The University of Hawaii Library would like to add to its collection for research purposes the title listed below. We would be very grateful if you would permit us to have it photocopied. To meet copyright requirements, please complete and sign one copy of this form and return it to my attention in the enclosed self-addressed and stamped envelope. Your denial of permission will, of course, be honored; however, if no reply is received within 60 days, we will assume your consent. Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

__________________________
Mark Berg

Title to be photocopied:

Karl Semper's Die Palau-Inseln im Stillen Ocean: [English translation]

I hereby grant permission to the University of Hawaii Library to photocopy the above title.

Permission granted □  ·  Permission denied □

Restrictions: None □  Indicated below □

Signature: ____________________________  Date: 14 June 83

Address: EWC Box 1053, Honolulu, HI 96822

Copyright/Form
Karl Semper's

Die Palau-Inseln im Stillen Ocean

Translated by

M. L. Berg
May it bring that day...
Many things that are grand and picturesque existed here once, but there are no traces of them left today; everything has vanished.

-- Gauguin

Who shall say what prospect life offers to another? Could a greater miracle take place than if we should look through each other's eyes for an instant? ... What I have read suggests nothing so ineffably grand and informing as this would be.

-- Thoreau
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Table of Contents</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introductive note</td>
<td>341</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purpose</td>
<td>342</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suggestion of Use Value</td>
<td>343</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Presentation</td>
<td>344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>United in Harper Jones</td>
<td>365</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index of Visual Types</td>
<td>366</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Contents

List of illustrations and maps vii

Preface ix

Translation of *Die Palau-Inseln* 1

Footnotes 339

Index of Proper Names 366

Index of Palauan Words 380
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
List of Illustrations and Maps

Morata-Coello's map of Palau 119

Village map of Aibukit (Ngebuked) 146

Island map of Peleliu 243

Village map of Nasias (Ngesias) 244

Village map of Ardellolec 245

A short biography of Woodin 311

Arakalulk (Rechelulk) in 1906 313
Preface

The T kích-Tink-Tinh in Billed Dong (Leipzig 1875) came in the final published first version accounts of Belsen (or Belsen) culture. Belsen was in Biliss (or Belsen) A society before the first ethnographer Johann S. Aulortex, who went his first visit there in 1915, and roughly a half a century later Augustin Krämer published the first Anthropological Investigation from June 1969 to early 1970 as part of the German South Sea Expedition of 1958-1966, involving members of the British and French scientific exploring parties that sailed through Southeast Asia in the first half of the nineteenth century. Belsen reported on and almost to and joined his information through memoirs in one volume the Reunion, rather than through letters. Unlike the nineteenth-century trading captains active in the vicinity Corritaw, such as Anthony Cheyne, who plays an important role in this narrative, Belsen had the leisure, the co-operation and the objectivity to write a concise description of Belsen's nature and culture as he witnessed them. It was not until Krämer's results were published (1976, 6 volumes, 1877-79) that a fuller account of Belsen can culture became available.

The T kích-Tink-Tinh is a most valuable account of Belsen's, partly involuntary, stay in Biliss from March 1884 through late January 1885. The main reason for his unexpectedly long stay there was a leaking ship, the "Jey Taim" whose captain, Edward Moodie, could not afford a better one. The book is invaluable as a glimpse of trading carried
Preface

Karl Semper's Die Palau-Inseln im Stillen Ocean (Leipzig 1873) ranks as the finest detailed first-person account of Belauan (or Palauan) culture. Semper was in Belau (or Palau) a decade before the famed ethnographer Johann S. Kubary, who paid his first visit there in 1871, and nearly a half a century before Augustin Krämer carried out his thorough ten-month investigation from June 1909 to April 1910 as part of the German South Sea Expedition of 1908-1910. Unlike members of the Russian and French scientific exploring parties that sailed through Micronesia in the first half of the nineteenth century, Semper remained on one island group and gained his knowledge through personal observation and reflection, rather than through informants. Unlike the nineteenth century trading captains active in the western Carolines, such as Andrew Cheyne, who plays an important role in this narrative, Semper had the leisure, the concern and the objectivity to write a concise description of Belauan nature and culture as he witnessed them. It was not until Krämer's results were published (Palau, 5 volumes, 1917-29) that a fuller account of Belauan culture became available.

Die Palau-Inseln is a most readable account of Semper's, partly involuntary, stay in Belau from March 1862 through late January 1863. The main reason for his unexpectedly long stay there was a leaking ship, the Lady Leigh, whose captain, Edward Woodin, could not afford a better one. The book is invaluable as a glimpse of trading carried
on by Woodin and Cheyne, as well as the interstate feuding that characterizes so much of Belauan history. It contains the only known descriptions of some customs, feasts and ceremonies, and it has the first known description of others, such as the celebration for the birth of the first child and its mother, and the activities of priests for indigenous cults. The specific images of plants and animals used in his long, engrossing descriptions of nature and the concise narration of events that gets in what is most essential reveal what craftsmanship Semper put into distilling the information scattered throughout his many notebooks and diaries into a precise, novelistic autobiography that offers much to those interested in German Romanticism on the one hand and serious discussion of culture change and a humane appreciation of Belauan life on the other.

Karl Semper was born in Altona on 6 July 1832. He enrolled at a school for naval cadets in Kiel in 1848, followed by the Polytechnic Institute in Hannover and then the University of Würzburg in 1854, where he studied zoology. He traveled to Manila in 1858. With the exception of his ten-month stay in Belau, he remained in the Philippines until 1865, visiting Bohol Island in 1863-64 and Mindanao in 1864. After returning to Europe, Semper became a lecturer in zoology at the University of Würzburg and was named Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy in 1869. Two years later, he assumed direction of the newly established Zoological and Anatomical Institute in Würzburg. He traveled to the United States in 1877, where he lectured in Boston and went crosscountry as far as the west coast. Semper later directed the Zoological and Zootomical Institute of Würzburg beginning in 1889.
He died in Würzburg on 30 May 1903 at the age of 61.

As Director of the Zoological and Zootomical Institute, Semper published the journal Arbeiten aus dem Zoologisch-zootomischen Institute. Besides Die Palau-Inseln, his writings on Belau include "Die Bildung der Korallenriffe auf den Palaos im Stillen Ocean," Die natürlichen Existenzbedingungen der Thiere, Volume II (Leipzig 1880), 39-93; "Falsche Benennung eines Inselvolkes (Pelew Inseln)" and "Ueber die Palau-Sprache," Correspondenzblatt der deutschen Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Volume II (1871), 14-5, 63-6; and "Ueber das Aussterben der Palauinsulaner und dessen mutmasslichen Ursachen," Deutsche Kolonialzeitung, Volume IV (1887), 373. His most important books are Reisen im Archipel der Philippinen (Leipzig 1868 and Wiesbaden 1870-92); Die Philippinen und ihre Bewohner (Würzburg 1869); and Die Verwandtschaftsbeziehungen der gegliederten Thiere (Würzburg 1875).

When Germany acquired the Carolines from Spain in 1899, Germans took a renewed interest in Semper's book and in Belau, the westernmost group in the Carolines. Die Palau-Inseln was reviewed in a popular colonial paper at the start of German rule in the Carolines and recommended for its insight into Belauan culture. The reviewer also mentioned that the book's author had been decidedly and undeservedly neglected up until that time (Dr. A. Kirchhoff, "Die Palau-Inseln im Stillen Ocean," Deutsche Kolonialzeitung, 14 September 1899, 341). An abridged edition of the book entitled Auf den Palau-Inseln: Ein Südsee-Idyll (Berlin 1924) was eventually published; its text is identical with pp. 22-223 of the 1873 Leipzig edition.
The last chapter of Die Palau-Inseln provides a happy ending to Semper's adventures in Belau, but leaves us wondering whatever happened to Captain Woodin and Arakalulk (Rechelulk), an outstanding, high-ranking villager who had been Semper's guide and invaluable assistant in Aibukit (Ngebuked). As it happened, things turned out well for both men. Captain Woodin did manage, finally, to reach Hobart Town, Tasmania, where his family awaited him (See p. 311). Arakalulk attained his goal of becoming Mad, the head chief of Aibukit. The man who had been Mad when Semper had stayed there died during an 1871 flu epidemic, which struck when Kubary was there; he was succeeded by Arakalulk the same year. After German officials were stationed in Belau beginning in 1905, Arakalulk emerged as their staunch ally because of his previous friendship with that earlier solitary German scientist.

When District Officer Georg Fritz, who was acting chief administrator for the western Carolines and northern Marianas at that time, visited Belau for two weeks in November 1906 on other business, he visited Aibukit. Here, he spoke with and photographed Semper's old friend (See p. 313). Fritz describes their meeting in a report published the following year ("Eine Reise nach Palau, Sonsol und Tobi," Deutsches Kolonialblatt, 15 July 1907, 662-63): "Arakalulk is now an old man over eighty. But he extends his friendly feelings for Semper towards all Germans. It is comforting to see how dreamy his gaze becomes and how softly he repeats the name Semper whenever old memories are awakened." Arakalulk died in 1908.
The complete 1873 Leipzig edition of Die Palau-Inseln has here been translated. Page numbers of the original text are found between diagonals and are placed to show where a particular page begins. The Leipzig edition did not have any indices, and footnotes, marked with single (*) or double (**) asterisks, were placed at the bottom of the pages. This translation has an index of proper names and an index of Palauan words added by the translator. Footnotes are not placed at the bottom of the pages. Instead, Semper's shorter footnotes are placed within square brackets ([ ]) in the text, as are modernizations of Palauan words, identifications of people and places and other miscellaneous information furnished by the translator. Semper's longer footnotes have been relegated to the back of the book. These footnotes are indicated by single asterisks in the text and are followed by an S in the footnote section. Longer footnotes added by the translator are marked with double asterisks in the text and followed by a T in the footnote section. Square brackets have been used in the footnote section to set off the translator's own comments.

For help in the course of this translation, I would like to thank Dr. D.A. Ballendorf, Director of the Micronesian Area Research Center, for encouraging me in my work, as well as Mrs. M. Driver, Director of Translations at MARC, and other Title III staff, for supervising my work and providing the necessary funds. Mr. T.J. O'Leary, Director of File Research, Human Area Relations Files, Inc., Yale University, furnished me with a photocopy of the original text. Mrs. E. Johnston, Curator, MARC, took the photographs which I have used as illustrations. Other MARC staff, Mr. A. Williams, Mrs. R. Tosco, Mrs. J. Santos, Mrs. E.
Concepcion and Mr. J. Sablan, helped me with numerous minor, yet essential, details. A final word of thanks goes to Ms. K. Kesolei, Director, Palau Community Action Agency, Oreor, Belau, who made it possible for me not only to read Semper's book for the first time, but also to have ample time to enjoy it during sufficiently leisurely hours at PCAA in Oreor in 1977 and 1978.
The

Palau-Islands

in the Pacific Ocean

Travel Experiences

of

Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy

at the University of Würzburg

With a lithograph map.

Leipzig:

F. A. Brockhaus.

1873
To my dear wife.

Mothers love the child most who causes the most worries. As one such, my dear wife, today I put this book in your hands. Whoever reads it with attention will realize what you suffered because of me, the lost one, during an anxious period of waiting over weeks and months: now, the fruit of such concern I offer to your love. This is your book; if you see worth in it, then it has fulfilled its purpose and, thereby, mine also: to give you pleasure as a substitute for all the sorrow that you went through because of me at that time.
Foreword

The fortuitous and intimate union of my travel experiences with the fates of a so-called wild people of the Pacific Ocean lately badly afflicted in their country, the Palau or Pelew Islanders, has given the book before you its form. Departing from the usual manner of presentation offered in travel descriptions, I believed in no other manner of presentation to justly fulfill a double demand: neither to favor friendly Micronesians nor the stranger. The latter was easy, the former much harder, because it was to separate what is essential from an immense number of individual observations and then to divide the material in such a way that the reader will not be fatigued by repetitions or bored by what is insignificant. I have truly described all the striking customs and habits, the cultural level and the character of the people from what I myself saw and experienced; what I learned from others has been used with caution.

The wish to present the inhabitants of the Palau Islands as living figures rather than to characterize them by describing them compelled me to introduce them often as speaking. Their language cannot be translated word for word, neither can one imitate it in German: for this reason Fritz Reuter and Franz von Kobell would perhaps have found a poor copy of themselves. I could not do anything but allow them /viii/ to speak good German; I still sought to construct the order of sentences and the train of thought not to slavishly imitate the structure of the language but to indicate its character. If someone should occasionally ask how primitive people could speak intelligently, I would ask in return if he really believes all primitive people were so much alike that, among them as among educated people, there were not also found gradations of character and ability.

The questions of the causes of the dying-out of the islanders as well as their names and their ethnological relationship, which are briefly addressed in the text, have been treated more fully in the two appendices, than could be done there. I have also refrained from any extensive scientific discussions here in order not to let the supplement swell up too much in relation to the original text.

On the map provided, the route from Manila to the Palaus and back again is indicated by a dotted line with arrows. The well-known map of Palau by Morata-Coello serves as the model; thus the Spanish name Isla is retained for island. The names of the islands and villages, however, which appear
in the text, are written as they, with a German pronunciation of the letters, are spoken on the Palaus; only the "th" is pronounced as in English. The form of the island of Babelthaub [Babeldaoob] has been essentially improved from the earlier representation according to a survey I undertook in the region around Aibukit [Ngebuked].

Würzburg, in September 1872.

The Author.
Table of Contents

From Manila to the Palau-Islands

Foreword........................................vii
I. From Manila to the Palau-Islands ............... 1
II. First stay ashore. The attack on Aibukit
    and peace settlement ........................ 33
III. I pay for my experiences ........................ 71
IV. I become self-sufficient ........................ 103
V. Travel .......................................132
VI. Kreiangel ....................................155
VII. False hopes ..................................186
VIII. Era Tabatteldil ..............................210
IX. Trip to Cordre ................................224
X. Return to Aibukit and second journey to
    the south ..................................255
XI. Peleliu .......................................281
XII. Peleliu (continuation) .........................308
XIII. Return to Manila. The catastrophe ..........341

Appendix I. Concerning the extinction of
the Palau-Islanders ............................350
Appendix II. Name and kinship of the Palau-
Islanders ........................................356
From Manila to the Palau-Islands.

It was in May 1859. From Lugban, a high mountain village lying on the northeast slope of the extinct volcano Banajao on Luzon, I rode towards Mauban on bad but wonderfully beautiful roads. Before I reached this village on the east coast, I was offered my first look at the Pacific Ocean at a bend in the road at a considerable elevation, whose elongated waves broke on the coastal reef, while the ocean appeared to blend with the sky along the horizon. The movement of the swells could only be discovered by the foam along the coast; the sea itself appeared to lie there completely still, indeed a pacific ocean, on whose vast surface no boat, no ship was visible. But the unbounded horizon did not confine my imagination; my view roamed farther and farther to the east, and the farther east it went the life of the ocean seemed to be so much more exciting. My eyes first met the Marianas, among which Tinian aroused my deepest longing, as I remembered Anson's ardent description, whereas, to the south, the frizzy-haired, dark brown inhabitants of the Carolines seemed to beckon hospitably. /2/ The friendly figures of Abba Thulle [See the book by Keate (Wilson) An Account of the Pelew Islands London 1788) that created a sensation in its day and was much read in Germany.] and Leeboo passed me by, smiling meaningfully; but also grisly murder scenes between coloreds and whites crossed my view. Soon, I saw the Fiji Islanders consume their dead enemies as sacrificial offerings, while exiled inhabitants of the Samoa Islands, exiled from their island home, sailed for Tonga and New Zealand, when suddenly a magnificent eruption of Mauna-Roa severed this picture, which had unfurled for me in the abundance
of tropical life and entangled with historical memories. Desires for the
wonderful coral islands of the Pacific Ocean strongly seized me, and I
promised myself not to let any opportunities escape unused and to take
at least a small draught from the overflowing cup of joy that I imagined
so immense and far-reaching.

With this resolution to become acquainted with a few islands of the
Pacific Ocean, I turned back to Manila. A favorable opportunity soon
presented itself. I learned from a friend that an English captain by the
name of Cheyne had come from the Palaos (Pelew Islands of the English, better
Palau Islands) long known to the Spanish with a cargo of trepang [Thus are
called holothurians, strange, almost worm-like, animals of the family
echinoderm, prepared for trade with China.] and planned to return there as
quickly as possible after selling it. These islands certainly lay rather
near the Philippines and appeared to be of no special interest; but since
their inhabitants certainly belonged to an entirely different and remoter race
than the Tagals and their barrier reefs with canals enclosed within in
lagoons gave promise of a rich zoological harvest, /3/ I arranged to get
a recommendation to this captain. I visited him aboard his three-masted ship.
He received me in a friendly way, almost too friendly, was immediately
prepared to take me along and even indicated that, since I would sail with
him, I could find some trade with the islanders; he would permit me to find
some return on my travel expenses. Yet, afterwards, he sent me away.

I soon forgot this disappointment during a trip undertaken shortly
thereafter to the southernmost point of the Philippines to Zamboanga and
Basilan. I forgot Cheyne even more easily as I learned from my inquiries
about the trepang trade with the Palaos that still other captains from time
to time put in at Manila who came from the Pacific Ocean and that I would
easily be able to execute at another time my grudgingly abandoned plan.
The years elapsed. Wandering restlessly sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback or in a boat, I travelled through northern Luzon in all directions until finally in October 1861 a dysentery that had taken some time to come but not noticed and not treated struck me down so that I had to interrupt my trip and quickly return to Manila. I sent my servant Antonio Angara to continue the journey since I hoped to meet him somewhere else in the north within a very short time. Fate had arranged matters otherwise. There in Manila, even though true, loving hands cared for me and a capable German doctor treated me, I still had not overcome the illness -- and in the midst of my affliction over the impossibility of continuing my travels, my fiancee surprised me one day with word that the doctor urgently proposed a sea cruise and that she had already found a ship that was supposed to sail for the Carolines in a few weeks. Everything had already been agreed upon with Captain Woodin; I had only to give my word that I would be willing to go on the expedition that would last at the most four or five months. The prospect appearing certain of fulfilling one of my most ardent wishes gave my vigor new sustenance -- and I readily and eagerly decided upon a voyage that I had to go on despite being ill or only partially equipped and without my true, proven Antonio, that was to be one of the most enjoyable and, at the same time, most troublesome of all my wandering years.

Captain Woodin, the commanding officer of the Lady Leigh and an old English seaman of the good old kind, greeted me in the most friendly way. Unlike Cheyne had done earlier, he did not suggest carrying on trade; he even refused to give his consent to bring along axes, hatchets and iron cooking pots, which are the best-loved articles on the islands to trade for animals. I immediately took an interest in the man for his openness and the humane disposition that spoke from his not very clever eyes. Under his direction, I sought out my provisions, although I was allowed a few excesses, especially...
in my acquisition of necessities, such as chocolate, biscuits, tea, plum pudding and preserved meat. And it cost me a small battle to get his permission for my intention of taking along besides a servant to care for my bodily needs, Alejandro, and also a young mestizo, D. Enrique Gonzalez, who according to him, was a budding painter. I wanted to try once the experiment of withdrawing this last one, an educated mestizo, away from the influence of his teacher, the known Spanish painter D. Matías de Sainz, head of the painting school Real Academia de pinturas founded in Manila in 1859, and, working independently, to see if he would be able to produce something of excellence. With his assistance, I hoped to assemble an abundance of ethnological studies and portraits, without myself having to spend much time to produce sketches, rather than this to be able to pass all my time in observation of all kinds and to collect animals. While I handed over to the captain the provisioning of necessities and the necessary articles of trade (rice, gunpowder, rifle bullets, white and red calico, pocket knives, and so on), I occupied myself with the little time remaining and all bodily strength to pick my glasses for the trip and to make all necessary preparations for zoological work. Finally, all was ready. My fiancée, who could not rid herself completely of a worrisome anxiety so soon before our separation, I consoled with the parting words, "that it was only a holiday trip, something like a trip from Germany to Italy." And on the last day of 1861 I, more serene than sad, went aboard the Lady Leigh at 5 o'clock in the evening. The small schooner, of scarcely 110 tons capacity, raised anchor at 6 o'clock.

But New Year's Eve quickly brought us bad luck. Still in Manila Bay close to the lighthouse of Corregidor Island, we had to anchor -- the ship took on water -- and the leak was not stopped until 2 January because Captain Woodin was an energetic English seaman but also a religious Englishman who would only allow the water to be pumped out on New Year's Day, but no more
work to be done. At noon on 2 January, we set out and briskly with a fresh wind out of the harbor past Ambil into the strait between Mindoro and the province of Batangas. Here stormy winds alternated with calms. Whether with the hearty jostling of the small, old vessel the previous leak sprang open or a new one was made, we had to pump rather mightily during these days and finally to enter the harbor of /6/ Burias on 7 January in order to subject the ship to a thorough repair wherever possible.

The entrance to the small but very well protected harbor of Burias is small and narrow because of the numerous coral shoals close to the shore only to be passed with a good wind during the day. By this means, that this canal-like gap between the real island of Burias and the island of Busin to the west in the vicinity of the capital of the small district widens out like a basin, a safe harbor is formed removed from all heavy seas and from the southwest typhoons as from the northeast monsoons. It could only derive some importance from inland trade because, on the one hand, it is too small and its sea entrance too difficult for large ships and, on the other hand, the island itself is of little importance and too inconveniently located for the neighboring provinces to ever become a port to export goods to strange lands. The island itself, long and small, hilly but certainly in its center not climbing over 800 to 1000 feet (estimated), is, for the most part, covered with fields that, here and there, are broken up by mighty forests and give pasturage for numerous herds of cattle. It is the breeding and export of living cattle, especially to the adjoining provinces, that is the sole occupation of the only several hundred tribute*-paying inhabitants. Originally, they were only military convicts who were sent here; they settled here and thus gradually arose the small community that /7/ is headed by an army captain as the so-called commandant of the military district.

Even though my health had not entirely been recovered despite the long
life at sea and my strength not entirely restored, I could not withstand the temptation to visit the island of Temple so renowned in the annals of conchology. The Commandant, himself a shell collector, informed me of the abundance of land snails on the small island; he provided me a boat and crew, and so I set out for there on the morning of 9 January accompanied by a Swede by the name of Johnson who was also a passenger on the Lady Leigh. This Swede was an old acquaintance of the captain's. When Mr. Woodin was still rich and the owner of several large ships in earlier years, all of which travelled between Hobart Town [Tasmania], China and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, Johnson had been engaged on one of these as a cabin boy. Unfortunate speculations compelled Woodin to sell one or two ships, another was condemned somewhere in China, and the one on which Johnson travelled ran aground upon entering a harbor in the Palau Islands. What happened to him happens to so many European sailors. The friendliness of the inhabitants for the strong and handsome young men and the respect in which that primitive people hold even the most uneducated Europeans, made it easy for him to grow accustomed to their domestic life, so that he readily made his forced exile into a voluntary one since passing ships made it possible for his companions and him to return to European life. Here he found himself then -- I don't know after how many years -- his old captain, poor again; he had to find refuge in the adventurous life of a sea trader; but he found him already half an islander, hardly able to write his /8/ native language correctly, pale and sick so that Woodin offered him out of pity a free passage to Manila to help regain his strength through better food and a less dissolute life. His plan to return him to his homeland miscarried. Whether Johnson actually regarded his word to return as sacred which he had given to the islanders, as he pleaded, or whether he, misled by the respect he enjoyed as a white, believed in becoming "the first in the land", he, at all events, returned with us to
Palau. To me, he was naturally a European, who, if I am not mistaken, already had spent four or five years with the islanders, learned their language and observed, as I believed then, many of their habits and customs with "open eyes", was an agreeable and useful travel companion; as to an agreeable one, I had long given up hope of finding a well educated companion, and as to a useful one, if he had been more of what he appeared to be, I certainly would not have been able to learn by my own observations as I did afterwards.

We arrived at Temple Island after a peaceful and comfortable journey. Already at some distance, we saw numerous corals on the ocean floor, in wonderful shapes and glittering the most magnificent colors, growing up in a chaotic manner, follow the slowly rising ocean floor without forming a real coral reef indicated by frothy waves -- the so-called breakers. Only at a few jutting points on the southern end of the island did the inoffensive waves break, raised up by the soft, changing wind. Out of the coral floor growing up quite gradually from the ocean floor, which is still a few feet below the lowest low tide, composed for the most part of dead coral, rose the low island, composed entirely of coralline limestone and a conglomerate of coral fragments, mussels and sand /9/ in steep cliffs. Only in protected places, bays and indentations was the rock covered by coral sand, whereas the jutting points of the cliffs showed a base deeply eroded through the surf. Nowhere could a trace of volcanic rock be seen. Covered everywhere by a rather thick forest, among whose trees the beautiful barringtonia (palo maria) before all others and the uncomely, but characteristic, pandanus species, attracted attention, the island rose to at most (going by an estimate) thirty to forty feet above sea level. The weather was precious -- in the sense used by tourists -- during the two days I passed there because, it appeared to me, who had outfitted myself with butterfly net and boxes, that the dryness, which must have prevailed here for a long time already, judging
by the appearance of the dusty and dessicated leaves, was an unhealthy
sign for the anticipated collection. In fact, I caught almost no insects,
whereas during the same time in the previous year, I had collected many of
the most beautiful butterflies in the always humid deep ravines of the
mountains in central Luzon. Despite that the bamboo tubes which served as
substitutes for boxes and baskets for me on all my trips, were speedily
filled with the numerous land snails picked from the tree leaves and
representing all stages of life. Here, I found eggs in masses in leaves
drawn together, almost like a paper bag; there, the small, diaphanous animals
animatedly crawled every which way, while, for the half or entirely grown
animals banded green or with red and yellow spots, the month of May appeared
to have come. How astounded I was when, already on the return trip, I landed
on a small island lying between Temple and Busin on 11 January. Here, the
trees were literally covered with snails. In a little less than three hours,
we collected more than twelve hundred samples just by shaking the trees, and,
naturally, only /10/ part of the animals fell; to climb individual trees or
to bend their branches required too great an effort, and by a few quick shakes
of the tree trunk, we brought more specimens to the ground than we could again
pick up. And among these, which all belonged to one species, entire ranges
of development from the egg to full-grown animals were represented.

