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No. 18

Port Lincoln, March 15th, 1841

Dear beloved Pastor and Brother in Jesus Christ!

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

Since my last letter (from the beginning of January), one or more natives have been with me almost constantly, so that I can now communicate with them about trivial matters. When only one or two were with me, I received them almost entirely and in return, I let them work on a quarter-acre of land that I fenced, dug up, and designated as a garden. Two men named Yutalta and Ngulgalta work well, although not consistently. Currently, four of them are present, but since I have nothing for them to do, I give them little except some rice and sugar, as provided by the government. They obtain their other food partly from other people and partly by hunting and fishing near the city. Several of the settlers are unhappy with the blacks coming into the city, and I myself consider it unwise in the long run, because they only beg and learn other bad habits there. However, I now have no other choice until the government assigns land to the natives and establishes a station in the interior, which I hope will happen soon, at least I have urgently recommended this in my letters to the protector. Given the small number of settlers and the consequent impossibility of obtaining food by begging, I flatter myself with the hope that the local natives will be more inclined to work here than in Adelaide. Moreover, the character of the natives here, just like in Adelaide at first, is timid, modest, and accommodating; but when the fear subsides, they become intrusive and boisterous. Oh, how much wisdom and gentle self-denial

is necessary to deal with these uncouth, uncivilized sons of the Father; therefore, do not relent in your fervent intercession, so that both of these may be granted to me in abundance.

On January 11th, I accompanied two natives, Getella and Mentalla, on a police expedition to Coffin Bay, the purpose of which was to capture the two men, Mengilti and Mitalta, the murderers of Franz Hawson. Although I was initially reluctant to participate in this venture, I eventually gave in to the idea that I would be very useful as an interpreter, and to my own desire to get to know the Coffin Bay tribe. On the first day, we encountered three young men who were fast asleep, who were not a little frightened at the sight of the small cavalry (our number amounted to 10 men, including the natives; with 7 horses). However, our native companions told us that these were not the culprits, and soon calmed the frightened people, who now joined our procession. The following day, we rode around the extensive bay and in the late afternoon encountered a large tribe of strong natives in Korlo, a small peninsula on the extreme northwest side of the bay, numbering around 30-40 people, including women and children. As soon as we came into view, one of our guides announced our presence with a loud, abrupt shout, and in an instant, all those who were sitting carelessly in two dense groups and seemed to be chatting confidently dispersed. By far the largest part fled, but half a dozen of the boldest men immediately grabbed their spears and rushed towards us. Seeing that we were not attacking them, they dropped their spears halfway and came towards us with outstretched arms and the fearful cry: *Ngai malpa makka, ngai makka* (I'm not the murderer, I'm not). This scene demonstrated both the courageous determination of these men and their knowledge of the murder and the purpose of our expedition. Both our own people and the natives claimed that the murderers, Mengelti and Mitalta, were hiding to the north, and since this statement seemed plausible and it seemed impossible to pursue the fugitives without shedding innocent blood, we rode back to the opposite side of the bay, where a large tribe of natives had been encountered during the previous expedition, which I did not attend. Some from the Korlo tribe.

accompanied us to our next night's camp, but returned the following day, not so much out of fear, but from exhaustion from the intense heat and heavy marching. We found no more natives on the following day,

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

Although these excuses were suitable to teach the natives that the wise do not allow themselves to be hurt unpunished, they still could not refrain from committing several petty thefts. I will mention one of these here because of the audacity with which it was carried out and the displeasure it caused among the settlers.

On February 15th, six natives came to Happy Valley, the northernmost border of the city, in the evening to a woman who lived there and asked for bread, but the woman went into the house and closed the door behind her. Then the woman saw them going to the neighbor's house, which was locked and no one was inside. One by one, they climbed through a window, filled their camp bags with potatoes in complete silence, and then ran away without daring to disturb them. The natives' strong inclination to steal small items is also evident from the following circumstance. I had been missing a table knife for some time and, after searching everywhere, I accused Yutalta, who had slept in my house for weeks, of taking it. But he denied it and claimed that another man named Yaltuwinni had taken it. When this young man came, I searched his belongings, but he did not have the knife. A few days later, I found the same knife in Yutalta's pockets, and I need hardly add that this combination of thievery, ingratitude, and cunning deeply hurt me.

