I'd Rather Dig Potatoes

Clamor Schurmann
and the Aborigines
of South Australia
1838 – 1853

Edwin A. Schurmann

Lutheran Publishing House,
Adelaide.

Cover illustration:

National Library of Australia
Cataloguing-in-Publication entry

Schurmann, Ted 1917 –
I'd rather dig potatoes.

Bibliography.
Includes index.
ISBN 0 85910 391 9.

1. Schurmann, C.W. (Clamor Wilhelm). 2. Schurmann, C.W. (Clamor Wilhelm) – Diaries. 3. Missionaries – South Australia – Biography. 4. Lutherans – South Australia – Biography. [5] Aborigines, Australian – South Australia – History. 6. South Australia – History – 1836-1900.

266'. 419423'0924

Printed and published by
Lutheran Publishing House,
205 Halifax Street, Adelaide, South Australia. LPH 170-87

For Richard and Susan

Foreword

The first large group of German Lutheran settlers in Australia arrived at Port Adelaide in November 1838, barely two years after the foundation of the colony of South Australia. Clamor Wilhelm Schurmann had arrived just a month earlier. He had made the long journey from his home near Osnabruck, in the company of his fellow missionary, C.G. Teichelmann, with the aim of bringing the Christian gospel to the Australian Aborigines. For the following fifteen years he lived in South Australia, devoting himself to this task.

It was, as other missionaries in Australia had already discovered, a stony field of endeavour. Schurmann was sustained more by his faith, his family, and the friendships which his easy disposition attracted than by his evangelical success. Yet his commitment to bettering the lot of Aboriginal people encountering the main impact of European setlement around Adelaide ant Port Lincoln was unwavering. In a raw colonial environment, where attitudes to Aborigines were formed more often by the politics of the frontier than by compromise, Schurmann's efforts on behalf of Aborigines did not always assist his own social adjustment. His persistence at the task of evangelism set him apart from his missionary colleagues of the 1830s and 1840s. Economic circumstances forced several to take up other occupations, but Schurmann remained characteristically single-minded: I would rather dig potatoes than dig for gold.'

Schurmann's close attention to Aboriginal customs and beliefs was partly a result of his Dresden Missionary School training which stressed the importance of communicating with Aboriginal people in their own languages. This approach was strongly reinforced by the encouragement offered Schurmann by George Fife Angas and by Sir George Grey, South Australia's third Governor. Grey had already studied and published Aboriginal languages, and in consultation with him Schurmann and Teichelmann developed a regular linguistic orthography. Schurmann applied this method in his pioneer studies of the Kaurna language of the Adelaide Plains and the Parnkalla language of the Port Lincoln area.

This systematic approach to understanding and interpreting a radically different language and culture also found expression in Schurmann's daily record of his activities and thoughts. The diaries begin with a fascinating account of the young missionary's long sea voyage to Australia from London, and end with his final years as a respected patriarch in Hamilton, Victoria. The bulk of the entries contain Schurmann's observations of the Aborigines of Adelaide, Encounter Bay, and Port Lincoln, both in their tribal state and in their relations with Europeans. A wealth of previously unrecorded detail is also contained within Schurmann's descriptions of his own efforts at improving the social, economic, and educational lot of Aborigines in the face of European settlement. By contemporary standards these efforts were outstanding – the more so when it is remembered that Schurmann had to justify his stance and methods to government officials in the English language rather than in his native German.

The Schurmann diaries remained unknown and untranslated for decades after his death in 1893. Through the efforts of Hans Spoeri and Edwin Schurmann, the missionary's great grandson, this task has now been completed. With the publication of this book historians and anthropologists, as well as general readers, now have the opportunity to appreciate far more than a new insight into aspects of Australia's colonial past. Schurmann's eloquent private record is a remarkably vivid commentary on the critical years of contact between Aboriginal and European cultures in southern Australia.

Philip Jones, Curator, Aboriginal History
South Australian Museum, February 1987

Contents

Acknowledgements

Great difficulty was experienced in finding a translator for the C.W. Shurmann diaries, written in an archaic German Script. The original exercise and note book pages had been photographed and were on microfilm in the Adelaide Library Archives, but were frustratingly indecipherable. Then fortunately I met Hans Spoeri, who had learnt the scrip in his early school days in Switzerland, and who was able, after much time and effort, to translate the 500 or more pages. My deepest thanks are due, and extended, to Hans.

I acjnowledge help in various ways from the following: The staff of the South Australian Government Archives and of the Mortlock Library, Mr Philip Jones of the South Australian Museum, the staff of the Lutheran Church Archives, and the staff of the Port Lincoln Library. Also, Gil Robertson, Percy Baillie, J.R. Digance, Chris Haldane, W. Hentschke, Graham Jenkin, M. Johnson, Mr and Mrs Kidman (Port Lincoln), D.N. Kraehenbuehl, the late Dr. M. Lohe, the Revd. E. Mckenzie, Mr and Mrs Mason (Rudall), the Revd. H.F.W. Proeve, B.J. Smith, Paul and Hilda Walsh, and Dr. I.D. Wittwer, all of South Australia. From Victoria: Max and Ruby Bunge, Leck Paszkowski, Richard Schurmann, Robert Schurmann, Stan Schurmann, Sue and Roger Taylor, the late Bernard Cronin, and the staff of the Latrobe Library, Melbourne.

I have received tremendous help from my wife, Vicki, with research, correspeondence, checking the manuscript, and in many other ways. Other people have assisted by providing pieces of information and in personal conversation. I thank them all.

The quotations from John Hetherington's *Pillars of the Faith* are included by kind permission of Mrs John Hetherington.

Reading and research have covered a wide field, and books which have been of help are listed in the Bibliography at the end of the volume.

It was found that during the years many mistakes have been made and repeated in historical writings, so wherever possible I have gone back to original sources.

E.A.S.

List of Illustrations

Clamor Wilhelm Schurmann

Prelude

This is a story of Clamor Wilhelm Schurmann, who came to Australia as a missionary to the Aborigines – a story, in the main, previously untold. (The name was originally written *Schürmann,* but the umlaut [modification of the *u*] was dropped by most descendants in Australia – although some of the fifth generation have reverted to the original form.)

Some aspects of this man's life were covered by chroniclers of his own time and, more recently, by anthropologists and writers of history. But generally his work and associations with the Australian Aborigines have been hardly touched on.

One reason for this is that Schurmann's own diaries and journals until now have never been translated in full from the original German into English. Having this done was an important factor in the compilation of this book.

Clamor Schurmann spent his boyhood on the family farm, near Osnabruck. He was orphaned at the age of ten. Later he relinquished his inheritance of the family farm property to serve as a missionary.

In a letter written in January 1952, Heinfried Schurmann, then an occupier of the same property in Germany, stated:

> The Schurmanns are a very old family who can be traced back to exactly the year 1512. Historians presume that our farm was founded as a *Königshof* (king's farm) as early as between the years 782 and 786 by the Emperor Charlemagne.
>
> Being the youngest son, he (Clamor Wilhelm) inherited our farm according to the Royal Hanover Farm Heritage Law. He, however, renounced his entitlement to the farm in favour of his brother, Johann Friedrich.

Schurmann and his fellow student Teichelmann were studying at the Seminary of the Dresden Mission Society when the opportunity came for them to go to Australia.

Two men who influenced the decision to send missionaries to this country from Germany George Fife Angas and Pastor A.L.C. Kavel. Kavel is remembered as the man who saw Australia as a resort for the persecuted Christians of Germany, and who accompanied the first of these parties of settlers to their new country.

Angas, who came to be known as 'The Father of South Australia', was a philanthropist in London with an ambition to populate the new colony with people of industry and good character. He also had a strong sympathy for the Australian Aborigines.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Kavel travelled from Germany to London to talk with Mr Angas. In the course of the discussion, Kavel chanced to mention that the Dresden Mission Society would have men who could serve as missionaries to the Aborigines. This interested Angas. Wheels were immediately set turning, leading to the Society appointing Schurmann and Teichelmann to go to Australia. As it happened, they were to set foot in their new country before Kavel and his parties.

Angas not only prepared the way for the two young missionaries, but gave them some financial support during their first years in the colony. Schurmann was to be involved with many well-known figures of his era: Governors Gawler and Grey; the explorer Edward John Eyre; prominent men in early South Australian history, like Tolmer, Pullen, Moorhouse, and O'Halloran.

But at least as important for him were his Aboriginal friends, people who live, and often die, in the pages of his diaries:

Yutalta, who while other natives were often shy, secretive, and hard to approach, was always in the picture, ready and willing to grab the limelight and provide information;

Nummalta, cruelly and unnecessarily shot by a soldier, who came to Schurmann in his death throes, searing the missionary's soul;

Schurmann Hof, near Osnabruck, Germany

Ngarbi (Little Jemmy), active participant in a murderous attack on a white man's station, in his cell awaiting execution, visited by the understanding Schurmann who talked to him in his own language and was to press for a pardon for the friendless native;

Punalta, who saved Schurmann's own life when he was desperately weakened by thirst on a trek, simply by taking his hand, urging him to walk on.

Schurmann's vocabularies of Aboriginal languages were republished in facsimile editions by the Public Library of South Australia.

Among written tributes to him are these words from biographer John Hetherington:

> Anybody who had once met Schurmann could never forget him. His blunt-featured face and strong body might have been

> moulded from rock, but it was not the outer man alone that men remembered. Something which came from inside Schurmann – a blend of purpose, patience, patriacrchal calm and other elements harder to define – was equally, or more, important.

Hetherington was writing of his subject's later service in a country pastorate, but he did state that Schurmann earlier had spent some 15 years working among the natives, adding:

'The aborigines had come to trust him almost as one of themselves.'

How he won that trust is the central story to be told here.

Governor George Gawler (Mortlock Library)

O N E

Voyage to Australia

Clamor Schurmann, with former fellow student Teichelmann, sailed for Australia on the vessel *Pestonjee Bomanjee*, leaving London on May 21, 1838.

The ship, of about 600 tons, one of several former Indiamen used for emigration, was named after an Indian naval architect.

A prominent passenger was Lieutenant Colonel G. Gawler, Governor-Elect of South Australia, on his way to the new colony to take up his position, and whose contingent included his wife and children, personal secretary Mr Hall, and servants.

Schurmann hadn't seen the ship for two days, and was much astonished by the sight of such a large crowd on board. He wrote:

> To imagine the turmoil and swarming, one has to picture a medium-sized ship with 260 souls, plus crew, on board. The total

would be at least 300 people. The passengers are divided into three sections, according to rank and fortune.

He shared a cabin with his co-missionary, whose full name was Christian Gottlob Teichelmann, seven and a half years his senior.

On the day of sailing, the weather was unfriendly, the wind adverse. But these circumstances didn't prevent our departure as our ship was towed down the Thames by a steamboat, which is the usual thing these days.

The ship did not reach Plymouth until June 4.

> For several days we had not seen any land, so it was the more surprising this morning to be greeted by the steep green shores of Plymouth. Because of un favourable winds, we had difficulty entering the port, but eventually did so after one or two unsuccessful attempts.

The vessel was delayed in Plymouth until June 11. The delay was annoying, first because all this time a favourable north-easterly was blowing, and also because the young missionary did not want to indulge in the pleasure of going ashore. For this meant the 'considerable expense' of two shillings for transport and he possessed only two pounds, which he was determined to take to Adelaide intact.

> However, the tediousness for me was lessened by a trip to the nearby breakwater in one of our own boats. This is a gigantic constructional work such as I have never seen before. It is built of giant stones, and reaches from the bottom of the sea to three or four feet above the water level, its purpose being to break the fury of the waves and to protect the port. This great work has very much astonished me. I would very much like to know how they could lay the foundation in such deep water. The whole structure is at least a quarter of a mile long and on the top 12 to 20 feet wide.

Eventually the ship sailed, and he was impressed with the farewells of the English folk to their homeland.

> As we sailed away from the shore and the pilot left us, all the passengers and the sailors stood on high places on the ship to say goodbye to their fatherland. All the people took off their hats and waved them in the air and farewelled old England with three cheers. In my heart I appreciated such love for their fatherland, a love which moved all classes of these different people, but I grieved as I had to think on my own dear Germany, where such love for the fatherland is foreign, or at least is not expressed.

So he settled into the dull daily routine, facing up to the trials and the tediousness of the long, long voyage. At times, the strain of living too close to people took its toll.

> I had to do all my reading on the foredeck, because there was no light in the cabin and certainly no room, as it was entirely filled with our beds and cases. Teichelmann and I couldn't undress at the same time, and doing any studying was out of the question.

His diary refers to seemingly trivial matters, which loomed larger under the stress of their close confinement. Teichelmann wrote a letter to London and

> when I begged him to include my greetings, he simply said the letter was already sealed.
> Between Teichelmann and me there has always been friendship and a spiritual understanding, but now there is distrust in both of us and, on his side, conceit and a wish to dominate, to which I cannot possibly submit all the time without being guilty of weakness. His verdict must always be right.

There was the drama of a storm at sea.

> June 17. This morning we were roughly awakened, reminding us of the circumstances under which we are living. Quite suddenly a strong wind came up, accompanied by short but violent showers of rain. As nobody expected this, all the sails were up, which placed us in great danger. Because of the violent wind and rain, they were unable to handle the sails and the ship in full sail was thrown around mightily. Continuous efforts to lower the sails failed, and they could not prevent the strong wind from tearing some of them. The noise of the ripping of the thick sail-cloth increased our horror. Praise to the Lord, who held his strong hand over us and preserved us from misfortune.

Happily, a good relationship was formed between His Excellency and the missionaries. He lent them books, and on occasions invited them to his table.

> Naturally our conversation was about the country to which we are going. Surprisingly, His Excellency said that the best way to educate the natives would be to bring them nearer the larger towns. Naturally I spoke against such an idea, and so did Teichelmann. If the natives blended with the Europeans, the language of the natives would be lost. His Excellency and Mr

Hall then agreed, and stated they would do everything possible to preserve the native language.

On June 28, after seeing only sky and water for a long time, they were greeted by the steep shores of the island of Tenerife, where the ship anchored at the city of Santa Cruz.

Next day Schurmann went ashore alone. He visited a church, then left the town to climb one of the mountains. He gives an account of a

strange encounter with a man with whom there was communication only by signs.

> The gardens presented a very sad sight. The only green things I saw were a few trees and cactus. As I came out of the gardens to the mountain path, a man followed me with a shotgun. Through signs, he gave me to understand that he was going to shoot game. I gave him a cigar, for which he was very grateful.
>
> As we went along we passed a small cross, which I hadn't noticed because it was so tiny, hardly two feet high. The man stood still and made signs as if he intended to cut my throat. Though he smiled, I didn't appreciate his joke. Then he reached for his hat and I realized all his actions were a mark of respect for the cross. I showed him that now I understood him and took off my own cap as quickly as possible.

The ship stayed in Santa Cruz for three days, and the passengers had further opportunities to see the sights and climb the mountains, although the weather was very hot. Yet as they sailed away, the ship's captain told them that the white point on top of the beuatiful mountain peak was snow. They recalled then that in SantaCruz they had been offered icecream and told that the ice from which it was made had been brought down from the peak.

On July 3, Schurmann recorded:

> Today the sun passed through our zenith and in future will appear in the north. I wonder whether we will ever see her again in her well-known position in the south.

He also makes a comment on the flying fish, which he had been curious to see for a long time and now appeared in great numbers, but not at all as he had imagined them. 'They were not larger than a thrush, and very white; their flight was fast, and each time they flew between 50 and 100 feet.' As their wings became dry, they could no longer stay airborne and had to dive again.

In that part of the world and at that time, the weather was hot, humid, and oppressive, so that one afternoon when a heavy tropical shower fell, everyone was delighted and refreshed, and the hot, dry deck was cooled off.

So the journey progressed, with little to break the monotony. On July 12, more than seven weeks since their departure from London, Schurmann's diary notes:

> We overtook another ship. This event would normally be insignificant, but it broke the day's monotony.

He complains that some passengers chose to break their monotony by coming to mock at the church services, 'being bored and eager for some entertainment, of any sort'.

There is a touching account of two dogs lost overboard.

> It was said that one was ill and deliberately thown overboard. It was a magnificent young animal. For a short time we saw the dog sw mming after the ship, but nothing was done to rescue it, and this distressed us. We wondered if it would be the same if a human being fell overboard.

There were the usual celebrations on crossing the equator.

> There was a tar barrel, which the sailors set alight, and then threw overboard. As it was eight o'clock in the evening, deep darkness had fallen on this part of the globe, and thefire was visible, and very impressive, after half an hour.

His Excellency requested Schurmann to teach his 14-year-old daughter the German language. She is respectfully referred to throughout as Miss Gawler, but her tutor 'was deceived by her physical size, and expected her to be more mature than she really was. I found her very childish and fickle.'

This part of the voyage, from SantaCruz, Tenerife, to Rio de Janeiro, occupied a month's sailing, with the diary continuing to note such things as occurred as broke the boredom.

A woman passenger from the midship delivered a healthy, strong daughter, to the surprise of us all, because the mother had been continually sickly since coming on board.

Coincidentally, a sea stork circled the ship for a long time. Miss Gawler had to interrupt her lesson because of seasickness. Amd a child fell down the stairs and was so severely injured that it lost speech and consciousness immediately.

One day the vessel rolled considerably, giving Miss Gawler a headache, so that again she had to miss her German lesson. Indeed, everyone had difficulty in remaining upright, but passengers did not mind such discomfort, since the wind was favourable and they were covering two German miles each hour nearer to their destination. (His German mile was roughly four-and-ahalf English miles.)

At nine o'clock in the evening of August 3,

we arrived in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. The entrance to the harbor is narrow, approximately three times as wide as the Elbe in Dresden. At the end of it we didn't expect to find such a large, magnificant harbor. Among rock formations was the so-called 'Sugar Loaf', approximately 700 feet high.

In Rio, Schurmann 'went ashore nearly every day, thanks to the Governor's kindness, who took me gratuitously in his boat when the opportunity arose'. He met the German pastor, and visited his church. He also looked at two Brazilian churches, 'and to my astonishment found no seats'.

This was at the time following the English drive against slavery, and here Schurmann gives an account of an inspection of two slave ships stationed in the port.

Two hundred and thirty-eight Negroes were squeezed together, though the ship was not half as large as ours. From the start it had more than 250 or more on board, but because of the conditions, the lack of space and malnutrition, many had died before reaching their destination. The age of the slaves generally would have been between ten and 30 years.

The number of men was much greater than that of the women, who numbered approximately 30. Some looked sad and dejected, but most showed interest and vivacity, and I concluded that these Blacks had the same mental capacity as white men. Had I not been sent to other duties in my profession, I would have worked among these Blacks for their spiritual sake with great joy.

The destination of these people has been considered lately by Brazilian legal authorities. Very often I was told, when legality and validity is in question, the fate of the slaves changes little. When they are declared free, the Government contracts them to fishermen to cover the expenses of their release. If one of 20 or 30 slaves of a slave-owner dies, he says it was a free one, and counts the free one as one of his own slaves. I asked myself, and many others, too: 'Why didn't these Negroes resist ?' The answer I received was that the Negroes, for want of knowledge of the language, don't know what is going on, and the slave-owners are avaricious and unprincipled enough never to tell a slave he is free. The Government seems unable to prevent this injustice.

After a stay of more than eight days in Rio, the vessel sailed again on Sunday, August 12. 'Around noon we lost sight of the land'.

Generally accounts of events on emigrant ships, or indeed of any long sea voyage where passenger lists are not restricted to members of one sex, sooner or later there are stories of love affairs. On this trip, for some time a young girl from the mid-deck cabins had been carrying on an affair with thesecond helmsman, which unfortunately had 'degenerated more and more', having a bad influence on other youngsters and 'justly offending' many of the oldsters. So, everyone was pleased when the couple decided to do the right thing and get married at sea.

This provided an opportunity to clarify the status of the two missionaries. Because they were the only ordained clergymen on

board, they were approached to officiate at the wedding ceremony. But Schurmann knew that 'a wedding service conducted by us would be invalid and even punishable'. He remembered the Governor saying that they were not permitted by English law to perform any divine service of the Church of England. His refusal to marry the couple was 'partly for this reason, partly because I believed my own church would be displeased by such a proceeding'.

Teichelmann, on the other hand, seemed upset. He had been conducting church services on theship every Sunday, and his not being permitted to hold a wedding service appeared an affront. He seriously considered abandoning any future English church services.

> As we couldn't marry the bride and groom, the captain performed the marriage, which he was allowed to do in such circumstances, though the couple had to be married again in a church later on. The event created much amusement on board. The sailors made a wreath and hung it on the mast, the cooks and other sailors decorated themselves with ribbons, and when the pair came out of the cabin in which they were married, they walked over pretty carpets made from old rags and wood-shavings, and several shotgun blasts were fired to greet them. But the best was the ringing of the biggest bell during the wedding ceremony. Since then, we have had much more tranquility in our cabins.

The diary includes several accounts of conversations with Governor Gawler.

> The Governor asked me if we were sent out by a German Society or by Angas. Naturally, I answered 'By the first one'. 'But, he asked, 'didn't Angas contribute considerably?' 'Indeed,', I said, 'otherwise we would not be going to South Australia.' 'Is that so?' he said. He had believed Angas had been entirely responsible for sending us out.

The Governor also advised the missionary that he would need Government approval for decisions affecting the Aborigines.

> Did I know that we stood under the control of the Protector of the natives ? That such a Protector existed, I knew, but I didn't know that he controlled our activities. However, I hoped his control would be such that it was easy to bear. My plans had nothing to do with politics.

There was further discussion on the extent to which the missionary wished to preserve the natives' language, and on whether that had been ordered by the Mission Society. He answered that he believed the Society would naturally expect the retaining of the language, because in his instructions he had been told that as soon as he could master it, he should translate the Bible. Well then, would he encourage the natives to learn English ?

> Individuals, yes, but not the people as a whole. In church and school I would introduce their own language, and when they had education and ability, I would encourage them to learn their own language to perfection.

There were other discussions with the Governor on the voyage and, although some differences of opinion on methods of approach were aired, a good relationship was formed which helped the missionary later.

There was a break in Schurmann's diary as they travelled the long stretch along the 39th parallel. It took the eventual momentous sighting of land to move him again to take up his pen.

> October 11. In the morning we were greeted by thesight of Kangaroo Island, and we realized that we had almost reached our destination. This gave us all great joy, and in the evening when we saw a high mountain (Mount Lofty) we gave three hearty cheers.

At this first sighting of his new country, he was inspired to write some lines of verse in the new language.

> Welcome beloved land !

To you my life I give.
My lot is in your hand.
May I not be deceived.

Let me, new Fatherland,
Not disappointment know.
I come at God's command
The light of Christ to show.

After the long voyage of nearly five months, there was a frustrating 'so near and yet so far' period for the passengers.

Everyone had expected that we would drop anchor in the bay by evening, but there was a lack of wind, and much shallow water in the gulf, to make things difficult.

October 12. This morning, the wind was so weak that we were becalmed, close to the coast, until noon. The coast in the Adelaide region is very flat. Near the edge of the beach is a cross. There is a chain of hills running from west to east, about five orsix German miles from the sea. The formation of the ranges consists of close stump cones, and between are valleys which are said to be very fertile.

At noon we atr last dropped anchor, although still a mile from shore. The shallow waters do not allow the ships to get closer. It is a great inconvenience having to transfer everything to barges, and then again to smaller boats, and at last to human hands to be landed on dry ground.

October 13. I would dearly have loved to go ashore, but thecaptain has gone to Adelaide and I cannot leave before his return. He will not be back until tonight, and all here is confusion. So my desire to put foot on my new land cannot be fulfilled.

T W O

The Adelaide Years

(i)

The diary continues:

> October 14, 1838. Although it was Sunday, the whole day had to be occupied in disembarking passengers and their belongings. As it was impossible to hold a service, Teichelman and I went ashore.
> As I set foot on my new country I sent up a silent thanks to my Benefactor who had preserved me from thecruel waves, the roaring stormy winds, and brought me here healthy and happy. I felt something else inside me, but have no words to describe the feeling. May God let me be happy on my entire pilgrimage in this, my new Fatherland.
> We set off for the town. The way led through an open forest, and we were immediately struck by two misconceptions widely held in Germany: that the flowers had no perfume, and that the beautiful birds did not sing. Our noses and ears told us otherwise. On the trees, the umbrela-chaped crowns are quite striking, and so are the leaves which are similar to the leaves of our wheat. The trunk is bare, with a few branches on the boughs. The bark gradually peels off and is renewed, similar to our plane

trees. Although there were many flowers, there were only a few species, mostly small and growing close to the ground. The settlers told us that this year the rains have failed, so the growth is probably poorer than usual.
After walking the one-and-a-half German miles to the town, we were hungry and thirsty, but after we had eaten we had a look around. We were impressed with the pretty, small church with tower, clock and bells. It is significant that the English have built such a house of God while they live in small huts.
Not far from the church we saw our first natives, one man and two women, and then another group with one man, two women, and a child. I spoke to them, and found the men less willing to talk than the women. They are of medium height, and the men have a high chest and strong limbs. Their hair hangs down in thick curls, and is often smeared with red ochre to keep off the heat.

The women seem to wear their hair the same length (a hand's width) as the men, but the curls and the pigment are missing. Their skin is not black as a Negro's, but rather, brown. The men can be quite handsome, but the flat broad nose can look unpleasing to us. To our eyes, the women are less attractive than the men, with lower foreheads and with thin flat hair covering their cheeks.

We spoke to some of our fellow travellers who had gone ashore yesterday, and they directed us to a countryman named Schreivogel. He is an overseer in an SA Company Store, and was formerly an artillery officer from Hanover. His store is built entirely from iron, and is half cylindrical. He was most hospitablew and gave us lodging for the night, since we had business in the town next morning and didn't wish to go back on board. As it turned out, it may not have been a wise choice – our beds were two boards covered with rags. However, we pulled a coat over ourselves and hoped to spend a fairly comfortable night. But partly because of the cold, and partly because of the unbearable fleas, we couldn't sleep a wink.

Mr Schreivogel lives in an area where the natives seem to congregate, so this seemed a good place to observe them. They seem to get on very well with him, and he gives them small tasks. In return, he gives them bread, dried peas, pipes, etc. When the other natives became aware of this they started begging, and we thought this to be very degrading. The tribe now in the town is receiving a Government handout of onions and other foodstuffs. In spite of this, they are always hungry, and begging for food and money. I asked some of them their words for the sun, and different parts of their bodies, etc., and they were very willing to answer.

While some natives are cooperative, we found others rather terrifying. As with any other race, one may be good, the next one deceitful. They may be vivaceous, docile, or alert. Their first uestion always is: 'What is your name?' They then remark about this among themselves, often making a joke if ot. I asked one where his wife was and, after he had pointed her out, I asked him how many wives he had. He showed two fingers, and I shook my head and showed one finger, wherupon he gave a hearty laugh and indicated that others had three or four wives. They don't seem to treat their women well. When there is bread or meat the men are served first, and the women can have what's left. I thought that lack of food may be the reason the women look so neglected, but it appears that early marriage and parenthood is the answer. This evening they had one of their dances called a corroboree. As it was night, we could only hear their singing. They seem to practise with their weapons, which are wooden pointed spears, clubs, and shields to counter the spears.

October 15. After breakfast and some hours' conversation with the Blacks, we went to the bank to present our letter of credit from Mr Angas. We were truly astonished when the manager told us we could collect nothing until we had been here three months. There is a yearly cheque of 100 pounds from Mr Angas, of which we draw 25 pounds quarterly.

That was a major setback and worry for them. Where could they turn for financial aid ?
Schurmann walked back to the ship, and wrote in his diary:

> Now we are sitting here, separated from our friends, without a penny in our pocket, and this isn a place where you could easily spend half a pound daily without being prodigal at all.
> How should we judge such a deal from Mr Angas's Company, that they didn't see to it that the money would be paid in advance ? What do I think in such a situation ? What should I do ? Weep feminine tears ? Gnash my teeth ?

What they did was to go back to the shore and have another try at swaying the bank manager, but again without success. However, they made arrangements to have their tents and other goods brought to the town from the ship on a bullock wagon and to settle on a block owned by Mr Angas, beside a Mr Lester's dwelling.
Then there was more annoyance. Some of their cases and their tents could not be found in the ship's hold, and were not brought with the

other goods. 'Luckily there was vacant space in Mr Leste's hut, so we could move in there temporarily until they had found our tents.'
Next door to Mr Lester's place was a German family, Mr and Mrs Pfender and their two children.

> Mrs Pfender is the only country-woman of ours here. Among the young German immigrants are many who would like to marry, but only with their gentle, modest country-women who speak the same language.

Doubtless, these thoughts on the wishes of the immigrants were really an expression of his own feelings. The company of a Fräulein at this time would have been pleasant.
On October 17 they tried yet again todraw money from the bank. Mr Lester went with them to exert what influence he could, but again their combined pleadings were of no avail.

> Then we went to the Office of Justice, but didn't find him at home, as he was present at the Royal Declaration by the Governor.
> At one o'clock His Excellency, his chest decorated in gold and silver, took his oath. In front of Government House he spoke to the people and was greeted with a roaring cheer. Later, he was introduced to the natives.

He ordered a supply of food for the natives, one of whom, according to Bull's account of the proceedings (*Early Experiences of Life in South Australia*), climbed a tree and shouted: 'Plenty tucker! Berry good cockatoo Gubbernor', the 'cockatoo' being a reference to the white plumes in His Excellency's hat.
Governor Gawler was generous to the missionaries, too. Next day, when Teichelmann met him and explained their financial predicament, His Excellency at once undertook to sign a cheque for them on behalf of Mr Angas, so that, for thetime being at least, money worries were over. He also told Teichelmann to tell Schurmann not to abandon his principles, 'as if I ever contemplated such a thing'.

At this early stage, Schurmann made the acquaintance of the Revd. T.Q. Stow, a distinguished figure of the day and a pioneer Congregationalist minister in South Australia. Later, he was to be honoured by the naming of the Stow Memorial Church.
The missionaries had twice called on the Revd Stow, but not found him at home.

The Revd T.Q. Stow (Mortlock Library)

> Tonight (October 19) he honoured us with a visit. He is a very cheerful and, it seems, a well-informed man. He promised us his assistance in our affairs.

The promise was certainly fulfilled. Among his acts of kindness to them was granting the use of his chapel on Sunday mornings, prior to his own 11 o'clock services, an offer typical of this good man's thoughtfulness.

Also at this time, the missionaries, still without their tent and the balance of their domestic items, moved from Mr Lester's dwellings into a building erected 'for native education purposes'. This was with the cooperation of the Protector of Aborigines, Mr William Wyatt.

Mr Wyatt, whose appointment to the post of Protector had been made by Governor Hindmarsh, devoted much time to studying the natives'

William Wyatt (Mortlock Library)

language. Regarding this post, a chronicler in 1842 recorded a Protector's duty as

> to secure to the natives the due observance of justice, and the preservation of their rights, and in particular to protect them from personal violence – to secure for them permanent subsistence, shelter and lodging, and to afford them moral and religious instruction.

Schurmann mentioned an invitation to tea by Mr Wyatt, at which 'we had a very interesting conversation about men and animals'.

His diary then has an account of a day spent observing the natives in festive mood.

On the first of November was a festival for the natives such as they have never had before in their entire history. His Excellency the Governor provided a lunch for them consisting of roast beef, rice, biscuits, and tea. For such a festivity, suitable finery was required, which was supplied to most adults. Many of the women received a woollen blanket, and of the men, 15 to 20 were strikingly dressed.

As a head covering, all wore a blue soldier cap with white edging. Instead of jackets, half of them wore red, the other half blue, sailor shirts. The latter had a yellow apron strip of calico around their body and a violet-coloured sash around the shoulder, while the red-shirted ones had violet aprons and a yellow sash. Among them were two outstanding, clever personalities, King John and Captain Jack. Their very colourful red shoulders were further decorated with a bunch of variously coloured ribbons, and likewise the right sides of their chests. On the right arm, each had three strokes like a caricatured sergeant. The outfits gave them the appearancev of warriors, and each carried his *winda* (spear), his *waddi* (club), and his *wommera* in his hands.

At one o'clock the procession moved toward the appointed place, where a considerable number of Adelaiders awaited them. Mr Wyatt, their Protector, led the procession. The uniformed men marched two by two, the others, including women and children, walked in a casual manner. Arriving in fromt of Government House, on a signal from Mr Wyatt, everyone swung their caps and shouted 'Hurrah!' Some distance away stood His Excellency in full regalia, catching everyone's eye. As the Blacks became aware of the colourful gathering, they were startled and halted, until Mr Wyatt convinced them there was no reason to be frightened, and persuaded them to march on. Arriving in front of His Excellency, they halted and again cried 'Hurrah!' The Whites formed a great circle around them, and the Governor made a speech, which was interpreted by Mr Wyatt.

After shouting once more, they settled down in a semi-circle to their meal. Nearby a target had been erected for them to show their skills with their spears after the meal. Such a joyous day had to finish on an appropriate note, and this was achieved by their performing war dances. The English call these dances corroborees.

The missionaries had heard rumours of other dances to be performed by the natives, so next day hopefully visited the native camp. What they saw

> made the long walk worthwhile. Today they performed a dance or play, whatever you may call it, similar to the one yesterday. They call it *Kuri*. As we arrived, everything was already in full swing. First we noticed a row of sitting men, who hit their clubs together in time, and some repeatedly sang words. Then another group of men was seated, and behind these, at last, the dancers. There were three men entirely naked, their faces painted with chalk, their bodies and chests decor-ated with two chalk streaks, running like a swallow tail to their shoulders, and a wreath of leaves around both knees. They cried and stamped with one foot after the other so furiously that you could hardly see them in theclouds of dust. As soon as one became exhausted he moved forward and sat with the group who had already danced before.
>
> Those who withdrew were replaced by someone waiting at the back, until everyone had his turn. As the last one dropped down exhausted, all raised themselves on their knees, swaying backwards and forwards with a horrible grunting sound. The women, who were sitting in front, accompanied the dancers with swaying movements from side to side.
>
> What do these dances really mean ? If we observe their position, movements, and shouts, as well as the swinging of their weapons, one has to believe that they imagine an attack or provocation from an enemy, and that it is also a kind of war practice, but in that case you would not think the women would be in front, since you would expect them to protect the women from the enemy and keep them somewhere behind them. On the other hand, to have the women around could be to show their defencelessness and so encourage the men to greater

revenge and fury. Others believe in a religious significance to the dances, since they appear to be performed at the time of the full moon and could be a form of moon worship. As there is no other sign of a religious adoration among them, this conjecture seems unfounded. It seems more likely that they choose the time of thefull moon because of the clear and bright nights, just as they have big fires on such occasions.
The main purpose of the whole ceremony seemed to be to excite their spirits.

C. G. Teichelmann (Mortlock Library)

There is an amusing account of a lesson in hygiene.

> November 3. For some time we have tried to encourage the natives to wash themselves, whatever else they may not do. I suspect their uncleanliness to be the cause of most of their eye trouble. Today we were successful with some of the boys. We were having a cup of tea, when they entered our hut. As usual, they begged for tea. I told them they could have some under one condition, that they washed their faces and hands. This enticement was more successful than all our imploring. From their lack of skill at the task, we could clearly see that this was the first time they had washed themselves in their lives. Brother Teichelmann also combed one boy's hair, and this delighted the others so much that they all wanted their hair combed. One even begged me to cut off his ochre-coloured, hard-baked curls, so that his hair could be combed, too.

Sunday November 4 went down as a 'joyful day', when for the first time a little congregation of German immigrants worshipped together 'and greeted our Lord in our mother tongue'. This was in the Revd Stow's chapel, and Brother Teichelmann preached. The diary admits that the number present, besides the two missionaries, was only one. However, it met the Master's requirement of two or three being gathered together.

On the following Sunday, Schurmann himself preached in Australia for the first time, taking as his text theexample of the wise ma who built his house upon a rock. This time there was a congregation of six.

(ii)

Although so far there had been few fellow countrymen to provide company or congregations for Schurmann in Adelaide, this state of affairs now changed. First, the *Prince George* arrived, carrying a big party of religious emigrants and their leader, Pastor Kavel. Then shortly afterwards came a second party on the *Zebra*, the group to which the ship's skipper, Captain Hahn, so endeared himself. Captain Hahn stayed to see these people settled in their new land, and in his honour the name Hahndorf was given to the village centred in the area they had acquired, partly through his help.

Schurmann tells of a visit of a visit to the *Zebra* and a kindly reception by Captain Hahn.

The building which the missionaries had been occupying was a rough structure, with a roof that leaked and with cracks in the wall admitting cold draughts. After a sudden spell of cold weather, Teichelmann became ill. Schurmann nursed him and had a few anxious days, for his colleague ran a high temperature and was very weak.

Once again, news of their predicament reached Governor Gawler, who immediately ordered two cottages to be built for the missionaries on the banks of the Torrens. This was near the spot where the first bridge across the river was built soon afterwards. The erection of cottages took a little time, and Schurmann did not move into his abode until late May 1939.

In the meantime, he had attempted a venturesome expedition, a 300-mile walk to the convergence of the Murray and Darling rivers. This was undertaken with a partner named Menge.
Johannes Menge was born in 1787 in Steinau, Germany. The South Australian Company engaged him as a geologist, and he arrived at Kangaroo Island in July 1836. Company administrators and Menge very soon had differences of opinion, and he went his own way. And a remarkable way it was.

Menge certainly did not lack qualifications. He spoke a wide range of languages in addition to his hative German, includng Persian, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, Russian, Icelandic, and English, and he was particularly skilled in the Hebrew tongue. He claimed Hebrew was the language spoken in heaven, and it was said he had been offered a professorship in the language at Oxford.
He had an astounding knowledge of the Bible, and some accounts said he appeared to 'know it by heart'. He claimed that if anyone quoted a verse of Scripture to him, he could immediately give the following verse.

His qualifications as a mineralogist were undoubted. He discovered copper at Rapid Bay and other significant lodes. He believed in demonology and 'talked to the devil'. He was at home in the bush, wandering his way without 'guide, path or compass', and he particularly liked mountainous country. One early accomplishment was a trek from Mount Lofty to Cape Jervis. He despised money, and would spend it as quickly as he acquired it.

He was of rather grotesque build and appearance, and illustrations of him look like caricatures from a Punch and Judy show. (The fuller story of Menge was concisely and entertainingly presented in a booklet, *Menge the Mineralogist*, by W.A. Cawthorne, 1859.) Menge died at the goldfields of Bendigo, Victoria, in 1852.
Such was the companion chosen by Missionary Schurmann for his ambitious trek. Of this, Schurmann wrote to his benefactor, Mr Angas, in London:

> Of all your suggestions, my dear Sir, none did so exactly meet my own wishes as that to make occasional excursions with such natives in whom we could place confidence and finally to proceed to the banks of the Murray, where the Darling joins it, in order to form a settlement there. Accordingly I left Adelaide for that spot on theMonday before Easter, in order to ascertain if it was possible to settle upon it, accompanied only by Mr Menge. I had engaged a native to go with us, but on the morning appointed for our departure he did not come and when I went to their encampment on the Parkland, he had left , chiefly because he would have been obliged to carry his own food, as Mr Menge and I did. I regretted his absence very much, as he would have been of great service to us in showing us the fresh water ponds, the season being very dry. But in regard to my object in view, he would have been of little or no use, since the Marimeyunna (Eastmen) speak a different language and are hostile to the Adelaide tribe. For the first three or four days we followed a northern direction, when we discovered that beautiful land now in your possession, in search of the Para river and a chain of fresh water ponds which, as Mr Menge thought, would lead us to the Darling, but we found neither.

At last we struck across the mountains to the north-east and soon came in sight of the extensive Murray plain or desert. When I saw this, all my hopes revived, but they were checked very much, when we had still to travel over a sterile plain of 40 or 50 miles before we reached the Murray, without a drop of fresh water.

On Easter Sunday, we rested on the bank of the Murray. A full week had now passed and after examining the rest of our provisions, we found it impossible to proceed any further. I regretted very much our first northerly direction having detained us so long and consequently disappointing me in not gaining my object. I had the satisfaction however to hear frm parties that brought cattle overland from New South Wales, wherefore a settlement there was impossible. We saw no natives, but two fires at a distance and many abandoned encampments.

Regarding the trek, in a number of places the pair have been credited with achieving their ambition. The fact is that they never reached their intended destination, and the project was abandoned.

On May 30, 1839, Schurmann occupied his new house, 'though the floor in the living room wasn't fitted as yet'.

At this time, most of his efforts were directed to observing and getting to know the native people, and especially in learning the language. All current diary entries dealt with the natives and their affairs.

May 31. The natives, Bannabarti and Tarraitya, found guilty of the wilful murder of W. Duffel, and Parudiya Wangutya, found guilty of the same crime on a certain Thompson, were executed by the rope. All the natives, particularly the relatives and tribal friends of the condemned ones, were deeply touched and cried very much. On many mornings and evenings I heard their loud laments.

June 3. I found a newly born child among the natives, and besides that, a woman had given birth to a stillborn child. When I made enquiries about what she did with the dead child, she simply said that they left it as they always did when the child wasn't well formed, even if it was alive, and no matter if the sex was male or female.

June 5. In the twilight I visited the natives in their huts and asked Wattewattipinna, among others, the names of some constellations. He told me of the great *Paitya*, and of a star or something else in the sky named *Yura*, which must be a monstrous animal. He described it as vicious, as living in water, and it will swallow the black people if they do not hide.

Of some things he was told:

The women and children do not know of these happenings. That is why Wattewattipinna found it advisable to come home with me, and to tell me in secrecy and on my promise not to tell it to any native. Woe betide whoever tells it!
These secrets are told to the young men when they are tattooed, which is why Wattewattipinna recommended me to accomp-any him next time to hear all about it. A woman is not allowed to be present, and keeps away if she doesn't want to risk being speared.

He records that at this time he received

an important insight into the religious imaginings of the natives. But I enjoyed a no-less-great pleasure in teaching some of them the main principles of the Christian religion. I told them that … Jesus has been circumcised like the black men, had thought well, spoken and done well, then was hanged by his country people, but on the third day he went into heaven. Though my explanation was dewficient, I was fortunate to have used the biblical teaching that Jesus had a father on earth. When they questioned whether I had seen all this in heaven, I answered that Jesus took 12 young men, who told it all to their friends and wrote it on paper, so that people like myself, Teichelmann, Howard (the Colonial Chaplain), and Kavel could tell it to their

listeners. How easily one could be misunderstood through lack of knowledge of their language!

He remembers his birthday on June 7.

> Today, 24 years ago, the goodness of God delivered me from my mother's womb to the light.

> During the night, a native from the Wirra tribe died, without his having been very ill for long at all, which is why I had no earlier knowledge of it. In the morning, all his tribal people showed their sympathy by loud lamentations, and indulged in the customary investigations. In this case, the natives believe it was murder by stabbing, and that the murderer is a stranger. Today they described the stabbing to me more clearly.

> They believe that the murderer creeps up to the victim while he is asleep, lifts the cover carefully and thrusts a dagger upwards into his abdomen. Then he pulls it slowly back and squeezes the wound together to make it invisible. As a result, the wounded man dies, because of the injuries.

Then there are references to the movement of Adelaide natives.

> June 8. As a result of the death yesterday, many of the natives have gone north to bury the deceased. They will not return for some time. Besides that, many have gone to hunt kangaroos and will not be back for a long time, either.

> June 10. The few natives who have stayed behind also went away, so not a single soul of them remains.

> June 11. Teichelmann and I , with the Protector of the natives, went to the Governor to thank him for our houses. He (Governor Gawler) requested us to furnish a report and opinions at the end of the month.

On June 12, the diary mentions his writing a long letter to Mr Angas. This letter follows. (Schurmann's early letters, written before he had a good command of English, are here quoted verbatim.)

George Fife Angas (Mortlock Library)

My dear Sir,

A full year has elapsed since I last saw you, and yet is this the first time that I take up my pen to write to you. Such long silence you

must, I conceive, find unaccountable, but I hope that the reasons I have to adduce for it will sufficiently excuse me. A sea voyage, grand and impressive as it is in itself, furnishes but very little worth of communication, besides I knew that my collegue Mr Teichelmann reported to you our safe arrival in this country; and as for our enquiries and doings in regard to the Aborigines, I could not make up my mind to write immature or not fully ascertained things. But the present communication of such matters and facts, upon the truth and certainty of which you may depend, will in some measure, I hope, recompense you for my long silence.

To begin then with my own personal affairs, you know already of the pecuniary difficulty which we met with on our arrival as also how it was got over. To prevent similar occurrences, some christian gentle-men, of whom Mr McLaren and Rev. Stow were the first, united to support us with the sum of 100£ for the first year, until our friends in Europe could be acquainted with our situation; and if it had not been for this material support, we should have been badly off indeed, as you may infer from the immense prices of every necessary for life.

The first eight days we lived with Mr Lester in your house, till we got our tent out of the ship's hold. Desirous to be in as close connexion with the natives as possible, we applied for the Protector's permission of pitching our tent on their location, where there are several huts built for them, and he not only granted that, but allowed us also to occupy the wooden schoolhouse, which was not then used. But as this house was not originally intended for a European residence, so it was unfit for it, in fact the cold nights had such an ill effect on Mr Teichelmann's health in this airy habitation, that he fell dangerously sick if this dysentery. The Governor, seeing this or being told of it by the Protector, gave order to build new houses for us on the north side of theriver Torrens, to where the location is now removed and where three little houses are bult for three native families with their assistance.

Eight months is a short period for any missionary, even under circumstances the most favorable, much more so for us. All we could do, was to study the language, manners, habits and notions of the Aborigines; and though I must confess before the Omniscient that I could have been more diligent and attentive, and that I am an useless servant, yet I can say without pride or praise of myself, that I now know more, if not of the language, at least of the notions and manners of thenatives, than any person in the colony.

Some persons have blamed us that we did not proceed immediately to instruct the natives by means of the english language, but dayly experience corroborates what judgement at first led us to think, namely that it is altogether impracticable, at least as yet, to instruct the natives by means of the english language, especially on religious and moral subjects. Although my knowledge of the language is increasing slowly and as yet very limited, the number of words, (not including compound words which are very frequent) in my possession not being upwards of a thousand, yet I can make myself understood on many subjects. The most prominent feature of the language is the dual number in the nouns and pronouns and the prepositions being *postpositions*. The former, the dual number, seems to prevail throughout all New Holland, and I find it in Mr Threlkeld's Grammar and in the dialect spoken by the 'Wirra-meyu', or Encounter Bay men; both which languages are so different from the Adelaide and northern dialect, that I could only now and then trace a resemblance, for instance in the pronouns.

As regards the manners of the South Australian Aborigines, they have many in common with other Polynesians, as tattooing, painting themselves with red color, polygamy, etc. But there seems also to exist a sort of limited polyandry, in as much as thebrothers of a husband have a secondary claim to his wife. At first I was much struck that whenever I got a married native brother (for I have many adoptive brothers and other relatives among the Aborigines) he would say, his wife was ours, not

knowing the connexion between brotherhood and this kind of polyandry.

Hitherto it was generally believed as also by myself, that there were no chiefs among the natives, but I recently ascertained that there is at least something very similar to chieftainship. They call such a man *Burka*, i.e. a hoary old man, (exactly corresponding with the Latin, *Senator*) and his distinction is that the *Unyawaieti* play (Corrobbery the Europeans call it) is his, and that he has the honor of directing it. This dignity is hereditary from father to son. The present *Burka* of the Adelaide tribe is called 'Kua Kartameru' by his countrymen, King John by the Europeans, and has four wifes, more than any other native, that I know of.

The *Unyawaieti* before alluded to is a play, at which the women sing and beat with their hands on their shins wrapped up like a muff, in a sitting posture, while the men dance, flourishing their weapons and roaring like lions. Besides this they have another play, at which the men, ornamented with white stripes on their faces, breasts and knees, and a wreath of green leaves round their legs, stamp alternatively with their feet on the ground at such a tremendous rate, that large clouds of dust rise towards the sky. Three are stamping at a time, when one is tired, he sits down on the ground, which is accompanied by a loud shout of the rest, and another comes forward in his place.

When we first came in the colony, they had this play almost every evening, this being the time of their amusements, but now never. This is owing to the fact that this play goes from one tribe to another, for they tell, that they laid it down at a distance, from where another man fetched it, but by and by it would come back. To this custom the name of the play appears to refer, as they call it *Kuri*, which signifies a ring or anything round. Many of the manners of the Aborigines evidently bear an oriental character, as for instance circumcision, which they practise in almost all ages; their loud lamentations over dead persons, every one repeating the name which the deceased bore as his relative, the one crying, my father, my mother, another, my brother, my brother, etc., etc., *see Jeremiah 22, 18.*

Further, their mode of burying, which I described some time ago in the *Gazette*, which I herein inclose and whereto I will only add, that the ceremonies with the corpse are a sotrt of oracle to find out the supposed murderer. The *Kadliadli* [corpse] whose part is performed by the deceased's nearest relative, turns round involuntarily and runs away as soon as the murderer's name is mentioned in the series of names that are repeated.

It has been and is still generally thought that the Australian Aborigines have no other original religious ideas and notions than a few superstitious traditions of evil spirits. Thatthey believe in such things is certain, and *Kuinyo*, who is probably one and the same with the *Guinyar* of New South Wales, is the first among them; but thatthey besides these negative have also some positive and better ideas, is not less certain. Of first importance for us as their missionaries is their strong belief in immortality. When a good man dies, his soul flies, as they express it, upwards or to heaven, where there are plenty of kangaroos and other food. Bad men, one person told me, go down into a great fire, but I am not sure if he had not heard that from an European.

Munaintyerlo, who of old lived on earth, but who sits now above, has made the sun, moon and stars, the earth and the visible world in general. As soon as I got this name, I substituted it for the hitherto used Jehova, which they could

Native Dance – 'Kuri', by George French Angas (Mortlock Library)

scarcely pronounce. I told them of the creation, of the incarnation, sufferings, death, resurrection and ascension of the son of God, and I had the satisfaction of seeing not only that I was perfectly understood but also that I created a deep interest. If further discoveries do not show that they combine too pagan and absurd ideas with the name *Munaintyero*, I mean to retain it for the name of God.

Tindoyerlimeyu, (literally, thesunfather man) is the personified and deified sun. Of him it is believed that he had many wifes, who are very good, but also some long sisters, who are very bad, probable that by the two latter the planets and comets are referred to. *Tindoyerlimeyu* has power over life and death, as appears from the following.