The situation on Burias, to which I returned again on the evening of
11 January, was entirely different. Even though the adjacent hilly surroundings
of the harbor at Burias* consist of raised coralline limestone and the layers
of the same calcereous conglomerate, which I had observed also on Temple, they
appeared to be here neither more adequate examples of this kind than there,
nor the previous ones in such great individual numbers. In contrast to the
other, several more kinds of butterflies flew here, even though in small
numbers and in the bushes I caught many insects, while I had brought almost
none from Temple. But now that my old malady by means of a mild attack had
again reminded me of it, as I followed the advice of the captain /11/ I abandoned the land explorations and spent the days that were still necessary for the overhaul of the leaking ship in occasional examination of sea creatures and a luckily created dolce far niente ["delightful idleness"] under a tropical sky.

The leak had, as the continual work of the captain showed, been more dangerous than he said or we had believed. It was not until three in the afternoon on 21 January, after we had spent a full fourteen days on Burias, that we could raise the anchor. A fresh northeast wind quickly brought us out of the southern opening of the channel, around the southern point of the island and, in the night of 24 January, a soft wind brought us to the San Bernardino Strait near the island of the same name. The until now comparatively fast journey in the fragile old ship had afforded me sufficient activity and variety in the observation of the numerous islands, so that I easily overcame the uncomfortable feeling that after the long repair work in Burias too frequent pumping of the water from the hull was required. Whoever has once travelled in an old ship taking on water knows what a vile smell the pumping of the water spreads up to the cabins, and even though my sensitive nose, for which my wife still often scolded me, a legacy from my father, had to suffer much because of this, I still readily forgot everything, the unpleasant smells and clamor and thoughts that one should not trust the ocean in the hope of a fast trip to the Pacific islands. But, once again, disappointed hope! Calms, contrary winds and strong continuous currents from the east, directed towards the S. Bernardino Strait set in daily up to eighteen hours, keeping our ship almost in one and the same spot; this gave me the chance to converse with my shipmates somewhat more than I had done so far. /12/

Just as I had on my trip around the Cape almost slept through it because of boredom, I now began, for the same reason, to chat with the old Woodin,
Mr. Barber, his helmsman, and a small Palauan by the name of Cordo. I would have liked to have received besides this spiritual nourishment something more substantial than I actually received. At the beginning of the journey, our table was certainly set rather plentifully, but that didn't last long. Whereas, earlier we had received at noon and evening at the least chicken together with preserved meat, vegetables and so on, there was soon only a warm midday meal for which one chicken had to furnish the soup, meat and in regions near India the so commonly prepared "curry" for seven people. But the longer the trip lasted, the more gnawing became my hunger in my convalescence; with the absence of a good midday meal, I sought to pacify my hunger with chocolate, many biscuits and a lonely consumed tin can of smoked tongue and sausages. Woodin was thereby always quite concerned about my appetite. How often did he not say to me, if only a chicken leg remained in the rice: "Here, Dr. Semper, take this good bit of chicken — upon my soul, you aren't eating as you should." Well, I thought to myself, the man has certainly strange opinions about how to treat someone who is terribly hungry, scarcely recovering from the grave; perhaps he is saving all the tidbits which he had declared he would take along with us from Manila until later when I would be in better condition to devour them as a gourmet. Nevertheless, I do not deny I strongly desired the flesh pots certainly hidden away somewhere in the room of which I occasionally procured an enticing foretaste through the kindness of the helmsman, whom I had befriended and who, now and then, smuggled one of the same into the usual midday meal of /13/ rice, chicken, peas and bacon. One day, I reminded Mr. Barber of Woodin's promise just as my voracious appetite plagued me.

"Yes," he replied laughing, "Woodin certainly prepared the list; it had been two folio sheets full of first-rate courses, which should have been purchased from your expensive fare. The captain had the best plans for you.
But then he did not want to spend so much money; and so from day to day, something from the list was stricken out as unnecessary until finally almost no entries remained on the paper. You've done well to provide for yourself."

"Aha, now I understand why every noon he asks about my appetite with concern, to still eat the bones of the chicken. He's afraid I can persuade you to bring one of these unusual courses to light in the evening. Well, I'll just have to rely on the Palau Islanders, won't I Cordo?" Then, as I often and agreeably cared to do, I turned to this small, lively boy, who, in order to visit Manila, had gone along as a passenger and, full of admiration for European life and men of the west, the lakad-ar-angabard [chad er a ngembard], the large cities and countless ships, soldiers' uniforms and the high storied houses, now returned to his home, burning with desire to describe all he had seen to his friends. Attentively and with thoughtful eyes, he listened whenever I answered this or that question for him or explained an appearance that had caught his attention; but his words became lively and his look fiery whenever he told me about his home, and how delighted his mother, the wife of Krei [Kerai], and his friends of the same age would be to see him again and to hear from him how very wonderful was the land of the west, angabard. /14/

In his broken English, he informed me of many notes about the relationships of his home village Aibukit [Ngebuked], which allowed me after my arrival to become quickly oriented. Also, Johnson, who had nothing to do on board as a passenger, told me during our boring wanderings in S. Bernardino Strait and on the north coast of Samar quite a lot about the customs of the islanders, their wars, their political life, their legends and religious practices* /15/ Once again, a new and, as it seemed, an ever enlargening leak compelled us to put in at the harbor of Palapa on 29 January. On the northeast point of Samar projecting quite far into the sea, Batag extends, a low island surrounded by a broad, extensive reef, far to the north and in the south
borders a rather broad channel, opening to east and west but risky because of the numerous coral banks and quite torturous. We anchored to the south of Batag, a small village on the island of the same name; but since the heavy swells made their influence felt even there, and since the captain was consequently unable to reach the rather low-lying leak, he resolved to go into the inner actual harbor of Pampan where favorable conditions for the repair of the ship appeared to exist. On the first attempt to pass through the winding channel on 1 February, the ship struck a coral block but quickly came loose again; on 3 February only did we arrive at the harbor, completely protected from all currents. Here, the ship was partially unloaded, then laid on her side so that her keel was exposed at low tide; as the leaks appeared to be close to the keel, a procedure, uncomfortable for the passengers, was absolutely necessary for the improvement of the ship; I packed my tools together and moved into a small house in the village of Pampan which I rented for the duration of our stop-over. My servant Alejandro took over our household as was our usual travel arrangement, while I entertained myself partly with excursions, partly with zoological investigations, and encouraged Gonzalez, moreover, to make as many watercolor sketches as possible.

The low hills of the raised islands everywhere showed traces of a recent upheaval. By 29 January, I had already visited a small coralline island that stood only four feet above the high-water mark; in its interior, lay large coral blocks, which could not have been deposited there by the surf, since it is weak around here, but must have resulted from upheaval. The fore hill on the island of Batag, about 50 to 70 feet high, is composed entirely of partially changed coralline limestone, which was merely covered with coral detritus or varying humus layer. In opposition to this, the island of Laguan, opposite Batag and forming the southern edge of the channel which I visited at different times, was composed of a chalky, finely grained
sandstone in horizontal layers, in which pteropodal shells appeared to be almost the only fossils. A microscopic investigation nevertheless revealed numerous foraminifera. From the somewhat steeply declining bank fell a slender stream, which afforded us good water we needed to travel further; near the stream, a large dead tree overhung down to the ocean; its roots were firmly embedded in the earth, and the high tide only just disturbed its hanging branches. The tree had nevertheless been drilled for a length of two feet apparently for no purpose by a ship's drill, so that an upheaval of at least four feet /17/ must have taken place during the time that might have elapsed since its subsidence into the ocean. The small island of Busin, lying in the inner harbor south of Laguan and separated from that island by a narrow channel, was hilly; the one-hundred-and-fifty to two-hundred-foot-high hills, which are thickly wooded, are composed of argillaceous, partly yellow and partly bluish gray sandstone, which I will designate "Foraminifer sandstone of Pampan" because of the abundance of foraminifera. This is the same clay of which Laguan is made, as well as the lower hills of the island on which lies Pampan. At last, on the northwest bank of Pampan Island, I came across an extensive dead coral reef on whose surface lie large blocks of entirely metamorphosed coralline limestone; these blocks appear 4½ to 5 feet above water at low tide. These are the most diverse and surest indications that an upheaval must have occurred recently. It was perhaps the cause of an accident that we met with on our departure, and we also have it to thank that we grazed a coral block upon our entrance on 1 February in a place at which 3 to 4 fathoms of water should have been at the highest tide according to the newest Spanish charts; but only about 2 fathoms of water could have overlain the block to judge by our ship's draught.

Because of the continual stormy weather of the last weeks, work on the ship could not be finished as quickly as our impatience to reach the Pacific Ocean let us all desire. At the time the ship was laid ashore, we had had
a high spring tide; but now there were low tides and not enough water to float the ship. It was not until 13 February that we succeeded with much effort and after several vain attempts, to actually raise her from the ground. There were still a few leaks to plug below the ship's water line, as well as to return the partially unloaded cargo, so that these days flew by before we attempted to get underweigh. But on 21 February and again on the following day, the stormy northeast monsoon, usually accompanied by heavy rain showers, thwarted our attempts to cross out of the harbor at the onset of low tide; with its full force, the monsoon directed hefty and quite irregular winds right at the channel. Again on 23 February we failed; at last on the next day, we reached the outer channel. Annoyed at all the lost time and trusting to the map of Morata-Coelho with its plan of Palapa harbor, the captain tried to reach the Pacific Ocean through its eastern opening in order to cut out the detour that would be necessary if we went instead out the western opening far to the north around the large island of Batag. This attempt to enter the harbor, though not as foolhardy as our earlier had been, was to cost us dearly. On our departure, the wind was favorable to going out and the route which we followed, continually sounding it, appeared clear, but suddenly, we scraped a coral rock because we had not been able to look into the dark waters, and in a moment, we were sitting firmly atop another. I was sorry for the poor Woodin who, in order to save his last card, the Lady Leigh, gave the order to back the sails and make other manoeuvres all intended to float the ship. Mixed with orders to the sailors, Woodin lamented for his wife and children, whom he had left behind in poverty in Hobart Town and whom the previously propitious goddess of luck had appeared to him to have failed to save. But nothing availed. The water was ebbing and the ship did not stir from the place. Fortunately, it was almost at the lowest ebb when we rested upon the rock so that there was no danger of turning over to worry about. After several anxious hours, the incoming tide finally raised us off
our anchoring spot.

During this time, night had set in so we were compelled to anchor near this wretched coral block. Woodin had now lost all desire of trying another departure out of the eastern channel, and on the morning of 25 February with a fine easterly wind blowing, we went out through the western channel without further mishap. We, of course, needed three full days to reach the northern end of Batag Island, all the while struggling against wind and waves; on 1 March we sailed, but only slowly, out of sight of the east coast of Samar crossing against easterly and southeasterly winds. A strong 1½ to 2 knot an hour southeasterly current put us back again and again, so that the captain attempted to reach the south as soon as possible to take us quickly out of the troublesome region.

It might have been the stop-over on land and the continually scanty nourishment, coupled with the eternally wretched weather and the frightful alarm of 25 February that had harmed me; suffice it to say that until 1 March I felt so miserable that I myself was unable to fish with the fine nets during the few favorable hours spared me now and then by the rather light winds. After we had gotten in the middle of that southeasterly current and taken a few measurements of ocean temperature, which reached 22 degrees R on the first day and 23 degrees R somewhat later, I took up my nets with high hopes. Since I imagined myself transported again to a similar warm current, like the one at the /20/ Cape of Good Hope at the tail end of the Mozambique current that reaches from 42 degrees south latitude down to 44 degrees; on my way to Singapore, it had furnished me with an over abundance of the most beautiful animals from the open ocean. For three days, we passed through such a thick swarm of the colossal sea squirts so that even by gathering water in buckets we frequently captured specimens almost a foot long. At night, these myriads of beings, who seemed to cover the ocean as far as the
horizon, cast a most marvelous light, which I can only compare to a wonderful stormy October night I witnessed north of Helgoland. Unfortunately, my hopes were dashed. Despite the deep blue pure color of the ocean, I only managed to take from the upper level of water a small number of jelly-like masses of one-celled algae that has so often already spoiled my fishing with fine nets in the tropics. When there was calm, I lowered my nets 60 to 80 feet, which were held vertically by the active currents running here but did not yield anything. Gradually, we were turned out by the southeasterly currents to the northeast, which now brought us quickly southwards until we encountered strong, warm westerly currents at 7 degrees 39 minutes north latitude and 129 degrees east longitude on 9 March. These currents, according to the reckoning of the ship's journal, carried us an average of 50 to 55 sea miles to the east each day. So we gradually turned out of the bending upper arm of the north Pacific equatorial current north along the east coast of Luzon into the straight continuation of the same, then into the southern reaching arm of the same current south of Samar and Mindanao, which combined with that current from the west originating from the equatorial counter-current in the hot Celebes Sea between 6 and 7 degrees north latitude. If /21/ Quatrefages' proposed theories about the various migrations of the Polynesian peoples are true, the equatorial counter-current has played just as important a part in the eastern hemisphere, of course in a different respect, as the Gulf Stream has played in the western hemisphere. It is known that the inhabitants of the Carolines were not infrequently cast away on the Philippines; each time, they reached Samar Island or the southern part of Luzon, as a proof that the north equatorial current breaks right at the barrier of the Philippines. On the contrary, no Filipinos appear to have reached the Palau Islands, while people from Celebes Island and islands in the Celebes Strait have. According to Johnson's testimony, it was in
1859 or 1860 that a sailless boat with six passengers was driven to the northwest side of Palau near Aibukit. The six maintained they had left Salibago Island three days before. I later saw the surviving man myself and could be convinced of the probability of his statement to have come from that island. Also at the time the well-known Captain Wilson -- whose account of the shipwreck of the Antelope [Antelope] and of the amiable people of Palau awakened a universal sympathetic interest -- came in touch with these people, he found a Malayan from an island near the Celebes, who had been driven to Palau by the westerly current just like the man from Salibago.

Our joy to travel at last in a good, improved, waterproof ship only lasted for the first two days. As long as we had light winds and the sea was not heavy, the pumps did not have to be worked any more often than is usual aboard a ship. But now that our ship was battling strong ocean currents and the frequent winds, sometimes approaching a storm, blowing against the direction of the current, the ocean heaved with irregular and hearty swells; she began to take on much water, groaning in all her joints and being tossed every which way. The farther south we went, the more the storm increased and the more the ocean became agitated, so that the pumps had to be used in a most unpleasant way. At first, more frequent pumping occurred during the day, then also in the night, and finally, on a quiet day on which our schooner should have rested from her past exertions, but when pumps did not remove the water seeping into the ship's hold but, in fact, it increased, it was clear to us all that the ride on the coral block in Palapa harbor must have opened an ominous wound in the ship's bottom. From 5 or 6 March onwards, the pumps worked continuously both night and day. At last and with the soon recurring and unabated series of storms so much water leaked in, that everyone, including the captain and the passengers, had to help with the work since only our most strenuous effort could keep us afloat. Thanks to the westerly
storm, and despite the contrary winds, we finally reached 4° north latitude and 135° east longitude, so that we turned sailing with the wind northwards and could search for the Palau Islands lying between 6 and 8° north latitude.

On the morning of 22 March at about 2 o'clock, we saw the southernmost island of the group Ngaur (Angaur) [Ngeaur] bathed in the most beautiful tropical moonlight. Ngaur is separated from Peleliu [Beleliou] Island by a very deep channel about three miles wide. At daybreak, we sailed from the east through the channel because the harbor we were seeking -- Aibukit -- lay on the northwestern side of the island. With steep cliffs, at whose feet the waves broke, Ngaur Island rises perpendicularly to a modest height with a green covering of tropical forest /23/ from which a blinding white of bare rocks fell on the eyes. It was most similar to limestone rock, partly mixed with chalk, as was indicated in several precipitous and jagged peaks, reaching to a greater height, on Peleliu and its neighboring smaller islets. These were also mostly forested and, on the shore we approached, a rim of coconut palms appeared much higher and more slender than I had ever seen them before. It was surely because of these tall palms resembling masts of ships -- as has been recorded often -- that the Spaniards, when they discovered the island group in the seventeenth century, gave them the name "Islas Palos" after the mast-like (palos) palm trees.

We intentionally approached the inhabited island of Peleliu because everyone on board wanted to hear from those ashore about the latest news, and we thought to attract a few inhabitants of Peleliu by our approach. Our hope was fulfilled. There was a wild confusion of voices after the frizzy-haired dark copper-brown people neared us at last. They must have recognized us because they called over to us "Piter," "Cabel Mul," "Cordo," and "Baber!" as they spotted Johnson or the captain, the small Cordo or the helmsman. They were apparently very excited. From far away they had already called out to us all a few single words: "Fire," "War," "Englander," which Johnson
could distinguish. As they boarded ship, they all were in such a hurry to reach us, to greet us and to talk that one of them who wanted to swing on a loose rope fell into the water. Soaking wet after his involuntary bath, he came aboard and told Piter (Johnson) with great seriousness and at length of the sad event that had occurred in the absence of Captain Woodin and which filled the old man with a sad premonition of the blows that were still to hit him late in life. They told us that several weeks previously an English warship had sailed into Coröre [Oreor] harbor, which has grown famous as "Korror" because of Wilson, that the captain had accompanied and supported the people from there on an expedition against Aibukit and that a large part of the canoes belonging to the village, as well as their village, a house for storing trepang on the shore near Aibukit belonging to Captain Woodin and the trepang inside had been destroyed by fire.

Somewhat earlier, I had inferred from remarks made by Johnson and the captain that, a few years ago, internal warfare had received greater impetus due to the arrival of Woodin and the previously mentioned Cheyne. Both had stayed in the harbor of Coröre at first in 1860; here they conducted for a time common business, which was carried on partly in the harbor itself and partly on small, but extended, boat excursions to the north and south. The old Woodin, honorable and good-natured, but not "as clever as the snakes" had put too much trust in Cheyne, a trust which Cheyne shamefully misused. In March or April 1860, after they chanced to meet in the harbor of Coröre -- Malakka [Ngemelachel] -- both men verbally agreed to carry on a common business with equal risks; Cheyne was to receive only trepang for his trading goods and Woodin only coconut oil and turtle shell. At this time, Woodin already had 70 picul [a picul is 133 1/3 pounds] of trepang on his ship; this he gave to Cheyne and told all Palauans who wanted to sell trepang to deliver it to the captain of the three-masted Black River Packet. On 31 May, Cheyne
wrote to Woodin that he would have to leave the islands /25/ no later than 15 August because of the bad condition of his ship and that, until Woodin's return from his intended trip to Manila, he would carry on business at his own expense and risk. He would sail for Shanghai upon Woodin's return, where he would sell whatever cargo he had and the ship, leaving Woodin with a free hand in Palau. But on 7 June, he already wrote to my friend, who was just about to sail for Manila, proposing a contract that would have done serious harm to Woodin if he had accepted it. The contract would have compelled Woodin 1) to take all Cheyne's trepang to Manila free of charge and to turn it over to Cheyne's agents; 2) to bear half of the maintenance costs, considerably higher, of the Black River Packet from the day of his departure, while Cheyne would only have to pay half of the maintenance costs of the Lady Leigh, considerably lower, from the day Woodin returned to conduct business; 3) to depart from Palau, where Cheyne reserved for himself all trading rights. Apart from the disadvantages the first two conditions would have imposed on him, the third condition would have been fatal. Cheyne would then have been in exclusive possession of the most favorable islands in the Carolines for trepang trade, the Palau Islands, while Woodin would have had to trade with the less productive and nautically unknown remaining Caroline islands and to establish trade with bolder and more barbarous people of the same islands. In case of an accident, Cheyne would have profited by having Palau for himself because Cheyne knew full well that Woodin's last and wholly encumbered possession was the small schooner and that his rival would not be in a position /26/ to buy a new ship and undertake his trading voyages. This, in fact, was the end of Woodin's career. But in the best of circumstances, there lay a direct injury for Woodin in this proposal, which he rejected immediately. As a favor, he took a small quantity of trepang to Manila, from whence he returned to the islands in the middle of September of the same
year. He first put in at the harbor of Corôre but only to sail again to the more northerly village of Aibukit, whose inhabitants had already traded with him before and whom he now proposed to visit in their own village now that he was free of the chicanery of Cheyne and the Corôre chiefs. This was an unpleasant decision for the people of Corôre as well as for his rival. They feared that they -- few in number and only in possession of a small island -- would lose the supremacy over the other districts which they gained in Wilson's time and which was partly due to Wilson's assistance, now that Woodin would be opening direct trade with the northern districts, which, because of their greater wealth and significant number of firearms, had been under their firm control. But Cheyne worried that his pet plan, which was nearly realized later, had failed if Woodin actually succeeded in gaining a foothold in the north. Later developments showed well enough that Cheyne was chiefly concerned, first of all, to monopolize the trade there in an overbearing way, then to win the thanks of his fatherland by bequeathing the right to the title, acquired over the course of years, to an island or the entire group to England. Among the people of Corôre, jealousy of Aibukit had grown so much that -- I do not wish to further examine the influence, which according to Woodin's and Barber's testimony, Cheyne must have had in this matter -- that they all agreed to undertake an expedition against the people of the north and the Lady Leigh. In this attempt to drive old Woodin away from Aibukit, the people of Corôre were acting just as they had against a Spanish vessel which they directed to sail for Yap, lying north of Palau, to gather trepang but which they really had "cut off"["cut off" is the slang expression used by sailors for the robbing and destruction of a ship by barbarians] by bribing the inhabitants with a large amount of money. At least in a letter of 15 September from Cheyne to Woodin, who had already sailed north, it was stated that, according to the Corôre chiefs, the people of Aibukit were supposed to have
adopted a plan to seize the Lady Leigh on the day of her arrival. The purpose of Cheyne's letter was apparently to frighten the old Woodin and to bring about his return. But when, despite the warning, Woodin anchored in the harbor of Aibukit and found a most friendly greeting, instead of a hostile reception by the islanders, Cheyne wrote a letter to him on 26 September in which he indicated that the people of Coroëre had started the rumor or actually had paid the people of Aibukit to cut him -- Woodin -- off; but that he, for his part, was convinced that he would do a good business in Aibukit because he had nothing to worry about. Cheyne gave this letter to Woodin's mate, who had arrived in Coroëre on business in a canoe and remarked at the same time that Barber would prefer staying with him; he wished to employ him and that it was the best thing for him since, apparently, or at least according to rumor, /28/ he would never again see the Lady Leigh. Barber now hurried, really somewhat fearful because of what he knew of the knavery of the Coroëre people, as quickly as possible to the north and arrived just in time to inform Woodin of the approach of an apparently hostile flotilla from the south. A few hours later, the war canoes of Coroëre, Armlimui [Ngeremlengui] and several other southern districts arrived but unexpectedly found Woodin waiting to receive them harshly. They changed plans. The foremost chief among them, Ebadul [Ibedul] of Coroëre, went aboard to Woodin and in a most friendly manner explained to him that they had come to discipline the Aibukit people for assuming rights which were not theirs; Woodin was told he would be better off if, instead of staying there, he would return again to Coroëre and resume their previously friendly relationship; he would receive as much trepang from the people of the south as his ship could carry. Naturally enough, Woodin was deaf to Ebadul's assurances of friendship, as well as to his promises. During this time, the war canoes of Aibukit had emerged from their harbor and has so arranged themselves in line for an
engagement that, without getting too close to the Lady Leigh, they could be able to advance against the enemy, who was quietly arrayed in a half circle, under the constant firing of muskets and a few small ship's cannons. Luckily, there was no slaughter in the engagement. At a distance of thousands of paces, they fired their muskets and cannons, which could only send their shot about a hundred paces. At last and before a single casualty, a canoe led by a young brave chief of Aibukit came so close to a canoe from Cordëre that one of his shots /29/ knocked a leak in the enemy canoe, and it sank in a moment. At that, the southern fleet maneuvered around, sped away with a strong wind, being chased by the enemy. In commemoration of the victory, feasts were held and songs composed, especially honoring that young brave hero who had put the entire enemy armada of the south to flight with a single lucky shot. Because of this one victory, Aibukit attained for itself a position that it had never had before; several of the smaller chieftains placed themselves under its protection, so that the numerous districts of Palau** formed two groups: some acknowledging Corëre and others Aibukit as leaders in war as well as in politics. Between the two groups, there occurred friction at every possible opportunity, usually confined to burning of several canoes or the murder of one or two people. At last in January 1862, the time seemed right for the southern people to deliver a major coup. And this was the story which our friends from Peleliu told with such excitement and whose sinister impression I could hardly resist as it reminded me of the part played by whites, guilty or not, there in the Pacific Ocean for decades already. It was only much later that we learned of the entire circumstances of the event, after we had arrived in Aibukit. But this much is evident from the confused and apparently very much embellished accounts of the islanders that during the absence of the Lady Leigh the village of Aibukit again suffered an attack by the people of Corëre, but this time matters were much worse for
our befriended village because of the active support of an English warship that Cheyne's allies had enjoyed. /30/

