

Dresden Mission News 1839 S 81

Adelaide, December 10, 1838

Dear and honored brethren in the Lord!

I have now been here at my destination for almost two months, and now I am picking up my pen for the first time to share some news about my journey and my stay here with you. Various reasons contributed to this not happening sooner. Firstly, the only opportunity to travel directly came so suddenly that there was no time for a full report, and I didn't want to send just a half-hearted one. Secondly, my time and thoughts have been occupied with a thousand and one things until now, so I couldn't even think about writing letters. And finally, there was a lack of the necessary comfort for writing. However, the last reason is of less importance, because it would still apply now. You will admit that my bed instead of my chair, and the lid of a box stubbornly held on my knees instead of a table or writing desk, can't offer me much comfort.

You have advised us, esteemed brothers, to strive for the greatest possible accuracy and openness in our reports; and following this advice, I now intend to make such excerpts from my diaries as I deem appropriate and which I believe deserve your attention.

On the Monday before Pentecost, **May 27th**, we boarded the large and beautiful ship "Pestonjee Bomanjee". Although the weather was unfavorable and the wind was directly against us, our departure was not prevented, as our ship was towed by a steamboat in the now generally accepted manner. We were very surprised by the sight of the crowd, which numbered 240 people; one can imagine what a colorful commotion they caused. The travelers are divided into three classes according to their status and wealth, of which the first resides in the main cabin, the second in the intermediate deck, and the third in the cargo hold.

While it's airy and clean in the cabin, the intermediate deck where we live is lacking in both of these aspects and generally lacks the comfort we expected. This is due to overcrowding; instead of there being only two rows of cabins on the intermediate deck, one on each side and a wide corridor in between, an extra row has been added, which now deprives us of almost all fresh air and daylight. Unfortunately, our toilet is in the middle of this third row, so studying will be out of the question during the entire journey due to lack of light. Another major problem is the lack of adequate cooking facilities, which we intermediate deck passengers suffer from the most, as those in the cabins are naturally preferred and those in the stowage area, which mostly consist of families, take care of themselves. You won't accuse me of

dissatisfaction or exaggeration if I add in advance that during the entire journey, we didn't get our lunch at 1 o'clock, but at any time between 12 and 6 o'clock, and often not at all. From all this, I would advise that in the future, brothers should not travel as intermediate deck passengers, at least not on such overcrowded ships.

In the evening, we anchored at Gravesend and were left by the steamship, along with several passengers, including the governor, who intended to reboard in Plymouth. We stayed here until the following afternoon, when we sailed down the Thames with a favorable wind. However, as soon as we reached the open sea, the wind became unfavorable for us, and we didn't arrive at Plymouth harbor until the end of June. However, the journey wasn't long for us, as the governor and all the other passengers were absent from the cabin, so we had complete freedom in every respect. During the journey from London to Plymouth, an incident occurred that could have easily cost the life of one of our fellow passengers. A man climbed onto the railing to fetch water on a very stormy day, when he was unexpectedly caught by a sailing rope and thrown overboard. Although immediate efforts were made to rescue him, the boats were tied very tightly and the ship was moving quickly, so the man would have surely been lost if it hadn't been for God's intervention that a fishing boat happened to be nearby, which picked up the victim and brought him on board.

The first Sunday on board fell during this voyage. It was ordered from higher authorities that, in the event that no clergyman of the English or Scottish Church was on board, the doctor should read the prayers of the former. He wished to delegate this task to us; however, I was reluctant to agree to this request, not so much because I considered reading the church prayers a violation of conscience, but rather out of prudence to assert my church position from the outset, and not to do or admit anything that might make the English, who know little about our church, believe that I belonged to theirs. Furthermore, to prevent such demands in the future, so as not to unnecessarily expose myself to the disgrace that, in my opinion, is not entirely unjustly attached to the liturgy of the English Church, and which would fall even more heavily on us, as we could not add a sermon. Finally, to prevent any indifference on both sides. However, Brother Teichelmann said he would have no qualms in an emergency, and so on the second Sunday, as the governor also wished, he began to read the prayers of the Church of England, with some omissions, in the evening and in the morning, after which a sermon was read each time, first by the governor's private secretary, then by me. I would like to know, esteemed brothers! what you think of our procedure and how you would have acted in a similar situation.

