Diary

of

C. W. Schürmann

started

September 10th, 1840

Port Lincoln (September 1840 – January 1845)

(001) *[Frontcover.]*

(002) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(003)

C. W. Schürmann

J. Th. Nickel [Theodor August Friedrich Wilhelm Nickel]
Hamburg 25
Güstrow in Mecklenburg

The Evangelical Lutheran Synod in Australia

Archives: File Schuermann, diaries (1)
No. 9

1840 – 1845

(004) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(005) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(006) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

1840

Journey to Port Lincoln

(007) **September 10th, 1840.** Unexpectedly, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon I received the news from Mr. Moorhouse that the "Alice", the cutter that was supposed to take me to Port Lincoln, would sail today. So I quickly saddled up our ponies and Gottfried and I trotted to the harbor, almost certain that we would come back because the "Alice" would not sail. Was it this belief that held the brothers Klose and Teichelmann back, or was it indifference, enough, that they didn't say goodbye to me. When we arrived at the harbor, Mr. Philipps told me that he was happy that I had come because the "Alice" was waiting for me and that he had already sent to the city to have me come as soon as possible. The "Alice" was actually waiting for me, but my things, which had been in Philipp's department store since yesterday, were still on the shore and were about to be embarked. After this had happened, shortly after sunset, we lifted the anchor to go out of the canal with the ebb tide, but soon had to throw it out again because of adverse winds.

(008) **September 11th, 1840.** At daybreak the anchor was raised again, but because we came too close to the bank of the Cannales while cruising and the water drained away quickly because it was low tide, the ship sank to the bottom, so that we were unable to move until the evening of the next high tide. As soon as we were afloat again, the wind continued with a fairly favorable wind, but when exiting the Cannal the ship went too far to the right over the marker buoy and we were stuck again. At midnight we lay on dry sand so we could walk around the ship. When the tide returned towards morning we were afloat again, without me being aware of it as I was fast asleep. Mr. Kilburn, the owner of the "Alice," told me, to my great astonishment, that no provisions had come on board for me.

September 12th, 1840. We sailed down the Gulf with a favorable and fairly strong wind. Gottfried was very seasick.

September 13th, 1840. Sunday. The wind was unfavorable to us, and it was stormy and rainy, so that several people were seasick.Worship was therefore out of the question. I read Woltersdorf's Psalms to myself and spent most of the day in bed.

(009) **September 14th, 1840.** Adverse wind all day, otherwise pleasant weather. We enjoyed the constant view of Yorke's Peninsula, Kangaroo Island and Althorp's Island, which somewhat amused the monotonous back and forth of [the] ships in front of the latter. I read Woltersdorf's long and beautiful song: "He's still in his town after all."

September 15th, 1840. We had had good weather and a favorable wind during the night, so that when I came to the foredeck this morning I saw the Gambier Islands close in front of me. The wind took away my straw hat, which I somewhat regret as I can't get one back in Port Lincoln. Shortly before evening we sailed around the southeastern tip of Thistle Island, much to our later regret. The night was very dark and there was a strong north-easterly blowing that threatened to throw us every hour onto the east coast of the said island or the mainland. Recently we had been cruising back and forth against the wind for so long that we no longer knew where we were. In addition, the captain and Mr. Kilburn didn't really know which of them (010) was in charge, so they sulked at each other and looked at our situation with competitive indifference. We were all happy when the moon rose at ten o'clock in the evening that we could at least see the coast. Cold and tired of the indifferent behavior of Kilburn and the captain, I finally went to bed, resigning myself to the almighty protection and gracious will of God.

September 16th, 1840. I couldn't sleep much during the night, but by morning I was all the more asleep. At 7 o'clock the captain woke me up with the good news that we were entering Boston Bay. When I got on the foredeck it was the most beautiful weather you could wish for and to the right was Boston Island, while to the left the mainland stretched to Donnington Point. Shortly after we had sailed around the latter, we spotted the European whaler "La Reunion" in a southwestern bay opposite Boston

Island. The bay teemed with windy ducks and other seabirds; We shot two of the first, but despite my efforts they were not prepared. At noon we dropped anchor in Boston Bay, about a rifle shot from the shore, just opposite of Dr. Harvey's home. The view of the **(011)** Bay in general and especially the northern part of it seemed extremely charming to me. The still water in it, the moderately high hills adorned with numerous horsetail trees and fresh greenery, which surround it, and from which here and there a white, peaceful little house shimmers, the individual people who now and then walked along the shore, apparently thoughtfully and without the running haste of big cities: everything seemed to me to come together, Port Lincoln to be my pleasant, cozy abode for the lover of true natural beauty and rural silence. The three large whale boats and the two cutters, which lay at anchor in the harbor, safe from the roaring waves and howling winds outside, gave greater vivacity to the senses and increased their charm.

Shortly after we dropped anchor, Dr. Harvey and Mr. Dutton came on board. I gave the former my letter of introduction from the colonial secretary, but since he put it in his pocket unread and was about to go back to the shore, I spoke to him about it, whereupon he invited me to go with him in the dinghi to his house. While we were rowing back, Mr. Dutton **(012)** asked me the unexpected question: „Are you a German, Sir?“ The fluency with which he spoke these words prompted me to make a similar inquiry to him, which revealed that Mr. Dutton was not a German by birth, but was educated in his youth in the town of Bückeburg. When we climbed ashore, the captain of the French whale boat "La Reunion" was waiting for us, who, by the delicacy of his suit and manner, betrayed both the educated man and the Frenchman. For the first hour after my arrival, Dr. Harvey busied himself with letters and the like that we had brought with us from Adelaide, but as soon as he had read my letter of introduction he entered into a very friendly and confidential conversation with me, the main content of which consisted of questions about the details of my project and the following news: that there were no natives present in the immediate vicinity of the settlement, that during the winter time, as now, they were in small groups or individual families wander around, but in the summer they tend to gather in large groups, that on the whole they are numerous in this area, especially on the western coast of this peninsula, indeed Mr. Dutton **(013)** claimed that hundreds of them are in Coffin Bay, where they should not be particularly trusted, otherwise both gentlemen said that one could approach them without danger. The nearest present ones were on the south side of Port Lincoln proper, where we also saw a fire on the evening of the 15th, which we thought was a fire from the natives. By the way, Dr. Harvey said that I wouldn't be able to do much with them now, but said that he wanted me to stay here, and so he advised me to do something else on the side for my entertainment, in particular he also suggested that I be the head of the local Sunday school. He believed that I had come too soon for my purpose because the settlement was too small both to attract the natives and to make its proximity desirable to the settlers. Everyone tries to get rid of them as soon as possible, and if I help to make them come, the whole settlement would turn against me. Both Dutton and Dr. Harvey offered to help me, e.g. to accompany me to Coffin Bay and so on, if I wished to have

a companion. I said to Dr. Harvey that all my food was missing and asked him if the letter **(014)** said anything about rations for me that the governor had verbally promised me. He said no, but said he could help me out based on the governor's promise. He showed me Hall's letter, which, although short, was written for me in very flattering terms. Harvey offered me an empty house that he owned as my temporary home and promised to give me the key to it tomorrow and a man with a pull cart to carry my things from the shore to the house. What unexpected kindness the gracious [God] knows how to show us through his servants. I had lunch with Dr. Harvey and spent most of the afternoon with him. His wife, who is unfortunately consumptive, seems to combine a lot of education [and] a genuine feminine character with an engaging and beautiful appearance. In the evening I went on board again with Harvey's dinghy.

September 17th, 1840. This morning, after getting my bed and suitcase in order, I went with Mr. Kilburn to see Dr. Harvey before breakfast, to get the key to my house. He had gone hunting with the captain of the "La Reunion", but his wife gave me the key and when I asked if the house was completely unused, she said, "Oh yes." This was dear to me because Kilburn [had] told me that it was not just the church there, but also the clubhouse.

(015) After breakfast, some of my things were driven to the shore in a dinghi, from [where] Gottfried and I carried everything except the clothes box and the sack of rice on our backs to our house, the last two picked up by one of Harvey's people on a pull cart. We immediately started unpacking, drying what was still wet, arranging it, etc. and went to sleep, not a little tired.

September 18th, 1840. I wrote a letter to Mr. Moorhouse and another to the brothers and Gottfried one to his father. After noon I brought these letter(s) to Dr. Harvey, where I was introduced to the younger Mr. White and had lunch. I asked Dr. Harvey how I should go about planting a small garden, whereupon he advised me to cultivate the half that was next to our house. He promised to advance flour and instruct the butcher to deliver meat to me on account and advised me to also write to Newman, my merchant. We then went out together, accompanied by the captain of the "Martha", to his garden near me; On the way they promised me that they would take me north on the next Wednesday in the captain's boat, perhaps to show me the natives.

(016) September 19th, 1840. Gottfried began to dig up some land near our house, whereupon we planted a bed of radishes and something like that [for] turnips in the evening. I took my letter to Newman to Harvey and had Gottfried fetch 30 pounds [15 kilogram] of flour from him. Then I went to Neander, was happy about his nice little garden and stayed there for a long time. I was also asked to come back the following day and baptize their child in the future. On the way back I met Dr. Harvey again, who told me that he had bought half the field next to his house for £50, that he would soon have it fenced in, and that I could have half of it for a garden, which I

gladly accepted.

September 20th, 1840. At 11 a.m. I attended the English service with Gottfried in the new police station; Dr. Harvey read the prayers and Mr. Winter did the sexton and read a sermon from Burder on the Lord's Prayer. In the afternoon Gottfried and I went up the North Side Hill, about 4 miles away, from which one can see Sleaford Bay and a large area of seemingly barren land.

(017) September 21st, 1840. Messrs. Kilburn came to me and invited me to go on a trip to the top of Port Lincoln, a distance of about 10 miles. I accepted the offer even more readily than Dr. Harvey told me that there were natives in the place mentioned. We took our route over [the] north side hill, which was quite difficult because of the many stones and bushes on it, so that we walked for a full 4 hours before we reached our destination. On the way along the coast we found a native path and here and there an old fireplace, near one of which lay a heap of shells, a sign that natives had been there, but we saw no more natives themselves than the smoke from their fires. At 6 o'clock in the evening we came back hungry and thirsty and very exhausted.

September 22nd, 1840. I wrote again to the brothers in Adelaide, on board of the "Alice".

September 23rd, 1840. Dr. Harvey offered me a boat trip up the east coast of Spencer Gulf, which I was very happy to do because he thought it was a given that we would meet natives on the coast.

(018) Towards the evening I went on board his larger boat with him and the old and young Mr. Smith. Since the wind was against us, we no longer went out of the bay, but anchored near the exit under Boston Island.

The next morning, **September 24th, 1840,** Captain Welldone from the American whale boat "Martha" came along with a dinghi and six of his men. At the Captain's invitation, Messrs. Smith and I went into his dinghi and rowed, Dr. Harvey leaving behind, to the first island east of Boston Island to shoot and catch geese until the other dinghi came after us. A goose, which one of the sailors caught alive, with a few red-bills and several eggs, was all we found. Since it was now getting late and the other dinghi was still [not] back, the captain decided to spend the night on the island.

On the following **September 25th, 1840,** at daybreak, [we] left this as yet unnamed island and rowed to the next island, the (Sir Joseph) Banks Group. Here we found a lot of young geese, of which I **(019)** caught 5 myself. As soon as we had cleared this island we went to the next smaller one, where we caught two geese, but saw several seals of both sexes; I, who saw these animals for the first time in my life, was not a little surprised at their unexpected size and fatness. From here we sailed with strong winds to Bolingbroke Point, where we met Dr. Harvey with his boat. He invited us to

sail with him to Tomby Island that afternoon, but the captain, who wanted to bring the young geese, which were suffering a lot from the wetness and crowding in the dinghi, and also to land as soon as possible, sailed up the bay on this side of the above-mentioned Cape Bolingbroke and on the other side of Louth Bay. At the end of this bay we saw heavy smoke not far from the shore, and I was looking forward to the opportunity to finally see the natives, but no one wanted to walk the three miles with me, and after we had eaten it was so late that I didn't dare go alone.

(020) **September 26th, 1840.** Saturday. We sailed early in the morning to the bay opposite Tomby Island. As soon as we got out, the captain, me and young Smith went into the bush, those to hunt kangaroos, I to meet the natives. However, we only saw traces of both, and in one place a considerable number of old huts. Since we couldn't find any fresh water here and the supplies we had brought with us were quickly running out, the captain became very concerned for his people, who needed a lot of water during the strenuous rowing, and decided to go back as early as possible the next morning.

September 27th, 1840. Sunday. As soon as the day dawned, we were in the boat, landed on the steep Tomby Island to get around it quickly and were back with our geese around midday. The fellow who stayed behind said saw no sign of any natives nearby. We then quickly ate something, divided up and embarked our geese, and then sailed homeward with a fair wind, so that we landed in Happy Valley at sunset.

(021) **October 1st, 1840.** A man named Hugh Joh[n]ston of the Scottish Church asked me to baptize his child. I made it clear to him that I belonged to another church and that I was only allowed to baptize the child according to the regulations and form of the Lutheran Church. At his request, I introduced him to our church's baptism form, and since he had no objection to it, I baptized his child today in God's name and in the presence of three baptism witnesses, after first translating our baptism form into English.

October 2nd, 1840. I went to see Mr. Bishop to buy some tea. I was invited to tea, but I stayed there for a long time. Mrs. Kemp, Bishop's mother-in-law, seems to be a pious person; at least she complained very much about the lack of means of grace in this place. -- Gottfried and I have been gardening diligently this week.