Sadly assured of this bad news, which probably upset us more than was necessary, because we could not determine the extent of the damage, we continued our journey along the west side along the reef, gradually moving away from the island the farther north one goes. By 23 March, we had already passed the highest peak on Babelthaub Island, which, with its rounded summit, was in sharpest contrast to the steep, narrow cliffs of the south, as well as to several other of the nearby peaks of the same island. The leak had now seemingly grown significantly larger since the pumps were not allowed to rest all day and all night. In the afternoon of 25 March, my impatience, still more aroused by our annoying trip, to enter the harbor where I could leave the ship and with Johnson's help begin my work, was appeased. Southerly currents had driven us to the north beyond the channel at night on the 24th and 25th, which ran northwest toward Aibukit and passed through the reef more than a German mile from the island. Luckily, the wind turned towards the north during the day, so that we gained the entrance to the channel at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I climbed to the crow's nest to better observe our entrance. Despite the seemingly great distance of the land, the air was so transparent, that I could clearly discern the island, as it lay there with its occasional towering coconut palms high above the forest among a broad streak of splendid, forest-green water, while the deep blue ocean pounded the foaming edge of the outer reef. When one gazes upon the ocean from such a height, the colors, changing with the depth of the water, are of a wonderful splendor and transparency. And near us on the surface four canoes from Aibukit bustled about coming out to greet us in order to escort us through the torturous channels. Just as gulls occasionally do when they are tired, partly flying, they appear to rest on the peaks of the waves, nevertheless, quickly leaving the fastest ship far behind, the light canoes sped over the
water, often more than halfway out of the water, past our schooner, before
and behind us. They willingly gave the ship, which ran at 5 or 6 knots, the
lead, but after a few minutes, they had again shot past her. One of them
capsized, but no one worried about the passengers, and within ten minutes,
the canoe had been righted, its water emptied and it soon flew toward us to
continue to assist us, in this make-believe game. They especially served us
as pilots. Wherever a dangerous shallow or a rising concealed reef was,
someone would jump in the water and hold his canoe there until we had passed
safely; and we continued on to the next danger spot. In such activities,
one has to admire the inhabitants of the Pacific islands since all traces of
indolence and laziness have vanished, every movement of their very well tensed
bodies is gauged, easy and admirable, and out of their dark eyes shines the
innermost joy of exciting sporting with danger that everywhere is afforded
by the sharp blocks of coral. After an exciting hour's journey, they led us
safely to our anchoring place in the harbor of Aibukit, a fair gunshot from
land, and as the anchor was lowered, islanders already climbed up on all sides,
while Captain Woodin and Johnson shook the brown hands of their old friends.
Unfortunately, they confirmed all the reports that we had heard at Peleliu
/32/ but to the sorrow over their distress, which they had been exposed to
until now, was added a child-like joy at the safe arrival of Piter (Johnson)
and Cabel Mul (Captain Woodin), who seemed to be the harbingers of a happier
future. /33/
First Stay Ashore. The Attack on Aibukit and Peace Settlement.

Our friends remained until late in the evening. It was almost exclusively men of the lower and middle classes who had come to help us, and Woodin had engaged a number of these to pump and to help to begin unload the ship the next morning since the crew, mostly Manila men, was exhausted. Most of these men were slim and well-built, of a dark brown, almost a blackish brown, skin tone, which, of course, was frequently covered with the yellow color prepared from curcuma with which they painted their bodies in the most diverse ways. On their heads was a thick crown of frizzy hair, which was tied into a short braid in the back. In their thick masses of hair stuck the characteristic three-pronged comb with widely spaced teeth, which is found among almost all negroid Polynesian peoples. Their faces also showed pronounced Papuan features; even among our first visitors at Peleliu, I noticed a small man with marked Jewish facial features. At that time, I did not know Salomon Müller's travel book, in whose magnificent atlas I later found the picture of an inhabitant of Cobie in New Guinea who could easily have passed as the brother of that man from Peleliu. A similar observation will be made by all travelers who meet true Papuans in New Guinea or other negroid peoples of the Pacific, such as the inhabitants of the Louisiade Archipelago, Fiji, or even Australia; all of them without exception display such pronounced Jewish physiognomies, which one never observes among
pure Malayan peoples. That the inhabitants of Aibukit have Malayan, as well as Papuan, characteristics, is shown, apart from, in my personal opinion, not just the smooth hair* but most of all the broad-boned, almost four-cornered /35/ face with the prominent cheekbones and the most unusual small eyes.

The following morning, we were surprised by a visit of state. In the evening, Krei had already taken away his adopted son, the small Cordo; in the morning, they returned accompanied by a broad-shouldered, especially kindly looking man, the highest chief in the district of Aibukit, Mad. With him came a number of other chieftains and several young women, two of whom never left his side, while the others rustled about freely among the foreign sailors in grass skirts that reached from their waists to their knees but that exposed their thighs. Almost all carried an aromatic flower in their ear. The men, part of whom were entirely naked, others only wearing a loincloth, which was often carried about in their hands, stayed, with the exception of some chieftains in the area near the ship, somewhat apart from Krei and Mad, so that I could have guessed, by the attention paid to them, their high rank, even if I had not long previously been told by Woodin and Johnson that I saw before me the two most powerful chiefs of the village and district of Aibukit. Both men were only called by those names, which, though both Mad and Krei were surnames as well as titles, they also were /36/ titles for each one's status in the district. Both possess another name from their youth but had exchanged them for the unchanging official titles when they assumed their offices. The same right only belongs to the real chiefs -- the rupack [rubak] -- whose names and number I unfortunately could not find out and who compose the upper stratum of the population. Mad (that is, death) is the real head chief, to whom, as such, belongs in addition to the chieftainship in the council of chiefs the sole decision and welfare for their religious observances and
everything bound up with their ancestor worship. Subordinate to him is an almoner named Inateklo, who also has a place and a say in the council of chiefs. Second in the district is Krei, the general and field marshall, as well as director of all public and community work, a true major domus, who plays in the Pacific a role similar to the Japanese taikun [lord] or the Merovingian Hausmeier [chamberlain] in Franconia. In the council of chiefs, he sits across from Mad; each has on his side a following of lesser chieftains at their large feasts and ceremonies and at meetings concerning the good of the state. This division of the total number of chieftains into such, who follow Mad or Krei, is not restricted to public life. Each one of the two leaders is at the same time head of his followers, with whom he owns a large house -- here called bai [community house] -- and where the members of this society, the so-called clöbberggöll [cheldebechel], spend their nights and the better part of the day. Here in Aibukit -- and it is similar in all other states -- the upper class of chieftains forms two so-called clöbberggöll.

In the second class of the population, the so-called small chieftains (kikeri rupack [kekerei el rubak]) or those of the free /37/, as well as in the third, the serfs -- the armeau [remeau] -- are also found similar, but much more numerous clöbbergöll, which most nearly resemble our regiments. Universal military training actually controls so much more and in all social relations that it can scarcely be imagined. From the age of five or six, all young boys are compelled to enroll in a clöbbergöll in order to take part in wars and in public works required by the administration. But in these the free and the serfs are not strictly separated, although the one always has the highest position, that is, the free, but also because some are taken into the number of real chiefs, part according to laws of succession, part according to choice. While also from these, many only remain attached to one of the many lower clöbbergöll until a certain age, then they enter the
council of chiefs, so the men of the armeau remain in the regiment of second division until they die. A separation is only found here in so far as each particular clöbbergöll, which numbers 35 to 40 on the average, only admits boys and men of the same age, so that each of them during his life (of normal length) has belonged to at least three or four different clöbbergöll.

In fact, each village forms, in the stated manner, an organized state in itself. Each of the same also has its own special title for the corresponding offices, which never are the same. The two top titles in Coröre are Ebadul (Wilson's Abba Thule) and Arra Kooker [Rechucher], but they are not, as Wilson supposed, their given names, but only the same titles used for generations. I did not, unfortunately, learn their meanings.

These particular /38/ villages compose states in themselves and adjacent to each other, as it is on Peleliu and Kreiangel [Ngcheangel, or Kayangel], or several arrange themselves under a stronger and assume a certain vassal position with respect to it. I have already indicated how the districts on Babelthaub separated into two groups because of the presence of Cheyne and Woodin and how they acknowledged the leadership of Coröre and Aibukit; with that state the smaller states of Peleliu and Armlimui and Eimelig [Imeliik] on the southwest coast and Aracalong [Ngerechelong, or Ngerchelong] at the northern end of Babelthaub were allied, whereas Athernal [Ngetelngal] and Eirei [Irrai, or Airai] were allied to Aibukit. At the northern end of the group, cut off by a broad deep-water channel, Kreiangel -- a true atoll -- remained neutral. The assimilating power of these two momentarily powerful states had already grown so large that a number of other villages, which had earlier played a not insignificant role, had entered a direct dependent relationship to them, so that the chiefs of Aibukit equal to Mad or Krei such as Rallap [Chelab], Kaslau [Ngkeklaual], Roll [Chol], Aulima [Ulimang] and several other villages, would hold their given ranks in their home
villages but at the council of chiefs at Aibukit could only occupy the rank of an ordinary rupack. Naturally, the other dignitaries in those vassal states were also lowered a step, so that only those in Aibukit occupied the same rank as those succeeding certain chiefs of the second class. In the general discussions of the council of chiefs meeting in Aibukit, only the two highest rupack from the lower villages could take part, and because of this mingling it happened that occasionally each was invested with a second, lesser office in Aibukit in addition to his dignified office in his home village. Arda of Rallap matched Mad in Aibukit, but in this place he assumed the title of Albro, the third or fourth after Mad.

Early in the evening of our arrival, I unwillingly let Johnson sail away since I longed to see my new surroundings, tired of the boring conversation with Woodin and Gonzalez. I saw the reef stretch out for a mile without my having been able to pick out a single piece of coral, and from between the palm trees in the distance which rather accurately indicated the location of Aibukit and several other villages, clouds of smoke arose, reminding me that there lay a wide open field for my studies. Finally on 26 March -- the two days on board seemed like an eternity -- I went ashore, accompanied by Johnson, Alejandro and Gonzalez. It was high tide. We went on a fast sailing indigenous canoe, known as amlai, in which one is never sure about capsizing, toward a long artificial wall, crossing the isolated but not very deep bay of Aibukit, through which led only a small opening bridged with a few planks. Behind the wall, the beautiful, shallow bay was increasingly constricted by mangrove forests until we finally found ourselves in a channel barely 30 feet across all around which the rhizophora had sunk their aerial roots. The majority of these trees were apparently young; but occasionally from among the forest standing 40 to 50 feet high, a few much higher and thicker trees projected. From one such tree, several branches had been torn away by a grenade used during the previously mentioned English attack, and
at still other places, I was shown wide holes, which could only have been made
by cannons fired from the channel. Naturally, during this trip, the attack
was the most important and exclusive subject of conversation; after we had
landed at the inner harbor of the village, the half-burned canoe house of the
inhabitants confronted me as a sad sign of the past battle. As we walked on
the somewhat steep, partially paved, path for about ten minutes and arrived
at the first house, traces of what the warriors had left behind pursued me.
Here was a hole in a roof, still unpatched, through which a rocket had gone;
villagers immediately brought me burnt rockets and burst grenades, and where
I listened -- in so far as I could learn with the help of Johnson and Cordo,
who occasionally served as translators -- I heard nothing else but news of the
last battle and the hopes now placed on Cabel Mul and myself. I was partly
to blame for this. I was shocked most deeply by the heartless game carried
on by the whites with these friendly people; I took upon myself the guilt
which those Europeans bore in order to atone for a part of it, so that I
used the ensuing period solely to assemble notes to rescue from oblivion
the history of the assault and all its details and to make public the guilty
ones. With this intention, I scoured the surroundings of Aibukit in all
directions accompanied by Johnson and Cordo as translators, as well as
numbers of villagers, who could not explain my lively interest in their
misfortune, other than by the assumption that I was a powerful rupack at
home who had come to care for them and to punish their enemies. The result
of this absorbing study during this first period was an article that I was
later able to post to Manila in July at the first opportunity, to my brother-
in-law Moritz Herrmann, who was instrumental in having it appear in the
Diario de Manila. I reprint it here unabridged to give the reader the
chance to judge for himself.
"The following tale needs no comment. It contains a description of the most important moments of the attack of an English warship, HMS Sphinx, upon a peaceful village in northern Babelthaub, to which, as it appears, the captain, R. Browne, was regrettably instigated solely by the charges of Captain Cheyne, of a man whose long trade in the Pacific will hopefully soon and forever come to an end. I collected these findings during my now four-month long stay in the attacked and partly destroyed village, though I reserve an express guarantee of the complete correctness of them, and I publish them only partly to bring to the attention of the appropriate authorities the rash and inhumane dealings of the commander of the warship, partly to contradict a possible report from Cheyne, because experience has taught that whenever he pulled into and English port a completely distorted representation of the events on the islands he visited appeared in the papers.

"In the month of October 1861, the English ship Sphinx anchored in Coröre harbor. Sent by the admiral of the naval station /42/ at Hong Kong on a peaceful mission -- to search for lost sailors -- she also had an order to stop at the Palau Islands. In Manila, Captain Woodin had given up his second mate and sent him with, instead of the ailing captain, the acting first lieutenant as translator with the express wish to land him at Aibukit where he -- Woodin -- himself intended to go later with his ship. As it seems, Captain Cheyne's intrigues, about whose extent naturally only a little was learned, sufficed to get Captain Browne, again acting as commander, not only to ignore the promise given by the first lieutenant as commander, but also to wage an expedition against Aibukit, whose nature was said to have been wholly aggressive. At the instigations of Captain Cheyne, Captain Woodin's mate was, against Woodin's express wish, left behind in Coröre and instead of this man,
who still would have honored the English flag, although he was a Spanish mestizo, an Englishman named Davis acted as translator; he had lived for nearly thirty years here, was, unfortunately, an instrument of Captain Cheyne and sought, under the protection of English weapons, his and probably others' vengeance.

"One day near noon, three boats from the warship, apparently armed with four 18-pound guns, appeared at the entrance to the small channel at Aibukit; Captain Cheyne's boat with his crew and Cordre warriors had joined them in Aracalong, a village about four miles to the north. He himself decided it best to keep away from the shooting. Near the entrance to the channel almost enclosed by an artificial wall of stone at a place known as Auru, the first shot, apparently blind, fell but more accurate shots followed quickly and not in the customary intervals. Meanwhile the soldiers landed at Auru, where not a solitary villager was seen, and went to the summit of Aibukit under Davis' direction and equipped with a gun fired it occasionally at the village of Atraro where they were opposed by the villagers. Soon the villagers fled, and Davis set fire to the whole of Atraro; he led the soldiers back to Auru where a house was burnt down, then they walked over the previously mentioned stone wall to Ungelål on the northern side and over the hills to Eijül village. At Eijül they apparently received a sterner welcome than at Atraro because they did not succeed in seizing the village that day. They retreated and pulled back to Aracalong as night fell.

"On the next day at 10 o'clock, all four boats returned to Ungelål, where a house belonging to the village chiefs was burnt down, then a part of the soldiers following Davis set off over the hills for Eijül, This time they captured Eijül, most of which was burned to ashes. While this happened, a few boats travelled up to the innermost eastern corner of
the small channel between mangrove bushes constantly firing their guns, where they discovered several houses as well as a canoe house. Here they were fired upon by a small cannon commanded by Mariano, a Filipino from Luzon, which threatened to sink the boats at any moment. Houses were also burnt here. Although the English tried, as it seems, to pull the canoes away from the burning canoe house, their humane gesture toward the Aibukit people was abortive since nearly all of the rescued canoes were later stolen by men from other villages. At this point, the boats returned once again to Aracalong, where the persistent Cheyne was waiting.

"On the third morning, the boats landed at Auru and only then did Captain Browne act as he should have on the very first day; Davis was sent as negotiator to Aibukit with the request that Captain Browne be permitted entry to the village. The villagers, who by this time had ample reason to distrust Davis, refused this request, fearing that their main village might also be razed. A large group of young, well-equipped young men had come to Aibukit from all friendly villages; they had placed their few guns at the most important points at the direction of the previously named Mariano; they quickly threw up stone barricades, sent their women and children into the hills, and equipped themselves for a mighty resistance. There is little doubt another English attack would have had an unlucky fate. Luckily, it was not attempted. Davis returned without permission, but accompanied by a rupack who offered Captain Browne a large piece of the indigenous money as a token of peace according to local custom. Afterwards, the English returned to Aracalong from where Cheyne had apparently disappeared.

"On the fourth day, Captain Browne, Davis and two other men went into Aibukit, where they were greeted by one of the rupack. After an
inspection of the village and an exchange of friendly assurances between himself and the head chief (Mad), who gave him a number of pigs, they went back to Auru. In the meantime, people from Aracalong or Corôre had set fire to Captain Woodin's house in which were about 250 picul of trepang and a significant amount of property. This was the thanks /45/ which Woodin received for releasing his mate from service for several months in the hope of contributing as much as he could to the success of a humanitarian mission! Instead of an apology or explanation for this, he only received an "order" from that Captain Browne to seize Mariano upon his return and turn him over to the authorities in China or Manila to give an account of firing on the English flag.

"Upon our arrival in March 1862, nearly everything was as it was on the day after the battle. Everywhere traces of fire, the houses destroyed, the few canoes partially broken and lying on the ground, trees splintered by shots -- all in all, a scene of destruction. This misfortune had so badly broken the spirit of the villagers that only now (July), almost ten months later, are they beginning to raise their heads again. It is still remarkable to me now that no one was injured on either side, although a shot tore the captain's coat and a cannon ball was supposed to have torn off a piece of board from his boat. The English fired filled, probably 18-pound, grenades and a number of 2½ or 3 inch rockets, one of which passed through Krei's house, nearly hitting his head and emptied its deadly contents out the other side. More than 50 pieces from these rockets are supposed to have been found and in addition a number of partly shattered grenades.

"To many Europeans, accustomed to the horrors of European war, a two-day battle in which no lives were lost may not appear to offer sufficient cause for the complaints I make. I feel it is useless to
say more to them. But for all humane, honorable people, the reading of this event should cause them to blush because of this European brutality. Little /46/ or no excuse can be offered, even if it can be assumed that the three shots were fired for the purpose of raising the national flag and even if Captain Browne was deceived by the assurances of Cheyne, and probably the false oaths of the long-time residents Davis and Simpson, to mount an attack -- all of this can be explained but not excused. It was not his duty to go to war in the case of a man whose statements were only supported by two partly savage Englishmen and improper consideration of the three shots, if they had been fired, cannot justify the attack since one must bear in mind that one had to deal with islanders unfamiliar with European ways. Even if the islanders fired the first shots, there are ample grounds for excusing this since that Cheyne had for a long time threatened the people of Aibukit with a battle and a visit by a warship because they refused to fish for him. And as Cheyne's boat approached with the three others apparently to Aibukit the report was brought, perhaps deliberately or not, that Cheyne really had come now to attack them. This, it seems to me, gave enough of an excuse (judging by local custom) to the people of Aibukit to open fire.

"We call the ocean that washes these islands the Pacific. But just as its powerful waves can throw the largest ships over the reefs of its atolls into the lagoons sunk below sea level, it soon becomes calm, removing all traces of the accident -- so the story is not heard of turmoil among its inhabitants, of the cruelty committed among themselves, the cruelties inflicted from time immemorial by Europeans. We whites do not appear in the best light. Wherever there is conflict between /47/ coloreds and whites, a mistake on our side was the least, more often it was the cruelty of the sailors, probably most often common greed,
which summoned it forth. I am familiar with dark pages in the biography of a man who is still alive, who, in the hope of receiving plentiful cargo in return for his kindness, took a number of armed people to another island in his ship, where they, treacherously brought in, caused a terrible bloodbath among the inhabitants, including women and children. A pig was his entire take. Such stories abhor publicity; but if they should come to the attention of honest people, it is their duty to speak out as loudly as their voices permit. May mine not go unheard. Aibukit, 28 July 1862."

My first days were only devoted to the assembling of the notes presented above -- but which I later constantly attempted to complete -- since I would have grown heartily tired otherwise. Because of the experiences I had in dealing with a primitive people whose language I did not understand, I came to know Johnson as a translator for the first time, whom I still depended upon though he helped me little. I only saw him occasionally, so I was accompanied by Cordo most of the time. While in Manila and aboard ship, he somewhat resembled a European, but in Aibukit, he readily resumed his old ways: he talked endlessly, did little and showed a most astounding patience about everything. He knew of my plans and knew that I, in order to be able to work, had to have my own /48/ house built according to my instructions near the ocean. But he put matters off day after day and did not engage any people to help me build my house and to provide native servants to accompany me on my excursions to the reef and ashore. It took an accident to help me out.

According to local custom, I took up my quarters in that large house (bai) after I left the ship which belonged to Krei, who placed me under his protection, and his high-ranking companions. As long as I remained in the
village, I was well cared for by him and his clöbbergöll in the kindest manner. It was not too amusing there: the rupack almost always slept and did nothing for most of the day, and, according to custom, their house could only be used by them; no one from the lower two classes could enter it. The only beings with whom I could make a few timid attempts at conversation were a few young women -- concubines -- who lived a free and easy life there with the chiefs. I was to hear enough about their peculiar, socially narrowly circumscribed way of life later. They were often visited by their girl friends of the same age who served in the bai of other clöbbergöll; since they were more talkative than the older rupack and apparently took pleasure in teaching me about their language, I had acquired in only a few days the handful of words necessary for me to form questions in their simply constructed language. I would often visit in my walks the different houses which lay separated from each other by low bushes, areca palm trees, coconut trees and banana trees spread out on the slope of a range of hills; the owners were very pleased whenever I called on them. Without exception, they served me a sweet drink (eilaut ilaot) which is prepared by a quick boiling of the sap of the palm flowers, which supplies all pure Malayan peoples with their beloved palm wine when fermented. On this island, fermentation was purposely shunned; kava, which plays such an important role on other Pacific islands, is hardly ever prepared here. Occasionally, I visited Mad at home. Here I was attracted to a young man named Arakalulk [Rechelulk] on account of his open personality and his intelligent eyes. We must have found some mutual attraction, for the following day, he came to visit me during the absence of the rupack and, as I believed, to offer me his services. Cordo, who accidentally passed by, acted as interpreter and so we reached an agreement before Johnson could learn anything about it. Arakalulk promised to get people to help build my house and from then on to remain my servant, as I
supposed, for a suitable payment. When I informed Johnson about it later, he became angry and stated that I should have placed greater trust in him; he had just come to report that he also had engaged a servant, named Asmaldræ, and had arranged with a **clöbbergöll** to undertake the construction of my house in the cheapest way possible. A big difficulty had first to be overcome; it concerned the opposition of the people to building a house not in the indigenous style; it would easily cause differences and would also in any case raise the price. I agreed with his remarks and only asked him to put more spirit into the people so I could at long last begin the work which I had come to do; /50/ I was also willing to employ both Arakalulk and Asmaldræ.

At last on the seventh day after our arrival the house building should have started under the direction of Johnson and Arakalulk. I had picked a spot belonging to Krei and purchased from him for some rice, not far from Auru adjacent to the ocean and protected from the eastern wind by a steeply rising trachytic cliff. The place was named Tabatteldil [*te bad el dil*] and in my "official capacity", for example at a feast put on by the chiefs, I was no longer "Doctor," -- by which I had always been addressed -- but Era Tabatteldil [*Ngoritbadeldil*], "the man from, and of, Tabatteldil."

The people started to build as they had promised on 1 April -- I missed the significance of the bad omen. Naturally, the house was built in the simplest mode. In the middle was the reception room flanked on one side by my bedroom and on the other by my study, which also had to serve as a temporary shelter for my collections. Strong posts firmly embedded in the ground stood only in the corners of the rooms; the unsteady floor, three feet above the ground and made of bamboo mesh, was reinforced by small supports; the walls and rooms of the house, the table and my somewhat elevated bed were also woven of split bamboo. The roof itself was the customary plaited pandanus leaves and
formed a gable above the seven-foot walls, several of which had windows with covers mounted, just the right height for the only table that I brought from Manila for my dissections. A small hut somewhat distant from the house was the kitchen, where Alejandro carried on his work.