Many are dissatisfied with the aforementioned type of worship service, partly because they can't all hear it, and partly because they consider it unsuitable for our circumstances. Of course, such dissenters, of whom we have the most diverse mix on board, include: Presbyterians, Independents, Methodists, Baptists, Herrnhuters, etc. Among the Methodists, some immediately wanted to prove to me that the Trinity doctrine is wrong and that the Father is the only true God. I pointed them to several passages in the Gospel of John, especially the last verse in his first letter, and, since

that wasn't enough for them, I added that I wouldn't discuss such an unchristian topic with someone who claims to be a true Christian and capable of teaching others (one had even offered to preach, and as I later learned, they were so-called local preachers).

We stayed in Plymouth until **June 11th**; there we received a letter from Mr. Angas, full of superfluous recommendations for frugality; but also some good advice regarding our effectiveness, and the announcement that he had opened a credit for us at the bank in South Africa and was expecting instructions from Dresden for future support. What kind of credit this was, we now know; but why it was like this is a mystery, which was either raised in London or in Dresden and can only be solved there. Brother Teichelmann's letter from here was mainly about our financial matters, and he wonders that nothing has been done about it by you; but I don't know what was in it, as he kept it so secretly from me that I wasn't able to add a single greeting to it.

With the most favorable winds, we left Plymouth and soon we were floating again between the sky and the water. No sooner had we left the canal and reached the infamous Bay of Biscay than the wind turned unfavorable for us, and it remained so until we had left this modern-day Charybdis.

So far, I have been reading the account of the missionary endeavors on the South Sea island by Williams. This book, although from a very particular non-church point of view regarding the spread of Christianity, provides the reader with an edifying and instructive discussion about the Messiah, and I wish nothing more while reading it than to be able to share it with my fellow brothers in Dresden after I finish it. Such phenomena should not, in my opinion, be overlooked by society, as they at least serve to correct our judgment about the spread of Christianity in modern times and to explore the condition of the pagans in various countries. Thus, this account drew my attention to the large island of New Guinea, where, according to this book, several million people live in a pagan but independent state, a promising field for the Dresden Society. Incidentally, all my and others' reading on the lower deck has to be done amidst many distractions on the upper deck.

On **June 15th**. Although we had transcribed the grammar written by Missionary Threlkeld in the Wellington Valley in New South Wales in London, we were nevertheless pleased that the governor today offered us his printed copy for study, as we perceived from it His Excellency's favorable attitude towards us and his involvement in the matter.

On **June 17th**, we were awakened in a somewhat abrupt manner and at the same time reminded of the situation we were in, as well as the almighty God and Father, who alone can preserve us in it. Suddenly and unexpectedly, a strong wind arose, accompanied by a violent rainstorm. We have often experienced such things, but what

put us in danger now was that all the sails were raised, which we could not control due to the intensity of the wind and rain. Despite persistent efforts, we were unable to prevent a large sail from tearing, and the loud noise caused by this was probably the main thing that put the travelers in such great fear.

On **June 19th**, we dined with the governor. During the conversation, which naturally focused on our promised land, His Excellency expressed the view that it would be best to relocate the natives to large cities and integrate them as much as possible with the English; he himself wanted to employ some of them, etc. We, of course, disagreed; and this difference of opinion led to repeated discussions on this subject, during which we eventually diverged so much that His Excellency harbored an unfounded suspicion against me, as if I were plotting plans that would lead to murder and bloodshed. God in heaven protect me from such things; but also just as much from agreeing to blatant injustices. --

Following these discussions, Mr. Hall, the governor's private secretary, gave me a book to read, containing: "Testimonies on the influence of English settlements and the indigenous people", which I could only reinforce further, as passages such as the following statement by Mr. Beecham appeared: "Unless eternal justice itself changes, or I must insist that the English occupation of foreign lands without regard to their inhabitants is humanly and morally wrong, and that therefore the English colonization system is founded on a principle of injustice". And as for the consideration shown so far for the indigenous people of South Australia, I will mention this later.