October 4th, 1840. Sunday. The service was led by Dr. Harvey and held in Mr. Winter's absence by old Mr. Hill. After this was over, I spoke a few words to Mr. Eyre, who came back yesterday, and from whom I learned that the natives in the interior (022) were few in number and very thieving. Mrs. Kemp and Bishop had made it clear to me that I must attend the local Sunday school, so I went this afternoon and found a dozen children taught by old Hill, Mrs. Bishop and Miss Kemp. There was no singing or prayer either at the beginning or at the end, and the whole thing didn't last more than an hour, so it seems to me that very significant improvements are necessary.

October 6th, 1840. I went to the German carpenter Neander and made it clear to him that it was finally high time to have his child baptized, whereupon they set the date for the next Sunday and wanted it to be done in English. From there I went to Matt. Smith, the magistrate, where I remained until 10 o'clock. Young Hawson was there until about 8 o'clock in the evening, on the way to his station, where his 12-year-old brother had been all alone for two days. He said that the natives had been with him some time ago and had stolen a red shirt, **(023)** which he ran after them and fired his gun, since which time they never came back.

October 7th, 1840. At five o'clock in the morning I was awakened by old Hill with the news that Hawson's child had been speared by the natives, and that the magistrate and police were assembled at the inn and were about to pursue the murderers; they asked me if I wanted to go with them. I soon got dressed, had some breakfast with the others in the inn and then went out with them. We went first to Hawson's Station, about 6 miles from the town. We found no traces there other than the ends of the spears which the older brother had sawed off before he brought the poor boy home. A mile further up a hill we found a fire still burning in a fallen tree. From here we headed towards Mr. White's station, but about 3 miles on this side we saw a fire next to a pool of water, and in the latter very fresh traces of natives. At White's station we split up, with one party turning back after the **(024)** fire mentioned, and I going with another party to Mount Gawler to look around for any fires. Since we didn't see anything, we turned back and I slept with the surveyor Newenham.

October 7th, 1840. [Date is repeated] The next morning at three o'clock we set out from Newenham's station, called Mr. Smith, who was spending the night with Mr. White, and then proceeded to the place, where the other party had spent the night. However, because of the darkness of the night and later because of the density of the fog, we were unable to find the way and considered ourselves lucky that we finally came to a well-used path that brought us back to White after being on the road for at least 4 hours in vain. Suspecting that the guilty natives had gone to Coffinbai, it was decided that all who had no horses should return to Port Lincoln, while Smith and McAllister, reinforced by White and Newenham, wanted to go on to the aforementioned bay the following day. I would have liked to go along and wanted to venture with the big horse that Smith declared unfit for this ride, but Edward Hawson insisted and wanted to go himself, **(025)** so I gave up and returned to Port Lincoln with Mr. Barnad.

October 8th, 1840. I wrote at Dr. Harvey's boat a letter to be sent to the brothers in Adelaide, in which I informed them of the murder that had occurred. While I was still doing this, at six o'clock in the evening, young Smith came to me with the news that nine natives had arrived at the settlement. Shortly afterwards one of the policemen came with the same message and I immediately went to see her. They were all grown men, camped under a tent in front of Jones' house. It was already dark, so I couldn't really see them, but by the light of the fire I noticed that some of them were quite old,

that they were trimmed, had long beards, the tips of which were tied together in a braid and wrapped in gray fur, and that none of them had a shred of clothing on them. I spoke to her in the Adelaide language, but could not make myself understood. One of them, Boby, spoke a bit of English and asked me my name, and almost all of them told me their original names. I found the following words among them, which are also used by the natives in Adelaide: Yurre - ear; Mena - eye; mudla - nose; Metye - name; Ngai - I; (Ngaitye - mine?) Winniwinni - go away.

(026) The word Kaitya seemed to me to mean child (Tukatya) because someone asked me whether Gottfried was my son and used this word. If so, then he took Gottfried in his stead. I invited the most talkative one to come to me, but he indicated to me that he was tired and would come tomorrow, at the same time indicating his wish that I would like to go away so that he could sleep. This wish also seemed to extend to the others present, as there were several others there besides the police. After a good half hour I went back home, happy about the opportunity that now presented itself to me to establish contact with the natives.

October 9th, 1840. Immediately after breakfast I went back to the native camp, but how astonished I was to find none there, and to hear from Jones and his wife that the police had treated them shamefully and cruelly in trying to put them in prison. From there I went to Dr. Harvey, who agreed with young Scott, said that the natives were all bloody from the wounds inflicted on them by the police, and that they were crying like children. A police officer **(027)** came to him with the news that the natives were getting impatient and wanted to leave, to which he replied that he would come straight away and that they should just hold them off for a moment. But when he arrived a short time later, with a basket full of biscuits in his arms, the poor people had already been put into the underground dungeon, which he then opened, distributed the biscuits among the natives and then let them go. I wrote a brief account of this incident to Mr. Moorhouse at Dr. Harvey's house, with instructions to tell the governor that I would hardly remain here unless the government redressed the wrong or protected me in my dealings with the natives.

In the afternoon I visited poor young Hawson, urged him to forgive the natives, reminding him of the fifth petition in the Lord's Prayer, and spoke to Mrs. Hawson about the rumor I had heard that her son Edward had shot at the blacks, repeating to her the words he used. I went to Dr. Harvey invited to tea; While I was there, young White came in with the news that they had repeatedly seen fresh tracks on the way to Coffin Bay, but no natives; and **(028)** that on the 7th, shortly after our return and while he and the rest of the travelers were visiting Mr. Kennet, they were at his station, accompanied by women and children and armed with spears.

Mr. Poole, who was alone at home in the meantime, was not a little frightened and did not dare to leave the house, although the natives tried to lure him out. Mr. White invited me to spend a few days with him because it was likely that the natives would visit him; I therefore decided to go to him tomorrow at 10 o'clock in the morning.

October 10th, 1840. At the appointed time I found myself with Dr. Harvey entered, but heard that there was to be an inquest at eleven o'clock into his conduct in the release of the natives, which Mr White would probably attend, and to which I therefore called Dr. Harvey accompanied. The investigation was directed against Hanlon and only at the end did the magistrate mention Dr. Harvey's behavior in very harsh terms. He admitted that he had done wrong under the law, defended himself as best he could, and the session was over.

It was not until 4 o'clock in the afternoon that White, Newenham and Bennet and I set off for the first station, and arrived there at about 10 o'clock in the evening, where Mr. Poole had long expected us.

(029) October 11th, 1840. Mr. White asked me to go to his ward with Bennet, which I was all the more reluctant to do since it was Sunday, but I did agree to it. Bennet stopped at Newenham's station, and as he had no objection to going on alone, and Newenham asked me to stay with him, I accepted this offer.

October 12th, 1840. I accompanied the surveyor Newenham in his field and then went with him via Bennet's station to the lake shore, where we noticed two fairly fresh footsteps from natives, but no smoke or anything like that.

October 13th, 1840. This morning Newenham and I went back to White's, where no natives had appeared during my absence. In the evening I had a warm conversation with Poole about church and so on.

October 14th, 1840. In the morning at 11 or 12 o'clock Dr. Harvey came. Harvey promised to arrive at White's station, accompanied by Mr. Eyre and Winter. Eyre went back that afternoon, while Dr. Harvey and Winter stayed until the following morning.

October 15th, 1840. As Newenham lent Mr. Winter his horse, I rode the latter's pony and returned to Port Lincoln towards evening, where I found a letter from Mr. John Newman in Adelaide **(030)** and the provisions he had bought, which the "St. Vincent" had brought.

October 19th, 1840. In consequence of the news that a memorial to the Governor had been drawn up and signed at Adelaide in reference to the execution of two natives of the Milmenrura tribe, Magistrate M. Smith called a public meeting to be held today. Mr. Dutton read the letter publicly, supported it with a few words, and read the Governor's Minutes in justification of the execution, which he presented to the Colonial Council. Dr. Harvey supported the letter proposed by Dutton and everyone present signed it, except myself.

October 20th, 1840. With Dr. Harvey and Mr. Newenham to Mr. Eyre, to whom, at his request, I gave the names of the common objects in the language of the natives of Adelaide. In the evening, at Newenham's and Harvey's persuasion, I decided to go into the bush first, because a man from White's station claimed to have seen several natives in the neighborhood.

October 21st, 1840. Newenham and I went to the surveyor's station, taking our route along Boston Bay for a few miles, and then going over the mountains to the northern road.

(031) October 22nd, 1840. That morning I went to Mr. White to ask if there had been any native people on his station, which he said no. I stayed until evening and White and I decided to go tomorrow via Biddle's Station to Felsthal (Rocky Valley), a sheep station owned by Mr. White. Mr. Poole accompanied me to Newenham and stayed with us until 8 o'clock.

October 23rd, 1840. According to an appointment, I went to Felsthal with Friedrich White today. Mr. Biddle escorted us there from his station and on the way back he invited us to lunch. Biddle is a pleasant and well-educated young man, has traveled in Germany and speaks some German, so I felt particularly attracted to him. He offered two bottles of wine and invited me to stay with him for a while later. Tired from the rather long walk and the heat of the day, we returned to Newenham towards evening. At the latter I read the "7th Night" from "Jung's [Night] Thoughts: The Unbeliever is Instructed", which really edified me. [Edward Young (1683 - 1765), The complaint: or: Night-Thoughts of Life, Death & Immortality, Night VII: The Infidel Reclaimed]

October 24th, 1840. After breakfast I walked along the [River] Tod to Crown's Station, but found no trace of natives, and the people at the station told me they **(032)** had not seen any near them for six months. From Brown I returned to White via Newenham's Station to go into town with him. In the afternoon Mr. Eyre and later also [Mr.] Scott passed by White's Station on their voyage to Streaky Bay, the "Waterwitch" having returned on the 22nd of the month with Mr. Scott and provisions on board. At Eyre's request both me and White went with him to his camp about 1 1/2 miles to the west and stayed until 9 1/2 o'clock.

October 25th, 1840. Sunday. [Mr.] Eyre had invited us to breakfast yesterday, but Mr. White didn't want to go, so Mr. Poole went with me instead. About midday Mr. White followed, but soon went back with Poole. I stayed until the evening because Mr. Eyre wanted me to take with me some of his letters that he had written during the day.

October 26th, 1840. This morning Mr. Eyre came to White again to buy some skins from him. He took two of them and then, accompanied by our blessings, rode off after his previous traveling party. Eyre is a highly experienced, thoughtful and noble-minded man who must be respected by everyone who knows him.

(033) Mr. White and I went to town today; when we arrived at Dr. Harvey's, we were met by the magistrate, who told me that he had sent for me to summon me on Wednesday the 28th of this month, having received a letter from Mr. Hall, the Governor's Private Secretary, to the effect that I had reported to the Protector of the Natives, Mr. Moorhouse, that a tribe of innocent natives had been cruelly treated by the police, into which he was to make a strict inquiry. I replied that I had indeed reported to the protector that the natives had been treated cruelly, but I had not accused the police, but, taking a general stance, had merely described the harsh treatment of the native inhabitants. With the "Emu", which came back from Adelaide yesterday, I received a letter from Moorhouse, who simply informed me that he had received my letter regarding the imprisonment of the natives. I received a letter from Br. Teichelmann that had already been written on October 1st and had not very pleasant content.

October 27th, 1840. I rode with Mr. Friedrich White to the River of Death; his intention to capture his horse and mine to see if I could meet any natives, because I had always been told that many of them used to live near the river mentioned. I didn't find any. When we saw Mr. White's horse (034), I lost my companion, not knowing where he intended to chase the horse, and later unable to see or hear him again. After riding around for a long time, I gave up hope of meeting White again and rode back across the [River of] Death. I tried to ride along this side of the river, but had to give it up because of a deep tributary I came across and because of the apparently serpentine and rambling course of the river. The news came that the natives had speared 1 boar and 3 swine to Mr. Dutton and had thrown a man with the club and chased him.

October 28th, 1840. Magistrate Matthew Smith asked me to open the inquiry with my accusation against the police. I refused, claiming that I was not accusing individuals, but only generally asserting that injustice had been done to the indigenous people. At this rose. Dr. Harvey said: If I didn't bring charges against the police, he would; he claimed that the natives had been treated shamefully and cruelly by the police. After Dr. Harvey, Jones and several other witnesses were examined, their court was closed and further inquest was postponed until Friday the 30th of this month. --

Towards the evening Gottfried and I went with White and Dr. Harvey in the latter boat, (035) to go to Spauldings Cove and then walk overland to the opposite Memory Cove. Because of the almost complete lack of wind, we were unable to get out of the bay that evening or even reach Boston Island, where we had planned to cook dinner.

October 29th, 1840. After drinking tea on Boston Island this morning, we sailed quickly to the top of Spaulding's Cove with a favorable wind. The land on the coast is densely covered with stickwood and small trees, both a type of eucalyptus.

Nevertheless, we tried to push through, but we soon lost direction and had to turn back after an arduous hike of about two hours without having reached our goal. This morning we heard a cannon firing, so we rushed to get home as soon as possible. But in the afternoon there was again a complete calm, so that we were unable to get further than one of the Bicker Islands, on the northwest side of which we anchored, having previously landed there in a small boat and having found out that a large ship had come into the bay. At sunset **(036)** there was a strong thunderstorm, although there was not much rain. At midnight or shortly after midnight the wind became so violent and the sea so turbulent that our situation became dangerous. So we decided to head back to Spauldings Cove with the southerly wind, hoping that we would find shelter on the southeast coast of it. We all lent a hand and in a short time the sails and anchor were up and after half an hour we anchored at the desired location in calm water.

