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To the Committee
of the Evangelical Lutheran Mission Society
in Dresden.

Adelaide, July 3rd, 1843

Beloved brethren!

Your letter of December 19th arrived on June 23rd. Your surprise and complaints about my long silence will have been somewhat explained and mitigated by my last letter, which was addressed to Pastor Wermelskirch but also intended for the Committee, and which should have reached you long ago. In the barren and difficult field in which our sphere of activity is confined, there is almost a lack of all joy and encouragement to write, because there is so little to report that is pleasant, and the unpleasant things always come soon enough in the end. Moreover, since the cessation of this colony's trade with foreign countries, the opportunity to send letters has become extremely rare; even those who do not live in or near Adelaide easily miss an opportunity they would have gladly taken advantage of. However, I will not dwell on this any longer, but acknowledge my failure to fulfill my duty of writing at least every quarter. God willing, and as far as I am able, I will strive to fulfill this obligation in the future. -- Regarding your question whether I have given up my missionary profession or continued it, and whether I am inclined to continue it, I am - almost I would say - shocked; because although I must admit that the current state of the indigenous people of Port Lincoln has been apt to shake my faith in the possibility of their conversion through me, and therefore the temptation to take such a step might have been close enough: I would nevertheless be afraid to give up a ministry of my own accord, which I consider as divinely appointed; or to dissolve a connection that was established on one side with gratitude and praise to the Lord for his gracious and faithful guidance. --

I must correct the information I shared in my last letter about the natives who were innocently killed by Europeans. Their number has actually amounted to just four, namely one in Coffin Bay, two in Port Lincoln Proper, and one in Yurlanta, whose head was cut off. The others who were initially missing, some of whom were seriously injured, were later found again.

Since those tragic incidents, half of the soldiers have been recalled to Adelaide, and the arrest of the murderers has been entrusted to the police. In May of the previous year, a certain Mr. Dutton (who, incidentally, received his education in the town of Bückeburg) accompanied by four people, but only one horse, attempted to drive a herd of cattle from Port Lincoln overland to Adelaide. When after three to four months, the travelers had not yet arrived and it was feared that they might have encountered obstacles, the government sent a number of mounted police and four volunteers to meet them. However, due to a disagreement with the latter, the police officer returned to Adelaide the same way, so that only the four volunteers reached Port Lincoln. However, due to the lack of water and the desolate nature of the land, they had suffered so much hardship that they could not even think of visiting Dutton and his companions.

Now an attempt was made to rescue the missing people from the sea, and our six of us sailed in an open whaling boat about 150 English miles up the coast of Spencer Gulf. I was mainly wanted to join them to gather information about the travelers from the natives we might encounter. A few miles south of Mount Young, our four of us went inland about 12-15 English miles without encountering anything except two young natives, who immediately fled at the sight of us. On the return journey, however, we encountered a larger number of natives, who also fled. Despite this, I managed to persuade an old man, who was protecting his women and children, to let me approach him by putting down my weapons (it was a condition that no one go unarmed) and through much persuasion. He showed us some water, which we badly needed, and soon gained enough confidence to agree to accompany us to the coast to board the boat. On the way, he drew our attention to a trail of cattle, which we had crossed in the morning without noticing, as it had already become very indistinct.

Since the language here is the same as that spoken by the natives in Port Lincoln, it was not difficult to understand this man, and we learned from him that the cattle had gone back in a southwest direction, but he could give us no information about the missing people. Later, a younger, extremely wild-looking man joined us, who stayed with us all night and agreed to go to Port Lincoln with us in the morning; however, he became so seasick on the first day that he changed his mind and secretly left us at night, taking one of my blankets that I had lent him.

During our absence, a second group of police officers, led by Mr. Eyres, had come overland from Adelaide, partly to search for Dutton, partly to look for the volunteers who were believed to be lost, and also to arrest the murderers of Biddle and Brown, or at least some of them. Of course, they did not succeed in the first task, and so far, nothing has been learned about Dutton's fate beyond what the natives have reported, who say that the poor people got stuck in a deep and rocky riverbed and died of thirst in a waterless area. Many doubt this news and believe instead that the natives killed them. However, the detailed description they gave me of the last camping and dying place of those people, and especially the fact that the local natives did not use the

remaining flour because they did not know about it, seem to make their report credible to me.