This was certainly a house unlike any which my new friends had ever built before. Their usual family dwellings -- containing only the women and smallest children at night -- were mounted on low rocks so that the floor of split bamboo was scarcely six inches above the ground; rectangular from 25 to 40 feet long and 12 to 14 feet wide; there was no division of any kind inside and fireplaces were built into the floors. Walls were only 4 feet at the highest in which openings of equal height served as doors and windows. Because of the high and peaked roof which overhung the two low sides of the house and whose ridge ran parallel to the length of the house, I would be denied adequate height for my table and sufficient light for my microscope. Also the smoke which, as low as the ordinary person's height, had blackened the roof would prove a big hindrance to my investigations. Since I was sure of a three or four-month sojourn in this place -- thanks to a leak that had to be repaired on the ship -- I had to try to build a house for my personal comfort. The people -- about 40 in number -- were at first diverted by the oddity of the work. But they soon became lax. During the building they were polite to the extent that they followed my house plans without making great difficulties, but they did it so hastily and superficially that I was forced to order them anew to make all the necessary improvements on the day I moved in, 10 April. By now, they were, whenever possible, more inattentive, disobeyed my orders and maintained that their houses were built in a like manner and stood up well. The first time, the roof would let through some rain, although it would stop soon -- in short, they did as they pleased. On the third day afterwards, I finally lost my patience and, supported by Alejandro, tore out a part of the roof which they had refused to repair on
my orders. This and the remark that I would no longer have anything to do with them drove them all away; since I would now take matters in hand with my two servants, they refused their help. They claimed that if they risked helping me, their clöbbergöll would confiscate all their money and burn down their houses because it had banned the completion of my house. This was a critical situation because the roof as well as the walls of the house were not watertight. Johnson, who probably learned about all of this at Auru, came, talked a great deal but did nothing to help the next day. Only after I had already stirred up the clöbbergöll during a day and a half of single-handed negotiations and the promise of a rifle for continuing the construction — did Johnson say, almost appearing offended, that he could have put everything in order without the offer of my rifle. Two days later the house was at least somewhat habitable although the permanent necessary improvements kept my servants and often myself occupied until 25 April.

My house was constantly filled by visitors, mostly rupack from distant villages, who accompanied Krei and Mad to inspect the marvelous house of Era Tabatteldil; this robbed me of almost all my time. While I lived in the village, I naturally passed all my days eating, chatting and sleeping as they did; the good people naturally assumed I would carry on in this way at my house. At first, I had been a good host, but I quickly suspected that most of the rupack came so often because they liked my rice, wine and cigars so much. Mad in particular seemed to like my wine so much that I was worried it would not last long enough. I gave him shorter rations of the wine. At the same time, I became more formal and less charitable with my presents with the other rupack, particularly the strangers. Gradually, these state visits grew smaller and, finally, on 27 April, I had ample quiet in which I could begin my researches.

Matters had become more auspicious for the zoological investigations
which I undertook. Alejandro kept the house with the number of those in our household and whenever time permitted, he went on excursions on the eastern reef. I myself with Arakalulk and Asmaldra looked for animals on the western reef. My dysentery had been cured so I was able to embark on longer walking trips to allied neighboring villages, but I went on these trips less for the animals than for the people, whom I desired to learn about in all their variety. Such opportunities should not be lacking among such lively people. If the Catholics of the Philippines could have learned still more about numerous excuses for public feasts, surely they would have had the opportunity to do so here. I had passed up several small festivals held in Aibukit. But when I heard that a big marriage ceremony was supposed to be held on 24 April at Aural on the east coast, I more readily determined to go since I would have had to pass the entire day alone. In the days before the feast my household companions spoke of nothing but the coming feast; they informed me that they absolutely had to attend. I set off accompanied by Asmaldra, whom I secured by allowing him to carry my rifle, double-barrelled, to hunt ducks; at first, we crossed over the stone dam to the northern bank of the bay, then turned in a northeasterly direction over the trachytic hills that bordered the Aibukit basin on the north and on whose southern slopes lay the already mentioned, now half-destroyed village of Eijül. From their forest-free summits, I had a commanding view of the semicircular valley of Aibukit, into which the hills gradually descended, whereas they fell precipitously into the ocean on the east coast. There seemed to be not enough space for villages here. The reef with its white frothy contours came much closer to the east coast, so that only a canoe passage could have been formed between the reef and the land, which was only a few thousand steps away. On the other hand, on the west coast, there were a main channel and many others, which reached the considerable depth of 40 to 50 feet. An
hour's march in the morning brought us to Aural, where we separated -- Asmaldra to shoot ducks for our lunch and I to collect insects. The season was apparently very bad, for I only gathered a few small, mostly disfigured, butterflies.

In the afternoon began the dance closing out the public festival, which had already lasted for three days. Just as at Aibukit, the houses were separated far apart in the midst of a forest of coconut trees and surrounded by useful and decorative plants, which the villagers lovingly raised. The place where the festival was celebrated lay in the middle of the village but still surrounded by bushes so that one could only get a look at the other houses in a few places, namely, /55/ where the paved paths occasionally furnished one. On one side of the not too large, nearly square space was a three-foot high platform crudely made of tree trunks, while the other three sides were bordered by a number of small, entirely open huts in which all the guests of the village from far and near lived during the feast. Many of them brought all their children and entire houseware; apparently, the guests were not invited or hosted by the village itself as was done at other feasts. Each hut contained at least two or three families so that their interiors were full of women and children, odds and ends, and necessities. Their large iron pots, which otherwise must have been used to prepare trepang, pots about three feet in diameter, were now filled with fish or the national food, kukau, and stood in the fireplaces built in front of the houses on the open square. The extraordinarily starchy root of the arum esculentum is the staple here and on all Pacific islands just as rice is for Malayan peoples; fish, mussels, coconuts and bananas only supplement and diversify the usually most simple noon meal. At these festivals, each woman tries to out do the others in variety of dishes which they, unlike the pagan and Christian Malayans of the Philippines, love to serve in bowls with a red varnish*
pleasing to the eye and which they decorate with flowers. From early morning to afternoon, clouds of not always aromatic smoke continuously ascend -- the people do not seem to be very sensitive to the smell of fetid fish. A pair of young women sit in one house occupied with scraping the meat out of opened coconuts or kneading the kukau which will be used for the various cakes; others build up the fires or serve the cooked foods in the cleanly washed bowls. Young men, probably of the lowest class, kept up a constant procession, bearing baskets of kukau or coconuts on their heads or bringing fish and an assortment of edible sea foods; girls in attractice bright yellow skirts with black borders pass from hut to hut offering a bowl of one of their fine dishes or a cup of an especially sweet drink (the so-called eilaut) as a goodwill gesture from their parents. The higher-ranking men -- the rupack and elders -- sit in the square in groups smoking and conversing, or lie sleeping in their huts.

A quickly circulated rumor that the high point of the whole feast had come put an end to their bustle, which I observed with real pleasure. Women immediately laid aside their work, sleeping men were wakened and every one gathered as local custom prescribes -- women and children together in front, men behind -- impatiently awaiting the procession, widely rumored to have pompous trimmings and heralded from a distance by a few rifle shots and wild screams. A crowd of women emerged from one side with red applied to their bare upper bodies and legs, swinging lances in their hands with furious gestures and they approached a smaller mass of women similarly dressed and armed which advanced from the opposite side. From a distance of about three or four steps they charged as if to start fighting; both sides quickly stopped, formed themselves into several lines and began to sing an unvarying, but still not unmelodious, song unisono. It was the first time in many years that I had heard a full voiced tone. Without moving from the spot, they set
their hips to a well-ordered rhythm and in a pleasantly swaying movement and
produced a loud rustle by the hitting of one grass skirt against another
which accompanied their music. A loud cry ended the pantomime which, I was
told, supposedly depicted a scene from the most recent battle.

Then they all went up on the platform with their bright red decorations
and formed a long row. There might have been 30 women; they began a sort of
pantomime-like dance, sometimes moving their arms slowly through numerous figures,
sometimes only swaying their upper bodies while keeping their arms motionless.
Or they bent their knees, held their upper bodies erect and swung their lower
bodies rhythmically to the left and the right, so that the whole line of
yellowish red, still and voluminous aprons joined in one uniform, unbroken
swell. Singing was also accompanying the dancing. The leader appeared to
improvise the words, which were, unfortunately, completely unintelligible to
me, and the chorus /58/ repeated -- as during a mass -- in unison the verse.

As night fell, the dance, as well as the feast, ended with a loud shout.

Since it was not far, I returned to Tabatteldil by torchlight accompanied by
Gonzalez, Arakalulk and my other companions, while Asmaldra went off to his
own house in Rallap because of an illness.

In the last few days, as already mentioned, I had more peace at home
and had begun to grow more accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of my servants.
Even so, Asmaldra as well as Arakalulk behaved in a way hard for me to
understand. They had -- as I believed -- personally requested to serve me
and should have slept at my house according to our agreement. Instead of
doing so, they sent me a few replacements; they, however, came to call on me
most days and handed down my orders to these substitutes without doing much
themselves. They only delighted to serve me personally; one or the other
usually went along on my expeditions. But I did not benefit as much from
this arrangement with them as I had hoped. Though not living in the
expectation of my journey's success -- which I had almost come to regard as a failure -- I was thankful that I was able, finally, with their help to gather something and to work. I naturally concentrated on marine fauna, while I charged Alejandro, who was blessed with sharp eyes, with catching butterflies, insects and all sorts of land fauna in the village.

Unfortunately, my quiet was again soon shattered. At noon on 27 April, I saw a number of long canoes from the south, which I had heretofore never seen, pull up and lie close to the Lady Leigh. I quickly learned that it was Ebadul (Abba Thule)* from Coröre who had come to pay Captain Woodin a visit. After the water had risen high enough to enter the main harbor of Aibukit in the afternoon, they passed by our house with an awful ruckus swinging their paddles high over their heads. My people were naturally upset by their enemy's arrival. Suspecting war, they all fled into the village at first; but Arakalulk returned soon enough to explain this unwelcome visit. As the tale of the attack on Aibukit told above said, people from Armlimui, Coröre and other places had stolen a number of canoes and burnt down several houses. Despite the assistance of the English, the victory of the southerners was not entirely complete, since Aibukit's position of respect had not suffered very much and now that Cabel Mul had returned with his ship and Piter, who was well-known and feared for his courage, the report was also circulated that a strange, but important rupack -- namely, I -- had come, who was as powerful as Cheyne and would certainly call a warship to Aibukit. They were all paralyzed by the fear that the northern states would undertake a campaign against the southern one to avenge the humiliation they had suffered.

I was partly to blame for this because of my zealous inquiries concerning the circumstances of the attack -- which Coröre had certainly heard of -- exciting fears on one side and hope on the other. But even aside from
the interest I had shown the people of Aibukit, I could not have been able to avoid this very unwelcome, and later down right disquieting, matter of high status; just having a white skin guaranteed me a position of importance. Since I had not come to trade nor for any other apparent purpose and all my dealings convinced them I was influential, a rich rupack, it was understandable that the people of Aibukit anticipated a great deal from me. It was impossible to convince them of the opposite, despite all the efforts of Woodin, Barber and myself to bring out clearly the absurdity of such a hope. They just could not believe that we could be nothing more than the most common people in our homelands and that we did not have such influence to assist them in the desired way. Their unvarying answer was that we must be as powerful as Cheyne. Since he had already summoned such a powerful warship, so could we. It was hard to contend with such logic. As soon as I had started to talk a little Palauan, Krei especially plagued me with the incessant request to summon a "man-of-war". He sought to crown the laurels of his youth with the richest wreath, defeat of his mortal enemy Cordre, before age had robbed him of his courage and energy. In an effort to discourage such plans among the people of Aibukit, Ebadul had come in all his majesty to offer his erstwhile enemies peace and friendship. Of course, the stolen canoes and property would not be restored, but the loss was completely compensated according to local custom for with a large piece of the most valuable indigenous money; this offer entirely disarmed the people of Aibukit /61/ for the moment. Because the refusal to accept it amounted to a declaration of war and because the people were not well equipped and still somewhat crestfallen, they accepted the money and made peace. They might justifiably have been excited by the piece of money, which was one of the most valuable kind, brack [berrak]. There were only three or four pieces of it throughout the land and it could always be used to ransom the life of a condemned chief.
Stone, pieces of glass, pieces of porcelain or enamel and pearls play the role of money in these islands. There are seven distinct kinds and in order from most to least valuable are: brack, pangungau [mengungau], kalbukup [chelbuchebe], kaldoir [cheldeoche], kluk, adelobber [delobech], olelongel. The worth of these pieces depends on their size and their position in the ranking. I have never seen one piece of the most valuable sort, brack, of which only three or four pieces exist in the whole island group. Pangungau is a red stone -- perhaps jasper -- which the chiefs' wives wear proudly on display around their necks. Kalbukup appears to be agate in cylindrical form. These three sorts are only used by the chiefs and never are found among the ordinary people. Whereas the higher class usually pay for a canoe with a kalbukup, the lower classes, the people of the armeau, sell a canoe for one of the less valuable kinds. From the kaldoir on down, are the four kinds used in everyday trade. The value of a small adelobber or olelongel -- both of which always seem to be pieces of clear or green glass -- usually barely suffices to purchase a bundle of indigenous cigars or a handful of bananas. Without exception, all these pieces /62/ have a cylindrical hole* through which a thin string is passed in order to tie it around one's neck as jewelry or as a preventive measure to keep from losing it from their small plaited handbags, which serve as a pouch for all sorts of objects. The importance of this money in trade has naturally led traders to try and smuggle in pieces of glass, porcelain bits or imitation pearls; but these efforts are mostly supposed to be failures. It is significant that the Palauans maintain they can easily distinguish the autochthonous money from those introduced in recent times; it has often amused me to see them at the close of a transaction test a piece to see whether it is real or not by holding it up to the light, wiping it with a cloth and, finally, rubbing it on a cheek or the nose. Should someone say
their money is only glass and any old bottle can provide it, they always reply that such money is /63/ not worth anything since it is man-made, whereas theirs has a divine origin. It is said that the money originated from the beautiful shining eye of one of the heavenly beings, who, at that time according to tradition, lived as demigods on Palau, the reputed kalid [chelid] -- from which it was stolen and brought to earth. According to another legend, the island of Ngarutt, which is made out of such money worn by the gods themselves and which drifts about freely in the ocean, was occasionally driven to Palau in that earlier period and had left behind part of its money inhabitants. Just as they ascribe a divine origin to the money, so it is, according to them, that the kinds of money live an actual life like gods on that island. A brief charming story about this, which is reminiscent of a well-known children's story, shows that even here people make their gods after their own image. The story was told me by Arakalulk after I had become sufficiently capable with Palauan to follow his clear and orderly presentations.

"One day, a boat was drifting about in which seven kinds of money were seated; they had left their island, Ngarutt, in search of other, more appealing, places. They had been drifting about in the ocean for some time without fulfilling their wishes. At last, they reached Palau. In the harbor, brack, who was the highest-ranking of them all, was stretched out on a platform, ordered Pangungau, the next in rank, to go ashore and survey the island. Pangungau was just as indolent as his chief, so he ordered kalbukup, just below him, to do it; he did not go, but assigned it to kaldoir, who told kluk. Finally, the much pestered olelongel had to go because he had no one to obey him. But he didn't return. After /64/ a while, brack repeated his order, and this time adelobber went murmuring but didn't return. Kluk was sent to bring them back, but instead remained there.
So, as it happened, brack was deserted by his own people and chiefs. He himself, then, went to get them, but the place pleased him so that they all remained and led the lives they were used to. Brack does nothing but eat, drink and sleep, the higher always command the lower. And so it is," concluded my narrator with a chuckle, "that, just as it is among us people, so the large pieces sit quietly at home and do nothing, while the smaller pieces busily circulate, doing the work for the more valuable kinds as well as themselves."

In the afternoon of 28 April, I entered the village partly to visit Mad, who was lying ill with a fever, and partly to call on the people of Corôre. Unfortunately, they were gone, since Ebadul had left for Aracalong early in the morning while I slept in the hope -- at least as he claimed it -- of arranging peace between that state and Aibukit. After I had given Mad some quinine and also visited Asmaldra, who was lying ill at Rallap, I called on Krei, where I was welcomed by his wife in her usual overly solicitous manner. She was a lively, comely matron despite her 35 or 40 years, and she bore her responsibilities as Krei's wife with the most appropriate dignity. A person did not have to be very sharp-eyed to observe that feelings other than convenience had as little to do with her marriage, as with those of other wives, especially of the upper classes and chiefs. She herself spoke quite openly one day in my presence /65/ about her relationship to Krei and in general about the relationship between husbands and wives. Johnson had again taken a new wife shortly after his arrival -- since he was rich and influential at that time, he had three at once -- a pretty young thing who believed she had a certain claim to the faithfulness and love of her husband though she was only a savage. However, Johnson had made his choice because of her high ranking wealthy relatives. In order to satisfy the
demands of his large appetite, he had searched for and found many intimate
girl friends among the girls in the bai, as well as those still living in
the bosom of their families. This vexed his young, properly married --
that is, purchased -- wife, who called on Krei's wife one day when I was
there and sobbingly confessed her sorrow. Krei's wife first let her have
her cry and then told the story from her life: how she had also bitterly
resented Krei's unfaithfulness when she was young, but that little more
could be expected in their country.

"All men were equally bad in this respect, or actually they were doing
the right thing, as the women were often enough the initial cause of their
husbands' unfaithfulness. As long as the relationship between lawful wives
with the single girls living in the bai -- the armungul [remengol] --
wasn't entirely severed, it was to remain that way. She should remember that
she herself had been an armungul in Rallap for several months and had
revelled in the free, unfettered life she had led there, especially in the
service of the married women. As long as these women had to bring food every
day for the girls in the bai, it would always be possible to find girls to
live there for a few months, especially since they would bring back to the
village a large piece of money for their parents and not have to wait long
/66/ for a husband. Many wives were so pleased by this way of life that they
abandoned their husbands to live so. The old established customs forbade
disturbing any of this and should no one wish to take food to the armungul
in the bai, their husbands would no longer have any obligations, since a
lawful wife could no longer show the world that she had such a trustworthy
relationship to her husband. This was mugul* [mekuul] and if this word
should lose its authority among them, Palau itself would be entirely undone."

I had earlier learned much about such relationships from Johnson but
had not seen them properly until this conversation between the two wives,
which I understood in its essentials without a translator, convinced me of the correctness of his statements. Krei and his wife also initiated me in many other secrets of this country. It appeared that Krei had a sort of custody of all Europeans at all times -- perhaps this was one of the duties assigned to him in the state just because he was Krei -- his wife looked after me in the most solicitous manner from the first day. As long as I lived in the village, I was their expected and constant guest at meal times; once I had moved into my house, hardly a day passed without a friendly message and gift. Anything new that might be of interest to me was immediately brought to my attention, while she herself called at Tabatteldil often enough, with a large basket of kukau on her head or a bottle of eilaut in her hands, just to see how her "son" was getting along, as she was accustomed to call me whenever she was in a good mood.

In a short time, my relationship with Krei and his wife [Wives of high-ranking men are not usually addressed or referred to by their given names but as the wife of Krei, of Mad and so on. I have failed to learn the names of most of them.], my mother, had become, in so far as was possible for me, second nature. I still often recall with satisfaction the good will and friendly intentions, which, at least from the wife's side, were wholesome and unselfish.

Usually, I encountered Gonzalez at Krei's house since he had also taken him under his wing. This time, as usual, we went home by way of Atraro, the village destroyed by the English, at nightfall. The entire area around the bay of Aibukit is made of trachytic hills, which sharply descend in many places to kukau fields lying at their feet. They are cut by numerous gullies formed by erosion, in all of which flows a brook, which usually widens into an out-of-the-way basin. This was the first time I had passed this way in the evening and everywhere I encountered men who were bathing. They washed
off the day's dust, anointed their bodies with fresh coconut oil and, using the three-pronged combs to comb their hair usually bound in a tuft behind their heads /68/ but now let loose so it formed a ring all around their faces of which even the "shock-headed Peters" could not have been more proud or wished to be more beautiful. Just behind Atraro the path led us past the largest water hole. Before we had reached it, I was not just a little surprised by companions' fearful drawn-out alarm: "Eiwa-Owa." A woman's voice immediately responded from the bushes and my friends stopped me since women were bathing in the basin who would not allow us to pass by. When I remarked that they were only women and posed no threat, they replied that would not do since women who were bathing had a complete right to beat any man who passed by without permission, to fine him some money, or even to slay him if they could do so on the spot. The women's bathing area was the surest and best-loved place for private gatherings. Luckily, women do not spend too much time with their toilet on these islands; after only a few minutes, a second voice called to us and when we came upon the young women who had been bathing there, a few still had not fastened the belt that served to secure the two halves of their grass skirts. Without further incident, I reached Tabatteldil after descending the last precipitous section of the path. I was met by Arakalulk, who had come from the village in a canoe to tell me that Ebadul had returned but his mission in Aracalong had failed miserably. He remarked war would start soon enough since the trip had only been boldly executed espionage. It had cost Ebadul a large piece of money, but if the people of Coröre succeeded in defeating Aibukit, they would get back /69/ far more at the peace settlement. Arakalulk had come down expressly to inform me since it was likely Ebadul would be down to see me early the next morning. Since the people of Coröre were proven thieves, he had wanted to come that evening so that I would have time to secure my belongings. Just the day
before, Woodin had had a few hurried words, warning me to be on guard against Ebadul and his followers. In Aibukit, I had not had any remarkable thefts to complain about; I had learned long ago in the Philippines to overlook my servants' pilfering from the kitchen. Woodin, as well as Barber and Johnson, could not praise the uprightness of the people of our state enough; Johnson even told me that the punishment for stealing was death. Of course, a person could always ransom his life with a piece of money regardless of the circumstances. But the value of the money had to be determined by the status of the criminal and his crime's severity.

Ebadul actually arrived on the morning of 29 April. I was working at the time. Since I had not permitted Krei or Mad, or any other chief, to interfere with my research, I gave my servants similar orders that Ebadul was likewise not to enter my workroom. This shocked his chiefly pride. When I joined him half an hour later in the reception room, he upbraided me sharply for my rudeness. But his anger quickly cooled, and he made an impression of being a thoroughly good-natured old man. His chiefly dignity did not in any case prevent him from asking me directly after a few words in greeting, which dealt mainly with how beautiful my house was, for a knife and a flint. /70/ The flint especially which was provided with good steel and a long piece of tinder pleased him and his companions very much. I would probably have had to surrender more pieces during this visit if the tide had not threatened to leave their canoes high and dry. Ebadul departed quickly, expressly inviting me to visit him in Coröre. I gave him my word that I would do so, not suspecting the circumstances under which I would have to keep my promise. /71/
There was now concord between Aibukit and Coröre. The political waves had apparently ascended quite high in the last months, so I could expect that the peace settlement would, like a calm, soothe ruffled spirits and induce my servants to be more obliging than they had yet been. I could not really complain about them. Asmaldra and Arakalulk, as well as Casöle, Cabalabal and Arungul [Renguul], who constantly stayed at Tabatteldil, while the first two seldom slept in my house, were all helpful and courteous. But they still used every chance to have a free hour. This one had to visit a sick brother, or that one to accompany his sister who had been to give us presents back to Rallap or Roll. Casöle was out with Asmaldra nearly every day duck hunting, but, though they returned with a large catch, did not return until evening; Cabalabal had to perform a number of political errands for Arakalulk as I later discovered. Only Arungul seemed to be immune to the general commotion. I hoped this disturbance would cease.

But already the day after the visit of Ebadul of Coröre, I realized that I would not get the peace I wished for my work. For some time, Mad had become ill with a spasmodic fever, which I had seemingly cured with several doses of quinine. To show gratitude for the recovery of her husband, Mad's wife called on me early in the morning of 30 April accompanied by a band of women, who used this favorable visit to get a glimpse of "Era Tabatteldil." This was an entire clöbbergöll. In a manner similar to
the men, women form their own societies, which have their leaders and possess all the rights of a recognized corporation in contrast to those of the men without having to take part in public works* and battles and without compelling the members to live in clubhouses. The reason for creating these clöbbergöll for women can scarcely be a need to divide the labor since each woman works around the house and in the garden for herself, and at the many feasts honoring foreign guests, the women have, at the most, to work together to help out, for example, by dressing up the pyramids of kukau* presented to the guests. It seems more obvious that the need women felt for some representation in the state, which the men acknowledged, brought about these clöbbergöll for women and won for them the rights they undoubtedly possess. One of their rights is upon the death of the head chief, or of Krei, to demand certain gifts from his wife and children; refusal to yield them could mean a raid on the chief's house. At every feast honoring guests, they are required to demand a contribution from each villager according to his resources in order to make the feast as successful as possible. A tax the clöbbergöll will exact mercilessly. In short, such clöbbergöll for women have a recognized place in a state, whose rights correspond throughout with the clöbbergöll of the men. Even the strongest chief would never try to cross such a women's society if it should succeed in preventing the other chiefs from supporting their companions. An individual chief, even Mad, is powerless against a clöbbergöll dressed in double skirts.