October 30th, 1840. At daybreak we weighed anchor and in an hour and a half or two we were home. At 11 a.m. further investigation into the confinement of the natives resumed. Mr. Bennet, from whom we [had] expected a very unfavorable testimony, gave a very good testimony, in particular he said that one of the Frenchmen had a pistol. Old Hawson wanted the magistrate to take as a witness statement that young Franz Hawson had said that the natives in question were his murderers. When questioned, however, it emerged that Franz Hawson had simply said that he thought he would recognize the blacks **(037)** who had speared him if he saw them; this had happened before Bennet had seen the natives at Jones'. After Bennet's interrogation was over, M. Smith said it was in Dr. Harvey's letter to the Governor, printed in the newspaper, contains an assertion which requires confirmation on his part, and which one wonders from what source he got it; he means the shooting behind the natives mentioned in the letter. Dr. Harvey said I had told him, adding Eduard Hawson's later statement. Old Hawson then said that his son was denying it and that the whole thing was a dirty idea. To this Smith replied that there could be no doubt that Edward Hawson had said this in his own presence. Finally, Mrs. Jones was asked what she knew about the story, but she was not sworn in and her statement was not put on paper. The interrogation of the sworn witnesses was now over. A police officer was heard and the courthouse was then closed.

(038) Mr. Friedrich White stayed with me that night and gave me the following explanation as to why my pony had not come, namely that they did not want to pay for the freight in Adelaide and since the captain did not know who it was for, he did not want to take it without seeing the freight paid. The native inhabitants are said to have speared Mr. M. Smith's dog, as he claims, but others say that the wound was made by a kangaroo.

October 31st, 1840. Before the inquiry into the treatment of the natives began, I asked the magistrate to speak, and requested that the contents of Mr. Hall's letters required, as a matter of equity towards myself and the natives, that testimony should be heard as to whether the natives in question were guilty or innocent, or, what was

the same, whether they agreed with the testimony of Franz Hawson or not. But Mr. M. Smith refused this application, ostensibly because the subject matter had nothing to do with the purpose of the present investigation. adding, if I wanted something of this kind conveyed to the governor, I would like to write it down myself in a letter to him, which he will then send to Adelaide.

Since today was the festival of church improvement [Reformation Day], I celebrated a holiday with Gottfried and read a sermon from [by] Hofacker. In the evening Mr. Friedrich White came to me.

(039) November 1st, 1840. I made the acquaintance of Mr. Hagen, an informed, experienced and therefore experienced man. Towards the evening Dr. Harvey came to me with Mr. Hagen and invited me to tea. There were also Mr. Winter, [Mr.] Newenham and the two Mr. White.

November 2nd, 1840. As agreed, I went to Sleaford Bay with Mr. Hagen at 9 o'clock this morning. Not knowing the way, we went too far south from the top of Port Lincoln and came upon Lake Sleaford on the right, when we should have had it on the left. We saw a native fire about four miles north of the head of Port Lincoln, but it was too far out of the way and the country too rocky to go. When we arrived in the bay exhausted at 4 1/2 o'clock, we heard that Captain Hard was on board the "John Pirie," [a] schooner, and Hagen decided to go on board; I would have gone with him if I had not missed the opportunity while examining the spring in the bay. I slept with the overseer, and, which was not very appropriate for me, in the same bed as a man named Hill.

November 3rd, 1840. This morning I wanted to go on board the schooner, but when we were not far away, Captain Hard ordered the skipper to take his cutter in tow **(040)** to help him out of the little bay. This cutter was going to Adelaide, which made me all the more sorry that I hadn't gone on board the evening before. After leading the cutter out, we went on board the „John Pirie“, waited until Mr. Hagen had breakfast, and the two of us, myself and Hagen, then went back to Port Lincoln, accompanied by Hill and later Burnett. On the way back we saw a huge fire on the south side of Port Lincoln. When I got home, Gottfried told me that Mr. Smith had sent a letter.

November 4th, 1840. I wrote a letter to the magistrate regarding the imprisonment and further treatment of nine natives. In the evening Mr. Winter and [Mr.] Newenham were here and told me that they had seen natives and that they were friendly.

November 5th, 1840. Dr. Harvey invited me to go with him in his boat to Louth Bay, promising me that he would land where we saw natives. We [saw] fire about 4 miles from Louth Bay, but no one thought of going with me. Towards evening Mr. Bennet came and said that some natives had been with him yesterday and that they

had behaved well. At sunset Mr. Newenham came; We then all went to Bennet's and drank tea, Newenham saying that Dr. Harvey's letter to Smith was read aloud and people were very surprised at its contents. I went back to the boat with Newenham, (041) and on the way he told me that the magistrate had also mentioned my letter and remarked that I was in error when I thought that the recent inquest should have also examined the question of whether the natives were innocent or not.

November 6th, 1840. I rode Winter's horse, with which Newenham had arrived yesterday, back again today, hoping to find some natives, while Dr. Harvey went back with his boat. On this side of the River Death, at the foot of the mountains, I saw a fire, but when I rode towards it I found no human soul there, nor did I receive an answer to my loud calls. The fire was in dry grass and appeared to have been recently lit.

November 7th, 1840. Overwhelmed by the feeling of my inactivity and consequently my complete superfluity in the world, I decided to go into the bush with Gottfried today, namely to the tip of Boston Bay, where fire was said to have been seen yesterday. We set off at 8 o'clock and we had already walked many miles without seeing a fire, so I almost gave up hope when suddenly fresh smoke rose on the other side of the bay. Now we were certain of our success, and since Gottfried answered no to my question whether he was afraid, adding that they would probably not kill, we went towards it with quite confident courage, trusting in God's protection.

(042) About a mile on this side of the fire we found traces of adults and children and now we went out of the bushes onto the thin beach, close to the beach, so as not to come across the blacks too suddenly. We hadn't gone far when I heard the voice calling loudly, and at the same time I saw a person walking. Now I started to wave, and Gottfried said that they were also waving and that they were coming running. I asked him if they had weapons, but he couldn't see it as much as I could because they were hidden up to their heads in the bushes. These were moments of great fear. But soon two young people without any weapons came up to us, waving at us not to come any closer; These were followed by several others, so that there were soon a dozen around us. I gave them ash cakes and rusks and invited them to go with me to Port Lincoln. The five of them agreed to do this and requested that I bring them back in the boat. They were completely fearless and so obliging that they carried my Felleisen [leather backpack]. We went back straight and quickly, without resting or quenching our hunger and thirst, a distance of 25 miles, so that Gottfried was completely exhausted. After we got fresh water from the spring in Happy Valley and after Dr. Harvey refreshed himself with some food, we went (043) to my house, instructing the natives to sit down in the garden at the house under a tent and to roast their goose, which I had shot on the way. Towards the evening they became very talkative and gave me a number of words from their language. With thanks and praise to the Lord for the deliverance of my fervent desires and requests, we lay down to rest, which we greatly needed after a strenuous day's journey.

November 8th, 1840. Sunday. The natives gave me to understand that I would like to go back with them in a boat, but they were persuaded to wait until the morning and went out with me in the afternoon.

November 9th, 1840. This morning I went with three natives to Dr. Harvey, who had promised to bring them back in his boat, persuaded the two younger ones to stay at home with Gottfried until I came back and brought their brothers here. As much as I had hoped for this day, the success was still unsatisfactory. Dr. Harvey did not land at the spot where I had first met the natives; then he had so many side-businesses, such as clam-diving, fetching an oar from [the] Boston Point, etc., that he paid little attention to my wishes; and finally the natives themselves tried to prevent us from seeing their settlement by misleading us, and deserting us one by one when they saw that Dr. Harvey took a different path than they wanted.

(044) When I got home, Gottfried told me that the two young people who had stayed behind had also left in the afternoon, taking an earthenware pot with them. So soon and so completely my hope was crushed.

November 10th, 1840. I had already decided to continue going out with Gottfried when the arrival of nine native men towards the evening made this intention superfluous. They had camped by the sea some distance from my house, but three agreed to come with me straight away, three came later, and three must have gone back because I no longer saw them, and the others said they had gone to their children. One of these was the same one who first came to us last Saturday and came with us into the city.

November 11th, 1840. Today our guests wanted to be taken in a boat to Boston Island to catch snakes, which they often found there, but the wind became so strong that they found themselves in Dr. Harvey's little boat couldn't be ventured. I explained this to them, and they seemed to understand it so well that it satisfied them. Towards the evening we walked along the lake shore to look for shells.

November 12th, 1840. This morning I went with the natives to Dr. Harvey to go with them in his boat to Boston **(045)** Island, but we had to wait until high tide at noon. Up until that time, Dr. Harvey fetched the natives with getting wood and later we had them cook some rice after which we set off. It was not far into evening before we arrived; but the natives caught a few more penguins and one also caught a 6-foot-long snake. We slept the night in the bush, leaving the natives to rest on the other side of the fire.

November 13th, 1840. At daybreak we went to the only person on this island, had breakfast with him, and then walked along the northeast coast of the island, where we found some beautiful nautiluses [pearl boats], Dr. Harvey shot several fishing ducks for the natives, and they picked up a few penguins themselves. The day was hot, so

we rested for a while after eating and went back, mostly under sail. In Port Lincoln we found the other three original inhabitants who we couldn't take into the boat, and all six slept with me one more night.

November 14th, 1840. Early in the morning the natives came to my window and indicated that they wanted to leave. I let them go except for two, the latter of whom I **(046)** persuaded to stay with me, but in the afternoon they also wanted to follow the others, and when I let them go out with Gottfried towards the evening, in the hope of dissuading them from the idea of leaving, they ran away.

November 15th, 1840. At the service, the elder Hill read a very powerful and inspiring sermon on the Words. “What good would it do for a man if he gained the whole world and lost his soul” and so on.

November 16th, 1840. With the schooner "Waterwitch" I received my pony, some letters and things from Br. Meyer.

November 20th, 1840. After writing to the brothers the previous day, I set out today with Gottfried to visit the natives. We went to the spring that the natives showed me some time ago, which we cleaned and where we camped for the night.

November 21st, 1840. At daybreak we set out again, walked along the coast to White's cattle station, and finding no natives there or anyone else except the workmen, we visited the surveyor's station at Gawlerponds. Here also we only met **(047)** the old cook and, after resting a little, we went back home. Like I did with Dr. Harvey, I unexpectedly found myself in a large company, and although I immediately tried to excuse myself with my unclean clothing, Dr. Harvey didn't turn away with that.

November 29th, 1840. Today, the first Sunday of Advent, I baptized Neander's child. Gottfried was a baptism witness and the entire event took place in German.

December 3rd, 1840. In the evening Dr. Harvey, W. Smith and I went on board the cutter "Emu" on a voyage to the head of Spencer's Gulf. Captain Bishop had promised to go with them, so I found myself not a little disappointed when I heard shortly before embarkation that he would not go. We anchored the night in the bay below Boston Island.

December 4th, 1840. We sailed up into Louth [Cove] with the intention of landing, but three native men, armed with spears, standing on the bank, beckoned us to go away. So we weighed up our anchor and sailed into a small bay at sunset, where we found the two natives Yutalta and _____, to whom my companions sang the aria "Rule Brittania," which they seemed to be very happy with.

(048) **December 5th, 1840.** We just drove to Tumby Island and anchored there until the following morning.

December 6th, 1840. A favorable and moderately strong wind took us to Lipson's Cove in a few hours. About 8 to 10 miles on this side of the town we noticed four natives running along the shore with the speed of our ship until we anchored at Lipson's Cove (Budlo). Except for one boy, they were old acquaintances, notably Punalta, who we took on board at his request and kept with us for a full fortnight. I was very happy about this purchase, and it greatly alleviated the unpleasant feeling of spending Sunday in this noisy, wild way. Since we could no longer reach Franklinhafen today, we were forced to anchor in the open sea. In general the day was not a very happy one, for both me and Smith lost our caps and once we came to the bottom. While the Frenchman was using the dinghi to carry away the anchor in order to get the ship afloat again, he broke one of the oars and, since we were immediately afloat, had to swim around in the small dinghi for a few laps with great danger until we were able to take it again.

December 7th, 1840. We got to Franklinhafen in good time, (049) where we caught several fish and shot a few seagulls, and were therefore able to offer plenty of meat to our natives. We also found several eggs, which he ate eagerly, even though they had long since become rotten.

December 8th, 1840. We were barely out of the harbor when we hit the bottom again, but were lucky enough to soon get afloat again. We caught a big fat shark, the first one I saw caught; the animals have incredible strength and tenacity. The native did not want to eat his meat. We had to anchor in the open sea again that night.

December 9th, 1840. We had a very good wind, and soon sighted the west coast of Yorke Peninsula, and an hour after sunset we dropped anchor in a small bay north of Lowley Point. We thanked God for this refuge we had found, because the sea was extremely high and it became very dark.

December 10th, 1840. This day we had a very pleasant journey, in the meandering calm river to which the gulf diminishes from the point of Lowley, bordered on both sides with beautiful green mangrove bushes and in the background with magnificent mountain ranges. Mount Brown and the chain (050) of which it forms a part affords a view unique in South Australia. We drove as far as Dr. Harvey thought it was advisable, and in the middle of the afternoon they dropped anchor in a beautiful area. I went ashore, but could not go inland because of the marshy nature of the bank and the returning tide.

