel and probably information about the actual reason for her resignation, accompanied by the effect it had on me and other thoughts. I received a small note from Bertha in response that she was surprised that it was so difficult for me to pray: Lord, your will be done! with the request that from now on you leave her completely alone; as she still needs some time to fully make up her mind about her decision. I had a sad, very anxious evening. Br. Teichelmann and I prayed together, but not about my matter.

(253) March 6th, 1840. This morning the natives had a quarrel, which in the evening became such a violent argument that I feared it would not go away without serious consequences. The reason for this was that a Wirrameju, named Yurinna, had abused Ngauwaitpinna's wife, which the latter wanted to avenge on the former. He would hardly have escaped with his life if his compatriots had not strongly protected him; During the argument, Kadlaitpinna tried to kidnap Yurinna's wife, apparently in retaliation for his crime, but she was stolen away from him by another. Towards the end of the argument, the Yurinna of Ngauwaitpinna voluntarily gave himself a severe

blow on the head with the ring-tailed lemur; for what reason? Since the Wirramejunna were believed to be famous magicians (Nurallarrulla), it was generally believed that Yurinna and his friends would enchant the waters of the river, so much excitement arose.

The Marimeyunna, on the other hand, are believed to be the bringers of rain and hail.

March 7th, 1840. Today I had the horrifying experience that Mullawirraburka's youngest wife, Kauwadla, gave birth to a child on (254) February 21st, while I was in Hahndorf, and immediately murdered it. I immediately went to the natives and reproached them for the shamefulness of such murder, but some laughed, others were angry, still others, like Kadlitpinna, said that it was an old custom among them to kill newborn children when they were small and weak, and denied the wickedness of such an act; Kadlitpinna was even so stubborn that when I told them that Jehovah would cast such murderers into hell, he said that it didn't matter, that God would always roast him in hell. Kanwadlawaringa immediately used our teaching about the human soul by trying to refute me by saying that the soul has no body and therefore no feeling. The obsessiveness of the natives is horrifying beyond all imagination when one considers that most mothers confess without concealment [secret] and with the most unnatural impudence and audacity that they have killed one or more of their children. When asked why, they answer, confidently justifying themselves by saying that the previous child was still young and so they could hike better. Some, however, try to deny it and pretend, as in the case above, that the child was dead or rotten, or died at birth, and so on.

God have mercy on these lost people. Amen.

(255) **March 8th, 1840.** Sunday. Today the five of us enjoyed Holy Communion again, where I found much edification and comfort in my great sorrow.

In the evening, Br. Teichelmann and I went together to the various native camps and talked to them about God and his works, as well as about the future fate of good and bad people. In some, their belief in the transmigration of souls hindered us, but others believed in us and were attentive. I tried this morning to gather the natives to hear Christian truths, but only a few came, and even their attention was difficult to hold; but they have promised to meet every Sunday from now on. The language is still a big obstacle, but a start must finally be made, albeit very weakly, and as long as Christian teaching is history, this and that can be presented to them in an understandable way.

Oh Jesus!

You who sent us here wanted to be our mouth and tongues, strength and wisdom, for the proclamation of Your glorious Gospel.

March 9th, 1840. The grief of my heart over the loss of my dear Bertha had been oppressive throughout the previous week and was so great that I was incapable of

(256) my many and necessary tasks. Last night I dreamed that my bride had written me a letter in which the words appeared: "My heart is faithful, faithful, faithful." This dream, as if inspired by the hope that Pastor Kavel would have spoken to Bertha, led me to go to Klemzig. But since Pastor Kavel had only come from Hahndorf on Saturday, he hadn't found time to talk to my bride yet, and he was so busy writing letters today that he couldn't talk to me much. He also said that he was now very afraid of talking about such things, especially since he couldn't say anything now because he hadn't spoken to Bertha and so didn't know whether she was doing the right or wrong thing by stepping away. He didn't find out Bertha's pretextual reason from her, but from Weimann.