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

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

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

Since the arrival of the Bretheren Meyer and Klose, I have not received any news from Dresden, except for a letter from the dear Brother Cordes from London dated July 10th, 1840, which I received the day before yesterday. He sends me a Malay grammar and writes that the Society has bought a house in Liliengasse, which I am very pleased about and pray to God that he may let the blessing rest doubly on this house, which seems to have partially faded from the Franckeschen Anstalt in Halle. Furthermore, I learn from Cordes' letter that you are of my opinion regarding the matters concerning my intended marriage and that you want to show me active participation. Oh, how I would have wished to thank you if it hadn't been for God's displeasure or the devil playing with me, for truly, I still don't know which of the two I should attribute the sad turn of events to. I cannot help but make some calm remarks here regarding the marriage of missionaries and the views of the committee members on this matter. That one denies the good Brother Klose his wishes in this regard seems to me, and I believe also to Brother Teichelmann, to be as unwise as it is harsh; the first, because a woman, like the widow Funke, could have been extremely useful at Adelaide Station, and the latter, because Brother Klose's age seems to deserve consideration. The Society says that it could only approve if its Missionaries brought a sister with them or chose one among the European immigrants. But indeed, these passages in the report, if they did not stem from a disdain for the colonial society, would be likely to alienate the Society from its missionaries. How is he supposed to bring a sister with him if acquaintance with the opposite sex is not permitted during the study years? How is he supposed to find one among the European women in the colony, where even honest disciples of Christ often cannot resist the temptations of wealth, and the Missionary has to struggle to make ends meet? Not to mention that he has no one else but her,

and I would find other confessions related to this, which, according to the judgment of our church fathers, are not even advisable in the heart of Germany, let alone in an English colony. I believe that a missionary who is married to a true Lutheran would be much more secure than one who is married to a member of another church or sect. You can learn from Kavel's and my examples how difficult it is to marry happily in the colony, how much trouble the former has had, and how much pain I have experienced. I don't think my poverty alone was my fault, but I know that Bertha's father is a self-interested man, and he is not driven by any noble motive. But enough of this. Please don't take offense at what I've said, but just see it as what I'm expressing, as far as I'm not personally involved, namely as my unauthoritative opinion. But I'll say it without hiding it: if I were where I was a year and a half ago, I would want to exercise the right that God has undeniably given every man; I would want to refrain from all hasty writings -- and throw overboard all talk about paternal power and paternal consent through a simple act. From the sentence in Brother Cordes' letter. "That he wants to get married as soon as everything is prepared for the journey to Encounter Bay," I conclude that you share my opinion and therefore don't condone Kavel's silly nonsense that the Missionary must first write to the Society after establishing his acquaintance, and then wait until he receives a response.

I'm very eager to receive news from Germany, particularly regarding my dispute with Kavel and my settlement in Port Lincoln. A few months ago, Kavel issued a request for us to set down our thoughts on church order and send them to him, which I believe Brother Meyer and the Adelaide Bretheren have done. However, I didn't feel inclined to do so, partly because the subject isn't close to my heart, but mainly because I have completely lost trust in Pastor Kavel and

his elders, and therefore he can't regard this measure as anything more than a trick to reinforce his mystical hierarchical nature, either through our consent or through formal separation from us. May God grant us only grace and the honest will to zealously pursue the office of reconciliation, then suitable arrangements for the management of our community will be found without much effort.

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

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

The subject that most motivated me to write to you this time is the ending, which I saved until the last moment; it's the ending of your dear letter from August 9th, 1839. The Brothers Klose and Meyer delivered it, and since I couldn't unpack it right away, it had to be overlooked when I finished my last letter to you. At that time of grief, I didn't shed many tears, otherwise it would mean a lot to you if I assured you that that passage moved me to tears. How, my dear friend, my beloved Brother, and esteemed father! How could you misunderstand Jonathan so much, and raise suspicions on such flimsy grounds, as if my heart had changed?

It's even more distant from my David than if I were to act unrecognizably against your loyal, tender, and, I would add, considerate brotherly love! –

I cannot hide from you the deep pain you have caused me, even though you had already revoked it earlier due to a later letter. I hope that my correspondence with you since then has dispelled any shadow of suspicion. -- Look, the words just won't flow anymore, not because of coldness, but because I find them meaningless for what I truly feel for you. If all joy leaves me, and I trust few people anymore, as I find out that few deserve it, then you would truly be the last one.

Because you then call yourself my David, let me say one last word of confidential friendship to you. How can I get out of the turmoil, struggles, and worries into which I have been treacherously thrust, and which all kinds of passions are making even more oppressive? In Port Lincoln, where I certainly moved for good reasons, but also partly to escape from discontent, there is no one to pray with me, encourage me, or comfort me. Sometimes I think I need to lower my flight, because I have risen too high, and too much seems to me that I have sunk too low, and I need to rise. Sometimes I harbor great hope regarding my sphere of influence, and sometimes my life seems isolated, useless, faithless, and I long for Germany, the land of warm, faithful hearts. Pray, yes, pray sincerely with me; that the God of peace may fill my and all our hearts with his all-sufficient grace and his abundant peace, and teach us according to his pleasure. Sending warm greetings to your dear wife and all Bretheren, I remain your faithful

C. W. Schürmann.

Recd. Sept. 20th 1841
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