December 11th, 1840. This day will remain in my memory as long as I live. I never remember suffering so much from thirst as on that hot and difficult day. After we had brought our ship up under a small hill about a mile higher, we each filled a bottle with water and prepared for a hike around the very tip of the gulf. It might have been

around 9 a.m. when we set out, but even at that early hour of the day it was unbearably hot. The infamous north wind blew with all its scorching and drying intensity and the ground, sparsely covered with low brush, glowed like a heated oven. We had hardly walked for five minutes when one of our number suggested that we take a rest, to which all readily agreed, and already thirst reminded everyone of their bottle. The tip of the gulf was not so distant as we had imagined, and the hope of soon reaching the end fired our **(051)** courage. When we had reached our destination and rested for a few minutes under the thin shade of stunted bushes, we headed back, little surprised or pleased by the barren sight of the land. But it seemed to me a good sign that we saw some native footsteps and a fire under Mont Arden. After we had covered about a third of our way, my companions suggested that we rest, but me and the native, who had long since drunk our water and were tormented by thirst, preferred to hurry on. But thirst and, as a result, weakness, soon rose to such a high level that we had to lie down every five minutes, and the fear that the weakness would increase and we would never reach the ship drove us forward. I tried the leaves of the casuarina to quench my gnawing thirst, but they were as dry as straw, then I resorted to the leaves of the native fig, and although they were warm and disgusting, they still gave me a little relief. The native was almost as weak and sad as I was, but he took me by the hand several times and **(052)** cheered me up with the hope that the ship was not far off. It would be in vain to try to describe my joy when I saw the ship; And the wicked Frenchman almost thwarted them when I called for him to come by dinghi and he mockingly shouted to me that there was too much wind and he couldn't dare, but he still came and a hearty refreshment drink soon refreshed his weakened strength. My companions arrived two hours later, namely W. Smith, but as exhausted as [us]. But Dr. Harvey still had his strength, having a bottle of water half the size of us. Everyone thanked their God that our journey had been completed so far and went to sleep with the pleasant hope that tomorrow's untroubled return home would be happier and quicker than our journey here.

December 12th, 1840. After we had had a good rest and breakfast, we weighed up our anchor for the return journey and quickly went down the river with the strong ebb and a favorable wind. W. Smith suggested climbing one of the nearest hills and spending the night there, alone with Dr. Harvey insisted on driving. When we came to the bay where we **(053)** had last anchored on our voyage, I expressed my desire to spend the coming night there, and Smith agreed with me, but [Dr.] Harvey wanted to have his way and went into the open gulf. When we came out on the foredeck in the morning and looked around, we could hardly believe our eyes because we hadn't gained a mile in eight hours with a favorable wind.

December 13th, 1840. The wind blew favorably in the morning, but in the afternoon it turned against us and the sea was so high that it was considered advisable to anchor. At Smith's suggestion we anchored under Mount Young first, but the Dr. Harvey fancied that the water was not deep enough for his mighty ship, to which he always tried to make a grand appearance, and insisted on going back to the bay north of Lowley Point, over twenty miles from where we were. A raging wind took us there in

a few hours, and we were already looking forward to the carefree night that lay ahead of us again, when Dr. Harvey said he saw a safe bay with a (054) river, and sent his Frenchman up to the mast and suggested anchoring there. I couldn't look around because of my bad hand, but I found [myself] very disappointed when we were anchored and the bay seemed very open to me. We had barely been there an hour when the tide came in and waves as high as a yard rolled into the bay with terrible violence and threatened to smash our ship. Now everyone, even the stubborn Frenchman, saw that we were in a bad anchorage and an attempt was made to set sail again for the oft-mentioned bay, which was not more than two miles away. We raised the anchor and raised the sails, but the waves and the headwind only drove us inland instead of out of the bay, so we let the anchor go again and patiently awaited our fate. At first everyone except me wanted to stay on board, but soon the waves became so terrible that everyone except W. Smith wanted to go ashore. Accordingly we packed some of the provisions and other things into the dinghi, lowered two barrels of water into the sea, and then, apart from Smith, who wanted to swim, we went into the dinghi ourselves. We were barely three steps away from the ship when a powerful (055) wave foamed up behind us and filled the dinghi with water, and the second one, which came close behind, completely overturned us. Luckily we were just far enough to be able to touch the ground with our feet, otherwise my life might have been in danger, because everyone had so much to do with themselves that they might not have paid attention to me right away, and I can't swim a foot myself. We now waded ashore, gathered up the things from the boat as the sea gradually washed them onto the shore, and went to sleep with half-wet clothes, miserable suppers spoiled by salt water, and with many worries. In addition, I had a terrible pain in my left hand, which was already sore, but due to the salt water and the lack of fresh bread that I could have put on it, it turned into a widespread and very painful inflammation.

December 14th and 15th, 1840. The wind remained unfavorable, and the sea was so high that it was impossible to attempt to get out of the bay, except that the Frenchman went on board once or twice, (056) and, to cheer up our low hope of ever getting into the open sea again, brought the news that the ship was still in good condition. We were pretty much prepared for the fact that we would have to make our return journey on foot overland. Plans had already been made as to what and how much everyone should carry and almost no one was bold enough to hope that we would be able to travel by ship.

December 16th, 1840. We were not a little happy to see this morning that the wind had died down and that the sea had become calmer. We quickly made some breakfast and then tried to get the ship out of the bay. But while we were eating our breakfast, the anchor cable gave way and the cutter came ashore. Now, it was said, everything is lost, let us save what can be saved in terms of food and other things, and then entrust ourselves to the protection of God. But an attempt was still made to make the ship afloat, so all ballast was thrown overboard, an anchor was made with the remaining cable and stones and, supported by the returning tide, it was actually possible to get the ship afloat again. Now all the things that had landed earlier were quickly re-

embarked, with the (057) native helping so bravely that everyone admired him, taking some ballast and before three hours had passed, we were sailing back home on the high seas. Our hearts were grateful and glad, and no one was ashamed to confess it. We could neither reach Franklin Harbor nor find any other safe bay, so we had to be content to spend the night under sail in the open sea, which was by no means pleasant because of the late rise of the moon, and seemed dangerous because of the many sandbanks in the gulf itself. Yes, before we saw the sun go down we came to a sandbank, so what was there not to fear from the night?

December 17th, 1840. We reached Franklinhafen at midday, but as we were entering, through unforgivable negligence, we once again came across a sandbank that delayed us for several hours until the tide came in. We caught a lot of fish here again and W. Smith [and I] went ashore on this side of the harbor entrance but saw nothing but brush.

December 18th, 1840. Early in the morning we set out to take on the ballast we were missing and after breakfast the anchor was raised again. The wind did not stay in our favor for long (058) and we therefore had to spend another night in the open sea, a dangerous night, so that we hardly expected to see the morning alive.

December 19th, 1840. Dr. Harvey thought that Budlo or Lipson's Cove wasn't far away, so we tried to work there, even though the wind and a high sea were against us. But it was already afternoon and we had only gained a few miles, while the place that Punalta called Budlo still seemed miles away. Under such circumstances, and fearing a similar night to that of the previous night, W. Smith and I proposed to steer back to a bay which we had seen in the forenoon. The stupid Frenchman claimed that there was no safe anchorage nearby, that he had seen the bay we were referring to, but that it wasn't safe, and Dr. Harvey, who made us believe that we had no interest in his boat and only wished to get on land, was, despite all our imagination, hardly induced to give in to our suggestion. [Since] we were in the bay and he saw the safe anchorage, he immediately knew that it was Driver's Bay, that it was such a beautiful anchorage and so on. The natives call this place Yainkabidni (059) and it is known and loved by them because of its abundance of fish, which go up with the tide into the sea water river, since the natives then make a kind of fish trap, which they close when the tide goes out, and so catch the fish easily and in abundance. By the way, the water in the bay is so bad that it almost made me sick; it is drawn from an 8-10 foot deep local well dug into the sand. With my meager supper we had to go to sleep as our supply of food was running out.

December 20th, 1840. W. Smith suggested an escape to the surrounding area, which I agreed to all the more since Punalta had already informed me of his decision to go from here on land to his family, and the persistently unfavorable wind prevented us from going out to sea again. The next area was marshy, cut through by two influences from the sea, in which we saw the fish sluices or traps of the natives and noticed many footsteps around them. The low hills behind were covered with dense

undergrowth, which, with no view, was uninviting to us.

(060) **December 21st, 1840.** We had to spend another long day and a boring night in Yainkabidni, where the wind wouldn't turn a hair's breadth in our favor. In the afternoon W. Smith and I walked for a long time along the beach of the bay towards the north, where we got a fair view, but only over poor, bushy land. Our meat was completely exhausted, so it was of some importance to us that Dr. Harvey shot several seabirds and also some ducks.

December 22nd, 1840. This morning we were pleased to notice that the wind had shifted a little in our favor. As we were having breakfast, a lonely native, a man of about 20 years old, named Kurgalta, came to us, who initially acted a little shy, but soon gained confidence and went on board with us. However, later he became very seasick, and when he saw that we were always sailing south, [he] finally became very restless and asked me to put him on land, which, however, was impossible before evening. According to Dr. Harvey's statement, we had expected to spend the night at Budlo, but this still seemed very far away, (061) so we were happy to find a bay that sheltered us from the southerly wind, and to the native we owed our water, which we much needed. He called this place Mokomai or Maimoko, showed us a small waterhole and then left as quickly as he could, barely taking the time to pick up a knife that I offered him.

December 23rd, 1840. This morning the rude Frenchman again refused to move, claiming the wind was against us, but as soon as we were out of the bay we made at least five miles an hour. By the way, we sailed so far from land that we didn't recognize Budlo again and only when we were long past did we realize where we were and hoped to get home that day. Dr. Harvey slept most of the day and did not come out onto the foredeck until we had rounded Bolingbroke Point, which he long thought was Tumby Island. As we sailed into the bay we heard a cannon fired in our honor and an hour or two before evening we went ashore. I was prepared for many inconveniences, but I did not believe that they would be of the kind (062) that I found. It was said that we had perished because of our long absence; During my absence the police and others had gone to Coffin Bay to arrest the murderers of Franz Hawson, and I was chosen as interpreter; Furthermore, a woman had lost a child here, which, according to general opinion, the natives had taken, and my assistance was also wanted in this regard. Finally a ship had arrived, but had brought me no letters. The woman whose child was lost asked me to go to the interior and look for the child, which I promised to do to her satisfaction, but at the same time told her my opinion that I did not hope to find it among the natives.

December 24th, 1840. Rusch, the father of the lost child, came to me with the news that there was a fire at the head of the bay and asked me to go with him. I went on horseback for the first time, and who did we find when we got there?

(063) Punalta with two other men, Ngarka and Tunba. Tunba and Punalta went with us while the other returned. We slept at the Nondu River and went into the city early the next morning. A hot north wind was blowing again, which the natives say is favorable for possum hunting, so I let them both go out with Gottfried. Tunba and Gottfried came back, but Punalta stayed behind because of bad feet and would come later. But he didn't come and after a while Tunba also left again.

The following week, as I was about to go out with Mr. White, four young natives came to me, one of whom stayed for several days, namely until the New Year.

1841

January 1st, 1841. A luncheon was given to Mr. Winter today, and although I would have preferred to use my money for more useful purposes, I could not resist the impetuous persuasion. A lot of health was drunk and finally mine too, from Dr. Harvey suggested. I made a little pathetic **(064)** speech that I'm ashamed of now. When I got home, Gottfried told me that the native had gone away.

January 7th, 1841. At dusk two natives, Muntalta and Yutalta, came to me, who, at Mr. Matthew Smith's request, provided them with biscuits and meat as much as they wanted to eat, inasmuch as they were wanted on a new journey to Coffin Bay. Around this time I wrote my 7th report to the society, a letter to the Hanover Aid Society and to Brother Friedrich.

January 10th, 1841. Sunday. The "Abeona" with Lady Franklin and entourage on board arrived in the Bay from Adelaide, with which I received a letter from my brother Adam and several from the brothers in Adelaide.

January 11th, 1841. This morning at 9 o'clock we, eight in number, namely Winter, Newenham, McEllister, Harry Smith, myself, and three constables, with the two natives, set out for Coffin Bay. I rode Mr. Matthew Smith['s] big mare and often took Yutalta behind me. When we were near the spring of Palanna, we saw a fire a few miles away, which our companions suspected was the murderer. So we rode towards it and found three young people there, fast asleep and carrying the remains of a recently killed kangaroo. We set up our overnight quarters at the Palanna spring.

January 12th, 1841. We rode in a straight direction towards Coffin Bay (Muhabakka) and then along the beach in a north-westerly direction, over a very **(065)** rocky and desolate country. In the afternoon we came across two waterholes not far apart. From here we could see a fire on the other side of an arm of the bay, and since it was still high in the day, our guide, Winter, suggested we ride there. But our natives, who now numbered five, did not like this at all, and Muntalta stayed behind. The following day he was seen in Port Lincoln. As we approached the fire our natives became restless, and Yutalta suggested that we stay behind while he brought the murderers to us. When we were so close that we expected to see them at any moment, one of our number went ahead and gave a loud shout when he saw them. Immediately everyone, about thirty in number, jumped up, the women and children and also a few men, to flee, while the rest quickly grabbed their spears and ran towards us. However, they dropped the spears when they saw that we were not attacking them, and each one shouted with fearful, strong voices and outstretched arms: Ngai malpu makka, aimakka **(066)** "I am not the murderer, I am not" - There were about 8 - 10 men and two very old, emaciated women who screamed continuously at the top of their lungs until Yenbalta told them that they had nothing to fear, so-and-so (here he called one of the three natives we had met yesterday by

name) had brought us here and told them to go away. Mr. Newenham rode up to them, which at first seemed to frighten them, but they were calmed down when Yenbalta went up to them and Newenham gave them biscuits. We then all rode up, amazed at the completely naked, dead figures. The natives claimed that the murderers Mangilti and Mitalta were far away, pointing to Turrudu, and would not admit that they were among the fugitives, which I strongly suspected and therefore told them straight on. I then asked Yenbalta to lead us to the place where the murderers were, which he initially agreed to, but later he complained that his legs hurt.