Bertha is and remains a mystery to me; If I have observed correctly, she is without worry and sorrow and without love, as she herself says. She asked me not to say "you" anymore, she has no pity for me, feels nothing of my suffering and maintains that she doesn't have a shred of hope; that I make my suffering difficult and so on. If I present the matter to her from the Christian side, she accuses herself of the lack of previous (257) examination, instead of her current haste, and says that man should have his free will and the like.

O God, why did you let me end up in this great, unchangeable misery? Now comfort me, strengthen me again, and fill my heart completely with your love if I cannot and should not attain that of my bride, so that I do not languish in longing loneliness. --

Since the boy I had hired from Hahndorf didn't show up, I turned to Engelhardt and Weimann said in his presence last Sunday that it would be useful if he went with me and he didn't say anything against it. But today he said he had no inclination to do that. So my co-religionists all leave me, all of them.

*Therefore stay, Lord Jesus!
my shepherd and my refuge, and be with me in my solitude. --*

Bertha denies that she was thinking about something else, even though it might seem that way today. as if Mr. Julius Fiedler had your favor, but perhaps that's not the case.

March 12th, 1840. Moorhouse had been with the governor today, who said that if I needed food for the natives in Encounter Bay in the future, I would just like to write an official letter to Moorhouse and then they should be given to me.

Dir, o Herr!, sei Dank für alle Gnade.

(258) **March 18th, 1840.** Assuming that Pastor Kavel would have spoken to my bride, I went back to Klemzig. Bertha told me in general terms what he [had] said to her, and I learned from Pastor Kavel that the reason for Bertha's resignation, according to her own statement, was that she had never had the slightest edification for me, that I seemed to be proud of her by resenting her for calling herself "Du" with other girls in the village, and that the memory of the Schlinke affair also worried her.

She hadn't forgotten to add that I once refused to go to mission class with her; She had thought that if she was to love me again, she felt that clearly, then God would have to work love in her heart again; that she had made promises to me which she could not take back without sin, she would realize that of two evils one must choose the least harmful. His, Pastor Kavel's, opinion that he expressed against her was pretty much the same, although he also told her that she might regret it. I mentioned the sanctity of promises in such cases, but he referred to their new betrothal law and pointed my scripture to the already blessed marital status. Pastor Kavel tried to console me by saying that it must be a torment for me to have a loveless, melancholic wife (259) for my life; although he himself said that he did not see that our wedding was God's will and that it should have come.

After we had prayed together, he went with me to Kappler, whose son Gottfried I was renting; From there we went to Fiedler's house, but since it was getting dark and my letters and other work to Europe were pressing me, I had to go home, and what's more, without being able to say goodbye to Bertha, who was currently absent. My heart was very sad and could hardly find any support;

Oh, how severely you have chastised me, my dear God; How much did you give me and did you take away from me?

March 23rd, 1840. Partly to find out Bertha's current state of mind, and partly to pay a visit to Miss Pennyfeather, who had arrived last Friday, I went to Klemzig again. Since I could speak little to my bride, I soon went to the latter, whom I found very depressed and discouraged because Pastor Kavel had left her the very next day and she had not found the preparations and comfort that she had expected. I tried to raise her up as I could, but I felt the same way as she did and was even sadder. She praised my bride, especially her Christian seriousness, and she was even more pleased with her company because she understood quite a bit of English. When I returned, I didn't speak to Bertha for very long, but I told her that she must have misunderstood me if she had attributed pride to me, (260) which is why she asked for an apology. She repeated that God must awaken her love again, and said again that her privilege was that she had not thought everything through properly from the start. Mr. Fiedler repeated what he had already said once, that he hoped the matter would be resolved, and Bertha dismissed me with the words that if our union was God's will, then he would grant her the inclination again; so I went with some hope.

Mr. Moorhouse, who came back from Encounter Bay on the previous Sunday, told me that my house was far from finished, and that there was as little chance of it being finished any time soon, as there were many natives in the bay.