Not long after we returned from our sea voyage, Mr. Driver, the current government resident in Port Lincoln, embarked on a journey with the police who had arrived by land to arrest the murderers. I was once again asked to accompany him, serving as an interpreter for his guide Yutalta, and to assist in the eventual encounter with tribes who had not participated in the murders, testifying to their innocence and informing them of the Europeans' intention to capture only the guilty parties. On the second day towards evening, we spotted a fire, which, according to Yutalta, must have been where several of the murderers were located. However, due to the late hour, Mr. Driver deemed it advisable to send our guide ahead as a scout that night, so that we could act more confidently the following day. Early the next morning, Yutalta returned with the news that a significant number of natives, including several murderers, were located about 10 English miles from us. Mr. Driver wanted me to accompany him, but since Yutalta's information was so specific that my presence would have served no purpose other than showing off, I had to refuse and remained in our camp that day.

At the sight of the riders, the blacks had made a move to escape, but at Driver's call in their language to stop (for which I gave him the corresponding word), they had halted. Yutalta had now, by gestures and signs, without appearing as an open traitor, pointed out the culprits, two of whom escaped into the nearby bushes, while two others were captured, one named Mulyalta, an elderly man and, according to the natives, a chief ringleader; the other, named Ngaltyalta, a young man of 18 - 20 years. During this time, the police commissioner, Major O'Halloran, and another police officer from Adelaide had also arrived to capture the murderers, whom I had to accompany again after a few days, for the same reasons and with the same purpose as when I had gone with Mr. Driver.

On the third or fourth day of our journey, we encountered a group of indigenous people, several of whom initially fled in panic; however, once the first one was captured and some others gained their composure, it turned out that they all belonged to the tribes friendly to us; and Yutalta was among them. They told us that on the same day, a group of men, including some of the most notorious murderers, had left for a day's journey northward. Major O'Halloran therefore immediately decided to pursue them and spotted them in the afternoon; but as the natives saw us when we were still about a mile away and there was a dense bush nearby where they could easily hide, we only managed to capture one man who had hidden behind a bush by chance. He belonged to the Nauo tribe and was well-known to us; when I approached him, he was trembling all over from fear, but once he recognized me, he gained hope and kissed my hands ten times. Upon my attestation of his innocence, he was immediately released. This happened about 80 - 90 English miles north of Port Lincoln on the west coast of Spencer Gulf, and since the surrounding area is an almost impenetrable desert of bushes and undergrowth for many miles, there could be

no thought of further pursuit.

Therefore, our guide, the prisoner Malya, suggested we go to the Mallatta Lakes, located about 50 miles northwest of the city, where some of the accused were supposed to be. After two grueling days of travel, we arrived there only to find that the natives, who had camped on the opposite bank of one of the lakes, had fled before we got to their location. We could only infer their presence from the brightly burning fires they had left behind. I had the misfortune of falling off my small horse during the fierce pursuit, as its front hooves sank into a deep rat hole and it tumbled over my neck. However, this accident had no serious consequences beyond leaving me breathless and speechless for a few minutes, during which the pony, following the other horses, ran away and was only able to be caught with great difficulty.

These lakes or lagoons, which present a somewhat peculiar phenomenon, consist of several shallow and rounded basins, which are only separated by narrow natural earthworks, and the largest of which may have a circumference of half a German mile. In winter, these are visible and, according to the reports of the natives, are flooded, but in summer the water evaporates, and the swampy ground is covered with a glittering white crust of the finest salt. No drop of fresh water can be found here except for that which collects in a large rock basin during the rainy season and is carefully covered with branches and stones by the natives to protect it from evaporation and wild dogs. In general, this entire area, especially towards the north, is a sad and boundless desert, intersected by low rolling hills and only covered by miserable scrub. Nevertheless, the smaller species of wild animals (most inappropriately called kangaroos in English) are frequent, a circumstance which, combined with the proximity of the sea coast, explains why the indigenous people here are relatively numerous. From here, the police commissioner returned to Port Lincoln with his squad without accomplishing anything, and since the end of the previous year, no further measures have been taken against the natives.