On **June 20th**, we were asked by some travelers to hold an evening prayer service in the hold, to which we readily agreed and mumbled our prayers as best as the foreign language allowed us; however, due to the great disturbance, partly from the dissatisfied people in the hold, partly from the groaning and whimpering Methodists, and partly from the boisterous, mocking sailors, we had to abandon it again..

After seeing nothing but sky and water for a long time, we were greeted on **June 28th** by the rocky beach of the island of Tenerife; the east coast offers only a single area, where a small town could be built, and that is Santa Cruz, where we anchored; the entire rest of the east coast is steep. Santa Cruz may have about 4,000 inhabitants and its only significance is that it is the seat of an Augustinian monastery and the government of all the Canary Islands. I went ashore the following day, without a single acquaintance, as it was already 11 o'clock and I hadn't eaten a bite yet. After having something to eat, I went to a church, where, like in all others, a service was being held, as it was St. Peter's Day. The church was quite beautiful, with an altar brimming with gold and silver, and the floor made of a kind of brasswork, i.e. white and black marble slabs alternating with each other. Remarkably, there were no pews in the church, except between the columns that separated the nave from the side aisles. On these, perhaps 40 - 50 people were sitting, to whom a priest was preaching with great enthusiasm when I entered. After the sermon, a flock of priests emerged,

almost larger than the congregation; this and everything else convincingly demonstrated the complete failure and mere opus operatum [finished work] of the Catholic Church on this island.

Upon my return, I learned that Brother Teichelmann had come ashore but had left again; partly to look for him, partly to kill time, I went to the nearby mountains. On the way, a man armed with a rifle followed me, suggesting that he wanted to shoot game. I gave him a cigar, for which he thanked me very politely, and I was pleased to have found such a friendly companion on unfamiliar paths. To my surprise, the man suddenly stopped for a while afterwards; but how astonished I was when he indicated by signs that he wanted to cut my throat; he was indeed smiling, but in a way that made my suspicions of him greater rather than less. By shaking my head and other serious expressions, I made him understand that his plan was evil, and in order not to betray the slightest fear, I pretended to want to go on. He then pointed upwards and touched his hat; as I followed his hand with my eyes, I noticed a tiny cross standing on a rock about 20 feet high, and in an instant my hat was off my head. No doubt he had made his sign of reverence before this image unnoticed by me, and now he regarded me, because I did not imitate him, as a godless heretic. I walked with him for a while longer, but then returned, partly because I was exhausted, partly because I did not feel entirely at ease with this companion. In the afternoon, I walked around the city with some others, where nothing remarkable was to be seen except appalling begging and negligence; the only thing I can praise about Tenerife is the ice, which was a real refreshment for us; it is obtained from the 12,000-foot-high Pico del Teide.

On the morning of **July 1st** at 8 o'clock, we left Sta Cruz. As we gradually moved further away from the land, the beautiful peak appeared increasingly clear, until it finally lay before our eyes in all its glory. At the top, not very far below the crater, it was crowned with a white diadem of snow. Truly, the earth and what lies within it are the Lord's and are wonderfully made by Him.

On **July 2nd**, we had the sun at its zenith, and from now on, we will have it in the north. Will I ever see it again in the south, where I've watched it circle for so long?

On **July 5th**, we saw flying fish for the first time; they are white in color, the size of a thrush; their flight is at most within shooting range and takes place with stiff fins.

On **July 7th**, we had a heavy tropical rainstorm, for which we were all very grateful, because the heat and humidity were almost unbearable, and complaints of physical discomfort were common, especially among the children, so much so that the doctor was very concerned about the outbreak of red diarrhea; but this cool rain was the best medicine.