The natives, who received news that one of the Northmen had been shot, mourned their countryman in the usual manner; Soon afterwards, however, the news came that he had been transformed into a horsetail tree, so they stopped complaining.

Oh, how great the gullibility and superstition of this people is.

The school is thriving, if not as expected, but pretty much under the circumstances.

Grant, O my Lord and God, that it may become the reason for much praise and thanks in the future.

Mr. Captain Gray, who had already been to Br. Teichelmann once, visited the school today and then also me.

(261) I showed him the copy of our collection of words made for Mr. Angas, about which he commented very favorably; he said it was a pity that we hadn't had it printed already and encouraged us to do so now.

With the ship "Katherine Stewart Forbes" I wrote a several-sheet report to the company, with the following content:

firstly, in response to the last letter from the Society, about our dispute, about the Anglican worship, polygamy of the natives, money matters, purchase of land, settlement in the interior;
secondly as a report on the general condition of black people, circumcision, bloodletting, infanticide, church services and school, financial matters for my siblings. P. S. Land granted to the natives; Captain Gray and our intention to now print our collection of words that I wrote to Angas, earthquake.

I also sent letters to Mr. Angas, my brother Friedrich, Pastor Voß, and J. M. Heyn.

March 30th, 1840. A small earthquake was felt today; the natives said the earth was begging for graves, which was why many whites and blacks would soon die. A black man from the north had descended into the earth and had now caused it to tremble.

April 1st, 1840. Somewhat encouraged by the hope that Bertha gave me during my last visit, I went to see her again today. I found her alone with her sister Mathilde and, after the latter had gone away, I spoke to her a lot. She was very strange at first and then persistently convinced that I should and should not hope for anything, and when I reminded her that she had given me some hope the last time, she said that it was a weakness of hers that she was like that. She admitted that her father's idea was the reason why our careless behavior had weighed heavily on her (262), because even though she had had similar thoughts before, she had never considered it so seriously before. To justify her behavior before God, she cited the words of Christ: "Whoever loves father or mother... man or woman more than me, he is not worthy of me"; which I interpreted or applied to her differently than she did. She said again that nothing good would have come of it if we had continued our activities like this. Bertha did not deny me her pity for my pain and my vain hopes.

April 4th, 1840. Late in the evening Captain Gray visited us, who left us some of his papers and encouraged us again to print our collection of words so that other ignorant people would not get ahead of us; he certainly knows that others intend to have them printed. We accompanied him home and spoke many things concerning the natives.

April 6th, 1840. We visited Captain Gray and brought him our letters, then went to the printer to talk to him about the plan for publishing our collection of words and printing costs. In order to make a translation, I retrieved my manuscript from Gray. In the evening we went with him to Mr. Stevenson, who invited us to breakfast the following morning in order to give us his opinion about our work. Stevenson spoke very openly to Moorhouse about the power and responsibility of a native protector.

April 7th, 1840. Mr. Stevenson gave a very favorable opinion (263) of our collection of words and the advice that they should be published immediately by subscription. As a result, we went from him to the governor to get his signature first, but he had just left for Port Lincoln the day before, so we have to wait another 4 weeks until he returns to issue it. Br. Teichelmann and I began to compare our collection of words and prepare them for printing. Mr. Hall kept my copy intended for Angas for review. Mr. Captain Gray, to whom I informed our decision, was very pleased.

I was an interpreter at the interrogation of a young man from the Northmen who was accused of taking part in the intended murder of Mr. Harrock's shepherd.

April 9th, 1840. I found my Bertha at Miss Pennyfeather's today. She was embarrassed when I entered and continued to say that our reunification was impossible. Miss Pennyfeather told me while Bertha was ordering coffee that the latter had written me a letter on Monday, but that it didn't reach me at home. I then asked her how she saw it that her letter had not reached me, and whether it was not a hint from the Lord? so she said she didn't know. Miss Pennyfeather believes that she has not yet lost (264) all affection for me and encouraged me not to give up hope. According to Bertha's statement, I am not pious enough and she is afraid of being separated from her family and from Pastor Kavel's pastoral care. Miss Pennyfeather said that Bertha had a desire to talk to Pastor Kavel and invited me to Sunday to find out what advice Pastor Kavel had given Bertha and what she herself had said to him since she promised to do this.