(067) From the place where the natives were encamped, we rode to the sea coast in the direction in which the rest had escaped, but we saw nothing but a child about two years old, lying behind a bush, crying, and which the mother seemed to have thrown there in the haste to escape. Yenbalta said it was his child. I had already seen the last man mentioned in Port Lincoln and was particularly fond of him because of his open nature. On this occasion I couldn't help but admire him, because not only was he the main spokesman, but he was also the first to reach for his weapon and dare to come towards us, truly a proof of intrepidity. I suggested spending the night at this place, but the majority of votes were in favor of retreating to the place where Muntalta had left us. Our natives and one of those we found here went with us. Although the immediate purpose of our journey was not thus achieved, I believe **(068)** that the natives are positively frightened when they see the whites seeking them out even in the most remote corners; This place, called Korlo, was a narrow peninsula at the northwest end of Coffin Bay.

January 13th, 1841. Mr. Winter asked me whether I thought, or whether the natives gave any indication, that there was a party on this side of the sandhills at Kalinyalla, the place where they had been found on a previous expedition, and since our companions thought that this was the case, and a fire was also visible in that direction, we rode there. I appreciated this because it gave me an opportunity to expand my knowledge of the country and perhaps to make the acquaintance of several of the natives. Our companions gradually left us, with the exception of Yutalta and another youth, as we rode so fast that they could not follow; Every now and then we took the other two on the horse behind us. From Kulinyalla, where we found no blacks, we rode towards Sleaford Bay, partly to avoid a rocky area, partly [because] we were out of **(069)** provisions, and some said that the latter place was not far away. In both parts alone we found ourselves very disappointed, having to travel at least 15 miles over a terribly rocky area. It was a dark night when we arrived at Sleaford Bay, all very tired. We were welcomed very hospitably and enjoyed a good, refreshing sleep.

January 14th, 1841. During the night one of the horses had strayed, so we left the one native with a policeman, but Yutalta came with us.

January 15th, 1841. This morning two other natives came to me, namely Illalta and Ngulgalta, the latter with a bad leg in which he had a splinter stuck in his shin. Towards the evening Miltyalta also arrived, whose brother had recently been speared by Wondalta. He had whitened half his face, his forehead and part of his cheeks with chalk as a sign of his grief. Several of the natives in Korlo were also whitened with chalk because of one and the same death.

January 16th, 1841. Illalta and Miltyalta left again today, while the other two stayed.

(070) January 19th, 1841. Ngulgalta's leg was better and the rusks were over, so I advised him to continue his staff, promising Yutalta that I would give him rusks and meat if he wanted to stay. He promised, but when I went away for a few minutes, he persuaded the gullible Gottfried that he just wanted to get his spear and then come back, but he didn't come.

January 23rd, 1841. I went with Harry Smith to Brown, and the next morning to Newenham, who with great kindness offered me his horse to ride to the mouth of the River of Death, where a large fire was visible. However, I could find no trace of natives when I got there. This annoyed me all the more because Mr. Friedrich White, who rode in the opposite direction after his station, had seen a large number.

January 24th, 1841. Sunday. Although fire was not too far away, I didn't want to tire myself on the Lord's Day.

January 25th, 1841. Messrs. White went to their station, where the natives had been seen on Saturday. Hoping that they would still want to be there, I went with them. There was a great fire a few miles beyond, but it was so hot that I was unable to go.

(071) January 26th, 1841. Today I went back and when I got home I heard, to my great chagrin, that Yutalta, Ngulgalta and Milyalta were with me on Sunday the 24th and didn't leave until the following day.

February 1st, 1841. Yutalta and Ngulgalta came to town again today and stayed until the 14th of the month. During this relatively long time they became very confidential and ultimately intrusive and arrogant. They worked pretty well on the other side, some days they dug more than I would have dug. Dr. Harvey arranged for me to provide them with 40 pounds [20 kilogram] of rice and 10 pounds [5 kilogram] of sugar on the government's account, so that they did not lack food.

February 15th, 1841. After a long wait, a small ship, the "Mary Anne" from Adelaide, finally arrived, but without a letter bag or newspapers. Newenham and Frederick White came into town, the former told me that the natives had stolen a musket from him. After a few days they came back, but he wanted to let them approach, whereupon after a short time they brought back the must chain.

(072) February 16th, 1841. It pained me immensely to find out that last night the natives robbed the magistrate, Mr. Matthew Smith, of a quantity of potatoes and several yards of Osnabrücker coarse linen; and robbed Mr. Thaen of a coat and traveling bag. Mrs. Rusch had seen 6 men coming over the hills completely naked and armed with spears. They came to her and begged for rusks and the like, whereupon she closed the door on them. Then they went to Smith's and walked around for a while and looked through windows. Since they found no one at home and the windows open, they got in and took the things already mentioned, agreeing on everything in silence by signs and so on. After they had taken what they wanted, they went back down to the sea. --

It would be a shame if these guys got away without punishment, it might just make them bolder and the white people more bitter. The police sergeant told me that Captain Hawson had seen a large crowd of natives around the swamp about three miles from here. Today I wrote **(073)** letters to Mr. Moorhouse, to Br. Meyer, to the brothers Teichelmann and Klose and to my brother Adam. To the latter I gave a description of Port Lincoln and an account of my circumstances.

February 17th, 1841. I learned with great sadness that on the same day that Smith's potatoes were stolen, Hawson had also had several kangaroo skins and sacks taken away by the natives. At the same time Mr. Poole brought the news to the town that a few days before the blacks had stolen a dead, hung sheep from Gawlerpond Station, and that the following night they had disturbed the dogs.

God, where will this end if the natives continue like this?

February 20th, 1841. Saturday. Five natives came to me, two of whom, Wingalta and Kangokalendi, had already left on Monday, and two others, Punalta and Ngulgalta, had left again after a few days; Yutalta stayed with me alone this time.

March 4th, 1841. Yutalta went away again today, and it is hardly to be expected that he will come back soon, since Gottfried found in his pocket one of our table knives, which we had been missing for a long time **(074)** and which he said that Yaltawinni had taken. How sad that a person like this, open and pleasant, should be so vile after a long acquaintance and many benefits from me.

Lord, my teacher and my guide, who placed me in my difficult office, teach me patience, gentleness and wise, steadfast severity in dealing with this deeply sunken people.

March 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, 1841. Letters written to Pastor Wermelskirch, Angas, Laillot, Cammerers, Meyer, Moorhouse and Teichelmann.

March 20th, 1841. I went to the interior, accompanied by Yutalta, to visit the various stations and learn their names in the native language. We slept the first night in Mr. Winter's tents at Punnindi, went the next morning to Talalla, and the next day to Piltaworta, where we spent a day. We stayed only one night at Newenham in Tolilye and returned via Kattabidni on March 25th.

March 30th, 1841. A number of 12 natives came to the settlement, who were joined by two others the following day. **(075)** Some of them were still unknown to me, as Wondalta, Mimmi, Milli, etc. There were 4-5 boys there, they behaved well until the trigger, when one of them, probably Wondalta, forcibly took some pairs of pants from the woman at the spring in Happy Valley. The police, accompanied by Yutalta and a few other natives, immediately followed them, but the latter led them by the nose by leaving them when they were close to the natives' whereabouts.

April 2nd, 1841. I went to Mr. Matthew Smith's house, which I had rented at the price of 7s. a week.

May 13th, 1841. Several natives, including Yutalta, returned to the city, and a few days later a horde came from Coffin Bay, so that in all there were 17 here at once. The latter, however, returned the same day.

May 15th, 1841. Old Matalta came to town today for the first time since October 9th, 1840. He was one of the aforementioned people who were forcibly imprisoned.

May 16th, 1841. Sunday. Since I had heard from Yutalta that there were several natives in Wanelli, a bay in Port Lincoln, **(076)** I went there with Heinrich Smith in the morning. However, we were not a little surprised when we approached and a large number of blacks ran away in all directions until old Matalata could convince them that we meant no harm. Several of these natives were already known to me by name, e.g. B. Tubult and others, just as they seem to have heard of me. They invited us to go to their campsite, but I thought this was all the less advisable as several of them seemed frightened and Yurbalta in particular spoke to the others in a violent tone.

May 21st, 1841. The ship "Royal Mail" arrived this morning, bringing the new magistrate, Mr. McDonnald, to Port Lincoln.

May 22nd, 1841. Mr. C. Harvey insulted me in a rather rude manner. The subject of the house rent which I, or the government for me, owed to Mr. Matthew Smith came up, whereupon he took the opportunity to mention the affair of the house which I had formerly occupied, and to accuse me of ungentlemanly and shabby conduct towards him. --

I wrote to Mr. Moorhouse, proposing to him that the Government would build me a house on the land reserved for the natives, with a servant or laborer, and provide provisions for the blacks, so as to establish a useful settlement for the natives.

(077) **May 30th, 1841.** Letters written to my brother Adam, and the brothers Teichelmann and Klose. Firstly, I mainly answered Adam's inquiries as to whether and when I intended to get married, and whether the climate of Port Lincoln was healthy? --

In the latter I asked Br. Teichelmann to inquire for me about the money that Mr. Fiedler owes me and, if it was paid, to deliver the same to Mr. B. Pratt Winter in return for a promissory note that he had from me. He would also like to send me my book locker and, if the Dresden bill of exchange promised for last October arrived, send me my share.

May 31st, 1841. Mr. Smith and the remaining passengers embarked on board the ship "Governor Gawler."

June 1st, 1841. Tuesday I moved into my new apartment in Winter's, now Mc Ellister's, home.

June 4th, 1841. Yutalta told me this evening that his mother, named Ngarraltinni, was kidnapped by a white man named Jack, who was here last summer. I asked him whether the other natives had not tried to hinder him, whereupon he repeated that there were several of them and that they were armed with guns. This happened in Walbakurra, the tip of Boston Bay.

June 6th, 1841. Since the natives had told me that there was a campsite in Wannelli, about two miles from the town, where several women and children were staying, and since I also had my Fritz at home, I offered to ride with them (078) to see the women and children. When we were not far from the place, Murpa went ahead to prepare it for my arrival. But despite that, I saw some running away and some children could only be stopped by force. I found about three women, who were later joined by a few more, who had hidden themselves; They were mostly young, well-fed, and not bad-looking, except that they seemed to have not a shred of shame, as they were all completely naked. I gave each of them, and also the children, a piece of bread, but the latter were so afraid of me that they had to be brought to me by force.

June 7th, 1841. McEllister, to whom I told about my visit yesterday, regretted that I had not taken him with me and suggested that we should ride to Wannelli together today. He took with him several discarded articles of clothing for children, which he distributed among the little ones, and he had also tried to obtain some clothes for the women from Europeans in Port Lincoln, but the former had refused to comply with his wishes, several of them remarking that even though they had twenty boxes full of clothes, they still did not want to give any to the natives.

McEllister informed me that Dr. Harvey told him that he had rented his house to me too cheaply, he should have asked for at least ten shillings, as he (Dr. Harvey) did himself.

(079) **June 9th, 1841.** I went to Mr. McDonnald's to pick up some things that had been left behind. He was very friendly, invited me to lunch, where he was sitting down, and made me spend a very pleasant evening with him. From what I hear from Barnard, Dr. Harvey tried to portray me in the most unfavorable light because of my refusal to stay in his house.

June 16th, 1841. I noticed that several potato bushes had been dug up in my former garden, which was sold to Karl Gaesdon and which the natives still consider to be mine. On my way to Happy Valley [I] met Yutalta, Tubulta, Kanyokalendi, Muwadna, Palyanna and Tyilye, communicated to them my discovery and accused Ngulga and Kanyokalendi of the theft; I then wanted to go back with them, worried that they would steal more new things in my absence. Meanwhile Yutalta said they wanted to go over the mountains to Port Lincoln, avoiding my house. I believed this approach and could not imagine that Yutalta would be such a cunning villain, despite my indignation at the theft of potatoes and my expressed fear that they would now take advantage of my absence and steal again, but still not intending anything less. When I returned, I found (080) some flour spilled and covered with loose earth in front of the door of the room that serves as my pantry and which could not be locked. On entering I found new tracks and my sack of flour lightened by 5-10 pounds [2 ½ – 5 kilogram], so that there was no doubt left that the natives I mentioned earlier had stolen from me. The following day,

June 17th, 1841. it rained heavily. and no natives came further than Yaltubidi on the 18th of June. and Munanabidi with Dr. Harvey from Tananna, alone the next day the old people showed up again, led by the cunning Yutalta, who I immediately took by the arm, showed him the traces described above and then pushed him out. He claims that Palyansa and Muwadna took the flour, but I was able to answer him why he didn't talk them out or prevent them, and, as much as he didn't want to go, he had to put up with being dismissed in a rather rude manner. Towards evening Murpa came and ate some rice with Yaltubidi and Munarabidi in my house, using my old broken spoons, which I immediately missed after they left.

June 19th, 1841. When they returned the following morning, I accused Murpa of taking them, but he claimed that Yaltubidi had taken them. But not long afterwards he returned with one of them, and the third was found later, which Munarabidi had probably secretly returned. I hear that several women have seen Dr. Harvey, (081) and they were the reason for my supposedly first and almost dangerous appearance in the following way. Mrs. Harvey gave the women rusks in the presence of Murpa, who, jealous of the women's preference, snatched their gift from the latter. Mrs. Harvey tried to prevent him from doing so, but he pushed her so hard in the chest that she withdrew and shed tears of pain and shock. She told Dr. Harvey, what had happened, who took a stick and hit the Murpa with it, whereupon he took his spear and hit Dr. Harvey took aim. Mrs. Harvey, perceiving this and thinking that the man was about to hurl the spear at her husband, jumped between them, began to scream, and raised both her hands to stop the spear. Dr. Harvey then came to McDonnald and

asked if he was allowed to shoot the man, to which he replied that he was allowed to do so in self-defense. I was subsequently told that Dr. Harvey changed his view of the incident and even denied that the man Murpa had aimed his spear at him. The probability of this whole thing seems to me to be that Murpa was indeed overly aggressive towards Mrs. Harvey, but that his threat to Harvey was either for fun, or at most for the purpose of what the latter intended with his stick. Several, such as B. Kemp and Bishop were indignant **(082)** against the natives and inexhaustible in their foresights for the future in consequence of this incident. By the way, the fact that the natives for the first time these days did not send their wives to me, but to Dr. Harvey showed how suspicious they are of single Europeans.