The moon (*kakirra*) by no means excluded from the Aborigina lmythology and apparently of more favorable disposition towards them, told the black men to cough and spit into their hands and then to offer that spit to the sun; if he accepts it, they may live still longer, if not then he says: Be off and die. They have names for many constellations of the southern hemisphere, some of which are very peculiar, and Astrology, I am inclined to think, is closely connected with their mythology.

Strange and interesting is the tale of the ascension of the *Munaina*, beings that lived long before them. They threw spears (*Kaya*) in all directions of the sky, but they fell down to the ground; at last they threw one to the zenith right upwards, which fel not down but remained above, then they threw a second, which joined the former, sticking with its point in thesoft butt end of the other, so a third and so forth, till a pillar reached to the ground and the *Munaina* climbed upwards.

When the natives are asked, whence they know all these things, they reply, that they do not know them, but that distant people say so or that their grandfathers, neamng their ancestors, told them so.

To get rid of an immense imaginary animal, called *Tura*, which swallows them, they make use of a variety of magic sentences, some of which are in my possession, but which I do not understand.

It is by no means easy to get such things from them, since they are considered as secrets, which the women and children must not know, and which are only communicated to the men, when they are tattooed. When I was told all this, it was under the express condition that I would not tell it to another black man. This proves, I think, that if I obtained no more, I at least enjoy their confidence, which is of great value and which I gained by nothing else than by knowing their language.

What I have here communicated to you, my dear Sir! will, I am sure, at once surprise and interest you, but also I feel persuaded convince you not only that the natives of South Australia have been much wronged and grossly misrepresented in Europe, but also that there is sufficient reason, at least as far as they are

concerned, to hope and to pray and to work, that one day they may abandon their superstitions, sins and passions, and become our fellow christians, as they are now our fellow subjects, and become pious disciples and humble followers of Christ. For I must not conceal from you that for all I have said and could say in their favour, many of the horrid crimes of paganism are practised among them, not only superstitious murder, polygamy and sorcery, but also fornication and unnatural sins. That they exist, however, is not the worst, but that they are not stigmatised with that inward remorse and general disdain and horror, to which such crimes in christian countries are subject.

The due reward of their sins of course follows them; loathsome diseases have been introduced, especially in Encounter Bay, but they suffered from them before Europeans were known to them, as also the native name for them proves. Of such a disease some have died, some have overcome it and some are still suffering from it, many besides the dysentery has sunk into the grave, and if it had not been for our assistance, still more would have gone into eternity.

A few days ago I witnessed the sad spectacle of two natives being executed, found guilty of the wilful murder of two European shepherds. The sensation of the colonists was great, but fortunately it has passed without further disastrous consequences.

Such things, I conceive, are so many voices calling for christian assistance. I have endeavoured conscientiously to fulfil my high duties and hope the power of Christ will enable me to do so for the future, but I wished I could do more, the sphere of our operation was not limited for want of means. I gratefully acknowledge the personal support we have received from the Government and the christian public; I with equal gratitude acknowledge the just and laudable arrangement to give the natives rations: but I think it not sufficient for the Government to make amends with them, nor is it enough for us to sit in Adelaide when the natives leave the town as is at present the case, when not one is remaining. We ought to accompany them, but without a supply of provisions, without any conveyance, it is impracticable. The Government ought to give them land, (not on the Park land however and in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital) and cattle, that they might learn agriculture, the natural transition from a wandering life of hunting and fishing, and the present Governor, I am sure, would do it, but – he is not authorised. What under such circumstances can and should be done, I leave to your wisdom.

Then follows the account of the Murray River trek, already quoted. The letter resumes:

> One point is still left which I feel bound to mention and which, if not now any more important, is at least highly interesting. I mean the claim the Aborigines lay to the country formerly in their possession. In respect to that I can state the following: Every adult native possesses a district of land, which he calls his country and which he inherited from his father. When I asked them, whose their country was now, they replied the white men's, to whom they had given it; when I inquired further, what the white men had given them for it, they either said rice, biscuits and sugar or nothing.
>
> I need not add anything, persuaded that it is sufficient for you as a member of the Society for the Protection of the Aborigines, but will only say, that those wise men, who argue, that the natives have no more right to the soil than the Europeans, because they had not cultivated it, ought not to forget, that they could not, there being no horses, no cattle, no grains, no vegetables nor anything requisite for agriculture, etc.
>
> Yesterday Mr Teichelmann and I waited upon His Excellency to return thanks for our houses; in the course of our conversation respecting the natives, he assured us that he would do all he could for their welfare, at the same time requesting us to send him a report of our inquiries and our views in regard to the Aborigines.

So much for this time. I have endeavoured to follow up your wishes, which you stated to us in London, when you desired us to send you now and then a report of our proceedings, and I hope that I have excluded such matters as would not interest you. In my next I mean to send you a specimen of the language. I must apologise for my imperfect language, I hope however, that you will understand it.

And now, my dear Sir! may the grace of our Savour Jesus Christ, which unites us in him, remain and increase with you and

Your obedient Servant
C.W. Schurmann

P.S. The native words are spelled according to the German way which is exactly the same, Mr Threlkeld has adopted, except that my 'I' must be pronounced as his 'Y' at the beginning of a sylabble. C.W.S.

(iv)

There appears to have been a change of heart within some of the natives who had left to go hunting and were away for some time. In a few days they were back, 'complaining that the *pilta*, or opossum, had gone far away.'

One wonders whether the possums had gone further afield, or whether there was a realization that the handouts from the white men were a lot easier to come by than having to fall back on the old hunting skills.

By June 16 a lot of natives had returned.

The natives, obviously excited, told us that the relatives of the two recently hanged tribesmen, full of wrath against the Whites, would come in the morning and cast their witchcraft upon them, and that in consequence many white people would die. To console us, they also said that they would speak up for the Europeans, so that they might be saved from death.

Wattewattipinna, who spent the evening with me, told me that the one named by the *kadliaadli* as being the murderer, has to pass a test. The nearest relative throws two *kaya* and a number of *winda* at him. If he can avoid all of them and also the blow of the *katta* on his head, then he is considered innocent and goes free.

Schurmann's and Teichelmann's vocabulary, published in 1840, lists these native words: *Kadliadli*, deceased person, corpse. *Kaya*, a spear which is thrown with the *midla*, a throwing stick. *Winda*, a large spear, thrown with the hand. *Katta*, a heavy stick to fight with, club. The *katta* of the femailes is longer, and is used for digging up roots and other things.

The native, Munnitya Wattewattipinna, to give him his name in full, who had been of help to the missionary, was now to become Schurmann's next-door neighbour, and had begun building his house. Another tribesman, Gadnaitya, managed to capture his share of opossums. 'His skill in skinning and eviscerating the *pilta* was amazing and facinating'. The same Gadnaitya – whose full name was Minno Gadnaitya Kadlitpinna – was in the picture again next day, when 'the much feared relatives and fellow tribal members of the two executed men arrived in Pittawodli', the native location in the parkland.

Why they didn't proceed with their witchcraft I did not know, but as I was about to ask them why, I was interrupted by Gadnaitya, who was afraid they could still do it.

This magic of the Wirra tribesmen was to include the cursing of the river at Adelaide. Later, when the tribesmen's passions seem to have cooled, Schurmann did receive an answer to his question as to why they didn't perform their magic as intended, which he translated thus:

No charm. It is now enough. The white man has, and distributes, food. Enough that those two men have been hanged. We are other men.

Although his diary was now almost entirely devoted to accounts of his associations with the natives, there are occasional references to the

town of Adelaide at that time, and to some of its citizens. He had been awaiting the appointment of a new Protector. Now the an-nouncement had been made, and Mr Moorhouse named. Mr Moorhouse was to figure greatly in Schurmann's work with the Aborigines.

> July 1. I made the acquaintance of the new Protector, and spent the evening with him and two former Protectors.
> July 2. I had the native Tilti Midlaitya with me for the whole day. He not only told me a lot of words, but enthusiastically began to learn the alphabet. In the evening he told me much about the sun and moon, but because of tiredness and lack of knowledge of the language, I could understand for certain only the sun was female, but because the moon is old and weak, the young and strong sun could easily beat him, though he revives again. At night the sun sits in her house in the water and consumes fish.

Schurmann frequently recorded the full names of native people, because these all carried meaning. When he writes of Tilti Midlaitya, the name reveals that this man was called after the native cherry, *Tilti*, while Midlaitya was the name given to the fifth child in a family if a male. Most names were taken from nature.

> July 10. In the afternoon Judge Cooper came to my neighbour's building site, asking for Mr Moorhouse, who just happened to be there. After he had conversed with the latter for some time, he came to me and spoke about the durability of earth houses, the natives, etc. He was very friendly. [Judge Cooper is frequently mentioned in the early history of the colony as a just and upright judge. For some time he was the only judge in all three courts, Civil, Criminal, and Insolvent.]
>
> July 11. In the evening, the natives, the Wonkameyunna and the Marimeyunna *[River, East people]*, had a violent quarrel. It began with angry words, but they were in fact after the life of one of the East men, who had stabbed a Wonkameyu. The lust for murder of the latter was so great that I suspected the one behind it all had seen his last sunset.
>
> July 12. The Protector tells me that the Governor was very satisfied with the economy as it concerns the natives. Their northern frontier should be the ditch or dry river bed, which is not far from the harbour road.
> July 22. The natives describe the nature of the stars. For example, the group *Tinniiyaranna* (Orion) they considered to be a group of youths. They are said to hunt kangaroos, emus, and other game, on the great celestial plain, *Womma*, while the *Mankamankarranna* (the constellation Pleiades) consists of girls digging roots.

All the seasons seemed to be named for stars appearing at the time, as *Parnatti*, autumn, after the star *Parna*; *Wiltutti*, summer, from *Wilto* ; and *Willutti*, spring, which comes from *Willo.*

The Protector, Mr Moorhouse, arranged that he and Schurmann should journey to Encounter Bay, and their departure was confirmed for July 23. On the due date, departure was delayed because of the death of a native during the night.

Wattewattipinna, who was to accompany them, because of Mithritya's death now refused to leave, and eventually agreed to come only after a long discussion.

> We took a boy with us, too, because W. didn't want to be the only one.
> At 12 o'clock we left Adelaide. I was loaded with nearly 30 pounds of meat, Wattewattipinna with nearly as much bread, the boy with 12 pounds of flour, and Moorhouse with tea, sugar, and rice, approximately ten pounds. With these burdens, we walked 16 miles to Maryhutt Valley.

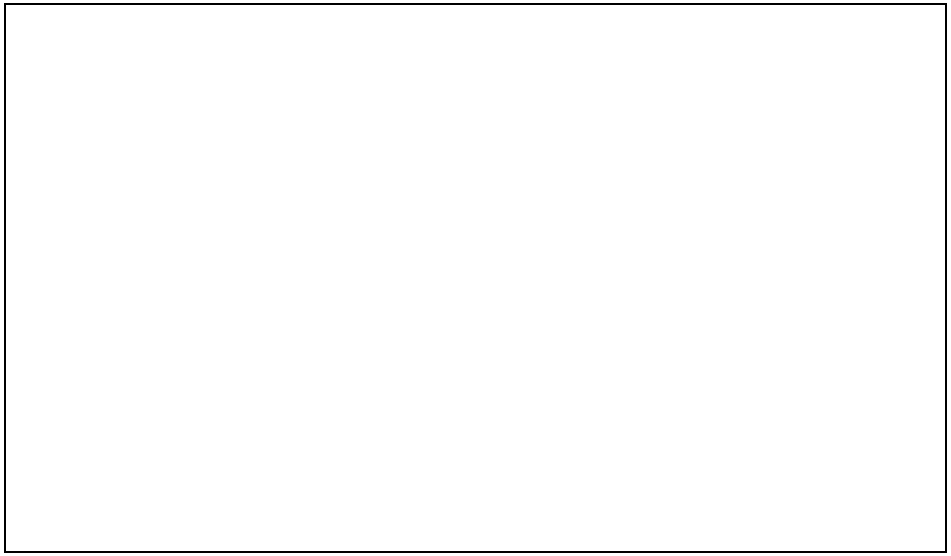
Next day, after they had walked for about four miles, they reached the pier at Onkaparinga, then called 'Ngangkiparinga'. Here they were warmly welcomed by Mr McLaren, who himself was about to leave on a trek and invited them to put their bundles on his cart, which gave them much appreciated relief for the next seven miles. That night, at Kanyanyapilla, the party was given a tent to sleep in, 'but the cold soon forced me outside to the fire'.

Before dawn next day they were on their way to Willunga, where the Governor was encamped at that time. There was little to guide them, but fortunately the natives saw the smoke of campfires in the distance. The Governor happened to be absent from his camp,

> but a good breakfast was worth the detour. From here to Mount Terrible there was no path to follow, and we were guided by the natives. We had to admire their knowledge of the country, the waters, etc. We were determined to reach Encounter Bay today, but rain, darkness, and exhaustion, and worst of all my sore feet, forced us to a halt. Beneath a pine tree with a mighty fire that dried and warmed us, we felt quite comfortable and at ease.

On the fourth day, they at last reached Encounter Bay. The things that first struck Schurmann here were Granite Island, the Rosetta Head, and 'the stinking bones from the whales'. They came to a native camp, which, according to their natives, belonged to the Parakameyunna *[Jaralde]*, who came from the shores of Lake Alexandrina. Another camp in the vicinity belonged to the Wirramu tribe *[Tangane?]*, enemies of the Parakameyunnas.

On the previous evening, they learnt, a woman from the first tribe had been cruelly beaten by two men from the latter, and they expected serious scenes to follow. Both tribes spoke the same language.
At noon they reached the home of Mr Moorhouse's sister, and his friend and partner, Newland. It is revealed that



Encounter Bay, by George French Angas (Mortlock Library)

> Moorhouse had 80 acres of land in Encounter Bay, three workers, and many more interests. He had so much private business to deal with that we could only depart from here on July 30 at noon. I noticed a woman among the Wirramu-meyunna who spoke the language of the Adelaide natives, which could be very useful if I settle down here.

The next day, July 28, was Sunday, and 'I heard a sermon from preacher Newland'. Bull relates that the Revd Ridgway William Newland was a good preacher, very outspoken and unsophisticated. Here in Encounter Bay for many years, as the Revd Newland himself said, he 'preached righteousness and wrought agriculture'. A man of remarkable vigour, he was just the right type for a pioneer colonist. He had walked from Encounter Bay to Adelaide, 56 miles, in a single day, swimming two rivers on the way. He brought up a large family.
That

> just to pass the time, we mounted the cone of the Rosetta Head. On the descent I noticed a native hut which I hadn't seen before. Next day I visited the hut to count the inhabitants. To my surprise I found only *Paityabulti* (old women), as the native boy

called them. The Parakameyunna also had such a hut, inhabited only by old women. One may come to the conclusion that it might be a custom to separate old women and widows from the rest.

July 29. Today, with Moorhouse and several others I went on board the French whaler *Elizabeth*, where we received a hospitable welcome, even though the captain, the doctor, and the steersman were absent. Moorhouse wanted to buy food supplies, partly for his men, partly for us because we had so little left. He intended to cut the ration of the two natives. I opposed the idea, feeling it was our duty and responsibility to look after them, the more so as they accompanied us against their wishes. My position was the more awkward and unpleasant as Moorhouse had paid for my part of the food ration. In the evening we watched the spear practice of some native boys, four on each side, and their skill in defence as well as in hitting stirred our admiration.

Next morning, at about midday, 'at last Moorhouse had finished his business dealings and we went on our way'. An Encounter Bay native had been enlisted as a guide, and three other acquaintances of Mr Moorhouse joined the party. But now

Wattewattipinna didn't want to make the journey because he was afraid of the Parakameyunna. He left us very suddenly, and because of this, soon afterwards the Encounter Bay native did likewise, under the pretext that he was ill. The latter's leaving us was very inconvenient to us because none of us knew the way, and particularly he could have told me the native names around Currency Creek and other places. The native boy who stayed with us had never been to this region. Luckily some tracks of a bullock cart led us right to the spot.

Currency Creek is actually a river which joins the Murray or the stretch of water between Lake Alexandrina and the sea, and has a salt content two or three miles upstream. In the evening we reached Captain Pullen's camp. Though we didn't meet the captain , we were most appropriately entertained with kangaroo meat, etc.

Next day they were off to explore the Lower Murray and its tributaries. Many ducks, swans, and other water birds were freely swimming around, protected by the swamps.

About three miles from Pullen's camp we came upon a group of 20 natives, but we could not make ourselves understood. Besides the usual plaiting work, baskets, bags, etc., we found skulls which they used as drinking vessels. They were filled with hay to clean the bad water, which came from a three-feet-deep well beside the salty river. We drank some, but the boy wouldn't; he had an abhorrence of the skull.

From there they continued to Hindmarsh Island in Lake Alexandrina.

As we came back we observed a dead man on top of a hut. He sat upright with crossed legs and outstretched arms, secured by a rope around both hands and neck, tied to a nearby tree. He appeared already dried up, but if any parts of him were not, the fire under him in the hut would ensure that he soon would be entirely dry. His whole body was painted with red ochre, his chest and belly spotted with white paint. His beard was burnt off except for his moustache, and there was a bone approximately a foot long through his nose.

So he sat there, like an idol or an Egyptian mummy. Probably the natives intended to prolong the memory of the dead one by this custom. When they noticed that we had seen the peculiar figure and were remarking on it, they said to us quickly: 'Sit down, sit down'.

As we arrived back in the evening, we met Captain Pullen, who offered us another night's hospitable lodging.

Schurmann was favourably impressed with Captain Pullen, describing him as a young and civil, if aggressive, man. Pullen had arrived on

Colonel Light's staff in 1836, and figured prominently in early settlement in the colony. His achievements included selecting the site of Pert Adelaide and being the first to enter the Murray from the sea in an open boat. Later, he entered again in the cutter *Waterwitch*, a vessel which gained its own share of fame.

About a year after Schurmann's visit, Captain Pullen was involved in investigations following the *Maria* massacre. Later, after leaving Australia in high dudgeon because he felt he was not getting his rightful recognition, he eventually attained the rank of Rear-Admiral.

Next day the small party began the return journey to Adelaide, a day that

> began and ended with rain. It was made more unpleasant by our having to go for more than half the day through high grass, shrubs, and bushes, guided only by the tracks of three horses which had previously passed this way. If it hadn't been for the native boy, who could find the tracks over grass and stones, we might have gone astray for days in this desolate rocky region, as we could not see the sun or mountains for rain and fog.
>
> It was our intention not to stop for the night until we found a place with water and wood, and grass for the horse. But the sudden setting in of darkness found us in a swamp, and we were compelled to catch and use rainwater, and use wood from the leafless branches of trees burnt by fire. There was little or no grass at all for the horse. Thoroughly wet and without the protection of a leafy tree, we spent the long night exposed to the cold wind and rain.
>
> At a later stage, with the help of some paper and an old rope, we eventually succeeded in making a large fire, We felt better for this comfort, the more so as the rain had eased. However, the ground was so wet that we could not think of lying down, and we gossiped over cigars and pipes. At four o'clock we made tea and damper, and at six we were marching again. After following the same track as yesterday for three hours, we reached a familiar region, and from there on our way led straight to the Governor's camp at Willunga. This time we met him, and after he had offered us a good breakfast we had a friendly chat for a while.

On this outing, one is aware of some animosity on Schurmann's part toward Mr Moorhouse, doubtless accentuated by the close proximity of individuals to each other in a camp, the trying conditions encountered, and because things did not go quite the way Schurmann had anticipated. His feeling is evident in his constant references to the delays, and in comments on minor happenings. for example, after reporting that the natives, at the camp where drinks were served in a skull, 'which Moorhouse kept'. As Protector and party leader, surely this was Mr Moorhouse's prerogative.

Then as they chatted to the Governor, His Excellency expressed an opinion against any combining of the English and native language, because of likely confusion over pronunciation of some words. Schurmann comments: 'This advice pleased me even more because Moorhouse in his ignorant and unreasonable manner asserted the contrary'.

The earlier diary is inclined to drop title and rank when the subject is temporarily or permanently out of favour: Moorhouse rather than Mr Moorhouse, Teichelmann rather than Brother Teichelmann.

It should be added that later Schurmann was to rely strongly on Mr Moorhouse's support, which he usually received. Mr Moorhouse, for his part, always seems to have entertained a generous and understanding regard for the missionary.

Anyway, allowing for prevailing moods and opinions, the chat with the Governor that morning was 'friendly'. Eventually the little party

> left Willunga in heavy rain at 11 o'clock and reached the place where we spent our first night thoroughly wet and exhausted. My feet were so sore and painful that I had to march the last four miles barefooted. This night was the most unpleasant on

the whole journey, the ground wet and cold, so that we couldn't lie down. I was dejected and weary, and suffering from lack of sleep on the previous night.

August 3. Today early in the morning. we were on our way again to reach Adelaide in good time, as we had only 16 miles to go. But the exhaustion and particularly the pain in my feet were so great that we did not arrive until one o'clock. Again I had to go barefoot for the last three or four miles, not to mention the heavy cold I had.

The diary makes no mention of the relief, after their arrival home, of having a bed to lie down on and a roof overhead. But that can be imagined.

(v)

Two days later, in the evening of August 5, Schurmann went with Mr Moorhouse and Teichelmann to talk to natives who had left the native location, Piltawodli, and had gone to the south side of the town, giving as their reason that there was more wood in the latter place. Actually, they had moved away because of a death at Piltawodli. However, the missionary was made to feel welcome by the natives, who asked him many questions about his recently completed journey.

They also threw some light on the subject of the dried and painted corpse tied to the top of the hut. They told him that the Paraka-meyunna dry the corpse, because it is their custom to bury only the bones, not the body of the deceased.

There was another death three days later, this time of a young native man. Again, he had not been ill for very long, and this fact kindled the natives' superstition into a belief that he had been murdered. A tense atmosphere prevailed, and a fight between the South and East tribesmen was anticipated, with the North men possibly becoming involved, too. The natives abandoned the hut in which the man had died and built a new one. They also dug earth and made a small heap over where the corpse had lain. On August 12, Schurmann went with Mr Moorhouse to Pattawilyanga (Glenelg), believing that the corpse would be buried that day, but this wasn't the case, because the natives were awaiting the arrival of the South men for the burial ceremonials.

On the same day, the Governor, with Mrs Gawler and Mr Hall, visited the native location. The conversation turned to their recent journeys to Encounter Bay. Mr Hall asked Schurmann whether he thought the visit was successful, to which Schurmann must have given a correct answer, for the Governor asked if he would like to settle there. And later he received a letter from Mr Hall, advising that the Governor had granted him a gratuity of £20 for his teaching the natives, and that the Master of the Treasury had been instructed accordingly.

The missionaries had to devote a good deal of time to appeasing the natives, the more so because they were in a European settlement, for much of the concern of the Blacks was through rumour and maladjustment resulting from the presence of the Whites. He tells of one evening, when a native who had come from Sydney told the people in Adelaide that the Europeans were about to step in and hang the murderer of the recently deceased young man. This was enough to cause 'great agitation' among the local natives.

Schurmann records another native legend.

In a conversation I had late at night with Wattewattipinna, he told me wonderful tales about Nganno, his son Gurltatakko, and his countrymen. Gurtatakko was murdered, and Nganno journeyed far and wide to find the murderer or murderers. On these travels he named the places of the country as we know them today. When Nganno found the murderers and killed them, he went back home. But his tribesmen on seeing him panicked and ran in fear into the sea, where they were transformed into sea creatures.
Though he told them not to enter the water, one answered, saying: 'I am a shark.' Another, 'I am a whale', and so on. In the end, Nganno himself turned into a sea monster.

> The language which Wattewattipinna used in this story was somehow different from the one they speak now. But according to him it was the language of the *Munana Meyu*, his forefathers (literally, ancient men *[or penis men?]*).

On August 22 Schurmann had an opportunity for a further talk with the Governor, who conveniently mentioned the matter of the gift of money, stressing that it was for the missionary's personal pocket and not to be used for 'general purposes'. Governor Gawler said he knew Schurmann had been very generous toward the natives, and that the missionary might feel the money had to be used for that cause.

Schurmann then asked whether anything further had been done about his settling in Encounter Bay, and received the surprising answer that official orders had been given for a house to be built for his early occupancy. He was doubly pleased with this. First, because it brought stability into his immediate living and planning, and second, because it relieved him of having to choose his own place for settlement, 'something which could have caused me much unrest'.

In fact, Schurmann was not experienced with the intentions and actions of officialdom, or he would not have felt so assured about his immediate future. At this time his diary reveals that, quite suddenly, the missionary had fallen passionately in love. The young lady concerned – her name was Bertha Teusler – had been mentioned casually enough a month or so earlier. Now she assumes a prominent position in the diary pages, as her lover pours out his heart.
At first there are the usual symptoms: intrigue, teasing conversations, letters slipped slyly from hand to hand, progressing to anxious waiting for the postman. He writes poetry, reads (and misreads) deeper meaning into her every action and expression, and has her constantly in his thoughts.

By this time the little German community had established itself in and near Adelaide. In many ways, these people had built around themselves a small world of their own. They had set up the village of Klemzig, and there he often walked on his love quests. Many of these people spoke little or no English, and often he was required to be an interpreter.

Schurmann and Teichelmann, perhaps naturally, were involved with the lives of these other immigrants, though such involvement might at times have intruded on their missionary duties. The fact that they were ordained ministers of the church, however, meant that they were called upon to express opinions or to settle arguments, for already among the new arrivals there was a continuing of debates started years, sometimes centuries, ago in their homeland. They had travelled the oceans seeking religious freedom, but for many it was just a freedom to go on fighting.

Schurmann's early reactions to his first love were natural enough for a health but lonely young man. From his student days, he had had little time or opportunity to mingle with girls. He had come to a different country, to a completely different way or ways of life, and with people speaking different languages. It must have been a delight for him to hear his own language from a female tongue. He had lost his mother when he was ten. And here was a girl, helping to keep a household in order and looking after younger children, making a comforting, domestic picture.
But it was a romance destined from the start not to run smoothly. The mentioned religious, doctrinal differences, which look so petty now, were to become the basis or excuse for lovers' quarrels. There was the discovery that Bertha was younger than he had thought – in September he learnt that she was still two months away from her 17th birthday. But the biggest complication was the existence of an earlier lover. Schurmann was to find that this villain of the piece – as he appeared to the missionary – had been more deeply involved with Bertha than first thought.
There were day-to-day accounts of the progress or otherwise of the love affair, typical interpretations of actions and reactions, a usual swain's feelings of optimism and pessimism.

Such as: 'Today she was obviously more affectionate than ever before, so that as I went away, it was the more strange that she refused my request to write to me, pretending it would be too difficult.' 'The lack

of opportunity to exchange our thoughts and feelings has left me strongly dissatisfied and with a powerful longing.' 'When the smaller ones went to bed, Bertha asked me to come outside with her. Then for the first time I enjoyed the fortune of kissing a loving maid.'

But duty called. His diary still refers constantly to associations with the natives and the gleaning of new knowledge of Aboriginalcustoms. And in September he was to leave on the first of many outings when he camped, ate, slept, and lived with the natives.

> September 9. Yesterday a group of 30 to 40 natives, with their dogs, went into the bush to hunt kangaroos. For a long time I have had a desire to observe the life of the natives in their natural state, convinced that I would get a better insight into their nature and that it would provide a good opportunity to learn their language. That is why the offer of two young natives, Tuitpurro and Kudnaipiti, to take me on this occasion was very welcome. I was also pleased that Brother Teichelmann decided to join us.
> My entire gear for this excursion was a woollen rug, and some tea, biscuits, and salt. The rest was to come from the hunt, and here we were not disappointed.
> Approximately three German miles from the town, we met several from the group who left yesterday, already preparing a killed kangaroo. The way the natives prepare a kangaroo for eating is remarkable and worth a mention here. As soon as the prey is killed, they choose a place nearby, where wood and stones are available, to stew it. The animal is taken to this place, and the one most skilled begins skinning from the head down to the point of the tail. The tail is cut off and singed over the fire. Another one digs a hole a foot and a half deep, another one collects stones, another wood. When the hole is dug they make a fire in it, and in this they place stones, which become glowing hot.
> By the time the fire has burnt out, the butcher has eviscerated the animal, has cut off the legs and shanks, and made three slits in the thick meat of the legs, while another has cleaned the larger intestine. From the blood, collected in the hollow breast, they made a sausage. After this, they removed the stones from the heat and placed some into the breast and belly, others into the slits of the legs, mixed with the leaves from a small gum tree for seasoning. They laid branches from the same trees in the heat and on the kangaroo. Between the branches on the top, they placed the legs, the tail, and the sausage, as well as the lower parts from the intestines, and covered everything with glowing stones.
>
> Meanwhile, one of them removed a piece of bark from a tree, large enough to cover the kangaroo from head to tail. The space between the bark and the edge of the hole was filled with soil to make it air-tight. Now they rest comfortably for half an hour, and then they open up the sealed oven and pull out the cleanest, most magnificent roast.
>
> The butcher's duty now was to cut up the animal, and in this he was less clean, using the pointed end of a club, then his knife. Very cleverly he cut up the entire animal in about eight to ten pieces. When everyone had eaten his fill, they packed up the rest to share it among the women and children, and some men who didn't take part in the hunt.
>
> The place for the roasting was far away from our camp, and it was dark when we arrived, so we were unable to build our leaf hut and were obliged to share the hut and fire of a native. This pleased Brother Teichelmann and myself. The large supply of meat also cheered the natives and had them singing till late into the night. On this occasion I collected some of the rhymes they used in their own language.
>
> September 10. The next morning the natives recommended that we should turn back, pretending they were going very far, but in fact they were afraid we would eat too much of their meat. Brother Teichelmann let himself become determined to come back, partly because his feelings were hurt and because of some inconvenience last night. I insisted on going on, the more so as I would not permit the natives to be untrustworthy, as they had

promised to give us kangaroo meat. In Brother Teichelmann's behaviour there seemed a weakness which could have a demoralizing effect.

When they became aware of my resolve, they wanted Brother Teichelmann to stay, too. As he didn't come back, they sent a man after him to prevent his being murdered by the assassin Ngukimma.

I was in a group of approximately 20 young people, as well as two men and a strong woman with her child, who stayed at the side of her man through it all. As we went through a grassless region today, we covered a good distance and I was glad when we made a halt. We stopped on the top of a mountain, from where we could overlook the plain beneath, where the hunt was to take place.

This evening I built my own hut and fire, so as not to be exposed to the same frost as last night. The young people camped so close around me that I didn't get much privacy. However, I didn't mind, for I wanted to talk to them about the creation, heaven, hell, and the future judgment. I had some success, in that they listened with some attention (instead of laughing) and I couldn't get away later on.

September 11. The hunt will not take place in the plain, as I expected, but in the foothills of the mountains. At 11 o'clock we already had one kangaroo, which the dogs had driven into the water or which jumped into it from fear. The natives then killed it with their clubs. During the preparation of this kangaroo, two young men hunted a second one nearby, which was roasted in the same hole. We were only a few now, because the greater part of our small group had left us this morning, so everyone had to carry as much as he could. As we reached our camp, the whole group came together again and some men brought a third kangaroo. From the first catch I had asked for a tail, but they repeatedly fed me with hopes for the next time. I felt sure of receiving the tail from the third one, and most of them claimed it for me, but an old niggard opposed my having it. Now I accused them of being unfaithful, and as they promised it again tomorrow, I said, 'Tomorrow and after tomorrow, it's always tomorrow', whereupon they laughed. My brother Tuitpurro said that if I didn't get a tail tomorrow, he would be angry.

September 12. Well filled and with plenty of provisions left, most natives lay comfortably idle today by their fires. Only Tuitpurro, Kudnaipiti, I, and another one went hunting. Our best dog was badly hurt by the last kangaroo and was unable to walk, so our hunt was short and unsuccessful. Tuitpurro got lost with the best three dogs, and when he came back in the evening he brought the news that he had killed a kangaroo in the water, but because he couldn't swim he had to leave it behind.
It started to rain this evening and looked like more to come. The natives got busy building huts for protection against the rain. I turned the hut I had made from leaf branches, in which I slept last night with my brother Tuitpurro, against the wind, and improved it with more branches. I had done this when my brother returned from the hunt, and we both slept comfortably again. By now my biscuits were running out quickly; yesterday others assiduously helped me to eat them. Tuitpurro did not let me suffer from want of food, sharing as much meat with me as I could eat, and adding that should I feel hungry I must ask for more. To others, who still begged for more biscuits, he said that I hadn't had any myself. Many of the older natives were sorry for me, because I had no food left and was so far from home (approximately 25 English miles). Tidlaitpinna, the most respected among them and in some ways their leader, shared his rice with me. I expressed my intention of going back tomorrow, and that my brother Tuitpurro should accompany me. They all agreed and even encouraged me.

September 13. Though we agreed yesterday evening that my brother Tuitpurro should accompany me on my return, today the natives objected to it, pretending he was needed to help

hunt the kangaroo, and suggested other natives accompany me. But I persisted on keeping to our agreement made yesterday. Tuitpurro himself preferred to come with me, and said the other people suggested were lazy and would have no hope of reaching the town in one day. After a long discussion back and forth, I went on my way to convince the natives of my unalterable decision. When they saw me going, all impediments were removed and Tuitpurro soon followed me with meat for us both and for some relatives in Adelaide. Through the aimless talking and delay we would not complete the long journey that day. But my companion walked so well that we arrived in Adelaide at seven o'clock in the evening, very tired.

I couldn't close this account of these five days in the bush without some added remarks. My anticipated hopes from this journey – a better knowledge of their way of life and language – were entirely fulfilled. There was progress in learning new words in their language and in the more fluent use of ones I already knew, and especially the discovery of a *modus conjunctivus*. I have also enjoyed the gracefulness and decency among the natives, and particularly the obedience of the young men toward the older ones.

But I hope that the gain from this bush trip was not one-sided, but that some of the natives profited from it, too. I confess that I did not act with foresight and dignity at all times, but because of the pertness of the natives it was not always easy. I am convinced that, for some of them, their spirit has been awakened.

(vi)

Back in Adelaide, Schurmann soon visited 'my dear Bertha, who had not known of my journey and could not explain my long absence'. They talked of their future and of his financial situation, and she assured him she 'was not used to regarding money as the highest attainment'. Later,

> when I excused my long absence on the grounds of professional duty, she uttered that I should regard our relationship as incidental to my office. At our farewell, of which I expected so much, Mr Fiedler (her stepfather) stepped in our way.

At home, or just next door, the younger wife of his neighbour, Wattewattipinna, gave birth to her first child, which she named Kartanya, the first name given to the first child of this tribe if a daughter. He learnt that children are named according to a line of succession, and not after the father. Later, his dictionary was to include the full list of names given to children at birth, both sons and daughters, following this order.

A visitor to Schurmann at this time was Pastor Kavel, who came with the proposal that when the missionary went to Encounter Bay to take up his duties, he also take with him one Friedrich Jacob Krummnow. (Historical records show several variations of Krummnow's Christian names. Those used here are as in Schurmann's diaries.) Perhaps Kavel already had a notion of the headaches this Krummnow could cause him, and maybe Schurmann did too, though the only comments in his diary were that he did not hold out much hope of complying

with the pastor's intention. Later, Krummnow was to attain considerable notoriety and become a thorn in the flesh to many. Schurmann had known him previously in Berlin, and was wary of him from the start.

At the time of Kavel's visit to Schurmann, the former wished to make Krummnow a missionary to the Aboriginals, but, as Schurmann was later to write, 'he was never a missionary in the proper sense of the word'.

There is an account of a pleasant Sunday evening spent with Bertha. He had visited her home for Sunday dinner, to which others had been invited, and then in the afternoon more visitors came, 'which made the afternoon nearly lost'. That evening he stayed home from church.

> While the evening divine service was on, Bertha and I at last had the house to ourselves. Intimate talks, some poetry, and a

letter were our entertainment. Later on, Fritz and Ferdinand Kavel came, and over a glass of wine and a pipe of tobacco, we gossiped until half past midnight. During all this time, Bertha was sitting on my right and drank from my glass.

(Ferdinand Kavel, mentioned above, left interesting reports of the voyage of the first ship of Lutheran immigrants and of the conditions in Adelaide after their arrival. He was a brother of Pastor Kavel.)

Perhaps these goings-on of that Sunday evening were not in keeping with the standards that should have been met by a young Lutheran minister of that era. At least the girl's step-father, Fiedler, seemed to have thought that way. On the Monday morning, the eager suitor again hiked to Klemzig, where he found that 'Mr Fiedler felt that last night was not good, that we had sinned'. However, there is no evidence that at that stage her parent discouraged the romance, an affair that was intruding more and more on working time.

September 27. In the morning I went into town with Mr Moorhouse to meet a native from Bathurst, New South Wales, at the Southern Cross. On the way back I bought a dress for Bertha for $17^{1}/_{2}$ shillings. In the afternoon I went to Klemzig, accompanied by Pastor Kavel. He had just received a letter from Mr Angas with the news that 200 Germans from the Breslau region were on their way. Because of Mr Feidler's kindness, I stayed until one o'clock in the night.

This was the occasion of the first kiss.

But soon afterwards there was inner conflict.

All the peace I first experienced when Bertha returned my love is gone. A bitter insult by Heinrich Calton came to my ears today from Mr Moorhouse. Calton had said that we did nothing, that we should live in the bush with the natives. Before you, my Lord and God, I accept the accusation of negligence in my office. Many hours did I devote to my love, which belonged to my profession.

October 2. To my great disappointment, not a single native has come back to Piltawodli. A few are on the opposite side of the town. In the evening I went to Klemzig. My much loved one was busy doing the washing. She could catch a cold doing that job.

October 3. Today I wanted to talk to the Governor about my house in Encounter Bay, but Mr Hall gave me the news that they had just started to build it and that I could do nothing to speed it up. Because of this news, I decided to visit Encounter Bay.

This time he had decided to ride, not walk, to Encounter Bay, and the diary has some amusing if rather confusing accounts of his attempts to acquire a horse. 'In the afternoon I went to Captain Walker to buy a Timor horse, but he was absent'. Then, next day,

Bought a Timoranian for which I paid one third; one third Teichelmann lent me, and the other third I have to pay on November 1. In the evening I rode to Klemzig and sold my Timoranian to Mr Fiedler … Next morning, about nine or ten o'clock, Mr Fiedler and I rode into town to buy another Timoranian, but this didn't come off. Mr Fiedler rode back to Klemzig, promising me to send the horse back in the morning with his son Julius.

The following day 'Julius came with the horse before I had breakfast. I'm not sure if it was the new saddle or the frisky horse, but I landed on the ground'.

And when, eventually, he set off for Encounter Bay, 'Mr Fiedler was kind enough to lend me his Timoranian'. He gives as the twofold purpose for this journey 'partly to make enquiries regarding the progress of my promised house, partly to see the state of the natives after the end of their fishing season'.

He had departed from Adelaide, once again in the company of Mr Moorhouse, on October 10 and, after losing the way a few times,

we reached our destination before sunset, a considerable difference from last time, when it took us nearly four days. When we arrived at the police station, I enquired about my house (a police officer will supervise the building of it) and

> received the distressing news that neither the builder nor the building material had arrived yet. Besides my house, they are supposed to build three more government houses, and they didn't know just where mine would be built. The area they showed me was close to the beach on barren sand, opposite Granite Island, which can be reached at low tide by foot through the water.

There was not the number of natives about now.

> Last time I found many natives camping near here, but now there were only three huts, occupied by blind or weak old women. The large group which used to camp here and whose territory was near Lake Alexandrina, has disappeared. This was a result of a war with Encounter Bay natives.

He was told that, in the fracas, Mr Hall's overseer had been fatally hit by a spear in his left eye. The cause of the fighting seemed to have been that the Parakameyunna, the tribe from the shores of the lake, had claimed a whale, which whalers had caught near the Wirramumeyunnas' territory. The slain young man had been given a burial with full warrior's honours, which Mr Hall, who was present, described to Schurmann.

> After his own tribesmen had folded together his arms and legs, and wrapped up the corpse in old cloth, furs, and grass, the enemy warriors made a circle around him and lowered their shields and spears, whereupon his own tribe took possession of the corpse.

There is a gruesome description of a dead child in a hut.

> Besides the three huts already mentioned, today I found two more. In one of them was a dead child of approximately three years of age, laid on a platform over a fire. I cannot say with certainty when the child died, but most likely it was because of an illness which had spread here as well as among the Adelaide natives. I concluded this, because the child's mouth had rotted away and the teeth and cheek-bones were bare. The settlers from Encounter Bay say it had been in that

Natives fishing with nets, by George French Angas (Mortlock Library)

> condition for a long time, and that it must have endured terrible pain.

On the Sunday morning of that weekend in Encounter Bay,

> Preacher Newland conducted a service. Unfortunately, most settlers did not attend these gatherings because of some matter of dissent. In the afternoon he delivered the same sermon at Mr Hall's, where I listened for the second time. Mr Pullen from Currency Creek was present, and I arranged to accompany him to his camp the next morning, to see the Parakameyunna in his neighbourhood.

Unfortunately, Schurmann did not meet up with any natives, but he spent the following evening as a guest of

> the kind and jovial Pullen, who invited me to visit him whenever I was in the neighbourhood. He intends to move up the Murray to the great bend, which will give me the opportunity to make some exploring trips in the future.

On most of his way home to Adelaide, Schurmann travelled alone. Mr Moorhouse wanted to visit Yankalilla, but Schurmann was anxious to be home.

> It was high noon when I passed Mount Terrible, but my small Timoranian went on joyfully, so I reached Ngangkiparri (the Onkaparinga River) by sunset. For a while I had lost my way, and as the horse was now tired, I was happy to arrive. The night wasn't only solitary, but unpleasant, because I couldn't make any tea, having left the billy with Mr Moorhouse … At daybreak I mounted my horse again, though I had enjoyed a rather long breakfast at my 'kangaroo hotel', and was home again by ten o'clock.

The missionaries were always ready and anxious to converse with any group of natives which converged on Adelaide, and he tells of an evening spent among them with Brother Teichelmann.

> During our conversation one said: 'Jehovah doesn't exist any more'. Other Europeans had told him so. I said: 'Even if they have abandoned God, they will be sorry when he makes them walk through the great fire'. He replied with dreadful insolence that he would fell God with his spear, and lifted his spear to show his courage.
> October 24. Krummnow asked me for English lessons, but I told him there were still some words I didn't understand. Not wishing to take no for an answer, he pretended not to understand me. I also told him I wouldn't take him to Encounter Bay.

Regarding his love affair, the complications concerning the other man, Schlinke, were now coming to a head. Schlinke claimed that the girl had promised him her hand, and he sought support from the church, whose word was law for the Lutherans. Bertha now had to face an enquiry by the church authorities, to be conducted by Pastor Kavel.

Schurmann decided to seek the Governor's permission to move his tent and belongings to Encounter Bay, so he could start work there, but it is not clear whether he pursued this intention. At any rate, he remained in Adelaide for the present.
The native Nanto Kartammera accepted an invitation to share the missionary's house. He was a young man, of between 22 and 24 years, very lively, if sometimes wild and obstinate, but should be 'useful around the house'.
Schurmann visited the native camp on the morning of October 30.

> Some natives came back just as I was in this camp. One, Idla Waritya, was entirely naked, very angry, with a club in his hand which he intended to use on his wife, because she had left him and come to Adelaide. Another native grabbed him from behind and held him until his wrath had cooled. By holding him they gave him an opportunity to save his honour without actually harming anyone. This was confirmed when he wouldn't surrender his weapons to anyone but me.
>
> In the evening, when I went to the camp with Brother Teichelmann, the trouble started again. The aforementioned husband intended to fell an old man with his club, but fortunately the blow missed. Our intervention may have helped, but in the morning the trouble will start all over again. I have heard that Mr Moorhouse is going to the Murray with some policemen, because a great number of natives have attacked a flock of sheep and driven off the shepherds.

At this stage, much of the diary is occupied with a report on the 'court hearing' of Schlinke versus Bertha, of various comments by members of the German community there, and by a seeming reluctance by Pastor Kavel a final decision. And when

Bertha went to the Lord's Supper yesterday, Pastor refused to give her communion, since the Schlinke affair wasn't yet finished.

October 31. We have had severe and continuous drought, so the rain which fell today was joyfully received.

(vii)

There are more lines suggesting some conflict in the missionary's mind when it came to spending time with his beloved or attending to such duties as were required by the very nature of missionary duties. His was not a position where various tasks were obviously there demanding attention, like papers in a 'For Action' file. Rather, it required a searching for such things as needed dedicated service.

That was the reason behind his wish to be in Encounter Bay. Once there, the way would be much clearer, his duties more apparent. Or so he imagined.

We see him endeavouring to find peace of mind by killing two birds with one stone, combining duty with romantic pursuit.

November 2. As I knew that Bertha would be in Adelaide today, I went into town, too, to do some business. I went to the Police Station to speak to Mr Edwards, but he was away and no one knew anything about the Encounter Bay houses. (Mr Edwards was to build or supervise the building of his house.) I intended to go in the direction of Rowland's in the hope of meeting Bertha, and on the way I did meet her. We went to Waterloo House to buy some rings, but they didn't have any and sent us to Wainwrights, where there were plenty in stock. Bertha was very bashful, but was convinced to try on a ring which cost one pound.

After buying and fitting the ring, religiously keeping one foot in the line of duty, he took Bertha along to meet some natives. Her reaction is not recorded, but the natives seemed interested. They asked him if she was his wife. And 'one woman asked me if my soul was stirred after I had had a kiss from her'.

One native, who was in trouble but impressed the missionary at this stage, was Tammuruwe Nankanere, son of Tungaranwe, but better known to the Whites as Bob. He was ill with a venereal disease in Kadlitpinna's house, where Schurmann visited him. He was an intelligent man, and Schurmann asked him if he'd like to come to Encounter Bay with him and teach him the language of his tribe.

In turn, he was helping Tammuruwe with his English, although this was proving difficult. Then,

> just as the native Tammuruwe and I are making some progress with his language, the police wish to take him to the Murray. So one hope after the other is frustrated.

Earlier he had recorded: 'News arrived that the Murray natives had a five-hour battle with Europeans, and that a cattle overseer had been killed'.

One incidental impression gathered from the diary and other writings of the day, was that though many important items were in short supply, stocks of liquor were obtainable. When Schurmann, one evening, was invited to stay the night in Klemzig, 'I couldn't get to bed until three am because Mr Fussli was drunk and asleep in my bed'. And on Sunday November 17 is this short entry: 'went with Brother Teichelmann to Dreschers' for dinner. Mr Drescher was drunk'.

On November 30 it was pleasing to report that that day 'all the natives had come back to Piltawodli'. Subsequently the missionaries were able to occupy themselves much more fully with their native neighbours.

> December 4. This evening I came along just as a witchdoctor (*Warrawarra*) sucked blood from Ityainaitpinna's forehead. He spat out blood mixed with saliva, and said that this should cure

his illness. He also took out of his mouth a plug of twisted leaves, which he tore to pieces. Then he looked around in different directions, pretending to express wonder or admiration. He stepped aside, about to do the same to another man. I accused him of lying, and asked to see his mouth and tongue. He agreed, and I saw a little lump on his tongue which appeared to be blood or something like that. When I wanted to show it to the others, he shut his mouth and refused to open it again. When I accused him of lying and told the others not to believe him, they became very agitated and called me a *mantakururuburka*, which means one who accuses someone of being a liar. They asked me why I always called the Blacks liars, when other Whites did not do so. One young man even shoved himself against my chest.

I replied that the other white men did not know what the Blacks believed, otherwise they would do the same. They said that the Whites believe in Jehovah and the Blacks have their own beliefs. We are right and they are right. I said: 'How can both be right?' Then they asked if I had seen Jehovah, and if he looked like a man or an animal, and if he'd been in my house. At last I asked Ityainaitpinna to tell me where the red on the *Warrawarra*'s tongue had come from, before he sucked. He said: 'It is enough now. Don't say any more.'

December 6. Mr Moorhouse now seems to be interested in Tammuruwe's having land at Encounter Bay, and in having him go with me.

December 7. Saturday. Since last Tuesday I have spent all my time erecting a fence around Teichelmann's house and garden. The idea was to employ the natives. It seemed wrong to see them idle, without having tried to get them to work. Several of them have worked very hard all week. It seems that the natives realize that we want only the best for them, and they are becoming attached to us. They appreciate the fact that we are learning their language. Trust God they may soon learn we are here because of them.

December 9. Monday. While Brother Teichelmann and I were still occupied with the fence, the Governor's private secretary, Mr Hall, arrived unexpectedly. I took the opportunity to ask him how I could go about getting food supplies to Encounter Bay. I was pleased when he said they would be shipped on the Government ship, *Waterwitch.*

Apparently there had been a recent withdrawal of rations for the natives. From his conversation now with Mr Hall, Schurmann realized this had not been His Excellency's idea; rather, it had come from Mr Moorhouse, for 'Hall mentioned that he didn't agree with Moorhouse in this matter'. However, he did think the natives should have to work for what they receive, instead of being treated like children.

> Teichelmann mentioned that the transfer of the office of Protector from Mr Wyatt to Mr Moorhouse was not in the best interest of the Blacks, and Mr Hall said he felt the same way. He believed Wyatt's idea to publish a dictionary would be a success.

As the weather became hotter, so, it seemed, did the tempers of some of the more aggressive natives. On December 14, Idla Waritya, the native of whom he had written on October 30, came back from the bush with a number of friends,

> with the intention of thrashing the older man, Parruwongaburka. Ityainaitpinna and Murroparraitpinna had some success as peacemakers, and I hoped the quarrel to be over. However, by nightfall it had started all over again, and they renewed their superstitious claims that he had been responsible for the murder of Mullawirraburka's brother.
>
> The sounds of clubs rattling and blows on heads were so loud that I fully expected someone to be killed, but that wasn't the case. Idla Waritya had been badly wounded, with blood pouring out of his mouth, and several others were thoroughly thrashed.

Then next day, December 15, Schurmann's diary reports:

> This morning before I got up the natives had another fight, this time about a young girl. An old man wants her for his wife and

her father has agreed, but she prefers a young man, Pulta. The girl and another woman had received heavy blows. As I arrived, the older man, Tainmundaburka, went around to all the men handing out weapons. Putting *kattas* (clubs) and *wirris* (short sticks for throwing) into their hands, he said some words I couldn't understand, but which seemed to be a challenge to fight. All threw the weapons away, and this made the old man furious. He walked to and fro, lifting his legs as if he meant to leap on someone. He pulled his beard to put it into his mouth to bite it, but it was too short..