I, therefore, did not attempt to be unhospitable to these high-ranking women even though I had to let the most beautiful animals in my aquarium die on their account. The beauties' usually decorative yellow coloring had apparently /74/ been intended to do me honor, but they did not realize that I somehow could claim the right to shut my doors to them. It is true that Mad's wife and several other high-ranking women bore their dignity
splendidly, despite the temptation they might have felt to rummage through every corner of my house. They sat quietly on the stairs to my reception room, and I was compelled to entertain them as well as I was able, while Alejandro was soon asked for a plate of rice or some tobacco and wine and soon was asked again to play something for them on a guitar. But the others failed to show such respect. At first, I tried to keep them out of the closed rooms, but I speedily gave up this opposition. If I had chased a few women out of my bedroom, they climbed back in through the windows and a few sat on my bed enthralled by my white piebald cotton blanket; others inspected my clothing. Some lay sleeping amid all the noise, while that one examined the beautiful articles discovered in one of my carelessly unsealed trunks. At my wit's end, I rushed from room to room because Alejandro was preoccupied with cooking rice, while Arakalulk and the other men had taken to their heels at the first appearance of these high-ranking visitors. Only the young women, Korakel [Orachel] and Akiwakit [Dirrakidel], who had taken up residence in the house with Arakalulk and the others, remained; but they sheltered themselves in the remotest part of the bedroom and later through a window back to the kitchen.

This was certainly the worst part of their visit; no matter which of these married women came /75/ my male servants ran away. But this is just good sense. Men do not let themselves be seen with their legitimate wives on the public paths or in strange houses, although the armungul from Mad's clöbbergöll often accompany him and even when Krei meets his wife, my mother, at my house, she usually retires to my bedroom with her companions, while I cannot guard against the unbashful entrance of these women.

Pity the villagers who failed to approach a high-ranking woman in a demonstrably humble and prostrated position, although a wink or slight nod of the head given from a distance indicated in the surest way the time and
place for a secret meeting the next night! Because of his marriage into their highest families and his residence here, Johnson had to obey this custom, while the rest of us who were only visitors were placed in a position above the local customs in every respect. Even Alejandro, who was just as brown-skinned as they were, received such permission without which we could not have managed to live at Tabatteldil. The freedom from the laws of the land that I was generally granted was especially necessary if I were to achieve more than a superficial view of the life of these people during my short stay. But it would be quite wrong to believe that the islanders automatically pay such respect to the whites, the people of the west--lakad-ar-angabard. Whites are generally allowed so much freedom mainly because the islanders believe that all social and commercial activity would stop if the whites were compelled to obey their local laws. So, they allow the whites /76/ to live in their own way. Indeed, they ask for their observations about them as many examples have taught me. Little notice is taken of a villager who goes about naked. But if a white man did so without shame, these savages would soon lose their respect for him.

The house at Tabatteldil appeared to please the women. They had brought me generous presents of confections, kukau, eilaut and coconuts. In exchange for all this, they appeared to expect as much amusement as their hearts desired. This was a veritable plague of women with questions, a tug of war! I soon had to show the music box with its working mechanism to one, another had to be shown for the tenth time how to hold the artificial tinder and stone to ignite the tinder. When I fired several shots from my revolver, they all shouted the loudest "0 lokoi" ["0 lokoi" is the most common expression of amazement.] and presumed that the maker of such a weapon, which did not even have to be loaded, had to be a god, kalid. They never tired of holding my clock to their ears to discover what this wonderful
small kalid had to tell me in his ticking. At one moment, I had been so completely careless as to offer one of them a glimpse of a lively, swimming snail larva under the microscope; and my wish to work went out the window. Whereas they had been especially attracted at first to my bedroom -- since my chestful of belongings was there -- the whole group now surrounded me and tormented me incessantly to keep showing them something new under the microscope. After some time, they grew weary of this. But instead of returning to the village -- and the sun was already in the west -- they all settled down as they pleased for their midday siesta. I myself, tired by this entertainment for the high-ranking women, stretched out on my bed along with them to prevent one of them from doing so. Towards evening, the time to leave finally arrived. But who knew whether or not they would have spent the night there. Fortunately, the arrival of my mother drove them all away. She was only accompanied by one daughter, but since she was also the leader of a clöbbergöll, one which apparently had a constant but friendly rivalry with Mad's wife's group, much to my relief, Mad's wife's group felt it unbecoming to their dignity to remain longer. They left hurriedly, promising to come again because it was such fun to amuse themselves with me by the ocean at Tabatteldil.

Krei's wife had made a detour on one of her many business trips which she used to do more often in order to see, as she said, if her son had everything he needed. As I frequently learned later that she had been there despite my express orders to inform me of her arrival if I was at work with the microscope, she herself forbade my servants from announcing her at such times. She never came without something for me, but unlike other men and women, she had never demanded anything in return. She refused gifts in the most polite manner and also this time, it took some effort to convince her to accept a small sack of rice. Krei had requested it and I had even
promised him this valuable present since I really felt obliged to him and his wife. But this gift could easily have proven very consequential since it raised a storm which I only put down after the most strenuous effort.

The matter of my giving Krei a sack of rice -- which the people love and prefer to kukau -- received the utmost attention from the villagers of Aibukit. Such generosity had never prevailed there. Valuable gifts were given upon arrival or departure even by Cabel Mul -- whom the people in jest called "Era Kaluk" [Ngiracheluch], that is, "Mr. Oil." But to give such gifts matter of factly was unheard of. The whole village spoke of nothing else but the sack of rice; this rumor had naturally also reached Arakalulk and Asmal德拉 in Rallap. On 2 May, late in the evening, they arrived together at an odd time for them and sat down in silence at the entrance to my reception room as if they had only come for a visit, whereas they usually went inside without further ado.

At my questioning them why they did not lay down their baskets and bamboo cane, Arakalulk, perfectly unashamed and direct, answered that I had not had the right to give Krei a sack of rice without consulting them. I sharply replied. Both were matorud ar nak [kerad er a ngak], angry at me. They pouted like the most obstinate woman, kept quiet and immediately lay down to sleep in my workroom.

Our conversation continued the next morning. Arakalulk spoke as usual while the mentally much slower Asmal德拉 only occasionally showed his approval of his friend's speech. Gradually, our discussion closed in on the essential point of the whole matter, although it might have gone on for several more hours according to local custom.

"You want, Doctor," Arakalulk said, "that we shouldn't be angry at you. We are now your brothers; your property is ours and vice versa. If you want my money, take it. Haven't we daily furnished you with kukau and all you
need? When you really need us, aren't we there with you? Whatever you want from my house is yours. We aren't ordinary people of the armeau whom others hire. We have the right to have our servants work for us when we accept pay. But you scolded us as though we were your servants. Don't you think that the clöbbergöll I head, which built your house, would want to avenge the insult you have done me? Even if Asmaldra wasn't so close to his brother Krei, he is still an influential rupack from Rallap. He isn't used to being scolded. We are your brothers. We must discuss everything with you. We would have told you that the rice for Krei was too much and that many nights would go by before you could eat fresh rice in your own land."

At last, I knew why those two had been acting so unusually. Both their personal feelings and their words showed me that I was dealing with high-ranking people who felt equally entitled to the same consideration. I readily offered them an apology for my harsh words, for which I repented all the more because of the modest way in which Arakalulk had clarified his and his friend's high position.

As a result, the most complete amity was arranged between my people and myself. I quickly availed myself of this newly won "brotherhood" to go on a number of trips which I could not even have imagined without them. /80/ Captain Woodin had promised in Manila that he would furnish me with a boat and a crew for my collection on the reef, but he had so much to do to improve his leak-ridden ship that he just could not keep his promise. I was even less inclined to ask him for anything since his carpenter had run away and he himself had to make the repairs for a few weeks already. From Tabatteldil I could see the old man working under a thin sail cloth, that barely protected him from the sun's heat, on the keel; he sawed, drilled and hammered from early in the morning until the sun went down. Nothing remained for me to do but to ride in the indigenous single-trunk canoes, the so-called
amlai, which Arakalulk always had at my disposal.

On 3 May, I took a trip into the hills south of Tabatteldil accompanied by my two brothers. At high tide, we travelled down the entirely submerged inner reef quite near the coast, which is everywhere bounded by a fringe of mangrove trees. In the middle of the splashing water, numerous thin stems shoot up to the height of a man and throw out a crown of tangled branches with broad, juicy, shiny green leaves. Their roots partly stand above the water: a thin, disorderly scene which looks like a pile of irregular ruins from a distance. Between them, old trunks or young sharp and stiffly growing ones, hanging down from the twigs and growing from the old calyces, the new buds of the aerial roots grow vertically toward the fruitful liquid. The thicket appears to be sparse, but if you follow one of the many labyrinthine channels dividing it up, its extent astounds you. Everywhere, they push far inland between the hills, whose quickly rising base almost always emerges from the swamps where mangrove trees grow. There is no level ground between the hills and the coast. At high tide, most rhizophora appear to be simply trunks rising up from the water, covering completely their network of roots. At that time, a deep silence reigns here, broken only rarely by the crying of a brilliantly blue kingfisher, which, startled by the dipping of our oars, flies ahead of us, or perhaps swoops down upon a school of fish that the rapid current in the rising tide had swept past us. One sea snake with a broad tail fin we spotted allowed itself to be carried along in the middle of the current. When the ebb tide gradually begins to expose the marshy swamp floor, a different kind of life emerges from between the roots and branches, as well as in the streams and diverse corners of the channels, in which the mud is formed more quickly than the mangroves are able to overcome with their aerial roots. Sometimes you come across artificial clearings in the forest. At such half-dry places, large herons similar to our storks scurry around...
and strut among the stumps of the mangrove roots searching with their long 
stilt-like legs for all kinds of worms, who leave their holes by the 
thousands. A small crab makes a loud clicking sound by knocking his thick 
claws together. Resplendent telegraph crabs with only one colossal claw 
but with beautiful colors sit in front of their dwellings and constantly move 
their big claws up and down, as if /82/ to invite their friends over. Graceful 
snipes and water-wagtails run hurriedly and eagerly searching from place to 
place, and a number of snails with lungs leave the holes and cracks in which 
water has trapped a little pocket of air to enjoy the bright sunshine and 
pure atmosphere. Large, thievish crabs living on the land show up in this 
labyrinth to search for snails in brackish swamps or to crush the shells of 
the large, mud-covered mussels that live in this area with their large claws. 
Man competes with the crabs for the tasty mussels. The incoming tide puts an 
end to this show of life in a short time.

We ourselves did not remain in the mangrove area, but began to climb the 
hills after taking a meal. The hills appear to consist entirely of trachyte, 
which is heavily weathered on top and where an oily reddish brown loam has 
been formed. Usually, they are devoid of trees and covered only by high 
grass over which tower pandanus trees, some combined in groups, some alone. 
Pandanus leaves are used by the islanders to produce the women's grass skirts 
and the roofs of buildings. Extensive forests are also found here, or the 
hills are covered with low bushes entangled with vines; progress through this 
can only be made slowly, step by step. Lava streams break through the red 
loam here and there; these are all apparently basalt and are especially 
common on the east coast between Aural and Rallap. Here they form entirely 
bare black cliffs, which rise far over the actual coastline of the incised 
bays, and which appear to offer insurmountable opposition to the erosion 
caused by daily rains /83/ as well as by spring tides and storms. A large
pile of blocks that have been torn away from it and fallen from the heights to cover their base at the cliffs which vanishes into the reef indicate that these basalt cliffs, no more than the weaker trachytic rock, have not been placed here for all time. Nowhere in nature is there an exception to the eternal law of becoming and passing away. Not only living beings, but also the seemingly unchangeable hills and their rocky form of life, take the utmost part in this perpetual cycle.

After this excursion, from which I returned to Tabatteldil early in the afternoon with only a few satisfactory results, there was a longish pause in the visits of my friends during which I went on a trip to orient myself with the western reef. The reefs are of great extent here and stretch out miles away along the coast of Babelthaub with an average width of three to four sea miles. One channel, apparently washed out deeper than 50 feet, runs almost parallel to the outer reef north to south; into it flow a number of smaller, shallower channels cut into the real inner reef in all kinds of ways by brackish streams running down from the mangrove swamps at ebb tide. These latter all have an indeterminate depth, which the eye cannot see when the beach is dry at low tide. They are all dead. The surface of many thousand paces which they form is covered with coral sand and coral debris, some of which is heaped up loosely and some turned into a hard stone by calcification. Only here and there, in small shallow basins or in peculiar, deep holes, do growing corals proliferate. These isolated clumps of living madropores and star corals noticeably proliferate at the edges where the surface is noticeably cut in by channels. The sloping of the reef is noticeable to the eye in a striking manner here as it suddenly drops vertically into the dark blue water of the depths at the margin. If one bends down while standing on one of the outermost coral blocks at low tide, one notices that all the different kinds of coral have taken on a perpendicular growth because
of the force of the existing currents, whereas on the sandy flats of the reef these forms or related ones make round knolls erratically spreading out on all sides. But these latter are apparently here by chance, since they are seldom fixed firmly on the dead limestone on the flats, whereas in deeper water the living corals are so tightly joined that large pieces can only be removed with some effort.

On these flats of the inner reefs, a lively life unfolds daily at low tide. At the first sign of low tide, small canoes manned by only two or three men or youths set out for the remotest, hence least visited, parts of the inner or outer reefs for a rich harvest of holothurians.* Quickly and quietly, they pass Tabatteldil, while many /85/ in another canoe following the first make excessive noise. Half-standing they row their canoes swiftly past my house and the Lady Leigh raising their pointed oars over their heads and sinking them into the water on alternate sides of the boat, and call out to Captain Woodin and myself a half melodious, half shrieking greeting. They pull out to search for the rul [rrul]; a large rayfish whose meat they most dearly love and whose long thorny tail is stuck with fearfully hard barbs, which they use to tip their lances. Soon there is a second canoe and then another since the attempt to chase and capture this animal is not easy and sometimes even dangerous. When the water is sinking, such a ray lets itself be carried by the current and it is easy to recognize it, as well as sleeping turtles, from a distance. If one finds a deep-water channel, the chase is useless. But if one is driven over the flat of the broad reef, the numerous canoes form a circle around it and it is driven toward the gradually emerging land. The circle grows smaller and smaller. Soon there is hardly enough water to swim in, but the ray thrashes about with its barbed tail and tries to break through the ring of men, who have all left their stranded canoes, with a despairing jump. A furious but speedily ended struggle follows.
Lances and arrows fly in from all sides /86/ while on this occasion its tail would not injure any of the hunters; and it is loaded with a shout of jubilation aboard one of the canoes. If a ray strikes someone with its barbs, it causes him a grievous injury in death, which often enough happens, judging by all the jagged scars the men have shown me on their bodies from such struggles. Shortly before our arrival at Aibukit, one such accident had occurred. A man had gone fishing for holothurians with his two sons, one of whom must have been five or six years old. On their way home, they chanced upon a ray, which was close enough to hit with a spear. In his death struggle, the ray thrashed his barbed tail mightily and, unfortunately, struck the half-inch hull of the canoe with the tip; it bored right through the hull and pierced the heart of the sleeping child. You can well imagine that I had some excitement about going on a hunt of the only ray that was captured during my stay in Aibukit. Just as the people made great haste and excessive noise as they started for the hunt with ten or more canoes, they were correspondingly quiet and carried on the hunt with little trouble, from which rarely more than one canoe returned with the prize. The ray was not divided among all who participated in the hunt but only the canoe whose leader first spotted the ray and whose companions called in others on the hunt by certain signs. No one tried to deny them a share. If a high-ranking man had tried to do so, the clöbbergöll of the fortunate, but lower ranking, discoverer of the ray would immediately accuse him of failure to fulfill his duty in front of the council of chiefs (the aruau) [klobak]. /87/

When the sandy flat has at last grown into a mile long stretch of dry ground numerous groups of women and children rush out of every valley to harvest their daily catch using small spears and arrows and a large basket in their hands. The people essentially eat any marine animals with enough meat to relieve the exhaustion of the hunt. But everyone eats as he pleases.
Over here a boy practices shooting arrows at the small fish swimming in front of him; a dozen will be enough for his lunch. His companion, apparently not accustomed to all this running and jumping, moves along slowly and turns over even the smallest coral blocks in his path; on their undersides he finds an edible sea-urchin, a mussel, a worm or even an eel. A large sea snake which he chase from its hiding place he leaves alone because it is his kalid*, that is, honored by him. Another, who passes nearby and whose kalid is perhaps a dove or rayfish, would not dare to touch those animals, but he would quite happily kill the snake with a blow to the head and go happily home since the snake is large enough to provide sufficient meat for himself and his family for the day. The women have their own favorite animals and delightfully seek the edible worm known to zoologists as sipunculus. These live deeply buried in the sand and mud, into which they retreat at low tide, but they leave behind holes of a curious shape or some other trace which allows the searchers to notice them. Using a long pointed bamboo stake, they quickly dig into the sand until they have been able to stick a worm, pull it up and tear out the entire, sand-filled intestinal tract with the front end, leaving only the skin and its layer of muscles. Everyone alike gathers the kim, a mussel that furnishes one of the most sought after foods, after the mussel found in the mangrove swamps. It is these, especially the well-known tridacna mussel, whose shell is often used in Europe as a font and which had much deeper significance for earlier Palauans than it does now. Several kinds, whether young or old, are embedded into living or dead blocks of coral, so that the edge of their shells scarcely protrudes above the hole in the rock. Such mussels are only secured after much effort. The broad-scaled and largest species are, on the contrary, usually fastened to the upper surfaces of rocks; these are the animals Palauans enjoy eating and whose large shells held the greatest significance for them not long ago. The stone
age, still not gone from other Pacific islands, lasted here until the second
decade of the nineteenth century. The material for their stone adzes was
made from the basalt found on the east coast and was furnished by the thick
tridacna shells. Nowadays, they attach metal heads to handles of candlewood
just as they once made them from mussel shells. One no longer sees such
adzes in use, but they are stored in the remotest parts of the house as
sacred objects or memorials from an earlier time, whose beginning is
fantastically depicted in their songs as being in the misty past.

Although first to go out, the trepang hunters [Trepang is the usual
name used in Manila for the dried holothurians used in trade.] are the last
to return. They do not have far to carry their catch, unlike the fishermen
who chased the rayfish. They usually throw up small crude huts on the water
front in which they live until they have collected the desired quantity of
trepang. Afterwards, they return to the village and let these readily built
huts go to ruin; they are really only tilting roofs of fronds. This
unaccustomed effort is made -- I have seen several people who had built such
huts near Tabatteldil stay there for an uninterrupted period of three weeks --
to obtain a beautiful iron kettle as if Woodin had not offered one for sale
yet, or they needed powder, a rifle, or pearls for their wives. They hope
to have achieved their goal since today's catch was so plenteous. They free
the holothurians, which lie in great piles in the canoes, their intestines
partly hanging out of their bodies, clean off the sand and put them into
the large kettle until the pile is more than a foot and a half over the edge.
Kukau leaves are laid over them in several thick layers and the fire is
built up, after which an amount of sea water has been poured into the vessel.
The steam of the boiling water shrinks them quickly and they have reached
the first degree of hardness after several hours. The kettle is emptied
and the brine poured out; the cooking and steaming begins anew with the
continual adding and decanting of fresh water. After several different
cookings and hour-long simmerings, the ugly looking animals, whose
colorfulness had given way to a single brownish black or gray color are
dried and baked by a fire or the sun. They are finally ready for delivery.
They are packed in average-sized baskets, capable of holding 25 pounds of
trepang, and carried to Auru by the jubilant people, where Johnson and Barber
are already waiting for them.

On the open space, formerly occupied by the house of rupack of Aibukit
which the English burned down, Woodin had erected a large shed, the so-called
camarin, in which Barber and Johnson (hired by Barber) live with their women
so they may better handle the trepang trade. It is built like a bai,
generally elongated and four-cornered, with a high gabled roof, whose eaves
nearly reach the ground, so that you have to stoop to enter the two doors on
either side. A small rise facing one of the gables allows Barber and Johnson
to directly enter one of the rooms on either side of which are their bedrooms
laid out like bunks, whereas from out of the middle room, in which there is
room for eight or ten people at the most if they sit right beside each other,
a small stairway leads down to a drying area that takes up most of the rest
of the camarin. Three or four broad and widely spaced tiers of bamboo /91/
are placed horizontally separated by one or two feet so that the heat and
smoke from the constantly burning fire on the smooth earth again expose the
trepang purchased from the villagers to a thorough baking.

"Well, are you rascals here at last?" calls Johnson to our
aforementioned friends. "Quickly unpack your baskets so we can sort them."

"O, no, Peter, we can't do that. Only look. Here are two baskets of
the best kinds, well dried and large. The others are obviously small but
of the beautiful brown color and choice. Surely, we've brought enough
trepang now. And look. You've already set out our beautiful new cooking
vessels."

"Well, we'll see," says Johnson, "but let's first weigh. What's this? The small basket seems very heavy, twenty-nine pounds, and the other nearly thirty. Quickly, unpack. I have to see this."

A few minutes later some stones appear among the trepang, colored just the same brownish black as they. Neither of the two men who brought the basket changes his facial expression and one says without delay and embarrassment, "O lokoi! A few stones! That's why the basket was so heavy. Rabacalo, the small swindler, did this. He's full of pranks. Truly, Piter, this time," he says edging nearer to him, laughing and looking at him sideways, "he meant well. Isn't that so, Piter? You won't be mad at us? He said your scales always show a lighter weight than they really are. Surely, you have enough trepang now? Give us our vessels, then we'll hunt some more. We still need powder and bullets for the battle which will certainly begin soon."

"You might as well take the pots /92/ but take care of your stones another time."

In this and similar ways, with much chatting and attempts to outwit the other side, trade is carried on at this time. Most of the time, Johnson appears to be the cheated. Is it his stupidity that costs Captain Woodin so dearly? Or are those right who maintain that he only sometimes discovers the rocks, which are put on the scales? Arakalulk, who appears to be openly angry with Johnson, maintained that the air over the camarin at Auru is filled with all kinds of mysterious plans and calculations to get as much as possible out of the aged Woodin, who has almost become childish already.

This time the women had furnished me a full week's respite from their visits. But on 13 May an entire group returned. They were ladies from the neighboring and friendly Kaslau [Ngkeklau], an entire clöbbergöll, and
even the highest-ranking one there. This was one of those so-called klökadauel [klechedaol]. At least, that is the name for the interstate visits of clöbbergöll for either men or women, as well as the foremost rupack, which are made from time to time for reasons still hidden from me. As a consequence of this visit, Aibukit had been excited by anticipation for three days. Enormous quantities of kukau and coconuts were brought in and the men constantly went fishing early in the morning. This was to provide splendid and rich entertainment suitable for such a powerful state. During these days, the men appeared changed. Before this, Tabatteldil was the recreation spot of the village and the gathering place for all men who had nothing to do and wanted to amuse themselves. To do so, they sat in my doorway, smoked and chewed their betel nut; they spoke for hours on end and often laid themselves down for their siestas. If I should ask why they had really /93/ come and to inform me of their wishes, their answer was that they had received all they wanted; they only came di melil (to amuse themselves), which they succeeded in doing to the greatest degree. But because of the klökadauel, they appeared to have acquired an entirely uncharacteristic energy. No one came to pass the time at Tabatteldil. Instead of this, a constant stream of large well-manned canoes, including the few remaining war canoes, was kept up. Hordes of small boys, young girls and women continually passed the house, probably to gather food. At evening, fishing canoes loaded with abundant catches returned and glided by with a loud "Halloh" and occasional drawn out songs interrupted by shrill screams. All the clöbbergöll were on the move, even Krei went fishing with his and Arakalulk only came to see me in the evenings after finishing work. Whoever saw these people solely during this time would have left with the impression that with such physical people accustomed to hearty work much could have been done. But their energy quickly dissipates and they only take on such arduous work as their
ageless customs demand. Any work whose charms they must find for themselves, such as those the European tries to have them do, exhausts them quickly. They cannot comprehend that white men who have everything their hearts desire will work until old age just to possess ever more goods. They are themselves happy in a daily enjoyment of nature's bounty.

On the morning of 14 May, Johnson came to visit me partly to see whether my people still provided enough necessities for me and also to deter me from a great unpleasantness this night. The women from Kaslau had expected me to give them a present of some sort for their feast as the other rupack had done. This was because I was Era Tabatteldil and considered one of the local chieftains, a rich one at that. But I was supposed to have neglected this custom and the clöbbergöll had decided in the evening to punish me for it. Around midnight, they prepared themselves -- about twenty in all -- and set out on the path for Tabatteldil. They proceeded past the camarin at Auru, where they awoke Johnson with their loud cries. He had the friendship to talk them out of their plans and to keep them there by a promise of a sack of rice as a recompense for my rudeness. Without him, I would have had bon gre mal gre [willy nilly] to provide entertainment for them all night. It would have been impossible for Alejandro and myself to oppose such a collection of women highly conscious of their wounded clöbbergöll pride. He added that if I had not furnished one sack of rice by afternoon, all the women who would come, between eighty and one hundred, would spend the night at my house and remain until I had given them four sacks instead of one. An appeal from an explicit order by a clöbbergöll was impossible, but I gained the right to have them perform another service in return, which they could not refuse me under any circumstances. This demand greatly vexed me, but I felt I had to submit. I had already acquired a certain distrust of Johnson's honesty, but I still felt so dependent on him, especially in dealing with
the rupack, that I decided to comply. It also /95/ seemed a good opportunity to acquire a number of their household utensils, which I demanded in exchange for my rice. As with all such matters, Johnson most speedily made the preparations.