On the evening of **July 21st**, the sailors honored and sacrificed a burning barrel of tar to Neptune, the guardian of the line, which was visible for an hour and looked very impressive. All the cruelties that are otherwise supposed to occur on this occasion

were omitted.

On **July 25th**, at the request of the governor, I gave Miss Gawler her first and last lesson in German; the last one because the swaying of the ship and her physical weakness prevented her from continuing.

The **third of August** marked a new chapter in our journey, as we arrived at the port of Rio de Janeiro on that day. Although it was already dark when we entered the port, the starry sky provided us with enough light to admire the wonderful rock formations that surround the port, among which the 700-foot-high Sugar Loaf stands out particularly, located at the port entrance. The latter is not much wider than the Elbe at Dresden and is made impregnable by a fortress built on each side.

From this place, dear brothers, you have received a letter from me, but I must admit that I remember little of its content. Therefore, please don't mind if I mention something below that you already know from previous letters from either me or Brother Teichelmann.

Although **August 5th** was a Sunday, I didn't bother to go ashore, as I hadn't been able to do so the previous day due to a lack of opportunity, and I didn't know if I would get another chance. Brother Teichelmann had to stay on board for the church service. However, I had every reason to regret this day, due to the bad weather and the bad company I was stuck with all day, as I either had to go ashore with them or pay a huge price if I took a boat alone. To some extent, I was reconciled with this day by meeting a German in the inn, who told me that there was a German pastor in Rio and promised to take me to him the following day.

The following day, Brother T. and I went ashore early and were led by the aforementioned fellow countryman to the German pastor, Dr. Naumann. He is a young unmarried man and has been here for about a year. He was previously a Licenciat [a person authorized to teach at a church college] in Berlin, where Brother T. had already met him; therefore, it didn't take long for us to become acquainted with him. After a conversation of several hours, he suggested an excursion to the nearest and most beautiful hills, which offered a complete and pleasant view of both the city and the magnificent Orgel mountain range. According to Dr. Naumann, Rio has about 150,000 inhabitants, of whom two-thirds are free and non-free Negroes. The lot of the latter is far from being as unbearable as Europeans imagine. They take great care not to overwork themselves, except for the so-called coffee Negroes, i.e., those who carry coffee to and from the customs house, who have to work so hard that they become incapacitated in a few years. At the time of our presence, there were two ships with Negroes in the harbor, which had been captured by English warships; we went on board one of them with the governor, who had received permission from the English admiral to do so, and found 138 souls crammed into the small ship; the number had been much larger before. By day, they were well off, as they could all be on the foredeck, but woe to them at night under the foredeck, where they had not half as

much space. The age of these people was about 10 - 20 years, and some perhaps even older. There were relatively few women, only 30. Some faces, however, looked very ugly, lazy, and stupid, but in the majority there was a liveliness and agility that leads me to assert that these Blacks are capable of the same education as the whites. If my profession hadn't called me elsewhere, I would have gladly devoted myself to the cultivation of their minds. The fate of these poor people had only recently been decided by Brazilian justice that they should be free. Very often, I was told, if the validity of a slave ship's capture cannot be proven, the Negroes remain slaves, and even if they are acquitted, their lot does not improve much, as they are put to work for several years by the government with slave owners to cover the expenses incurred by their acquittal. If now one of the twenty, thirty, or more Negroes of such a slave owner dies, he immediately says it was the free Negro and shifts the latter among his real slaves. The Negroes would certainly not put up with such deception if they knew about it; but since they don't understand the Portuguese language when they come over, they never learn that they are free. The government could easily curb such obvious deception if it didn't turn a blind eye to slavery in every possible way; but how much this is the case is evident from the fact that just at the time of our presence, a proposal is being made in the chambers to re-legalize the slave trade for the good of the country. --

The moral and religious state of the Negroes is indeed appalling; they are indeed baptized by the Catholic Church, but almost without any prior instruction; and immorality is systematically promoted among them, because the slave owners do not tolerate proper marriages, so that they can rent them out more easily, but they still want to have as many children as possible from them. The mothers, knowing that their children would be a double burden for their work and would be taken away from them as soon as they could do without them, try to prevent their fertility, but, understandably, not through chastity. Oh, the horror.