Eventually the fight fizzled out through lack of opponents.

Late that night, after Schurmann had spent the rest of the day and the evening in Klemzig, he was walking home when he met a native not far from the camp. He asked the Black a couple of questions, but received no reply. Then when he had gone a little further, he was aware of someone hiding behind a heap of shingles. He said in the native language: *'Nganna meyu?'*, meaning literally 'What man?' or 'Who is that?' There was no answer, but it sounded as though there was a movement toward him. He said: *Nganna mena parni nebai!'* – 'Whoever you are, come here'.

Again there was no answer, and as he was unarmed he deemed it wiser not to pursue the matter further. But next morning, next door to Wirraitpinna's house, he saw the girl the natives had been fighting over, and decided that perhaps she was the one hiding behind the shingles.

Schurmann reports in some detail a conversation he had with the Protector, Mr Moorhouse, in which an attempt was made to settle some differences between them and which was at least partially successful. The Protector

expressed despair at ever being able to educate the natives. He has abandoned any hope of making useful people of the older natives … so I asked for what reason would a Protector be necessary. He said to protect them from insult. When I said that the police could do that just as well, he said that they are hostile to the natives. In the course of our conversation we agreed that I would try to teach all the infants, on condition that food be available for them.

Next day as he again walked to Klemzig, he met a large number of natives from the east, 'who are probably looking for a fight'. When he arrived, he found they had stirred up things as they passed through Klemzig.

One was rude to Bertha, and another gave her little brother a box on the ear.

December 18. This evening the natives were in fighting mood again. Our natives moved from the camp of the East men. A few insults were ignored, and nothing eventuated.

December 19. When I visited the East men today I recognized the boy Bertha had described to me, who had abused her. He denied it at first, then promised not to do it again. The old one who hit her brother couldn't be found.

While he was talking to these people, the proprietor of the *Adelaide Chronicle*, Mr Robert Thomas, arrived on the scene. He told Schurmann that if he wanted anything printed, he would like the job. 'Now the greatest difficulty, that of finding a printer for the Aboriginal Dictionary, is overcome.'

At this stage, there are constant references to his plans and intentions for life in Encounter Bay. People in high positions built up his hopes, but the proposed house was not being built.

Mr Edwards, who is to be the builder of my house, told me that nothing had got off the ground yet. He said that the workers were preparing the timbers first. The house will be 18 feet six inches long and 12 feet six inches wide, and will have one room. It should be finished in January.

This was on December 20. During that afternoon,

a great number of natives appeared, so-called Wirrameyu-nnas *[Ramindjeri? Peramangk?]*. Some of them I have never seen before; in fact, they had not been here since the beginning of the colony. Hardly had they arrived than they started to quarrel, again about a girl, who had been promised as Murro-parraitpinna's wife, but who associated herself with the

newcomers. They told me that Murroparraitpinna had beaten the girl and then her relatives had beaten him. In his anger he had run to his hut, fetched his spear, and with his beard between his teeth, raged towards his enemy. But no one was hurt.

Peace seemed to have been restored when Mulleakkiburka (literally 'man from the Para river') furiously attacked a woman with a *kaya*. I was told that this woman had been his wife. She had left him for another man, who died leaving her a widow. Luckily, the first blow landed on her arm instead of her body. the point of the spear broke, so the second blow did little harm. Wirraitpinna's strong arm kept the angry man black, protecting the poor defenceless woman. This barbarous act was even more distressing because the woman was carrying a baby on her back and had two more children at her side.

During this scene the Wirremeyunnas and some strangers got ready to leave, apparently insulted by the unfriendly reception from Murroparraitpinna. Our old regular, Ityainaitpinna, and others, hurried after them and brought a few back, among them the strangers. After they had been sitting silently for a few minutes, one of the strangers took a *katta* and hit one of the others on the head very hard. Then he gave the weapon to the other, who hit back the first man even harder, as a sign of friendship! The blood of both men flowed in streams down their backs. They wanted others to repeat the performance, placing their weapon in their hands and offering their heads. But a third one made a friendly gesture and prevented any further blows. When I asked why this went on, it seemed that they wish to show they are not afraid of pain and to prove their bravery.

Among the Wirremeyunnas who had arrived was one

> sporting the name 'Captain Mitchell'. Some time ago local natives received the news that he had stolen the wife of a North man and had killed her husband. Brother Teichelmann and I challenged him on this, but he refused to speak. When we told him that killers were bad men and would go to hell, he seemed afraid and said it had been a bad North man. Afterwards we talked about this with Ityainaitpinna and, glancing around anxiously, he told us that earlier this same fellow had killed a white man. What should a missionary do in such a case ?

However, when the Blacks who had gone away returned and reassembled, Captain Mitchell was not among them.

One of the newcomers who the day before had been 'beaten' by his friend, stayed with Schurmann. He carried a wound almost an inch deep in his head, which caused him great pain and restricted his movements. This contact was a new and interesting experience of the

missionary – being involved with Blacks who had never before been in touch with Whites.

> You cannot help but compare these untouched natives with those who have had a lot of contact with white men. They are much more modest and willing than those who have been around Europeans for a longer time.

By now he had established close ties with the Adelaide tribe, and the diary constantly refers to them as 'our people'. That same evening there was 'trouble again when Idla Waritya for the third time tried to take vengeance. He and his brother approached our people and the fight started.' The brother quickly gave 'our people' a few sore heads.

> All the others came running, and there was a general melee. Warraitpinna, one of our best men, grabbed his sharp hatchet, intending to join the fray, when Brother Teichelmann and Julius Fiedler took the weapon from him.

The latter gentleman had stepped in, meaning to stop the fight, but realized that, unarmed, 'it was not possible or wise'. Then the women came into the fight.

> Never have I seen the women take such an active part in a brawl. They not only made their usual frightful shouts, but hit the ground with their sticks, and then began hitting heads until

they were bleeding. Two policemen intervened to finish the battle.

Or at least, to postpone the finish! On December 23 Schurmann opened his school for native children.

There were seven, and a few adults, including Ityainaitpinna. He followed the letters so fast that he was soon a help to me with teaching. Last Saturday my axe disappeared and, not without reason, I suspected the natives. I asked them about it today, and searched their nets and bags. They encouraged me to look and seemed very annoyed about the theft.

There is no mention of his recovering the axe. That Christmas, Schurmann received from Bertha a special handkerchief she had worked on, and a box of cigars from her father. He bought his lady-love a parasol.

By December 26 the number of children at the school was 18. Lessons were restricted to the mornings.

Brother Teichelmann has printed all the letters of the alphabet for me in Indian ink. I have these on little boards, and with a row of nails on the blackboard I can assemble them as I wish.

There follows a detailed description of a circumcision ceremony.

December 28. Today a solemn ceremony took place among the natives. I was witness to the circumcision of five boys. It began with fetching the young men. While the men caught the boys, the women protested. They led the boys to the place of circumcision, with their eyes covered, and on arrival they lay them down and cover them with cloth. The women and children were prohibited to witness and stayed under a river bank. During these ceremonies there is always a large assemblage, and this time there would have been at least 75 men present. Nobody hears anything about it, which is different from their other undertakings.

The ceremony began with a sort of foot race, which the natives call *Turlo yakkandi* (meaning 'to catch the *Turlo*', who is the one performing the circumcision). One man ran, cursing and grumbling, to another, giving him some signal from behind. The one 'tagged' then takes off his cloth and starts running as if he wants to run to the end of the world. The first one, joined by another, follows.

When the tagged man is exhausted the other two lift him up, one by the shoulders and the other by his legs, and carry him to lay him down by the boys. They cover his body with straw. This person is one of the *Turlos*.

Six were 'hunted' the same way – one for each boy, and a spare one. When the last one had been placed near the boys the crowd started again with the first one. Taking him by the head they lifted him up, and when he was erect he started shouting, seemingly from anger, but then they all laughed. This was repeated.

Then 11 or 12 young men formed a line. The first one carried a baton and went twice around the camp, passing the baton to a new leader. Two men gathered in about 30 of the spectators. After the glass for the circumcision was ready (they use old bottles now instead of mountain crystal) they brought the *Turlos*.

Now the whole crowd again formed a line, taking their beards between their teeth. Those who didn't have a beard long enough took a piece of kangaroo fur instead.

They began with furious gestures to stamp and growl and moan so loudly that it was quite terrifying. In fact, there had been two Englishmen present who thought it safer to disappear.

It is really impossible to describe the scene forcibly enough, but think of the noise from 30 strong natives groaning in full voice whilst stamping the ground furiously. Nobody could accuse me of exaggerating when I call it horrifying.

Who can wonder that the boys trembled and shivered with fear when the furious crown slowly approached. Close to the boys, the first one stuck his baton in the ground and lay down. The

others followed suit, lying on top of each other until they were a heap six to eight feet high and wide.
On this altar they laid the boys on their backs, and the *Turlos* performed the circumcisions with the glass, while the men underneath continued their groaning.
When all was finished, the men again assembled, and the first threw his baton over the boys and everyone applauded and cheered, and the action was over except that they gave the *Turlos* a fire in their hands and whispered something in their ears. The young boys were taken away by two men to a place where they have to stay until they are healed.

He adds: 'As the children had not been permitted to cross the river because of today's solemnities, school was abandoned for the day'.

Two days after that, Schurmann was again privileged to witness a revealing practice of the natives.

Today I had an opportunity to see how the natives do their blood-letting. They bind a string around the upper arm, and with a pointed piece of glass bore down the artery repeatedly. Watching this gives you an ice-cold chill down your back.

Today there were two, the first letting his blood flow to the ground. The second held a plug five or six inches long, and filled this with blood. He then put this plug (*Puingurru*) by the fire to dry the blood. This is kept to be used to prevent headaches and even death.

Women are not permitted to watch the blood-letting. The reason behind the practice is the same as that given by Europeans, the relief of blood pressure and headache.

The record for 1839 ends with a report that four natives had been imprisoned for stealing potatoes from the Governor's garden, and with a prayer that looks back over the past year and asks for blessing in the year to come.

Early in the new year, 1840, for some days there was a state of tension among the local natives, 'and today they became very agitated because the Wirra people had threatened them with witchcraft'. The missionary chose to speak to them firmly on this, 'upsetting some of them, particularly Mullawirraburka. Several were uncertain about the power of witchcraft, and agreed that I should know about such things because of my learning'.

He refers to a three-page letter he wrote to his brother Adam, who earlier in life had inspired him greatly and who was now a missionary in Benares, India. He brought Adam up-to-date on such things as his projected move to Encounter Bay, his engagement and a description of his bride-to-be and reference to the Schlinke affair, the discord with Brother Teichelmann and differences with Pastor Kavel, and a censure to his brother about his un-German-like change of name.

Johann Adam Schürmann had altered his name to John Adam Shurman. It is said of him that he did this as a gesture to the people he was ministering to, and he spoke and wrote in the language spoken by them. This biographer cannot but feel how much easier it would have been had Clamor decided similarly, and become Clamor William and left his diary and other communications in English. The fact that at this stage he was part of the German community in Adelaide, of course, would not have encouraged such a decision.

On January 7, Teichelmann and Schurmann lad the honour to be invited to dine with His Excellency. Mr Moorhouse was present, and there were other guests who talked of matters concerning the natives, including an address about the Murray tribes.

Next day there was a fight brewing between 'our natives and the Wirrameyunnas. We expect trouble to break out near the iron store'. To prevent this, the missionaries told them the police were coming.

One boy told me that the Emu had created the earth, and when I asked who created the Emu, he said: '*Ugando pia?*' that is, 'Yes,

who?' The natives seem to accept most things we say as long as we don't question their witchcraft.
January 12. Today all the South tribe (Putpameyunna) invited most of the Forest men (Wirrameyunna) to go hunting, which meant that my school was empty. I have a lot of joy in seeing the more progressive ones learning their letters and enjoying the Gospel tales, but I sometimes fear that the wild life may make them forget.

On one summer evening which Teichelmann and Schurmann spent with the natives, they learnt from some of the East tribe (Marimeyunna) that Wikandi Partanna had speared a woman because of her adultery. From the Wirrameyunnas, they learnt that Badei and Turinna from another tribe had threatened to spear a woman because she had refused to be adulterous.

The missionary was to hear gossip of misconduct about his own bride-to-be. On Sunday morning he asked a Mr Bauer what

> the lies were that Julius Fiedler had spread about my bride, and he said it was that she was no longer a virgin. In the afternoon I went straight to Klemzig to report to her father, who was quite overcome. I didn't tell Bertha, as I wished to save her pain.

But Bertha came to hear about it soon enough.

> She had heard of the lies spread by Fiedler, which certainly concerned her. She intends to question him about it, and said that had she acceded to his requests earlier, his statements could have been true !
> January 30. Last night the natives camped near my house made such a noise that they wakened me and I got up. Wauwityunna, usually a calm man, was outraged with his young wife and her bed-fellow. He had 'lent her out', but she had exceeded his permission. He wanted to spear his wife and had already thrown a spear at the guilty Wirrameyu. The guilty one fled, but came back in the morning in provocative mood, but there was no fight. It seems that the women are willing tools in this 'lending out' and are much used by the men.

Now came the beginning of the end of Schurmann's own love affair. Unexpectedly, when he visited Klemzig to see Bertha, he 'suffered my most painful hours so far in South Australia'. At once he sensed a coldness in her.

> She said that our relationship couldn't continue unless I was prepared to reconcile myself with Kavel and the congregation, and accept their rules and limitations. I didn't take her seriously at first and said 'You are joking'. But she said that joking was far from her mind, and even expressed indignation at my familiarity. At this moment I realized my position and was aware of my loss.

He adds, in a lengthy account of their confrontation:

> I said that I had never wished to separate her from the congregation. At the same time I said that I would accept any ordinary conditions, but I could never act against my conscience. She said that it seemed clear that I had no intention of changing, and it would be best to terminate our association. How this cut my heart, words cannot express. I was so bewildered and hurt that I completely lost all peace of mind.

At that stage the girl's stepfather entered, and one gathers that it had been his indoctrination of his stepdaughter that had led her to change her mind or, as likely, to find an excuse to end an association she no longer desired to continue. Mr Fiedler said

> that he had realized for some time that Pastor Kavel and I didn't agree, and on Sunday he had heard again that I reject the public confession. We are both supposed to be Lutherans, and I must be wrong. He had told his daughter (step-daughter) this.
> After further talk it was agreed that Kavel and I talk the matter over, and in this heart found some calm. Bertha, who had gone outside during this discussion returned, and asked what had happened. I told her I would talk with Kavel and begged her for a kiss, but she refused. I asked her how she could play with her deepest feelings and she replied, with bosom heaving and

> breath coming fast, that she could not, but that the matter was far too important to ignore, and that I should know this.

He came away worried and confused. He did score a kiss before he left, and the affair was to drag on for a little longer.
When he came home, he learnt that during his absence Mulleakiburka had speared and beaten his wife. 'Who knows why? Perhaps she had refused to get him a meal. He hit her so hard on her back that she cannot walk'. A few days later, when all three tribes, the Putpa, Wirra, and the Marimeyunna, were assembled for some sport on which all attention was focussed, 'the malicious Pulta tried to spear Midlibaturti, a young girl'.

Schurmann reports on what must have been a long talk with Pastor Kavel.

> I asked if he had something against me. He replied that he had nothing against me, although he felt I had let myself go lately. He knew very well that my vocation encounters great difficulties. I mentioned that as he had said to Brother Teichelmann that he didn't want anything to do with the Mission, I naturally thought it useless to carry water into the sea. There seems to have been some misunderstanding here, due perhaps to Teichelmann never yielding a hair's breadth from instructions. We talked a lot about the public confessions without agreeing.

There was mention of an accusation by one of the German congregation's leaders, who said that Schurmann had behaved in such a manner as to have contact with the congregation suspended. Kavel said he had heard 'that we'd had wine and were singing'. At the end they prayed together and kissed in brotherly harmony.

On the evening of February 7, when Teichelmann and Schurmann were visiting several native camps, a bright pink aurora suddenly appeared in the southern sky. 'The natives of all three tribes were most disturbed as they believed it to be a harbinger of a plague which would destroy them all.' They took the lights to be caused by a sorcerer from the North men. There was a mixed response to efforts to put the minds of the natives at rest.

Then a couple of evenings later, they joined natives who were

> watching a dance performed by the Marimeyunnas. The women were in a close circle, singing monotonous but gentle-sounding songs, while the men, decorated with large white stripes, were dancing with great dexterity. Nothing could be heard like the wild and sensuous roaring our locals make, but there was the sound of two *wirris* hitting together to give a beat.

On February 12, Schurmann met Mr Howe, who had recently driven a herd of cattle from New South Wales. He

> told me that the natives are treacherous and caution is required but that the drovers had done horrible things, too. They had not only found many skulls, but knew that Finniss's travelling companions had shot no fewer than eight natives.

The diary reports a rumour in Adelaide that Mr Horrocks' shepherd had been battered to death by the natives, and that a native had been arrested for trying to break down a house door. The latter event caused great agitation among the Blacks.

Meanwhile, the ill-fated love affair went on creating varying moods of optimism and depression, the latter dominant. On February 29, the date which makes a leap year and what it might imply romantically, Bertha sent her sister with some stocking (Schurmann's present returned) and some money from her father, indicating a wish on the latter's part to be cleared of financial obligation. Such events the young missionary took much to heart, and that autumn was afflicted by spasms of self-pity and depression.

Schurmann briefly describes one of the games indulged in by the natives. It was called *Kurruangko*, and was being played early one morning by members of the Pitta (Murray tribe) and some others. There is no reference to the game's rules, if any, but the idea was for a player to wrest a tuft of emu feathers from another. As in a game of football today, after a while players became quarrelsome and, as well

as the ball of feathers, spears were introduced and each side threw four or five of these.

At this time Schurmann and Teichelmann received the news that more missionaries were on their way to join them. The information came, not from their own church circles, but from the always kindly Revd Stow.

There was yet another fight among the natives, over the most common cause, their women.

> March 6. This morning the natives had a vehement disagreement, which had developed by evening into such a fight that I was afraid it could not finish without serious consequences. The cause was that a Wirrameyu had abused another's wife. The latter man wanted to retaliate, and would have killed the troublemaker if his tribesmen hadn't intervened. During the fight, Kadlitpinna tried to kidnap Yurinna's wife, but she was taken from him by another. At the end of the fight, Yurinna voluntarily let Nganwaitpinna hit him over the head

> with a *katta*. As the Wirrameyunna are recognized as sorcerers, it was generally believed that Yurinna and his friends would put a spell on the water in the river. This caused great excitement.
>
> March 7. Today I heard of a most horrible happening. On February 21, while I was in Hahndorf, Mullawirraburka's youngest wife gave birth to a child and had it killed straight away. When I heard this I went straight to the natives and confronted them about it. Some laughed, others were angry, and Kadlitpinna said that it was an old custom among them to kill newborn babies if they are small or weak. He could see no villainy in the action, and was obstinate when I said that Jehovah would send such murderers to hell. He told me it didn't matter, that god could fry him in hell.
>
> Kanwadlararinya used out teaching of the human soul to prove me wrong in their eyes. He said the soul had no body, so couldn't have any feelings. Most mothers without fear, and with natural bravado, admit that they have killed one or more babies. When I asked how it can be justified, they say that the last child is still young and will benefit. other women lie, saying that the baby was dead at birth.

The diary goes on:

> March 9. The grief of my heart over the loss of Bertha has been great and oppressive over the past week. Last night I dreamt my bride had written me a letter containing the words 'My heart is true, true, true!' Because of this dream I went to Klemzig.

No doubt he would have been wiser to have stayed at home.

For some time Schurmann had felt it necessary to hire a boy servant. Earlier he had arranged to employ a boy from Hahndorf for a monthly wage of 25 shillings, but it appears the lad experienced a change of heart and never did start in the position. On March 18 he arranged to have the services of another boy, Gottfried Kappler, who was to stay with him for some time, later accompanying him to Port Lincoln.

At this stage Schurmann had his first meeting with Captain George Grey, later to become Governor of the colony. Grey was passing through Adelaide on his way home to England, after an eventful few years in Western Australia. He was born in 1812 in Portugal, and altogether was an interesting historical figure, repeatedly influencing the course of events. In the West he had been an explorer, then later a Resident Magistrate, and had made a close observation on the life, customs, and language of the tribes there. In 1839 he had published a *Vocabulary of the Dialects Spoken by the Aboriginal Races of South-Western Australia.*

Schurmann showed Captain Grey a copy of the dictionary he had made for Mr Angas. Grey was 'most favourably impressed', and urged an immediate printing of the book.

Another arrival in Adelaide that March was Miss Pennyfeather, who had come to Australia to be the bride of pastor Kavel. It is not clear whether, when Schurmann went to visit this lady, he was meeting her for the first time or if he had met her previously in London. But now

I found her dejected and discouraged because Pastor Kavel had left her on the day after her arrival, and she had not found the preparations for her comfort which she had expected.

A. Brauer, in *Under the Southern Cross*, states that Miss Pennyfeather was an acquaintance of the Angas family, whom Kavel had met during his sojourn in London. He had become engaged to her with an understanding that the lady should follow him to Australia as soon as the immigrants had established a settlement.

The meeting now between Schurmann and Miss Pennyfeather, coming soon after the collapse of his own affair of the heart, meant they were able to cry a little on each other's shoulder. 'I tried to comfort her, but was feeling neglected, as she was.' Miss Pennyfeather, who apparently had already met the girl Bertha, spoke kindly of her.

Schurmann, who had endured a good share of instruction and direction about his own intended matrimonial affairs from the pastor, probably did not feel it was his right to go in turn to the pastor and point out the man's obligations. But not so Teichelmann. He moved promptly to put Pastor Kavel on the right track, and was an influencing, if not a deciding, factor in the eventual marriage of the pastor and Miss Pennyfeather.

Nor was Schurmann cheered by the latest news on the building of his proposed dwelling at Encounter Bay. Mr Moorhouse had just returned from there and reported little if any progress; this was dis-appointing because the move to the new field depended on the avail-ability of this accommodation. The Protector reported the presence of many natives at the Bay. News had come through to the Blacks that one of the North men had been shot, and Mr Moorhouse witnessed much lamenting and bewailing as they went through the rites of mourning the lost one. Then the news was amended to the victim's having been only wounded by a falling tree, whereupon the mourning ceased forthwith. On March 30, 'we felt a small earthquake. The natives said that the earth was begging for graves, and that soon many Blacks and Whites would die.'

Schurmann was now devoting much time and effort to his Native Vocabulary. Its preparation was uppermost in his mind when he wrote again to Mr Angas.

(ix)

Adelaide, April 3, 1840

To Geo. F. Angas, Esq.

Dear Sir,

If my letter, dated in June 1839, has come to hand, as I hope it has, it will have informed you, of what and how we had been doing up to that time. I promised you in that letter to send a copy of my vocabulary along with my next, which promise I have been enabled to fulfil now, and I only regret that my sanguine hopes which I then entertained of our speedy acquisition of the Aboriginal language, and on which I founded that promise, have not be realised. But I had then not yet a perfect idea of the immense difficulty attending the study of a language in which no word had ever been written or printed and the laws of which were still envolved in impenetrable darkness.

The accompanying Vocabulary, together with the Sketch of a Grammar will, I feel persuaded, give you some idea of what care and searching it required before we came so far, especially if you consider that every word and every form of word must be and has been thought and talked over and over again, before it could be put down as an ascertained truth. However this is only one difficulty lying in the nature of (the) thing itself, but there are still others arising from the temporal and local condition of the Aborigines, which are their habits of walking every day and all day about begging and idling in the town, and of speaking their own language very incorrectly and defectively when in conversation with Europeans, to which latter habit they had been accustomed by the late interpreter and Mr Williams, whose vocabulary you no doubt will have seen.

I need not be afraid that your opinion of our vocabulary will be too favourable, since its great defects are but too evident for

anybody, or else it would be necessary to inform you that we ourselves do not think it to contain one half of the riches of forms and ideas which may probably be hidden in the language.
The imperfect English which you will find in it, is appoint of minor importance and one which may be rectified with the assistance of a born Englishman. The fact that this could not be done with the accompanying copy, and that I am not at all conversant with the technical language of English Grammars will apologise for the many errors and mistakes I must have committed, I hope however, you will understand what I meant.
We intend to have our vocabulary printed in the Colony, induced by a hope that it may prove beneficial for the natives and the mission, and encouraged by the opinion of Capt. grey and others, who think that it will pay well. I might therefore have waited a month or two longer and sent you a printed copy, but the present opportunity offered by the *Stewart Forbes*, which has kept me waiting since last November when she was first advertised to sail, and the long interval of time which has elapsed since my former letter, induced me to delay my promise no longer.
Before I proceed to give you a description of the most prominent points of inquiries and events connected with the Aborigines and our mission, I must briefly advert to a few statements in my former letter, which, though not entirely shaken, are at least modified by later experience.
The first is the natives' believe in immortality, which has dissolved into that of transmigration of the soul, and of which the vocabulary will give you a more detailed description under the word *Pindi*. The *Munaintyerlo* I was then led to believe, but meant only a very ancient being, but that they have no distinct notions of that being.
King John's chieftainship appears now to be nothing but an extended friendship among his black brethren, acquired by mildness of character and number of wives, and the importance the Europeans have attached to him, so that still he is a superior character; the song on which I principally founded my opinion, is made by him and frequently sung in the nights by his friends.

Of all the curious and absurd usages of the natives none has attracted my attention more, than the manner in which they perform the rite of circumcision, which I have witnessed twice and a description of which will I have no doubt interest you. The ceremony is performed on the youths about the age of puberty and at a time when a large number of natives are collected together. The men do not tell the youths of their intention, but seize them unawares and then lead them with their eyes covered to the place where they are to be circumcised and where they are laid down on the ground, wrapped up in cloaks or old cloths.

The men now begin with what the natives call *Turloyakkandi*, and which consists in two men running after the *Turlo* or the person who is to perform the rite which however he pretends to be unwilling to do, until he is exhausted, when those two take him the one by his shoulders, the other by his legs, and lay him down alongside the youths, covering his strongly perspiring body all over with dust.

For each youth there is one *Turlo*, and one in reserve for the whole number, so that the first time, when the number of boys was five, that of the *Turlos* was six, and the second time when of the former there were two, of the latter there were three. After this ceremony is gone through, about a dozen of men form a row and walk twice round the whole encampment, so as to describe a regular circle, the foremost carrying a staff in his hands lying on his back. They then go about forty or fifty yards from that circle northwards, where they halt, increasing their number to about thirty, out of the spectators, preparing the glass for the *Turlo* (they now take pieces of broken bottles instead of the formerly used rock) and transmitting it to them, who had been previously aroused out of their apparent torpor by a great noise, which appeared to be a strong encourage-ment to perform their task well, without fear or compassion.

The body of men stationed towards the North, now form a long row with one man on either side, take their beards, or those, whose beard is not long enough, a piece of kangaroo skin between their teeth and, putting their hands on their hips, they begin to stamp on the ground with their legs alternately at a tremendous rate, all the while keeping up an almost roaring noise. With these grimaces they slowly approach the youths, who having never seen such a spectacle (for children and women are not allowed to be present at this solemnity) quiver and tremble for fear.

When they have arrived at the spot where the boys have been lying, the leader or foremost puts his staff into the ground and kneels down at it, so do the following to the last, till they are all crowded together, one upon the other, in a dense heap of about 6 or 8 feet in diameter and nearly as high.

Now the youths are taken and put backwards on that round living altar, when the ceremony is performed under the continuing deep and wild noise of the men underneath.

When the business, which with all its preliminary ceremonies lasts 4 or 5 hours at least, is done, the men put themselves once more in the former attitude, when the leader throws his staff over the heads of the *Pappas*, as they are called from the moment of their being circumcised, which the whole mass of men accompanied with loud shouting and cheering, the conclusion of the solemnity.

The *Turlos* carry from this time for about a fourtnight in either hand a firestick, and the *Pappas* are now led for several days to a retired place, but even still then, when they are taken back to the company of their countrymen, they will for a considerable time observe a deep silence, only speaking when they are desired to do so by men of their own tribe.

The origins of circumcision the Aborigines derive from their ancestors, whom the *Yura*, a monstrous Being, first taught it, but they can give no object or explanation of it.

The advantages however arising from it for the youths, are considerable, for they may now eat Opossum and Kangaroo meat, are allowed to partake in their quarrels and fights, and observation as well as the fact that the ceremony is performed about the age of puberty, leads me to suppose that there is still another less innocent advantage connected with it.

The eastern and southern tribes do not circumcise, wherefore the word *Paruru* (uncircumcised) is as reproachful a term for them, as was the corresponding word with the ancient Jews for extraneous nations.

The next initiation of a male native is the tattooing or the incision of deep gaps on the back and chest. This is a still more secret ceremony, and when it was performed on seven

young men a few days ago, the whole of the natives left the town for two days and the intervening night. I regret very much that indisposition at that time prevented me from being present, for there is reason to believe that the witnessing of this usage would not only have been generally interesting, but also highly instructive for the missionary.

We saw the tattooed persons (called *Ngultanna*) the same evening they had returned, when they were literally plastered with blood and presented a most ghastly and frightful appearance.

The blood might be partly from their own body, but it was chiefly from the bodies of other men, who had been bled at this same time.

The *Ngultas* carry now each of them two small sticks, which, when carried for a sufficient period, they will throw into the sea, and have a string tied round both their upper arms, which will have to be taken off by the same person, who tattooed them respectively.

The Aborigines derive this usage from *Tarnda*, a man who was afterwards transformed into a species of Kangaroo, the male of which bears the same name. Their object in thus cutting their skin and inflicting so much and severe pain upon themselves is to rid themselves of the wrath of *Tarnda*, who would tear them to pieces if they attempted to hunt him without having gone through that ceremony. The young men say they would fain have avoided this barbarous transaction if the elder men had not forced them to it.

The above statements alone would suffice to give you an idea of the gross credulity and superstition of the Aborigines in this part of Australia, but this is only the beginning of the series of innumerable tales of metamorphoses and other portentous events that are said to have taken place, and I should find no end if I attempted to report minutely to you. One or two instances however, which have recently occurred, I cannot forbear to mention.

The other day we had here a slight earthquake, sufficiently strong however to be felt by everybody. When I asked the natives if they had observed it, they told me they had, adding that the earth was praying for graves and not long hence, many white and black people would die, that a black man far to the North had dived into the earth and had now caused her thus to shake.

A similar interpretation they put upon a meteor observed by them and ourselves a few months ago on the southern horizon. No sooner did one of them see it than he informed his countrymen of it and they all began to lament the Koko or plague which was now sure to befall and kill them. –

A few weeks ago a native was reported to have been shot by a shepherd at a remote station, whom the former had assaulted. The news soon reached the natives in Adelaide and they lamented their deceased countryman in their wonted manner. The next native arrival however brought the intelligence that although the native had been shot at he had not been killed, but had only pretended to be dead or near dying and when the shepherd left him, had got up and run away. The shepherd turning round and seeing the black man run, pursued him and would in all probability have killed him, had not the native in this dangerous situation been transformed into a She-oak (Karkunni).

Such superstition degrading as it is for man as a rational being and as a creature of the living God, would not nearly be so wicked if it was always as harmless as in these instances. But alas instead of this being the case if has frequently been the cause of the most horrible crimes of murder and bloodshed, and is even now to an unexpected extent.

Whenever the Aborigines see no immediate cause of the death of one of their friends, they will attribute it to the malice of an individual of a tribe hostile to themselves, who, as they believe, steals upon them when asleep and stabs them with a dagger, whereupon he takes care to press the wound together, so as to prevent the blood rushing out of it and thus to conceal his nefarious deed.

This superstitious belief is the reason of the ceremony, observed with the corpse of a deceased person and described in my former letter; this belief, has formerly, while they were left entirely to themselves, together with the practice of stealing females from other tribes, been a fruitful source of their constant quarrels and murders, and this superstition is still the reason, which keeps alive the mutual hostility between the several tribes.

It is therefore no wonder, that the number of natives is so limited; but there is still another practice which equally tends to diminish their number and which is equally founded on superstition, the unnatural practice of killing their own children.

You will find few mothers, who, if they will say the truth, must not confess that they have killed one, two or more of

Adelaide Women (top left and bottom right) and Port Lincoln Women (top right and bottom left), by George French Angas (Mortlock Library)

their children, and even a few weeks ago the case occurred, that the youngest wife of King John killed her second child in Adelaide. I was at that time absent and should perhaps not so soon have noticed the fact, had not another woman, who confessed that she had formerly killed one of her offspring, and with whom I remonstrated on this account, mentioned it as an excuse. We directly inquired into the case and found it but too true, and when we reminded them of their wickedness, some admitted it to be bad, while others said, the child had been (*gudnanna*) and of tender limbs and bones and such children, their ancestors had taught them to kill.

O that the time was near, when these people mentally endowed by their Creator with the same capabilities as the finest races on the face of the earth, but morally sunk into a bottomless pit of wickedness of heart and pervertedness of judgement shall be converted to the living and holy god and to his Anointed, and shall walk the path of righteousness and godliness.

But the obstacles to the realization of an object so desirable, so necessary, so godly and glorious are very great, nay humanly speaking, insurmountable, both in regard to the character of the Aborigines themselves and in regard to the relation in which they are placed with the white population.

They are superstitious, immoral, idle, obstinate – in most of the Whites they see nothing but drunkenness, swearing and worldliness in general, with whom therefore their own evil inclinations finds an ample scope of gratification and encouragement. Consequently our prospects are gloomy and discouraging, and the only thing which can cherish our hopes is the promise of him, who doeth not lie, that the preaching of his word shall not be in vain.

To be enabled to do the latter has been our conscientious endeavour and therefore the study of the Aboriginal language our principal employment. Hitherto our desire to convey to the minds of the natives a knowledge of the plainest and most simple truths of christianity and to impress their hearts with the importance thereof, has been confined to occasional conversations and familiar narrations in the evenings when they are assembled. Sometimes we were pleased to see that they were attentive and approved of what we said, but even in this case the impressions are soon forgotten from the want of our being abler to deepen and cherish them. An attempt has also been made to collect them on Sundays and sometimes with Success, but sometimes they have been either too lazy to stir, or had gone away, or their minds were so occupied with their quarrels and other affairs, that we with our broken language were unable to arrest their general attention. I hope however that by incessant and unwearied attempts and with the assistance of God's blessing we shall at last succeed.
In endeavouring to operate on the minds of adults we have not lost sight of the rising generation, which among such savage people as our natives have been is always in my opinion the most hopeful and promising for a missionary. About the beginning of the present year a school has been established, in

which those children, who can be obtained, are instructed for an hour or two and afterwards rewarded with rice and sugar.

The first attempt was difficult and required great patience, the children being unwilling to come, so that they must be fetched every morning; but now the parents send them, though of course not regularly and if not solely at least chiefly on account of the food.

The irregular attendance of the children and their frequent absence of whole weeks does not allow of rapid progress, yet about twenty of them are able to spell and half of that number have a tolerable knowledge of the sacred history up to Abraham. You must however not think that the order and attention of European schools pervades our classes, some come naked from head to foot, some with a native cloak and some with a rag of European clothing.

We of course instruct them in their own language, and think it not unnecessary and unjust, but altogether impracticable for the present to introduce the English language. We hitherto must be contented with single sheets and letters pasted on small boards, but we feel now the want of a small spelling book, which we hope soon to be able to compile and print. I feel a great interest and some delight in this however feeble beginning, and hope and pray to God that it may go on with success, and I feel assured that you, dear Sir, will do the same.

The sphere of my individual operation will soon be altered. In the beginning of August 1839 I visited Encounter Bay, accompanied by the new Protector Mr Moorhouse.

I was delighted to find a number of about two hundred natives there collected, it being the whaling season, when the neighbouring tribes from the Lake are in the habit of calling there. The men appeared to me to be superior to our Adelaide natives in every respect, but the females the reverse: they are decidedly less decent there than they are here, which may in a great measure be owing to the bad influence of the Whalers.

A few days after my return his Excellency the Governor visited the Native Location, who hearing I had been at Encounter Bay asked me if I wished to settle there.

I directly answered in the affirmative, when he replied he would make arrangements for me there. I take this as having come from the Lord, and though I would now fain remain in connexion with natives, whose language I understand, and avoid going again through all the anxiety and trouble attending the study of another different language, still I feel content in the assurance of having been guided by him, whose guidance is always the best and safest.

The Government's arrangements consist in the erection of a temporary house for me in the Bay, and partly the fact that this house though begun long since is not yet finished, partly the small number of natives I saw in the Bay in October of last year, which I understand has not yet increased, and partly my usefullness here at present are the reasons that I am not yet gone there. I shall now remain in Adelaide until the publication of our vocabulary.

This is nearly all, dear Sir, what I intended to inform you of, this time; many particulars might have been added, and a more fully description of the Aboriginal character should certainly have been given, but I hope that the facts and statements I have mentioned, notwithstanding all the imper-fection of style and language, interest you. I should not forget to mention that a few days ago grants of land for the Aborigines here and in Encounter Bay have been made by the Government.

Before I close this letter I feel it to be my duty to say a few words on a subject which has always filled my mind with deep regret, it is the money affair.

I will not conceal from you, hoping that this my candid view of the case will not meet with your disapprobation, that your letter dated London, June 18, did surprise me, and that I cannot think but that you must have misunderstood either Mr Teichelmann's or Mr Wermelskirch's letter, the more so if the conclusion of your letter, where you say that we had written home letters of complaint against one of the warmest friends of the mission refers to yourself.

I certainly mentioned the perplexity in which we were placed on our arriving here, in my first letter to our friends in Dresden, and so did Mr Teichelmann, as was lying in the nature of our

connexion with them; but we mentioned it without the slightest idea of imputing any blame to you, at least as regards myself. At that time I imputed no blame to any person, save that I thought the Society in Dresden might

have neglected to transmit to you in due form the Bill which they had promised us besides those £100, kindly granted by you. I took no very active part in the whole business and have no reason to blame any person here, but my opinion is that the Cashier might have paid the first quarterly sum in advance, knowing as I think he did that we were destitute of money, and which no doubt he would have done, if he had sufficiently considered, that it could not have been your intention to place us in the situation we were then in.

This statement of my opinion you will take, I hope, not as a complaint against anybody, but as a desire to throw some light upon a subject which in my opinion first arose from the imperfection of human precautions and was afterwards, from want of mutual understanding, explained to a wrong side. I have reluctantly said so much about this, as you rightly call and I myself now view it, trifling affair and wish nothing more but that christian love and mutual confidence may be restored, if unhappily these should have been lost.

That we received your letter of Credit dated London, June 28, Mr Teichelmann has already mentioned in his letter to you, wherefore I have only to add that we would gratefully acknowledge the kind liberality of the Directors of the South Australian Company in waiving their Premium of £2 due on that Bill.

We have received a letter from Dresden in which several things are mentioned which were to accompany it, as Books, Cloths, etc. but which have not arrived; would you have the kindness to inform us, with what ship they were sent, since they did not come with the *John* nor with the *City of London*, as we had expected.

In conclusion I would request you my dear Sir, to remember me and our mission generally, when you pour out your heart in the presence and at the footstool of that Lord, without whom we can do nothing and without whose abundant blessing our mission must prove unsuccessful, but by whose power and mercy we all hope to see it ultimately succeed.

I am, my dear sir,

Your obedient and faithful friend and Servant

C.W. Schurmann.

April 7 1840

P.S.

Since writing the above I have altered my mind so as to with hold the manuscript copy of our Vocabulary and Grammar of the South Australian Aboriginal language. I hope to send you in a month or two a printed copy which will I think more than compensate you for the withdrawal of my written one. The reason why I do not send the latter is that it is the only complete copy I possess and that I want that to show to those gentlemen on whose favourable opinion and support of the work its publication will mainly depend. I came just now from Mr Hall, Private Secretary to his Excellency, who in the Governor's absence said that there was not the least doubt his Excellency would encourage an enterprise so desirable as the publication of our vocabulary. I left the latter with Mr Hall for his perusal. May the Lord our God bless this undertaking so as to make it profitable for both Natives and Europeans and for the extension of his Kingdom among the former.

I am Sir

Your obedient and faithful friend
in Christ Jesus our Lord.

C. W. Schurmann.

The withholding of the manuscript mentioned in the postscript of the foregoing letter was no doubt influenced by Captain Grey. On April 4, later in the evening, Captain Grey had

> visited us, bringing some of his papers and encouraging us to print our dictionary before someone else did so. We accompanied him home and talked of many things concerning the natives.
> April 6. Visited Captain Grey and showed him our papers, then went to the printers to discuss our plans and ask the cost of printing. In the evening we went to see Mr Stevenson. He invited us to return for breakfast in the morning, so that he could give his opinion of our work. Stevenson talked very openly to Mr Moorhouse about the power and incumbency of a Protector of the natives.
> April 7. Mr Stevenson gave a very favorable judgment on our dictionary, and advised us to publish straight away, on subscription. In consequence, we went to the Governor to get his permission, but he had left the day before for Port Lincoln. So we will have to wait four weeks for his return before we can go ahead with publishing. Captain Grey was pleased with our decision.

The Mr Stevenson mentioned in the diary was George Stevenson, who frequently directed the course of events during the establishment of the colony and the founding of the city of Adelaide. With his wife Margaret – said to be a witty, rather sharp-tongued woman – he journeyed to Australia on the *Buffalo* with Governor Hindmarsh. He founded the colony's first newspaper, *The Register*, and, over the years, occupied a string of administrative positions. With his newspaper behind him, he was positioned to exert considerable influence on the thinking and conduct of citizens of early Adelaide.

On the same date, April 7, for the first time Schurmann was called upon to act as a court interpreter. This was at the trial of a young North man, accused of taking part in the attempted murder of a shepherd working for Mr Horrocks. A few days later, the missionary was again before the magistrate as an interpreter, and 'had to take my first judicial oath'.

The missionaries soon became further involved in the affairs of Pastor Kavel and his fiancée.

> April 27. This morning Miss Pennyfeather visited Teichelmann and left a letter for us from Pastor Kavel, and one to herself which she gave us to read. The first contained the news that Pastor Kavel's marriage will not take place tomorrow because his conscience troubled him about Miss Pennyfeather's admission (to the congregation) last Sunday evening, which hadn't proceeded in the customary fashion. He asked her for eight days' delay, and she explained that she realized that it was not the will of God that they should marry. Brother Teichelmann and I went into Klemzig that evening and found Pastor Kavel in a sad condition, and Miss Pennyfeather, who arrived just after us, in despair. I tried to convince Pastor Kavel that he alone should know in what conscience he had promised matrimony to Miss Pennyfeather, and that it was his duty to keep that promise no matter what her faith might be. We all prayed together, and left Miss Pennyfeather very sad.

There was a sequel next day, the proposed date of Kavel's wedding. At about five or six o'clock in the evening, Teichelmann was crossing the park on his way to see the Revd. Stow, when he met Bertha. She was relieved to see him, for she had an urgent message to deliver to him. She had been trying to contact him since noon, but because he had been working all day at Clamor Schurmann's place and because she did not wish to be seen by the latter gentleman, she had dodged around and about, and now the letter was half a day late.

It was an invitation for the missionaries to attend Pastor Kavel's wedding that very evening, and was rather important because Teichelmann was to be the officiating minister.

> Pastor Kavel said that they had agreed that if Brother Teichelmann would marry them, they would see it as the will of God, and would go on with the ceremony. Otherwise Miss Pennyfeather would go back to London. The wedding took

place between 11 and 12 o'clock at night in the presence of the whole congregation.

Bertha was bridesmaid, and nicely dressed. When they put the wreath over Miss Pennyfeather's head, I was holding the light, but Bertha wouldn't deign me a glance or a word.

So Miss Pennyfeather became Frau Pastor Kavel.

Schurmann had to consume the last bitter drop of his unrequited love ambition. He heard that the man Schlinke was to make Bertha his bride, and was not cheered when a friend informed him that he had recently been at Fiedlers, and

> when he entered the larger room from the smaller one, Bertha and Schlinke had been there alone, and he was caressing her below the knee … I do regret that Bertha didn't tell me openly that her conscience drove her back to Schlinke, and more regret that we do not part in love.

He may have had some cheer from a later visit by Julius Fiedler, who said 'I wasn't the man for Bertha, and that that wasn't what they had sent me to South Australia for'.

On Thursday May 14, he

> went with Mr Moorhouse to pay our respects to His Excellency the Governor, hoping to receive his support for the publication of our dictionary. He was very friendly, and said that it gave him much pleasure to promote something of this kind. He kept the copy of the grammar and dictionary.

Then in the following week

> the Governor, Judge B. Bernard, the Postmaster, Mr H. Mattys, a Mr Jell, and Miss Gawler all visited our school today. The Governor returned my hand-written dictionary, and said that he wants 50 printed copies. He urged me not to delay publication, and to drive the printers.
>
> May 21. During the day I collected some subscriptions, and in the evening went with Brother Teichelmann to Mr Stevenson. We asked him to publish an advertisement in the paper about the dictionary, listing the subscribers' names, and requested that he mention the enterprise in his main column. He refused this request, but accepted the advertisement after making some changes.

On Monday May 25, 1840, as part of the celebration of the Queen's Birthday, a long line of natives – they went two by two, and there were more than 300 – paraded before the Governor. There was a demonstration of their learning, and His Excellency made a speech which Schurmann translated for them. After the day's activities, he shared in some of the town's social life.

> In the evening at the Governor's, I made the acquaintance of Drummond, Nixon, Reynolds, and others. After dinner some good-health drinking went on, and then the party went to the ladies' withdrawing room, where Miss Gawler, Mrs Wyatt, and Mr Knoll provided us with musical items. Mr McLaren talked much and in friendly fashion with us both.

Next day, Tuesday 'the newspaper wrote favorably about our children's display'.

The diary entry for June 1 contains the last reference to Bertha. It is to the effect that Mr Fiedler had presented his daughter's and Schlinke's banns to the Hahndorf congregation, but Pastor Kavel had twice refused to read them. This information came from Frau Pastor Kavel.

Schurmann and Teichelmann cooperated well on the compilation of their book. Because of their acknowledge deficiencies in the English language, they called on Mr Moorhouse to read and edit their English text, an exercise which brought them closer to the Protector, whose help and interest was greatly appreciated.

H.A.E. Meyer, portrait of 1836 (Mortlock Library)

Subscriptions for the book were invited in a notice in the *Adelaide Chronicle* of June 10, 1840. Among those listed as having already subscribed were:
Governor Gawler, 50 copies. Judge Bernard, 10 copies. Robert Gouger, Colonial Secretary, 10 copies. W. Smillie, Advocate General, 10 copies. E.C. Frome, Surveyor General, 4 copies. David McLaren, Manager, South Australian Co., 20 copies. Mr Moorhouse, Protector, 10 copies, Revd A Kavel, 5 copies.
The book was eventually printed and ready for sale – at six shillings a copy for non-subscribers – on November 21, 1840. Its full title was *Outlines of a Grammar, Vocabulary and Phraseology of the Aboriginal Language of South Australia Spoken by the Natives in and for Some Distance around Adelaide.*
After the book manuscript had gone to the publishers, a major event for the missionaries was the arrival on August 9 of their brother missionaries, H.A.E. Meyer and S. Klose. A surprise at the meeting on the disembarkation of the newcomers was that there were not two, but three, members in the party. Meyer had brought his wife, Frieda.

They had been married on March 4, just a few days prior to sailing. The Mission Society in Dresden had expressed approval of this union:

> You, Brother Meyer, have our full approval for your marriage to Friederike Wilhelmine Sternike, of Berlin, your espoused bride. We trust that your brethren will also derive some benefit from your marriage, inasmuch as your good wife will be able to advise and assist them with respect to the preparation of food, linen, and wearing apparel, and household matters in general.

The young Frau Pastor Meyer was a lady of distinction. She had worked in the palace of Prince Charles and Princess Marie of Prussia, as Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess. Her duties were to help the Princess retain her beauty with such aids as face massage and continuing attention to her hair.

Between Meyer and Schurmann as deep and abiding friendship developed. Meyer became his close confidant and, when separated, the two corresponded until Meyer's death. Meyer's career ran parallel to that of Schurmann. As a missionary, he left valuable written records of Aboriginal life and customs, and he went on to be a leading, influential figure within the church.

Klose, too, was held in high regard by Schurmann. He appears to have been of a more retiring nature than the others, although at one stage he was regarded as the official representative of the Lutheran Church in South Australia, as is shown by the fact that he was invited to levees held by the Governor.

One can imagine some animated conversation following the newcomers' arrival, the established missionaries hungry for news from the homeland, the others eager to hear everything they could about the new world to which they'd journeyed. The plan for Frieda to perform household duties for the other miss-ionaries as well as her husband was not to be carried out, at least not for long. Now, at last, the long-awaited building at Encounter Bay was ready for occupation. But, after all his planning, preparation, and anticipation – just as Moses did not

enter the land of Canaan – Schurmann was not to go to Encounter Bay. The position there was to be filled by Meyer.

Brauer records:

> As this was shortly after the wreck of the brig *Maria* at Lacepede Bay, and the murder of all its passengers, the news of this terrible tragedy induced some well-meaning residents of Adelaide to advise Missionary Meyer's wife not to accompany her husband to Encounter Bay.

But this girl who had travelled more than halfway across the world to be with her husband wherever he might be sent, was not to be deterred. She was to become a much-loved friend of the natives.

And what of Schurmann's future ?

He had been informed by Governor Gawler that he was to proceed to Port Lincoln.

T H R E E

The Port Lincoln Years

(i)

In April 1840, Governor Gawler had been to Port Lincoln and had come back with his own ideas about that settlement. He must have held high hopes for it. The natives there, he felt, deserved a Deputy Protector, and he offered the post to Schurmann.

Perhaps it was not so much an offer as a command. Schurmann explained it in a letter to Mr Angas.

> The Governor, through the Protector Mr Moorhouse, offered me the office of Deputy Protector in the district of Port Lincoln, with a salary of £50 and lodgings. At first I was very much adverse to this plan because Port Lincoln was so far out of the way and quite unknown to me, and Encounter Bay with the numerous tribes on Lake Alexandrina, who all speak the same dialect, promised to become an intensive and interesting field for missionary labour. Besides I was doubtful whether my

friends in Germany would approve of such a combination of offices.
But His Excellency, who I was assured would advise me nothing but what he was convinced would benefit the natives, refuted all my objections, saying that I had been sent to S.A. generally and not to any particular portion of it.