In the evening I could only say goodbye to Bertha in passing, as she had just come out of the cowshed when I left and apologized with her dirty hands.

April 11th, 1840. During the interrogation of a native before the magistrate, I was an interpreter and had to swear that I would carry out this office conscientiously - my first judicial oath in my life.

April 12th, 1840. Sunday. Today I held the lesson with Br. Teichelmann, in which only Dr. Drescher was present. In Klemzig I was late for confirmation, which is why I had to spend two long hours alone. Bertha acted very strange to me when she came out of church. Pastor Kavel had an English service right after the German service, in which he read out his sermon by John Newton. After lunch had been eaten, the children's lesson, which I attended, began again. So there was little time left for me to talk to Pastor Kavel, and since he (265) didn't seem inclined to answer my questions, but said that he first had to talk to Bertha to find out whether the obstacle

had been lifted, and that I myself knew well in which case he would tell her that she should stick to her promise, so I left here too, empty and desolate.

As I was about to leave, Miss Pennyfeather offered to accompany me part of the way and as we walked through the village she told me that she had invited Bertha to the afternoon, but that she had not come, because of me, as she believed. She went with me to Fiedler's house and, without my knowledge, asked Bertha to accompany us; She seemed reluctant, but finally gave in. As soon as we were out of the village I asked if the ladies would like to take my arm, whereupon Miss Pennyfeather immediately took my right arm. So I offered Bertha the left one, but she turned it down and only took it when Miss Pennyfeather said to her that that was unkind, but that we could at least love each other as Christians. I asked her again if it wasn't possible to give me her heart again and forgive me completely? She should remember our old love and our mutual assurances that we would make each other happy, and she should show mercy to me.

(266) But she repeated that she could no longer love, and I would have received a letter from her yesterday if only she had had someone who would have told me her complete decision. I then said that her conscience was troubled by her previous association, which made me feel very sorry for her, and did she think that I had not previously discussed this matter with her from the outside as I should have? Unfortunately that didn't happen, was her answer. Bertha said she wasn't wrong in taking back her promise to me, but she was wrong in giving me her promise.

As she left she said I must receive her letter, whatever way it took. I asked her, for God's sake, not to do it, not to destroy me without mercy. --

She did not answer me, but she had already told me that my condition did not arouse any pity in her heart. Bertha said that if she knew that her plan was displeasing to God, she would not carry it out.

Oh, how struck [I] am, so deeply grieved, how heavy is the hand of God upon me.

Weeping and sighing, hoping and despairing, sometimes contemplating, sometimes thoughtless, I went home.

I had often made the walk, often feeling sad and lonely, but this time I felt as if humanity had cast me out of its species and God's grace and long-suffering toward me, a sinner, had come to an end.

(267) **April 13th, 1840.** Today my boy, Johann Gottfried Kappler, came to me; I was afraid he would bring Bertha's farewell letter, but that wasn't the case. Br. Teichelmann, who seemed to have some pity for me, had gone to Klemzig in the evening without my knowledge.

April 14th, 1840. Towards the morning, when I was busy writing a complicated, quiet letter to my dear bride, Br. Teichelmann comes to me and says that he found out yesterday in Klemzig that in my suffering I don't trust in God, but in people, and thereby beat myself. I asked, how so? He said that Mr. Fiedler had told him that I had commissioned Miss Pennyfeather to influence Bertha, which both the latter and he himself took great offense to me. Miss Pennyfeather had said this to Bertha herself, and because she knew it beforehand, she deliberately didn't come on Sunday afternoon.