When we returned from our walk, we encountered the North American Methodist missionary Spaulding, whom Dr. Naumann introduced to us and whom we visited several times afterwards. He has been in Rio for two years, with the intention of reviving the defunct Catholic Church, or rather converting Catholics. However, based on his particular viewpoint, he will achieve little; so far, he has not found any starting point that would allow him to have a blessed impact in the future. At that time, there was a strong uproar among the Catholic clergy, partly due to his last report to North America, and partly due to his distribution or rather offering of the Holy Scriptures in Portuguese. The former, in which he described the state of the Catholic Church in Brazil, and particularly of the Christians, as very deplorable, was translated and responded to by an Irish priest named Tilbury, who worked in Rio. Just in the week we arrived in Rio, the same man had a notice published in the newspaper against the Bibles, in which he mainly refuted the claim used to recommend the Bibles that the Holy Scriptures had made the English the wisest, most religious, most moral, and most powerful people on Earth, cleverly using his knowledge of the ecclesiastical and moral state of England, and particularly of London. If Spaulding were proficient in

Portuguese, perhaps something good could come from this movement; but unfortunately, that is not the case.

Strangely enough, we received a gift of 30 German Bibles and just as many New Testaments from this North American missionary.

On **August 11th**, we left Rio de Janeiro with such favorable winds that we had already lost sight of the land by noon.

On **August 25th**, we had a strange incident on board. For some time now, a romance had been developing between the second helmsman and a young girl from the lower deck, which had increasingly degenerated into offensive frivolity. To put an end to this, both the bride and groom and their friends wished to be married on board the ship, by one of us. I immediately said that since the bride and groom were members of the Church of England and wanted to remain so, we were not authorized to perform the wedding. However, Teichelmann argued that there was nothing to prevent this, especially since he also represented the clergy of the English Church every Sunday. But the governor decided that we were not only not authorized to perform the wedding, but would also be liable to punishment if we did so. So the people were married by the captain, who has the right to do so in such cases. Brother Teichelmann replied that if that were the case, he would also not be authorized to hold the Church of England's worship service, to which His Excellency rightly replied: that was a matter for the law, not for us.

I don't know whether it was before or after this incident that services were to be held in two places, because it was raining on the foredeck and people didn't have enough space under the foredeck in one place. I was asked to hold the service in the engine room; I said I would do it, but I wouldn't read the prayers of the English church. Up until then, I had been forced to express my opinion, because they could easily find another reason than this for Brother Teichelmann always conducting the service alone. From that time on, the doctor read the prayers in the engine room.

On **October 11th**, we finally saw the distant coasts of our promised land, first the Kangaroo Island, and later the mainland. Towards evening, we also saw the highest peaks of the mountain range, which stretches from south to north, about three miles from the coast, and the highest peak of which is called Mount Lofty. We didn't anchor until the following day in the so-called Holdfast Bay, a good hour before the coast, as the ships can't get any closer due to the shallow water.

On **the 13th**, the governor and the other travelers went ashore from the cabin, so we had to stay on board all day, which we regretted all the more, as the following day was a Sunday. However, no one paid any attention to this, and they continued to disembark people and goods; therefore, Teichelmann and I also took the opportunity to go ashore freely and empty-handed, especially since there was no mention of any church service.