So in September of that year, 1840, we find Schurmann cooling his heels, awaiting news of available sea transport to Port Lincoln, this at the time being the only means of approaching that settlement. For Schurmann, this was to be his home base (except for short breaks and one longer period) for more than a decade, the most important years of his life as regards work with the Aborigines.

After he had been waiting for some time, a call to set sail came suddenly, giving him no time for farewells to his fellow missionaries, Teichelmann and Klose. This was on September 10.

At three o'clock in the afternoon I received the unexpected news from Mr Moorhouse that the *Alice*, the cutter which was to take me to Port Lincoln, would sail today. We saddled our ponies, and Gottfried and I trotted to the harbour, pretty certain that we would come back again, as we didn't expect the *Alice* to sail today. As we arrived at the harbour, Mr Phillips told me he was delighted that I had come. The *Alice* had been waiting for me. The ship might have been waiting, but my goods which had come from Phillip's warehouse yesterday were still lying on the shore waiting to be loaded.

The sea journey to Port Lincoln was normally short, but on this occasion it carried its share of delay and adventure. His goods had been loaded at last, and

shortly after sunset, we raised anchor to leave the channel by the high tide, but had to drop it again very soon because of light wind.

September 11. At dawn the anchor was raised again. In manoeuvring we came too close to the shore of the channel, and because of the quickly receding waters in the low tide, the ship ran aground. We were unable to move from that spot until the next high tide in the evening. As soon as we were afloat again we were on our way in pretty favourable wind, but at the exit of the channel, the ship went too far to the right and over the embankment, and we were lying tight again. At midnight we were lying on dry sand, so that we could walk around the ship. At the return of the high tide in the morning, we were afloat again, though I didn't realize it because I was fast asleep.

September 12. In favourable and pretty strong wind, we sailed down the gulf. Gottfried was very seasick.

September 13. The weather became unfavourable, and the conditions stormy and rainy, and several on board were seasick. Because of these conditions, a divine service could not be thought of. I read psalms, and spent most of the day in bed.

September 14. There was a light wind all day, but the weather was pleasant and we were able to enjoy such sights as Yorke Peninsula, Kangaroo Island, and Althorpe Island, pleasant relief from the monotonous to-and-fro movement of the ship.
Next morning, when I went on the foredeck, I saw the Gambier Island in front of me. The wind blew away my straw hat, which I much regretted, as I shall not be able to get another one in Port Lincoln.

Shortly before evening, we sailed around the south-east point of Thistle Island, which we later regretted. The night was very dark and a strong north-easterly was blowing, which for hours threatened to throw us on to the east coast of that island and then the mainland. We were tossed to and fro for so long that in the end we didn't know where we were. We were all glad when the moon rose at ten o'clock, so that we could at last see the coast.

After than he went to bed, and eventually fell into a deep sleep. At seven am the Captain wakened him to say they were in Boston Bay.

> I went on deck to find a beautiful day. On the right of the ship was Boston Island, and on the left, the mainland. Shortly after we passed the point, we noticed the French whaleboat *La Réunion* in a bay opposite Boston Island. The Bay was swarming with wild duck and other sea birds. We shot two ducks. At noon we anchored in Boston Bay, only a shotgun shot from the shore and opposite Dr Harvey's residence.

He gives a happy first impression of Port Lincoln.

> The view of the bay, especially the northern part, was to me exceedingly charming. The tranquility of the water, the freshness of the green hills surrounding this idyllic scene, with an occasional small house in view, and the people seeming relaxed and unhurried, unlike those in large cities – all these seemed to make Port Lincoln a pleasant and attractive place of residence for a lover of Nature's beauty and rural tranquillity. The three whalers and both cutters anchored in the harbour, secure from the ferment of the waves and the howl of the wind, added to the charm.

Port Lincoln, by George French Angas (Mortlock Library)

Shortly after the anchor had been cast, two local identities, Dr Harvey and a Mr Dutton came on board. Schurmann handed his letter of introduction from the Colonial Secretary to Dr Harvey, who invited him to come ashore in his boat and come to his house.

Schurmann was to have much to do with Dr J.B. Harvey in his early years at this settlement. The doctor held several important posts. As well as being Medical Officer, he was Collector of Customs, Postmaster, and Port Officer. He owned a boat, the *Emu*, of some four to five tons, which was to provide Schurmann with many an opportunity to survey the surrounding waters. Harvey was a capable naturalist and a Corresponding Member of the London Zoological Society. He wrote an important article on the 'Natural History of Port Lincoln' for the *South Australian Magazine* of December 1841.

The other man Schurmann met then was C.C. Dutton, who also figured prominently in local affairs in the immediate months ahead, and later was lost on an ill-fated, across-country attempt to take livestock to Adelaide. Recognizing Schurmann's background, Mr Dutton on this occasion spoke a few words to the missionary in that language.

Dutton told him that there were hundreds of natives at Coffin Bay, but they were not to be trusted. 'But both gentlemen agreed that they could be approached without danger'. Dr Harvey

> believed it is too early for me to follow my intended course, since the settlement was still too small to give natives an open invitation, and that would be undesirable to the other settlers.

Schurmann was given the impression that 'everyone discourages the natives as much as possible, that they are regarded as a nuisance, and their presence could cause animosity toward me'.

However, he was pleased that 'Dutton and Harvey outbade each other to help me, for example, offering to accompany me to Coffin Bay if I so desired'. Harvey offered one of his empty houses as a temporary

dwelling and a man with a cart to bring Schurmann's goods from the shore to the house.

> I had lunch with Dr Harvey, and spent most of the day with him. His wife, who unfortunately has TB, was attractive, of pleasing nature, well-educated, and of fine feminine character.

A day or two later,. after he had occupied the house, Schurmann asked Dr Harvey where

> I could start a small garden. He recommended that I work half of the ground beside our house. He undertook to lend me some flour and to advise the butcher to deliver me meat on account.

The last-mentioned service is one that is unavailable in many civilized communities 150 years later!

Almost immediately, Schurmann began efforts to locate natives. He was invited to an excursion by 'the Kilburn gentlemen'. One of the Kilburns owned the *Alice*, the cutter which had brought him to Port Lincoln. The excursion, on foot, was

> to the Port Lincoln Point, a distance of approximately ten miles. I accepted the invitation, since Dr Harvey told me that natives were camping there. We took the way over the north side hill, which was pretty troublesome, because of the many stones and shrubs. We walked fully four hours to reach our destination. On the way, we found a native camp on the coast, with several old fire places and, beside one, a pile of mussels, a sign that natives were here. But natives we did not see, not even the smoke of their fires. At six pm we were back again, hungry and thirsty and very exhausted.

Then Dr Harvey invited him to join a party to the east coast of Spencer Gulf, with a prospect of meeting natives on the coast. This was his first outing from Port Lincoln that took several days and nights.

> September 23. In the evening I went with Dr Harvey and the Mr Smiths, senior and junior, on board his boat. Because we faced a head wind, we did not cast anchor in the bay, but at the exit of Boston Island. Next morning, September 24, Captain Malldone from the American whaler *Martha*, with six men of his crew, joined us in a boat. At the captain's invitation, the Smiths and I went in his boat, rowing to the first island east of Boston Island. We went ashore to shoot and catch geese until the other boat arrived.

As the other boat was late in arriving, the captain decided to spend the night on the island.

> On the next day, September 25, we left the island by daybreak and rowed to the next island of the [Sir Joseph] banks group. Here we found a great number of young geese, of which I myself caught five. We went to the next smaller island, where we caught two geese and saw several seals of both sexes. As I was seeing these animals for the first time in my life, I was more than a little surprised at their size and weight.
> From here we sailed in a strong wind to Bolingbrokes Point, where we met Dr Harvey with his boat. He invited us to sail with him in the afternoon to Tumby Island, but the Captain wanted to take the young geese ashore as quickly as possible, as they had already suffered from the conditions. So he sailed on this side of Cape Bolingbroke and on the other side of Louth Bay. At the end of this bay, not far from the shore we saw thick smoke. I rejoiced at the opportunity to see and meet the natives at last. But nobody else wanted to make the three-mile trek. And by the time we had eaten it was late, and I didn't care to go alone.
>
> September 26. Saturday. Early in the morning we sailed into the inlet opposite Tumby Island. As soon as we had disembarked, the captain, young Smith, and I went into the bush – the other two to hunt kangaroos, I to meet natives. We saw some tracks of both, and on my part, a considerable number of old huts. As we found no fresh water here and our provisions were running low, the captain became apprehensive about his men, who needed a lot of water after their hard rowing, and he decided to go back early in the morning.

> At dawn we were in our boats, then disembarked on the steep Tumby Island, and around noon were again among the geese. By sunset we were ashore in Happy Valley.

There is an interesting reference at this time to the explorer, Edward John Eyre. On Sunday October 4, the church service was conducted by Dr Harvey and Mr Hill. After the service, 'I had a few words with Mr Eyre, who arrived here yesterday'.
Eyre and his small party had struggled into Port Lincoln the previous day, expecting to find a thriving township with readily-available supplies. He was on his amazing explorative journey, which had started from Adelaide in June, and which ended in that phenomenal 1000-miles trek along the coast of the Great Australian Bight to Western Australia.
Little was available at Port Lincoln, so Eyre arranged with Dr Harvey for the latter to put a hatch over his boat and to hire it to Eyre. Scott, second-in-command in Eyre's party, set sail for Adelaide to collect supplies and to carry messages of the party's progress (or lack of it). Eyre was consequently help up in the settlement for some weeks, and this gave Schurmann opportunity to get to know the explorer.

After three weeks in Port Lincoln, though the days were eventful enough in their own way, Schurmann was frustrated. He felt his life and work here should be centres on the natives. So far there had been no personal contact or involvement with them whatsoever. This state of affairs was to change dramatically. On October 5,

> I went to Matthew Smith's, the Magistrate's, where I stayed until ten o'clock. Young Hawson was here until eight o'clock on his way to their station, where his 12-year-old brother stayed entirely alone for two days. He said that some time ago the natives had been at this place and had stolen a dog. He ran after them and fired his shotgun, and since then they have never come back.

At that very time, while the group talked together in the Smiths' home, the younger Hawson was suffering terrible agonies, with two barbed spears in his chest. While the boy had been alone in the hut that morning, some natives had come begging food. He gave them bread and rice, but when they tried to enter the hut, he stood outside the door with his gun beside him.
There were some children in the group of natives, and one of them gave the Hawson boy a spear to try his hand at throwing. While in the act of doing this, the boy himself was speared by the natives, two spears entering his chest. He took up his gun and shot one of the natives, who fell, but got up and ran away.

When the lad raised his gun again, all the natives made off. The boy tried to walk to his home, some miles distant, but he could barely move. He sat on the ground and tried to burn off the spears, and in this state he was found by his brother Edward, who arrived back at the hut 11 hours after the youngster had been speared. The elder boy at once put his poor brother across the back of his horse and took him to his family's home.

Dr Harvey was called to attend the boy, and he in turn sought help from the surgeon on the anchored French whaler. But efforts to sane the life of the lad were unavailing, and he died some days later.

Schurmann was involved in the search for the boy's attackers.

> October 6. At five o'clock in the morning I was awakened by Mr Hill, senior, with the news that Hawson's child had been speared by natives. The magistrate and police were assembling at the inn, in preparation to pursue the assailants. They asked if I wished to accompany them. I dressed, and had breakfast with the others at the inn. Afterwards we left together. We went to Hawson's station, approximately six miles from the town. We found no tracks similar to those at the scene of the crime. Probably the elder brother's tracks covered these as he took the poor boy to the house. One mile further, on a hill, we found a fire still burning in a fallen tree. From here we went to Friedrich White's station; that was after we had seen another fire, three miles away, beside a waterhole, and in the latter we found fresh tracks from natives.

The diary recounts the continuing search for the murderers, a search that went on for many weeks, as new reports came to hand. But this was a crime for which the guilty ones were never apprehended. Today, a memorial plaque has been erected at the spot where the Hawson hut was situated.

Then shortly after this, Schurmann had his first encounter with natives at Port Lincoln. It was with peaceful men, though some local people wouldn't have that.

> October 8. At six o'clock in the evening, young Smith came to me with the news that nine natives had arrived at the settlement. I went straight to see them. They were all adult men, camped in a tent in front of Jones's house. It was already dark, so I could not see them very well. In the firelight I noticed that some of them were pretty old, that they were circumcised, they had long beards with the ends plaited together and wrapped with grey fur, and none wore a shred of clothing.
>
> I spoke to them in the Adelaide tongue, but at first couldn't make myself understood. One of them, Bobby, spoke a little English. He asked me my name and said that though people called him Bobby, it was not his real name. I noticed some words that were also used by Adelaide natives. The word *Kaitya* seems to mean child, because one of them asked me if Gottfried was my son and he used that word. I invited the most talkative one to come home with me, but he indicated that he was very tired and would come in the morning. At the same time he expressed the wish that I should leave now so that he could go to sleep. The police and several others were present, and this request seemed to apply to them, too. I returned home, realizing that here was an opportunity to establish an association with the natives.
>
> October 9. Immediately after breakfast I went back to the natives' camp, but was very surprised to find them all gone. From Jones and his wife I learnt that they had been cruelly treated and thrust into prison. I went to Dr Harvey.

Harvey's story confirmed that of Mr and Mrs Jones. A messenger from the police had come to the doctor, evidently to tell him he was needed in an official capacity, and conveying the news that there had been some bloodshed in apprehending the natives. Harvey raced to the police quarters as quickly as he could, with a basket of onions, a favourite food of the blacks, on his arm. He found the natives bloody and crying like children, and locked in a small cell which he described as a 'subterranean dungeon'. Harvey entered the cell and distributed the onions without shutting the door behind him, thereby letting the natives go free.

Schurmann stayed in Dr Harvey's house to write an account and state his feelings about the matter to Mr Moorhouse. In his report he requested Mr Moorhouse to inform the Governor that he did not intend to stay here unless the Government made good the wrong done, and supported him in his association with the natives. He stressed that these men were innocent of any misdemeanour. He also wrote later to Mr Angas that

> a tribe of nine men came into the town, perfectly peaceable and confident, and although they did in no instance correspond with the deposition of the guilty parties given by the deceased boy, yet when they showed symptoms of going away, were taken into custody by main force.

That afternoon Schurmann called on the poor Hawson boy, who was very weak but able to show some interest in the visit. The missionary pleaded with the boy to adopt a forgiving attitude to the natives, reminding him of the words of the Lord's prayer.

The boy's mother talked to him about a 'rumour' she had heard to the effect that her son Edward had shot at the Blacks with a shotgun. He assured her it was a true account of what the elder lad had told him, and quoted his exact words to her.

One aspect of the sad story of the Hawson boy is that the incident occurred during the sojourn of the explorer Eyre at the settlement. Eyre, remember, was more or less stranded there, awaiting the return

of Scott with supplies from Adelaide. Writing of his stay in Port Lincoln, Eyre said in his journal:

> Of the natives of the district I saw nothing whatsoever; the death of young Hawson and the subsequent scouring of the country by police had driven them away from the occupied parts, and forced them to the fastness of the hills or to the scrubs. I was, however, enabled by the kindness of Mr Schurmann, a German missionary stationed at Port Lincoln, to obtain a limited collection of words and phrases in the dialect of the district, and which I hoped might be of use to me hereafter. Mr Schurmann has since published a copious vocabulary and grammar of the language in use in this part of Australia.

As Geoffrey Dutton pointed out in his brilliant biography of Eyre, *The Hero as Murderer*, although the explorer had had some associations with the Aborigines, this was the first time he had been close to such an attack as this, and from this point on he gave much thought to the relationship between white men and black, and devoted a lot of energy to understanding and assisting the latter. Even though he was to have many first-hand experiences of the mischievousness of the natives, and not long after his Port Lincoln sojourn was to have his loyal assistant, Baxter, murdered by them, Eyre made a great contribution to the native cause. From his thoughts and experiences, he contributed *Manners and Customs of the Aborigines*, a 360-page treatise appended to his Journal. This is now regarded as an important historical comment on the natives. He wrote:

> I shall be borne out, I think, by facts when I state that the Aborigines of this country have seldom been guilty of wanton or unprovoked outrages, or committed acts of rapine or bloodshed, without some strongly exciting cause, or under the influence of feelings what would have weighed in the same degree with Europeans in similar circumstances. The mere fact of such incentives not being clearly apparent to us, or of our being unable to account for the sanguinary feelings of natives in particular cases, by no means argues that incentives do not exist, or that their feelings may not have been justly excited.

Several times in that month of October 1840, Schurmann mentions contacts with the explorer.

> October 24. In the afternoon Mr Eyre, and later Mr Scott, came to Whites' station, passing on their way to Streaky Bay. On the 22nd the *Waterwitch* had arrived with Mr Scott and food supply on board.

In Adelaide, the *Waterwitch* had been lent to Scott, and was to be at Eyre's disposal for the first part of his exploratory travels along the coast. Dr Harvey's vessel, the *Emu*, returned from Adelaide a little later.

> On Eyre's invitation, both White and I went to his camp, approximately one-and-a-half miles west, and stayed until 9.30.
> October 25. Eyre invited me yesterday to have breakfast with him today. I stayed until evening, because Mr Eyre wished me to take some letters with me, which he had written during the day.
> October 26. This morning Mr Eyre came back to White's to buy some hides from him. He took two, then rode after his travelling companions who had gone ahead of him accompanied by our blessing. Mr Eyre is a most experienced and considerate man, and everyone who knows him must hold him in the highest esteem.

There is a further interesting aspect to the presence of Eyre in the settlement at that time. At a later date in his career, long after he had left Australia, Eyre was appointed Governor of Jamaica. A decision he made there which led to the hanging of a revolutionary figure brought Eyre considerable unfavourable publicity, especially on his return to England from the Viceregal post. (Not that he was condemned on all sides. A list of his own supporters reads like a nineteenth century Who's Who in the world of culture, literature, and politics.)

An action of Governor Gawler, revealed while Eyre was still at Port Lincoln, was to have a similar, if less publicized, sequel. Schurmann's diary for October 19 reads:

> Following the news that a memorial had been erected for the Governor in Adelaide, and the story of the execution of two natives from the Milmenruru tribe, the Magistrate, Mr Smith, called a public meeting for today. Mr Dutton read a message to the public, supporting it with some words of his own. He also read the minutes which the Governor submitted to the Colonial Council to justify the execution of the natives. Dr Harvey supported Dutton's words.

The hanging of the two natives followed the wreck of the vessel *Maria*, *en route* from Port Adelaide to Hobart in June of that year. The passengers and crew of the ship came ashore somewhere along the Coorong and tried to find their way to a refuge of civilization, but were attacked and massacred by natives. A police party, under Major O'Halloran, was depatched by Governor Gawler to apprehend the murderers.

Following a round-up of natives in the area, two of them, whom Tolmer described in his Reminiscences as having countenances 'the most ferocious and demon-like I ever beheld', were tried by 'court martial' by the Major, after which he declared: 'I now, by virtue of the authority I have from the Governor of this province, whose representative I am, pronounce the sentence of death upon the prisoners.' Tolmer wrote:

> The results of these reprisals by the police, under the instructions of His Excellency Colonel Gawler, was severely commented upon by the home authorities, and doubtless the unjust treatment he received in England, after his recall, was attributed to the mistaken decision arrived at by some persons miscalled philanthropists. The colonial press also attacked the Governor furiously, and those who acted under his orders. I remember especially Mr George Stevenson was most bitter and vindictive in some of his articles at the time, expressing an opinion that Major O'Halloran and myself ought to have been sent home and tried for murder.

The minutes submitted to the council by the Governor, and referred to in the diary, included statements that His Excellency had received legal advice that

> the crimes in question were beyond the reach of the ordinary British law … The natives as being practical atheists, unacquainted with the obligation of an oath, or solemn declaration, are not in British law valid witnesses … Acting on the principles of martial law, I addressed instructions to Major O'Halloran, which I now lay before the council. The council will perceive that in them Major O'Halloran was expressly charged to make prisoners, if possible without bloodshed, to select the guilty persons from among them, to try them in the most formal manner, to obtain the opinions of the gentlemen who accompanied the party and of the friendly natives present, and then if proof of guilt were sufficient, to pass sentence and proceed to formal execution.

Schurmann's diary account of the meeting to support the Governor's action concluded: 'Everybody present signed the statement, except me'.

Schurmann continues to give accounts of meeting landholders and local men of note. One man whom he befriended at this time was Mr Rollo Biddle. On October 23, he records:

> Went today with White to Felstal. Mr Biddle accompanied us from his station, and on the way back he invited us to lunch. Biddle is a pleasant and educated young man, has travelled in Germany and speaks a little German, which established a good relationship between him and me. He opened two bottles of the best wine and invited me to spend some time with him later on. We came back to Newenham's in the evening, tired from the pretty long trek and the heat.

The heat and travel were fatiguing. There is no mention of the after-effects of sharing two bottles of good wine!

Before the end of that October there were repercussions of Schurmann's report alleging cruelty to the natives by the police. One unfortunate result of this was that it meant that, almost from the start of his work in Port Lincoln, he was in conflict with the constabulary. Another result was that the report had gone to the highest level, and the Governor's Secretary had written to Mr Smith, the Magistrate, ordering that a thorough investigation of the affair be undertaken. This communication came on the *Emu*, Dr Harvey's boat, returning from Eyre's hire trip to Adelaide. Schurmann was advised by the Magistrate to appear before him on the following Wednesday morning.

He duly appeared, and the Magistrate summoned him to state his accusation against the police. This Schurmann refused to do, asserting that he had not accused and could not accuse any individual, but confirming that the natives had been unjustly treated.

At this time, Dr Harvey jumped to his feet and said that if Schurmann would not make an accusation against the police, he would. This was that the police had shamefully and cruelly treated the natives.

> After Dr Harvey, Jones (who lived opposite the spot where the natives had camped), and some other witnesses had been interrogated, the court was closed and further investigation adjourned to Friday 30, in the morning.

Schurmann's diary then reports on an outing with Dr Harvey in the *Emu*. A glance at the timing of this short expedition suggests that perhaps it was indulged in by Dr Harvey as a demonstration of frustration or annoyance at the adjournment, for it occupied all of the time between the two court hearings. In fact, the travellers judged the time it was safe to be away from Port Lincoln to a nicety, leaving in the evening of Wednesday, after the enquiry had been adjourned, and returning just in time for its resumption on Friday October 30.

In addition to Harvey and Schurmann, Gottfried and a man named White left that evening for

> Spaulding Cove, and from there walked overland to the opposite Memory Cove. Because of an entire lack of wind we couldn't leave the bay this evening, nor reach Boston Island, where we had intended to have our dinner.
> October 29. After our morning cups of tea, we sailed with a favourable wind past Boston Island to the point of Spaulding Cove. The country on the coast is overgrown with a kind of Eucalyptus tree or scrub. We tried to penetrate this, but soon lost our direction and were forced to turn back after two hours hard walking without reaching our goal.
>
> This morning we heard a cannon shot, and therefore hurried back toward home. But in the afternoon the wind was quite calm again, so we got no further than one of the Bickers Islands, where we found that a large ship had arrived in the bay. By sunset a heavy thunderstorm had set in, but with little rain. After midnight the wind became so strong and the sea so rough, that our situation became dangerous. We decided to sail back with the south wind to Spaulding Cove, in the hope of finding protection on the south-east coast. We all gave a hand, and in a short time the sails and anchor were up, and after half an hour we anchored in calm water at our goal.
>
> October 30. At daybreak we weighed anchor, and in one-and-a-half hours we were home. At 11 o'clock the investigation concerning the imprisonment of the natives was continued.

Much was being made of the report that the elder Hawson boy had admitted shooting after some natives, the same matter on which the boy's mother had approached Schurmann. Dr Harvey had mentioned this in a press report he had written on the spearing of the younger boy. Now the court asked Harvey whence his information had come, and he said Schurmann had told him, adding that it had come first from Edward Hawson.

At this, Mr Hawson, father of the boys and a leading landowner in the settlement, said that the whole thing 'was a dirty misrepresentation'. The boy's parents apparently were anxious to establish that the attack

by the natives had been quite unprovoked. Mr Matthew Smith, the magistrate, seems to have been put in a rather awkward position in this matter, for it was at his home that the boy made his statement, although as Magistrate he had apparently not commented on it. Now, following Mr Hawson's remarks, Mr Smith replied 'that there was no doubt Edward Hawson had said it'.

However, this was an investigation into the claim of alleged brutality by the police, not an enquiry into the assault on the boy. Other witnesses were called, and then the courthouse was closed. There is no record extant of any good having come from the investig-ation.

A typical diary entry marks the beginning of November:

> I made the acquaintance of Mr Hagen, an informed and experienced man. In the evening, Dr Harvey came with Mr Hagen and invited me to tea. Besides us, Messrs Winter, Newenham, and White were present.

The entry is typical because at this stage Schurmann was meeting many of the white settlers and visitors, and their names frequently crop up in the diary. His day-to-day activities centred around short ramblings into the scrub country or outings in the kindly Dr Harvey's boat, but there were no native names among his contacts.

> November 6. Today I rode back on Winter's horse, on which Newenham arrived yesterday, hoping to meet the natives, while Dr Harvey went back with his boat. This side of the river Tod, at the base of the mountains, I saw a fire, but as I rode nearer, I could not find a human soul, and there was no answer to my loud call. The fire was in dry grass and seemed to have been very recently lit.
>
> November 7. Overcome by a sense of inactivity and of feeling entirely superfluous in this world, I decided to go bush with Gottfried, to the point of Boston Bay, where we saw the fire yesterday. We left at eight o'clock, and walked several miles without seeing a fire. I had nearly abandoned hope, when I saw fresh smoke rising on the other side of the bay. Now I felt certain of success. I asked Gottfried if he was afraid, and when he didn't answer, I added: 'They won't kill you'.

This seems like a whistle in the dark, a reassuring remark on something of which he himself was unsure. He knew that of the natives in these areas, some were wild and dangerous. But doubtless his faith was an influencing factor.

> So we advanced, our spirits raised and commended to God's protection. Approximately a mile from the fire we found tracks of adults and children. We left the thicket on the dune near the beach, because we didn't want to appear too suddenly to the Blacks. We had not gone far when I heard a voice, and then we saw them. I waved, and Gottfried said that two of them were waving back and then were coming running towards us. Because of the shrubs, I could only see their heads. I asked if they had weapons, but he could not see, either. These were very anxious moments.

But soon two young natives approached without weapons. He gestured to them to come nearer, and soon more followed, so

> that we had a dozen around us. I gave them cake and biscuits, and invited them to come with me to Port Lincoln. Five of them agreed, requesting that I should bring them back on the boat. They were pleasant and unafraid. We went back immediately, without stopping to eat or drink. We covered a distance of 25 miles, and Gottfried was exhausted. We refreshed ourselves at the spring in Happy Valley, then with some food at Dr Harvey's.
>
> We went to my house, directing the natives to settle down in a tent in the garden by the house, and I roasted the goose which I had shot on the way. In the evening they became quite talkative, and I learnt a number of words of their language. With praise and thanks to the Lord for hearing my requests, we went to sleep, which was what we needed after an exhausting day's journey.

Schurmann summed up this big day in a later letter to Mr Angas.

> On November 7th when a fire was seen on the coast side about 10 miles from the settlement, I went to them accompanied by my servant boy and succeeded to bring five young men with me into town. At first they seemed to be very shy and diffident, but the treatment they received soon convinced them that they had nothing to fear and from that time they have been in the habit of coming into town in small numbers of three or four, so that it may now be said that the first outer door of entrance to them is opened.

That letter was written about two months later. In the meantime, he had experienced some day-to-day frustrations, enough to make substance for diary entries. Of the five natives he had brought home, after a couple of days three of them set off for their 'home' as he had undertaken, in Dr Harvey's boat. But the doctor lingered on the way, so that the natives became impatient and, 'one after another, they disappeared. So we did not learn the location of their camp.'

The other two natives he had left with Gottfried.

> As I came home, Gottfried told me that the other two young natives had left in the afternoon, taking an earthen pot with them. So my hopes were quickly and completely shattered.

He planned another walk next day, 'but the arrival of nine native men made this unnecessary'. They camped a short distance from his house. Next day,

> our guests wanted to be taken to Boston Island by boat to catch snakes. But the wind was so strong that we couldn't take the chance in Dr Harvey's small boat. I explained this to them, and they seemed to understand and were quite satisfied. In the evening we went along the beach to collect mussels.

Next morning he went with the natives to Dr Harvey, but again they had to wait until the afternoon for the high tide before setting out for Boston Island.

> It was close to evening before we arrived, but the natives still caught some penguins and one a six-foot snake. We slept the night in the bush, the natives on one side of the fire and ourselves on the other.

This account of the visit to Boston Island with Dr Harvey has a sad irony, for later both the doctor and his wife were to be buried on the island. Their grave sites are still preserved today.

> November 13. At daybreak we visited the only other people on the island. We had breakfast with them and then went along the north-east coast of the island, where we found some beautiful nautiluses. Dr Harvey shot several ducks for the natives, and they themselves took some penguins. The day was hot, so after the meal we rested for a while and then went back, mostly under sail. In Port Lincoln we found the other three natives whom we couldn't take in the boat, and all six slept another night at my place.

For a time, things in the little settlement at Port Lincoln went peacefully enough, the diary conveying the small-tow atmosphere that prevailed. Nothing of note was happening; there were only bits of gossip, comments on local identities, and the extra excitement occasioned by the arrival of a vessel from Adelaide.

> October 30. Mr Matthew Smith asserts the natives had speared his dog, but others say the wound was caused by a kangaroo …

Captain J. Bishop (Mortlock Library)

> November 16. With the schooner *Waterwitch* I received my pony, some letters, and some goods from Brother Meyer …
> November 21. I called on Dr Harvey, and unexpectedly walked into a big party. I apologized for my unclean clothes, but Dr Harvey wouldn't hear of it.

Schurmann stayed on for the party.

Anyone planning a vacational trip to Eyre Peninsula today, would envy some of the experiences of Clamor Schurmann in those closing months of 1840. He had opportunities and invitations to travel and explore many interesting spots, both inland and around the coast, places that in those days were simply new names on the map – new because many of our sailors and first explorers completely ignored the names these places already carried. Time after time some ship's commander or land surveyor wrote proudly in his journal that he named a place So-and-so, when what he should have said was that he renamed it.
Among the several voyages of varying length reported in the diary, is a graphic and valuable account of a voyage in Dr Harvey's boat, with the point of Spencer Gulf as a goal.

> December 3. In the evening, Dr Harvey, W. Smith, and I went on board the cutter *Emu* for a journey to the point of Spencer Gulf. Captain Bishop was to make the journey, too, and I was not a little surprised to hear just shortly before embarkation that he wouldn't come. We anchored overnight in the bay off Boston Island.

One senses disappointment rather than surprise on Schurmann's part that Captain Bishop was not accompanying them. It was an intrepid journey to attempt, and he must have felt that the captain's seafaring experience would have been a comforting factor. John Bishop was captain of the *Dorset*, which had brought some of the first settlers to Port Lincoln in 1839. Bishop must have liked the look of the place, because he stayed to become a permanent resident. Schurmann had been befriended by the family, and on occasion had been invited to their place for a meal. He names Mrs Bishop as an instructor in the Sunday-school, and had said that 'Mrs Konig, Bishop's mother-in-law, seems a very religious person'.

Continuing the voyage, on December 4 they sailed up Louth Bay, intending to land,

> but three natives armed with spears stood on the shore indicating to us that we should go away. We weighed anchor, and at sunset sailed into a small bay where we picked up two natives, to whom my companions sang the song *Rule Britannia*, which seemed to amuse them.

The natives went their own way then, and on the following day the party sailed as far as Tumby Island, where they anchored until the next morning. That day a favourable wind took them in a few hours to Lipson Cove. For about ten miles they had noticed four natives running along the shore

> with the speed of the ship, until we anchored in the Cove. Three of them were old acquaintances. One named Punalta, whom we took on board at his request, stayed with us for the full 14 days. I was delighted by this addition to the party.

The *Emu* must have had nearly a full complement, for as well as this latest addition, the crew-and-passenger list included a French sailor, unnamed, who proved rather a thorn in the flesh to Schurmann throughout the voyage.

> As we couldn't reach Franklin Harbour today, we were forced to anchor in the open sea. Altogether, the day wasn't a very

happy one. Both of us, Smith and I, lost our caps, and once we ran aground. The Frenchman, using the small boat, had to clear the anchor to enable the ship to float again. In doing this, he broke an oar, and as the ship became afloat he had to stay in the small boat in great danger for several hours before we could take him on board again.
December 7. We reached Franklin Harbour in good time, where we caught several fish and shot some seagulls. Besides these, we found several eggs, and though they were already pretty stale, we ate them with relish.

December 8. We had hardly left the harbour when we ran aground again. Luckily, this time we were soon afloat. We caught a huge, heavily built shark, the first time I'd seen one of these caught. These animals are incredibly strong and tenacious. The native Punalta didn't want to eat the shark meat. Tonight we had to anchor again in the open sea.
December 9. We had a very favourable wind, and soon sighted the west coast of Yorke Peninsula. An hour after sunset we anchored in a small bay, north of Point Lowly. We thanked God for the shelter we had found, as the sea was extremely high and darkness had set in.

December 10. Today we had pleasant sailing in the curving, calm river, which becomes narrower from Point Lowly. On both sides are beautiful green mangrove bushes, and in the background, a magnificent mountain chain. This chain, of which Mount Brown is a part, is one of the unique sights of South Australia. We sailed as far as Dr Harvey considered advisable, and anchored at a nice place in the high afternoon. I went ashore, but because of the unfavourable conditions on shore and the approaching high tide, I couldn't go further inland.
December 11. This day will be memorable to me as long as I live. Never have I suffered so much thirst as on these hot troublesome days. After we had brought our ship approximately a mile further, near a small hill, each of us filled a bottle with water and prepared to walk to the utmost point of the gulf. It was approximately nine o'clock in the morning when we departed, but already at this early hour of the day it was unbearably hot. The notorious north wind blew with a mighty singeing and drying severity, and the entire land, overgrown with thin bushes, was glowing like a furnace. We had hardly walked five minutes when someone proposed a rest, with which everyone agreed and each reached for his bottle. The point of the gulf wasn't as far away as we had imagined, and the hope of soon reaching our goal revived our courage.
When we had reached our destination and had rested some minutes in the shade of the bushes, we started on the way back, little impressed by the infertile land. But I thought a good sign was some native footprints and, below Mount Arden, a fire. When we had covered approximately one third of the distance on the way back, my companions proposed a rest. But Punalta and I preferred to walk on, because we had drunk all our water and were suffering from thirst. But weakness, because of the thirst, was mounting to such a high degree that we had to lie down every five minutes, and the fear that the weakness might increase so that we might never reach the ship, urged us on. I tried to eat the leaves of the Casuarina to quench my thirst, but they were as dry as straw, so I tried the leaves of the native fig. Though they were warm and tasted terrible, they provided some relief.
Punalta was just as weak and distressed as I was, but several times he took me by the hand, encouraging me with the hope that now the ship was not so far away. What joy when we found the ship! I could not find words to describe it. Yet the villainy of the Frenchman nearly spoilt it all. As I called to him to bring the boat, he called back scornfully that he couldn't take the risk because it was too windy. However, he came just the same. After a long, refreshing drink, my vigour returned. My companions arrived two hours later, W. Smith just as exhausted as we were, Dr Harvey still fit and strong, for he had a bottle of water one-and-a-half times the size of ours. Everyone thanked God that our journey so far had been successful. We went to

sleep in the hope that the journey home would be happier and faster than it was coming here.

December 12. After we had rested well and breakfasted, we weighed anchor for the return journey. With a strong tide and favourable wind, we went quickly down the river. W. Smith proposed climbing one of the near hills and spending the night there, but Dr Harvey insisted that we go on.

We passed the bay where we had anchored the last time, and entered the open gulf. As we went on deck in the morning, we couldn't believe our eyes. In the course of eight hours, with a favourable wind, we had not gained a mile.

December 13. The wind was favourable this morning, but in the afternoon we faced a head wind, and the sea was so high that it seemed advisable to anchor. Smith proposed we anchor at Mount Young, but Dr Harvey imagined his mighty ship could not anchor there because the water wasn't deep enough. He had delusions of grandeur about his ship, and insisted we go back in the bay, north of Point Lowly, a distance of 20 miles from here.
A powerful wind brought us there in several hours, and we looked forward to a carefree night. Dr Harvey said he was searching for a safe bay in the river, and sent his Frenchman up the mast, proposing to anchor. Because of my sore hand, I couldn't be useful, and I was very disappointed when we anchored. The bay seemed very open. We were hardly there an hour, when the high tide came, followed by giant breakers which rolled horrifyingly and threatened to shatter our ship. Now everyone realized – even the obstinate Frenchman – that we were in a bad anchorage. They tried to get the sails up again to reach the afore-mentioned bay not more than two miles away. We lightened the anchor, but the waves and the contrary wind drifted us closer to land, instead of into the open bay. We cast anchor again and patiently awaited our fate. At first everyone other than me wanted to stay on board, but soon the waves became so frightening that everyone wished to go on land, except W. Smith. Accordingly, we packed some of the food-supply into the boat and dropped two water-barrels into the sea, and then boarded the small boat.
We were scarcely three yards from the ship when a giant wave came surging behind us and filled our boat with water. A second one shortly afterwards turned the boat right over. Luckily we were already in shallow water, so our feet could touch the ground; otherwise my life would have been in great danger, for everyone was busy with himself and couldn't have taken care of me, and I couldn't swim one foot. We waded ashore and collected the goods from the boat as the sea washed them ashore. With damp clothes, and after a dinner sadly spoilt by salt water, we lay down to sleep, with many worries on our minds. As well I had a terrible pain in my left hand, which now, because of the salt water and the lack of fresh bread which I could have placed on it, the sore had spread to a very painful infection.

On the 14th and 15th the wind was unfavourable and the sea so high that we couldn't try to leave the bay. The Frenchman went on board once or twice, and brought back the news that the ship was in good condition, which restored our faint hopes of ever being able to put into the open sea again. We had already composed ourselves to making the return journey over land, planning how much each one could carry, for no one was confident that we would make the journey by ship.

December 16. This morning we were overjoyed to see that the wind and the sea had calmed down. We made breakfast in a hurry so that we could try to get the ship out of the bay. While we were eating breakfast, the anchor cable broke loose and the cutter drifted toward the shore. Now all seemed lost. There was concern for the safety of the food supply and other things, and we commended ourselves to God's protection.

We then had to try to refloat the ship again. All the ballast went overboard. We filled the only bucket with stones and made an anchor, and on the return of the high tide we managed to refloat

the ship. Now all the goods we had taken on land were hurried back on board. The native helped so bravely that everyone admired his efforts. After taking some ballast on board, in less than three hours we were floating on the high sea again, toward home. Our hearts were thankful and glad, and no one was afraid to acknowledge this.

We could not reach Franklin harbour or a safe bay, and had to be satisfied to spend the night under sail in the open sea, an unpleasant prospect because of the late moonrise and the many sandbanks in the gulf. And indeed, before we saw the sunset, we hit a sandbank, something we had been afraid would happen in the night.

December 17. At noon we reached Franklin Harbour, but at the entrance we again hit a sandbank, because of unpardonable negligence. This delayed us for several hours, until the high tide. Here we again caught a great number of fish, and W. Smith went ashore, but found nothing other than shrubs.
December 18. Early in the morning we loaded replacement ballast on board, and after breakfast weighed anchor again. The wind did not stay favourable for long, so we had to spend another night in the open sea, a perilous night. We hardly expected to see the next morning alive.

December 19. Dr Harvey said that it was not far to Budlu or Lipson Cove, so we tried to get there, although the wind and the high sea were against us. It was already afternoon and we had gained only a few miles, while the place which Punalta called Budlu seemed to be still far away. Under these circumstances, and with the fear of another night like the last one, W. Smith and I proposed that we steer back to the bay we had seen in the morning. The stupid Frenchman claimed there was no safe anchorage nearby, that he had seen the bay we mentioned but it was not safe. Nor could Dr Harvey be persuaded to accept our proposal.

When we reached a bay with a safe anchorage, he knew, because of this anchorage, that it was Driver's Bay. The natives call this place Yainkabidni, and they know it because of the abundance of fish which follow the high tide into the saltwater river. There the natives have made a kind of rack, which they can close at the approach of the low tide, enabling them to catch a great number of fish. The water in the bay is so putrid that it made me nearly ill. The natives scoop water from a fountain or well, eight to 20 feet deep, dug in the sand. After a scanty evening meal, we lay down to sleep. Our food supply was running out.

December 20. W. Smith proposed an excursion into the surrounding area, which I was glad enough to approve, because Punalta told me he was intending to go back overland to his people, and also the continuing unfavourable wind was preventing us from going to sea again. The nearby land was cut by at least two influxes from the sea, in which we could see the natives' fish-racks, surrounded by many footprints. The low hills in the background were overgrown with dense shrubbery which permitted no view beyond them.

December 21. We had to spend another long day and a tedious night at Yainkabidni, because the wind would not change a hair's width in our favour. In the afternoon, out of boredom, W. Smith and I went for a walk northwards along the beach, from where we had a reasonable view, but only of shrub-covered land. Our meat supply had come to an end, so it was important that Dr Harvey shot several sea-birds and some ducks.

December 22. This morning we noticed with pleasure that the wind had turned a little to our advantage. As we were finishing breakfast, a solitary native, a man of some 20 years of age, with the name Kunyalta, came to us. At first he was a little shy, but soon gained confidence and came on board with us. However, later he became very seasick and begged me to set him ashore, which was not possible until evening.

Dr Harvey felt we had to spend the night at Budlu, but this still seemed very far away. Therefore we were glad to find a bay, which gave us shelter from the dreadful wind, and the water we needed very much. The water we owed to the native, Kunyalta. He called this place Mokomai or Maimoko. He showed us a small pond, and ran away as fast as he could, hardly taking time to accept a knife which I offered him.

December 23. This morning the rude Frenchman didn't want to move again, maintaining that the wind was against us. But as soon as we were out of the bay, we made at least five miles per hour. In fact, we sailed so far from the land that we could not recognize Budlu, and only after we were well past it did we realize where we were; we had high hope that we would be at home today. Dr Harvey slept most of the day, and came on deck only after we had circumnavigated Point Bolingbroke, which for a long time he thought to be Tumby Island.

As we sailed into the bay we heard a cannon fired in our honour. And an hour or two before evening we went on land.

(iii)

In the little Port Lincoln settlement, the firing of a cannon at first sighting of the returning travellers was evidence of the mingled surprise, joy, and relief that spread through the town. The diary says tersely: 'Because of our long absence, the story went around that we had perished'.

These men all had responsibilities in Port Lincoln at that time, and there were no replacements available for them. In particular, Dr Harvey would have been missed. Schurmann wrote:

I expected to find some accumulation of tasks, but none of the kind awaited us … During my absence, the police sent a party to Coffin bay in the hope of arresting the murderers of Frank Hawson, and they desired my assistance as an interpreter. Besides that, a woman here lost her child, and the general opinion was that the natives had taken it, and they, too, required my assistance. The woman begged me to go inland with her to search for the child, and this I promised to do, at the same time telling her that I held no hope of finding the child with the natives.

Also, while he had been away,

at last a ship had arrived, but it did not bring me any letters. On December 24, Rusch, the father of the lost child, came to me with the news that he had seen a fire at the point of the bay, and begged to go with him.

Schurmann and the child's father went out on horseback, and on arrival at the spot where the fire had been, they found three natives, one of whom was Punalta, who had been with them on the voyage just completed. Punalta and one of the other natives, Timba, joined Schurmann and Rusch in the search.

This search was fruitless, and there appears to be no record of the child's fate. The distraught parents must have spent a sad Christmas. Schurmann makes no reference to that Christmas, but there is an account of a lively New Year party.

January 1, 1841. Today a lunch was given to Mr Pratt Winter, although I would have preferred to spend my money for a more useful purpose. They drank to the good health of many guests, with last of all myself, proposed by Dr Harvey. I made a short, pitiful speech that I was ashamed of. When I came home Gottfried told me that our guests (some natives) had gone away.

Nearly a week later on,

January 7, at twilight, two natives, Muntalta and Yutalta, came to see me, and at the request of Mr Matthew Smith, the Magistrate, I gave them all the biscuits and meat they could eat.

The reason for this request was that the two were required as guides for a further police expedition to Coffin Bay. On Sunday, January 10,

the diary has this brief note: 'The *Abcona*, with Lady Franklin on board, arrived in the bay from Adelaide'. For the locals at the time, the main significance of this visit of lady Franklin was an important event in Port Lincoln history.

She had permission from Governor Gawler to erect a monument to Matthew Flinders at the point from which Flinders and his party had looked over the bay and surrounding country. Her husband, later Sir John Franklin, had been a midshipman on Flinders' ship, the *Investigator*. Percy Baillie, prominent Port Lincoln historian, records that the retinue mentioned in the diary included a surveyor to ensure the pinpointing of the exact spot.

But residents had important things to attend to. At nine o'clock on the following morning, January 11,

> we set out for Coffin Bay, eight of us, Winter, Newenham, McEllister, Harvey, Smith, myself, and three police officers, together with the two aforementioned natives. I rode Mr Matthew Smith's big mare, and often took Yutalta behind me. As we neared the spring called Pallanna, we saw a fire some miles away, which it was suspected indicated the presence of the murderers. We rode toward it and found three young men there, nearly asleep, and the remains of a recently killed kangaroo.

The party camped by the spring Pallanna that night. Next day they rode straight to Coffin Bay (Muthabakka), then along the beach in a north-westerly direction, 'over very stony and desolate land'. In the afternoon another fire was seen on the other side of the bay. 'As it was still early enough in the day, out leader, Winter, proposed we ride over there'.

The three young natives they had met the day before had joined the party, which then approached the fire, and

> our natives became restless. When we were near enough to come face to face with them at any moment, one of our natives went ahead and began shouting loudly. Instantly they all jumped up, about 30 of them, the woman and children and some men fleeing, while the rest grasped their spears and ran toward us. But when they saw that we didn't attack, they dropped their spears and all cried in terrified voices, with arms outstretched: '*Ngai malpu makka ai makka*. I am not the murderer, not me' indicating that they knew the purpose of our visit.
> There were some eight to ten men, and two very old emaciated women, who were crying incessantly at the tops of their voices, until Yenbalta told them they had nothing to be afraid of. He called by name one of the natives, whom we met yesterday. Mr Newenham rode up to them, which frightened them at first, but they soon calmed down when Tenbalta approached them and Newenham distributed biscuits. Then we all rode closer, wondering at the naked and worn-out figures. The natives maintained that the murderers, Manyilta and Mitalta, were far away, pointing to Turrudu. I demanded Yenbalta to lead us to the place where the murderers are supposed to be.
> Where the natives had camped, we found nothing other than a child about two years old, who lay crying behind a bush, abandoned by his mother as she fled in haste. Yenbalta said it was his child. I had seen this man earlier in Port Lincoln, and because of his open character I took a particular liking to him. On this occasion I had to admire him, because he was the spokesman and was the first to seize his weapon and had the courage to approach us.

Nor did they find any sign of the natives named as the killers of the Hawson boy. But

> although our party did not accomplish its purpose, I believe the natives were worried to know that the white man was able to find them in the most remote region. This place, called Korlo, is a narrow peninsula at the north-west end of Coffin Bay.

The one thing that gave away the presence of native camps was smoke from their fires. On the next day, January 13, a fire had been sighted at a place called Kulunyalla, on the other side of the sandhills. It was decided that the party should ride over there. Schurmann 'liked the idea', not that he held any hopes of catching up with pursued criminals, but

because it gave an opportunity to widen my knowledge of the country and perhaps to make the acquaintance of several natives. Our natives were leaving us one by one, except Yutalta and another young man. We were riding so fast that they couldn't follow, and we had to take the last two behind us on horses. From Kulinyalla, where we couldn't find any Blacks, we rode in the direction of Sleaford Bay, hoping to avoid a stony region in case we should run out of food. This place was thought to be not far away, but we were dis-appointed on both counts and had to travel at least 15 miles over terribly stony country. It was dark when we arrived at Sleaford Bay, and everyone was very tired. However, we enjoyed kind hospitality and refreshing sleep.

Although many of his excursions with the intention of contacting natives were hardly successful, Schurmann now had reason to be pleased that the natives were beginning to come to him.

This morning two more natives, Illata and Ngulgalta, came to me, the latter with a sore leg caused by a splinter. In the evening, Mityalta also came. His brother had been speared by Wondalta not long ago. He had half of his face – the forehead and part of his cheeks –chalked white as a sign of mourning. Several other natives in Korlo were marked in white chalk, too, in mourning for the same man.

Then Yutalta and Ngulgalta came into town again, and stayed with him for a fortnight.

During this comparatively long time, they became very confiding, though later demanding and unreliable. However, they worked reasonably well, sometimes digging more than I did. Dr Harvey supplied me with 40 pounds of rice and ten pounds of sugar on government account for the benefit of the natives, so they do not want for food.

At this time, Schurmann wrote to Mr Angas in London:

At present I am living in the town of P.L. but I hope soon to proceed into the interior on such land as the Govt. shall appropriate to the natives for their use. There is no fear here of the natives becoming so accustomed to begging as in Adelaide on account of the small number of settlers, these being but four or five in the bush. An agricultural establish-ment therefore on the footing of those in the Wellington Valley and Port Phillip is the only measure that should be adopted for our natives here, and that I long to see one day carried into execution. But whence to derive the necessary means I know not.

Our Govt. you are aware is poor if not bankrupt and little therefore is to be expected from that quarter. The Society in Dresden is by principle adverse to expending any money for temporal purposes and my own means are exceedingly limited. The question in your letter – if it is possible to capacitate and induce the natives to become labourers and workmen for compensation in money, I can answer in few words because I am of decided opinion, nay it has been proved, that they can easily be capacitated to do any kind of ordinary work for any sort of remuneration, but they cannot be induced to it by the mere prospect of comfort or gain for any length of time because they do not appreciate it. A sense of moral and religious obligation is the only motive which it is my ardent hope, will in future prompt them to do it.
I should not entrust them as yet with holding landed property in their own names and right, because I think they would trifle it away.