The pain that this news brought out in me, and the way in which Br. Teichelmann communicated it to me only increased it, was boundless. This also had to be added, such misunderstanding, such misrecognition and what kind of inexorable evil fate, be it from God, be it from men, be it from the devil, what evil star is pursuing me?

(268) By the way, Br. Teichelmann said that based on the impression he got from both Pastor Kavel and Mr. Fiedler, I could only give up all hope, but he didn't want to take away my hope in God. Pastor Kavel would have said that he couldn't advise Bertha to say yes if she didn't love me, as did Mr. Fiedler, who said he had nothing against me, but I shouldn't have left the lessons unattended. His opinion was that by storming Bertha I had only made Bertha more estranged from me.

Oh, what an abandoned, helpless person I am, there is no one to give me a hand, to advise me, to comfort me, to carry me with me.

O my God and Lord, be my rock and my stronghold and do not forsake your weak, beaten child.

I read to Br. Teichelmann what I had written to Bertha and since he disapproved of it, I tore it up and put it in the fire. Then I wrote another letter to Bertha, explaining what Mr. Fiedler had called an order to Miss Pennyfeather to influence Bertha. I sent this letter through my boy, to whom Bertha said that she would give him a letter to me when she had time to write; but he brought none.

(269) **April 15th, 1840.** This evening I met Mr. Fiedler at Kleinschmidt's and asked him to come out with me. He told me that Bertha had told him that I had written and that she had wanted to show him the letter the previous evening, but had not done so for lack of opportunity. He said that Miss Pennyfeather had persuaded Bertha a lot, but after I told him the whole thing, he said that it was short-sightedness on her part. He hoped that the whole incident between me and Bertha would be resolved. Bertha won't speak to Pastor Kavel until tomorrow. Since Kavel came soon afterwards, I went with him to the prayer hour and, at his last request, said a prayer.

April 17th, 1840. Good Friday. My boy, who had been to Klemzig yesterday, where he enjoyed Holy Communion for the first time, returned this evening. Bertha had given him my umbrella, which I had given to Pastor Kavel on Wednesday, but had not mentioned anything in my letter. In the morning I had gathered around 30

natives in my neighbor's house with whom I held church services. In the evening I was with the Eastern men with Br. Teichelmann. My heart, praise God, is gradually becoming calmer and aware that it is in his hands, just like Bertha's.

You, Lord, guide them both according to your will and good pleasure.

(270) April 19th, 1840. Easter. Service again in the morning, like on Holy Friday.

April 25th, 1840. I don't go to Klemzig the whole week, partly to give Bertha peace, partly because I worked diligently with Br. Teichelmann, and partly so as not to increase my own restlessness. My state of mind was still very sad, but I could still hope by looking to the Lord and take some comfort in him. In addition, I didn't receive a letter all week, which seemed to me to be a good sign.

April 26th, 1840. Since no one came to us except Bauer, we first thought of the natives and then of our own worship. In the afternoon Teichelmann was in Klemzig, but brought me nothing new other than that Miss Pennyfeather had been accepted into the Klemzig community.

April 27th, 1840. This morning Miss Pennyfeather was at Teichelmann's and gave him a letter from Pastor Kavel to us and mine to her to read. The former contained the announcement that Pastor Kavel's marriage would not take place tomorrow because, out of unrest in his conscience over the reception **(271)** of Miss Pennyfeather last Sunday evening, which had not taken place according to his intended rigor and completeness, he demanded an eight-day delay from her and she then declared that she understood that it was not God's will that they should marry each other.

Br. Teichelmann and I went to Klemzig that same evening and found Pastor Kavel in the saddest situation and Miss Pennyfeather, who only returned from town after our arrival, almost desolate. We talked a lot about the matter, in which I tried to convince Pastor Kavel in particular that he himself should know best and alone the conscience with which he first promised marriage to Miss Pennyfeather, but that it was now his duty to keep his promise, regardless of her faith. At last we prayed together and left Miss Pennyfeather very sad.