June 20th, 1841. As we came out of the service, McDonnald and Barnard honored me with a gentle visit, and McDonnald invited us both to his place for lunch. The subjects of our conversation were of a variety of kinds, including politics, whereby it becomes increasingly clear what a fine aristocrat he is in his principles. He said, among other things, that the Austrian government was the most natural and best in all of Europe.

June 21st, 1841. I rode out with Barnard to bring home his black mare, but we did not achieve our purpose. Barnard's conversation convinced me that he was not the proud and morally dead man that I had hitherto taken [him] to be; he is vain and this seems to me to be the main source of all evil in him.

June 22nd, 1841. Nungalta and Yalgalta came to me (the latter is the son of Punalta), and in the course of the week they were joined by others whom I employed with clearing up trees that were in **(083)** the road.

June 25th, 1841. The ship "Governor Gawler" arrived without bringing me a single letter.

June 26th, 1841. Dr. Harvey asked me to send him a list of the provisions I had distributed among the natives, adding that he had given away 200 pounds [100 kilograms] of biscuits, which I was to take away cheaply. My silence didn't seem to satisfy him much, so he began to rant about the natives, especially about Murpa and his behavior in his house a few days ago. He said that he had wanted to spear him and that the other blacks had stayed with him all day to protect him. If he had had a gun at that moment, he added, he would have shot him.

June 27th, 1841. Sunday. It was a bit rainy, which is why Dr. Harvey used to neglect the church service. In the evening Rush came to me complaining that the natives had stolen flour, bread, rice and potatoes from him that afternoon while he was away. I directed him to McDonnald.

June 28th, 1841. It turned out that yesterday evening Gottfried Kappler saw the native Kanyokalendi at Rush's house **(084)** and ordered him to go away. On this account he was arrested with my full consent, although McDonnald said in advance that there was not sufficient evidence against him to send him to Adelaide, but that he wanted to have him arrested that night to frighten the natives a little. And of course that was very necessary, because they take thievery to such a high degree that I feared worse consequences for the blacks themselves. On Saturday evening they also stole almost all of mine and some of Neander's potatoes from Happy Valley, and also either on the same day or on Sunday Barnard's and Harvey's from the valley between Happy Valley and the city. Yutalta was also seen with my potatoes late last night.

June 29th, 1841. This morning Kanyokalendi tried to escape under the pretext that he had a natural need to satisfy. But the policeman soon caught up with him and, as the natives said, is said to have hit him; at least he seemed safe, so that our other natives began to cry, fearing that Kanyokalendi's life was in danger. Although they calmed down when I told them that he would not be killed, **(085)** but perhaps he would be hit, to which they replied that we always want to hit him, they nevertheless immediately left secretly, probably because one or the other of them was aware of their guilt and feared that they would also be arrested. Muwadia, whom Kanyokalendi claimed was the thief, had already run away last night. When the investigation was going on, I had to act as interpreter for two parties, namely Gottfried and Kayokalendi, but the investigation did not last long, as the latter was immediately dismissed after Gottfried's interrogation. He stayed with me throughout the day and maintained that it was not he who stole the things, but Nunyalta and Muwadna; in collection bag of the first there were actually stolen potatoes, which seem to have belonged to Rush. Towards the evening Ngulga came along and denied the accusation of stealing potatoes from me last Saturday.

July 9th, 1841. With Harvey, Barnet and McEllister, accompanied by Kunamunka and Ngulga to Coffin Bay, where, according to Kunamunka, there are two whale ships. We stayed overnight in Yurendo on the northern side of the bay. The following morning we expected to see the ships, so we saddled [the horses] early. After we had ridden a few **(086)** miles, we met three natives, who accompanied us to the place where the ships were supposed to be. But how disappointed we were when we saw them on the opposite side of the bay, at least 40 miles away from us. We immediately turned back, undecided whether we should return home or ride around the extensive bay; Finally we decided on the last one. Murgalta, one of the three natives mentioned above, and Ngulga, accompanied us, while Murgalta remained behind with the two others. Murgalta told us that his friend Nemmalta was on the south side of the bay and that we could spend the night with him. However, when we had covered about ten miles on the south side, we came across a Krik [small watercourse] running several miles inland, on the opposite side of which were the friends of our companion. Now several people, especially McEllister, thought it advisable to turn back, because the destination of our journey still seemed very distant and our supply of provisions was almost completely exhausted. So we spent the night nearby at a

native well called Ngaralatta. Here we considered that at least the ships were now closer to us than Port Lincoln, and so we decided to move forward again next morning.

(087) After an hour or two we met Murgalta's friends, but they were far more numerous than I had expected. When we had almost reached their campsite, he tried to keep me still and let him go ahead, but on the whole he was very rude and imperious, so that I didn't trust him and followed closely behind him. When the original inhabitants suddenly saw us appear, they seemed to be in no small amount of consternation; at least we heard them calling to each other and saw them running quickly together. We stopped with our companion for a few moments in order not to frighten the women and children, who seemed to be hiding during this short time, then between ten and twenty strong adult men came around us, including Numalta, who called himself Kappler after my former servant. Some of them were very intrusive and didn't want to let us ride any further, but instead told us to go back. Finally [I] said that we wanted to go, even though they didn't accompany us, which seemed to particularly anger our companion from the previous day; at least the other travelers told me that he had swung a bottle at my back as if he wanted to hit me with it. At last I was able to get Nummalta to accompany us to the ship in Puyundo. However **(088)** [they] did not let us go unguarded, but sent about five men after us for a mile or two, probably to see whether we had any intention with their wives. For precisely this reason, I believe, they tried to prevent us from continuing our journey. The place where the original inhabitants were camped is called Nganki, located on a small peninsula. From here Nummalta soon led us inland over steep sand hills and deep grassy grounds to cut off the curvature of the coast. McEllister, however, soon ran out of patience again; He wanted to go further backwards and when he found us little inclined to do so, and we also came across a lake which he thought was an arm of the bay that we had to go around, he suddenly rode back at full gallop with Ngulga, who also wanted to go back because he did not feel comfortable on the unfamiliar ground. We had no choice but to follow him; only when we heard that the body of water we saw was a lake did he allow himself to move forward again. After a sharp ride of about two hours, we saw the ships, camped for a short time to rest our horses and enjoy ourselves a little, and then rode mostly at a gallop to our destination. We were there at about four o'clock **(089)** and fortunately met a boat with its crew on land, so that after we had watered our horses and led them out to pasture, we were able to board the "Pallas" straight away. The captain of this ship was an American, and did not seem very affable; but he gave us supper, and then sent us ashore again to fetch on board those who had been left with the horses, for whom he seemed to have some concern about the natives. He said he didn't like the indigenous people, that they had stolen clothes from them and were very inclined to throw stones, which meant that they were not on very friendly terms with him. By the way, it turned out here that Juramunko not only misled us, but also that we did not fully understand him, since the boats sail every day to the opposite coast and often put people on the heights to watch for whales. Before we went ashore, we visited the captain of the other ship "Meuse", a Frenchman, who welcomed us very kindly and immediately

invited us to stay overnight. Meanwhile McEllister and I went ashore in the boat to bring our native companions something to eat and **(090)** to look after our horses. The evening was spent in conversation, the tone of which we sometimes didn't like, especially when it came to Barnett, who seemed to have indulged a little too much in the abundant Coniac [cognac] that was on offer. We slept, excluding the latter, in the captain's cabin.

July 12th, 1841. The following day at about 11 o'clock we went ashore, accompanied by the captain and doctor, with plenty of provisions for ourselves and our black companions, said goodbye to our friends, saddled up and rode back that same day to Ngaralatta, where we had been camped the night of the 10th to the 11th of July. We came across two different native camps, in the first of which we met our old acquaintance Mungalta, who behaved very friendly. They were roughly the same people we had seen the day before in Nganki, also without wives and children, who seemed to have hidden again. They had a large quantity of fish, mainly salmon, of which they offered us plenty. They sent two spies after us again for the night. Not far from our campsite on this side of Nganki, we came across the second camp, which had meanwhile **(091)** been hastily abandoned by its inhabitants except for two young people, one of whom was Kunamunko, an old woman and two children. Three local dogs and several net bags were seen, which seemed to belong to the refugees.

July 13th, 1841. We saddled up that morning as day broke, hoping to reach Port Lincoln before night if possible, but we were delayed for over an hour by the carelessness of Barnett, who let his horse run away. From here only Ngulga accompanied us to the Palanna spring, where we had lunch and let our horses graze for 1 1/2 hours. From here we rode at a steady trot, so that Ngulga was only able to catch up with us in Tanalla. We were home half an hour before sunset. Overall, this trip was not entirely fruitless for me, but I would never want to travel with such company again.

July 14th, 1841. The day after my arrival from Coffin Bay I discovered that the four young natives, Ngarraki, Wingalta, Kanyokalendi **(092)** and Inuwdna, who remained behind when we left, had opened a poorly fortified window in my house and again stolen flour.

July 18th, 1841. Sunday. Ngulga stayed in the city until that day and promised to stay with me that night and to take me with him to his friends the next day. But when I fulfilled the condition of this promise, namely gave him a piece of bread, he sneaked away.

___ July, 1841. The natives stole from Gawler Pond sheep farm, supposedly, two days in a row.

August 1st, 1841. Munta and Kunga, the latter for the first time, came to the city from Punindi and Kunamunko from Tananna. However, they were very lazy, didn't want to eat rice, but wanted bread, and went away the next day, supposedly to spear wallaby and come back in the evening, but I suspect that they all went to Tananna.

August 17th, 1841. Disheartened and tired of my inactivity, which I have been reduced to by the absence of the natives, I went to Sleaford Bay today to see if I might like to meet my **(093)** friends there. But on the same road I met a man who told me that the natives had all left Sleaford Bay.

August 21st, 1841. Munta and Kunga returned that day; Some of them were in Sleaford Bay and some were in Ngalatta.

August 22nd, 1841. Last Sunday Dr. Harvey attended the service and was absent today too; McDonnald read the prayers just so that people who might want to attend would not be deceived again.

August 26th, 1841. The native Kunga, who had stayed alone with me since the 22nd, left again today. He had Dr. Harvey agreed to go with him to the tip of Boston Bay and come back in the evening, but the former had not observed him, and so he went away alone.

(094) September 17th, 1841. Today, the anniversary of my arrival in Port Lincoln, ten natives came to me, among them a stranger named Pultu.

September 20th, 1841. It occurred to me to show the natives a piece of coal to see if they had ever seen it here. They soon recognized it, called it Pulkarra, and said that something like it could be found at Karpa Nurre, Mount Hill. Pultu, who lives in the said place, promised to bring me a piece of it.

(095) October 7th, 1841. Kunga and his son Tyilye, who had been with me for several weeks, went into the bush again today.

October ___, 1841. A rumor came to him that the natives had stolen 500 of Mr. Biddle's sheep and threatened to spear the shepherd, Kemp's boy. As a result of this news, a party of police and volunteers went to White this evening to, if possible, bring back the sheep tomorrow. I couldn't grab my bangs so I stayed home.

October ____, 1841. I was told that Mr. McDonnald had left that I would like to follow the party to White, where I would find a horse. I therefore set off with the native Milli, after I had previously had a quarrel with my compatriot Neander. Despite my counter-assurance, he claimed that the two natives who had arrived the day before about the sheep robbery knew that they were rascals and that they should all be shot dead like dogs. I replied that if he had come to insult me, he should have stayed at home. This hurt and outraged him so much that he burst out into violent

and extremely indecent insults against me and banned me from his house. (096) When I got to White, I heard that Mr. Dutton had already brought the sheep back yesterday with the help of the native Yutalta, and the party had already gone back from the city. My companion Milli left me unnoticed, so that I did not see the congregation of natives that had been encountered that morning. I stayed with White that night.

October ____, 1841. As arranged, Mr. Dutton wanted to go to town today and take me in with Mr. Biddle, but he didn't show up, but came the following morning.

October 17th, 1841. I wanted to ride with Mr. McDonnald to see [Mr.] White today, but again I couldn't catch my pony, so I stayed at home.

October 18th, 1841. At midday I managed to get hold of my horse, rode away at two o'clock and was at Dutton's before sunset.

October 19th, 1841. At 8 o'clock the discovery party was in the saddle, consisting of McDonnald, Dutton, Barnard, the two Whites and myself. Dutton wanted to show us the good land he had recently found, but could not find it for a long time and thus lost us a lot of time. Towards the afternoon we rode west through several miles of bush, and just as it was getting dark we came into some open valleys and onto water.

October 20th, 1841. We continued our north-westerly course for a few hours (097), hoping to reach the good land of Putye, described by the natives, around Lake Malatta, which we had seen from a hilltop the previous morning; but as we saw nothing but bushes before us, we turned back towards the green hills to the south-west of us, and there found the good land discovered by Dutton, which is cut through by a stream running to the north-west. From here we rode eastwards to the lowlands on the east coast, passed along a beautiful valley running north-east and containing several salty depths, and then took a straight easterly direction, hoping to get over the hills into the lowlands before evening. But these were still too far and the hills were overgrown with thick bushes, so we were happy to come across a small valley where we found no water, but some grass for our horses.

October 20th, 1841.