When Schurmann had first met Edward Eyre, the explorer told him that the natives inland 'were few in number and very thievish'. Now, as the missionary felt his way and studied the life-pattern of the Aborigines, the matter of petty thieving by the natives loomed as a problem for him.

Later, he was to express the opinion that the natives should not be judged by our laws. They had their own established codes of behaviour, and their fixed customs had been shattered by the invasion

of the Whites. However, in that first year at Port Lincoln, their continued 'thieving' upset him.

> February 16. It was painful for me to learn that yesterday the natives had stolen a great number of potatoes and several yards of Osnabrucker coarse linen from the magistrate, Mr Matthew Smith. From Mr Shean they stole a coat and travel bag. Mrs Rusch saw six men, entirely naked, armed with spears, come over the hill. They came to her and begged for biscuits, whereupon she closed the door. They went to Smith's house and walked around for a while, looking through the window. As they found no one at home and the windows open, they climbed through a window and stole the above items.
>
> It would be wrong if those loafers were to get away without punishment. It would make them cheeky, and embitter the Whites.
>
> February 17. To my great regret I heard that on the same day that Smith's potatoes were stolen, the natives also stole several kangaroo hides and sacks from Hawson. At the same time, Mr Poole brought the news into town that the Blacks, some days ago, took a slaughtered sheep that had been left hanging at the Gawler Pond station, and that they disturbed the flock at night. God, where will this end if the natives carry on in such a way ?

The missionary was particularly grieved when natives in whom he had put his trust indulged in some petty thieving. One with whom he had almost constant contact was Yutalta. He was fond of this man, and some understanding had developed between them. Many natives are named in his diary as staying with him at this time. On February 20, five natives were there, but most of them 'went away again after a few days. This time Yutalta was the only one who stayed with me'. Then on March 4

> Yutalta went away again today, and it is not likely that he will return in the near future. Gottfried found in Yutalta's pocket something that we have been missing for a long time. What a tragedy that a man such as he, open and pleasing, after a long acquaintance could be such a villain, and after he has received many benefits.

But Yutalta was soon back in the picture. 'March 20. Accompanied by Yutalta, I visited several stations inland to acquaint myself with the native names of the stations'.

As time went by, events confirmed the missionary's fears that 'the Whites would be embittered'. On June 6,

> when the natives told me that about two miles from town, at Wanelli, there was a camping ground where there were women and children, I decided to ride out to see them. As we neared the camp, Murta went ahead to tell them I was coming. I saw some natives run away, and some children had to be restrained. I found three women, and later more came out of hiding. They were mostly young, looked well fed, were not bad looking, and had no shame at being entirely naked. I gave each one a slice of bread, but the children were so frightened that they had to be brought to me by force.
>
> June 7. When I mentioned the visit to McEllister, he regretted that he had not gone also. He suggested that we should go to Wanelli today. He had some discarded clothing for the children, and asked some of the European women in Port Lincoln if they could contribute any garments for the native women. They all refused, and some were quite rude, saying that even if they owned 20 cases full, they would not give to the natives.

Schurmann respected the names of the natives, and in his diary took pains to spell these consistently – one suspects more than he did with the names of some Europeans. We can follow the events in the lives of many Blacks as he came to know them better, and not their individual characteristics. Yutalta's name, for example, keeps bobbing up throughout the missionary's years in Port Lincoln. 'May 13. Several natives, including Yutalta, came back to town, and several days later a group from Coffin bay arrived, so that there were 17 at the one time.' The similarity between various native names requires a little watchfulness from the reader. After reading of Yutalta, on May 15 we note: 'Today old Mutalta came into town for the first time since October 9, 1840. He was one of those who were imprisoned.'

Schurmann himself was occasionally the victim of the afore-mentioned 'petty thieving', perhaps because he was regarded as an easy target.

> June 16. I noticed that in my former garden, which I had sold to Karl Gaesdon, the natives had dug up several bushes of potatoes, probably believing that they still belonged to me. On the way to Happy Valley I met Yutalta, Tubulta, Kanyokalendi, Muwadna, Palyanna, and Tyile. I told them of my discovery, and accused Kanyokalendi and Ngulga of the theft. I wanted to go back with them because I was worried that they would steal some more. However, Yutalta said that they would go over the hills to Port Lincoln to avoid the house. I believed him, since I don't consider him so cunning a rascal, but I was anxious that they might steal again during my absence.
> On my return, in front of the room which served as a store-room and which couldn't be locked, I found some spilt flour covered with loose soil. As I entered, I found more traces, and my flour-bag lightened by five or ten pounds.

Next day it rained heavily and 'no natives came except Yaltabidni'.

> On the following day the old gang appeared again, headed by the cunning Yutalta. I immediately took him by his arm and showed him the traces, and then pushed him outside. He asserted that Palyanna and another native had taken the flour. I asked him why he didn't stop them … In the evening, Marsa, Yaltabidni, and Minanabidni came to my house. I gave them some rice and some old spoons to use, and these were missing after they had left.

However, the diary keeps the record straight.

> When they came back the following morning I accused Marsa of the theft, but he asserted that Yaltabidni had taken them. Not long afterwards he came back with two, and the third one I found later; probably Minanabidni had returned it furtively.

At this time, Schurmann's friend Dr Harvey, whose actions had often revealed sympathetic feelings towards the Blacks, himself had an unpleasant experience:

> I heard that several women had visited Dr Harvey's place and caused a dangerous scene. Mrs Harvey gave the women some biscuits in Marsa's presence. This preference for the women angered Marsa, who tried to snatch the biscuits from a woman. Mrs Harvey tried to prevent this, and was pushed away. He pushed her so hard against her breast that she retreated, shedding tears with the pain.
>
> She told Dr Harvey what happened, and he took a stick and confronted Marsa, who in turn took his spear and faced Dr Harvey. Mrs Harvey, seeing this and believing that the man was going to throw the spear, leaped between them, and started screaming and raising both hands to ward off the spear.
>
> Dr Harvey went to McDonald and asked if he would be permitted to shoot the man. He was told he would be permitted to do it in self-defence. The likelihood seems to be that Dr Harvey's threat with the stick should not have been taken too seriously. Kemp and Bishop were indignant about the natives and doubtful for the future.

Later, Dr Harvey explained that he certainly had been serious. He said Marsa really intended to spear him, and the other Blacks had stayed with him all day for protection. He also said that if he had had a shot-gun at the moment instead of a stick he would have shot Marsa.
The Mr McDonald referred to in the foregoing account was now the Magistrate at Port Lincoln, having replaced Mr Matthew Smith. Schurmann had been involved with the change on a domestic level. At one stage, Mr Smith had moved out of his house and Schurmann had afterwards occupied the dwelling on a rental basis. When McDonald came, he needed the house and so Schurmann had to move out again. However, the new Magistrate didn't pressure him into moving his belongings quickly, and the missionary was frequently invited for a meal.

Not a Sunday passed without a diary reference to a 'divine service' or to taking appropriate rest on the Lord's Day. That was usually all for a Sunday. But on June 27,

> In the evening Rusch came to me with the complaint that this afternoon, while he was absent, the natives stole flour, bread, rice, and potatoes. I sent him to McDonald.
>
> June 28. It happened that Gottfried Kappler had seen Kanykalendi yesterday evening at Rusch's house, and had told him to go away. For this reason he was arrested with my entire agreement, though Mr McDonald said beforehand there was not sufficient evidence to send him to Adelaide, but he will have him arrested tonight to frighten the natives a little. This should be effective. They carry on their thievish conduct to such an extent that I was afraid of the bad consequences for the Blacks themselves. On Saturday evening they stole nearly all my potatoes and a part of Naunder's, too, from happy Valley. On the same day or Sunday they also stole Barnard's and Harvey's from the valley between happy Valley and the town. Yesterday evening Yutalta was seen near my potatoes.
>
> June 29. This morning Kanyokalendi tried to escape by pretending he had a call of nature. But the police soon caught him again.

Apparently he was beaten for his trouble, which upset other natives, who came to Schurmann crying in fear of Kanyokalendi's life being in danger. He calmed them by telling them that Kanyokalendi would just be beaten, not killed. Although reassured on this point,

> they probably felt guilty themselves and worried about the possibility of arrest, for they then disappeared. Mudwadna, who had denounced Kanyokalendi as the thief, had already run off last night.

This left Gottfried as the only witness in the enquiry before Mr McDonald. Schurmann was in the unusual position of having to act as interpreter for both parties – Kanyokalendi spoke in his own language, and Gottfried Kappler, from the German community, apparently still had not mastered English. Kanyokalendi's guilt was not established. He stayed with Schurmann for the rest of the day, and insisted on his innocence, 'and named Nunyalta and Mudwadna as having stolen the goods'.

There is no diary reference to Gottfried's departure, although we know he left Port Lincoln soon after the enquiry. One of the natives, Nummalta, took to himself the name of Kappler after Gottfried had gone. He was a good friend of Schurmann's, and was to meet a tragic end.

A section of the diary now is headed 'Journey to Coffin Bay'. This was not another police-supervised chase, but an outing to see two visiting whale-boats. A native, Kunnamunka, had reported sighting the ships at anchor in the bay, so a party, consisting of Dr Harvey, Barnet, McEllister, and Schurmann, together with Kunnamunka and Ngulga, set off on horseback. This was on July 9.

Next morning, after camping on the northern side of the bay, they set off early for where the ships were supposed to be. What a disappointment when they sighted them on the opposite side of the bay, at least 40 miles away! After some debate, they decided to go on to try to reach the boats. That evening, the group stayed the night at a native place called Ngaralatta. There was some concern at the way supplies were diminishing, but they felt they had reached a point of no return – that they were closer to the ships than to Port Lincoln.

Next morning they approached a native camping place and, as so often happened, as soon as they were sighted, there was a pandemonium in the camp, 'with everyone yelling and running away'. The group included Nummalta (Kappler), and Schurmann persuaded him to come with them to the ships in Punyunda.

> The other natives didn't let us go unobserved. Indeed, for a mile or two, five men were following us, apparently to make sure we had no intentions concerning their women.

Nummalta led them inland, over steep sandhills and low, well-grassed grounds to avoid the bend of the coast. Some of the party mistook a lake for an arm of the sea, and again wanted to go back, until they realized their error.

> After riding in harsh conditions for approximately two hours, we sighted the ships. At approximately four o'clock we were there, and luckily we found a boat and crew ashore. After the horses had their water and had been led to pasture, we went on board the cutter. The captain of the ship was American and didn't seem very talkative, but he offered us dinner and sent us ashore again to fetch those who had stayed back with the horses. He seemed worried about the horses because of the natives. He said he couldn't stand the natives; they had stolen some clothes from him, and were inclined to throw stones. One could conclude that they were not on the best of terms!
>
> Incidentally, we found that Kunnamunka did not mislead us but that we did not understand him properly, for the ship's boat went to the opposite coast every day and left men on higher ground to look out for whales. Before we went ashore, we visited the captain of the other ship, Meuse, a Frenchman, who received us very kindly and invited us to stay for the night. McEllister and I decided to go ashore with the boat, and take some food to our native companions and look after our horses. The evening's conversation did not meet with my entire approval, mainly because of Barnet, who took too much advantage of the freely available brandy in the captain's cabin.

They were to stay on board until 11 o'clock next day, when they left, 'well supplied with food provisions for the Blacks and ourselves'. On the return journey, they again came upon two different camps of natives, and again the women and children went into hiding. At one of these they were very hospitably treated, being offered 'a great number of fish, particularly salmon'. But 'they again sent two spies to follow us during the night'.

They were home half an hour before sunset on July 13. The account concludes" 'Overall, this journey wasn't entirely fruitless for me, but for all this, I wouldn't like to make such a journey again in such a company'.

In the months that followed, natives came and went, some staying for several weeks at Schurmann's home. Generally he was finding that although they were well provided for and given some duties while in the town, soon enough they were anxious to be on their way again.

In October a story was circulating in the town that natives had stolen 500 sheep from Mr Biddle, and that they had threatened to spear Kemp, the shepherd boy.

> As a result of this news, a party of police and volunteers left town this evening, hoping to bring back the sheep tomorrow. I was unable to catch my pony, so did not accompany them.

He had a horse next day and set out for White's station, where he heard that 'Mr Dutton had brought back the sheep yesterday with the help of the native Yutalta'.

Later than month there was an account of an exploring party, led by Mr Dutton, who wished to show the others some good land he had discovered. He had trouble finding the land at first, but then they came to a beautiful valley, after riding eastwards to the lowlands on the coast.
So that spring and summer went by, quietly enough for the small settlement. It was the quiet before a storm.

(iv)

On the morning of March 4, 1842, the peace of the township of Port Lincoln was shattered by the news of a double murder at a nearby station, by native attackers. The victims were Mr John Brown, a sheep farmer, and a youth named Lovelock, who worked for Brown, and whose duties went under the heading of 'hut-keeper'.

Their shepherd, named Zungemann, was returning with his flocks on the evening of March 3, when near the hut site the sheep stopped and would go no further. The shepherd went in front of the flock to find what had upset the animals, and discovered the mutilated body of Mr Brown. Lovelock was found later, some distance from the hut.

It appeared that natives had approached the hut furtively, giving Mr Brown little or no chance of defending himself. Lovelock had been chased from the hut until he was run down and slain.

As soon as the news reached the town, a committee of investigation was formed, which Schurmann was requested to join. Zungemann gave evidence, and he was instructed by the police to return with a party to recover the bodies. But as there were no surviving witnesses, what actually took place could only be surmised.

The diary account of the events is terse.

> March 3. On this day Mr Brown and his hut-keeper were cruelly murdered by natives.
>
> March 4. The news of these murders was brought into town by Brown's and White's shepherds. Immediately a jury was assembled, and I was a member. The shepherd gave evidence, and the police sent him out to bring in the bodies. Late in the evening they were brought in, and it was said that they had been shot, not speared. The jury again assembled, after the bodies had been examined by the doctor. The question was raised, had Mr Brown been speared or shot. In evidence, the doctor said that he had found a spear splinter in the body. The body was buried the same evening.

No further reference to the suggestion that the victim might have been shot has been found in other accounts of the massacre. Bull suggests that Brown tried to defend himself with the butt of his gun. If so, it was possible that the attackers picked up the gun and did fire shots into the victim's body after they had speared him.

The diary refers to a reaction by some natives at the time.

> March 6. Today Ngulga and Kunyka came to me, saying that they were very distressed about the murders of Mr Brown and his servant. They gave the names of the murderers, and described the circumstances in such detail that I felt Ngulga must have also been involved. He said that the murderers had told him what had happened, and that he had gone to Kattabidni to Brown's station, where he saw the corpse.

When a second murdering rampage occurred within the same month, by a turn of fate there was a surviving witness. This attack was on Mr Biddle's station where, as well as Biddle, there were the employees: an elderly couple, Charles Stubbs and his wife, and the shepherd, James Fastings.

> March 29. This morning the sad news reached the town of the murder of Mr Biddle, Fastings, and Mrs Stubbs. Stubbs had been left for dead, but had revived somewhat. I left at three pm with Mr Bishop, for Biddle's station, and then went on to Pillaworta to Mr Driver. Mr White had taken Stubbs to his station at Tallala, but had left the dead bodies on the beds, covered with blankets. It was maintained that the natives had returned and taken away the covers and used a hatchet to inflict new wounds on Mrs Stubbs. The Police Sergeant, who was a little the worse for drink, said it would be better when I was no longer in the settlement.
>
> March 30. Driver, Bishop, and I rode to Tallala on our way back to town. We saw poor Stubbs, who had a bandaged head and was very weak. He said that on the day of the murder, the natives came twice. They threw 15 spears at Fastings, who threw them a loaf of bread, and Biddle allowed them to dig potatoes, which they cooked not far from the house.
>
> About an hour later they returned, and when Fastings met them outside the hut, they speared him in the chest. He ran back inside, and Biddle fired a pistol but didn't hit any of them. Prior to this, his shot-gun had jammed, and for some reason Fasting's shot-gun didn't go off, either. Biddle then went outside with his double shot-gun and fired at the two natives nearest the hut.

There were no more loaded guns, and the natives encircled the hut and speared one after the another. First Biddle fell, then Stubbs, although he remained conscious. Fastings was repeatedly pierced with a pitchfork, enduring terrible pain and imploring Stubbs to shoot him. The natives found Mrs Stubbs under the bed, and killed her with the pitchfork. She begged little Jemmy (Ngarbi) for her life, crying out: 'O Jemmy, O Jemmy!'

As we returned home in the evening, the burial arrangements had just been completed, and we went along to the graveside. Mr Driver asked me whether I would conduct the service, and I agreed.

It was a sad fact that one of the natives foremost in the perpetration of these crimes should have been Ngarbi, previously regarded as a trusted friend by the Whites. The fact that the woman appealed to him by name and that her cries were heard by her wounded husband later led directly to the hanging of Ngarbi. He was arrested and tried in Adelaide. This was 16 months later, in July 1843.

Stubbs, in his evidence at the trial, told of some earlier dialogue between Ngarbi and himself. Stubbs said he had gone outside to answer a 'Cooee', and a number of Blacks (he gave the count as 36) were there. Ngarbi said: 'Charley!' Stubbs replied: "Yes, is that you Jemmy?' He said: 'Yes.

Stubbs then was a lonely old man. It was to his credit that his statement in court, so much later, varied little from what he said to the men at his bedside, when he was so wounded and weak. There was no attempt to dramatize or build up his story. One difference in the accounts was that, according to Tolmer, in his court evidence he stated that the attackers had used an open pair of shears, not a pitchfork.

Schurmann gives an account of his involvement with parties which immediately pursued the killers.

March 31. Mr Driver requested that I obtain some natives to be used as trackers on our expedition. I went to Wanelli and brought back 12 Blacks. They all seemed upset about the murders.

April 2. The party left at eight am. There were eight men on horseback, and six natives. They lad us past the green hills, in a north-westerly direction, to Wirrinyata. They believed that the killers had retreated far inland, and the tracks seemed to prove this. The Blacks wanted to stop to cook a kangaroo, which one of the party had shot for them. Driver thought that they were trying to mislead us, and this annoyed him. He ordered them to take us directly to Toliye. We walked three or four miles through hilly and scrubby country until we reached a narrow valley, where Munta found fresh tracks. Soon he could see a band of murderers in the distance, sitting on the ground.

As soon as he saw them, Munta placed his hand on his head and stepped back. We stopped to reassemble the party and instruct the natives to be quiet when facing the killers. We proceeded downhill toward the camp, and as we came over a small rise which had hidden our approach, the natives fled in all directions. Only four men and a few women remained. Driver ordered Stewart to shoot the native nearest to us. He repeatedly called: 'Knock him over'. I asked Driver why he ordered the man shot, when he was unarmed and could have been taken prisoner. He said that he didn't want any prisoners, since they were useless.

Shots were fired at three of the fleeing natives, but none fell. However, our trackers told us that Nulta and Mulya were wounded. On top of the hill we found a woman who was in advanced stages of pregnancy, trying to hide in the hollow of a tree, and I asked the Sergeant if he was going to shoot her.

When we returned to the campsite we found four strange natives standing with our Blacks. Three ran away, but the fourth, Ngulga, was encircled by our men and protested his innocence. None believed him, but did not want to shoot him, and told him to lay down his spears. We went after the other three but found no sign, and on our return Ngulga and our natives had all disappeared.

We collected all the stolen goods and bundled them up, but burned all the natives' belongings, weapons, fur skins, and so on. In the early morning when the moon appeared we put the bundles on the horses and set off for Biddle's station, hoping to meet up with our trackers, but to no avail.
April 3. As it was an impossible task to continue the search for the murderers without the trackers, we turned toward home at eight o'clock.

Two days later, the talkative Yutalta returned to the town. He had been one of the guides, and said that the reason he and the other natives hadn't spent the night with the party at the campsite was that they were afraid of them. He gave accounts of injuries to various natives in the affrays, some of which he said would prove fatal. Then on April 6,

> Today Tunba and Ngulga came to me, both denying that the latter was a killer. But Ngulga didn't feel safe in the town, and soon disappeared.

Immediately news of the murders was received in Adelaide, moves were begun there to help apprehend the killers. A party under Lieutenant Hugonin was dispatched to Port Lincoln. From here on, Schurmann was even more out of sympathy with the methods adopted in an endeavour to bring the killers to justice.

> April 17. Today the *Victoria* arrived with Lieutenant Hugonin and 16 men from the 96th Regiment.

> April 18. This evening Innes came to tell me that early tomorrow morning a party would set out to find the natives. I went to see Mr Driver, and he and Hugonin invited me to join the party, partly as interpreter and partly to identify those natives not involved with the murders. I agreed to accompany them under those terms.

A single native guide had been brought in from a far tribe, and this man claimed to know the identity of the killers. At first, it was decided to use Biddle's station as a headquarters, but when the party reached this site, they found that the house and everything in it had been burnt by the natives.
Later the headquarters was shifted to a location known as Pallanna, about 15 miles west of Port Lincoln. Tracks were discovered which took the searchers to within four miles of Coffin Bay. Here some natives were fishing.
Immediately the party was ordered to spread out in a half circle to ensure that none of the natives escaped. The lieutenant, the missionary, and the guide were to stay in a central position. Then all moved nearer the group of fishermen. The native guide soon realized that these were not the guilty men. The men themselves, on seeing the soldiers approaching, quickly proclaimed that they were not the murderers, that white people had seen them on the day of the murders.

> In spite of this, a soldier fired his pistol on Yumba, who stood close to me, but fortunately it didn't go off. When the lieutenant saw that the natives showed no hostility, he called out: 'That will do. No, no!' and I myself called out very urgently not to shoot. At first there were three native men, two women and some children. Then a fourth man, Nummalta, was observed by the soldiers. A soldier shot a bullet into his abdomen, so that his intestines protruded on each side. The bullet passed below the left rib and left the body on the right hip. This man was ten to twenty steps from the other natives, standing in the water, occupied in spearing fish.
> I hadn't noticed him, and did not hear the shot fired. My entire attention had been concentrated on seeing that the other three were not shot. I was horrified when Nummalta came to me with dreadful wounds and a terrified expression, and saying that he was a friend and not a killer. 'I Kappler, I very good.' When he heard that they wanted to take him to Port Lincoln, he said: 'I bamba bye-bye' (I will stay). For a few moments he leaned on two of his friends, but soon sank to the ground, laying his head on the lap of another friend. He begged me for my handkerchief, with which he covered his face. His eyes were now glassy, so he could not last much longer before his deliverance.

I had known this man for over a year, and he was always so good and open. The year before he had been our 'pathfinder' when we went to Punyunda where the French whalers were anchored. I had last seen him at , indeed on the same day that Biddle was murdered. It was like a knife in my heart to see this innocent man shot, and I could not hold back the tears.

Lieutenant Hugonin protected the soldier who fired the shot, but this is understandable since he is responsible for the conduct of the men under his command. He maintained that the soldier acted correctly. The soldier said he had a spear and threatened to spear him. But the soldier's assertion that the native intended to spear him proved to be wrong. He said that as the native noticed that he was aimed at, he ran into the water, a contradiction of the above statement.

In an official report to the Protector, Mr Moorhouse, Schurmann wrote: 'I left the party next morning and came to town, feeling it inconsistent with my missionary character and good faith with the natives to witness such actions.'

From subsequent accounts of the activities of the police parties, it appears there was a continuing spate of 'such actions'. Reports on these came to hand from time to time. Natives were shot down and others taken prisoner, then later released. Anxious to find reliable news about many of the people he knew, Schurmann sought information from released prisoners.

May 9. This morning I went to see the natives released from captivity to find out about them for myself. Wornama told me that the following natives had been shot: Ngulga, Munta, Tubu, and two children named Tyilye and Tallerilla, aged ten and 12 years. Munta and Tubu accompanied us to Mallei (in the search party which left on April 2), and the former was in my house when the news arrived of Biddle's murder. So heinous are the Whites! Mr Driver said the butchery will continue until they hand over the guilty ones. But it hasn't even been proved that the guilty ones are among them. It is possible, as they insist, that the real murderers are somewhere in the north.

Schurmann wrote in similar vein to Mr Moorhouse. Here is an extract from his report dated May 18:

The natives of Port Lincoln are divided into two tribes called Nauo and Parnkalla. The former live on the coast to the south-west of the settlement and live chiefly on fish, are generally a strong race and often meet in large bodies not unlike the natives of Encounter Bay. The males have a small ring or circle engraved on each shoulder.
The Parnkalla spread to the north beyond Franklin Harbour and the interior. It is divided into two smaller tribes, Wambiri Yurrarri (Coast people) and Battara Yurrarri (Gum tree people) from their living in the interior where gums are plentiful. The two tribes mix occasionally.
The natives maintain that Mr Brown's and Mr Biddle's Station murders were by an inland tribe.

This was followed by another report dated May 26.

Sir,
As the *Governor Gawler* is still in the harbour, I take the opportunity to inform you of the result of an expedition against the native murderers since writing my last report to you.
On the 20th of the present month, a party consisting of thePolice Force in P.L. and several volunteers left the town in search of the murderers. Two days after I was requested by a note from Mr Driver to come to Pillaworta in order to communicate with a prisoner the party hade made and supposed to be one of the murderers.
On my arrival I found that the prisoner was Ngarka, a native of the Eastern Coast tribe and the head that had been taken from a man who was shot and which was shown to me I recognized as that of Ngulga, a native of the same tribe. Neither of these men was ever accused of having been implicated in the murders.

A quantity of European property taken from Pillaworta and found in the camp where Ngarka was apprehended, was admitted to have been stolen by Ngulga and others who escaped, but he (Ngarka) asserts that he was on the coast fishing at the time when the robbery was committed.

A party of soldiers left in charge of Pillaworta station state that on the 8th inst. a number of natives came to them, among whom were Kungta and Turba, and who called out their names given to them by the soldiers, viz. 'One Eye' and 'Monkey Face', that they fired at the natives and brought two down when the latter threw spears at them and compelled them to run, seeing that they were surrounding them. Ngarka does not know of any of his tribe having been killed or wounded, except Ngulga, and the whole statement of the soldiers does not appear very coherent or clear.
It is not my province to give an opinion as to the propriety of taking the head from the body of a dead native, but I certainly think it my duty to acquaint you with the barbarous and revolting treatment of it at Pillaworta of which I was witness. The soldiers and policemen stuck the head on a pole and put it on an old pig sty, forcing a short clay pipe between the teeth. I remonstrated with the Lieutenant against the impropriety of such conduct but could not prevail on him to put a stop to it. That conduct of this kind is not calculated to restore harmony between the white and black population of Port Lincoln I need not say, and it would therefore be desirable if a repetition of similar occurrences could be prevented.

A native boy, who had been captured by the party before they fell in with the tribe, is retained in jail with the view I believe of being sent to you. The destruction and removal of the innocent, or at least less guilty natives, while those who have taken lives escape with impunity, besides some other circum-stances are gradually convincing me that my presence will not much longer be wanted in this part of the province.
I have a good deal more to say but I hope soon to be able to communicate with you by word of mouth.

The poor communications between Port Lincoln and Adelaide also meant that Schurmann did not know, until later, of efforts made in that city on behalf of the Lutheran missionaries. Because of the financial crisis in the Colony, no further Government help was being given, and nor could the assistance previously forthcoming from Mr Angas be continued. The Society in Dresden was helping, but only in a small way.

In Adelaide, a public meeting was sponsored by the Advocate General, W. Smillie, and seven clergy, seeking support for the missionaries. This was held on June 6, 1842., and the *South Australian* carried a report on the meeting in its issue of the following day. At the meeting, it was moved by the Revd N. Farrell, seconded by Alderman Peacock, that

> this meeting cordially bear testimony to the unobtrusive zeal, energy and fidelity with which, under many difficulties and discouragements, these ends [mission work among the natives] have been followed out by Messrs. Teichelmann, Schurmann, Klose and Meyer, whose exclusive devotion to the field of labour assigned to them, has been most exemplary and deserves the best thanks of the community.

The meeting supported this with practical measures. A 'South Australian Missionary Society to aid the German Missionaries to the Aborigines' was formed, and one aim of this body was for each missionary to receive not less than £100 per annum.

How heartening, in those times of crisis and hardship, such support must have been for the missionaries.

(v)

In July of that year, 1842, Schurmann was recalled to Adelaide to act as Court Interpreter at the trial of natives charged with stealing.

Things in Adelaide were different from conditions two years earlier. Ex-Governor Gawler had gone, and Governor George Grey was in

office. Grey, it will be remembered, had earlier published a Vocabulary of Aboriginal dialects in Western Australia and had encouraged Schurmann in his publication. Since then, Grey had travelled back to England, where he received his appointment as the new Governor of the Colony, then boarded ship to return to Australia, bearing with him the dismissal notice for Governor Gawler.

Grey at once set about slashing costs, and Schurmann's own position as Deputy Protector was to be one of the many posts subsequently wiped out.

But first he faced the Governor in an interview as a result of the reports on police action he had forwarded to Mr Moorhouse. His Excellency questioned Schurmann's comment on the shooting of a native by a member of the party on April 2, and then asked him to confirm his verbal answer in writing to Mr Moorhouse.

Schurmann did this under date July 14:

> Sir,
> His Excellency the Governor having at a late interview enquired of me whether the Natives had made no resistance when pursued by Mr Driver's party on April 2, of which no mention had been made in my report dated May 18th, I beg to state the fact of two spears having been thrown at one of the party was communicated to me by the individual at whom they were thrown and I fully believe his statement. I saw a shot fired at a native before any spear was thrown, but I do not know that the native was killed. The Europeans were naturally in a high state of excitement and at seeing the natives in possession of the spoils fired almost involuntarily.
>
> I have the honour to be Sir,
> Your most obedient Servant,
> C.W. Schurmann

It was probably the trend of the same interview with His Excellency that persuaded the missionary, on his return to Port Lincoln, to submit a report to officialdom on native feeling and rumour. His source of information was the usual news supplier, Yutalta. The memorandum was dated October 4, 1842.

> Port Lincoln. To the Government Resident, Mr Driver.
>
> I hereby forward for the Governor, a statement from the native Yutalta re the feelings of the natives. He says that more of the murderers have died from wounds, but are not intimidated, and in summer when interior water is scarce, and they fire country for wallaby, they will come down to Port Lincoln.
>
> Two relatives of Tubulta who was shot in the unfortunate affair of Port Lincoln proper, are gone to the Ngannityiddi tribe, n.w. of Coffin Bay, in order to get them to revenge the death of Tubulta. Bent on hostilities against white people generally, they have particularly threatened to spear Kungka, Yutalta and myself, the two former because they have lived so long away, and me because I talked the language whereby the whites had found them.
>
> Yutalta declares he will spear a woman of the above tribe in order to have his revenge, for a threat is in the estimation of the natives, almost tantamount to actual murder.

Schurmann was involved at this time in a search for Mr C.C. Dutton and his party. Dutton, who with Dr Harvey had first welcomed the missionary on his arrival at Port Lincoln two years previously, had been a prominent figure at the settlement, and his name appears often in the diary.

He is also mentioned frequently in early colonial records. Geoffrey Dutton, in his biography of Eyre, questions the character of C.C. Dutton, and briefly but emphatically points out that he was no relation of F.S. Dutton, his contemporary.

C.C. Dutton had been experimenting with both crops and stock in an endeavour to establish a farm at Pillaworta. (The site of the old Pillaworta station is not far from the town of Tumby Bay.) Now, like so many others of the early settlers, he had decided to return to the more civilized and comfortable fields nearer Adelaide. But unlike others, he had attempted an overland trek, hoping thus to retain more of his possessions and livestock than would have been possible had he journeyed on a seagoing vessel.

With four other men to make his party, he had set off in June, his aim being to travel north to the top of the Gulf, then turn south to Adelaide, roughly the course followed today by the excellent highways. In September, the vessel *Governor Gawler* brought among its mail a letter from Adelaide to Mr Driver, the Government Resident, advising that nothing had been heard of Dutton or his party. Driver's subsequent actions were summed up in the following report to the Colonial Secretary, dated October 7, 1842.

> Finding on last arrival of the *Governor Gawler* from Adelaide that nothing had been heard of Mr Dutton and his four men who left Port Lincoln on their way thither so long ago as 22/6/42, I endeavoured to form a party to search for them. After extreme difficulty in obtaining even five horses (two of which are ponies belonging to myself) I left Port Lincoln on 27/9 accompanied by Schurmann, the native Yutalta, two police and a man Stewart.
>
> We followed Dutton's tracks 90 or 100 miles. Our horses were unequal to further journey, so we commenced our return on the fourth day – a necessity deeply regretted, having met Narqueta [*sic*] (the native lately tried in Adelaide) who had seen tracks of men and cattle further on, and also tracks of the volunteer and police party which left Adelaide in search of Dutton.
>
> I regret that it is almost impossible to mount a party in consequence of the almost total absence of serviceable horses.
>
> Chas Driver,
> Government Resident.

As this little party returned to Port Lincoln, it was to be the first, and though tired, sun-scorched, and hungry, the least physically affected of three companies all engaged in fruitless search for C.C. Dutton. The second and third parties, both from Adelaide, struggled into the settlement ten days and about a fortnight later respectively, each right at the end of their physical resources and food and water supplies. Their clothes were reduced to tatters and their boots were without soles, though still worn for some protection for the lower legs.

The third and last of these parties was led by Edward Eyre and, though the explorer had been through a trying experience, as he recovered Schurmann was pleased for the further opportunity of fraternizing with him.

As for the fate of Dutton, as time went by natives at the settlement brought in stories of tracks seen in the bush, and so on, and Mr Driver asked Schurmann to interpret any of these which seemed significant in a written account. He submitted the following letter to Driver under the date of February 22, 1843.

> In accordance with your request I forward a statement of the information derived during the last week from our friendly natives, relative to the late Mr C.C. Dutton and his party.
> They say that Ngayalta and other natives, living a long way to the north, fell in with Dutton's party when they were still living, and that they carried water to them in their camp, for which they received bread. The natives then advised them to go back, because further ahead there was no water, but they persisted in going on, saying in English, 'No, no, Adelaide, Adelaide'.
> Some time after the same natives found the dray sticking fast in a rocky creek, and close to it, the camps of Dutton's party, their tarpaulin being tied to some trees to serve as an awning. The party however had left this and sought shelter severally under some shady bushes in the neighbourhood, where they were found dead. They had been digging for water without success. The natives helped themselves to the clothing that was lying about, but neither touched what the men had on) the bodies being already too far decomposed) nor the flour, because they did not know how to use it. They, however, went back

afterwards for the flour, when they had heard from other natives how to convert it into bread. The cattle had all gone back to the south, but whether the party had killed any for the sake of their blood the natives could not say.
Our natives can neither name nor define the fatal spot any further than that it is to the north of Pe-Pu-ngu or Mount Young.
When I acquainted them that near this hill the tracks of the cattle had been seen, but not the dray track, and that consequently the dray could not have gone so far, they answered that the dray went more inland over the hills while the cattle were driven along the coast and that the party subsequently joined. I also hinted to them whether Ngayalta and his comrades might not have killed the party when exhausted for the sake of the clothes, but they deny this, very positively.
I should not omit to say that the above statement is derived from the third mouths, our natives not having heard it from the eye-witnesses, but from an intervening tribe. This circumstance accounts for the want of more particulars.

Following the unsuccessful attempts by Lieutenant Hugonin's party to 'round up' the sought-after criminal natives, the Governor despatched two top police officials to supervise the mounted police at Port Lincoln and to exert every effort to capture the guilty parties.

The chose two were both distinguished figures. In command was Major O'Halloran, Police Commissioner, who, as stated earlier, during the governorship of Gawler had been entrusted with an authority rarely extended outside the established courts – authority to try, sentence, and execute Aborigines he found guilty of crime. O'Halloran's diary of his time in Port Lincoln has been quoted by both Bull and Tolmer. Bull, in acknowledging use of the diary, adds that O'Halloran was in the district 'to endeavour to catch and hold natives, naked and greasy', but does not say whether this phrasing was a quote from the diary.

Tolmer's two-volume account of his own 'Adventurous and Chequered Career', though wordy and self-opinionated, still makes entertaining reading and an important contribution to early South Australian history. Pleased for the appointment to go to Port Lincoln, Tolmer held hopes 'of having a brush with the blacks and some exciting fun'.

The two officials embarked from Adelaide on November 7, 1842, reaching Port Lincoln on the tenth, when O'Halloran at once set about organizing his campaign. He called Schurmann, requesting information on the Battara tribe. Then he informed the missionary that he wanted him to join his party.
Schurmann was strongly opposed to this. He told the Major that, while he respected the office and duties of the police, he was not a policeman himself, but a peaceful missionary, who moved among the natives unarmed. He wished to gain the confidence of these people, not appear to them as an informer. It was already difficult enough to win their friendship.

But O'Halloran pressed his point, and Schurmann reluctantly agreed to go along. Of this, O'Halloran wrote in his diary:

The party consists of Inspector Tolmer and five constables, Mr Driver, the Resident, Mr Schurmann, the Missionary Protector, and Messrs Hawson and McEllister, who accompany me as volunteers. Before I started I had a long conversation with the Protector, who exhibited great reluctance to accompany the party when he became acquainted with the strict orders under which the party were held to act. He at length consented to join the party; nevertheless, if he had declined, I should have used my powers and compelled him to proceed as interpreter.

His original residence was at Happy Valley, where he had cultivated a small patch of ground, and had a promising crop of wheat growing, but, in fear of the natives, had taken up his residence in the township. A Protector is of no use if he is afraid to live and mix amongst the natives to whom he has been sent. To place himself between the settlers and Aboriginals, and to mediate and reconcile differences, and by his politic training to

> lead those among whom he should be able at all times to mix and to exercise pacific habits – such a man so placed would do more to keep up peaceful relations between the white and coloured races than sections of military or police forces.

With this report, the writer rather loses his credibility, even though the latter section reads almost as though he had borrowed the thoughts expressed by Schurmann himself. He says nothing of the real reason behind the missionary's wish not to accompany the party, a wish resulting from past experience and an intention not to witness further brutality.

It is certain that Schurmann never showed cowardice or irrational fear in his dealings with the natives. He mingled with them freely from day to day, and it was always his stated ambition to move away from

the white settlement into an area zoned for Aboriginal occupancy.

Major O'Halloran went on:

> More than half the [Port Lincoln] houses have been abandoned, and the remainder are barricaded to protect the occupants against the attacks or natives. I believe they have no more reason to fear an attack than the inhabitants of Adelaide have. The timid conduct of the settlers in leaving their stations, with a few honourable exceptions, has emboldened the natives.

His honourable exceptions, no doubt, would have included the late Messrs and Biddle.
O'Halloran's diary went on to give an account of his party's unsuccessful attempts to apprehend the murderers. After nine days, the search was abandoned.

In 1843, Schurmann had interested the natives in agriculture. He had access to an 80-acre area, at the foot of a hill on the north coast, about two miles from the town. He chose a team of six natives, all of whom showed a willingness to work.
A block of about six acres was selected, and this was first cleared, then fenced. The men worked under his supervision, and he was pleased with the standard maintained. As winter came, they dug and hoed approximately two-and-a-half acres, and then wheat was sown. It was at this stage that Schurmann was called again to Adelaide for court duties as an interpreter, the authorities insisting that 'there is no other individual able to interpret that dialect'.

Influenced by the success with the natives in their agricultural enterprises, he outlined his ambitions in an interview with His Excellency, Governor Grey.
Grey does not seem to have been impressed with Schurmann's idea of setting up a native commune, no doubt because of his campaign to keep down costs. However, he did show interest in an alternative scheme of the missionary's to open a school for native children in Port Lincoln, and invited him to set out his plans in detail and submit them to Mr Moorhouse. Schurmann did so in a submission dated July 27.

> To Mr Moorhouse.
>
> Adelaide.
>
> Sir,
> His Excellency the Governor having directed me to confer with you upon the subject of a school for native children in Port Lincoln, similar to the one established [here] in the Native Location, I hereby forward to you my view and such information as I think bears upon the subject.
>
> I think it would not be difficult to collect one or two dozen children, by far the greater number of whom would be boys, they being more numerous and also more in the habit of visiting the town than girls.
>
> The annual cost of maintenance for each child I have computed at the following rate:

10 lb. of ration flour per week, 520 lb per year	£2. 10. 0
$3^1/_2$ lb. of meat per week, 182 lbs. per year	3. 0. 0
Clothing, slates, paper, etc. per year	1. 0. 0
	£6. 10. 0

This would be the minimum sum required for feeding and clothing only …

Although I shall be glad if an opportunity is offered me of employing my time usefully in the town of Port Lincoln, I cannot help to impress again upon your mind the necessity of forming a separate Settlement for the Aborigines, which should be chosen in such a locality as not to interfere with the stations of the Colonists. Settling and many other advantages would accrue to the natives from such a measure. I beg to mention only this, that if a school were established in connexion with a Settlement for the adult natives, the children might be employed in gardening and in several other ways the knowledge acquired by the scholars might be rendered both instructive and useful to the adults.

If however present circumstances or want of means should not permit the adoption of this plan, I shall endeavour to make the best of what the government may please to do. Only I wish to point out the object should always be kept in mind and which, I feel persuaded, will ultimately have to be carried out, if the Aborigines of this province are to be reclaimed from the present deplorable conditions.

I have the honour to be Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
C.W. Schurmann.

Adelaide, 1844 – Torrens near reed beds, by George French Angas (Mortlock Library)

He wrote another letter that day. As already stated, one of the attackers engaged in the massacre at Mr Biddle's station, who was later arrested and sent to Adelaide, was Ngarbi (Little Jemmy). He was tried in the Supreme Court. The jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of guilty, and Ngarbi was sentenced to death. In Adelaide Schurmann visited Ngarbi in his cell. Subsequently he submitted a humble petition to His Excellency, through Mr Moorhouse, to spare the life of Ngarbi. This read in part:

> I interviewed poor Ngarbi yesterday (July 26) when unexpected and affecting statements were voluntarily made by him which I feel it is my duty to forward.
> Ngarbi said: 'Where shall I die? The others [meaning his fellow prisoners] say I shall die here. I feel lonely here, tell the white people to send me to Port Lincoln and let me die there where Ngultye and my friends have died before me.'
> When I asked why he had speared these friendly people and why he had not dissuaded the others from their hostile intentions, he expressed by words and gestures regret, adding: 'The others encouraged me, saying, Spear them, that we may eat the sweet food, flour, continually. Potatoes are no good. thereby my liver [which is the seat of the feelings in the natives' opinion] became hostile. Mr Biddle and the rest were friendly people, truly, why did I spear them ? Indeed I would ask the same question. I shall die now, but tell the whites thus: Ngarbi

feels lonely to die here, take him to Port Lincoln and let him die there.'

In conclusion I may say that the impression conveyed to my mind by the above statement and the poor man's whole demeanour was that his motive for making this confession was not the hope of being reprieved but to give expression to feelings which he wished to unbosom before he died.

C.W.S.

With this petition, Schurmann submitted seven reasons for soliciting mercy. An example is the sixth reason:

Whatever a majority of the older natives decide upon must be carried out if practicable by the younger men. The whole of the tribe agreed to attack Mr Biddle's station. It was with them a tribal (national) decision and he could not have prevented the attack had he been so disposed.

The petition was of no avail. Ngarbi was hanged in Adelaide on August 1. Tolmer wrote of the execution:

The ground was kept by a party of the mounted police under my command. In consequence of the inclemency of the weather, the attendance of spectators was not so numerous as was usual at such exhibitions.

Schurmann spent nearly a full year in Adelaide before he was able to return to Port Lincoln. Court duties, personal financial hardship, and other matters combined to delay his return. However, he was not idle in the colony's capital. Luckily he had all the notes and material he had compiled on the language of the Port Lincoln natives, and he took the opportunity, with the governor's support, to prepare these for the press. The book was published in 1844.

As he planned for his return to the Port Lincoln field, he again appealed for financial aid for the succour of the Aborigines in that area. His letter, directed through Mr Moorhouse, was influenced by what he had observed of the natives in the Adelaide zone. It said, in part:

Without concentration [of natives in a selected area] it is impossible to withdraw or protect from this contact with Europeans which has hitherto almost in every instance been productive of begging, pilfering, prostitution, robbing and even murder, and which might be considerably if not alto-gether prevented by adopting the proposed plan or similar.

Unless concentrated in agricultural settlement and induced to maintain themselves, it seems probable that the Government expenditure will be protracted to an indefinite period and perhaps only end when the whole race shall become extinct, whereas if they were instructed to produce their own food, the government expense, though heavy at first, would be of short duration.

I may add that in most other British and foreign colonies where the Governments have Aboriginal races, they have sooner or later found it advisable to assist settlement in villages. Settlement of Indians in Canada and remnants of the formerly wretched Hottentots in the Cape Colony are instances of the glorious results of such measures.

Reasons seem sufficiently strong to justify the attempt. The natives' character and social condition are such that they will give way to a determined and lasting impulse. There is no interest of chiefs or families to be consulted or opposed, no national prejudice or jealousy to be removed – the only obstacles are predilection for a wandering life and indolence counterbalanced by their known partiality for European food and clothing.

Besides, the Aborigines themselves are not so stupid or indolent that they might not be made to understand and appreciate their own advantage.

In case the above plan were adopted it would become necessary to prevent the natives from begging and working with Europeans unless they entered into a regular agreement with them. All presents from the Government in food or clothing should not only be given at the settlement as rewards for good

> conduct and industry. If a system were introduced which would leave to every native but this alternative, either to live as a savage in the bush, or to attach himself to a settlement of his own compeers where he would be sure to meet with kind and judicious treatment, I should think that satisfactory results must follow.

In forwarding this communication to the Colonial Secretary, Mr Moorhouse said in his covering letter: 'Mr Schurmann is still in Adelaide if His Excellency should wish to see him …'

Subsequently, Schurmann visited at Government House at 10 o'clock on the morning of May 20. All that came out of the meeting was information that no money was available for his proposals. He was assured that if, after a lapse of time, conditions should change, his suggestions would be given further consideration.

He arranged a berth on the next vessel bound for Port Lincoln.

(vi)

As the missionary set foot on firm soil at Port Lincoln, he could not help but remember his first arrival, nearly four years before. Then he had been met and made to feel welcome by Mr C.C. Dutton and Dr Harvey. Now both of these gentlemen had gone; Dutton had been lost in his attempt to travel by land to Adelaide, and Dr Harvey, with whom Schurmann had had so much to do and to whom he owed so much, had died during the previous year.

Harvey had been pre-deceased by his wife, a lady of whom Schurmann always spoke highly. She was also praised in the pages of *Family Life in South Australia* (Mrs Watts), where it is said that she died from consumption, a hereditary complaint in her family, in December 1842.

Her husband died a few months later, according the same historian, 'from a surfeit of water melon', but officially from a hernia. The book's previous remarks about the doctor are less than kind, and evidence some prejudice against him. It is suggested that he was inconsiderate and neglectful of his lady's well-being. Therefore it was pleasing to record in this biography the earlier account from Missionary Schurmann's diary of the doctor rushing to his wife's protection when she was assailed by the native Marsa.

There were also other changes among the Port Lincoln populace. But what most disturbed Schurmann were the things he learnt concerning what was happening to the natives about the settlement. He had not been back for long when he sat down and penned this letter to friends in Adelaide:

> … You will probably recollect that sometime ago, (I think in the month of May) the Adelaide newspapers contained a short notice of a Port Lincoln native having been shot by the police in self defence, and a letter in the *Observer* mentioned another a being shot by Mr ----, but as the charitable correspondent added, 'Unfortunately only in the arm, instead of through the body.' From these statements one would infer that the parties concerned in these transactions were without blame, being perfectly justified - the one to protect his life, the other his property.
>
> However, since my return to Port Lincoln, I have learned that both tales run very differently when told according to truth. I address myself therefore, to you, with the true facts of the transaction, as I have learned them, partly from the settlers themselves, partly from the natives. My motive for so doing is to ease my own mind, and to gratify the interest which I know you take in the Aborigines of this country.
>
> The man shot by the police was named Padlate, and was of so mild and inoffensive a disposition that he was generally noticed by the settlers on that very account, several of whom I have heard say since, it was a pity that some other native had not been hit in his stead. The same man was captured last year by Major O'Halloran's party, but was set at liberty as soon as I came up and testified his innocence, for which the poor fellow kissed my hand a dozen times.

The day before he met his death he was as usual in the town doing little jobs for the inhabitants to get bread or other food. On the evening when he was killed, he had encamped with about half a dozen other natives on the northern side of Happy Valley, a short mile from the town. The police who were sent by the Government Resident to see what number of natives were at the camp, state, that while searching the native's knapsack he seized hold of one gun and when the other policeman came up to wrest it from him, he, the native, grasped the other gun, too. In the scuffle that ensued, one of the guns went off, when the other natives who had fled returned and presented their spears. They then shot the native who held the gun.

Now this statement is a very strange one, when it is considered that the native was a very spare and weak man, so that either of the police ought to have been able to keep him at arm's length; but to say that he seized both their guns is beyond all credibility. The natives were sitting down when the police arrived. How they could therefore find a knapsack upon the murdered man I cannot conceive, since the natives never have their knapsacks slung, except when moving, and it certainly is not probable that the man, in spite of the fright he is admitted to have been in, should have thought of taking up his knapsack.

The knapsack is said to have contained some sovereigns, taken from the cutter *Kate*, which was wrecked some time previous to this affair, about 40 miles up the coast, and to have been one of those marked by the police at a native camp near the wreck from which the natives had been scared away, leaving all their things behind. But if the murdered native had taken the sovereigns, why were they not then in his knapsack, or why was the knapsack not examined the day before when he was in town ?

Another native, Charley, who was present when the said affair took place, tells me that the police sneaked upon and fired at them, whilst sitting round the fire, that he jumped up and endeavoured to make himself known as a friendly native by saying 'Yarri', (that is the name the natives have given to one of the police,) 'Yarri, I Charley, I Charley', but that the effect produced had been the pointing of a gun at him, when of course he ran away.

That any of the natives returned and poised their spears he firmly denies, but accounts for the murder by supposing the dead man made resistance, and offered to spear his assailants. He moreover says that Padlata would not have died in consequence of the first shot, but that the police fired repeatedly, which agrees with the settlers, who say they heard three shots. When the bloody deed had been committed (a ball had passed right through his body) the cruel perpetrators ran home, leaving the murdered man helpless.