Pastor Kavel went with us to Fiedlers to ask Bertha to spend the night with his bride. She was already in her bedroom and had to get something from the first large room, so she went around to avoid me, who was in the other room with others. So I saw her and she saw me, without even wishing us **(272)** a good evening. Oh what pain, how different she was a few weeks ago.

April 28th, 1840. Around 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening, when Br. Teichelmann was about to go to Preacher Stow, my bride met him in the parkland. Bertha had promised Br. Teichelmann that she would search her heart again to find out what was the reason for her feeling against me and to ask God to show her what she should do. She had already been with him at 12 o'clock, but had not met him at home because he

was working for me, and she had not wanted to come to me, regardless of the urgent business she had for Br. Teichelmann, namely a letter to him from Pastor Kavel, who invited us to attend the wedding that evening. Br. Teichelmann had talked a lot with my bride, but she remained the same and thought that the Lord had greater sins to forgive her than the fact that she had given me her vow and taken it back.

Teichelmann was amazed at the equanimity that Bertha displayed and thought that she had a good standpoint, namely that of piety and fear of God. --

In the evening we went to Mr. Fiedler's before we went to the pastor and, along with the others, I also shook hands with Bertha. Pastor Kavel and his bride had agreed that if Brother Teichelmann could marry them today, they wanted to see their union as God's (273) will; if not, they wanted to go back to London. The wedding took place between 11 and 12 in the evening in front of the entire community. Bertha was a bridesmaid and as such was beautifully decorated; When I placed the wreath on Miss Pennyfeather's head, I held the light for her, but she didn't even look at me, let alone say a word, except after the wedding, when Mrs. Pastor Kavel asked me to offer her cake and reproached me for neglecting her so much. She ate a piece of cake with me and also said a few things, in particular she told me that she wasn't completely calm yet, but hoped to be so soon. But then she left me, pretending that she was so distracted by her father's engagement, which was taking place at the very moment for which, as she said, she felt so strongly. Yesterday I said to Mr. Fiedler that I wished that Bertha would at least part from me in peace if the old relationship could not continue. Fiedler quickly said he wanted to introduce it to her; When I asked him today about Bertha, he said that she had said that she would very much like to part from me in peace and that she would not avoid me as a friend if I only wanted to keep quiet about the matter.

Everything was full of joy this evening, and a nameless feeling of pain and desolation followed me all the way to the bed; Bertha was standing in the door of the priest's apartment when I said goodnight to her.

(274) April 29th, 1840. I slept in the school teacher's bed with Mr. Hill. and although it was already 2 a.m. when I went to bed, I was already at Fiedlers at 7 a.m. in the morning. Bertha acted very strange to me until breakfast, when I helped her move the table away from the wall and she was a little friendlier. After breakfast I showed her a reflection from Hiller's Treasure Chest, which she read straight away but said little about it, except that she said that the consolation it contained would also come to us. As I left, I reminded her of the events of yesterday, which she said had made a deep impression on her, and asked her to see what Almighty God could do for us. She replied that she wanted to write to me, but that she could not speak out against me verbally.

May 1st, 1840. Today Mr. Meyer brought us a letter from the company with the important news that two brothers, namely Klose and Meyer, the latter married, are on their way here. I wrote this to Bertha so that if she was afraid of the loneliness in Encounter Bay, this might be an encouragement to her. She didn't send this letter back to me. My hope was weak in these days, but still alive, but my pain was very

great.

(275) May 2nd, 1840. Mr. Kook came to me, went to Klemzig the next Sunday morning and only returned on Tuesday evening.