I was now truly an important rupack. This is shown in that Krei and four other ranking men came to invite me to a real feast in Aibukit. When I was going out around noon on another day, several canoes from Roll and other villages accompanied us. The women and children walked along with me on the steep paved path up the hill laughing and screaming; but in the vicinity of the first houses everyone became quiet. One ducked in here, another there. As I walked alone close to the bai belonging to Arakalulk's cäsbergöll unfamiliar women looked out from all the doors. They had come to live here during the six-day feast. They immediately hailed me, but I went directly over to Krei's house about a hundred steps beyond since I had told him to expect me there. A few of the most inquisitive women followed me this far, continually pestering me to show myself to them since many had come to get a good look at Era Tabateldil. Women's gossip, especially there, had always been irresistible for me, so I asked Krei to accompany me there. But he declined saying it was mugul in the highest degree for him to publicly visit such a gathering of women. My mother, Krei's wife, accompanied me instead but kept her distance from the guests from Kaslau, who triumphantly accompanied me into the bai where they took me quickly among themselves. My mother went as far as the door of the bai. Here she sat down on one of the large standing stones in front of the bai and /96/ waited to be invited in several times by the highest-ranking woman among the guests. This impressed me as peculiar behavior on the part of a woman from the village, who had, as Krei's wife, one of the highest statuses in the state and who, according to our European ideas, should have tired herself out to provide
all manner of amusement for her guests. Such efforts did not appear here,
just the opposite. Ordinarily, small children amused themselves with many
kinds of games, such as shooting arrows and throwing spears, so that the
large squares were quite noisy. But now it seemed that the part of the
village near the bai of the guests had died out. Nowhere was a loud word
heard; men and women used side paths to go home, and mothers scolded their
children if they forgetfully laughed a little too loudly. A graveyard silence
appeared to be the highest mark of respect that anyone could show to the
visitors. But the guests scarcely moved from their places; day and night,
they sat in the bai where humble and mute young men and women belonging to
the armeau bowed low to the ground as they brought them their food. Inspite
of all this, many secret exchanges of love might have been made by the wink of
an eye or by a secret passing of a roll of dried banana leaf bits, which the
people use to complete making their cigarettes. Nothing like that happened to
me, or, if it did, I did not understand what was going on. Everyone summoned
me in the bai and wanted to see me and to have me near them. One asked me
whether I dyed my beard because it was such an attractive red. Another wanted
to take out a needle from her basket to tattoo my arm, where the black figures
would stand out so nicely /97/. She was supposed to be a great expert in her
art and whoever was tattooed by her could be proud of it. Everything I
brought was inspected. The small kalid in my pocket watch had to speak to
them again and again. The while cloth they so lavishly circulated assumed
a fine yellow color, and they laughed themselves sick over my hat. They
wondered what I was doing with a second nose, whether my other one was not
big enough -- they referred to the air hole on the front of the light helmet-
shaped hat, a kind preferred by Europeans in this part of the world. When I
had retrieved it, I placed it on the head of one of the women -- who appeared
to be the highest-ranking one because of her iron, wordless majesty. She
tore it off horrified and sprang to her feet in a rage. She gave me a severe lecture for that, saying that I was still ignorant, despite my long stay here and that it was mugul in the highest degree for a Palauan to cover her head. She quickly afterwards resumed her mute majesty. But a few of the young women sitting somewhat farther away tittered among themselves and told me I had played quite a trick. The old matriarch was so almighty proud and adhered so closely to the established customs -- the ungil tokoi [ungil tekoj] -- which was sometimes a complete bore. They could not do what I had done themselves because they would immediately be fined. But a good laugh over it still could not be forbidden.

Suddenly, my mother called me to come out of the bai since the hour for the feast had come. She led me to a large, open square in front of the house of the chief who was Cordo's real father. Here she began to explain with obvious pride the splendid preparations that Aibukit had made for the feast.

"Look," she told me, "the best place to sit is on the graves of Mad's relatives; sit there. Do you see the small seats with the large piles of kukau over there to the right, under the stand of bonga palm trees /98/ where the path from the bai turns up? They are brought out only on especially festive occasions. Some belong to me and some to Mad's wife. They are very valuable -- mal klo makräus [kmal klo el mekreos] -- since they are our ancestors' heirlooms. Now that we have such fine iron instruments we can no longer make such items. Our men have grown so lazy!

"Somewhat farther are my presents, a large new chest, which I have just obtained from Cabel Mul, a pair of iron pots and also three of the large wooden cylinders on the left. One contains eilaut, another fish and a third one freshly picked betel nut. I paid a large piece of money for it.

"A little farther still just around the corner but hidden behind that large bush that we plant on our graves because of its beautiful yellowish
green and red leaves, are an array of similar gifts. This time I have given away my finest.

"Be still. Do you hear the trumpet [A large triton shell with holes bored on its sides]? That is the sign that our guests have arrived. Look," she continued in a whisper, "here they come. How dignified! The one in the lead is the highest-ranking woman of Kaslau, the "king's" sister. You know, just like Mad's sister is here. Isn't she distinguished? How beautifully red she appears! And the large basket she carries under her arm! I wish I knew how she made it. One palm leaf isn't enough.

"The one behind her also carries a large basket, how badly she moves. She doesn't move her skirt properly and she looks around so much. That is mugul. She is the wife of the chief of Kaslau. Then come the wives of the rest of the rupack. Do you see /99/ the fourth in line? How do you like her? She's a good friend who will soon visit me. The poor woman is unhappily married. It must be said that most of the women from Kaslau look good and thoroughly understand the customs. I still haven't heard them say a word and they act as if all the fine things don't please them. Now they are sitting. And there, from the banana trees, the kalid has already come."

In front of the vessels of eilaut, betel nuts and kukau, the fantastical woman draped with all kinds of leaves, who seemingly exercises here the office of priestess, begins a murmured song, which was, unfortunately, unintelligible to me, pacing with a measured step and raising her arms as if to bless each of the gifts as they are brought to her.

"The distribution of gifts begins now," my mother continues. "The women put the betel nuts in their baskets, while the men have to carry the rest of the things back to Kaslau. O, Doctor, if only the English hadn't made war on us! We would have performed such an exquisitely beautiful, entirely different dance today. But Mad is still so disheartened that he
has pronounced a blul [bul]* against all dancing in Aibukit. We must wait until
we have beaten Cordre. At that time, we'll hold large feasts and perhaps
compose a song about you -- if you, Doctor, and Cabel Mul summon a "man-of-
war" and punish Cordre. /100/ We alone are too weak and no longer have war
amlai -- and all the young women throughout the country would hear about you
and sing your song. Even though you would have long since returned to
angabard, our young women would dance and sing how the Doctor arrived, became
one of our rupack, summoned a warship and punished Coröre and the detestable
Cheyne!"

The feast ended during my mother's chatter. Night fell, so I quickly
headed for Tabatteldil.

The people finally gave me a few days of rest. Instead of them, it
seemed the gods of wind and rain did their best to thwart my work. On the
night of 17 May and on 18 May, strong westerly winds arose. They continued
with varying force until 23 May, accompanied by heavy rains. During the few
dry hours, I began to form a reference line on the coast as a basis from
which to begin a trigonometric survey of the land and the reef. Or I
scurried about on the reef in driving rains looking for animals since I had
to keep all my plaited windows almost always closed to stop the rains coming
in from all sides. Gradually, the wind became a storm. Almost always
prevailing from the west, it shook my weak house so that it shuddered and
rustled its palm leaves like aspen leaves. Rain came in from the roof and
all sides of the house, where we lived in half-darkness during the day.
No one now came di melil. Asmaldra never showed himself. Arakalulk, however,
stayed with me even at night since he feared the house could be toppled. In
the very midst of the storm's fury, which kept on until 20 May with
undiminished power, I made the sad discovery that I must have been robbed a
long time ago. Some articles were missing from my /101/ chest. They had
only a paltry value but since these were all I had to carry on my trade with these people, each pocket knife and each small pearl was of great value since Woodin could not say when he would be prepared to travel and now my own people had robbed some of my few possessions! How riled I was to think that such a loss would force me to live as just another rupack among the islanders!

My suspicions quickly fell on Casðle, Asmaldra's son, whose suspicious and shy behavior had always struck me since he came to Tabatteldil. I had good grounds for suspicion but no proof. So I went to Johnson, whom I was inclined to consult in all serious matters and asked him if he would have a serious talk with Casðle, but especially with Asmaldra. But he told Mad about it instead. Mad immediately pronounced the death sentence upon Casðle in the name of the aruau and, according to custom, had him bound to a tree. But Asmaldra ransomed him with a large piece of money. Furious that my accusation had placed him and his son into such difficulty, Asmaldra rushed over to Tabatteldil and withdrew his contract and brotherhood in an outpouring of strongly spat-out words from such as I, who knew nothing of what had happened. My friend in need, Arakalulk, was, unfortunately, absent. I immediately hurried the short distance to Auru to call Johnson to account since I had especially urged him not to make the matter public under any circumstances. But now he was upset. He did not need me. He was not my servant, and he could say whatever he liked. He even wanted to take away Arungul, who was my best servant, because he was partly his slave. In any case, he would have nothing more to do with me. He bent the bow too much. I forbade him further entry into my house. Not without some fear about how I would fare now without translators and make my own way among these strange and partly incomprehensible people, I hurried home. Here I found Alejandro and the two young women plus Arungul, who promised to be
faithful to me. Arakalulk had already heard about it in the village.
But he came on the same evening to comfort me and to say that he was still
Asmaldra's friend, thought he had done wrong and would see if he was able
to win the lost brother back for me. /103/
IV.

I become self-sufficient.

I fell asleep with a heavy heart. What if Johnson's influence was as great as he always claimed? What would happen if he used it, as he threatened to do, to deprive me of Arungul, my best servant, and to ruin the good will that the villagers, especially Krei, had shown so far? In that case, I would have to abandon Tabatteldil and move aboard the ship or even into the village to live like a Palauan. Both alternatives displeased me. I was still too dejected to look forward with real pleasure to the thought of more serious ethnological studies or of complacently leading a boring life aboard ship with Woodin. By comparison, my life until now appeared to be comparatively civilized, when I thought that I should probably, as a Palauan, sleep stretched out in a bai on level ground, accompany my new country-men on a rayfish hunt and practice a sacred dance. How should I behave in the coming days? Who would bring me food, which I had mainly acquired from Johnson? It was true that he had boasted when speaking of his wealth and of how Krei was helpless without him. /104/ Recently, he had worried less about my support than Arakalulk. It also seemed that his translations of my words were not true but only contained what he thought they should. He spoke such poor English and his thoughts were usually so muddled that the conversations with him were much less useful than I had hoped before I had sworn not to use him again. But what did all these minor inconveniences mean in the face of the major one he could impose on me: what if he really
was, as he claimed, an influential person here? With this tormenting "if" before my soul, I fell asleep. All kinds of misty fantasies disturbed my sleep. I was combing my hair, which had already grown long and bushy, with a three-pronged comb [The combs there are mostly three-toothed, just as they are among the Papuans of New Guinea.]. On my arm, some attractive bluish black marks were visible. Then I went out to gather trepang and deposited my only piece of clothing in my canoe. I did not want to ruin the piece of cloth in salt water. -- The red calico was so valuable! A new canoe had to be built since mine no longer served me properly. As a skilled carpenter, I took great pride in building my own. Cheyne and Woodin appeared and both were involved in raging fighting. Fleeing women pass me. "The English are coming! The man-of-war!" Clouds of smoke ascend; shots land. I also took part in the battle, and captured. I was taken far across the ocean and placed before a courts martial. Arakalulk rouses me from my bad dreams with a friendly "Good morning, Doctor." He always offered this expression whenever he slept at Tabatteldil. /105/

The sun stood high and numerous guests had assembled in my house, drawn there early by the novelty of my quarrel with Johnson. They wanted to have the latest, authentic reports to take back to Aibukit where the Doctor and Piter were the only topic of conversation in the bai and residences. Everyone said that it was certainly stupid of him to have insulted me so, since I seemed so much richer than he; if I had to stay in Aibukit -- since the old Lady Leigh could scarcely attempt the return trip to Manila -- Piter would surely be beaten in a fight with me. That was what the common people said, who were always the first to be on foot as they are everywhere. Then Mad arrived in the company of his circle of women. The conversation now took a more serious turn. After assuring me of his participation and support, he directly ordered me to make up my mind whether I wanted to remain
in Aibukit and become one of their own. If he had asked such questions earlier, I would have treated them in a jocular way. The present serious reply that I did not want to do so obviously grieved him but did not enrage him. He left me as a friend, promising to take a greater interest in me than he had done so far. The sparring I carried on with Krei, who was most alert and feisty despite his age, was a little livelier. With real eloquence he delineated the consequences that would grow out of my declaration to stay. The whole of Palau would tremble before them. The fame of my double-barrelled rifle, which could shoot farther than their best cannons, had been spread throughout the land. And the revolver, which did not have to be loaded once, was already being sung about in the south. With such weapons, they could conquer all of Palau. Piter no longer served the purpose; he had grown old and faint-hearted. New people had to be found. The good man kept talking in haste and I saw that I was condemned to sit with him for hours on end chatting and having the same things tediously repeated. Then my mother came to my rescue. She emerged from between the mangrove trees in front of my house carrying a large basket under her arm just like the one she had recently admired so much at the feast in Aibukit. All my guests, even Krei, were swept out, as if by a broom, and the uncomfortable conversation reached a sudden end.

I soon noticed that I had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Another woman was with her. She was what people there call a grand lady. Thick red ornamental stripes slanting across her forehead and face were intended to show that she was in an excited mood. Her skirt was of the best woven-sort, bright yellow with broad black bands. The tattoos on her legs were impeccable, and she also carried a substantial basket under her arm. At least for my taste, she was not very appealing since she seemed to be as old as Krei's wife. But her large black eyes glowed like coals.
"You poor man," my mother began, "You're certainly upset that Piter is no longer your brother and will not look after you? Well, rest assured. Piter never gave you kukau. I or Arakalulk gave it to you and we'll continue to do so. You really are at fault for not coming to the village more than you do. But you people from angabard are queer. You have to have your own way. Be assured that you'll have whatever you need, so amuse yourself as much as you can in boring Tabatteldil. I have something else to tell you."

Now she began to convince me, just as Krei and Mad had tried to do earlier, that I /107/ should stay. It was so beautiful. I received more than enough kukau, eilaut, coconuts and bananas. What more did I need? Weren't there always beautiful feasts and dances to see here or in Rallap or Roll? Wasn't I also able to have recently acquired a high-ranking woman if I hadn't been so stupid but had understood the looks cast on me by one of the guests from Kaslau?

"Well, I must help you out a little," she continued. "I bring you this woman. Don't you recognize her? I pointed her out to you when we were admiring the procession of guests at our feast. Her husband is an important man in Kaslau, but he treats her badly and she wants to leave him. But she can only avoid unpleasant consequences for herself if she marries an even more powerful man. If she pleases you, she asks whether or not you will?"

"Dear mother," I replied laughing, "we Europeans don't marry so quickly." As I gave more or less the same answers to her repeated questions, she made the naive request to at least allow her friend to sleep at Tabatteldil for one night. She would then pass as my wife and could quietly separate from her husband, who would not attempt to quarrel with her out of a fear of me. I naturally refused to agree to this since I knew enough about the customs here to realize that I would always be bothered by her relatives' begging.
Whether or not I was really her husband was not important. She had passed for my wife, and I would be obligated to give various wedding presents to her relatives, then as head of the family to pay a fine for some poor wretch or to provide part of a contribution for a feast, to secure release from clöbbergöll work with money or to ransom the /108/ forfeited life of some good-for-nothing who called himself my cousin or brother. Here, as everywhere, marriage costs much money. So, I did not get married. Although my mother was visibly upset by my refusal -- she appeared to have made the offer with all the simplicity of an islander -- she departed with the repeated promise Mad had also made to look after me more carefully from now on. The bright red beauty, whose heart I had broken, listened to us in silence. She did not seem greatly upset about my lack of interest and went on her way home.

I was soon to see that my fears were groundless. It might have been self-interest -- as it seemed to be with Krei -- that led the people to care for me more than they had earlier. I was very thankful that their egoism assumed such ingratiating forms. Who could help it since it was the case among them also, as it is universally, that the immediate concern of self-love, which brings about its child, sympathy? Almost daily, Mad, Krei or their wives came to inquire about me in a friendly way. My table was more abundant than ever before. Krei even went so far as to spend a few nights with me and readily promised to move in and guard my house if I went on my long intended trip to Kreiangel.

But the most involved and sympathetic was my brother Arakalulk. He became ever closer to me as a result of that dispute, in which he clarified his high rank for me, and had shown me an affection that seemed devoid of self-interest. This quarrel with Johnson proved that again. His promise to win back Asmaldra was actually kept. One evening after the catastrophe /109/ he brought him back to Tabatteldil for reconciliation. While everyone
else, even my mother, repeatedly came with the request that I should stay in Palau, my "savage" friend did not give the slightest indication of how much he also wished it. It already seemed to me then as if he felt that it could not be, or as though he understood why it was not possible. It is likely he was inspired to come to me by the desire to extract the most possible use from me, as from any European. It is certain he was pursuing the most ordinary interest whenever he asked me why I was doing my work. But this general interest quickly allowed room for an inner brotherly feeling for me and quickly changed into real intellectual curiosity. Nothing escaped his notice. Hour after hour, he sat at my feet in order to let me explain the smallest details about why I had scientifically prepared and packed so many mussel shells, insects, worms and all manner of other marine animals. He quickly realized that this all must have a different significance than the one his countrymen had supposed: I collected these animals merely to sell as food in Europe for a lot of money, just as Woodin did with his trepang. Whenever I showed him a variety of small animals with the microscope or let him focus on distant landscapes with the telescope from my theodolite, which I used for measuring the reef, his child-like, naive joy over the marvelous abilities of the two instruments was quickly followed by the question what they were used for. He undoubtedly knew that a telescope was indispensable to sailors and that it could be of good service ashore since it would allow someone to spot his enemies from a great distance. But it was not clear to him what the purposes were of measurement with a surveyor's chain and fixing on various trees which I used as landmarks. /110/ This was especially so for the microscope, which he named little telescope! This seemed to be a toy, just like the little arrows children shot which were harmless.

He often ended such discussion with the comment that I was entirely
different than the other men from angabard. Cabel Mul, Piter, Barber, Cheyne and other Europeans whom they had seen before, were constantly striving to earn as much money as they could to return home as influential and respected people. But I had come to inspect stones, trees and reefs and collect all animals, except for the valuable trepang. I sat by the hour sketching the little beasts under the microscope, or I wrote down Palauan words even though I did not want to become one of them for any reason. In exchange for everything I paid money, too much of it, and I did not shy away from the effort to catch an animal on the one hand or to climb a hill top on the other. The belief had already matured in Arakalulk's mind that we white people pursued other aims than money and earthly treasures, the importance of which he could not explain. But these new ideals had become so important to him that he glorified us Europeans even more as he had done earlier when he was only acquainted with us as capable sailors, speculators, mighty conquerors and creators of the finest weapons and iron utensils. It was consoling to see how long he patiently sat on the ground near my work desk without questioning me even once because I was busy. But his lively eyes steadily fixed on me expressed his inner resistance against the desire to ask me an important question.

I never wanted to teach a better student than Arakalulk. No work was lost on him. During all of our conversations, we ended up with the question what I would do with my collected information when I returned home. As I told him about our museums, universities, learned societies and public lectures, he easily and spontaneously spoke of the connection among all the separate, unconnected work that he had done for me. Here, as usual, a picture familiar to his simple mind helped me to call forth in him an idea of such a connection.

"You see there," I told him, "the ship of Cabel Mul. She lies near
the reef, merely ten feet away and fastened to it with a cable, while the bow is secured with an anchor. If one of the links in the chain breaks, the ship would be dashed on the reef since that line can't keep her from the beach. That is like our work. We toss a line here and there hoping to hook into a beach somewhere. But only when all of the links in a discipline have formed a chain with their individual work, are we able to secure an anchoring ground in the ocean of our thoughts. In a similar way, I collect stones around Tabatteldil and on the island of Eruloa [possibly, Ngerechur] because these can possibly show us that there used to be land where canals and reefs are now seen. And the rocks from Rallap show me why the outer reef is much nearer the shore on the east coast than here in the west. If you look around the room, all the mussels, snails, corals and stones lying around have the most intimate connection among themselves and with life on your island and its origin. We Europeans love to ask how and why a land is like it is, why plants and animals are different on your and other /112/ islands. Furthermore, it is a long chain of particular observations which must be made before we are able to say why bananas grow here but not in my country, and why there are no corals in the north near us, while it everywhere surrounds your islands."

I soon was to receive a comforting proof in a special case of practical application that he had heeded my words well and thoroughly understood them.

The quiet that again prevailed in my house after the drawn-out storm enabled me to make rapid progress in my work and the opportunity to hold such friendly talks with Arakalulk, which brought us both benefits and joy. While I strove to advance and strengthen his most obvious natural talents, he, for his part, was happy to be useful by telling me their old tales and recollections and explaining their customs, manners and language. Unfortunately, these conversations were again broken off after only a few
days. A while ago, my brother's mother had sickened. On 5 June, he came with the announcement she was on her death bed. He would not be able to come as often and had to ask me for permission to let Cabalabal return to the village because many preparations had to be made for the mourning ritual. Even Asmaldra and his servant claimed they had to stay in the village for the same reason, so that I was left with my faithful Arungul and Alejandro. Luckily, both provided me with a rich supply of interesting jellyfish and night snails which kept me busy investigating until 14 June. I had previously promised Arakalulk that I would on that day pay my condolences and, by taking part in the mourning, show my grief at the death of his mother, which had really become mine. She had died on the morning /113/ of 9 June. Alejandro brought me the news along with the interesting report that Krei, as well as Mad, had spent the night after her death awake in the house where the corpse lay. She must have been an important person in the state. I involuntarily connected the unusual activity that the people again displayed in their daily trips and fishing with her death, although I had neglected to ask the reason for it. As I entered the village, I quickly saw that my supposition was correct. Here were some boys passing by with nets laden with fish. Young girls sat in front of the houses building up the well-known pyramids of kukau. Bananas and fresh betel nuts lay everywhere.— In short, everywhere I looked I saw the most obvious signs that something important was being carried on. A deep silence prevailed around the house of mourning. Arakalulk silently beckoned me to go over to him.

"It is nice of you, Doctor, to come and keep your promise to speak with us. I have often been asked about you. But they claimed you weren't my real brother and wouldn't come. Your food will be brought shortly. I have asked my sister to prepare a chicken just the way you like it. Wait for awhile because the visiting guests are eating now to show respect
for my deceased mother. Do you see," he said, lifting the curtain which temporarily divided our little room from the rest of the house, "all those women there? There are more than twenty from Kaslau, Rallap and even Meligeok [Melekeok], all relatives of my mother and Mad. They're staying in the house for twenty days. During this time, I must always be ready to serve them and make sure that my own people and the rest of the villagers provide enough to eat. The death of such a woman causes much work in the state. She was the highest-ranking woman here, Mad's sister, and considered here what you call a queen!"*

"And you were her true son and Mad your uncle so that you can become king later?"

"Be quiet before someone hears you. Yes, I was supposed to become Mad at one time, but, you see, Doctor, that I don't have my klilt* on my arm. My uncle, who is angry at me, took it away from me!"

At last the puzzle of Arakalulk's high-ranking kinship was solved! Still I was never to lift entirely the veil which even here in the court of the state of Aibukit, just as in those of our European potentates, from what passions stir the human heart and what intrigues are plotted in the palaces of the nobility. I only understood what follows gradually and after some effort. Although the order of succession belongs to the maternal line, the council of chiefs -- the arauau -- claims the right as it seems to depart from this law under certain conditions. This had happened to Arakalulk. His older brother, the first born, was in line for the throne as Arakalulk, a title of a lower rank; he died when my brother, called Rabacalo then, was quite young. Since they did not want him to succeed the ailing Mad for some reason, Arda was placed on the throne, but they gave Rabacalo the title of Arakalulk, which his deceased brother had borne. Krei appears to have acted even more arbitrarily granting the title, and the lower chieftains
of the second and third ranks are certainly always only elected.

All such researches are made more difficult in manifold ways for someone who does not fully master the language. It was quickly apparent to me that Mad, Krei and Arda were only assumed names. Since I only learned the word ardō [dui] (that is, title) at the very end of my stay, it was impossible for me to ask questions about people, their names and their offices in a way that would have given short, satisfactory answers. The art of asking questions is an important but most difficult art among such half-primitive peoples. If I asked "Who is he?" (aranklel [ng er a ng klel]) I was sometimes told the family name, sometimes the title. Only by combining different answers did I finally succeed in getting at the true meaning.