Some time after, a party of three settlers went to the spot, one of whom he recognized, and claimed his acquaintance, and perhaps assistance, by mentioning the party's christian name, but alas! no good Samaritan was found amongst these three; they all passed by on the other side without alleviating his pain, moistening his parched lips, warming his shuddering limbs, or aiding him in any way whatever. There he lay a whole cold and long winter night, without a fire to warm him or a soul to talk to him. Next morning he was found still alive, but died on the way into town, where he was buried in the jail yard, like a condemned felon.

What awful and melancholy reflections crowd upon one's mind in thinking of this transaction. But what conclusion must a poor people, whom a Christian civilization calls savages, arrive at, with such facts before them.

The other native, wounded by Mr --- in the arm, was doubtless of the party who attacked the flock; but it must have been some hours after that he was shot, for the shepherd had to come home with the flock to inform him of the occurrence, and then search and pursuit had to be made, during which he was overtaken. He is a stupid, idiotic sort of man, so that the natives have not deemed him worthy of receiving the honours of their ceremonies, and still call him a boy or youth, although he is an oldish man.

On another occasion, when an uninhabited hut with some wheat in it had been broken into by some unknown natives, a

party went in search of the offenders. It was night when they came on a camp on the opposite side of the lake to where the hut stands; the natives, acting upon the first impulse, and warned by frequent examples, ran away, when two of the party snapped their pieces, but providentially both guns missed fire. The natives, however, soon took confidence and returned, when it was found that two of the most orderly and useful men would have been shot if the guns had gone off. The party took upon themselves to make one of them prisoner, but of course did not venture to bring him before the magistrate.

These facts incontestably prove that, notwithstanding the Aborigines are so-called British subjects, and in spite of the so-called protection systems, there is no shadow of protection for them, while they are debarred from the first and most important of all liberties, namely, that of being heard in a Court of Civil Justice.

Several instances have occurred during my residence in this district, in which natives have been arraigned before the administrators of the law, although I was morally convinced of their innocence; in other cases, they have sought redress through me, for wanton attacks on their person and lives, without being listened to.

Only a few weeks ago a native was very nearly taken up on the charge of having thrown a spear at Mr Smith's shepherd without, however, any felonious intent, the distance being too great. This circumstance saved the man, or else he would, no doubt, have been tried and found guilty on the shepherd's evidence, who would not allow that he had been mistaken in the individual, although the accused native came boldly into town and court (a circumstance that has never before occurred since I have known these natives,) although he was an intimate friend of the shepherd and his wife, and although all the other natives could prove where he had been at the time of the attack on the flock, and state who were the guilty parties.

For those who have had an opportunity of observing the Aborigines in their original state, it is not very difficult t o distinguish the guilty from the innocent, for they are a simple-minded race, little skilled in the art of dissimulation.

It is bad enough that a great part of the colonists are inimical to the natives; it is worse that the law, as it stands at present, does not extend its protection to them, but it is too bad when the press lends its influence to their destruction. When Messrs Biddle and Brown were murdered, the newspapers entertained their readers week after week with the details of the bloody massacre, heaping a profusion of epithets upon the perpetrators.

But of the slaughter by the soldiers (who killed no less than four innocent natives while they captured not one guilty party) among the tribes who had had nothing to do with the murders – of the treachery of attacking in the darkness of night, a tribe who had the day before been hunting kangaroos with their informers, when one of the former guides to the magistrate's pursuing party was killed among others, of the wanton outrage on the mutilated body of one of the victims; of these things the press was as silent as the grave.

The missionary was desperately anxious to improve the lot of the natives and to establish some system that would enable them to live full and satisfying lives, a need now greater than ever, since so much had been taken from them. He felt he had lost on every endeavour to tap available means of financial assistance. Government allowances and assistance from Mr Angas or from church bodies and groups in Adelaide now were just not forthcoming. Every previous source of supply had dried up.

As a last hope, he wrote to his friends in Dresden, Germany, appealing for their aid.

The natives often tell me that they would assemble and settle in Kunta, a favourable place of resort for them, about 30 English miles from here, if I would live there, procure oxen, ploughs and other implements necessary for agriculture and would direct them. I know but too well from experience that no imp-

licit reliance can be placed on the promises of the natives, as they are accustomed always to give way to their wishes at the present moment, yet it is my opinion that in this instance they would show some earnestness and that the limited number of European settlers is to be regarded as a very favourable circumstance.
These considerations induce me to submit to the Governor [the plan] I have mentioned above. I often think, dear Brethren, whether you as a committee and with the credit and guarantee connected therewith, should not be able to effect something with the Government in behalf of the settling of the native tribes.
All that is required is a District of Land, if possible isolated, draught oxen, agricultural implements, and provisions for one year. Delay will render such a settlement more difficult as the people accustom themselves to wander about among the Europeans instead of roving through the waste country, as may be seen in the Adelaide tribes.

That letter was sent in August 1844. it travelled through usual channels, and apparently received prompt and obliging attention from his brethren in Germany. But their answer also followed the established lines of communication, and it was over a year before it reached him in Port Lincoln.
If many of his former European friends were no longer resident in Port Lincoln, at least among the natives were some he had known almost from the start of his life in the settlement. In a diary account of a fracas just before Christmas that year, we find the ever-conspicuous Yutalta in a leading role. The account also mentions Blacks new to the missionary.

December 23. In the evening, a number of natives came into town. Most were strangers to me. Shortly after their arrival a wild and violent quarrel broke out. I thought that a full-scale battle was imminent, and I approached them with the warning that they should not fight in the town, as they would be turned away. They gave me to understand that they simply wished to express their anger against the Battara Yurrarri, one

of whom, Tynalta, had recently speared Pilgalta in the knee. Pilgalta still lies lame in his camp.

Hardly had calm restored when Tynyalta started a new quarrel with his wife, and with Yutalta's young wife, a relative of his, about not getting enough to eat. Some tried to stop him, but eventually he hit Yutalta's wife on the hand, and she burst into loud howling. So far, Yultalta had been ignoring the whole thing, but now he intervened.

He and Tynyalta parried with their *wirris*, and hit one another over the head. Yutalta was the taller and had some advantage, and inflicted some severe wounds on his opponent, covering one side of him with blood. They stood so close to each other that their noses seemed to touch, and they screamed insults in as loud a voice as possible.

Evidently Yutalta believed the police would settle things more forcefully than the usually placid missionary. But this was an error of judgment.

I went to Yutalta's wife to examine her wound, when suddenly Tynyalta seized a waddy and hit her. I was so irritated that I seized him and shook him. Although he complained, he didn't have the courage to touch me.

This is a rare account of the missionary's patience and temper giving way.

The newcomers to the settlement brought news. which Schurmann felt was authentic, of who was responsible for the murder of a Mr *[John]* Darke, some 150 miles from Port Lincoln, two months earlier.

Darke, a surveyor, and married to a sister-in-law of Inspector Tolmer, had set out with a small exploratory party from Port Lincoln on August 29. The party met up with natives in October. Mr Darke gave them some food supplies, but they did not seem very interested in these.

On the morning of October 23, Darke left the camp area 'to satisfy a call of nature', and while so engaged he was attacked and speared. His companions heard his cry and ran to his aid, the party's second-in-command, Mr Theakstone, firing his rifle ineffectively at a fleeing native.
Three spears had entered Darke's body, and their removal caused him considerable pain. The suffering man was said to remark that what had just happened settled any doubt about the fate of Mr Dutton and his party. Knowing that he could not survive for long, he pleaded with his companions to take him back to the settlement for burial. He was placed in a dray and the group started off for the settlement, but Mr Darke did not survive for very long, and reluctantly it was decided that he must be buried along the track. The grass around his undisclosed grave was burnt, so that the natives would not locate it and disturb it.

Today a plaque on the road between Port Augusta and Ceduna, some 35 km from Kyancutta, marks the site of the camp. The natives' name for this site was *Worrakatta*, and this is appended in some copies of Schurmann's dictionary of the Parnkalla language.

What the visitors to the settlement now told him was that it was the native Kulkultu, incited by others of his tribe, the Wirkaltas, who had actually committed the murder, 'but they had different answers on the motive. The probability seems to be that the natives wanted his European clothing and were not interested in his food supply.'

Then it was the season of 'Peace on earth, goodwill toward men'.

> December 25. Christmas. Today there were a lot of Blacks assembled, and I told them the story of the Birth, trying to explain how important it was for them. It wasn't easy to keep their attention.

In spite of what was now a crowded life, Schurmann never forgot his primary duty, the reason he had come to Australia, to preach the Christian Gospel. But the circumstances which he would have regarded as ideal for mission work never eventuated. Nor was he ever misled by the response of the natives to some special handout. He wrote:

> The natives have harvested their own wheat in two days, but the proceeds were rather poor, not more than 15 bushels. I distributed their harvest among them on Sunday. Because of that, I had a good attendance, which suited me.
> To preach the Gospel to them is still difficult for me. They listen with interest, particularly when I compare their early conditions with the present ones. Nevertheless, they believe nothing of it. They still steal, lie, quarrel, and so on, as ever before. One point I always have to come back to: One will never achieve a conversion of natives without a continuing instruction in words and deeds, and this can be made possible only in a settlement of their own.

And then it was another year.

> 1845. January 1. A new year has begun. Give me your grace, o beloved Lord and God. Give your blessing to me and also to the ones I care for. Give me the strength to deal with these rough natives with foresight, indulgence, love, and Christian earnestness.
>
> January 2. All the natives left the town. They moved to my favourite place called Kunta, approximately 30 miles from here, where they were to meet the Parnkallas from the north, for the initiation of our young men. Mr Driver and I followed them, because both of us desired to watch this performance of their custom.
> Next morning there was to be an assembly of some 150 natives, but today was only a day for renewing acquaintances, for making arrangements, and to settle an old quarrel. This was over nothing less than a murder and seemed to cause some problems, but ended when the avenger, the brother of the murdered man, threw a spear at the murderer, who did not throw one back, so the avenger was satisfied.
> Then another bad quarrel started among old acquaintances of ours, begun by children, which caused many bloody heads. It

is dreadful to see and hear the raging and noise of the men, but worse is the howling of women and children, and even more so when it occurs in the darkness of the night, as on this occasion. Suddenly, in the light of the fire, an angry figure flashes into view. A quarrelsome boy was the cause of all the trouble, and when a North man threw a spear at him, which he avoided, he came running to me for help and protection. I knew I had nothing to fear, except perhaps a club thrown aimlessly, so I approached the fighters.
Sometimes, when the natives are tired of fighting but their pride will not allow them to stop, they willingly accept the intervention of an outsider and peace is restored. But if the fight is running hot, they hear only the voice of passion.

Next morning, January 4, was the anticipated initiation.

Natives prepared for ceremonial dances, and Coffin Bay and Port Lincoln natives in three stages of initiation (lower right), by George French Angas (Mortlock Library)

George French Angas (Mortlock Library)

The ceremony is described in detail in *The Aboriginal Tribes of Port Lincoln* (See Chapter Five).

In his personal notes, in describing the decoration of male dancers, Schurmann adds:

> When applying the garland of curlew or eagle feathers around their upper face, for paste to fix the feathers, they use blood taken from the sex organ of one of them, necessitating a painful injury to the supplier.

The initiation ceremonies, dancing, and other such activities by various tribes continued at least until January 12. At this time, Schurmann wrote:

> The local settlers have made more use of the natives this summer as reapers and threshers, to the advantage of both sides. The colonists are learning to appreciate the usefulness of the natives, but still have to learn more of the natives' customs and to allow for the development of their working skills.

He also tells of two Port Lincoln natives recently released from prison.

> One of them has returned to Port Lincoln, and seems willing to stay. He has adopted some Christian principles taught to him by fellow prisoners, and speaks of these with great zeal among his native friends. This makes him, so to speak, a collaborator with me.
> The other one has 'gone bush' – which is how a journey to the interior is referred to her – to visit his two wives, after which he says he will come back.

There is also a reference to a visit by the Governor, but Schurmann expresses regret that His Excellency used the time for a visit to the interior, 'so I did not have the opportunity to pursue my request for the establishment of a school at this place'. He writes of

> the young artist Angas, eldest son of Mr Angas in London, who came here with the Governor and stayed on for a time. He made a few drawings of natives, in which I helped him. And he also recorded comments about their customs and attitudes to use in his intended book about Australia.

George French Angas subsequently did write an account of his travels, calling it *Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand*. This was in two volumes, and devotes many pages to his impressions of Port Lincoln and the natives there. He stated:

> During my visit to these people, I obtained some interesting and curious particulars connected with their customs and modes of life, especially through my friend, Mr Schurmann, a Lutheran missionary, who has for some time past been endeavouring, but in vain, to instruct these wild and savage tribes. They appear less tractable than those on the Adelaide side of the gulfs.

Schurmann himself wrote of his own intentions to pen records of native customs.

> For some time I have been considering writing about native customs and have collected data on these, but this is not yet ready for publication. many factors in their lives could be misjudged, particularly concerning their traditions.

There is a report on yet another fight among the natives, this again on account of food distribution.

> On this occasion a young man has been seriously injured in the abdomen. Since then he has been in my house, cared for by me and his mates. It is questionable whether he will survive.

> The day before, on Sunday, I reminded them to show love to one another and particularly to keep the peace, for which the Gospel gives the guidelines. I must say, after my earlier experiences, I had not expected so much compassion and attention as they show to the poor injured man. A reason for this is that he was much liked for his good-hearted and cheerful character.

In September 1845 came the long-awaited reply from the Mission Society in Dresden. It was dated March 5 of that year, written in English, and in clear, elegant, copperplate writing. The society offered £100 for a native Settlement at Port Lincoln if the Colonial Government would meet the same amount. Among the signatories to this letter were the Count of Enseid, the baron of Wirsing, and the Director of the Missionhouse, Dresden.

Schurmann lost no time in forwarding this information to Mr Moorhouse in Adelaide for him to submit to Governor Grey. Some weeks later there was a reply from the Governor, who said that a sum of £200 would go nowhere toward setting up such an establishment to help the natives; he felt that something more like £1500 would be needed. However, as he was about to hand over the reins to the new Governor, Major Robe, he would pass along the request to that man for his attention.

Schurmann was never happy with officialdom's tendency to 'pass along' important matters. There was slow communication between Port Lincoln and Adelaide, and he was concerned that the offer of the Dresden Mission society would go begging if action was not taken soon. He was confident that much could be achieved with £200.

In January of the following year *[1846]*, he wrote again to the Colonial Secretary's office, asking for an indication of whether the £100 was forthcoming. For Schurmann, time and money were running out in every respect, for soon the Dresden Society was to cease all support for Australian missions. In his letter, he hinted that there was no point in his remaining in Port Lincoln if some scheme was not augmented. *[inaugurated?]*

In March 1846, in a communication to the Colonial Secretary regarding the distribution of an annual allowance of £100 among the missionaries, Mr Moorhouse advised that 'Schurmann has now left Port Lincoln'.

(vii)

He did not return to Port Lincoln until December 1848. But the interim period of almost three years was continually eventful for him.

As he left the remote outpost for the more civilized areas of the hub of the colony, he carried a strong urge for independence. Fed up with the continual trial of having to plead for every penny to enable him to fulfil his ambitions and attain the targets he had set, he experienced a reaction, urging him to get out and earn his own living with his own hands and his own talents.

Farming was a logical choice for one of his background. He managed to scrape together a little capital, and in August 1846, he purchased ten acres of land at Encounter Bay from one John Riley. Two factors probably influenced Schurmann in his choice of a site. First was that his good friend and confidant Meyer was then still stationed in the area (although experiencing his own trials and financial difficulties). The second was that another good and understanding friend, Mr Moorhouse, owned land in the area, including the property adjoining Schurmann's, and could advise him on many questions of procedure.

In march of the following year, Schurmann purchased this property from Mr Moorhouse to build up his own farm. Managing a farm seemed the right occupation for this man who had to be always industrious.
In August of 1846 Schurmann was unwittingly involved in church politics, something he had avoided during his service in Port Lincoln. He went, by invitation, to a lively synodical meeting of the Australian Lutheran Church, held at Bethany in the Barossa Valley. A sad touch to his presence on this occasion is that it was at the same place, almost 47 years later, that he died suddenly while attending a Synod.

This earlier meeting was historical because it was there that a split occurred, a schism that rent asunder the Lutheran Church in Australia, a division that was to last for a hundred years.

There were doctrinal differences between the two pioneer pastors, Kavel and Fritzsche, and significantly, the divided forces at this meeting were led by the two ministers. Fritzsche had come to Australia three years later than Kavel, but the two had been firm friends, both in Germany and in this country. Fritzsche's fiancée accompanied him on his outward journey, and the reason they did not marry before this was that he was anxious for his friend to officiate at the marriage ceremony. Accordingly, Pastor Kavel did so on their arrival.

In the areas of religious persecution in Germany, Fritzsche had led the life of a wandering pastor, most of his work being 'undercover' ministering, including to people who had previously been under Kavel's care. Like Kavel, he exerted a major influence in the early history of Lutheranism in Australia.

At the meeting in Bethany, Kavel produced his 'Protestations' against some statements in the Lutheran Confessions, a set of nine questions which he 'wished to be considered in the light of God's Word'. Fritzsche later replied to the Protestations in a treatise of 144 pages.

All four missionaries had been invited to the Bethany Synod by Pastor Fritzsche, who felt they would be able to give Synod the benefit of their knowledge regarding church affairs in Saxony, thus averting the danger of a division which hangs 'threateningly over our heads'. Three of them, Teichelmann, Schurmann, and Klose, attended. Schurmann and Klose appeared to have sat quietly, though typically Teichelmann did address the meeting.

But Schurmann could not have helped comparing the in-fighting that went on with the futile quarrelling he had witnessed among the Blacks, almost as though they were fighting to a formula, that all agreed there must be hostility. And the subjects of the differences were equally petty. At the Synod, even the presence of the mission-aries caused some ill feeling. On one side it was felt that Pastor Fritzsche's invitation to the missionaries to attend was unwise and unbrotherly, that their appearance in this heavily charged atmosphere was inopportune and as provocative as Kavel's Protestations.

Kavel himself condemned the missionaries' presence as being out of order. A violent debate arose on this question, and on the subject of church administration in general. The controversy became so bitter that Kavel and his followers withdrew from the Synod to avoid being

Land Title Certificate [issued to Schurmann, 31.12.1849, to 80 acres 'situate about four miles north from Port Lincoln]

manhandled. However, a commentator recorded that even had the controversy resulting from the missionaries' presence not arisen, a division would have occurred.

In that same year, Schurmann published his important work, *The Aboriginal Tribes of Port Lincoln*. Originally this was issued by G. Dehane, Adelaide, and later included in the volume *[edited by Rev. George Taplin], The Native Tribes of South Australia* (E.W. Wigg & Son, 1879).

For Clamor Schurmann, even more important than the establishment and the completion of a book was the taking unto himself of a wife. He was married to Wilhelmina Charlotte Maschmedt by his good friend Meyer at Encounter Bay on February 11, 1847. This was a fortunate step and a blessed choice, for his beloved 'Minna' was to be at his side, through glad times and hard, for almost all the rest of his life. Those who knew Minna were invariably most generous in their praise. Kind and loving, gentle and placid, but hard-working and willing, she was the ideal *Frau Pastor*.

In those years, Schurmann was engaged but little in work among the natives. During 1847, a native from the Gulf country was to be tried for larceny at an Adelaide court. Without first checking relevant facts, someone in authority subpoenaed Schurmann to act as interpreter at the trial. He duly attended, but quickly found the man charged was not from a tribe with whom he had associated, and his dialect was unintelligible to him.

Subsequently, when Schurmann applied for expenses for the trip to Adelaide and time spent in court, there was a run for cover. A letter from the Advocate General's office to the Colonial Secretary noted

> his [Schurmann's] inability to interpret from his having lost his knowledge of the dialect of the Port Lincoln tribe and it was impossible to put the prisoner on his trial, who was discharged.

This led to a further letter, signed by a Charles Cooper, raising the question of Schurmann deceiving the Government as to his capabilities, but adding: 'I presume from Mr Schurmann's character that he attended because he thought it right and proper to do so.'

Officials in other capacities certainly had not lost faith in Schurmann's ability to understand and associate with the natives. On July 2, 1848, he was offered the new position of Aboriginal Interpreter at Port Lincoln.

Here now was a dilemma. Should he stay on his farm, now promising a degree of comfort and security, or return to the field he knew and had pioneered, and which offered fulfilment of his earliest ambitions, with the advantage this time of at least a minimal income ? An added consideration was that now he was a family man, their first son, Rudolph Heinrich, having been born on March 19 of that year. The offer of the position had come to him from his friend, Mr Moorhouse, the Protector.

The fact that his friend Meyer had left Encounter Bay in April may have influenced his decision. Meyer, like Schurmann, had been struggling against great financial hardship. Every previous means of help had 'dried up', and the missionary sought other means of earning some kind of income. Brauer tells how he introduced a delivery service of his own, carting goods to and from Adelaide to obtain means to continue the mission and to support his wife and family.

Word of his plight reached the congregations of Lutherans in the Barossa Valley, and later a call was extended to him in March 1848 to serve congregations in Bethany and surrounding districts, Hofnungs-

thal and environs, and Lobethal and environs. Meyer accepted the call, and left Encounter Bay the following month.
Schurmann, after some deliberation, wrote to Mr Moorhouse, accepting the position under some conditions of his own. He pointed out that the move from his farm at Encounter Bay would be at some personal sacrifice. He would also need time to dispose of his property and to make other necessary arrangements preparatory to removal, and this could take anything from two to five months.

Other conditions set out in his letter were:

> (1) The Government to bear the expenses of the removal of myself, wife and child, one horse and some moveable property, say one ton, from Encounter Bay to Port Lincoln.
> (2) That whenever my presence is required in Adelaide as Interpreter, either at the Supreme Court or otherwise, the Government pay not only my passage to Adelaide and back to Port Lincoln, but also pay for expenses during my detention in town at the rate that prosecutors and witnesses have their expenses paid by the Supreme Court.
> (3) That the Government guarantee to continue me in the situation for a period of at least five years .
> (4) That for the first year, the Government finds me a house to live in or allow me £10 additional.

This letter received personal attention from His Excellency, Governor Robe. In an instruction to his Colonial Secretary, dated July 31, 1848, he notified that Schurmann be advised on his points of conditions as follows:

> Proposal 1. I cannot undertake to pay the expenses of Mr Schurmann's removal to Port Lincoln … uncertainty as to amount; but I would have no objection to allow him £10 to pay cost of his removal.
> 2. When the services of Mr Schurmann may be required at the Courts of Adelaide, his expenses may be paid at the same rate as that provided for witnesses.
> 3. The Government has no power to confer appointments otherwise than provisionally – there would however be very little chance of the removal of Mr Schurmann, except from some fault of his own.
> 4. I would agree to the 4th proposal and give an allowance of £10 in lieu of house rent for the first year of his residence at Port Lincoln.
>
> (Signed) Fred. Ho. Robe.

Schurmann gave this information due consideration. On August 9 he wrote to Mr Moorhouse:

> I have determined to accept the appointment under the conditions defined. I hope to go in about two months, but I cannot state exact time. Request information of time from which my appointment is to date.

Schurmann, since his arrival in Australia, had dealt with three Governors – Gawler, Grey, and Robe. Dealing with these four proposals must have been one of Governor Robe's last official duties. A fifth Governor of South Australia and the fourth for Schurmann, His Excellency Sir H. Fox Young, had arrived in Adelaide to take up his appointment on August 2. One of his early tasks was dealing with Schurmann's request for information. His terse memo, on the back of the sheet bearing Schurmann's letter, reads:

> Mr Schurmann's salary will commence from the date of his arrival at Port Lincoln and the sooner he goes there the better, as his services are much required.
>
> H.F. Young, 14th August 1848.

However, that was not in the form that Schurmann received the message. The letter he received was wordy, courteous, and cou

> … have the honour to acknowledge receipt of Mr Schurmann's letter of 9th inst. accepting situation as Native Interpreter and requesting he be informed of date of appointment, and I am directed by the Lieutenant Governor to request that you will intimate to that Gentleman, in reply, that he will be returned in the Residency Pay List for salary from the date on which he reports his arrival in Port Lincoln to the Government Resident.

> I am further directed to request that you will express His Excellency's wish that Mr Schurmann should proceed as soon as possible to the scene of his duties as his presence is much required there.

Schurmann, this time not alone but accompanied by a wife and child, arrived back in Port Lincoln on December 12, 1848. In Port Lincoln itself, relationships between the Blacks and Whites may have improved. But in remote areas, away from the settlement and occupied only by an occasional station, further atrocities had occurred and were to occur. Tolmer went so far as to say that 'a reign of terror' prevailed.

In June 1848, before Schurmann's return, a shepherd, John Hamp, had been murdered by natives. The attackers had mutilated the body, cutting off the victim's head with a saw. Schurmann shared the general horror at this barbarity, but for him there were recollections of a similar mutilation by white soldiers and a recognition that this atrocity may not have been an original idea of the Blacks.

The Government, to combat the prevailing conditions, despatched Inspector Tolmer to organize additional police buildings and strength in the area. With a detachment of police and horses, Tolmer embarked from Adelaide on May 12 *[1849]* and, after a 'quick and favourable passage', arrived safely on the 14th. An instruction for Schurmann to join forces with Tolmer was contained in an official communication to the Protector.

> To Protector of Aborigines, Adelaide, May 1st, 1849.
> I have the honour by the Lieut. Governor's direction to inform you that the Government Schooner *Yatala* is about to convey the Inspector of Police to Port Lincoln to fix sites for new Police Stations which have been rendered necessary by collision between the natives and settlers … and I am to request that you will instruct Mr Schurmann to accompany the Inspector on his Tour and to explain to such of the Aborigines as may be met with and can be assembled that the Police are sent quite as much for their protection as for that of the Europeans.

Immediately following the forwarding of this memo, there were further atrocities in the area, the news of which awaited Tolmer on his arrival at Port Lincoln.
On May 3, Captain James Beevor had been murdered in his hut. His partner had left the hut earlier, leaving the Captain with some native helpers, but on his return had found the victim lying dead in the hut doorway, the natives well gone and the hut ransacked.
Then, four days later, the murder of a woman, Anne Eastone, wife of a shepherd, was reported by a Corporal Gerhaty. He had gone to Eastone's hut, where he had found the dead woman lying on a bed, with a child, naked but unharmed beside her, the infant exhausted by continued crying. Three spears had entered the woman's breast, and there were others mutilating her body. There was also found a bruise on her left thigh, inflicted with some heavy instrument.

Geo. F. Dashwood, Commissioner of Police in South Australia at the time, said:

> It is difficult to imagine a more barbarous act. So cruelly to deprive of life a poor helpless woman, with an infant at her side, with no apparent object in view save that of rifling the hut, equals anything recorded in the history of barbarians.

Bit it seemed there was another reason behind this act of violence. Inspector Tolmer at Port Lincoln, after first finding 'the whole settlement in the utmost consternation and dismay in consequence of the recent brutal and treacherous murders' almost immediately afterwards was informed

> that the remains of some natives had been seen not far from the Port Lincoln mine, supposed to have been wilfully poisoned, which naturally gave rise to a surmise that Captain Beevor and Mrs Eastone were killed in a spirit of retaliation for the death of the natives.

Tolmer added:

> Thus I was naturally thrown into the utmost perplexity, being undecided how to act – whether, in the first instance, it were better to renew the pursuit of the blacks who had committed these foul murders, or to proceed to investigate the suspected

> case of poisoning the natives. Philanthropy prevailed and I decided on the latter, and started immediately for the scene of the alleged murders of natives, accompanied by Dr Lawson and the assistant protector of Aborigines (Mr Schurman).

Apart from the slightly erroneous spelling of the name, Tolmer incorrectly designated Schurmann as Assistant Protector, a post abandoned some years previously.

Tolmer continued:

> The following day, with the assistance of Mr Schurman who speaks the native language in this district fluently, we procured two natives, who readily volunteered to show us where the bodies of five natives were.

Other information given to Schurmann by the natives was that the deaths were from eating flour stolen from the hut by a native lad, Illeri. Illeri himself and several other natives – besides those who had died – had partaken of the flour, and though it had made them very ill, they had recovered. And they suspected the hut-keeper, named Patrick Dwyer, of having mixed poison into the flour and left it in the hut, as a punishment, they thought, for having frequently robbed it.

The guides led them across scrubby ranges, and on top of one of these were the remains of two native boys. Tolmer reported:

> There was still some flesh on the bones, but they were almost torn to pieces by wild dogs. No appearances of any camp or fire being near, showed that they were travelling when death overtook them. Near one of them, we found a piece of sacking, on which there appeared to have been flour mixed. We dug a hole with a spade brought from the mine for the purpose and buried them. They appeared to have been dead four or five weeks.

Later, the ridge nearby came to be called Mount Arsenic. The report continued:

> From thence, the natives led us to a place about six or seven miles further, where we found the remains of a camp. Our guides here pointed out to us the recent grave of an infant. The body was, however, nowhere to be found, but the offensive smell and quantity of hair found, convinced us that the body had been buried there, and that the dogs had doubtless dragged it away.
> A little further on we saw another, but much larger grave. This likewise was tenantless, but a short distance from it we found the skull of a man, and several bones with flesh adhering to them. A few yards in another direction we found the skull and remains of a woman. No grave, it appears, had been dug for her. Our guides explained that the native who had buried the man and infant was himself ill from the effects of eating the flour.

Inspector Tolmer was 'fully convinced' that the man Dwyer was guilty of the poisoning, and determined to apprehend him. Tolmer realized that he could employ the lad Illeri and Mydlya, the native who had dug the graves, as material witnesses, so he at once despatched the guides, promising them a blanket each if they would bring the named natives to Port Lincoln.

The police officer searched the hut which Dwyer had occupied, and found a quantity of arsenic. Dwyer was duly apprehended. Tolmer concluded his first report from Port Lincoln:

> I cannot help expressing my fears that the late murders committed upon the Europeans were actuated by a spirit of revenge. I form my opinion from the fact that these murders were not perpetrated until three weeks after the five natives had been poisoned. Mr Rigby, a settler here and a relative of poor Beevor's, confirms me in that belief, as he speaks positively of having seen the native lad Illeri at Beevor's station, with the natives suspected of the murders, only a few days previously.

Following the receipt of this report in Adelaide, there was further correspondence from authorities there commending Tolmer for his efforts in 'the case of suspected murder by poison', and urging him to take all further steps that might help to convict Dwyer.

In the meantime, 'the prisoner Dwyer was brought before the Government Resident on remand, who, to the surprise of everyone, released him'. Tolmer lost no time in collecting additional evidence which, with the evidence of the natives as interpreted by Schurmann, would, he felt, be sure

> to have convicted him of the capital offence had he been brought to trial. But it appeared that after the fellow's liberation by Mr Driver, he immediately quitted the district, and although every endeavour to re-arrest him was made, the search was abandoned (when it was known) he had escaped from Port Adelaide in a vessel bound for California.

(viii)

While Inspector Tolmer was still in the Port Lincoln district, Schurmann was involved in another journey to a remote area. A group of natives had gone to the station of a Mr Horn, while the owner was absent, and had taken everything they could put their hands on. When Horn returned and learnt of the pillage, he had taken the law into his own hands, made up a party, and given chase. He caught up with the natives with his goods in their possession. A fight ensued, during which a native man and woman were killed and four others captured and brought back to the station and held.

When Tolmer went to this station to collect the prisoners, he found a man chained to a tree, while a woman and two boys had been handcuffed together. Later, when the Protector, Mr Moorhouse, arrived in Port Lincoln, he requested both the Inspector and Schurmann to accompany him to Horn's station so that he could receive first-hand knowledge of what had occurred. This was a lengthy trip to what is now called Mount Wellington, on the west coast of the peninsula. For Schurmann, the trip was routine and uneventful.

Tolmer has left records of his expeditions at this time, when he was largely successful in capturing and bringing back guilty parties. His accounts include the story of how one night a group of Blacks were roped together for security and left near a fire, for the night was cold. During the evening, these natives held the ropes near the coals of the fire, then fanned the flames so that the ropes burnt through. The would-be escapees made a run for it, but were captured before they had gone far.

The sequel was that, on being taken to Port Lincoln, the same natives were placed in irons, and one evening again given a fire for warmth. They decided to try the same method of escape, and went about endeavouring to burn through the iron. Instead, the iron became red-hot and stayed hot, so that there was much shouting and screaming from the prisoners, and some action from the police guards and Tolmer himself, who came rushing in with sword drawn to find the cause of the disturbance.
When Mr Moorhouse returned to Adelaide, he praised the efforts of Tolmer and his men, concluding his report:

> The settlers all feel satisfied that an effectual check has been put upon the aggressions of the natives, and the innocent natives themselves express their satisfaction at the proceedings of the Europeans.

Awaiting Mr Moorhouse on his return was correspondence from the Governor, which, though dated some three months previously, had not caught up with the Protector because of his constant movements. This correspondence, in fact, set out the duties which Mr Moorhouse had already undertaken. It also made reference to Schurmann:

> The Lieutenant Governor having heard nothing of Mr Schurmann since his appointment, I am directed by His Excellency to request that you will intimate to that Gentleman that periodical reports of the natives are required from him, and that His Excellency regrets that the Police should have recently received complaints of natives threatening the shepherds of the settlers without any record from him, to you, the Head of his Department in Adelaide.
>
> The Port Lincoln district having more than once of late been disturbed by feuds among the natives and settlers, I am directed

by the Lieut. Governor to request that you will avail yourself of the opportunity of the voyage of the *Yatala* personally to inspect and report upon the state of the District and to effect such arrangements with Mr Schurmann as will lead to the Local Government obtaining timely information in future, of the conduct of the natives and of the effect, beneficial or otherwise, of the new Police Stations soon to be established.

Mr Moorhouse at once forwarded this full letter, with a short covering note, to Schurmann in Port Lincoln. It reached there on August 20.

This correspondence touched some tender spots. Remembering his previous experiences here at Port Lincoln, his differences with the police, his feelings that he was being asked to do things beyond his specified duties, and the conditions under which he had given up his farm at Encounter Bay, Schurmann was stirred to action. He sat immediately and penned a reply to Mr Moorhouse.

- 190 -

Sir,

I have this day received your letter of 11th inst. enclosing a letter from the Colonial Secretary under the date first May, instructing me to write periodical reports on the natives in this district, their conduct, the effects of the new Police Station, etc. With reference to these instructions I beg to observe that the Government appears to labour under a mistake with regard to the duty I have been engaged to perform, which was simply that of an Interpreter in the Local and Supreme Court, in confirmation of which assertion I beg to refer you to the correspondence that passed between us at the time that I was induced to quit my farm at Encounter Bay.

Schurmann would appear to have had a strong point here. Already he had been called upon to render assistance to both Messrs Tolmer and Moorhouse, the former regarding him as the 'Assistant Protector'. Certainly, he had performed many duties not within the required scope of that of a low-salaried Court Interpreter.

To his letter, there was a prompt reply from Mr Moorhouse. By now, of course, he knew Schurmann well. His reply was carefully worded, tactful, and persuasive. He assured Schurmann that the 'reports would be received in strict confidence, and that – coming from such a trusted friend of the natives – they would be particularly valuable'.

This reply served its purpose. Schurmann at length agreed to forward periodical reports as requested.

In November of that year, 1849, natives found guilty of the murder of Captain Beevor, under a direction of the Executive Council, were to be returned to Port Lincoln and hanged at the site of their crime. It was considered that this would impress all other natives and act as a deterrent. However, as Tolmer reported:

All attempts to collect a number of natives to be present at the execution failed. A vague dread of personal injury, an unconquerable repugnance to witness death and powerful superstitions … combined to induce them to remove to a distance.

The good news for Schurmann that month was the offer from an official level for him to open a school for native children in Port Lincoln.
The offer came in an official letter from Mr Moorhouse. It carried an additional £50 per annum to conduct the school, bringing his total

Matthew Moorhouse (Mortlock Library)

salary to £100. He would be required to give up any idea of running a farm in conjunction with teaching, b ut he could have two cows for domestic use and, it was pointed out, these would probably help him in nature study. He must also provide a suitable school building.

In responding to the offer, he trod warily, especially in discussing the provision of a building. 'Building is expensive and natives are destructive tenants', he wrote. 'Two rooms at least are required, one for them to sleep in and the other to serve as store and school'.

He submitted alternative suggestions. One was that he be paid an additional salary – he suggested £20 per annum – and for this he would find and keep in repair a suitable building. He felt he would average 20 children in attendance, and the cost per child for weekly rations would be three shillings. And he knew of the availability of some secondhand blankets and clothing.
Eventually, a letter dated January 10, 1850, signed by Charles Sturt as Colonial Secretary, approved of all conditions and expenses for the running of the school.

The school for native children, which was to last for approximately three years, was begun in early 1850. Schurmann found what he felt were good buildings for the purpose.

He now had additional family responsibilities, for in November of the previous year, a daughter was born. They named their little girl Luise.

Schurmann was now a particularly busy man – as was to be the case for the rest of his days – cramming much into every day and, unfortunately, too busy to maintain his diary. There were occasional interruptions to school teaching, when it was necessary for him to travel to Adelaide for duties in court. He was there in August 1851, and wrote to his good friend Meyer.

> I arrived here last Sunday, and hope to go back next week. I couldn't think of anything nicer than to be able to visit you and your family for a few days. I left mine all in the best of health, and the 24 black children at the school all promised faithfully to stay and keep my wife company, but I don't expect that they will all keep this promise!
> Our two little ones, Rudolph and Luise, give me much joy. The black children also give us much pleasure and cause for hope, so despite some temporary setbacks we can be happy.
> Now, dear Meyer, I would be glad to hear about your affairs. Here in Adelaide the Germans seem to be in a bad way, and I hear that it isn't any better in the country. Klose has been dismissed like a common farm labourer. Pastor Kavel has closed the church in Hahndorf, and in Langmeil *[Tanunda]* they intend to do the same. I am concerned about what will come of all of this. Will there be an entire breakdown of the Lutheran Church in this country?
> You know that in Encounter Bay Archdeacon Hale had appealed tome to join the English Church. Just before my departure he entreated me again more urgently. He mentioned the fact that I had no church-backing for my work and also my 'comparative uselessness' in Port Lincoln. But I too have my conscientious convictions, and refused his offer. I wonder about his motives. How humiliating it is that a strange church community should try to denigrate our work! But I do believe that everywhere the Lutherans have been found wanting, neglecting many areas. Much change is needed.

I have spent the first days of the week in Morphetvale with Teichelmann and Klose. Both these poor fellows are badly off, but at least they are not fighting for the privilege of following their own convictions. It seems to me that Archdeacon Hale intends to see that all the missions are consolidated. If he cannot get me to change my religion he will find some means to move my school to the black settlement at Poonindie.

It doesn't matter. I can still manage, if the loving God blesses what we have now. One thing is certain – I will never disgrace myself with a false confession.

Now dear Myer, I must finish. Please write to me soon. Tell me how you all are. My wife talks such a lot about you all, and would love to hear news from your dear wife. She never has liked it at Port Lincoln, and only the school helps her to bear it. Many greetings to your wife and three children, and be assured that I will always be,

Your loving brother, C.W.S.

Schurmann was right about his school eventually being absorbed into the Poonindie Mission (near Port Lincoln), if not altogether through the efforts of Archdeacon Hale, then by government decree. Change of governors in the colony frequently led to previous decisions which might have benefited him being shelved, altered, or rescinded.

Now Governor Young chose to overlook his predecessor's comment that 'there would be very little chance of the removal of Mr Schurmann (from his post of Interpreter at Port Lincoln)', and in early 1852 Schurmann received notice that his position and salary as Interpreter had been cancelled forthwith. The official advice was dated January 17, but eventually reached Schurmann with an accompanying letter from the Protector in March.

Typically, he immediately penned a reply, reminding the authorities that on his appointment as Interpreter he had been given permission to conduct a farm in connection with his duties, but on his further appointment as schoolmaster he was 'distinctly directed to discontinue farming', with the subsequent loss of income which this phase of work, particularly cropping, would have provided.
On the back of this letter in the archives, apparently in the governor's own hand, is the following note to the Colonial Secretary:

Inform Mr Schurmann that his salary as Interpreter will be continued. It is however very probable that ere long the school at Port Lincoln will devolve to the charge of Archdeacon Hale to be included as part of the entire Protectorate of Aborigines at Port Lincoln, under the Archdeacon, in which event Mr Schurmann's further services as Schoolmaster will be dependent on the Archdeacon's arrangements.

This was dated April 6, 1852.

A few Weeks later, the Governor told his Colonial Office that the school run by Schurmann was

good as far as it goes and if nothing better could be had would be well worth keeping up at its present cost. It keeps the children away from their parents and prevents them becoming for the present savages, but it is not entitled to more than this negative merit.

Obviously, Sir Henry, a personal friend of Archdeacon Hale's, was not impressed by Schurmann's school, though it is not clear how he formed his opinion. On the other hand, the botanist Charles Wilhelmie, who was engaged in the summer of 1851-52 in preparing a list of grasses, shrubs, and trees on the Eyre Peninsula, visited Schurmann's home and school at Port Lincoln, and took time to attend the school during school hours.

These sessions so impressed him that, nearly a decade later, when he was invited to address the Royal Society of Victoria, he chose as his subject, 'Manners and Customs of the Australian Natives, in particular of the Port Lincoln District'. and had this to say of Schurmann and the school:

(He) returned after a few years absence to his old post at Port Lincoln. During my stay with him in 1851, 24 native children

attended his school and had made pretty considerable progress in reading, writing, etc., which was rendered the more easy to them by the advantage that all information was by this most excellent man conveyed to them in their own language.

Schurmann was later honoured by the naming of a plant discovered during Wilhelmie's Port Lincoln research. A Lutheran church paper of 1894, in an article headed 'Darwinia Schuermanni', stated:

> In the No. 4 copy of Hooker's Icones Plantarium, with descriptive characters and remarks of new and rare plants, selected from the Kew Herbarium, London, 1894, there is a description of a new Australian plant which has been named in honour of the late honourable President Schurmann, *Darwinia Schuermanni*. It will certainly be pleasing to our readers that (this name) has been given a memorial in Australian flora and botany.

At the request of Baron Ferdinand von Mueller, the publication granted space to give a description of the plant by Professor Daniel Oliver, Professor of Botany at the University of London. The article adds:

> This very rare and nearly extinct type of plant (was) first found through Mr. C. Wilhelmie in 1851, whose research and investigation in the area of Port Lincoln was encouraged and supported through the friendliness of the late Pastor C.W. Schurmann, whose name, through this particular plant, has now been immortalized.

In January 1852, there was a further addition to the Schurmann family when a second son, Ernst Edward, was born.

Then came another call for Schurmann's services. His friend Meyer, now President of the Synod, wrote to tell him of how a party from Hoffnungsthal had been to inspect an area at Portland, in Western Victoria, and had decided to move there. These people wanted a pastor to be with them, an essential figure in any Lutheran settlement. So, through Meyer, they sent a call to Schurmann. This bore the signature of nine brethren who, with their families, intended to make the trek to Victoria.

After some difficulty in coming to a decision, Schurmann accepted this call to Portland.

He wrote a personal letter to Meyer in September of that year.

> Yesterday I took my beloved wife to her only friend here, Mrs Bishop, some five miles away. She is going to spend a few days there with our little Ernst Edward, to recover her health and cheer her mind.
> When I came home this evening I found little Luise crying and very ill. it is not like her to be sick, but she had had a fever all day and had been lying in bed quietly. I noticed suspicious small spots on her upper legs and abdomen. I am afraid the dear child is very ill and may become worse. It is as well that my wife does not know. In such a case a mother would have little pleasure from her visit with friends, and would wish to hurry home.
> As well as that, I am having great trouble with very sore and painful fingers. I can hardly bear to touch things, and hold the pen to scribble these lines with great difficulty. The doctor says that I have caught something from the black children, but I believe I got it from milking the cow.

As always, he was ready to defend his friends the natives. Why blame them for everything ?

> Whatever it is, the doctor only give me poisonous ointment which makes the raw spots white like snow, and terribly painful. I have just soaked my hands in hot water and cleaned the fingers of pus, so that I can continue to write to you.

But he feels he has grumbled enough. 'The heavier the cross, the more the blessing. Everything isn't bad, so I mustn't moan'.

He goes on to talk about correspondence he had received from Brother Deuscher, a member of his proposed new congregation, who 'wrote from Portland that they are pleased that I will become their Pastor'.

But they are not ready for him just yet. 'I realize I must take if as it comes. Earthly matters are such that what one builds today may crumble away tomorrow. 'According to the latest news from Adelaide', he continues

> most of the male population of Hahndorf has tried to satisfy their desire for money by looking for gold. I was very pleased to hear that Brother Klose had found gold. One hears so much of the bad side-effects of the hunt for gold, but you cannot but be glad for Klose. He deserves it. I myself would rather dig potatoes than gold. There is so much luck involved, not just a question of hard work. Nevertheless, if I was in Teichelmann's position with his well-appreciated courage in tackling the unknown, I would have tried my luck long ago, but I am afraid he is too poor to get to the goldfields.
> My dear Myer, my fingers are burning like fire, and the fleas are biting me mercilessly, and the clock already shows 11.30. Pardon me for breaking off so suddenly, but I assure you that I would like to fill another page, to spend more time with you, if I could do so without pain.
> I must mention something I have forgotten a few times to tell you, that we have named our youngest Ernst Edward, without waiting for your consent. A young German named Wilhelmie, who had been collecting plants for Dr Mueller, has stood in for you as godfather. Young Ernst is promising, at least physically, to follow in his godfather's footsteps, to the great disadvantage of his poor mother. In five or six weeks he will be the length of the bread basket.
> My poor Luise lies beside me in her cot, muttering silly things in her delirium. At the moment the fever has quite disturbed her senses. This afternoon she fancied she saw snails on the clean table.
> I hope that you are all well. Greetings from all of us to your family.
> Your sincere, C.W.S.

That is the last extant piece of writing from Schurmann's pen during this, his final term, in Port Lincoln – a span of four years.

Of the progress he made, no written records exist. We do know that the lives of 24 little natives would have been directed to an entirely different course because this man came to help them. How this affected their outlook, their beliefs, their adjustments to associations with the white men – how it influenced the rest of their lives – we do not know, for the black children left no diaries either. The eventual parting must have been hard and sad for the score-and-four native infants, as it was for their teacher and his wife.

Schurmann sold his stock and property to Archdeacon hale. By this time the Poonindie Mission was fully functional, and although the Archdeacon, like Schurmann, was later to leave the mission field to occupy high posts within his own denomination, he stayed long enough to see the mission established as a successful undertaking. The Archdeacon acknowledged that credit was due to his predecessor, Clamor Schurmann. Of this, his repeated endeavours to persuade Schurmann to join forces with him are evidence.

Early in 1853, Schurmann, together with his family, left Port Lincoln for the last time.

F O U R

Pastor on Horseback

After he brought his family from Port Lincoln, Schurmann spent the early months of 1853 in the Barossa Valley at Hoffnungsthal (near Lyndoch). Here, while waiting to hear that things were ready for him in Portland, he was near Meyer at Bethany and was able to help his friend by ministering to congregations in the area. And here, on April 8, his third son was born. They called the boy Karl, later changed to Carl.

But life was saddened when little Luise again became gravely ill. She died on May 11, and was buried at the Klemzig cemetery on the morning of May 14, in a grave beside that of Frau Pastor Kavel, the former Miss Pennyfeather whom Schurmann had befriended. Then, immediately after the sad interment of his little daughter, Pastor Schurmann had to hasten to the waterfront. On that afternoon, he and his wife and their three small sons boarded the *Lapwing* and sailed for the neighbouring colony.

For the third time, he was setting out by sea to begin a new life.

In a letter written to Meyer soon after his arrival, Schurmann gave a description of the voyage, saying that the passage had been exceptionally stormy, and that the vessel had experienced great difficulty in entering Portland harbour because of the boisterous weather and the dangerous reefs not far from the harbour entrance.

In Portland, he found that his people were meeting unforeseen difficulties. His congregation was made up of intending settlers and their families who had trekked from South Australia. Some months earlier, Schurmann himself had expressed surprise that they were venturing into these parts without first investigating the chances of acquiring land here.

Now he and his family experienced their own trying time. A home had been chosen for him, but plans had fallen through. (The publican who owned it had leased his hotel, and now was occupying the house himself.) Schurmann wrote to Meyer:

> Every house is packed full in consequence of the arrival of a number of English immigrant ships. In our predicament, Schneider the carpenter offered us the use of two front rooms of his house, assuring us that he and his family would be quite content to occupy the rear portion of the little dwelling.
>
> Of course, this arrangement is only a makeshift for a few weeks. We have tried every nook and corner of the place to find a house or vacant rooms, but all in vain. Under the circumstances we regard ourselves as very fortunate, because we have been promised a wooden house now in course of erection by an English neighbour, at a rental of £1 per week.
>
> The small room we are now occupying answers quite a number of useful purposes, forming the living room, reception room, kitchen, nursery, church, and dormitory. Comfort there is none. The young members of the family cannot even take refuge in their own little bedroom during divine service and the various church meetings because of the pinching cold there. As the little bedroom is without a fireplace, even an adult would tremble with cold if compelled to stay in it.
>
> You will visualize what fine opportunities I have for study amid the crying of children shivering with cold and the many visits I receive.

John Hetherington was later to record:

> It was five months before the Schurmanns moved out to Hamilton, late in October 1853. The journey of 50 odd miles was made at an agonizingly slow pace, lurching along in a bullock wagon, but Schurmann's spirits rose with every turn of the wheels. At last, he told himself, he would be able to work in earnest.
> Within a few months his first church was built at Hochkirch, about a mile east of Hamilton. His first dwelling was humble, like the church.

In July 1854 Schurmann wrote to Meyer:

> You would be surprised to see the variety and multiplicity of duties I perform here. In addition to my manifold ministerial duties I teach in school in the forenoon for three hours, and in the afternoon I perform manual labour like a farmer. One acre of the land on which our little home is erected, I have grubbed absolutely alone; I have also fenced and planted it. Besides this, I have all on my own built a respectable poultry shed and a fine stockyard. Cows have been promised me at £12. 5. 0 per head. With the assistance of Brother Pipkorn I have in the course of 17 days added to our modest home another room built of mud or clay, and my good wife and I have papered both the old room and the new addition with newspapers – *Portland Guardian*, the South Australian *Zeitung*, and the *Augsberg Allgemeine* – with a view of keeping Mr Wind in check.