In March, the aforementioned two natives, Malya and Ngaltia, were interrogated in Adelaide by the Supreme Court, where I had to be present as an interpreter. They were found guilty of murder based on the testimony of Stubbs, who survived the attack by Biddle's men, and were sentenced to death by the judge. This sentence was carried out on Ngaltia on April 1st at Biddle's Station, the scene of the murder. As for the older Malya, he was sentenced to life imprisonment by the governor, as his direct involvement in the murder could not be conclusively proven. The former tried to convince himself until the last moment that he would not die, despite having fully understood his verdict, and it was only when preparations were made to execute the gruesome sentence that his emotions overwhelmed him.

Fearful tears streamed from his eyes in such abundance as I have never seen before, and to my question as to why he was crying... he replied that it was because he was going to be beaten, adding: "Why are they beating me, who am small (or young)? I'm not a murderer; Tyngalta and the others are the murderers." I further asked him

whether he would die forever, or whether the soul would continue to live, to which he replied, according to the native belief, that the soul would live and be taken to an island, but he wanted to live longer as an earth-born person (Mirrinneyara, a similar person who, unlike Europeans and the deceased, lives on, he was just a young man, etc.). After briefly giving vent to his indignation, he rallied himself and walked steadily to the scaffold, until I watched him with my eyes. I could not bear to witness his death, but I heard that his surrender did not abandon him. There was something eerily touching in this man's behavior, combined with his tender age, which seemed to affect all those present to a greater or lesser extent. For me, however, the incident was also very painful and distressing, because I was unable to share even a faint ray of divine light with his enlightened soul, or to soothe his anxious heart with some comfort. --

The intention was to gather as many natives as possible to watch the execution, in order to deter them from similar acts of violence in the future; however, apart from Mulya, only two were present, because the execution took place at 8 o'clock in the morning, and the other invited natives only arrived at noon, after everything had already ended. However, not as much was lost as one might think, because the Battara yurari, who committed the murders, would not have dared to come, and the description of the events by the two present will soon spread throughout the entire country.

During my stay in Adelaide last March, I requested the Protector for support in the form of flour and farming equipment, in order to attempt to cultivate a small piece of land with the natives. In response, he sent me two sacks of flour weighing 400 pounds, which I distributed to the natives from May 4th to June 12th. In return, under my guidance, they cleared and fenced 6 English acres of land from trees, and dug up and sowed 2 1/2 acres. The land is located about half a German mile south of the city, not far from the coast of the actual Port Lincoln, which, especially in winter, is a favorite haunt of the natives due to its abundance of fish. Another advantage of the location is that there is no good land further southwest where Europeans would want to settle; nevertheless, I am confident that due to the proximity of the city, this spot will eventually become a permanent settlement for the natives.

For the first 8 days, I had about six men who, encouraged by the hope of a future harvest, worked with enthusiasm and love. However, when a group of the Nao tribe arrived from the west later on, who, although they ate with us, did not want to work, and moreover brought along a lot of women and children, those became discontented and dissatisfied. Although I only gave my flour to those who had earned it through work, the custom of sharing food has become so ingrained among the natives that they cannot refuse if they want to maintain peace. The workers also demanded that I drive away those lazy ones, but this could not be done with mere words or orders. As a result, I had almost daily new unskilled workers, except for two or three who stayed with me fairly consistently. Moreover, I had to use all available means to overcome the inherent laziness of the natives; I assigned each person their daily tasks, either

giving them a certain number of trees to clear or designating a piece of land for digging, and the work was not finished until the end of the day or the second main meal was served. Sometimes I admonished them, sometimes scolded them, sometimes motivated them with the promise of a rich harvest, and a few times, when they tried to outsmart me by only coming in twos or threes, expecting to receive the same amount of flour that I usually distributed daily to 6-8 people, I thought it was better to give up for the day and take my flour home again.

A major disruption was also caused by the presence of the Flensburg whaler "Seint Proin", Captain Paulsen, whose crew, all Germans, treated the Blacks very kindly, often taking several on board and giving them bread, but this made it harder for me to achieve my goal, because as soon as the natives have eaten their fill, you can't expect them to work. Indeed, in Port Lincoln, where there are only a few settlers, and these are not very wealthy, no one gives them anything for free. This largely explains why I was able to succeed with them. Moreover, I have no doubt that we would have obtained almost twice as much if I had had more flour and better equipment, and if a severe bout of illness hadn't suddenly prevented me from further supervising the people on June 12th.