What I thought and felt when my foot first touched the land, oh brothers! I cannot describe it; behind me lies the long, long sea voyage, accomplished by God's grace, healthy and unusually fortunate; then the homeland with all its pleasant and cherished memories; before me lies a great, almost unknown land, and I now have the task and intention to spend my life in it, dedicating it, God willing, to its enlightenment and instruction. Thoughts, I mean, that could surely make an impression. –

On the 1.5 mile-long path from Haltfest Bay to Adelaide, we discovered two mistakes that are common in Germany, namely that the birds of this country don't sing and the flowers aren't supposed to smell; even if we miss nightingales and roses, we don't lack singing birds and fragrant flowers. Of course, we were very excited to see Adelaide, and we found a larger number of partly nice houses than we expected, but to our surprise, there was hardly a trace of agriculture, which should actually be the first thing settlers do in a new country. But now, as I'm writing this, we're no longer surprised by the state of affairs, because we now know from experience that the inhabitants of South Australia are nothing more than a bunch of speculators, all of whom, one and another, engage in such enormous profiteering that the few sober-minded ones look forward to the end with horror. --

After satisfying our hunger and thirst in Adelaide, we went to visit a fellow countryman whom we had heard about the day before, and who oversees a warehouse. On the way, we encountered several natives who immediately addressed us in their usual manner with the question: "What's your name?" However, since I plan to summarize everything I know about them below, I won't mention anything else here. We stayed overnight at the aforementioned fellow countryman's place, albeit in a somewhat adventurous manner; a pair of beds placed on the floor of the warehouse, covered with some soldiers' coats, served as our bedding, and two soldiers' coats served as our blankets; but it was still so cold, and the fleas (which abound in South Australia and don't care about cleanliness) were so dangerous that we could hardly sleep a wink.

The first thing we did the following morning was to go to the bank to post our letters and withdraw money. Mr. McLaren, the bank manager, was away on Kangaroo Island, so we authorised the cashier to open the letters. However, we were greatly surprised to learn that we wouldn't receive a penny before the end of the quarter. The cashier was kind enough to let us read the letters ourselves, and we saw that we were each to receive only 100 pounds annually, with the note that this was to be paid quarterly. An extract from Mr. P. Wermelskirch's letters to Mr. Angas stated the same thing. "Now," said the cashier, "salaries are never paid in advance, so the letters must mean that I should pay you each 25 pounds at the end of each quarter, and I'm not authorised to exceed this instruction." This made sense to us, but how were we to interpret our friends' actions? At first, we suspected that they had given us interest-bearing notes to prevent us from being wasteful, especially since Mr. Angas,

whenever he saw us and most recently in his letters, urged us to be thrifty, even though we hadn't shown any evidence of extravagance in London, and not a single mention had been made of the credit that was supposed to be opened for us at the South Australian Bank for travel and similar expenses.

Afterwards, when I was calmer, I interpreted the situation as follows: neither the company nor Mr. Angas had considered that salaries are never paid in advance, and that the former had not yet found it necessary to open a credit account for joint expenses. I would indeed be sorry if I had interpreted the matter too leniently. But if I had not interpreted it leniently enough, I would ask you to forgive me and to put yourself in the position in which we were among a foreign people and in a foreign country; and in which the image of the prophet applied to us: "The staff on which we leaned broke and pierced us in the side".

Without any advice and almost thoughtlessly, we wandered back to the shore after this disappointing experience, where we met Mr. Angas' local agent, who gave us hope of getting the bank to exceptionally pay our salaries in advance, and who invited us to settle with our tent and luggage at his house on Angas' city farm. Not trusting much in his hope, we boarded the ship, retrieved our boxes and crates from the cabin and took them ashore the next morning, without being able to get our tent and some crates from the ship's hold. However, we had to move on if we didn't want to pay 25 shillings for nothing to the cart sent out by Mr. Lester (that's the name of Angas' agent). Fortunately, one part of Mr. Lester's house (so Mr. Angas' agent is called) was unoccupied, so he allowed us to temporarily store our belongings there until we got our tent. He was also kind enough to feed us for about eight days, knowing that we couldn't pay a penny for it, as his attempt to get the 25 pounds had failed. Our occupation during these eight days was to walk on the shore every day and see if our boxes and the tent had arrived ashore, because we couldn't leave the things lying for a single day, both because they weren't safe and because they were exposed to the rain, which would have soon spoiled the books in the boxes. Moreover, we deliberated what kind of occupation we should take up to sustain ourselves in case our hope of getting money through the governor's intervention failed. However, the governor has issued a bill on Mr. Angas for 50 pounds, and so we were rescued from our great predicament, for which you, dear brothers, will surely thank the governor, and most of all our faithful Lord and God. Of the above sum, 2 pounds were certainly interest, 14 pounds travel money for Brother Teichelmann, so that each of us had 17 pounds left. With this money, we would have been better off if we hadn't had many large expenses in the first quarter, such as 2 pounds for the laundry I wore during the entire sea voyage, 2 pounds for a table, and 1 pound for arranging our belongings, etc. We have to restrict ourselves for the first quarter and even partially neglect our profession, as we have to buy all our food ourselves, prepare and cook it ourselves. This would all be manageable, but for the unfortunate washing. However, our own fault is greater in this matter than it should be, and would have been even greater if the discord caused by Satan's cunning hadn't become so great that now everyone cooks for themselves. I can't mention this chapter without upsetting you and blaming