May 5th, 1840. Around 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Fiedler's Julius came to me; When I saw him from a distance, I went to meet him with more joyful expectation, but how frightened I was when I saw the parasol in his hands, which I had previously given to Bertha. The farewell letter that accompanied the gifts made a devastating, but at the same time a renouncing impression on me, the latter because of the news that Bertha was Schlinke's bride again, and because of Bertha's harsh accusation that I was to blame for her unrest of conscience. by not making them aware of the consequences such a step, such as their separation from Schlinke, could have. In the evening I asked Mr. Kook what he had noticed in Mr. Fiedler's house on Sunday, because Mr. Meyer had already told me that Mr. Schlinke had been there; to which he replied that he hadn't noticed anything unusual. When I now accused him of doubting the authenticity of his friendship and told him which letter I had received from Bertha, he told me that not only had he seen Mr. Schlinke there, but that Bertha had served him coffee again in front of everyone, that he had been very well received there, and that when he entered from the small room into the large front **(276)** large room, he had seen Bertha and Schlinken alone together [have], and the latter caressed the first under the chin.

Taken together, all this should perhaps rightly evoke in me the judgment about Bertha that Br. Teichelmann and Mr. Kook pass on her, and in moments when the memory of the past is less vivid in me, I almost feel inclined to do so. But they don't know Bertha, don't know what means are used to steal her heart away from me, and are just as incapable of making herself pleasing to her old lover only by giving herself completely to him and destroying me. I cannot help but still respect them, humbly acknowledge God's just chastisement upon me, and, mourning my irreparable loss, blame those who never ceased to work upon it. The only thing I'm sorry about is that Bertha didn't tell me openly and freely from the outset that her unrest of conscience was driving her back to Schlinken, and that she placed the blame for her separation from him, at least in part, on me, so that we didn't part completely in love, and the memory has something ignoble, I could almost say, common for me.

Forgive me, all-knowing God! Whatever sin I may have committed in this relationship that has now been dissolved, help me to become sober again and be you always comfort and my peace and my only joy.

(277) May 7th, 1840. Today I sent my boy to Klemzig with my answer to Bertha's letter; She wasn't at home, but was in town and, as I learned from Mr. Meyer, had visited Schlinke.

May 11th, 1840. I sent Gottfried with Bertha's letters and a note asking for money to Mr. Fiedler in Klemzig; he brought back my letters to Bertha except for the last one, along with the lining of the dress which I had given Bertha, and a small letter from

Mr. Fiedler, in which he sent me £5 sterling and assured me that he felt the same pain with me, but that he could do nothing to satisfy my wishes.

May 14th, 1840. I called on His Excellency Mr. Moorhouse to receive his support for the publication of our dictionary. He was very friendly, extremely, it should give him great pleasure to promote anything of the kind, and he kept the copy of the grammar and the list of words; Hall, who had seen both before, said of the former that it was a very good development of language.

May 17th, 1840. Br. Teichelmann, Bauer and I enjoyed Holy Communion together, Kleinschmidt didn't want to because he was unprepared.

Mr. Meyer, who was in New Silesia last week, told me that Julius Fiedler had spoken very much to Bertha's detriment and said that he had almost imagined that I would lose her (278). When they came back, Bertha asked. what Mr. Julius Fiedler said, to which August replied: that he (Fiedler) had never seen such a girl as she was, and the father had added that neither had he. –

In the morning I was unable to persuade the natives to attend worship as they were busy dressing the ngultas, which consisted of giving them a blanket and a net bag. A significant number of them were together in the evening, but several were not very attentive.

May 20th, 1840. The Governor; Judge B. Bernard; the postmaster H. Mattes, Jell and Miss Gawler and Conway visited our school today. We sang Ngatunna pad-ne adlu, then Br. Teichelmann had the children answer some questions about creation, which I translated and then spelled, read and said the numbers. The governor and the other gentlemen expressed themselves very favorably about the rehearsals and the former wanted us to have the children spell the spelling on the next Monday, which was the queen's birthday. The governor had my manuscript of our collection of words returned to me and said that he wanted to take fifty copies. He said we shouldn't delay publishing and get the printers going.

(279) **May 21st, 1840.** I collected a few subscriptions during the day and in the evening went to Mr. Stevenson with Br. Teichelmann to ask him to include the advertisement in his newspaper along with the signatures and to mention the company in his main essay. He changed the ad to something but refused to mention it as requested.