Presumably the calculation of the price for the subsequent land sale

1 a	8£ 12	price for 1 acre of land.
	20	20 shillings equals one pound sterling
	172	when multiplied equals the sum of shillings
	22	Number of plots in acres

172 x 22
344
344
3784

172 x 22 = 3784

20 / 3784 sum of acres divided by 20 shillings equals
189 -- 4 the selling price for the land in pounds and shillings

20 30 remaining balance of £30

178 159 -- 4 Sales price paid in advance

160
184
180
4

(098)

I, the undersigned, hereby certify
that I have given my brother Andreas Deutscher
22 acres of land from my allotment
No. 3 Section 1 in South Hamilton,
namely on the entire west side of the said allotment,
at the purchase price of £ 8 12s per field [acre],
whereupon the same paid me the sum
of £ 159 4s (say one hundred nine and
fifty pounds sterling and four shillings
already) and still owes £ 30.
At the same time, I also undertake
to allow the buyer Andreas Deutscher
a free passage above my house
to drive and drive on the public street
on the east side of the above-mentioned
allotment.

[At least 2 pages are torn out between this page and the next.]

(099)

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that
I have properly received from Pastor Schürmann £1 15,
which was delivered to him by Mr. Crouch
for Mr. Peter Bürger as a surplus of the £220
for the purchase of the land at Mount Rouse,
and so on. January 21st, 1854. Michael Deutscher.

(100) ***[This page is left blank in the original.]***

1842

(101) March 3rd, 1842. On this day Mr. Brown and his hatkeeper [caretaker] were cruelly killed by the natives. News of this sad event came the following morning,

March 4th, 1842. brought to the city by Brown and White's shepherds. A jury was immediately assembled (including myself) to hear the shepherd's testimony, and then the police were dispatched to fetch the body. Late in the evening they arrived with the body and at the same time brought with them the suspicion that Brown appeared to have been shot rather than speared. The following morning,

March 5th, 1842. The jury was reconvened after the body had been examined by the doctor. All doubts **(102)** as to whether Mr. Brown had been speared or shot were removed by the testimony of the doctor, who found a splinter from a spear in the body. The body was buried that same evening.

March 6th, 1842. The Ngulga and Kungka natives came to me today with what appeared to be great sorrow at the murder of Mr. Brown and his guard. They gave the names of the murderers and other circumstances so precisely that Ngulga was suspected of complicity. He claimed, however, that after the murder he met the murderers and that they informed him of what had happened, whereupon he went to Kattabini or Brown's Station and saw the bodies lying there.

(103) The body of the watchman had not yet been found, in spite of all searches; We therefore decided to go there with Ngulga the following day. Ngulga gave the following as the murderers: Wondata, who first and only speared the guard; also Mulga, Nunga, Milli, Nganya
[The rest of the page is torn from the diary.]

(104) Rot had become almost completely black and so swollen that it would obviously burst at the slightest touch. Since there was no coffin and, according to the workers, no grave could be made in the stony ground, the body was placed in a crack in the rock and covered
[The rest of the page is torn out of the diary.]

(105) March 29th, 1842. This morning the sad news came to the town that Mr. Biddle, along with [Mr.] Fastin(g)s and Mrs. Tubbs, had been murdered by the natives yesterday and that Tubbs himself had been left for dead, but had recovered. In consequence of this news, about three o'clock in the afternoon I rode with Mr. Bishop and others to Biddles Station, and thence to Pillaworta to Mr. Driver's. Mr. White had already fetched old Tubbs from his station in Tallala this morning and laid the dead ones on beds and covered them up, but according to the shepherd's statement, the blacks had taken away the blankets during the day and inflicted a fresh wound on old Tubbs' head with a hand axe. The police sergeant, who was half drunk,

became very abusive towards me, so much so that he said that it would be better if I were not in the settlement.

(106) March 30th, 1842. Driver, Bishop and myself rode back to the city via Tallala. In the former place we found poor Tubbs with his head bandaged and generally very weak. He testified in his sworn testimony that the natives came twice on the day of the murder; The first time they threw fifteen spears at Fastin(g)s without hitting him, whereupon he threw them a loaf of bread and Biddle allowed them to dig up potatoes, which they roasted not far from the house. About an hour later they came back again and speared Fastin(g)s, who had once again come out of the hut to them, in the groin. The latter then ran into the hut and Biddle fired a pistol without hitting it, the same was the case with his shotgun, which came in pieces so that it could not be reloaded, and Fastin(g)'s shotgun would not go off. Now he went out himself and shot two black men **(107)** close to the hut with his double-barreled shotgun, whereupon he ran back in. Since there were no guns loaded, the natives surrounded the hut, took off the linen roof at one end and speared them one after the other. First Biddle fell, then he himself without losing all sense. Fastin(g)s, who had been standing idle in a corner from the start, was repeatedly pierced with a pitchfork, leaving him in terrible pain and begging Tubbs to shoot him. Finally, the blacks found old Mother Tubbs, who was hiding under the bed, and killed her with a pitchfork, although she had long begged for her life from a native who was well known to them and who was often fed by them, named Little Jemy (Ngarbi), always crying out: „O Jemy! Oh Jemy!“ The evening when we got home, they had just finished burying the body, so we had to accompany them to the grave straight away. When the funeral service was over Mr. Driver asked me **(108)** if I had any objection to performing the service on such occasions, I said "No", to which he replied that they would have thought that I would refuse.

March 31st, 1842. Mr. Driver wished me to bring some natives into town to guide the proposed expedition. I therefore rode with Innes to Wadnelli and brought 12 black people with me, all of whom seemed to be outraged by the murder that had occurred. April 2nd. At 8 o'clock in the morning the party set out, consisting of 8 people on horseback and 6 natives, Munta, Illa, Tumba, Yumba, Tubu and Yuta. They took us past the green hill in a north-westerly direction to Wirrinyata, partly because they thought the murderers had retreated deep into the interior out of fear, partly because a fresh trail led there, and partly perhaps because they wanted to fry their kangaroo, which our dogs had caught for them. Driver alone believed that they had our best interests at heart and were trying to lead us away from the murderers; He became very angry when he saw, close to Wirrinyata, what region **(109)** we were in, and ordered the natives to lead us straight to Tolilye. When we had walked about 3 or 4 miles over hilly and bushy country, we came to a narrow valley where Munta noticed several fresh footsteps and immediately saw the murder gang sitting in the distance. The natives were all under strict orders to remain very quiet at the sight of the murderers, to whom Munta immediately put his hand on his head and backed away when he saw the camp. A short halt was made to let the party ride together and then

they set off at full gallop down the valley in the area of the camp site. As soon as the rest of us got over the small hill that had previously made us invisible, the whole camp broke up and fled in different directions. Only four men and a pair of women were visible when we arrived at the camp; The man closest to us was shot by Stewart on Driver's orders, who repeatedly shouted: "Knock him over!" He had no weapon in his hand when he was shot. I asked (110) Driver why he was ordering firing when the people could be captured? He then replied that he didn't want any prisoners; there was nothing they could do with them. Three other natives who were halfway up the mountain were fired upon without any of them falling, but our companions said that two of them, Multa and Mulya, were wounded. At the top of the mountain we found a very pregnant woman trying to hide in a hollow tree, and when she saw her the sergeant asked if he should shoot her? When we came back down to the campsite, we saw four strange natives standing with our companions, three of whom immediately ran away, but the fourth, Ngulga, remained standing, surrounded by our natives and pretending that he was not a murderer. Although no one believed this, no one wanted to shoot at him, but they only threatened him and told him to lay down his spears. We chased after the three who had run away, but they had disappeared. When we returned there was no sign of a native, (111) the fallen man had picked himself up again and Ngulga and our companions had fled. We now collected the stolen things and packed them in bundles, but what had belonged to the natives as weapons, skins and the like were burned. Towards morning, after the moon had risen, we put the bundles on the horses and set off for Biddle's Station, hoping to find our companions there, but finding ourselves deceived.

April 3rd, 1842. Since further pursuit of the murder gang was impossible without native companions, we set off for home again at 8 a.m.

April 5th, 1842. Yutalta returned with the news that he and our other companions had spent the night not far from us in Mallei, out of fear of us, which seemed to have arisen from a misunderstanding; that the fallen native, named Ngarhna, was the same man who some time ago took the hat from the head of a boy in Happy Valley, had already been wounded in the loin by Tubbs in Toliye (112), and would soon die as a result of the new wound, although he had still had enough strength to pick himself up and run away; further that Multa, the man in the white shirt and hat, had also been wounded, and that Munyalta, who had been shot in the abdomen by Tubbs, would soon die. Wondalta, Mulya and Nunga, who came back to get their skins, told them this news. The latter would also have scolded them for taking us.

April 6th, 1842. Tunba and Ngulga came to me today, both denying that the latter was a murderer, although admitting that Yailyalta, otherwise Yaltubidni, was one. By the way, Ngulga didn't feel very safe in the city and soon left.

(113) **April 17th, 1842.** The “Victoria” arrived today with Lieutenant Hugonin and 16 men from the 96th Regiment.

April 18th, 1842. This evening Innes came to me and told me that the expedition against the natives was starting tomorrow morning. In consequence of this message I went to Mr. Driver, who, together with Hugonin, asked me to join the party, partly as an interpreter, partly to denounce those natives who had had no part in the murder. Under these conditions I decided to go along.

April 19th, 1842. At 9 o'clock in the morning the mounted party set out, accompanied by the two Mr. White, at whose request we rode along the coast to Tallala to see if there were any natives in that area, as White's people had told us. Incidentally, this detour was in vain and without stopping we set off for Biddle's Station, whose house and everything in it we found burnt by the natives.

(114) April 20th, 1842. Towards midday I rode with a policeman to Pillaworta, where [Mr.] Driver went with some people early in the morning to look for his oxen.

April 22nd, 1842. Everyone returned from Pillaworta without having found the oxen, and the entire team moved to Palanna's headquarters. Not far from this place our guides found fresh tracks and advised us to move together and in silence in order to surprise the natives who might be in Palanna. Our natives were now sent ahead as scouts, who soon returned with the certain news that several natives were in Palanna. Immediately the soldiers were sent ahead to surround the natives, and the horsemen followed. But they heard us before we got near them and ran away.

April 23rd, 1842. riding in the direction of a fire which had been noticed by some on the Coffin Bay plain, we also found **(115)** a carrying bag containing five spears, and many fresh tracks which led us as far as Wanngerri. But as the day was already drawing to a close when we reached this place, we decided to turn back and make an excursion of several days on foot to Coffin Bay. On the way back we saw a fire a mile or two north of Palanna, and one of the natives of Adelaide, who had been sent there as a scout, had even heard the blacks. Meno therefore went there at night to take them by surprise, but they were no longer found.

April 24th, 1842. Sunday. It was done on a rest day. Mr. Driver decided to go back to town the following morning to write letters for the "Governor Gawler." I wished I could go with him, which he remarked, then perhaps the innocent natives would all be shot dead.

April 25th, 1842. At 9 o'clock in the morning we set off on foot for **(116)** Coffin Bay, accompanied by Tunba and an Adelaide native. As we approached the beach we heard the natives in the distance, and Tunba's opinion was that they were murderers. Since you were on the southern side of the bay, we crept over the hills and through bushes so that they wouldn't notice us from a distance. The Adelaide native ran so

fast that I had great difficulty following them, having to lead my dog by a rope to keep him from running ahead.

As soon as we had the natives between us and the lakeshore, we headed straight downhill towards them. Tunba, whose eyes had seen them earlier than ours, now said: "Leave them alone, it's just Yumba," but Lieutenant Hugoni ordered him to be silent, and I myself joined in, believing that he only wanted to give them time to escape. As soon as the natives saw us, they jumped up, spread their arms **(117)**, and said that they were not the murderers. Despite this, one of the soldiers fired a pistol at Yumba, who was standing close to me, but luckily it wasn't loaded. When the lieutenant saw that the natives showed no hostility, he exclaimed, "That will do, no, no, no," etc., and I myself shouted with all my might not to fire. At first there were three natives, along with two women and a few children; But immediately afterwards a fourth, Numma, came up, into whom a soldier had put a bullet through the abdomen, so that the intestines came out on both sides. The bullet had gone in under the short ribs on the left side and out of the right hip again. This man had been in the water about 10-20 paces from the rest of the natives [and] was busy spearing fish, but the **(118)** soldier claimed that he had wanted to spear him, but he contradicted himself in that I heard him say that the same had run back into the water when he noticed that he was aiming at him. I had not noticed this native at all and had not heard the shot fired, as my entire attention was focused on preventing the other three from being shot. How great was my astonishment and horror when Numma came up to me with a wild look, a terrible wound and the declaration that he was an acquaintance or friend and not a murderer. "I Kappler, I very good", and when he heard that they wanted to take him to Port Lincoln, "I bamba", (id est: by and bye, that means: I want to stay) were his moving words. He leaned on two of his friends for a few moments, but soon sank to the ground, leaning his head on another's lap. As we were leaving, he asked for my handkerchief, **(119)** with which he covered his face. His eyes were already dull and turned upside down, so that it couldn't take much longer for them to dissolve.
I had known this man for more than a year and was always very active and open; Last year he accompanied me and several others as a guide to Puyundo, where the French whale boats were anchored; I last saw him at Wadnelli, two miles from the city, on the same day that Biddle was murdered. So it cut through my soul like a knife to see this innocent man shot. I couldn't stop myself from crying. Lieutenant Hugoni strongly defended the soldier who fired the shot, claiming that he had acted quite rightly; But this is no wonder, since the people are under his command and he is more responsible than the soldier. But he seemed to have a different opinion about the person who fired the pistol, **(120)** because he said that since the pistol didn't go off, it was better not to say anything about it. At first he wanted to take all the remaining natives prisoner, according to his instructions and because some things were found in their carrying bags which were supposed to be stolen property, but Yumbalta claimed that he had brought them from Mallei, where we found the murderers three weeks ago. and where he accompanied us. The item consisted of a nightcap, a barber's knife, a small bag, some thread, and a rag, apparently from a woman's dress. --

As we were about to return, we heard several natives speaking in the distance; Then Tunba ran to meet them and brought them with him; they had no spears and were very friendly. They were accused of paying little attention to the man who was shot, but I saw clearly that their whole attention was focused on us and that they were not without concerns

(121) ***[The right-hand edge of this page has been torn off.]***
by repeatedly saying that we [want] to go. As soon as we had gone away, however, they [shouted] a loud and agitated lament and [was] heard using loud, violent expressions _ _ _
at which Tunba remarked that they _ _ _
he had brought us hither and that they were going _ _ _
to spear him. I slept [poorly] that night,
constantly tormented by the accusation that I
either could have killed the native by _ _ _,
or that I [should not] have been there.
In addition, the natives continued to appeal to me
to prove that they were comrades,
since I had seen them near the city and
knew them as acquaintances or friends. [I]
said to Hugonin, as we approached the [camp site]
where the natives were, whether he [didn't] want to
investigate who and what the natives _ _ _
before he became hostile towards them, because _ _ _

(122) ***[The left-hand edge of this page has been torn off.]***
_ _ _ says you might want to from Nano Tribe
_ _ _ replied that we would soon see what
_ _ _eight is made of when we get to it.
_ _ _ it was too late.