myself, and so it might have been better for the Lord's work to keep silent about it entirely; but since I don't know what Brother Teichelmann may have written, I must at least say that I have always opposed the separate cooking, but could do nothing about it, and that I don't intend to sully my life in Brother Teichelmann's vicinity, but that if everything else must be separated, I also wish our dwellings to be separated in the future; unless, of course, the Lord God sees fit, either in his mercy or in his judgment. Oh! dear brothers! the damage and the rift are indeed great, as the above fact shows, but hopefully not irreparable; there's still no reason for either your discouragement or the malicious rejoicing of the adversaries: "there, there, that's what we wanted".

They ordered us to report accurately and honestly, which I believe we have done, and I hope no one will accuse us of being reproachful. Moreover, I would like to add that our fellow believers and compatriots, who arrived on November 18th, and especially Pastor Kavel, were unable to resolve the conflict as I had hoped. The latter often eats and sleeps with us, as his congregation is still in temporary huts at the port, and he frequently has business in Adelaide, but often at one place and then at another. To return to the financial matter, I will not conceal from you the great and much appreciated help that has been provided to us and the society by several respected men, including the Independent preacher Stow, who opened a subscription and agreed to add another 100 pounds to the first year's contribution of 100 pounds, so that everyone now receives 25 pounds every quarter. Incidentally, I note that the society should not deduct anything from this sum in the future, unless we all use our time and energy for the benefit of the natives; this will become clear to you if you look at the prices of food. You cannot draw conclusions about the future from the first quarter, because you must know that I enjoy nothing but tea, coffee, bread, and old butter for 3-5 days, not so much to save money as to save time, and yet my 14 pounds will just suffice. Moreover, we now have free rent in the wooden house originally intended for the schoolhouse, into which rainwater streams in during wet weather, which will not remain the case when the huts and associated houses built for the natives are demolished and rebuilt elsewhere, as rumored. Then, there will likely be little consideration for the teacher to be employed for the natives, but even less for us. --

The society will undoubtedly want to thank us for the support we received this year, and as the man who could most appropriately do this, I would suggest Mr. Prediger Stow. Moreover, as he is the leader of this support, he has also offered us his chapel for the German church service from 4 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon; we have been using it for about six weeks now, but the number of attendees has not exceeded twelve, although there are over 50 Germans here besides Kavel's community. Many are still on Kangaroo Island, but they will soon come to Adelaide too. These fellow countrymen of ours have been accused of leaving Kangaroo Island without paying the S. Austr. Company their crossing fees; this is largely true. However, considering the promises the S. A. Company made to lure people from the best workshops in Germany, and then what they actually delivered, one can't really blame them too much. Nevertheless, it's also true that there are some desperate drunkards among

them. All this is the reason why Germans here are viewed with a suspicious eye, not excluding Mr. Pastor Kavel's community.