May 23rd, 1840. Bertha got engaged this evening.

I wish you, my dear!, all the luck, may you find in your bridegroom what you missed in me.

May 24th, 1840. There were quite a number of natives gathered; I read the Ten Commandments to them and tried to make them briefly understandable; they were quite attentive. Mr Moorhouse was present for the first time.

May 25th, 1840. After we had been to the Feyer we went back to get the natives in order or in a row of two and two, which pretty much succeeded. Henry Calton was somewhat more active in this than we and Moorhouse wished. The natives went two by two, and as there were more than 300 souls, they formed a fairly long line. When we arrived in front of the government (280) building, the children sang the two verses that I had made; They would have sung better if they had stood closer together and if Br. Teichelmann had supported us more. Br. Teichelmann then asked the children several questions about the creation of the world and the first people and so on, which I translated into English. Then the children spelled and said the numbers, but the first one had a very difficult time because Br. Teichelmann had chosen the latest table, which was still completely new to the children. I then read the Ten Commandments to all the natives and then translated the governor's address. After the natives had listened to these two things attentively, they sat down at the table, ate beef, rusks and drank tea.

During this time I made the acquaintance of the Methodist preacher Egglestone; whom I had heard preach the Sunday before on Jonah 1:6. McDougall asked me for the Ten Commandments and the Governor's address, along with their translation, which I gave him after some hesitation. --

In the evening at the governor's I made several acquaintances (281) as the Drummonds, Nixons, Reynells, and so on.

After lunch, at which a few "health drinks" were drunk, the company went back to the ladies' rooms, where Miss Gawler, Mrs. Wyatt; Mr. Wyatt, Knott and others took turns performing musical pieces. Mr. McLaren spoke to us a lot and in a friendly manner. Pastor Kavel was present with his school.

May 26th, 1840. The newspaper criticized the rehearsal with the children.

May 27th, 1840. At Drescher; his wife asked me what kind of man Mr. Teichelmann was and whether he wasn't a bit conceited. That explains Drescher's absence on Sundays to me.

May 28th, 1840. Back at Descher, with Boots, who invited me to his place the next Thursday.

May 30th, 1840. Julius Fiedler visited me and told me that after the breakup with me, Bertha offered him her love, but the next time he came to Klemzig, [she] was in contact with Schlinke again. He spoke of her in a very un-Christian way, as he did of his father, of whom he told me that when he was in New Silesia soon after the break between Bertha and me, he not only told this incident to him (282) and his people, but also said that he himself saw that I was not a man for Bertha, that I was not at all what I was sent to South Australia for. How much of this is to be believed is difficult for me to decide.

May 31st, 1840. Sunday. Most of the natives have left since the 25th, so the number of our students last week was small, and so is the number of my listeners today. I read the Ten Commandments and told them the circumstances under which they were given. Since Br. Teichelmann was hoarse, I performed the service; I read a very instructive and edifying meditation from Porst on the temptations of Satan. Kleinschmidt reported for admission to the Klemzig community on Ascension Day, the 28th of this month.

June 1st, 1840. I went to Klemzig with Mr. Meyer to get money from Mr. Fiedler. Bertha, who was friendly to the point of being unseemly, told me that he had gone to see me with the pastor. Bertha invited me to settle down, but I went straight to Ms. Pastor, who told me that Mr. August Fiedler had written to his daughter in connection with Schlinke in Hahndorf, and that the latter's request to be summoned had already been rejected twice because he (Pastor Kavel) had to speak to me first, which is why he had just gone to me. Br. Teichelmann he-

[At this point the Adelaide portion of the diary ends abruptly and is not continued until September with the Port Lincoln portion.]

[It is currently (January 2026) unknown whether there will be any additional diary entries between June and September. The letters that Schürmann wrote to the Dresden Missionary Society at the time may provide more information on this.]