Even harder is any inquiry about a word's meaning. Although I had long known that, for example, all given names without exception have a meaning, I only managed to figure out only those generally used in conversation or those which had easily discernable roots when considered together. [A young woman was called Korakel, that is, mast, because she was very slim. Another one, Akiwakid, means, "over the hills" -- here kid is hill, kiwa over. -- Mad means death, and others.] Also the question "What does this mean?" cannot be translated, only paraphrased. Above it all, it was most upsetting when I later discovered traces of an older language in their songs while I was in southern Palau, of which I could only understand a very few words and phrases after the most arduous inquiries.

At the time I was inquiring into Arakalulk's kinship the greatest of all difficulties mentioned earlier arose: to clear up the intricate threads of the most diverse degrees of kinship and then keep them separate. Imagine a son getting married to the daughter-in-law of his sister and his brother a sister of his sister-in-law. Imagine this going on for two generations, and then complicated by the ease of divorce and the common practice of
adoption. This should allow a person some idea of the confusion that must prevail in the kinship ties of these islanders. Almost every family contains a woman who has already had three or four husbands, all still living, and who has had children by them all. An outstanding example of how easily divorce is to obtain is furnished by that beauty who wanted to become my wife. That woman could not persuade me to become her protector, took her proposals to Asmaldra. Since she belonged to an influential family, he agreed to take her as his fourth wife. She left her children with the abandoned man.

The custom for adoption is such that the real children, especially the young boys, and the adopted ones are so completely identified that the adopted ones entirely lose their awareness of belonging to another family as they reach old age. Cordo is an adopted child, whose real parents are alive but scarcely know him. Krei's three children are all adopted, while his own have been taken by other families. These marvelous elaborations, which must have resulted in intermarriage of brothers and sisters as a consequence, do not exert the least harmful influence on family life. Better yet, many parents in our country could take as a model the love with which my bare friends from Palau cherish and protect their adopted children, and many European children could learn from the affable, but not servile, respect which the young boys and girls pay their parents. What could be the reason for this practice since adoption only amounts to a swapping of children? Is it perhaps the awareness that no man can assure his wife's fidelity and the need to eliminate all doubt about the legitimacy of some child that have called forth this practice? Surely, under such a system, difficulties about inheritance or a lack of inheritance would certainly not occur since adopted sons would assume all the rights of real sons.

At the time of the mourning ritual at Arakalulk's house, I again had an opportunity to admire the dignity with which the assembled women took up
their apparently quite boring business. My mother sat in front opposite Mad's wife. Each of the two had gathered ten to twelve women around her, so that they formed an open half-circle around the doorways. They wore their best clothes, whose hems they had dyed black as an external symbol of mourning. Red and white stones stood out brilliantly against their dark necks; they were carried to proudly display proof of their families' wealth.

If only these pieces could have told us their histories! Here is the large red pangungau carried by my mother. Throughout the six generations during which Mad's family has ruled over the state of Aibukit, it has never been in anyone else's hands. It disdainfully looks upon the small brack worn by Mad's wife. That is a new-comer. Not many years ago, Mad's family was among the poorest in the land, although of high-ranking blood. This brack only managed to gain the high-ranking position it now occupies on the head chief's wife's neck by a mysterious event. How proud it is here, almost as if some of her dignity had been transferred to itself! But this miserable one does no longer remember that he once belonged to a woman from a low family who used it to ransom the blood revenge directed upon her fallen son. It was the only means by which their family obtained enough credit to be able to live comfortably. Now that they were poor, they had to make do with bad food and housing. No one was willing to lend them a bunch of bananas or a cluster of betel nuts. With only a miserable canoe the men could not go out far enough on the reef to pick the large trepang. They never would resume their earlier care-free position. But why might the young man's life be ruined by a high-ranking family? A pair of stones -- I believe they were some entirely ordinary kluk -- whispered something in my ear about a love story. Mad's father had wooed the young man's wife and was killed for this when he once surprised them at the women's bathing pool. The condemned life of the murderer was only to be redeemed by the family's
entire means of support.

"But," the kluk continued, "that small kalbukup can relate an entirely different story. Not more than four or five years ago, Aibukit was not as rich as it is now; or could be if the English man-of-war had not come. At that time, Cabel Mul was still in Corôre. If we wanted to trade with him, we had to visit the south and pay a sizeable tribute to the chief of Corôre. We couldn't buy powder and rifles. Now Piter had already married and lived among us for several years. As brave as he was, he promised to furnish us with them. He got them when he pulled his amlai up behind Cabel Mul's ship in the middle of the day and passed out through the window in a cabin the guns and powder which Era Kaluk had promised us. He hid them under kukau and other things. After he had enough, he raised his sail and departed. But the Corôre people are crafty; they had rightly suspected that Piter must have done something unusual since he so quickly left without having visited his wife in Corôre. They chased him but couldn't catch him because his amlai was so fine. That was quite a triumph for Aibukit! The young girls adored Piter and sang him love songs. His song was quickly well-known in the south. But Ebadul attempted to neutralize Piter in other ways, as is done here. He sent Krei, to whose family Piter belonged, an unusually large piece of money, a kalbukup, of which only five or six pieces existed in Palau, to buy Piter's life. That was a hard decision for Krei. But he gathered the rupack and told them what Ebadul had told him. After they had seemed to want to accept the money, Krei took a large stone and smashed the kalbukup in front of their eyes. He challenged them, "Take the money. But I'm warning you that Piter is my son and whoever tries to get too near him will have to reckon with me!" A piece of that kalbukup is worn by that ugly hag there."

The stones grew mute, as the large trumpet, only blown upon completely festive occasions, rang out near the house and announced that the makesang
[chelsang] of the men were over for today and that they would soon approach with their gifts for the day. Partially crawling and with lowered gazes, the young men entered the house and put down their loads in silence. The fish and kukau were taken to the corner of the house where the fireplace had been made level with the floor. But the baskets of areca nuts and betel pepper leaves were set in the middle of the room to be divided among the guests by the young women of the family, who served them. With the presentation of this food, the makesang of the men was over for the day. Just as they had entered, they now left half bowing and noiselessly. The word makesang, as has already been mentioned above [cf. p. 72] indicates the work of one, or all, clöbbbergöll in which all the members must participate without objection if they do not want to be fined a large piece of money. First of all, naturally comes the work undertaken in the direct interest of the clöbbbergöll, for example, the construction of clubhouses, whose completion often demanded many months during the by-gone stone ages; the completion of the large war canoes; sewing their sails; and making rope by twisting threads from coconuts and the hibiscus tiliaceus. The /121/ leader of a clöbbbergöll can also compel his followers to earn wages but only for work that falls in the category of makesang. He cannot get them to go trepang fishing. But a considerable tax on the money the clöbbbergöll earns in this way goes to the aruau, which also occasionally takes the best of it. It is not completely clear to me which rules were being followed here or whether it is only Mad's will. Arakalulk's clöbbbergöll had to give up the rifle it earned for building my house to Mad as his legitimate tribute. The remaining money is not divided among the individual members of the clöbbbergöll but belongs to the whole society. It is only used for what is needed to build their clubhouses and war anlai, as well as payment to the young girls who prefer the activity in the bai to their lives at home. The third kind of makesang is all work required as a result of the so-called klökadauel. This work is
best rendered as "state visit": the visit of mourning ladies when they have
to lament over the head woman or another high-ranking woman; the arrival of
visiting guests who have come to take part in feasts given by chiefs or one
of the many religious festivals (the largest one, the ruck, is only supposed
to be held once every six or ten years); political visits, such as Ebadul
paid to Aibukit. All of these are considered as klökadauel. For all of
these, the clöbbergöll must bear responsibility for providing whatever is
needed for their feasts; the need that exists and the importance of the
visitors determine if many or few clöbbergöll are called upon. Finally,
participation of a clöbbergöll in a ruck [ruk] also belongs to the work done
for the makesang /122/ which no members are able to avoid without being
fined heavily.

During such times, these people are in the grip of an energy that one
would never attribute to them if he only observed them individually. I
already had the chance in a variety of situations to delight in their happy
disposition, which they never lose even while doing the hardest public work.
And on this occasion, I likewise used the opportunity offered by Arakalulk
to travel with him and his people to the outer western reef, where they
wanted to fish. This invitation came at just the right moment. The amlai
that I usually travelled about in was too small for the trip across the broad
inner channel, then over the western outer reef into open ocean. But I had
to become familiar with them if I wanted to greatly benefit from the study
of the eastern reef. I readily agreed and, just after sundown, left the
house of mourning to prepare for the next day's journey.

Early the next morning, just as the sun started to dissipate the shadows
around Tabatteldil, Arakalulk arrived and placed his large amlai just by the
steps leading into my house.

"Quickly, Doctor," he called to me, "bring your glasses and plum pudding
It's cooked, isn't it? We must hurry because the water is already sinking."

"I'm ready. Do you have the **kukau** and coconuts? My plum pudding will stay warm for some time since I've wrapped it well. We'll share it equally later."

"What don't the people from **angabard** know how to make? Your plum pudding is good, but I wish you hadn't brought it. Once you have gone and I'm out on the reef without you, I will always remember as I eat my cold **kukau** that only you /123/ could provide me with warm food in the middle of the ocean. So, now we've gone far enough to raise the mast and attach the rudder. Doctor, do you want to learn how to use our sail?"

With these words, he raises the twenty-foot long bamboo mast with its three ropes seemingly playing up high and sets its rounded foot in the shallow hole in the middle of the wide platform, which allows the mast to be turned and twisted freely.

"Here, Doctor, fasten the rope to the outrigger and your other ropes fore and aft. Now the mast is standing. Cabalabal, go to your seat." He took a large oar and sat down at the end of the canoe. Another person at the opposite end tied the end of the three-cornered sail as Arakalulk hoisted it with a few strong tugs. The rope that fastened the sail to the mast, he attached to a bench. Then he placed another one in my hand with which the sail was controlled. With a brisk wind, we quickly crossed the inner reef towards the large channel.

"A fine wind and we'll soon be there. Pay attention, Doctor, do not turn us over. The wind is unsteady and you shouldn't hold the rope so tightly. Release it a little; the wind has grown stronger. Now, take it in as it gets weaker. Hard work for your tender hands, isn't it?" Arakalulk teased good-naturedly. "Doctor, be alert!" he cried and threw himself with full force on the outermost end of the outrigger.
"My God, what happened?" I asked anxiously.

"Well, it's over. Didn't you notice that the wind had become stronger and that you nearly capsized us? It would have been too bad for the fine plum pudding if the animals below should have eaten it. Our amlai are easily turned over; they aren't as strong as your boats, but they sail much better. If you tightly hold the rope with which you control the sail and pay no attention to the wind, only a somewhat stronger breeze will capsize the amlai towards the sail side. If the wind is quite strong before and we sit on the outrigger to balance the canoe, you must be very careful; if you don't pull the sail in when the wind abates, the canoe will capsize on this side because we all sit here. Give me the rope again. You see that it must be done so that the float under the outrigger just disturbs the surface of the water. It is even better if it is entirely in the air. Then it really travels, flying almost as fast as the karamlai [keremlai]** [The tropic bird; to the islanders the paradigm of beauty because of its beautiful white feathers.]."

We quickly travelled, but a jutting spur of the reef caused us to turn.

"Turn the sail into the wind. Now, the amlai is settled. Quickly turn the sail!" As Arakalulk said this, Aideso [Ngiraidesou] took the stationary end of the sail in the prow of the canoe and ran with it to the other end, turning it around. Meanwhile Arakalulk slightly tightened the rope that was fixed to the mast, while a third person let out the opposite one. Cabalabal sat at the end that had been the prow with his rudder; now it quickly went in the opposite direction hard with the wind; this manoeuvre had not lost much of our progress due to drifting. The windward and leeward sides of these islanders' canoes are always the same, that the sail side, this the outrigger side, while bow and stern alternate.

We were finally over dark blue water. But it was useless for me to gaze
in the depths to judge the quality of the ocean floor. /125/ The broad main channel, running almost parallel to the outer reef, is between forty or fifty feet deep here in the north. The water soon grows brighter, not suddenly, but ever so gradually from the dark indigo blue of the middle part of the channel to a Prussian blue of remarkable transparency, then to sky blue and emerald green, as a proof that the walls of the reef do not rise perpendicularly from the purple depths as they do in the small side channels. Individual coral heads were prominent, now resembling the fragile figures of trees, now colossal blocks comparable to enormous cannon balls or to large tables. Between the thousands of branches to which were attached individual and already recognizable polyps, as though they were shimmering flowers and fruits, countless small fish in the most varied colors tumbled about in lively sport. Here an entire school of the blue-banded *dascyllus* variety passed by. A parrot fish fed on coral blocks with its hard jaw resembling a parrot's beak; an eel wound itself around in serpentine coils on the ocean floor. The polyps were apparently accustomed to this frivolity, since none of them withdrew their tentacles as they groped, encircling their ever hungry mouths. Suddenly, an entire school of small and large fish shoots by in wild disorder in great fright. Right behind them comes a shark with revealing looks; it scarcely seems to move its fins but how rapidly it passes! Upon the sudden disturbance that it caused on the ocean floor, the boisterous play of the small fish and the whole forest of blooming trees instantly disappear. A bleak, gray field on the ocean floor stands as still as if it were dead. From it, the plain corals stick up their jagged arms, warning us of the danger they hide underneath the diverse coloring of all the beautiful animals. /126/

"Now we are at the place," calls Arakalulk. "Here, Doctor, climb up on this coral block. I and Aideso will go with you and the others will
will wait here to fish." The water was rather high and by jumping from block to block, we were often over our knees in the water. That did not last long. The upper surfaces of the coral blocks became flat for one thing; the dead chipped off pieces accumulated and filled up the chinks always found between the abundant living corals. For another, we soon reached a large, broad plain covered with sand, on which polyps only grew sparsely in small holes. Numerous algae grow up on this almost completely dry sandbank, to which small, not quite pea-sized polythalamia* attached themselves in enormous numbers. Large, black pinna mussels ripped holes in my shoes with their edges scarcely rising above the upper surface; this was a danger that my companions already knew and avoided better than I. Many snails and mussels were collected; many animals still living were put into the glass containers Arakalulk carried behind me. But the outer reef still lay some distance from us; its white line of surf was already clearly distinguishable. But the nearer we got to the outer reef, the construction of the reef changed more and more; the colonies of polyps were much larger and more abundant than before; individual clumps united themselves into large fields, while places covered only by coral sand became rarer. The noise of the surf soon struck /127/ my ears. Oblivious to the pinna mussels and the danger of falling in a deep hole, I hurried on, now jumping, now laboriously stepping, until I was suddenly surrounded by a tall forest of small, animal-like trees, which had sadly lowered crowns as it was low tide but which were capable of rising to a man's height up from the reef. But before I was able to take more than a few steps in this profusion of swaying branches, I felt a sharp, unbearable itch on my arms and legs, and Arakalulk called out to me in the same moment. "Take care and turn around, Doctor. That is the rongekate [ongekad]* You poor man; you've been beautifully poisoned and will still feel it tomorrow."
"In any case, I will at least take one of these small, loathsome trees back home." As I inspected it more closely, I recognized a colossal colony of small polyps known to the zoologist as *sertularia*. As with all species of the same genus, these animals possess so-called cells of nettles on different parts of their bodies, small microscopic bubbles from which barbed filaments fly out and stick in the skin, causing a sting similar to our stinging nettle. But none of the polyps with which I am familiar has so many such cells of nettles as this *rongekate*, whose acquaintance I made in such an unpleasant way.

This little episode cost me a little time as I tried to reduce the pain of my swollen hands and feet, but not successfully. Jumping and cursing, I went on despite the torment. We soon came so near the surf that I could clearly see how the approaching wave continued to rise until it at last, reaching a perpendicular wall, broke against it in the next moment with a thunderous noise and changed into a broad line of snow-white churning water. Sometimes if a wave rose especially high, I saw into the wall of water as if it were a colossal emerald. If filled me with an irresistible, mysterious urge to rush over to it just as I would be able to view the wonders that appeared to lie under that shining blue wall if I were drenched by it. I recalled at that moment how I had fallen victim to the same puzzling craving when I was south of the Cape of Good Hope.

On the trip to Singapore, the westerly storms that always prevail there in the upper latitudes had tossed our *Conradine Lackmann* about so much that it seemed we had to surrender to them whether we wanted to or not. For days, the storm raged so fiercely that we had to heave to and afterwards we were dirven before it with our three tightly reefed sails giving us the speed of a steamer. We passengers stayed locked in the cabin for more than a week since the waves washed over our ship from all sides. It was a watery
ship! When she was let down by a sinking wave, she took on so much water at every lifting that the deck was swamped. Waves approached the stern and broke over us. I had spent quite enough time in the stuffy room. I made use of a brief still moment to jump out on deck through a quickly opened cabin door. I had to breathe fresh air again. All around was a scene of the wildest tumult. A pair of quite small tattered sails filled out fully by the storm drive the /129/ ship; they appear to want to burst at any time since they tremble so under the enormous strain. The main mast has already broken. All around it, small masts, top masts, and booms of all kinds are secured with thick ropes. Nowhere is there a dry rope; water drops hang everywhere which the wind tears to pieces in the next moment. The deck is shining flat with only one sailor standing at the bow. I climb with difficulty up to the somewhat elevated aft deck. The captain stands here, not far behind him the helmsman is secured to the rudder.

"What do you want? Get in the cabin quickly! You don't belong here. Here it comes; hold on!" shouts the captain.

I remain, unsecured and standing tall. My breast swells with unexpected delight as I look closer at the waves from behind nearing majestically in their blue rigor only crowned above by a number of small, white clouds. My eyes pierce the blue splendor, taking deep breaths with an open mouth -- my breast wants to burst open with strong craving -- I bend to meet the wave but it tosses me; the next moment, I feel as if I have been dashed against some ropes and iron posts. The shrouds of the large mast, upon whose lowest part I was thrown, had saved me. Even today, that blue wave appears with just such an attractive majesty as it did twelve years ago, and I repeat to myself if it rises in this hour as it did then, I would willingly throw myself once more in its watery embrace. At such moments of the highest enchantment death loses its horror.
This meaningless craving to go out on the outermost reef amid the churning waves was not satisfied today either. Although I disregarded the tiresome jumping and my bleeding feet, I rapidly noticed that the water was already rising. It seemed to me I ceaselessly hurried out farther as if I had not seen anything unless I had already reached the outermost reef's edge. But the water continued to rise and when I was scarcely one hundred steps from my desired goal, Arakalulk called out to warn me to come back immediately. I listened with a heavy heart. -- It was about time. The tide which broke on the outer reef from the inner channel rose ever higher so that we waded in water up to our hips by the time we reached our amlai.

The direction of the tide seems to prove that an almost complete barrier against the sea here in the west is made by the raised edge of the reef, so that the currents caused by the streams disturbed must always flow in or out at low and high tide through the small channels formed on the outer reef, and it is just the same for the main channel. Since the plain of the flooded reef is thousands of feet wide, the very gradual declination towards the main channel is explained by the powerful and regular daily repeated running off of the water, which must gradually erode the entire flat gradually inwards since it is not confined to a narrow area. The walls of the channels are formed entirely differently, that appear to be drains for the streams flowing down from the hills. In these, the walls rise perpendicularly to a height nearly level with the highest tide. And the water that swamps the inner reef does not enter these adjacent channels but goes entirely or mostly out of the main channel over the reef flats. At either low or high tide the direction of the tide remains the same, changing only in its intensity. Since the force of the tide is so significant, it forces the corals here to grow perpendicularly. /131/

Although I did not attain the aim that so powerfully attracted me
to the outer reef, I was quite pleased with the results of my excursion. Baskets of mussels and glasses full of splendid nocturnal snails, planaria worms and starfish, I took back to Tabatteldil. I had also reconnoitered so much of the reef's terrain, that I could seriously think about carrying out a plan I had been planning for some time. /132/
Travel.

For some time, I had cast longing glances northwards when I was shown the island of Kreiangel lying outside the girdle of the reef from the peaks of the hills that I climbed near Aibukit. The place was usually indicated by a small, quietly lying cloud where the atoll rose only a few feet above sea level. It was the first of those wonderful coralline islands that I saw, as they appeared to sleep in the deepest joy of undisturbed nature in a lagoon surrounded by a ring of snow-white waves and with ground shaded by groves of palm trees. I had resolved to see these at least more closely, to visit it and to extract from its soil, so far not violated by any Europeans, the mysteries that would suffice for an understanding of the life of such islands. That disappointing attempt to study the western outer reef of Babelthaub only whetted my appetite. From now on, I lay aside all other work and made preparations with redoubled zest for an expedition that I promised would yield the richest results. /133/

In preparation, I had to measure the western reef which led me more than before to the village lying to the north of Aibukit, to which the higher lying ones assumed an open and friendly vassal-type relationship. The most important of these was Roll. We arrived there on 15 [June]. Our two-hour journey brought us at high tide to a bay heavily covered by mangrove bushes on the west coast. Following the paved foot path that ascended from
the swamp and led the wanderer up the face of a slope; we reached the height of the hills shaded by numerous palm trees after a short trek. Now and again, the groves of palm trees thinned out or gave way to meadows covered by abundant grass or bristly bushes from which towered pandanus trees with their stiff, spreading branches and their clusters of leaves only found at the ends of the branches. Arakalulk led me to a little rise from which I commanded a beautiful view of the entire northern end of the island. The location where we stood was in a westerly direction the narrowest part of the island, only a half hour walk. Just beyond it to the north, the land became significantly broader, so that the northernmost state of Aracalong and its allied states appeared to lie on an island only connected to the larger island by a narrow peninsula.

"Do you see, Doctor," my friend told me, "just inches from our feet is the boundary between our state and enemy territory. Arakalong is now friendly with Corōre. But earlier it was not so. When the state of Arzmau [Ngerdamau] was still powerful on the point of land you see to the south that stretches so far out into the ocean, all of these northern states were united. That was certainly long ago, before my father and I were born. As a child, I met very old people who maintained /134/ that it was that way when that Cabel Wils [Wils = Wilson] came to Palau and helped Corōre in its struggle with Meligeok. At that time, this state was known as Athernal. The English brought their long muskets, balls and powder of which we were still ignorant and conquered our friends from Meligeok and ourselves with the Corōre people. Those were terrible battles that occurred. We were compelled to make peace; the people from angabard were already too powerful for us then. Without them, the warriors of Corōre would not have been able to harm us since they are cowardly and their state is very small. But they are very clever. The English soon departed. But one of them remained in
Coröre and gave his new friends the fine weapons that we had learned to fear so much. Ebadul took advantage of that. He made peace with Meligeok; soon afterwards, he picked a fight with Arzmau which we could not support just because Arakalong did not fight against the people of Coröre. Arzmau was completely devastated; its inhabitants wandered over to Meligeok. And Ebadul forbade anyone to rebuild it. It is much too late now because the old people from Arzmau are no longer alive; Cabel Mul is already too old; and you, Doctor, always say that you cannot assist us in our battle against Coröre. Is it true that you people from angabard don't help your friends?"

"0, Arakalulk," I reminded him, "everything is different for us. Of course friends help each other, but not to kill each other. They only do so when the most high rupack, the king, has said that war shall be declared. But then they shoot at each other in a way much different than is done here. We certainly don't take our enemies' heads home with us. How could we? We already have much to carry. As many people as 135/ you have in all of Palau, all of Aibukit, Arakalong, Meligeok, Coröre and Peleliu taken together, are occasionally killed in one day, without ending the war. Cities are destroyed in which there are more people than on all your islands. Soldiers march into enemy territory as far as the distance from here across the sea to Manila, and, as a result, they often celebrate their feasts in strange cities instead of in their homes -- But look there. What village is that lying so near the foot of this hill?"

"That is a small, enemy state [Ngriil] that is allied to Aracalong."

"What do you mean, Arakalulk?" I said, raising the rifle. "Should I send your enemies a bullet one time and show them they are not safe from your friend's long rifle?"

"No, certainly not, Doctor," my companion chided me, "that is against our custom. We don't conduct our war that way, If you want to hide in the
bushes over there with me, I am ready; we might get lucky and bring home a head. But it's not fair to shoot into the village."

"Well, take it easy. I wouldn't have done it anyway. But you'll have care of my rifle if we run into an enemy here on the way."