In the evening, just after I had come from the field and happened to be having tea at Dr. Penny's house, I was suddenly overcome by a dull headache, accompanied by severe dizziness, so much so that I could not even hold myself upright. I was taken into the fresh air, which provided me with some relief, but as soon as I was put to bed, terrible cramps began to wrack my body, leaving me alternately more or less unconscious. There were occasional brief pauses during which the cramps eased, but the headache and exhaustion only intensified. They gave me emetics and laxatives, rubbed my hands and feet, but the cramps only intensified. At midnight, during one of the cramps, I saw all my acquaintances standing around my bed, and it was clear from their faces that my end was near. Even in my exhaustion, I felt that if the attacking cramps could not be counteracted, I would not be able to hold out much longer; even speaking seemed to require the utmost effort. But finally the crisis came, a heavy sweat broke out over my young body, and I soon began to vomit, and the cramps gradually lost their intensity and frequency, although they lasted for two more days. By the 19th, however, I had recovered enough to dare to embark for Adelaide, and now, thank God, I am as well as I was before, although not yet as strong.

I can explain the cause of this illness to myself just as little as the doctor can; the latter suggested it was due to the stomach or eating too quickly, but I can't agree with him. You see, on the aforementioned day, I forgot to eat something, as I usually do when I go to work with the natives, and because I hadn't eaten anything since early morning, I ate something quickly in the evening, but only very little, because I wanted to wait until my proper meal. Therefore, I believe my discomfort stemmed more from the blood or the nerves than from the stomach.

The reason for my third trip to Adelaide this time is again the arrest of a native named Ngarbi. On May 10th, the Battara Gurarri tribe attacked a station, but were driven off by two soldiers who happened to be passing by. The next morning, the same tribe was encountered about two English miles from that station, and Ngarbi was captured by three young men who had ridden out to round up cattle. Since Ngarbi had always been referred to as a murderer, particularly of Mrs. Stubbs, Mr. Driver sent him to Adelaide, where he will undoubtedly be found guilty on the 18th, the date of the postponed court hearings.

These interrogations are always all the more embarrassing for me, as I can hardly convince myself of their legality or fairness, insofar as the natives are denied legal equality with whites due to their inability to take an oath. Certainly, interpreting or giving testimony according to English law is a duty that no one can evade, whether they like it or not. It's also hard to deny that the jury courts, as good as they may be in themselves, are often biased against the natives. During the last court session, just before the sentencing of Malya and Ngaltya, a case occurred that starkly contrasted with this. At a station north of Adelaide, several sheep were missing, and it was suspected that the natives had stolen them. The owner, with his men, went on a search in the surrounding area to find the thieves if possible. Some of them found a woman digging up roots in the field and wanted to take her home, but on the way, she escaped and, seeing herself pursued, turned around and raised her staff threateningly or defensively, whereupon her pursuer immediately shot her. The perpetrator was acquitted on the pretext that he had only acted to defend his own life; and I heard two of the jurors say immediately afterwards that if they found the shepherds guilty of such acts, no one would want to stay in the bush anymore and consequently, the sheep owners would be doomed-- ! --

Here, people rarely talk about incidents of this kind, because the almost superstitious reverence of the English for their justice system views all pronouncements emanating from it as if they were spoken by eternal justice itself.

From the above, beloved brothers! you will be able to roughly guess how I spent my time and what I accomplished. However, I have improved my language skills over the past six months, but I'm still not far enough to be able to convey the essentials to the poor natives. I also can't set a timeframe for when this will happen, as it entirely depends on the opportunity offered to me to study the language. But I hope that the peaceful relationship that the tribes from the east and west coasts have established with the Europeans will not be disrupted, as the unsuspecting individuals are already quite well-known individually. Considering the time I spent in Port Lincoln, the results of my efforts to learn the language still seem very insufficient, although on the other hand, the obstacles, such as the long absence of the natives and my frequent absences from Port Lincoln, have not been insignificant.