The latter were still uncertain about their settlement location up to now; the English wanted to disperse them, meaning that each should either work as a craftsman or a day laborer, but they were not allowed to establish themselves as an agricultural community. Perhaps the intention was for the Germans to get lost among the larger number of English and merge with them, but undoubtedly the more sinister aim was to prevent the development of agriculture, so that the S. A. Company could continue its lucrative food trade. However, the community's steadfastness has finally succeeded in getting the overseer sent by Mr. Angas, or whatever he is called, to agree to settle on Angas's farmland, 1/2 hour outside the city, for the next 7 years. They have been provided with 1,200 pounds to purchase livestock and other supplies. I'm writing this in such detail because it's of utmost importance to the Lutheran Church and the Germans in general. You can easily imagine what would have happened to the church and schools, and to the Germans in general, if they had scattered among the English, each to their own place. Before the Germans' settlement on Angas's land was finalized, they intended to move inland over the aforementioned mountains if necessary. However, to get a better idea of the situation there, eight delegates were sent to explore the land and advance as far as the Murray River if possible. I joined this expedition mainly because I'd heard that there were many Aborigines on the banks of the Murray River, which were discovered by cattle drivers transporting livestock from Sydney to Adelaide by land. However, we only covered 6 German miles during our four-day trek because some of us couldn't keep up. We didn't see a single Aborigine, but this excursion wasn't entirely useless for me, as I learned how to organize such expeditions. Our meals consisted of bread, coffee, and parrots, and our main camp was in a leaf hut and a huge fire. We lit the fire due to the severe nighttime cold, which, with daytime temperatures now rising to 30° Reaumur (37.5° Celsius), is unparalleled in Europe. Otherwise, the nights here are very clear and pleasant, and the moon is so bright that you can even read by its light. We also see some constellations here that are also visible in Europe, such as the Bell or the Seven Sisters (Pleiades) and Orion. However, our climate must be too warm for the Bear, as it never appears on land here. --

I could say more about the nature of South Australia, if I hadn't already written so much that I consider it enough for now. I would ask our friends from Altenburg to tell them that we haven't forgotten them at all, but we haven't found the time to meet their wishes yet. On an excursion that Brother Teichelmann and I made yesterday, we shot several species of parrots and I shot a white cockatoo; but since we don't quite understand the process of skinning yet, we plucked them and enjoyed them today. By the way, German naturalists should know that they are unlikely to have the honor of being the first to explore the natural kingdom of South Australia, as a naturalist society has been formed here, whose chairman is the governor himself, and they won't let anyone steal that honor. There's a German here named Sturm, who focuses almost exclusively on collecting insects; if the Altenburg society weren't afraid of the

costs, they could get some real specimens.

If you, dear brothers, also want to send something, we would appreciate summer clothing and a pair of desk lamps.

We were very disappointed that the "Prince Georg" didn't bring us any news from you; with the soon-expected "Zebra", which will bring the other half of the emigrating Lutherans, we confidently expect letters.

We would like to inform Mr. Heyn in Hamburg that we have received the crate of official wine from aboard the "Prinz Georg" with gratitude.

Well, I greet you, dear brothers, and all friends near and far, especially the people of Altenburg, with warm wishes for the peace of God and his blessing on your work. And with that, I remain your humble brother in our Savior.

Clamor Wilhelm Schürmann

Decided on December 21, 1838.

N.S. The cashier of the Bank of South Australia, when I asked him if the company in Dresden could establish a direct connection with the bank, replied that if the Committee or Mr. Wermelskirch, mentioned in the letters, issued a bill to the bank, it would be honored just as well as if it were issued by Mr. Angas or any other gentleman in England. To avoid misunderstandings, which become all the more sensitive the greater the distance, I would advise the company to take this direct route rather than using Mr. Angas as an intermediary, who has so many business commitments that he cannot possibly devote the attention to our affairs that might be expected of him given his significant support. I must confess, dear brothers!, it has upset me to know, on the one hand, that there is a respectable company in the heart of Germany that wants nothing less than for its messengers to suffer hardship, and on the other hand, to see how the mention of this company and its relationship to us should count for nothing against the word of a man who is less closely associated with us.