There were later letters telling that at the end of that year Schurmann was serving a small congregation at Allansford, near the Hopkins River in the Warrnambool district. In 1858 he was asked by people at Mount Gambier, South Australia, to minister to their spiritual needs, and he regularly made the journey of 80 miles on horseback. In October 1859 he wrote that on the 14th Sunday after Trinity, he conducted a service which was attended by over a hundred people.

Next he was asked to minister to settlers near Geelong. then, as Brauer recorded:

> When the rich crown lands of the Wimmera were thrown open for selection, many Hochkirch members moved there. Pastor Schurmann served them, too. He conducted services at Drung Drung, Vectis and Natimuk. The 90 miles journey was made every few months, either by buggy or in the saddle.

As the little church near Hamilton had become inadequate for the size of the congregation, a larger building was erected. A new parsonage was also built with bluestone walls, and on December 20, 1859, the family moved in.

Schurmann's pastorate in Victoria's Western District was a long one, covering four decades. Many are the stories told of adventures which befell him, of people he encountered, of the influences he exerted, as he crossed and recrossed the country by buggy and on horseback.

One who figured in the Schurmann story of those years was the little gnome-like Jacob Krummnow. Schurmann himself provided a thumbnail sketch of this man in a letter to Pastor Goethe, of Geelong, who had been approached by Krummnow. Goethe asked for information on him and Schurmann wrote, in part:

> I have known Krummnow for more than 20 years, having made his acquaintance for the first time in Berlin. At that time he desired to become a missionary or teacher, but was refused acceptance on account of an impediment or peculiarity in his speech (a sort of nasal twang), considered to be due to his loss of the uvula. Naturally disappointed because of the non-realization of his hopes, he left Berlin and later caused unrest and dissensions in the Lutheran congregations of Brandenburg. After his landing in South Australia 12 or 13 years ago, he tried his hand at the old game, and managed to a certain extent to impress Pastor Kavel with his so-called 'apostolic' ideas, but only until Pastor Kavel and his congregation learnt to know him better.
>
> He was never a missionary in the proper sense of word, although he did succeed in inducing the Klemzig congregation, with the concurrence of Pastor Kavel, to give him, in conjunction with a man named Engelhardt, the appointment of missionary among the Aborigines, and to supply him with vegetables for distribution among the Aborigines in the River Murray district, where he was t o do mission work.
>
> The two proceeded with their load of vegetables (particularly onions, because the natives were fond of them), and distributed these, thus carrying out the first part of their orders without difficulty, but when it came to teaching and preaching the

Gospel to the unwilling ears of the natives, they soon lost heart and, abandoning their mission work, returned to their homes on the plains. Some of the people then derisively dubbed him a 'vegetable or onion missionary'.

With regard to the story, alleged to have been told and spread in Melbourne, that Krummnow had been sent to Australia as a missionary, and that he had the misfortune of losing his former clearness of speech owing to a mishap that befell him while having dinner with the natives, namely, that some fish bones had pierced and injured the uvula, I must say that the story is not in accord with fact. How and when Krummnow lost his speech I cannot say, but I do know that 20 years ago in Berlin he was unable to converse distinctly.

A number of his followers, as you probably know, have formed a settlement about 15 miles from Hamilton. I have not met any of them since my arrival in Victoria, but one of my members, who has a brother among them and was himself for a while quite enthusiastic about them as a result of letters received from his brother, visited the settlement recently with the intention of joining these people. But he assures me that fear and trembling seized him after meeting them and seeing their ways. His brother also is now anxious to sever his connection with them, if only he could get back the money he put into their communistic undertaking.

It will be recalled that Pastor Kavel had been keen for Krummnow to accompany Schurmann when the latter was to take up his proposed post at Encounter Bay in 1840.

Later, he was to be more than a nuisance to Schurmann. However, as John Hetherington stated, 'Schurmann, a patient man, was too strong in the end even for Krummnow'.

Hetherington wrote that Krummnow 'had the spellbinder's touch. A mixture of idealist, mystic, confidence man, and despot, he was driven by an overmastering ambition to command the loyalty and obedience of others'. He got together a small following of disciples. These people pooled their money and gave it to Krummnow, 'who used it to buy 1600 acres of land on the plains at the foot of Mount Rouse, near Penshurst'. This was how the Herrnhut colony came into being.

The name 'Herrnhut' came from the town of the same name in Saxony, Germany, the home base of a section of the Moravian Brethren. The originals had little in common with Krummnow's flock.

For a while, it seems, all went well enough with his group of followers. 'Then', records Hetherington,

> some of the disciples began to doubt. They discovered that the title deeds of the property were in Krummnow's name. Krummnow would not account for the money the Herrnhuters earned by cultivating the land. Some of the men began to grumble that Krummnow had strong fleshly appetites …
>
> To those disillusioned Herrnhuters who turned their eyes and steps to St Michael's, Pastor Schurmann was an understanding friend and willing to go to any trouble to help them fit into the Lutheran community which made its life around the church. They must have found his broad-minded sanity comforting after Krummnow's extremism.

Krummnow died on October 3, 1880. Another group which did not 'take on' to the same extent as Krummnow's, was that led by Maria Heller, a huge woman who had actually persuaded her followers – some 60 or 70 of them – to follow her to Australia from Silesia.

She said that she had been sent from heaven, from where her instructions came to her directly. Her mission on earth included the salvation of all the souls who followed her, and she believed or taught that she was soon to give birth to a new Messiah. She was actually approached by Krummnow to join forces with him, but any union between the two groups was short-lasting.

The Maria Heller congregation came to near Hamilton from Benalla, Victoria. After a time, she had a change of heart and approached Pastor Schurmann for admission to his congregation. Schurmann had a series of discussions with this woman and her followers, some in the presence of elders of the Tabor congregation, and as a result of these talks, Maria Heller and her erstwhile supporters were received into membership.

Brauer wrote:

> Pastor Schurmann later declared that neither he nor his Tabor congregation ever had occasion to regret having received these people into Christian fellowship, as they were well-meaning and sincere Christians who had passed through deep waters.

Later, she was married by Schurmann to Ernst Scholz. She died on March 13, 1906, without issue.

An interesting commentary on the work of Pastor Schurmann appeared in the Melbourne *Argus* in April, 1885, under the authorship of 'The Vagabond'.

After some criticism of Schurmann's efforts to introduce a fourth R (for Religion) into the Education Act, The Vagabond writes:
'Pastor Schurmann says he will fight hand in hand with the Catholics in any attack on the Education Act'. Then, following a well-worded summary of 'the nationality which we are now building', the author of the article goes on:

> A grand old man, however, is Pastor Schurmann, and I have very great pleasure in making his acquaintance. Mr Bree (who accompanied The Vagabond) is well known here, and his presence is sufficient to send the good frau in search of cocoa and new milk, and fruit and cakes. The pastor is happy in having such a kind and dear lady as his helpmate, There is something of Luther and a good deal of Cromwell in Pastor Schurmann. In his 70th year, his white hair is still luxuriant, his face ruddy as a pippin, and he is still active in body and mind. It is through his agency that the families now so prosperous in this settlement came hither.

There are many accounts of disputes and divisions, all too typical of affairs within the early Australian Lutheran Church, with which the pastor had to cope.

George R. Nielsen, in his *In Search of a Home*, writes of some of these conflicts, especially that concerning a man named Deutscher, a Wend, who had his own following – not that there was any dispute between those of Wendish background and historical Germans, for both parties had Wends and Germans among their supporters. Nielsen has high praise for Schurmann's bearing and conduct. Nielsen's book, incidentally, is sub-titled *The Wends on the Australian and Texas Frontier*.

Schurmann had friendships with prominent citizens of the day, and his personal possessions included gifts from Baron von Mueller and the Henty Brothers.
The present writer, some years ago at the commencement of this project, spoke to several people still living then who had known Pastor Schurmann in their childhood, all of whom were grand-children of his. Bertha Habel told how she would sit in the evenings, making long tapers from newspapers for pipelighters for her Grandpa. Grandma would make special biscuits for the natives, who often camped not far from their home. She was well practised in the way of charity. Once, when Grandpa could not find his working trousers, she admitted giving them to a needy native, believing her husband had finished with them.
The writer's father, Edwin C. Schurmann, remembered his grand-father from his childhood, and how the old gentleman wore a green velvet smoking cap with miniature pink roses embroidered on it. He recalled one evening when his grandfather was about to leave for his own home some 80 miles away, trying to persuade him to stay longer. The old pastor explained to the boy that duty called and regretfully he must be on his way.

Gertie Uebergang said that she barely remembered her grandfather, but then proceeded to recount wonderful stories of how he would take the children into town in a dray for shopping or marketing, and have them all singing on the way.

Walter Schurmann, of Hamilton, had a different kind of story of his grandfather being distressed over a wayward son, the first 'black sheep' in the family since greatly expanded, with its sheep coming in varied colours. The father feared the young man would discredit him,

and he offered his resignation to the church elders. These gentlemen, doubtless with sons of their own, would not hear of such a thing.

Many stories have been handed down through various branches of the clan. Once, Pastor Schurmann, on a trip which took him far from home, had his horse break its leg. It was night time and, desperately needing assistance, he knocked on a householder's door. The man told him he did not wish to be disturbed, but named someone else likely to be willing to destroy the horse.
Some time later, the pastor himself was disturbed late one night by a traveller in distress. He invited the man and his family inside, and assured them of hospitality. In the light of a kerosene lamp, the stranger recognized the pastor as the man to whom he had refused help on that earlier occasion.

Schurmann's adventures on horseback included a confrontation with some natives on a wild rampage, when, with all his experience with these people to determine his judgment, the pastor decided that the best thing was to gallop away from danger. It was a wise decision as it happened, for there were murders that night.

Through all his experiences, Schurmann maintained a large and loyal congregation. John Hetherington wrote of him:

> His spiritual sway over the German settlers and their children in the country near Hamilton was as strong as ever when he was an old man, well on in the seventies.
>
> The pioneering days were long behind him and his people then, but some of the older men and women still liked to tell how, 30 or 40 years before, Schurmann had set an example to the best of them by the way he put his back into the physical toil. They had sometimes wondered, they said, when he found time to eat and sleep.
>
> The younger Pastor Schurmann had taken in his stride every demand that was made on him. Even when he was called on to saddle his horse or harness up his buggy and travel anything from 70 t o100 miles to minister to Lutherans at Geelong, or Mount Gambier, or Natimuk, he never frowned or grumbled.

He added:

> The Schurmann country just east of Hamilton has undergone some big changes. Even the town which was his headquarters is no longer Hochkirch; it is now Tarrington, the people having changed the name early in World War I. His bluestone church, St Michaels, has also been replaced, but its successor, built of red brick and fronted by a square tower capped with a grey spire, stands on the same land, south of the Glenelg Highway.

The Lutheran Church historian Brauer, who spent much time perusing the collection of correspondence left by Schurmann, had this to say:

> Pastor Schurmann, in [his] letters, particularly when criticising persons and their doings, always exhibits the spirit of charity and explains in favour of the person criticised, whatever in his opinion admits of a favourable explanation.

Brauer also wrote:

> As to Pastor Schurmann's physical appearance, he was of small stature, and of a ruddy complexion. He was of a particularly genial disposition. He was held in the highest esteem by the whole Lutheran Church, because of his geniality, meekness, kindheartedness, straightforwardness, and conscientious devotion to duty.

(iii)

Clamor Schurmann died suddenly at Bethany, South Australia, on March 3, 1893. An obituary appeared in the *Hamilton Spectator* on Saturday, March 4, under the heading, 'Sudden Death of the Rev. C.W. Schurmann'. It read:

> It is with feelings of deep regret that we have to announce the unexpected and sudden death of the pastor of the Lutheran Church at Hochkirch, which sad event happened on Friday

afternoon, whither the deceased had gone to attend a conference of the South Australian Synod of the Lutheran Church in Australia, of the Victorian branch of which he was the President. The reverend gentleman caught cold at the conference which culminated in pleurisy, and caused the sad result. The Rev. Clamor Wilhelm Schurmann who was a native of the Province of Hanover in the kingdom of Prussia, Germany, was ordained a minister of the Lutheran Church on February 4th, 1838, previous to his departure for Australia and after his arrival laboured as a missionary among the natives of South Australia (in which colony he was naturalized by a special Act of Parliament) for a number of years prior to his founding the Lutheran Church in this neighbourhood. Since then he has worked as a conscientious and zealous worker in this portion of the Lord's vineyard.

For years he has ministered to the Lutheran congregations of Hochkirch, Neukirch (Byaduk), Tabor (Croxton), and Gnadenthal (Mount Rouse), to some of them for the space of nearly 40 years, so that the members have come to love and respect him as a father. This feeling was made manifest five years ago, when the whole of the congregations mentioned flocked around their aged pastor to do him honour and to testify to their love towards him on the occasion of his celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his entering the ministry. Friends had come from far and near to be present on this joyful occasion when the rev. pastor and his lady were made the recipients of handsome presents.

A little more than three years afterwards his beloved wife was taken from him, from which blow he never quite recovered. On Monday last the deceased left home in apparently good health for South Australia, to attend a conference of the Synod to which his church belonged, and nothing was heard of him

Copy of entry in Register of Deaths, for death of Minna Schurmann

till Friday morning, when his son at Hochkirch received a telegram informing him his father was seriously ill, and not expected to live. He was just making preparations for a hasty journey to Bethany, when a second telegram informed him of his death. The deceased had reached nearly four score years, and had been a hale and hearty gentleman for his age.

Mr and Mrs Schurmann were noted for their unbounded hospitality and they never were so happy as when they could practise that 'good will toward men' which the deceased so zealously instilled into the minds of his congregations. Many are the poor wayfarers who blessed the kind hearts of this truly Christian minister and his noble wife, for no one was allowed to leave their door without having his necessities attended to. The deceased and his wife had been greatly respected by many of the leading residents in Hamilton, who, headed by the Rev. J.K. Macmillan, would not allow the time of his jubilee to pass without giving him an outward token of their esteem, in the shape of a handsome and valuable clock. By the death of Mr Schurmann his congregation have lost a father and a friend, and the poor a cheerful adviser and helper in their troubles.

The *West Wimmera Mail*, published in Natimuk, Victoria, in its issue of Friday evening, March 10, 1893, included an obituary which was mainly a repetition of the Hamilton article, adding that the deceased was 'the father of Messrs. C. and R. Schurmann of this township'.

A separate obituary appeared in the *Dunminkle Standard* of Thursday March 16.

The *Hamilton Spectator*, on Tuesday March 14, quoted a lengthy reference to C.W. Schurmann by the Revd. J.K. Mcmillan, of the Presbyterian Church, made at the close of his sermon, ending with the following:

It is not given to many to attain the extreme old age in possession of every faculty of the mind undiminished which he reached. At his great age his mental energies were unimpaired, while in bodily vigour he was able to perform all the duties of his office.

In later years, the Revd. A. Brauer wrote, in an issue of the Lutheran Almanac, of how he travelled with Pastor Schurmann to that last Synod at Bethany:

When the late Pastor Schurmann, in 1893, accompanied by the late Pastor Peters and the present writer, en route for the Bethany Synod, passed through Gawler, which he had not seen for many, many years, and which reminded him of his old benefactor, Governor Gawler, after whom the town is named, the aged former missionary waxed reminiscent of bygone days, as well as a number of deeds of kindness performed by the Governor.

After a brief silence, when his mind seemed to be wrapped up in deep and earnest meditation, and his countenance had assumed a very serious mien, he exclaimed, with considerable display of feeling, 'Governor Gawler; yes, he was a good man; a true Christian, and a gentleman in the highest sense of the word'.

After a while, he added, 'And so were a great number of the early English settlers', and he recalled the names of many others who had all gone to their last rest. (A few days later, while Synod was in session, he himself was called to his heavenly home.) 'Yes', he repeated after a little reflection, 'all these were noble-minded men and women, whose acquaintance and friendship one recalls with gladness, and yet also with sadness, because they are no more. But when we return from the Convention, I want you to accompany me on a visit to some of their children in Adelaide and suburbs, who remember the missionaries of the early days.'

The visit, unfortunately, did not take place, for only Pastor Schurmann's earthly remains were brought back to Adelaide.

Pastor Schurmann's remains could not be taken back to Victoria at the time of his death, but were temporarily interred in the West Terrace cemetery, Adelaide, and at a later date brought back to Hamilton.

He rests in a grave beside that of his wife, 'Minna' Charlotte.

F I V E

Writings of C.W. Schurmann

This chapter contains selections from the pen of C.W. Schurmann, all written originally in English. They are:

(i) Extracts from the Preface to Outlines of a Grammar, Vocabulary, and Phraseology of the Aboriginal Language of South Australia, Spoken by the Natives in and for Some Distance around Adelaide. *This book was written in collaboration with C.G. Teichelmann. First published 1840.*

(ii) Extracts from the Preface to A Vocabulary of the Parnkalla Language, Spoken by the Natives Inhabiting the Western Shores of Spencers Gulf. *First published 1844.*

(iii) The Aboriginal Tribes of Port Lincoln. *First published 1846.*

(i)

Extracts from the Preface to:

THE ABORIGINAL LANGUAGE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA (Published 1840)

In presenting the following pages to the public, the writers deem it their duty to state the objects and motives for doing so. The chief motives are – to keep up the good understanding and to facilitate the intercourse, between the Aborigines and Europeans; to give the latter a medium of communication, and, especially, assistance to those who may be inclined to acquire the language; to enliven the hopes of those who wish the christianization and civilization of their coloured fellow-men, showing them that a race of human beings possessing a language so regular in its formation and construction as that of the South Australian natives, cannot be incapable of either; and to refute premature and unjust detractions concerning the mental capabilities of the Aborigines of Australia. Another object has been, to render a small contribution or inducement to a general study of the manners, customs, and origin of these people.

Such reasons alone might have justified the writers in publishing this collection; but they would probably have deferred it some time longer, for the sake of greater maturity and certainty of statements, had not the advice of some of the most intelligent individuals in the Colony, and the consideration that, by delay, the good which might arise from it to the natives would be kept back the longer, induced them to publish what they know of the language.

As far as regards the work itself, it is hoped that the reader will not expect a complete specimen of the language. Eighteen months is but a short period for the study of an unwritten language, where no means of instruction exist, and where all information must be gleaned from casual and trivial conversation. To this must be added, the uncommon rapidity, abbreviation, and carelessness with which the Aborigines speak; their extreme reluctance, for a long time, to inform the inquirer; their natural inability to answer grammatical questions; together with their unfavourable situation for the study of the language. These things considered, the reader will be enabled to form some idea of the difficulties which were to be overcome.

As regards the dialects of South Australia, the present work contains only one … Of the relation in which this dialect stands to those of other parts of the Australian Continent, very little can be said, from want of sufficient knowledge of them. A radical resemblance – especially in the pronouns – a uniformity of construction,. and a dual number, we have observed in Capt. Grey's 'Vocabulary of the Dialects spoken by the Aboriginal Races of South-Western Australia' (Perth, 1839); in the Rev. Mr Threlkeld's 'Australian Grammar'; and more or less in the neighbouring dialects here; so that the conjecture ventured by Capt. Grey and alluded to by Mr Threlkeld – that all the Australian languages are derived from one root – is borne out by our own experience, and more particularly by a comparison with the Vocabulary of the language of Western Australia, in which, though

the words are differently spelt, there prevails a striking similarity of terms, and which, by personal conversation with Capt. Grey on this subject, became much more evident; and moreover it appears, the farther we go to the West, the greater is the similarity of the dialect to the following, and the farther we go to the East, the more it varies. Also, the habits, manners and religious ideas of the western Aborigines have a surprising similarity to those of the natives here. Whether these facts are accidental, or what accounts for them, the writers do not profess to state; they are, to say the least of them, striking coincidences, and worthy of notice.

… For the English part of this publication, as the English is not the vernacular language of the writers, the reader is indebted to the Protector of the Aborigines (Mr Moorhouse,) who most readily revised their paper.

(ii)

Extracts from the Preface to:

A VOCABULARY OF THE PARNKALLA LANGUAGE (published 1844)

The following Vocabulary owes its appearance to the liberality of His Excellency, Governor Grey, at whose wish and expense it has been printed.

Although the Vocabulary, and still more the collection of grammatical rules would have gained, both in extent and accuracy, by a farther intercourse with the natives, yet it was deemed advisable to print the collected materials in their present shape, for these reasons.

First: that they might be placed on permanent record.

Second: to assist those settlers in Port Lincoln who may feel disposed to acquire the native language. In the more thickly populated districts around Adelaide, the colonists have less occasion to learn the language of the Aborigines since the latter can speak English intelligibly. But in Port Lincoln, where the white population bears so small a proportion to that of the black, quite the reverse obtains, so that to establish and maintain an easy intercourse with the natives there, it seems almost necessary that the Settlers should endeavour to make themselves acquainted with their language. It would no doubt have answered the purpose better if an English-Aboriginal part had been added to the Vocabulary, but this plan could not be adopted on account of the increased expense.

On comparing this Vocabulary with the one published at Adelaide in 1840, a great resemblance will be found to exist between the two, many words used by both tribes are identical but by far a greater number undergo a slight alteration …

In forming however an opinion on the affinity of the languages or dialects, one has to look not only to the number of similar words, but still more to the grammatical structure and idiom. In this respect the similarity between the Adelaide and Parnkalla dialect is very striking, as a glance at the grammatical part will show, and to this fact, it is no doubt to be attributed, that the Port Lincoln natives who have come over to Adelaide, learn to speak the Adelaide dialect in so short a time, notwithstanding that many words in either dialect are radically different. Under this point of view it may indeed be asserted, that the dialects of all New Holland, so far at least as they have been collected, from New South Wales to Swan River, constitute only one language, as may be seen by comparing the different grammars and vocabularies, of New South Wales, by Mr Threlkeld; of Swan River, by Capt. Grey; of Adelaide, by Messrs Teichelmann and Schurmann; and of Encounter Bay, by Mr Meyer.

Doubts have been expressed with regard to the artificial and complex nature of the grammar of the Aboriginal dialects, and it has been thought unlikely that so rude and ignorant a nation, as the natives of this continent are admitted to be, should possess a regular grammatical system. (Author's footnote: See Moore's Descriptive Vocabulary of the Aboriginal language of Western Australia.)

This argument however is evidently untenable, for else it would follow on the other hand, that the most civilized nation or the most cultivated language must have the most artificial and complex grammar, which is by no means the case. The English language for instance, highly cultivated as it is in all branches of literature, has the simplest grammar imaginable, so that one might infer with as much reason the very opposite, viz: that the more a language is cultivated, the more its grammar will be simplified, and vice versa.

Languages are in my opinion not the product of human art, but the gift of God, subject to a certain extent, to the influence of time and events. This influence seems to me exemplified in an interesting manner by the

Aboriginal dialects. If we suppose what appears to be probable, that the scattered native tribes of this Continent started from one point and were originally one tribe, they would of course speak one language. As they spread over the face of the country they would naturally in the course of time more or less corrupt the pronunciation and change the significance of many words; would forget old and invent new terms for many things; till at last the most distant tribes seemed to speak almost radically different languages. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of years may have elapsed during that process; but no invasion of, or amalgamation with a foreign nation having taken place, consequently no fresh element was introduced into their social life. Their minds retained the impressions of the original stamp, they could not divest themselves of the forms of their mental intercourse inherited from their forefathers, or what is the same thing, of the grammatical laws of their language. Hence the surprising uniformity and regularity of grammatical structure amidst a Babylonic confusion of dialects.

To those who may undertake the study the Australian dialects from curiosity or philological interest, I should recommend to divest their minds as much as possible of preconceived ideas, particularly of those grammatical forms which they may have acquired by the study of ancient or modern European languages. In which case, I have no doubt it will be found, that the grammatical system of the Aboriginal dialects of New Holland is less artificial than novel, and less complex than admirably regular and consequently simple.

C.W.S.

(iii)

THE ABORIGINAL TRIBES OF PORT LINCOLN (Published 1846)

It has been remarked, that the numbers and condition of the natives of Australia are in general dependent upon the nature of the country they inhabit; where the latter is of a barren description, the natives will be found to be few in number, and of an inferior external appearance; while in the opposite case, they will be comparatively numerous, well-looking and active. With the truth of this observation anyone will be struck, who has had an opportunity of comparing the natives of this district with the Adelaide, and more particularly the Murray, tribes; the former being, upon the whole, fewer, smaller and thinner, less skilful, and less united, in a social point of view, than the latter.

External Appearance

The height of the Port Lincoln Aborigines is considerably below the European standard; a tall-looking black will seldom be found to exceed the height of a middle-sized white man, and with regard to size, the comparison is still more against them, so that one may safely venture to say that the tallest and strongest of them would present but a poor figure among a regiment of grenadiers. If it were not for their thin arms and legs, deep-set eyes, large ugly mouths and flattened noses, the Port Lincoln natives might be called a well-proportioned, compact race of men. They certainly have good foreheads, fine shoulders, and particularly high chests.

The male sex exhibit a great deal of unstudied natural grace in their deportment, their walk is perfectly erect and free, motions of the body easy, and gestures natural under all circumstances, whether speaking, fighting or dancing; and with regard to agility, they throw the white man completely into the shade. Of the women, however, one cannot speak so favourably, their persons being generally disfigured by very thin extremities, protruding abdomen, and dependent breasts, a condition that may perhaps be sufficiently accounted for by their earlier marrying, inferior food, and long suckling of children, it being by no means uncommon to see a child of three or four years still enjoying its mother's breast.

Although to a passing observer the Aborigines of this district may appear all of the same stamp, yet, upon a longer acquaintance with them, considerable difference will be found to exist, not only with regard to size and make, but also in the colour of their skins; while the northern tribes, who inhabit a scrubby country, generally exhibit very dark and dry-looking skins, one often meets among those from the south and west, with faces that might be almost copper-coloured.

Whether this be owing to the influence of climate or food I will not venture to determine; but I think I have observed that the strongest and best fed natives are always of the lightest colour.

Dress

The dress of the Port Lincoln natives consists simply of one or two kangaroo skins, and but rarely of rugs made of wallaby, opossum, or other furs, the preparation of which is performed in the following simple way:

As soon as the skin is taken from the animal it is firmly stretched on a level spot of ground by means of pegs inserted round the edge, the flesh side being upwards; when it is dry all fleshy substances that adhere are gently pulled or shaved off with a sharp-edged piece of quartz, it is then rubbed with the rough surface of an ironstone, which makes it both soft and pliable. The skins are then sewn together with the sinews from a kangaroo's tail, holes for this purpose being made with a thin pointed bone. Some of the rugs thus constructed are well enough, but upon the whole they are neither so large nor so well made as those worn by the Adelaide tribe.

As the skins are not tanned the natives take care not to allow the flesh side of their cloaks to become wet, which would make them hard and stiff; they therefore always turn the hairy side outwards in rainy weather. The best rugs are always worn by the women, especially if they have small children, whom they serve at the same time for a covering, either sitting on the mother's back while travelling, or in her lap at the camp. Such children as are carried are generally worst off for clothing, being either quite naked, or covered only with a small piece of a worn-out rug.

More for ornament than for any apparent comfort, the men wear a quantity of yarn on their heads, woven several times round so as to leave only the crown uncovered. The yarn is usually spun of opossum fur or human hair on a sort of distaff, two feet long and not thicker than a goose quill, having towards one end a short cross piece to wind the ready spun yarn upon. Those who wish to appear very smart embellish this ornament still further by placing a bunch of emu feathers in it, above the forehead. On festive occasions, such as the meeting of two strange tribes, they put into this yarn two green sticks stripped of their bark, and covered with white shavings, that make them appear like plumes, fixing one behind each ear and allowing the upper end to incline forward.

This ornament. combined with the white and red paint on the chest and arms, is, in my opinion, very much in character with a savage people, expressing a rude pomp that almost borders on the ferocious. I have observed this ornament only among the north-western tribe, to whom it may perhaps be confined. The tip of the tail of a wild dog or wallaby is often attached to the taper end of the beard, and the whole tail of a wild dog tied round the head is considered very ornamental. Those natives that live amongst Europeans are fond of substituting for the last-mentioned ornament a white or gay coloured rag, or even a bit of paper. Round the waist the men invariably wear a belt or girdle of some sort, it is generally of human hair spun into yarn, and afterwards twisted into a rope about half an inch thick, sometimes interwoven with emu feathers; but if they cannot obtain one of this sort they will use any kind of string rather than wear none at all. They draw it tight at all times, but especially when they are hungry, for the purpose, as they say, of staying their stomachs, or of rendering the craving of hunger less painful.

Painting

The cosmetics used by the Aborigines of this district are of different sorts; the one most esteemed and universally applied by both sexes is grease. If they have an abundance of it, they will anoint the whole body, but in times of scarcity they confine themselves to the face. I have no doubt they derive considerable comfort from this practice, particularly in hot weather, as I have often seen them beg very earnestly for a piece of fat, and as often heard them compare the custom to the washing of white men. The paints they employ in setting off the beauty of their persons are three, namely, black, white, and red.

The first and last of these are obtained from places far to the north, and consist of a soft kind of stone, of which they scrape some powder, and rub it on their previously greased faces, arms, and breasts, when the

paint, particularly the black, assumes a shining and metallic hue. As a substitute for the black paint, the cinders of a burnt grass-tree are sometimes used, which produce a deep black but much duller colour than the metallic paint. The white paint is a soft kind of chalk or pipeclay, and is only applied on particular occasions, such as dancing or mourning. How they ornament themselves with this paint for dancing I shall afterwards have an opportunity to describe; when in mourning, the women paint their foreheads, draw a ring round their eyes, and a perpendicular stripe on the stomach; while the men only put it on their foreheads, and at other times on their breasts, in different shapes, such as lines or dots, in order to indicate how near a relative the deceased was to them. The black paint is said to indicate mourning also, but I cannot say in what particular cases. It is, however, clear that under the same circumstances the natives do not all paint alike, as the deceased must of necessity have stood in a different relationship to the several survivors, which the various modes of painting are meant to denote.

Weapons

The weapons of the Port Lincoln tribes are rather clumsily made, but yet fully as efficacious as those of the Adelaide natives. Their spears are made of thin gum-scrub saplings, seven or more feet long, and are straightened in hot ashes. The root end, which is about as thick as a man's thumb, is pointed, being previously hardened in the fire, and at the taper end a small hole is bored by means of a sharp kangaroo bone, into which the catch of the *wommara* is hooked in throwing the spear. To prevent the edge of the hole splitting or breaking away, a thin kangaroo sinew is firmly tied round it.

Of the bundle of spears that each man carries about with him, two or three are generally barbed, and for those that are not they have ready-made barbs in their knapsacks, to be fixed to the spears when required. This barb is merely a chip of wood two inches in length, pointed at both ends, and so shaped that when the one end is laid even with the point of the spear, the other projects from it at a sharp angle, thus forming a hook, similar to one side of a harpoon. Although it is fixed to the spear only by a thin thread of sinew, yet it is so secure that it will never slip, and it is impossible to draw a barbed spear out of the body of a man or animal. This weapon is always used in spearing game, but the natives seem to consider it very reprehensible to use a barbed spear in fight.

All these spears are thrown with the wooden lever, known by the name of *wommara*, but here called *midla*, and the only other kind in use is the *winna*, which is only five feet long, very strong, and clumsy, and only made use of in spearing large fish. The *midla* is about two feet long and as many inches broad, the upper end is rather pointed, and a small peg is fixed for the hole in the small end of the spear. The handle end has a broad sharp-edged piece of quartz attached to it with gum, which answers the double purpose of pointing the spears, and also of preventing the instrument from slipping through the hand. The inside, on which the spear rests, is slightly hollowed out, while the outside is round, and both are rudely ornamented with little grooves. The *midla* is made of a long chip from the smooth and round trunk of a sheoak.

The *wirris*, by the whites incorrectly called *waddies*, are also made of gum saplings; they are eighteen inches in length, and barely one inch in diameter, the thin end is notched in order to afford a firm hold for the hand, while towards the other end there is a slight gradual bend like that of a sword; they are, however, without knobs, and every way inferior to the *wirris* of the Adelaide tribes. The natives use this weapon principally for throwing at kangaroo rats or other small animals, and also at the commencement of a fight before they take to their spears. The *kiatta* or grubbing stick is a gum or sheoak sapling, five feet long and two inches in diameter; the thick end of it is hardened in the fire, and by means of a rough stone a broad and sharp edge is given to it. The use of this stick is sufficiently indicated by its name, namely, to dig up roots, and as this is mainly the employment of the women, it is their constant companion. The *wadna* is the boomerang of other Australian tribes, only that it is longer, thinner, and clumsier; it is used solely for striking fish in the water, and seldom carried about by the natives, but is generally left at the fishing places.

The most singular implement in use with the Port Lincoln tribes – and peculiar to them, I believe, as I have not met with a notice of it anywhere else – is the *yuta*, a large piece of bark about four feet long, eight or ten inches wide, and presenting the form of an open round

water-spout; its use is to clean the grubs of a large species of ant. When an ant-hill is opened it will be found to contain, among a mass of rubbish and innumerable small red insects, here and there a large white grub. These are the only ones fit for eating, but as it would be tedious to pick them out with the hand, the native put as much of the whole mass into the *yuta* as it will hold, and commence throwing it up and catching it again, holding the *yuta* all the time in a position slightly deviating from the horizontal. By this process all heavy substances will gradually separate and fall out of the vessel at its lower end, while the lighter particles seek the raised end, and thus leave, at last, the eatable grubs cleaned in the middle. The grubs are already possessed of life at the time when the natives eat them, and it is on this account probably, that they wrap them up in a clean bit of dry grass, which they chew and suck until they have got all the nutriment out of it, taking enormous mouthsful each time. It requires a great deal of dexterity to handle the *yuta* properly, so as to lose none of the white grubs, and get them thoroughly clean; while little native children, six or seven years old, understand this business very well, I have never seen a white man succeed in imitating them. The grub is in season about September, and it is therefore only at that time that the *yuta* is seen among the natives.

All the above weapons and implements are with other things packed in the knapsack which is carried under the left arm, being by one or more strings slung over the shoulder. It is either a mere kangaroo skin, drawn together by a string like a purse, or a coarse net, manufactured of the fibres of rushes. The smaller articles contained in the knapsack are: a large flat shell for drinking, a round smooth stone for breaking the bones of animals, one or more kinds of paint, a wooden scoop used in roasting roots, some pieces of quartz, and the whole skin of some animal which answers for a purse to keep minute things in, such as kangaroo sinews and pointed bones of various sizes (serving for needles and thread), sharp-edged thin bones to peel roots with, tufts of feathers, tips for beards, strings, spear-barbs, etc. To prevent these from falling through the meshes of the net, the inside of it is lined with dry grass.

Besides the articles mentioned, the natives carry roots and whatever game they pick up during the day in the *nurti*, as the wallet is called by them, and on the top of all they place their weapons, entwining them in such a manner in the string that closes the knapsack that they cannot slip. The knapsacks of the women differ in no way from those of the men, except that they are larger and, when full and heavy, are carried by them on the back by a breast-band across the chest. Some men also carry a native knife, called *bakki bakkiti*, made of a large piece of quartz fixed to one end of a stick with resin.

There is one more instrument to be mentioned, of a more sacred and mysterious use: this is the *witarna*, an oval chip of wood, say 18 inches long and three or four broad, smooth on both sides and not above half an inch thick. By a long string which passes through a hole at one end, the native swings it around his head through the air, when it gradually, as the string become twisted, produces a deep unearthly sound, interrupted at intervals and anon breaking forth again with increasing intensity.

From the women and children the *witarna* is carefully concealed; and whenever it is heard, which is only at their mysterious ceremonies, the women know that they must not approach.

Food

It has been asserted that Aborigines of this country will eat anything. This opinion has probably arisen from seeing them eat many things which to a European would be very disgusting, such as grubs, foul eggs, intestines of animals, etc. Yet there are articles of food relished by white men that a native would not touch; for instance, some kinds of fish, oysters, or shell-fish of any kind, the common mushroom, etc., although they eat almost all other kinds of fungus.

The natives divide their food into two general classes, namely, *paru*, which denotes animal food of every description, and *mai*, which comprises all vegetable nutriments. To the latter class belong a variety of roots, such as *ngamba, ngarruru, nilai, winnu*, and other kinds, which are nearly all of the sized and shape of a small carrot or radish. These are all roasted in hot ashes, and peeled before they are eaten, and have more or less a bitter taste. The only root known to me as eaten in a raw state is that of the grass-tree, which grows in great abundance on the barren hills and plains of Port Lincoln, and is consumed by the native in prodigious quantities at different seasons of the year. It is by no means unpleasant to the palate but contains, probably, very little nourishment. Several kinds of the fungus tribe are also consumed raw.

Though this country is almost entirely destitute of indigenous fruits of any value to a European, yet there are various kinds which form very valuable and extensive articles of food for the Aborigines; the most abundant and important of these is the fruit of a species of cactus, very elegantly styled pigs'-faces by the white people, but by the natives called *karkalla*. The size of the fruit is rather less than that of a walnut, and it has a thick skin of a pale reddish colour, by compressing which, the glutinous sweet substance inside slips into the mouth. When it is in season, which is from January to the end of summer, a comparatively glorious life begins for the Aborigines; hunger can never assail them, as this fruit is abundant all over the grassy part of the country, and they never tire of it; the men gather only as much as they want to eat at the time, but the women bring great quantities of it home to the camp, to be eaten at night.

The other kinds of fruit that the natives eat grow on small trees or shrubs in the shape of berries or pods. Some of these are allowed to ripen – as the native peach, cherry, *wadnirri* berry (found on the sea beach,) the *karrambi* berry (growing on the besom-tree,) etc., while others are gathered before they are ripe, and roasted in hot ashes, as, for instance, the *myarri* and *pulbulla*, cherries, and the *menka* and *nondo*, beans.

The last-mentioned fruit, which is much prized by the natives, grows in abundance among the sandhills between Coffin and Sleaford Bays, where it every year attracts a large concourse of tribes, and generally gives occasion for a fight. As a proof how much this bean is valued it may be mentioned that the Kukata tribe, notorious for ferocity and witchcraft, often threaten to burn or otherwise destroy the *nondo* bushes in order to aggravate their adversaries.

As the wattle does not grow in Port Lincoln, at least not to any extent,. there is but little eatable gum, which constitutes such an important article of food for the Adelaide tribes.

The willow, and another shrub named *perrenye*, exude, indeed, some gum of the colour and transparency of sugar-candy, but they grow only in certain localities, and the quantity is comparatively limited.

Every description of game, from the kangaroo down to the smallest marsupial species, and all kinds of birds, from the emu to the wren, constitute food for the Aborigines of this district, nor are snakes and other reptiles by any means despised. The commonest method of procuring wild animals is to approach them unseen and spear them unawares. In order to effect this, some artifices are employed to divert the attention of the animal, such as one man stationing himself in an open space at a distance, or hiding himself in a bush and making a slight noise by breaking sticks or otherwise, while the huntsman is creeping nearer and nearer until he has his victim within reach of his spear.

This is the usual way of killing kangaroos, emus, and wild dogs; but in winter, when the ground is soft, the kangaroos are pursued till they are tired out, and are then killed with *waddies*, or if a great number of natives be collected, as is often the case in summer, they surround a district of country known to contain kangaroo, and by shouting, and gradually drawing closer, drive them towards the spot where other men are concealed and prepared to spear the game as it passes them; and if near the sea-coast, they hunt the poor animals upon a point of land, where they are easily speared, or if they take to the sea, as I am told they sometimes will do, their enemies will pursue, even in this element, by swimming after them.

The smaller animals, as wallaby and kangaroo-rats, that live in the scrub, are knocked down with *waddies* while running away. To start them from their lairs, a whole district is set on fire, before which the hunters take their places, or if the bush be not dry enough to burn, they spread out in line, firing here and there a dry patch, and hurling their *waddies* at the scared animals.

Where the scrub is low, each man has a tuft of feathers at the butt end of a spear, which he plants upright near the bush that he know to contain some animal, and as soon as the others see this signal they come to surround and thus make sure of the game.

They have also a great number of manual signs, by which they can indicate the description of game in sight without speaking. Thus, pointing with the forefinger, while the rest are closed, and making a motion that reminds one of the hopping of a kangaroo, indicates that animal; three fingers extended, the middle one dropping a little below the other two, denotes an emu; four fingers shut, and the thumb only extended, means an opossum; the whole hand extended and held horizontally on edge shows that fish are seen.

They have as many similar signs as there are kinds of game, employing in a different one for each. Opossums and native cats are hunted in moonlight nights when the heavens are lightly clouded, for

in perfectly clear nights the natives maintain the animals see them at a distance, and run to their holes in the rocks before they come up. In hunting opossums, the tamed native dogs are of great service, as they not only catch the animals when dropping from the trees, but also scent and take the natives to the game. If a kangaroo-rat is found in a hole or under a rock, and they can neither reach it with their hands nor with sticks, a fire is made at the mouth of the opening, until the animal is driven out or overpowered by the smoke.

The natives of Port Lincoln are not so expert in procuring fish as those of other parts of the colony, for they neither use nets nor hooks. The larger kinds are speared, while the smaller sorts, particularly those that move about in shoals, are surrounded by a number of natives, each being provided with a branch of teatree, and slowly driven towards the shore, where they are secured by placing the branches round them and throwing them upon the sand.

Some kinds of fish are attracted in the night by a light, knowing which, the natives go into the water with lighted torches of long, dry pieces of bark, and procure great quantities of them. Great excitement prevails among the natives when they are successful in hunting or fishing, each one exclaiming on those occasions, *Ngaitye paru, ngaitye paru*, i.e., 'my meat, my meat!' patting his stomach all the time vigorously. Many eulogiums are also bestowed on him to whose skill they owe the feast in prospect.

All kinds of meat and fish are roasted on the fire; large animals, such as kangaroos, are skinned and cut into joints, but the smaller sorts are thrown on the fire without being skinned, unless the natives want to save the fur for cloaks. When the hair is well singed off they are taken from the fire again, and the inside is taken out, and is generally handed over to the women and children.

The superstitious simplicity of the Aborigines is peculiarly displayed in hunting and distributing game. They have a number of distiches *[from διστιχος, verses in two lines, couplets]* handed down to them by their ancestors, and known only to the grown-up men, which are rapidly pronounced when they are going to pursue or spear an animal.

The literal meaning of these charms, or imprecations, as the natives term them, is probably unknown to themselves, since they are unable to explain it; but the object and confidently believed effect of them is,

to throw the animal of its guard, so that it may not observe its enemy, or to weaken it, that it may not be able to escape from its pursuers. Another object in pronouncing these formulas appears to be, to remove the game from common use, or to render imperative the observance of their traditional laws with regard to animal food.

The general principle of these laws is this, that the male of any animal should be eaten by grown-up men, the female by women, and the young animal by children only. An exception, however, is made with respect to the common kangaroo-rat, which may be eaten promiscuously. The wallaby, especially that species called by the natives *yurridni*, and the two species of bandicoot, *kurkulla* and *yartiri*, must on no account be eaten by young men and young women, as they are believed to produce premature menses in the latter, and discolour the beards of the former, giving them a brown tinge instead of a shining black.

That the last-mentioned laws are adhered to, I have had frequent opportunities of observing; but, as regards the general principle, I am afraid it is often disregarded, to the professed great grief of the men, who thence will sometimes take occasion to reprehend the young generation for their unprincipled conduct, declaring, at the same time, that in their own youth they scrupulously abstained from forbidden meat. Guanas and lizards are proper food for girls, as accelerating maturity, and snakes for women, promoting fecundity.

The life of a hunter is necessarily a roving one under any circumstances, but more particularly so in a country which yields its scanty natural

products in different localities, and at different seasons of the year. On this account the Port Lincoln natives are compelled sometimes to range up and down the sea-coast, looking for fish; sometimes to travel over hill and dale, hunting and digging roots; and, during the driest months of the year, the impervious, scrubby deserts are traversed by them, for the purpose of procuring small game, in spite of excessive heat and want of water. To assuage the burnings of thirst, under such circumstances, they resort to the expedient of covering their bodies with earth, which is said to cool them, and answer the same purpose as drinking water.

Fifteen to 20 miles is about the distance they travel in a day, the men often taking circuitous roads, while the women and children, many of whom have to be carried, are taken straight to the intended camping place, under the protection and guidance of one or more men. They

seem never in a hurry to start in the morning, and it usually requires a great deal of talking and urging, on the part of the more eager, before a movement is made.

When arrived at the camp, which is always some time before sunset, the first thing to be done is to make a fire and roast the small animals that the men may have killed (kangaroo, and other large game, being roasted on the spot where it is killed and, what is not eaten then, carried piecemeal o the camp.) After the meat is consumed, the women produce the roots or fruit picked up by them during the say; and, this dessert also over, the rest of the evening is spent in talking, singing, or dancing.

In summer and fine weather, they only put a few branches on the ground, in a semi-circular shape, to serve as a breakwind; but, in rainy weather, they construct huts of sheoak branches, in the shape of a deep niche, giving them as much pitch as possible to promote the running down of the water. A fire is always kept burning in front of the hut to keep their feet warm during the night; and, in cold weather, each individual has a small heap of burning coals in front, and at the back; as the least shifting will bring them in close contact with these coals, it frequently happens that they burn themselves severely.

The length of time that they stay in a camp depends partly on the locality, partly on the quantity of food near it. There are, in the Port Lincoln district, many isolated wells and holes in rocks containing water; while, for thirty or more miles round, there may not be a drop to be found; so that the natives are compelled to resort to the same camp so long as they remain in the neighbourhood. Again, on favourable dishing grounds, they will sometimes protract their stay n one camp from ten days to a fortnight, but never longer. As they travel much more in summer than in winter, they change their camping places more frequently during that season. Each family occupies a separate hut; and, if there be any young unmarried men, they sleep apart in a hut of their own.

Marriage and Nomenclature

The Aborigines of this portion of the province are divided into two distinct classes, viz. the Mattiri, and Karraru, people. This division seems to have remained among them from time immemorial, and has for its object the regulation of marriages; none being allowed within either of these classes, but only between the two; so that if a husband be Mattiri, his wife must be Karraru, and vice versa. The distinction is kept up by the children taking invariably the appellation of the class to which their mother belongs. There is not an instance of two Mattiri or Karraru being married, although they do not seem to consider less virtuous connections between parties of the same class incestuous.

There are of course other limitations to marriage between nearly related people besides this general distinction; but it is very difficult to ascertain them, on account of the innumerable grades of consang-uinity that arise from polygamy, and from frequent interchanging and repudiating of wives. Besides, friendship among the natives assumes always the forms and names of relationship, which renders it almost impossible to find out the differences between real or merely adopted relatives.

The mode of marrying is the most unceremonious in the world. Long before a young girl arrives at maturity, she is affianced by her parents to some friend of theirs, no matter whether young or old, married or

single, and as soon as she shows signs of puberty, she is bid to follow him without any further ceremony, and without consulting her own inclinations. Fortunately for the young females, it will not infrequently happen, that a jealous old matron violently opposes her husband dividing his affections between herself and her young rival, and thus compels him to transfer his claim to some young fellow who will gladly relieve him of his burden. It sometimes occurs that a young man, desperately in love, or fancying that his pretensions are well founded, takes a woman from another man by force; often killing the latter without any compunction, if he cannot otherwise effect his purpose.

The loose practices of the Aborigines, with regard to the sanctity of matrimony, form the worst trait in their character; although the men are capable of fierce jealousy, if their wives transgress unknown to them, yet they frequently send them out to other parties, or exchange with a friend for a night; and, as for near relatives, such as brothers, it may almost be said that they have their wives in common. While the sending out of the women for the night seems to be regarded as an impropriety by the natives themselves, the latter practice is a recognised custom, about which not the least shame is felt.

A peculiar nomenclature has arisen from these singular connections; a woman honours the brothers of the man to whom she is married with the indiscriminate name of husband; but the men make a distinction, calling their own individual spouses *yungaras*, and those to whom they have a secondary claim, by right of brotherhood, *karteti*.

Notwithstanding the early marriage of females, I have not observed that they have children at an earlier age than is common among Europeans. The number of children reared by each family is of course variable, but, in general, very limited, rarely exceeding four. If a mother has children in rapid succession, which, however, does not appear to be frequently the case, the young infant is killed by some other woman, who accompanies the mother on these occasions to a distance from the other natives. From the greater number of male children reared one may infer that not so many of them are killed at their birth as of the female sex.

In extenuation of this horrible practice the women allege that they cannot suckle and carry two babies at once, while the men wash their hands in innocence by maintaining that they are never present at these murders, and that the women alone are to blame. Although both sexes are very fond of their living offspring, yet the mothers are very careless, often allowing their children to burn themselves so badly that there are few adults who have not a more or less disfiguring mark about them received during infancy.

The Aborigines have a simple method of naming their children, derived from the successive number of births by each mother. For instance, the first-born child, if a male, is named *Piri*; if a girl *Kartanya*; and so on to the number of six or seven names for either sex. Besides these names, which are confined to more familiar use, corresponding exactly with our Christian names, each child receives the name of the place where it was born. Both these names are retained through life, but in addition to them the males receive a third name about the age of puberty, with a great many mysterious and ceremonious observances, a description of which will be given further on.

Medical Treatment

Although living in a healthy climate, and on wholesome food, yet the natives are not entirely free from disease; those they are most subject to, besides wounds, are colds, diarrhoea, and headaches. They employ various external means with a view either of removing the disease of affording temporal relief from pain, some of which seems appropriate enough. The principal of them are pressing or manipulating the patient's body, especially the whole abdomen, and even gently treading it with the feet; drawing the belt round the waist, and the bandage round the head, very tight; sprinkling with cold water in case of fever or local inflammation; fomenting the anus with the previously heated green leaves of the currant tree, in cases of diarrhoea; bleeding on the lower arm for the relief of severe headache.

The last-mentioned remedy is confined to the male sex, and by them very commonly resorted to during the hot season, even when in good health. None of the blood is allowed to drop on the ground, but it is carefully made to run on another man's body in such a manner as to form a number of thin transverse lines, representing the appearance of

a regular network. The object of this custom is partly to remove disease, as inflammation and headache, partly to promote the growth of young people, and preserve the vigour of older men.
The women are on no account allowed to bleed, or even to see the men when bled; and when the latter are exercising this secret privilege of theirs, the *witarna* is sounded to give the women and uninitiated young people notice not to approach.