April ____, 1842. Since yesterday's incident convinced me
_ _ _ that I was not needed and that I had
_ _ _ been taken when they wanted my company
_ _ _ to report innocent natives, I decided
_ _ _ to go home. Shortly after sunrise
_ _ _ I set off on foot to Palanna
_ _ _ [and] from there on horseback to the city. Kungka
_ _ _ I, who witnessed some sorrow
_ _ _ what happened.

April ___, 1842. Yutalta, who had been on Boston Island until today, came back today and left the next day, no doubt as a result of what Kungka had told him about Kumnia. Tunba had run away the same evening **(123)** when I left the party at Muthabakka, which I could foresee.

May 4th, 1842. Yutalta, Kungka, and his two sons returned to the city and were taken to Boston Island, by Mr. Driver's command.

May 7th, 1842. In consequence of a report spread by [Mr.] Hawker and others that a number of natives were assembled on the south side of Port Lincoln proper, Lieutenant Hugonin with his crew and Captain Hawker sailed there today.

May 8th, 1842. The party that sailed off yesterday returned today with old Paluta, Kurdimarniti, Ngulga's wife, and Wormawa, Munta's wife, as well as three children as prisoners. Several cutlery items were found among [them], such as knives, scissors and the like, which Palutta acknowledged as having been received from Ngarbi **(124)**. A young dog had also been found that had been left behind in Pillaworta, along with a piece of canvas from the same place. Wornawa, however, stated that Tyntalta, who was in the city on April 30th, stole these items and left them with them. I also asked them the names of those who had been shot, but they were so depressed and so cold that they paid no attention to my questions. They were then set free. It was reported that at least two had been shot dead and several had most likely been wounded.

This is how it would have happened. Two soldiers who separated from the others unexpectedly encountered the natives; One of the latter immediately jumps up and grabs one of the soldiers' rifles as he barrels, no doubt to prevent them from firing. But the gun is fired and the bullet goes through the native's hand and heart. Now everyone else is fleeing and they are being fired upon from all sides.

(125) These are, no doubt, the same natives that we saw at Coffin Bay recently, Follet, who had been there with Hawker a few days ago, telling me that they were heavily painted with white ochre, the sign of their mourning for their murdered friend Numma; the same natives who received Follet and his companion with the greatest kindness and led them around the area hunting kangaroos.

May 9th, 1842. This morning I went to the natives who had been released from captivity to see what had become of them because they had promised to come to me but had not stayed away. Palulta and Kurdimarniti had left, but Wornawa remained. She told me that the following natives had been shot: Ngulga, Munta, Tubu and two children named Tyilye and Tallerilla, about 10 and 12 years old. Munta and Tubu were among our companions to Mallei, and the former was in my house **(126)** at the time when the news of Biddle's murder arrived. The white people are so cruel. Mr. Driver says this slaughter should continue until they hand over the culprits. But it has not been proven at all that the guilty are among them; perhaps it is likely, as they also claim, that the murderers are higher up to the north.

April 10th, 1842. Wornawa, whom the Adelaide native Jack had chosen as his wife, left this morning, taking the latter's blanket with her, no doubt in the belief that it had been given to her.

[From here there is a break of 2 ½ years in the diary.
It doesn't continue until the end of 1844.]

{During the period described, Schürmann decided that his efforts to mediate as a [sub]protector between the settlers and the natives had remained fruitless.

He therefore informed the Dresden Missionary Society on August 23, 1842 that he intended to give up his connection to the government at the end of the year. On September 30, 1842, Governor Grey dismissed him from his employment. However, he, Grey, was able to persuade the mission to remain in Port Lincoln by promising to continue providing the Lutheran Mission of South Australia with the sum of £100 for a year.

Schürmann continued to carry out his duties as an interpreter and to represent the indigenous people in court. This also meant traveling to Adelaide and visiting the condemned. But since the witness statements could not be verified and the settlers in Port Lincoln opposed the natives at all levels, he could do little more than make visits and facilitate the stay in prison.

Towards the end of 1843 and the beginning of 1844 Schürmann was in close contact with the Barngala tribe and two clever boys were at his house in Port Lincoln. This enabled him to make good progress in learning the Barngala language and in 1844 he published, at government expense, his "Vocabulary of the Barngala Language as Spoken by the Aborigines Living on the West Coast of the Spencer Gulf". He added a collection of grammar rules. He hoped this would allow the settlers to communicate better with the natives there. At the same time, he shared his insights into the customs and beliefs of the natives with others, such as the artist George French Angas and the later protector of the natives, Edward John Eyre.

He began farming with the natives on Section 9, two miles south of Port Lincoln on the northwest coast of Port Lincoln's Proper Bay, in an area they called Munarilla. Although in his opinion this place was too close to the city, it was a favorite place for the natives to camp because of the good fishing there. At Schürmann's request, the area was made into a reserve for the indigenous people. In the meantime he repeatedly suggested building a settlement and school about 10 miles outside Port Lincoln. He was convinced that he would have more success with this in the Port Lincoln area than anywhere else in populated South Australia.

Schürmann continued to farm. On Sundays he gathered the natives for a short address, which was followed by a lively discussion on religious topics. Nevertheless, he believed that lasting guidance on missionary work was not possible without enabling the people to settle according to their ideas. ...}

1844

(127) **December 23rd, 1844.** Towards evening a number of indigenous people came into the city, among whom were Punalta and Kunkas, both sons, Tyilkelli and Indelli. The greater number of them, however, were foreign to me: Yernga, Manga, Mulpi, Wambi and so on. They had hardly encamped next to the natives in front of them when a violent quarrel arose, accompanied by mad running back and forth with filled spears and other signs of anger. Thinking that a fight would break out immediately, I went to them and warned them not to start a fight in the city, because the white people would take offense and drive them all away. They gave me to understand, however, that they did not wish to quarrel, but only to show their anger against the Battaragurarri [rubber tree men], one of whom, namely Tyingalta, had recently speared Pilgalta in the knee, who was lying lame in his camp. But they let my ideas persuade them to stop the noise. But no sooner had everything calmed down than Tynkalta started a new argument with his wife and Yutalta's young wife, who is related to him, because she had given him no wheat, or what he thought was too little wheat. He speared his own wife (128) in the back and tried to throw Yutalta with a wirri. However, he did not immediately find the opportunity to do this because she avoided him and someone tried to hold him. Finally he hit her over the hand, whereupon she made a loud howl and Yutalta, who until then had seemed to be watching things quite unconcerned, took up the argument. After exchanging a pair of Wirris, both of whom skillfully parried with their weapons, they came close to each other and struck blows on each other's heads. Yutalta was obviously at an advantage because of his length and covered his opponent's head with wounds, so that one side was completely covered with blood. At the same time they said the worst insults so close to each other's faces that their noses seemed to touch, and in a voice as loud as their throats would allow. As some others ran up and held up their weapons, Yutalta suddenly ran away in the direction of the police office to get police officers, but his own wife ran after him to prevent this. I then went to his wife and examined her wound, when Tynkalta suddenly seized a club and gave her a blow. This impudence annoyed me, so I grabbed him and shook him, but he didn't have the courage to touch me, loud-mouthed as he was. He then went away, but soon came back and wanted to renew the quarrel, which, however, did not work. Immediately after this interlude (129), the newcomers exchanged some skins with the old city customers, which seems to be a sign of mutual friendship among the original inhabitants. About 5 or 6 men on each side formed a dense group, then approached each other and pushed forward those who were carrying the skins and who had hitherto been at the rear; They then stood close together, held the skins, which were tightly wrapped together, between them, one on top of the other, and finally, with much effort and much talk from those around them, each took the skin that had until now belonged to the other. Before this exchange, the newcomers offered to choose a skin for me, but our old friends recommended this again. The rest of the evening was spent in a dance, for which they decorated themselves in the following way: from each shoulder down to the belt they drew two lines in the shape of a swallow's tail with white chalk; a white

ring around both eyes, a stripe along the nose and several, two together, across the arms; This is exactly how the ancients painted the beard. Around the upper face, from one ear to the other, they glue a wreath of the downy feathers of the Welu bird, or of an eagle, which makes her look like a woman in her nightcap. As a paste for attaching the down feathers they use the blood from the genitals, to obtain which one of their number wounds the interior of the genitals. Each person ties a bunch of green twigs over each knee and takes a 3-foot-long thread in their hand. Equipped in this way, the Kuri or dance begins with some singing and beating the beat with their sticks.

The women **(130)** are unadorned and only take part in the dance in small numbers, at most three or four; but in men's opinion they seem to greatly increase the value of entertainment through this participation. The dances are very short, rarely lasting more than 5 minutes; On the other hand, [they] are much more graceful than those of the original inhabitants of Adelaide. The most popular dance, and certainly the best, consists of jumping from one side to the other and swinging the arms so that when the right foot is on the ground, the arm on the same side rises while the left falls. In order to maintain balance and achieve regularity of movement, they seem to hold the rope already mentioned with both hands, so that the distance between the arms must always remain the same. By the way, the whole body is in a graceful and obviously strenuous vibration. --

The newcomers reported that Kulkultu, incited by another, Wirkalta, had speared Mr. Dark while he was satisfying a need, a statement that was entirely consistent with that given by Dark's traveling companions. They gave various answers to the question of the motive for this murder, but the most likely seems to be that the indigenous people wanted to own the clothing of the Europeans because they did not know or appreciate their food.

(131) December, 25th, 1844. Christmas. Today I had gathered with me a large number of black people, to whom I tried to tell the story of the birth of Christ and to explain its meaning, but it was impossible to maintain peace and quiet among such a crowd, so I fear that I have achieved little. After the meeting I had about a dozen children who I started teaching the letters to.

December 29th, 1844. Sunday. I was unable to gather the indigenous people together today.

1845

January 1st, 1845. A new year has begun;

> *Grant me grace, O dear Lord God, to experience the same in your fear, for my salvation and for those entrusted to me at least some blessing. Protect me from sin, awaken me to new spiritual life and strength to walk with caution, patience, love and Christian seriousness before these rude original inhabitants.*

January 22nd, 1845. The natives all left the city.

(132)

[incomplete list of births]

John. born February 4, 1850. Andr. Albert Agneta Heinz

Traugott. born February 5, 1851.

Andreas. born December 13, 1853.

Anna Christiana Stephan

(133)

Customs at the inauguration of a Warrara

On the thirteenth of October Palyanna, a boy of about fourteen years, was ordained Warrara, a name denoting the highest degree in the knowledge of secret observations. I was not present at the beginning of the ceremony, but I was told that someone had led the boy out of the camp with his eyes covered and shouting kerri or erri. I found him covered with a kangaroo skin, and the men and young people who had already reached the level of Warrara sitting around him. After a while two men broke a heap of green branches and hid themselves in them, about 20 paces from the spot where the boy lay. Then one of the men opened a vein, raised the boy up, but with his eyes covered, and let the blood run onto his head, shoulders, face and a few drops into his mouth. Several kadlaabidls had previously been made, a kind of whips which have a stick about 18 inches long and a two-foot-long cord, at the end of which hangs a chip about 8 inches long and 1/2 [inch] wide. If you twist the cord until it becomes quite turgid and strike the whip quickly through the air, a peculiar noise is produced that cannot be compared with anything else. While some men, biting their beards and others adopting grim gestures, handled these whips, and at the same time an old man sang a monotonous song, slowly beating time with his hand on the ground.

[It appears that this is not a complete description. CWS may have planned to write more about this, but he didn't elaborate further.
Ted Schürman mentions on page 176 of his book that this ceremony is described in Chapter 5 of "The Aboriginal Bustle of Port Lincoln."]

(134) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(135) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(136) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(137) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(138) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(139) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(140) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(141) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(142) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(143) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(144) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(145) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(146) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(147) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(148) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(149) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(150) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(151) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(152) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(153) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(154) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(155) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(156) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(157) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(158) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(159) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(160)

Register

Name of the Child	When baptised
Johanna Emilie	
Margaret	
Elisabeth Jane	April 10th, 1842

(161)

Baptismal

Number	When born	Name of the parents
1		Gottlob Neander and
2		Johnston
3		George Middleton and
4	March 14th, 1842	Thomas Follet and Maria Hooper

(162) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(163) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(164) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(165) *[This page is left blank in the original.]*

(166) *[Backcover]*