In my last letter, I requested a transfer to another area of responsibility, and I believe I provided valid reasons for this, although the brothers tell me that they either disregard these reasons or do not find them sufficient. I'm willing to admit that I failed to present my convictions and views with convincing clarity, but in terms of the matter itself, I'm still of the same opinion and I believe I'm correct. Who would dare claim that the native people of South Australia are incapable of understanding God as human beings? But the fact that the system currently followed by the government, which involves occasionally giving them a treat and otherwise letting them wander, beg, and steal as they please, only brings them harm, is proven by actual evidence.

It is said that English law does not allow any subject to be forced to work or to be ordered where to reside; but if only the expenses necessary for a proper settlement were made and the natives were not allowed to beg at all, then coercion might be possible. Without such intervention, the tribes in the vicinity of Adelaide would become a prey to all vices and terrible diseases (which have already claimed so many lives and left others disabled and miserable), and in 10 - 20 years they would only exist in memory or in small remnants. Thank God, that poison has not yet reached Port Lincoln! But the difficulty of gathering the natives and settling them in a specific place is no less there than in Adelaide or Encounter Bay. If they had chiefs or generally recognized some authority that could ensure coordination with their movements and actions, much, indeed all, would be gained. But as long as everyone is their own absolute master, that desirable goal seems unattainable. Observing the state of these people, one clearly sees the truth that unlimited freedom is only destructive to sinful humans, and one is struck by the depth of that apostolic saying: "There is no authority without God, but where there is authority, it is ordained by God".

Even assuming that it were possible to bring individual souls to the knowledge of the truth over time and through the Lord's wonderful grace, there would still be much lacking to form independent congregations from them, which you have so often urged in many, especially in your earlier letters. Where so few are scattered among so many, the hope of establishing their own and lasting congregations can at best be very slim. Therefore, the local mission can only ever be regarded as a pure work of mercy, to bring individual souls from death to life, and at the same time as a means to perpetuate the Lutheran Church in its independent uniqueness.

From this point of view, it also seems to me that the Dresden society should have less obligation to devote so much effort to South Australia, especially when there are several more promising fields, such as the whole of open China and, according to Cordes' reports, Tranquebar and its surroundings, presenting themselves. Humanly speaking, it is probably not the duty of the Lutheran Church, but of England, which is also Christian, to take care of the natives in its colonies by preaching the gospel. It should also be much easier for its own children than for foreigners, especially where the native population is so dependent; as is so often and palpably evident here. We could make some suggestions, and many of our suggestions would raise more doubts

if we didn't have the misfortune of being foreigners.

After what I've said, I hardly need to repeat my request for a transfer; but I don't want you to view it as being written solely with the intention of achieving my wish: rather, I considered it my duty to present to you my unauthoritative opinions and views on the local situation once again, because it seemed to emerge from a sentence in your penultimate letter, in which you declare the marriage of a missionary with a converted native person as unobjectionable, that you haven't yet been able to form a vivid and clear impression of the state of the South Australian pagans.

You will already be aware that the governor of the German mission pledged a contribution of £100 among the natives, on the condition that one of the missionaries would live in Port Lincoln. However, at the beginning of this year, he informed the protector that this contribution should not be considered a permanent arrangement by us. On the contrary, it is likely that the government will not be able to continue the payment for more than a year. Thus, nothing further can be expected from this side after October 1, 1843.

Since the topics we all discussed during our gathering in Adelaide in the recent days have been mentioned in detail elsewhere, I don't need to elaborate on them here. --

In fourteen days or three weeks, the annual festival of the Adelaide Mission Society will be celebrated, at which the governor has promised to preside, and it is hoped that this will help to raise awareness of the cause among a wider audience than before. The committee has requested a brief report from each of us on our work, which we have gladly provided. Furthermore, Attorney Smillie, who studied in Heidelberg and therefore understands German well, and one of the main promoters of this work, has requested the Dresden Mission News to make the most of every opportunity to arouse the interest of the Christian public.

I have nothing further to add, beloved brethren! than to commend myself to your particularly heartfelt and zealous intercession before the faithful God and our dear Lord; that he may either guide me to the sphere of activity destined for me elsewhere, or in the faith, patience, and loyalty assigned to me so far, grant me now and open the door of the Word, so that these blind pagans may see and the Gospel may be proclaimed to the poor.

My warm greetings to each and every one of you.

I am your humble brother in the Lord,

and your most devoted servant.

C. W. Schürmann