Independent of these empiricisms, which may be applied by anybody, the Aborigines have doctors among them called *Mintapas*, who pretend that they can cure disease by sucking it out of the body. If the evil be general they apply their lips to the pit of the stomach, or if local to the part affected, and after sucking a while they take out of their mouths a small piece of wood or bone, which they make the patient and bystanders believe to be the malady, sucked by them out of the body.
Such is the superstition of these ignorant people that they not only firmly believe in this mummery, but also vehemently expostulate with you if you express a doubt, or hint that the *mintapas* have previously put the wood produced by them into their mouths.
Among the tribes in the immediate vicinity of Port Lincoln the *mintapas* are rare, but the famous Kukata tribe, t o the north-west, are said to harbour many of such workers of miracles. External wounds are generally left to heal of their own accord, the most they do to them is to wrap something very tightly round the injured part, to press the adjoining parts occasionally, and sprinkle them with cold water if inflamed.

The natives show a deal of sympathy with sick people, especially the women, who vent their feelings by a plentiful effusion of tears and vigorous manipulation of the painful parts, while the patients, even in desperate cases, display very often a degree of stoical fortitude that old Zeno himself might have envied.

Customs and Ceremonies

It is a curious fact, as well as a strong proof of the degraded social condition of the Aboriginal inhabitants of this country, that they have no chief, or any persons of acknowledged superior authority among them. All grown-up men and perfectly equal, and this is so well understood that none ever attempt to assume any command over their fellows; but whatever wishes they may entertain with regard to the conduct and actions of others, they must be expressed in the shape of entreaty or persuasion.
Considerable deference, however, is shown to the old men by the younger generation, proceeding, perhaps, partly from the respect which superior age and experience inspire, but greatly increased and kept up by the superstitious awe of certain mysterious rites, known only to the grown-up men, and to the knowledge of which the young people are only very gradually admitted.
The three degrees of initiation through which the youths must pass form so many periods of their lives, and the appellation of the character which each degree confers on them supersedes their ordinary names during the time that intervenes between the ceremonies or immediately follows them.
The first initiation takes place about the age of fifteen, when the boys assume the title of *Warrara*. I have never witnessed the ceremonies attending it, as the natives hitherto were very jealous of strangers being present, from fear that through them the women and children might become acquainted with the mysteries practised. I have been told, however, that the boy is conducted from the camp blindfolded by one man styled the *Yumbo*, whose duty is to attend the *warrara* during the whole ceremony at some remote place, which must be screened from the eyes of the women and children, who remain behind.
When arrived at the spot chosen he is laid down on the ground and covered over with skins, and the *yumbo* sits down by his side to keep watch over him. The rest of the company now prepare a number of small whips (*pullakalli*) to the end of which a small chip of wood about ten inches long and half-an-inch broad is attached; by twisting the string of this whip, and swinging it rapidly through the air, a sudden and piercing sound is produced; not unlike the report of an air-gun.
Next, two men procure a heap of green boughs, and hide themselves in it, in front of the spot where the boy is lying, and about twenty paces from it; one of the adults then opens a vein in his arm, causing the blood to run on the *warrara*'s head, face, and shoulders, and a few drops into his mouth. The latter is then told to uncover his eyes, in order to behold a most ludicrous and grotesque spectacle. While one aged man hums a slow and monotonous tune, and three or four others crack the

above-described whips (with dire grimaces and furious gesticulations), a slight rustling, which gradually grows louder, is heard among the heap of branches, until at last a veritable black leaps out of them, all fours, biting his beard, wildly rolling his eyes, and assuming altogether an expression and position similar to that of a tiger, just in the act of pouncing upon his prey.

At each crack of the whips, the man drops down upon his face, moving neither head nor foot, as if he were dead; but gradually recovering, he raises his head, gives a deep scowl on all around, and throwing now and then some dust about him, slowly moves forward, until another crack is heard, and he drops down again.

When arrived at the spot where the *warrara* is sitting, he leaves the arena, making room for the other man still hidden among the boughs, and who now repeats exactly the same antics: hereupon, all present crowd around the poor *warrara*, giving him a number of precepts for his future conduct, accompanied by awful threatenings and severe thumps on his chest and sides. Although they assure him that by all this no harm is meant, but that his own good is solely intended, my informant has seen big tears run down a boy's cheek.

The precepts that a *warrara* is required to observe are these: Not to associate any longer with his mother, or the other women, and the children, but to keep company with the men; to have no quarrels with the women, especially not to *waddy*, spear or otherwise ill-treat them; to abstain from forbidden meats, such as lizards, etc.; and not to betray what he has seen and heard on the present occasion; and that if he did not observe these injunctions, they should spear him, throw him into the fire, or do other dreadful things to him.

In the course of the day during the early part of which the ceremony has been performed, the *warrara* is covered all over with human blood, and on the following morning he is ceremoniously introduced to the women. For this purpose, every man provides himself with a handful of green grass, enclosing in it a few live coals, so as to cause a thick smoke, and they then march in a long single line (having the *warrara* in the middle), waving the smoking grass, and continually shouting '*Erri, Erri*', to the encampment of the women, who during the preceding night have slept separate from the men.

On their arrival in front of the women, after describing a wide circle one or twice, they draw up in a solid body, and throw the smoking grass in a heap. This is carried to one of the women who has been especially appointed to receive the *warrara*, and the latter is conducted backwards to her by his *yumbo* or attendant, and made to sit down on the heap of grass. She then dries, and rubs with her cloak the back of the *warrara*, which has been previously covered again with blood; and in conclusion, one of the little boys chases him through a lane formed by the body of men, running after him, shouting, and beating two *waddies* together. For three or more months after this ceremony, the *warrara* must keep his face blackened with charcoal, speak in low whispers, and avoid the presence of women.

To illustrate how early, and systematically, the native children are trained to view these ceremonies with feelings of awe, it may be mentioned that they are never allowed to approach the spot where a *warrara* has been made; if such a place should happen to fall in the line that the men are travelling, the little boys are directed to take a round, in order to avoid the sacred spot.

About the age of 16 or 17, the second degree, that of a *Pardnapa*, is conferred on every male. On the morning agreed upon by the men (which is studiously kept secret from the women and children), the appointed attendant of the *pardnapa*, named *Yanmurru*, gives the first signal, by embracing the lad and shouting '*Pu, Pu*'. Instantly. all the women of the class that the *pardnapa* happens to belong to, whether *matteri*, or *karrari*, jump up, and (apparently with reluctance, but in reality gladly and joyfully), each touches the shoulders and necks of the men of the same class, in order to express their entire approval of the men's intention, to raise a boy of their class to a higher station in life.

he women are then directed to move on, while the men tarry behind to procure green boughs; and on their overtaking the women, they trot past them in a line, keeping the *pardnapa* in the middle, weaving their boughs and shouting '*Pu., Pu* '. They then separate again, the women to gather roots or fruits and the men to hunt; which appears to be an essential part of the ceremony. A scrubby district is chosen, and

effectually scoured by an extensive line of the hunters; and great numbers of wallaby and rats fall by their well-aimed *waddies*. The *pardnapa*, although present, takes no part in the hunt, but goes unarmed.

About noon they retire to the nearest watering-place, and after roasting and consuming the game, the *pardnapa* is ordered to withdraw, accompanied by those lads who last underwent the same ceremony. A circumciser (*Yulli*) is then appointed; some of the company cover themselves with dust, biting their beards, grunting and leaping wildly about, suddenly seize on one of the number present, place him on their shoulders, and carry him a little distance, where they lay him down on his back, and with great earnestness endeavour to persuade him to undertake the office.

As it appears to be considered an honour by the natives, to be chosen for one of the offices connected with their ceremonies, it is generally conferred on a visitor from a distance should one be present, who, with pretended reluctance, pleads many reasons why he should not have been appointed, such as 'want of skill or nerve to perform the cruel operation', that he 'came to see his friends, and by no means expected to have been thus distinguished', etc., all of which is easily overruled by the general voice, as it appears to proceed more from custom than real modesty.

A tree of moderate height is then divested of its branches, and one of the men takes his place in the fork of it, while the rest crowd round it, placing their hands and heads against its stem, so that their backs assume a horizontal position and present a kind of platform. As soon as it is announced that the *pardnapa* is brought back from his hiding-place, which is always done blindfold, the whole mass utter an unearthly sound which bears some resemblance to a distant moaning, and during the performance of the operation keep grinding their teeth. The *pardnapa* is placed backwards on the altar or platform formed by the backs of the men, his arms and legs are stretched out and held fast, and the man sitting in the fork of the tree descends and sits down on his chest, so that he is utterly unable to move one limb of his body.

A person well acquainted with the operation, after drawing the foreskin properly forward and causing the circumciser to make only the first incision, completes the business very deliberately with a chip of quartz, while some charm supposed to have the power of allaying pain, is rapidly pronounced by a few lookers-on.

The men then draw up in a line, left foot forward and both hands filled with dust, and gradually move towards the *pardnapa*, who is now allowed to open his eyes. They do not place one foot before the other in moving, but set their feet alternately only a few inches further, so that the left foot always remains foremost. At each movement, which is performed simultaneously by all, each man throws a little dust into the air, and all of them have, during this parade, their beards in their mouths.

In conclusion every one beats and thumps the poor *pardnapa* to his heart's desire, enjoining him secrecy with regard to his newly acquired mysterious knowledge, but assuring him all the while that they mean no harm. On the completion of the ceremony, the men conclude the festive day by another wallaby hunt.

The *pardnapa*, whose hair has previously been allowed to grow to s great length, now has it secured on the crown of his head in a cap of net-work manufactured of opossum's hair; and over the pubes he wears a fringe or tassel made of the same material; these sacred badges are worn for many months after the operation, and when the cap is laid aside, the hair is still preserved, and suffered to fall down in long matted locks.

Another operation, peculiar to the Aborigines of Port Lincoln, is also performed at this period, though without any particular ceremony. It consists of a cut, with a chip of quartz, from the orifice of the penis, along its lower side down to the scrotum, thus laying open the passage in its whole length. The object of this strange mutilation I have never been able to ascertain. In support of a practice so essentially barbarous, the natives have nothing more to say than that 'it was observed by their forefathers, and must therefore be upheld by themselves'.

The third and most important degree in these superstitious mysteries is taken about the age of eighteen, which allows the youths to take the name of *Wilyalkinyis*. I have seen this ceremony performed twice, and am therefore enabled to give a more detailed account if it. A day or two previous, *Indanyanas*, a sort of sponsors, are appointed, whose duty it is to perform the customary rites on the *wilyalkinyis*. The

appointment is made by one person laying the *indanyana* backwards in his lap, when several others come round and entreat him to assume the office; a distinction that he all the while protests to be very averse to.

As the festive ceremonies always take place in summer, when great numbers of them are collected and as none have any command over the rest, a great deal of eloquence and mutual urging is required to put the lazy multitude into motion; so that the rites which could be conveniently gone through in one hour, generally occupy the greatest part of the day.

The initiation of *wilyalkinyis* commences with their being taken blindfold and unawares from the camp, to the pretended great sorrow of the women, who immediately set up a feigned lamentation; while the youths are conducted by their sponsors to a short distance. Here the latter station themselves for at least an hour in a circle, and uttering simultaneously at intervals of about ten minutes a long monotonous wail, which may, perhaps, be represented as near as possible by these characters: Yai-a-ay.
The lads are next led still further from and out of sight of the camp, laid flat on the ground and covered up with cloaks; after lying there for another hour, two men procure a number of green boughs, the boys are again raised on their feet, but still blindfolded, by their *indanyanas*, and all the rest of the men range themselves in a half-circle.
Placing themselves opposite to the open side of the semi-circle, and assuming the attitudes and gestures of violent rage, the two men with the boughs throw them over the heads of the *wilyalkinyis*, which the rest accompany with beating of *waddies* and uttering a number of short shouts, dwelling only on the last, every time that a branch falls to the ground, in this manner – Ye, ye, ye, yay.
The lads are now laid on the green boughs and covered up again, when the company very leisurely and deliberately commence preparing chips of quartz for tattooing the *wilyalkinyis*, and inventing new names by which they are to be called during their future lives.

This last-mentioned business is always attended with great difficulty, as the new name must not only be agreeable to their ideas of euphony, but also quite original, or such as has not previously belonged to any other person. In most cases these names are roots of verbs, augmented by the termination –*alta*, or *ulta*, according to the terminating vowel of the dissyllabic root. Whether these endings affect the meaning of the words in any way, must remain a matter of speculation, as they never occur but in proper names. The natives have no objection to be assisted in the invention of names, but they will be careful to select out of the number mentioned to them, only such as they think are appropriate or new.

Everything being prepared, several men open veins in their lower arms, while the young men are raised to swallow the first drops of the blood. They are then directed to kneel on their hands and knees, so as to give a horizontal position to their backs, which are covered all over with blood.
As soon as this is sufficiently coagulated, one person marks with his thumb the places in the blood, where the incisions are to be made, namely, one in the middle of the neck, and two rows from the shoulders down to the hips, at intervals of about a third of an inch between each cut. These are named *Manka*, and are ever after held in such veneration that it would be deemed a great profanation to allude to them in the presence of women.
Each incision requires several cuts with the blunt chips of quartz to make them deep enough, and is then carefully drawn apart; yet the poor fellows do not shrink, or utter a sound; but I have seen their friends so overcome by sympathy with their pain, that they made attempts to stop the cruel proceedings, which was of course not allowed by the other men. During the cutting, which is performed with astonishng expedition, as many of the men as can find room crowd around the youths, repeating in a subdued tone, but very rapidly, the following formula:

' Kauwaka kanya marra marra
Karndo kanya marra marra
Pilbirri kanya marra marra.'

This incantation, which is derived from their ancestors, is apparently void of any coherent sense; the object of its repetition, however, is to

alleviate the pain of the young men, and to prevent dangerous consequences from the dreadful lacerations.
After the incisions are completed on all the youths, they are allowed to stand up and open their eyes, and the first thing they behold is two men coming towards them, stamping, biting their beards, and swinging the *witarna* with such fury as if they intended to dash it against their heads, but upon approaching, they content themselves with placing the string of that instrument round their necks in succession. Several fires are also made to windward at this time, so that the smoke may be blown upon the young men.
In commemoration of the ordeal gone through, the *wilyalkinyis* are presented with some badges, such as a new girdle round the waist, spun of human hair, a tight bandage round each upper arm, a string of opossum hair round the neck, the end of which descends down the back, where it is fastened to the girdle, a bunch of green leaves over the pubes, and at last their faces, arms and breasts are painted black.

In conclusion, all the men crowd once more round them, each endeavouring to give them some good advice for the proper regulation of their future conduct; the main topics I understood to be these: to abstain from quarrelling and fighting, to forbear talking aloud, and to avoid women. These rules are scrupulously observed till the men release them about four or five months after, during which time they live and sleep separate from the camp, and speak in whispers.
The release of the *wilyalkinyis* consists merely in tearing the string, the symbol of silence, from their necks, and covering them over with blood, in the manner that the men adopt at their bleeding ceremonies; and after that they may be looked upon as perfect adepts in all manner of secrets and admissable to all the privileges of grown-up men. The women and children, as has been mentioned already, are by no means allowed to see any of the above ceremonies. They are on those occasions encamped out of sight of the men; but if their business, in fetching water, wood or anything else, should bring them within sight, they must cover their heads with cloaks and walk in a stooping posture. Any impertinent curiosity on their part is punishable with death, according to the ancient custom; and I have been told that instances have occurred where this dreadful punishment was actually inflicted.

As one more proof what mighty importance the Aborigines attach to their absurd mysteries, I may mention that it is deemed very ignominious abuse, if a person of a higher degree upbraids any one with his still occupying a lower station; *warrara purra* (still a boy of the first degree only), *pardnapa purra* (only of the second degree), are very offensive expressions.

Superstitions and Traditions

The opinions of the natives with regard to supernatural things and agencies, are very peculiar and interesting. They have as clear a perception of the immateriality and immortality of the soul as could have been expected from them. In order to illustrate the former, they describe it as very small, so minute that it could pass through a crack or crevice; and when a man dies, his soul goes to an island, where it lives in a state so ethereal that it requires no food. Some say that this island is situated towards the east, others towards the west; so that they either do not agree about the locality, or believe in the existence of more than one receptacle for departed souls. On its passage to its new habitation a species of red-bill, a bird frequenting the sea-beach, and noted for its shrill shrieks during the night, accompanies it.

It appears to be a modern idea of theirs, adopted since their knowledge of the existence of a white race of men, that their souls will at a future period become white men. However, such is their belief, and all white people are in their opinion no more than the reincorporated souls of their forefathers.

So firmly persuaded are, at least were they of this, that they even ventured to identify some settlers with natives long since dead, giving the former the names of the latter. The last words of Ngabi, a Port Lincoln native who was executed in Adelaide, were that 'by-and-by he should become a white man', although he had been made acquainted with more correct views.
These two apparently contradictory opinions, that an island receives the souls of the departed and that they reappear as white men, may perhaps be quite compatible by the natives assuming that the island is only their temporary abode; which is the more likely, as they certainly

believe in the pre-existence of the souls of black men, and also assign the island as their previous abode. I do not think that originally they had any idea of retribution in a future life for actions done in this, but they seem to think that the fate of man in this world is in some degree dependent on his good or bad conduct.

The following anecdote will best illustrate their views on the subject: It was reported by a native that at or near Streaky Bay a black man had been shot by a whaling party for spearing a dog belonging to them, and which had been furiously attacking the native; some time after, the crew of a whaler wrecked in that neighbourhood came overland to Port Lincoln, and when it was hinted that perhaps one of them had shot the black man, the natives at once assigned that act of cruelty as the cause of the shipwreck.

The most prominent in the superstitions of the Port Lincoln Aborigines is their belief in the existence of a fiendish monster, named *Marralye*, who is described as a man who assumes the shape and power of a bird, so that he can fly through the air. He is most feared during the night-time, when he is supposed to pounce upon his sleeping victims, either killing them by eating their hearts out of their bodies, or doing them some other grievous injury; he takes care, however, not to leave any marks of his ravages, and it is therefore only from the effects, such as pain and illness, that the sufferers know of his nightly visits. The death of children and the loss of sight are usually ascribed to *Marralye*, if no other palpable cause can be assigned. The *Marralye*, it is to be observed, has no individual and permanent existence, but is merely the mask or disguise temporarily assumed by wicked men, particularly the Kukata tribe, to enable them to execute their mischievous intentions.

Another kind of fabulous beings are the *Purkabidnis* whose number seems to be unlimited; they are represented as black men of an enormous size, quite naked, and armed only with *waddies*; although always bent on bloodshed and murder, they are not so dangerous as the *Marralye*, since by vigilance and courage they may be conquered. At night the men never move from the camp without taking a spear to protect themselves, in case any of these lurking assassins should be about.

Some of the natives boast of having killed *Purkabidnis*; but I apprehend that they have mistaken black stumps of trees or real natives for these beings, an error that superstitious timidity will occasionally betray them into. I recollect that two natives once pointed out to me a dark object in a thickly-timbered locality, and at several hundred yards' distance, that looked exactly like a black man in a crouching posture; they were satisfied that it was *Purkabidni*, and not only strongly objected to go with me to examined it, but also endeavoured to prevent my going by myself. However, upon nearer approach, it turned out to be what I expected to find, namely, a burnt stump, and when I laid my hand upon it they burst out laughing, acknowledging themselves for once mistaken, but nowise shaken in their firm persuasion that such monsters really existed, and had been seen by them on other occasions.

That natives, wandering too far into the territories of strange tribes, are sometimes slain as *Purkabidnis* is not unlikely, and rendered probable from the following account: Our Port Lincoln natives, when asked if they could give any information of two black men who had gone with Mr Eyre to the far west, and returned from thence by themselves, recollected having heard that two strange young men, carrying a peculiar kind of nets or netbags, had been killed by the Kukatas, in the belief of their being *Purkabidnis*.

The worst kind of superstition, and one that does comparatively as much mischief among the Aborigines as the belief in witchcraft ever did in Europe, is the idea that one person may, from spite or other motives, kill another party by a peculiar manipulation during the night, described as a poking with the fingers in the side of the obnoxious person, which will cause illness, and ultimately death. The evidence by which the guilty party is discovered is generally the deposition of the dying person, who is supposed to know the man who causes his death. In all cases of death that do not arise from old age, wound, or other equally palpable causes, the natives suspect that unfair means have been practised; and even where the cause of death is sufficiently plain, they sometimes will not content themselves with it, but have recourse to an imaginary one, as the following case may prove:

A woman had been bitten by a black snake, across the thumb, in clearing out a well; she began to swell directly, and was a corpse in twenty-four hours; yet, another woman who had been present when the accident occurred, stated that the deceased had named a certain native as having caused her death. Upon this statement, which was in their opinion corroborated by the circumstance that the snake had drawn no blood from the deceased, her husband and other friends had a fight with the accused party and his friends; a reconciliation, however, took place afterwards, and it was admitted on the part of the aggressors that they had been in error with regard to the guilty individual; but nowise more satisfied as to the bite of the snake being the true cause of the woman's death, another party was now suddenly discovered to be the real offender, and accordingly war made upon him and his partisans, till at last the matter was dropped and forgotten.

From this case, as well as from frequent occurrences of a similar nature, it appears evident that thirst for revenge had quite a share in these foul accusations as superstition. Ignorant of the Supreme disposer of life and death, too little reflective to ascribe their bereavements to a blind fatality, yet susceptible of intense feeling, and superstitious withal, it is, perhaps, not so very wonderful that they should seek the cause of their sorrows within the compass of human agency.

Many other superstitions are entertained by the natives, which though not of any equally dangerous tendency, still ascribe undue and mischievous power to man. Thus it is maintained that the remote tribes of blacks, especially the Kukatas to the north-west, have the power of producing excessive rain, as well as insufferable heat and drought, and also of causing plagues that kill other tribes by wholesale. To avert heavy rains they employ sometimes a long string of seemingly extempore imprecations, beginning every sentence with the interjection 'Su', - (Note. This is the only instance of a sibilant occurring in the language.) - expressive of anger, pronouncing the first words rapidly, and chanting –

'Su, Wattidirritye yaki, yaki:
Su, Puyu warraitya, kano, kano.
Su, yakkirkurraitya, malo malo.'

and many others, the meaning of which is unknown. The appearance of a comet or any natural phenomenon in the heavens is regarded as the sure harbinger of death, and fills them with awe and terror. In 1843, when the great comet appeared *[Halley's]*, some acknowledged to have been so frightened that they crept into caves among the rocks.

The Aborigines have a great number of fabulous traditions handed down to them by their forefathers, all of which are characterised by a high degree of improbability and monstrosity, as will be sufficiently apparent from a few that I shall mention.

I. Pullyanna was in days of yore a great man, who conferred on succeeding generations the benefit of having given names to many localities in the southern and western parts of this district, which they retain to this day. He had, however, the misfortune to lose both his wives, who absconded from him – an event that by no means contributed to keep him in good humour. After a great deal of fruitless search, he at last hit upon their track, and, following it, overtook them somewhere about Cape Catastrophe, where they were both killed by him. They were then converted into stone, together with their children, and all may be seen there at the present day in the shape of rocks and islands; and their breathing or groaning be heard in a cave, into which the roaring sea rushes a long way underground.

Pullyanna himself was subsequently raised into the sky, at or near Puyundu (the native name for Cape Sir Isaac), where he is sometimes seized with violent fits of rage. On such occasions he raves and storms about among the clouds, and keeps shouting most lustily, like a native when under the influence of violent passion, thus producing what is commonly called thunder. He is armed with *waddies*, which he used to throw at natives, particularly the *pardnapas*, whom he frequently cut through in the middle, hurling the upper and lower parts of the body in opposite directions. Their ancestors, however, entreated him to spare the *pardnapas*, and hit the sheaoaks instead; and this prayer prevailing with him, he now vents his rage on them. The lightning is also his production, being caused by the sudden jerking or opening of his legs in his furious gestures.

II. The large red species of kangaroo is not to be found at Port Lincoln, although it is said to be plentiful in the north; and, from the following

legend, it would appear that one of the species had found its way to the south of this district:

Kupirri was the name of this animal, which is said to have been of a stupendous size, and to have devoured all those who attempted to spear it. Its very appearance inspired the natives of old with overwhelming terror, so that they lost all presence of mind, flinging away the wooden lever (*midla*) with the spear, which was thereby, of course, prevented from taking effect.
At last, however, a match was found for the monster kangaroo in two renowned hunters, named Pilla and Indya, who, falling upon its track near Port Lincoln, on the range stretching to the north, followed and overtook it on Mount Nilarro, situated about thirty miles from that place.
Finding it asleep, they at once attacked it, but before they could quite kill it their spears became blunt; a disappointment that must have soured their tempers a good deal, as it caused a violent quarrel between them, in which Pilla stabbed his antagonist with one of the blunt spears in many places, while he himself received a severe blow over his nose with a *midla*.
Becoming reconciled, the friends again attacked and killed the *Kupirri,* and, on opening it, found to their utter astonishment the dead bodies of their comrades previously devoured by this monster kangaroo. But being no less skilled in the medical art than in hunting, they succeeded in reviving and healing these unfortunate men, and they all immediately betook themselves to roasting and devouring the *Kupirri* in return. The feast over, and their bodies comfortably greased with the fat of the animal, they proceeded in search of their mourning wives and families, to acquaint them with the happy termination of their disastrous adventures.
The two heroes were afterwards metamorphosed into, and gave origin to two species of animals, the opossum and native cat, retaining as such not only their names, but also the scars of the wounds that they had inflicted on each other in the shape of a furrow down the former's nose, and of a number of white dots sprinkled over the skin of the latter.

III. Between Coffin's and Sleaford Bays there is a line of bare, white sandhills, erroneously laid down in Flinders' map as white cliffs. These masses of drifting sand have most probably been piled up by the westerly gales, which often now alter their shape and position; but, according to a tradition of the natives, they were raised by Marnpi and Tatta, two of their ancestors.
A great fire, coming from the ocean, spread far and wide on the sea-coast, and seemed likely to envelop the whole country in its flames. Deliberating how to prevent such a calamity, it occurred to the above-mentioned personages, that the best method of quenching the fire would be to bury it; they accordingly betook themselves to the task, and, in executing it, threw up those sandhills which testify to this day the vastness of the undertaking.

IV. Renowned as a fierce warrior and immoderate lover is Welu, who, being foiled in his amours by the Nauo people, determined to exterminate the whole tribe, He succeeded in spearing all the men except Karatantya and Yangkunu, two young men, who flew for shelter into the top of a tree. Welu climbed after them with the intent to murder them also; but they had the cunning to break the branch on which he was standing when, tumbling headlong to the ground, a tamed native dog seized him and killed him. He has since been changed into the bird that now bears his name, and which in English is called the curlew, while the memory and names of the two young men who escaped his fury are perpetuated by two species of hawk.

V. A small kind of lizard, the male of which is called *Ibirri*, and the female *Waka*, is said to have divided the sexes in the human species; an event that would appear not to be much approved of by the natives, since either sex has a mortal hatred against the opposite sex of these little animals, the men always destroying the *waka* and the women the *ibirri*.

The natives have many more similar tales among them; the above, however, which seemed to possess more of an interest than any of the rest, will be sufficient to show their monstrous and in every respect ridiculous character.

Amusements

Singing and dancing are the favourite and almost only amusements of the Aborigines of these parts. They have a variety of songs, all consisting of only two or three verses each, as for instance the following:

I.

La Pirra mirrana
Tyinda katutyala
Kauwirra wirrana.

II.

Tyurra tyurra tyurraru
Palta paltaa paltarni
Ninna kuitu ngangkali.

In singing these and similar songs, each verse is repeated twice or even three times, and when they have finished the last verse they begin afresh with the first one. If the proper metre or number of cadences be but observed, they care little or nothing for the meaning of the words of the song. Most songs now in vogue with them are derived from distant tribes, and I believe that they themselves understand very few if any of them; at all events they cannot explain their meaning, and seem to consider it quite unnecessary trouble to inquire into the matter. The tunes of their songs vary considerably, some being slow and grave, others quick and lively; all of them, however, are rather monotonous, though not unpleasant, requiring only a gradual and regular rise and fall of the voice. They are very exact in keeping time, and to prevent any confusion in this respect they have recourse to their *waddies*, striking two of them together. The conclusion of a song is indicated by singing the last verse slowly in a subdued voice, suffering it gradually to sink until the last note becomes barely audible.

For dancing the mild summer evenings are generally chosen; if the moon be shining all the time so much the better, but if not, the deficiency is made up by blazing fires. Everyone engaging in the dance ornaments his person by painting two white lines on each side from the shoulders down the breast to the waist, a circle round each eye, a broad streak down the nose, two or three pairs of stripes across each upper arm, and tying a bunch of green boughs inclining downward round each leg a little above the knee. If they have any white down of birds they paste a row of it across the forehead and along the margin of the hair from one ear to the other, which gives them the appearance of women in nightcaps. In their hands the dancers hold a string about four feet long, seemingly for the purpose of balancing their bodies properly.

They have various kinds of dances, but the one most approved and practised consists in jumping sideways, elevating the arm on the side to which they are jumping and declining it on the opposite side. The performers drawing up in a somewhat irregular line, and at such distances from each other as will allow sufficient space for the proper display of their antics, very gradually advance to the front of the singers, when they again fall back to the rear. Each dance does not last above ten minutes, the motions of the body being so violent as to completely exhaust them in a short time.

The women, though commonly engaged in singing, do not all join in the dance – never more than two or three at a time; nor are their jumps and motions of the arms so violent and grotesque as those of the men. They also keep their cloaks modestly about their persons while the men are invariably in a state of nudity. But even this slight participation on the part of the fair sex never fails to heighten the amusement and increase the exertions of the men. At the conclusion of the dancing, the men, after resting some time at about forty yards distance from the singers, advance, dancing one by one, when one of the women meets each halfway, and accompanies him dancing to the singers, where the man sits down.

At the point where the two meet, the male dancer makes a short pause, stamping with one foot several times on the ground, probably by way of compliment to the lady, after which they both jump away together. These evening amusements are often kept up to a late hour, frequently long after midnight, particularly if a great number are collected, or if two different tribes meet, when they will do their best to entertain each other with the number and variety of their songs and skill in performing.

Happiness and joyous pleasure are on such occasions depicted on every face, and one could scarcely believe that those good-humoured faces could ever be distorted with expressions of violent rage, or that gentle deportment changed into passionate frenzy; yet such is sometimes the case, especially during the hot season, when they evince

a degree of irritability that during the dull winter months one would think their natures strangers to.

Fights

Their fights may be properly divided into two classes, namely, those that arise suddenly and from trivial causes, and those that are premeditated, having some real or fancied grievance for their foundation. Although the behaviour of the natives towards each other is in general characterised by a good deal of courtesy and good nature, yet it will happen that friends disagree.

The most common causes of quarrels are – women not conducting themselves as they should do, or are often unreasonably required to do; children quarrelling and hurting each other, thereby setting their parents at variance; or any of the men being overlooked on the distribution of food. The practice of dividing their provisions with friends is so universal, that it is considered a mark of very great illiberality in any person not to do so. An angry word or offensive action about any of these or similar matters operates like an electric shock, and every one grasps his weapons, prepared to repel insult and aggression. Abusive language, though commonly made use of by women without any dangerous consequences, is rarely employed by men without ending in a fight; for although the friends of the aggrieved party generally try to appease him, and even hold him back by main force, they but seldom succeed.

First, *waddies* are flung, and when these are expended the opponents close, seeking to batter each others; heads with *midlas*. Dreadful gashes are often inflicted with this instrument, from which the blood flows in streams, and the sufferers are sometimes insensible. Spears are next resorted to, when the women and children run in all directions, the former screaming and abusing the fierce and passionate men. Whether it is to give more effect to their wrathful utterings, or merely to make themselves heard through the uproar, I cannot say, but they always give vent to their feelings in a sort of chant, dwelling upon the last syllable of each word, and dropping the voice towards the end of every sentence.

Should any of the combatants be severely wounded, a wail on the part of the women and his relatives soon becomes the prevailing noise, and gradually puts a stop to the fight; after it is over perhaps every person that has been engaged in it is sorry that it has occurred, and the man who has inflicted a severe wound on his opponent will lament it as much and as sincerely as any of the rest. If any serious consequences should result from the fight, they generally cause another battle at a subsequent period, but if slight wounds and bruises be all, it is never more mentioned, and the parties that today attacked each other with a fury that nothing but each opponent's life would seem to satisfy, will tomorrow be the best friends in the world.

The regular premeditated battles of the natives are always known for weeks or months before to both parties; a convenient place is fixed upon by one party, and messengers are despatched to invite the enemy; these battles are generally caused by abduction, murder, or aggression with intent to take life, which usually originates in the before-mentioned superstitious belief of the aggressor, that the man whom he attacks has, by supernatural means, killed his relative that may lately have died. In such a case he selects several from among his friends, and rambles over the country fully determined to kill the suspected person wherever he meets him. Last summer two battles took place, one for murder committed, and the other for murder attempted.

At the former the murderer and the brother of the murdered were present, backed on either side by a great number of friends; it was agreed that the latter should aim two spears at the murderer, and if either took effect nor were returned the quarrel should be dropped. From the demonstrations and violent gestures of the warriors, such as jumping, running, biting of beards and spears, shouting, and grunting, I fully anticipated a general and bloody battle, but this was not the case. From each side the parties concerned ran forward, the one throwing a spear which was dexterously warded off by the other, and with that the fight ended.

The other battle, for murder attempted, occurred in Port Lincoln, to which the aggrieved party had been invited by messengers. On their arrival they marched up in a line two or three deep, each of them ornamented with white paint, and shavings resembling plumes in their

hair, halting now and then and giving a simultaneous shout. As soon as their evolutions were over, the other party prepared to return the salute, painting themselves hastily, and drawing up in single file. They marched to where the enemy had encamped, keeping step and walking at a quick but short pace, in fact a sort of trot; going round the camp they drew up in a solid body, and holding their heads downwards uttered simultaneously one deep tremendous shout; after repeating this several times they marched back to their own camp in the same order as they had arrived. The evening and great part of the night was spent in singing and dancing by both hostile parties alternately.

Early the next morning the fight commenced by eight men coming forward on either side with the customary inimical demonstrations of biting their beards and spears, but perfectly silent; forming themselves in opposite lines at a distance of about twenty paces, the combatants stood face to face and man to man, with legs spread out and firmly placed on the ground. Several spears had been thrown by each man, and warded off with great dexterity by merely bending the upper part of the body slightly to one side, and hitting the adversary's spear with the grubbing stick or reserved spears held in the left hand, when several of the party who has sent the challenge ran over to the other side in order to indicate, as I was told, that they wished the fight to end. One querulous old fellow, however, who had been the originator of the quarrel and who stood opposed to a young man of barely twenty years of age, seemed determined upon bloodshed; he threw several spears when the others had given over, and used the most provoking language, which was tartly returned by his young adversary. At length, however, the old man was interrupted by his own friends, who gave his spear a knock every time he hooked it to the *wommara*.

The skill of the natives in avoiding and parrying spears is really astonishing; I saw this old man, who is reputed by his fellows a famous warrior, take such sure aims at this opponent that I thought he could not miss him, yet every time the spears were diverted from their direction by the sticks in the young man's hand, and passed over his shoulder within inches of his ear. A steady, bold eye alone could insure such a result, and this is also the warlike quality that the natives most applaud and principally pride themselves upon.

It has been said, I believe, that the Aborigines of this country are great cowards. It may be that they evince a want of courage when opposed to white men who are provided with superior arms, generally mounted on horseback, and very probably supposed by them to be possessed of superior skill and courage also; but any one who has had opportunities of seeing the natives' battles would not come to any such conclusion. They are very sensitive on this point, deeming it a most degrading insult to be called a coward. That their fights seldom terminate fatally must be attributed partly to their skill in warding off the spears, and partly to the fact that they have no thirst for bloodshed.

As the natives on the one hand are susceptible of an uncommon degree of hostile feeling, so also are they, on the other hand, possessed of sincere and deep sympathy, as is evinced in cases of severe illness, dangerous wounds, and especially after the death of any of their friends; they will, on such occasions, assemble and weep most bitterly, the females generally taking the lead.

The loud lamentations simultaneously poured forth by them at such times may perhaps be looked upon as an hereditary custom, since they always cry together and make use of external means, such as rubbing the eyes or scratching the nose, to produce tears if the mournful disposition of the mind should not be sufficiently affected by the example of others. The cries or sobs are also, at the commencement of a wail, rather formal and apparently forced, leading one strongly to suspect that their desire for a mournful frame of mind is greater than their feelings warrant.

Still, I am persuaded that the natives feel keenly and regret sincerely the loss of their friends, for these reasons: They lament their decease for weeks and even months after the event; very frequently in the evening, on arriving at their resting places, when they are tired and may be supposed to be in a mood suitable for recollection and sorrowful cadences, gradually inducing all the others to follow his example; after a wail, they preserve for a while a demure silence, and exhibit every other symptom of persons in affliction.

Never, upon any account, is the name of the deceased mentioned again for many years after, not from any superstition, but for the professed reason that their mournful feelings may not be excited, or, to use their own expression, 'that it may not make them cry too much'.

If they have occasion to allude to dead persons, it is done by circumlocutions, such as these: I am a widower, fatherless, childless, or brotherless, as the case may be, instead of saying: my wife is dead, my father, child, or brother is dead. If a death occurs among them in the bush, it is with great difficulty that the name of the deceased can be ascertained. In such a case, the natives will remind you of incidents that may have happened in his lifetime, that he did such a thing, was present on such an occasion, etc., but no persuasion on earth will induce them to pronounce his name; and as a last reason for the sincerity of their sorrow, it may perhaps be mentioned that they will venture their own lives in avenging their departed friends if it is suspected that they have come by their deaths unfairly.

The mode of burial observed by the Port Lincoln natives is described by themselves as attended with many ceremonies, which are, however, sometimes dispensed with, as was the case with an old man, the only person whom I have seen buried. A pit about five feet in depth, and only four feet in length, was dug; on the bottom some dry grass was spread, and on this the body was laid with legs bent upwards. The head was placed towards the west, a custom I am informed is always observed, and is founded on their belief that the soul goes to an island in the east. The body is covered with a kangaroo skin, and strong sticks are placed lengthways over the mouth of the grave, one end being stuck in the earth a little below the surface, and the other resting on the opposite edge of the grave. On these the earth is put so as to leave a vacuum between them and the body and to form a mound of earth over the grave. A few branches or bushes thrown carelessly round the mound complete the simple ceremony.

The Aborigines inhabiting the Peninsula of Port Lincoln are divided into several tribes, with two of whom the European settlers are in daily contact, namely, the Nauo and Parnkalla tribes. Besides these, three other tribes are mentioned by the natives as known to them: the Nukunnus in the north-east, the Kukatas in the north-west, and the Ngannityiddis in the north, between the two last-mentioned of whom a few have now and then visited the settlement. All these tribes seem in general to be on tolerably good terms with each other, at least it does not appear that there are any hereditary feuds between them, such as exist in other parts of the colony. It is true that the Kukatas are universally feared and abominated, but apparently more on account of their reputed skill in witchcraft and various other dangerous tricks than for their warlike qualities.

Natives belonging to the different tribes, and not previously acquainted, are very shy for the first day or two after their meeting, avoiding and not addressing each other unless induced to do so by a third party, the convenient custom of formal introductions being as yet unknown to them. Any attempt at computing the number of the natives must be futile, as I have never heard of a whole tribe being collected together at one time; I should think, however, that in assuming each tribe as containing 200 souls the real number would by no means be exceeded.

The principal mark of distinction between the tribes is difference in language or dialect; where the tribes intermix greatly no inconvenience is experienced on this account, as every person understands, in addition to his own dialect, that of the neighbouring tribe; the consequence is that two persons commonly converse in two languages, just as an Englishman and German would hold a conversation, each person speaking his own language, but understanding that of the other as well as his own.

This peculiarity will often occur in one family through intermarriages, neither party ever thinking of changing his or her dialect for that of the other. Children do not always adopt the language of the mother, but that of the tribe among whom they live. The Parnkalla dialect, with which I have made myself principally acquainted, is spoken by the tribe of the same name, inhabiting the eastern coast of this peninsula from Port Lincoln northward probably as far as the head of Spencer's Gulf.

The Nauo is spoken in the southern and western parts of this district, and seems to deviate from the Parnkalla by a broader and harsher pronunciation and different inflexions or terminations of the words, verbs as well as nouns; many words, however, are totally different. The following examples will explain this more fully:

Parnkalla	**Nauo**	**English**
Ninna	Niino	Thou
Idna	Tyina	Foot
Yurno	Tyendu	Sun
Kubmanna	Kuma	One
Kalbelli	Kutta	Two
Karnko	Wamo	House
Karnkuru	Wamuyu	To the house
Ngukata	Ngukanna	To go
Ngukayu	Ngukalye	In order to go
Ngukaka	Nguka	Go !

Both dialects terminate every word with a vowel, which makes it difficult for them to pronounce English correctly. Hence arise corruptions like these – knipy for knife, boatoo for boat, bullocky for bullock, Williamy for William, etc. The Parnkalla is a peculiarly soft and slowly pronounced, which the natives, however, seldom do, but on the contrary they often contract two words into one, or abbreviate long words, thereby completely spoiling the naturally pleasant effect. The women and small children pronounce by far the best. It is not well possible to describe the language within the limits of this report, so as to give a person wholly unacquainted with it even an approximate idea of its structure, I shall therefore content myself with comprising the most striking peculiarities under the following heads:

1. The letters F, V, H, and all sibilants [S, Z, Ch, Sh] do not occur in it.

2. It has no articles, either definite or indefinite [the, a, an, some]

3. It recognises no distinction of gender beyond that necessarily contained in such words as father, mother, brother, sister, etc.; the pronoun *pana* answers for the three English pronouns: he, she and it.

4. It has no relative pronouns, the want of which is obviated by circumlocutions, or the use of demonstrative pronouns instead.

5. Besides the singular and plural, it has a dual number, to be used when only two persons or objects are the subject of conversation.

6. Of the personal pronouns there are three distinct forms, expressing different degrees of relationship between the person or persons spoken to or of, as, for instance, *ngadli*, we two (viz. brothers); *ngarrinye*, we two (parent and child); *ngadlaga*, we two (husband and wife), etc.

7. There are no prepositions in this language, the deficiency being made up by a great variety of inflexions, or rather terminations of the nouns*[i.e. post-positions]*, inseparable from them, as *karnko*, house; *karnkungu*, in the house; *karnkuru*, to the house; *karnkotarri*, beyond the house; *karnkongunne*, from the house; and many other similar terminations.

The verb, though without a distinct passive voice, presents the peculiarity of a number of conjugations, indicating secondary relations of the actions expressed by the root of the verb – in other words, the conjugation from verbs neutral and active, reciprocal and continuative. This novel feature of the language renders the acquisition of it difficult, as it is only by experience that one learns to distinguish those conjugations really in use from those that might be formed but are not used.

9. Another peculiarity. and poverty at the same time, is the absence of all numerals beyond three.

The construction of sentences, and particularly the use of the moods of verbs, appears also very peculiar, but I am not sufficiently acquainted with this part of the language to venture a description.

The Revd John Adam Shurman [C.W.S's brother]

Appendix 1

Autobiographical Sketch written by C.W. Schurmann on January 4 prior to his departure for Australia.

I was born on June 7, in the year 1815, in Schledehausen, near Osnabruck, Germany. My parents were Johann Adan Schurmann and Maria Elisabeth Schurmann, née Ebker, whose sixth son I was. They were both well instructed in the way of the Lord, so that I could have expected a good education from them had they lived on. But this was not the case, since my father, in my first year, had been recalled to God's eternal life (on May 26, 1816).

Now my education was left almost entirely to my mother, as my stepfather cared little about it. She performed this task with great care and devotion, sending me to school as soon as I was able to undertake the half-hour walk. But she, the only fosterer of my physical and spiritual life, was also taken from me in my eleventh year. Her death, but most of all her touching religious belief, made a deep impression on me and had a decisive and essential influence on my future life. Until my confirmation I stayed with my relatives in the parental home, where, besides physical care, the necessary school lessons were given.

During this time, one of my brothers (Johann Adam – the first Christian name of each of his five elder brothers was Johann), aided by some pious friends of my late mother, whom she had asked when she was dying to care for our well-being, taught me more about God's kingdom, which determined my decision to become a preacher of the Gospel among the heathen. My brother's intentions were successfully fulfilled through the intervention of Mr Mertens in Osnabruck, and he was admitted to the institution founded by Pastor Janicke, under the direction of Pastor Ruckert.

Through my brother I naturally became acquainted with the spreading of the Christian faith, and would have liked to contribute something myself, the more so when I heard that the number of those still estranged to the grace of God is much greater than those already converted to the Christian faith.

Though I didn't dare to prepare myself to be a missionary, when my brother who studied at the mentioned institution came home, I expressed my desire to him and requested his advice. Instead, he asked me the reason for my wish. and left the decision to me. After I had reached a decision, I wanted to give it a try, and wrote to Director Ruckert, who immediately approve my admission. He arranged that I should travel together with my brother to Berlin and enter the seminary on July 23, 1832. Soon I began, under his instruction, some German and Latin grammar, until I had reached the standard of the lowest class.

The subjects taught at the seminary were: Latin, Greek, English, and Hebrew languages, as well as geography, world and church history, and practice in clerical speech. After I had spent four year at the Janickian Seminary, the English 'Society for the Propoagation of the

Gospel in Foreign Parts', in London, called for two missionaries. The Director selected my present colleague (Teichelmann) and me. But this society required that the missionaries to be sent had to undersign the 39 Articles of the Anglican Church, and to be ordained in that church and submit to all orders of their bishop, which meant a formal transfer to that church. We could not accept those conditions as they were incompatible with our consciences. What was to be anticipated happened. The Director discharged is from the institution, advising is that he now had no prospect to offer us. We had none, either, although that gentleman showed us that he felt no resentment about our refusal. We had been barely one month out of contact with that institution, when the Directors of the (Dresden) Mission Society decided to admit us. On September 1, 1836 we entered that seminary, at which we received further teaching in the Hebrew and Greek languages, as well as explanations of the books of Holy Scripture, which were studied. Further subjects were dogmatics, church history, homiletics and some other less important subjects.

When the Mission Society decided to send me to New Holland in the autumn, my lessons were halted. To make the best of my time I took some private lessons in Hebrew, which was my weakest subject. But now the time of preparation seems to have past and the time of reality is fast approaching. The merciful God will guide me, I praise and thank him.

Pp. 255 – 260: Two Reports submitted by Governor Gawler, on conditions on board the ship *Pestonjee Bomanjee*, England-South Australia.

Bibliography

Books

Angas, George French, *Savage Life and Times in Australia and New Zealand,* 2 vols., Facsimile, Adelaide, Libraries Board of South Australia, 1969.

Baillie, Percy, Drawings by Roger Haldane, *Port Lincoln Sketchbook*. Adelaide: Rigby, 1972.

Black, J.M. *Flora of South Australia*. 2nd ed., Adelaide: SA Government Printer, 1972.

Brauer, A. *The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Arrival of the Lutheran Pilgrim Fathers, 1838-1938.* Adelaide: Lutheran Publishing Co., 1938.

Brauer, A. *Under the Southern Cross.* Adelaide: Lutheran Publishing House, 1956; facsimile, 1985.

Bull, John Wrathall. *Early Experiences in South Australia.* Facsimile, Adelaide: Libraries Board of South Australia, 1972.

Cawthorne, W.A. *Menge the Mineralogist.* 1859.

Dutton, Geoffrey. *The Hero as Murderer.* London: Collins-Cheshire, 1 967.

Dutton, Geoffrey. *Founder of a City.* Adelaide: Rigby, 1960.

Finkel, George. *South Australia, 1836-1900.* Melbourne: Thos. Nelson, 1975.

Grenfell Price, A. *Founders and Pioneers of South Australia.* Reprint, Adelaide: Mary Martin, 1978.

Hebart, Th. *The United Evangelical Church in Australia.* Adelaide: Lutheran Book Depot, 1938; facsimile, Adelaide: Lutheran Publishing House, 1985.

Hetherington, John. *Pillars of the Faith.* Melbourne: Cheshire, 1966.

Kerr, Colin. *A Excelent Colony.* Adelaide: Rigby, 1978.

Kiddle, Margaret. *Men of Yesterday.* Melbourne University Press, reprint 1980.

Morris, E.E., ed. *Australia's First Century.* Facsimile, Sydney: Child & Henry, 1978.

Nielsen, George R. *In Search of a Home.* University of Birmingham, 1977.

'One who lived there'. *South Australia in 1842.* Adelaide: Facsimile, Libraries Board of South Australia, 1972.

Price, Charles A. *German Settlers in South Australia.* Melbourne University Press, 1975.

Robin, A. de Q. *Mathew Blagden Hale.* Melbourne: The Hawthorn Press, 1976.

Schbert, David. *Kavel's people.* Adelaide: Lutheran Publishing House, 1985.

Smith, Russell. *1850 – A Very Good Year in the Colony of South Australia.* Sydney: Shakespeare Head Press, 1973.
Tolmer, Alexander. *Reminiscences,* 2 vols. Facsimile, Adelaide: Libraries Board of South Australia, 1972.

Pamphlets, Papers, and Periodicals

The Angas Papers, held in the South Australian Government Archives and by permission of Sir Keith Angas.
Brauer, A. *The Australian Lutheran Almanac;* 1930, pages 41-67; 1937, pages 43-68.
Kangaroo Island Courier, March 3, 1928.
Libraries Board of South Australia, *South Australiana,* Vol. III, No. 2, September 1964.
Mackenzie, E.C.V. *Hoffnungsthal 1847-1972.*
Teusner, Roger E., comp. *A Short History of the Barossa Valley.* Third ed., Adelaide, 1971.

Index of Aboriginal Words

See also Chapter 5, pages 213-254, 'The Writings of C.W. Schurmann'; the Aboriginal words given there are not repeated here.
The faded old handwriting in the diaries was sometimes difficult to decipher, but the present author has taken every possible care to be consistent in spelling Aboriginal words. Further, Clamor Schurmann changed the spelling of words as he became more familiar with the Aboriginal languages.
None of the following letters were used: C, F, H, J, Q, S, V, or Z.
Note that the suffix *meyu* means *man* (singular), *meyunna* means *men* (plural).

General Index