We continued in a northeasterly direction. The palm forests stretched from near Artebiang in the north southwards near to Aural on the heights just as on the western slope. Under the palm trees and through the thick, neglected bushes that alternated with them, the paved paths, half covered under fallen leaves and with their rough middle row of large stones, indicated the life that might have flourished here once before. I clearly made out the open squares covered now by grass and bushes which were once surrounded by houses and on which the young boys played, who have by now become men or already rest in a hard adjoining grave, while a few greenish gold, iridescent lizards apply themselves to their brisk chase for sunning insects. We soon approached the present village of Roll not far from the east coast. Even here, the path had fallen into disrepair and overgrown by grasses and bushes. The large bai with their stone, partly toppled, supports in front on the squares and their beautiful groves of trees, made the impression that they had not been intended for the few, present villagers. They all could have lived in much smaller houses! Countless nuts, apparently significantly more than the present population could use, hung on the coconut trees. The yellowish gold ears of the fruit of the mast-like bonga palms drooped earthwards, as their tops rose high above the roof and even the highest nearby coconut trees. Their slender, only four- or, at most, six-inch thick trunks bowed as if they were a weak tube, and the rustling leaves of their crowns stirred into movement by the slightest wisp of wind struck the roof of the adjacent bai as if they wanted to warn the sleepers inside to protect them from the threatening ruin of the building.
Cast in the radiance of the tropical sun, enveloped by the din of the breaking ocean waves and only half-shaded by the slender groves of palm trees lay the ruined village of Roll: a touching scene. What contrast! The warming ray of the sun, the mother and provider of all terrestrial life, penetrates everywhere; trees and bushes hang with mature blossoms and swell with fruit. The world ocean at our feet reminds us of the never resting activity of other peoples. But here the few degenerate heirs of a once powerful, strong people lie in indolent enjoyment. The sun has effortlessly provided them with /137/ the necessities of life. This was certainly once much different. It is perhaps scarcely a century since Roll with all its paved paths ascending the distant hills and open squares was an animated populous village. Its chiefs, not inactive as now, conferred about the well-being of the state in prolonged serious meetings. Their strength allowed them sufficient resources and an external independence, while they now take part in craven humility as a second-rate state in the councils of the chiefs of Aibukit. Feast upon feast, all other tribes sought the friendship of the powerful state and women and children used every opportunity to go on an official visit (klökadauel) to Roll, where such a bounty of rich gifts and splendid food was offered like nowhere else. The free service in the bai attracted young girls of all villages here; they allowed themselves to be taken in whole clöbbergöll by friendly men's clöbbergöll from Roll. Today, the wives of the few men must take the food to the bai. Far to the north and south the large war amlai of that time went to avenge an insult or to assist an allied state. Now, the villagers scarcely have enough amlai to go fishing at high tide.

Arakalulk had also apparently yielded himself up to meditations on the quite obvious, deeply touching, ruin of the neighboring state. He told me much of the earlier importance of Roll.
"How could it happen," he concluded, "that so many people die? The previous wars were much bloodier, whereas one head now constitutes a great victory. Could our women be right? They say they were healthier earlier than they are now. We don't have the illnesses you have in angabard; Cabel Mul has told me that thousands of you often die in a few days. But the women here say they don't desire to bear any more children. Particularly ever since the English and Cabel Wils were here, they constantly die with child at childbirth. They are afraid of this and try to avoid it. The mean Cabel Wils is to blame for all our misfortune. There is supposed to be a large "book" about him in Coröre -- I haven't seen it. It is supposed to say how it looked here and in Coröre, as well as in angabard and on the large ships from there. If only one of us could be able to understand that "book". Ebadul hides it in a cabinet in a corner of his house. He treats it like a son."

"Well, I can help you there, Arakalulk. I believe I know that "book". If it is the one I'm thinking of, it was certainly written long ago. It couldn't be any other. Should I tell you what I read in it?"

"O, yes, Doctor. But wait for a little while. I want to call Asmaldra, Rabacaló and my other friends first. I'm sure they'll want to hear it."

After they had sat down in a circle around me, I began to relate the following from the book, which may help my readers to understand what comes later.

"It was long ago, already eighty years -- twice as old as you are, Asmaldra -- that Cabel Wils was a small rupack in a large country called India. This kingdom was not ruled by a king but by many rupack, who were really only merchants like Cabel Mul and Cabel Schils [Schils = Cheyne]. In order to earn more and more money, they sent out many captains in large ships, among them Cabel Wils, to buy, here and elsewhere, trepang, mother-


of-pearl, oil and other beautiful goods. Cabel Wils was unfortunate with his ship. He was shipwrecked not far from Coröre and had to remain many months on Urulong [Ulong] until they had completed a new ship -- You know that island, don't you, Arakalulk? Because Urulong is near Coröre, the people quickly left there to visit the English. Because they are very clever, they made friends with the men from angabard and didn't try to steal the fine things they had brought with them. That pleased the English very much, since they feared they had fallen among cannibals. Is it true, Arakalulk, that here you eat your enemies?"*

"You are an evil man for asking me that. Does the book say so? If so, Cabel Wils has told a barefaced lie. I see that you white people are just as bad as we are."

"0, no, my friend. That isn't there. Elsewhere in the broad ocean, far to the south, there are many people who resemble you Palauans who eat people. The English had feared it was so at first, but soon they had become good friends with the people of Coröre and, as it happened, they helped each other. Now, they began their klökadauel. Arra Kuker [Rechucher] came first, and while he stayed with the English, Cabel Wils' brother went to Coröre in order to visit the chief. /140/ He didn't call himself Ebadul ["Ebadul" is not, as Wilson believed, a name, but the title of the chief of Coröre.] but king of all Palau. Wasn't that clever?"

"Certainly," Arakalulk agreed. "The people of Coröre are 'skilled in politics' (maduch-a-korulau)[meduch er a kelulau] [Literally translated, as are most of the Palauan expressions I use in speeches.]."

"The 'king' soon visited Urulong and very much admired the English possessions. Shortly after his return, the English again became afraid since the people of Coröre weren't as friendly as they had been before. It never amounted to fighting, and after peace was reestablished, Ebadul
requested support from his newly rewon friends against his enemies. Five Englishmen, each armed with a musket, accompanied them in the first battle with Athernal.* By the time the large mussel delivered the war signal, Ebadul had assembled more than one hundred and fifty war amlai. The five Englishmen had spread out and were in the front ranks. After Arra Kuker had given the signal beginning the battle, these five shot their muskets and killed one of the enemy; the others ran away. That was a great victory. On the return trip, people sang songs, and the young girls brought them eilaut and coconuts everywhere they went. In Coröre, the friends from angabard were feasted for two days with dancing and singing. But the state of Athernal was not prepared for this war, and its proud chief would not make peace with Coröre. So there was a second battle. This time, ten Englishmen went, and as they arrived at Athernal, they had more than two hundred large amlai."

"O, Doctor, those were truly great times if so many people could still be called up for war. Now, we can scarcely assemble two hundred war amlai from all over Palau."

"Yes, and the second battle was much bigger than the first. Ebadul himself was there and he gave the signal for battle. But the people of Athernal did not venture out into the ocean but remained ashore. Ebadul then sent his orders with the amlai with the white feathers.* A group of amlai remained concealed behind a point of land. Then the other side attacked. But when the mussel was blown, they all retreated and seemed to want to flee. When the people of Athernal saw that, they emerged and hurried after the enemy. The hidden amlai closed in behind them, the others turned about and the battle began. Many of your friends from Athernal died without knowing why because the people from Coröre made a tumultuous noise, and the others didn't hear the shots although the balls made deep holes in their bodies.
Nine of your people were wounded and captured, among them a rupack. All were killed. Ebadul stopped at all the neighboring states to show the dead enemies. That was a grand victory for him. And the English were again, as before, sung about at the victory celebration in Cordore.

"Athernal was beaten, but its chief wouldn't make peace. So Ebadul declared war a third time. This time the ten Englishmen took along their small muskets as well as one of the large ones, which we call cannons. That was a grand procession of amlai that now moved on against Athernal. From all sides allies hurried over. But Athernal also had asked its /142/ friends for assistance. Surely, your people from Aibukit and Arzmau were there. The fighting itself was still more intense. Cabel Wils doesn't say how many of your people fell, but three Cordore people were killed and forty wounded although they were once again the victors. This finally broke the will of the head chief of Athernal. Peace was made. The fame of Cordore strength and the bravery of the English spread to the south. When Ebadul undertook a war expedition against Peleliu a month later, the people there didn't even try to oppose it, but quickly made peace.

"While this was happening, the other Englishmen finished the ship, and a short time after the expedition against Peleliu, they left. The friendship between Cabel Wils and the Ebadul had grown so firm, that Ebadul sent his son Libu on the journey to become well acquainted with angabard and to learn how to make the fine goods the English made. Libu was happy that he should see for once the strange country. The poor man never saw his son again. In London, an extremely large city where the English live, he died of an illness. But he has returned to Palau if Ebadul has the book of which I speak, since the young rupack is sketched just as he looked in angabard. His bones, of course, rest in a cold strange land. But all of the English didn't leave here. One of them had become very fond of your way of life, remained in
Cordre and received a number of fine articles from his friends at their departure. Haven't you heard anything about him?"

"Of course, but he has been dead for some time," Arakalulk replied. "But tell me, doesn't the book say anything about how Cordre continued to grow more powerful, conquered Arzmau and how /143/ the "Manila men"* came and brought about much misfortune?"

"How could that be in there? The 'book' was written much earlier."

"What a pity that is. I would have liked to have heard from you all that happened among us later. Do you know, Doctor, that our people lie very much and tell many stories, which then make their way through the entire group and which most people believe? Now the people of Cordre always say Ebadul is 'king' of all Palau. But that isn't so. Even the English believed it. They also maintain that their state is the most powerful, but that isn't so either. Even now, when Arzmau is destroyed and Roll is so ruined and even more people die than are born in our state, Cordre has many fewer men than we do in Aibukit. Where were they earlier supposed to have so many people on their small island? For a long time, we feared the muskets and balls that Cordre had. But let them come now! Now we have such muskets and good cannons. If the 'man-of-war' hadn't come, we would've vanquished Cordre long ago. But now, Doctor, we must go. I have already told the rupack of Rallap that we'll be there in two days. And you would like to visit Tabatteldil once more before then."

We broke camp. On the return trip, I often thought at length of the beautiful peaceful Roll, of Libu dead in a foreign land and of the fate that this small people appears to be condemned to irredeemable ruin since their intensive dealings with Europeans. Is that our celebrated cultural mission around the world? That the spread of our civilization requires that we first eliminate those peoples who cannot bear it? Pfui! on the wretches who
Morata-Coello's map of Palau
(found in Die Palau-Inseln.)
clothe their self-interest in the colors of humanitarianism and who sacrifice hecatombs of people without a shiver while not pardoning the "savage" who takes home the head of a beaten enemy as a trophy. Pfui! upon the pitiable creatures who balk at no means to achieve their goals -- remember the opium in China! -- and who do not have the courage to confess that they consider any weapons and any style of fighting legitimate in the struggle for survival. I heartily wish that all those who hold high esteem for the blessing of our culture, so that they believe they can despise all other peoples who have not reached that level. -- Again, I heartily wish they saw their own hearts reflected in the heart of one such "savage." They would certainly recognize, as I have, the decline [See the appendices at the end of this book.] of so many peoples as an inevitable physical necessity, but despite this and just for that reason deplore with me that our culture has to ruin people whom they have no use for to be as fortunate as we are, or even more fortunate!

The planned trip to Rallap was not postponed by any unforeseen event, contrary to expectation. On 21 June, the entire population of Tabatteldil, with the exception of Alejandro who remained behind as a watchman, set off across Aibukit and the heights beyond for the east coast, where I took up my lodgings in the bai of the rupack of Rallap. As usual, Asmaldra hunted doves and ducks with my rifle. Arakalulk always remained with me and faithfully supported me in the beginning of the boring and tiresome work on whose account alone I had undertaken this excursion. On the west coast of the island, my survey of the reef and the channels which separate them had been completed as far as it was possible up until then; as it had seemed necessary for me to be able to start my exploration of the entirely differently formed eastern reef. There lay the outer reef with its mounting breakers
more than a German mile from Tabatteldil in a northeasterly direction. Here from the beach at Rallap one could clearly distinguish the herons that stood on the tips of dry coral blocks at low tide to fish. There by Tabatteldil, a labyrinth of small channels cut through a broad flat drained twice daily at low tide as they all emptied into the main channel there which appears as a small blue stripe at the greatest distance. The deeply running waves at high tide break against the coral walls and dissipated themselves on the upper parts of the outer reef foaming and beheaded. The waves that sometimes knocked against the supports of my house when there was a strong wind reminded me with their short, speedy, frequent blows of similar ones of our fresh water lakes or the land-locked seas, which, without high and low tides, cannot achieve those long swells of the oceans, which seem to bring us news from another world with their powerful, even during complete calms, never sleeping swells. On the contrary, the high tides on the east coast break with unabated power. Their erosive force was indicated by outcrops of black basalt that approached the ocean here and there. Steadily outward from there an enormous quantity of small blocks had been carried as if the rocks overhanging the eroded base finally collapsed from the weight. Between the outer reef which was not as high as that in the west and the actual coast was the reef flat, entirely dry at low tide, with the exception of a few holes. Where the high tide had allowed lively traffic from north to south only a few hours earlier, now the bare sand flats were enlivened by groups of young boys and women who extended their search for edible animals to the nearby outer reef.

Here I decided to begin my work. At first, I measured a line as a base on the beach about 15,000 feet long. Then I attempted to determine in all its particulars the expansion of the reef from north to south as far as was
possible using triangulation and measuring the angles with my theodolite. That was not easy work. My friend Arakalulk remarked more than once that it took the patience of a man from angabard to actually lead such an undertaking to completion. The first measurement of a base line on shore, which I had to mark out partly on the reef because of the projecting basalt outcroppings at low tide, consumed three complete days of work. Then on the projecting corners of the reef and on the highest coral blocks, signal flags had to be placed that would serve as markers for the points from which I had measured the distance of the angles and the angle of elevation of the various hill tops or other landmarks. This required several more days to finish.

Finally, I believed I had reached my goal. On the sixth day, I began to measure the angles to these flags, only a few of which had been upset by the waves, from different points along the base line on shore. I aimed at only the nearest flags in order not to have very sharp angles before I began my calculations. Unfortunately, I had to use pieces of white calico, which all the men there love so much. As I began to measure angles on the third day, full of joy at my soon to be completed work, the most important flags were stolen right before my eyes, so near my goal. As I loudly voiced my bitter displeasure at the council of chiefs at Rallap /147/ I had to content myself with the half-smiling and half-dignified remark that it was not right of me to have led their people, as I had done, to such temptation. If I had been willing to sell them the calico instead of being so mean as to let it be torn by the wind out there, then I could certainly have obtained many fine articles in return. With the painful consolation that people here are the same as in angabard and that they also know very well the old adage of adding insult to injury and act accordingly, I packed my instruments and wandered back to Tabatteldil to begin at last preparations for my trip to Kreiangel.
At my noble dwelling, which had really begun to grow somewhat bad, I had little more to do than pack my collections, diaries and instruments and to pass them on to a trustworthy person so that I could be convinced of their shipment to Manila in case my trip to the north should end badly. I had long ago realized that a trip over open ocean in a slender amlai would offer a few dangers for me, who was less accustomed than the people of these islands to deal with the wet elements. This did not deter me from the venture, but I deliberately left behind my theodolite, sextants, my good clock and microscope; these were, in short, all the instruments that I would not allow their certain baptism by the spraying of salt water. With only a measuring line, signal flags and a compass, I went on my trip. As a watchman over my things, I left my Manila servant Alejandro. My father Krei and his wife, my mother, moved into the house on the day of my departure to protect it from an assault by any enemy whatever. /148/

On 2 July, everything was ready. My bundle was tied. After I had shaken the hands of Krei, his wife, Marisseba and other chieftains -- which they only do with people from angabard -- who had come down to celebrate the departure feast, I wandered to Rallap a second time with my faithful Arakalulk on 2 July. Here we should find an amlai. Of course, it was not there; as one said, it would arrive soon and another -- its owner -- had gone to Roll. That caused a long discussion. I let them gossip, wandered about on the beach, searched for animals and thought I recognized my recently stolen signal flags whenever I met someone wearing a snow-white loincloth.

I had to control my impatience the entire day. The amlai did not come. The setting sun saw me lying dreamily under the palms on the beach. From the half-sleep into which I fell here, I gradually entered the sweetest sleep, which soon enveloped me on the hard floor of the bai of the chiefs.
Arakalulk awoke me with glad tidings early in the morning. "Rise quickly, Doctor. The amlai is here. Cabalabal has also come to go with us, and our people are eating already. Here is your chocolate and fresh bananas. Eat quickly because we would like to leave soon."

I was soon on the beach ready to go. The sun stood slightly above the horizon, and by its light, we could see the waves break on only the highest coral blocks of the outer reef.

"Be quick, people. Lift the amlai so it does not ram that stone. So, now it is swimming, Doctor. Be alert and come along."

We proceeded first a little northwards following the channel but then diagonally towards the reef into the waves, which rose high enough but did not break. Soon this wave splashed into our amlai, then that wave. Then there was a jerk; we had run into a rock, and all the occupants, even Arakalulk, were in the water in a moment, half wading and half swimming. They had previously stowed away their loincloths carefully to guard them against getting wet. We had to go back; the tide had already begun to ebb and the outer reef was impassible this time. Back at Rallap once again, I continued my dolce far niente from the previous day, despite the best idlers from Naples. Now I did just like the visitors to Tabatteldil whenever they slept by the hour in my doorway, di melil. It was really a great pleasure to lie half dreaming, half sleeping under the rustling of the palm trees. In Europe, sleep is a waste of time. In the tropics, it is an integral part of a full life and of the most intense comfort to physical existence.

On the next day, we left even earlier. This time, I made sure my people were aroused at the right time. I had finally had my fill of the everlasting sleeping in Rallap. We looked for a better place farther to the north of the one we had tried yesterday. But even here the waves were still not high enough. We had come to within twenty paces of the outer edge of the reef,
but not without effort and many alarms that an especially large wave or an
unobserved rock had given us. Whoever has travelled on the ocean -- I mean
on a real ocean -- or, instead of dreaming walking on the beach, has observed
the playing of the incessantly undulating waves on shore, knows that
three large waves follow a very low one with regularity on the open ocean and
with less regularity on the beach but still recognizably. The islanders knew
this as well as we did. As far as possible, so that we did not place our
boat directly under the breakers, we approached the outer reef. The
third large wave had already gone by.

"Forward, quickly!" shouts Arakalulk. All hands shove the amlai forward
like an arrow over the dancing waves using long poles. Only a few more
pushes. Stop, turn back. Here comes the wave already. And so peaceful, the
approaching wave curls its especially high peaks, smiling in their apparent
harmlessness. But with every glance, it grows as it approaches, ever nearer,
and more and more threatening, its crest rises. Our people shove the canoe
back with all their might, just as the wave breaks and hurls after us with
a thunderous din; it fizzed and bubbled, annoyed that its prey had escaped.
Only one single small white wisp of its disheveled crest is tossed into our
canoe. Three of them were all it had taken to fill it up. Now the second
wave, which we had no reason to fear, came, then the third.

"Well, why aren't we going out?"

"Patience, Doctor. This time we don't have time. Did you see that that
rock came a little farther out of the water than usual after the large waves
had passed over it? That is a sign that the next one won't be small."
Triumphantly, Arakalulk showed me the curled crest of the wave that, breaking
the rule, rose higher than the preceding ones. The seconds seemed like hours
to me as I observed the play of waves, as eagerly as my friends, in order to
espy the right moment of calm. At last, the time has come. Even Arakalulk
is helping; I also grip a pole and try to push. How the canoe flies! The canoe makes a slight turn. I lose my balance and fall. Luckily, Cabalabal, the helmsman, catches me and only my arm gets wet. But once more the right moment had gone by because the small accident had given the advancing waves a few seconds' headstart. Once again back, then forward. This time we struck a rock. We were close to sinking if the waves had not been dodged early enough. The water had to be bailed out first.

"Are you done? Then forward. Put your might into it. We must succeed now. Hurrah, Doctor, we're on the reef! Do you see the rocks nearby? Forwards, lads, forwards."

The ocean soon rises, the waves swell quite slowly. No one paid attention to them, but they all push the amlai forward never pausing for a moment. At last, Arakalulk looks around with a concerned expression on his face as he stands forward.

"Well, Doctor, we're there," he says with satisfaction, laying down his stick and gripping the rudder. "It was about time. Do you see how rapidly the wave below us is already breaking? Every large wave breaks several times. But as long as we are between the lines of breakers, we can't see around us. The ocean gods don't like that. Now we can raise the mast and put up the sail."

We soon put the white frothy line of breakers behind us. We could still easily make out the corals on the ocean floor although we were already a good nautical mile outside the outer reef. We deliberately navigated far out into the open ocean since the waves powerfully swell up on the gradually rising reef surface and we wanted to reach calmer water on the open ocean. A brisk wind quickly drove us northwards. It was not long before we were allied with the summits of the hills in Aracalong and saw near us to the west the outermost island still encompassed by the reef of Babeldaub. Then
we left this in the south, navigated farther westwards, and at last arrived
at the calm water of the Cossol [Ngkesol, or Kossol] Channel. The bank of
this name has a horseshoe shape. It is in the north and the east
entirely enclosed by the outer reef, which is very elevated here and dry at
low tide. In the south and southwest, entry is possible into the interior,
which resembles a lagoon, even at the lowest tides. The water in the Cossol
Channel is light blue although we cannot discern the ocean floor. Only
occasionally are there isolated rocks that rise perpendicularly to a distance
of 3 to 6 fathoms below the ocean's surface. This is a proof that Cossol is
nothing more than a submarine continuation of the Palauan island group. If
one enters the interior of this horseshoe-shaped reef, these isolated
coralline rocks become more plentiful and finally coalesce, as the ocean
floor quite slowly rises with the inner face of the reef proper. Here we
ate lunch, to which we added a few very large mussels as tidbits. We then
travelled on the northwest side, not without some efforts to wind our way
through the intricate meandering channels, out into the open ocean. A hefty
westerly current welcomed us. But here the drop of the reef along the outer
dge was exceptionally steep. At a distance of only one hundred and fifty
to two hundred steps away from the edge the color of the water was darker
than it was one or two nautical miles beyond the eastern reef and than it was
in Cossol Channel, in which the depth was only supposed to fluctuate from
40 to 60 fathoms according to the charts.

We were already able to make out the high palm trees of Kreiangel
Island, since we were only separated by the broad channel a distance of four
nautical miles from the greatly desired atoll. The wind remained favorable
and drove our amlai speedily over the dark blue, almost blackish, water of the
channel, in which small swirls here and there indicated the strength of the
current as it hurried from west to east. Soon, the individual islands
applied, and we clearly saw the snow-white margin of sand at the feet of
the palm groves and the low bushes, already clearly assuming their
individual shapes. From one of these, curling clouds of smoke ascend.
Life appears among the sandy dunes and rocks; they appear to rise and fall
rhythmically. These are the breaking waves which almost beat against the
foot of the islands. The line of foam draws nearer and as it moves away
from the southernmost island, which we are clearly able to distinguish from
the others. Towards the west, we also notice the foam of breaking waves
but far away from land without a trace of an island. At the southwesternmost
point, sizeable, black blocks rise up among the white crests of the waves.

Could they be blocks of lava? The circle is now completed. Wherever we look,
north or south, east or west, we see a ring of such pure white that only the
feathers of the tropic bird, caramlal, display. A sea enclosed by the
blazing white has a transparent blue and green; its smooth upper surface is
only curled by a gradually fading wind in a few places. We are vigorously
tossed about by the waves of the Pacific Ocean outside as we prepared to
attempt once again the dangerous crossing of the reef. But the water was
too low still. We had to wait anchored to the outer reef for a few hours
until the water at last had risen high enough for us to be able to make a
crossing. The sun was already setting. We were luckier than we had been
that morning. Without incident and on the first try, we succeeded crossing
the reef into the lagoon, and since it was entirely calm, we rowed past the
smaller southern islands toward the only inhabited one in the north with
a loud "Halloh" and accompanied by several other amlai that had come out to
welcome us.

The sun left us already disappearing into her "house" for a night's rest
-- to use one of the images produced by the indigenous fantasy -- /154/
an fiery farewell just as we drew up near the shore. A few minutes later,
the darkest night covered us. But there under the palm trees, appearing to
grow in the darkness like powerful giants in the sky, small glowing points,
like fire-flies, approach the shore. Far in the distance rings the
protracted singing which our people sing in time with the rowing. In an
opening between the dusky palms, which now seem to be suspended over our
canoe, the southern cross shines upon us. Now we are ashore. Everyone jumps
in the water to protect the frail amlai against any accident. In the next
moments, it is securely on the sand. Arakalulk offers his hand to support me
as I jump onto dry land.

"Olokoi, Friend Arakalulk; is it you?" shouts one of the ghostly
shadows, who swing their torches gaily into our faces.

"Yes, indeed, Friend Aruangel [Ngeruangel]. I am here and here is
Doctor, my white brother. He wants to see your islands since he is quite
curious about them. Isn't the chief there?"

"He's been asleep for a long time now in his bai."

"Very well. It doesn't matter. Forward, people. Take these things.
Doctor is tired. So is Gonzalez, a small rupack from Manila, Aruangel,
my friend, who wants to get to sleep immediately."

Before very long, the gentlest sleep engulfed all of us in the bai of
Arakalulk's friend. /155/
The next morning, I paid my first visit to the chief's bai. As dignified as could be, the old man sat next to the entrance in one of the building's gable ends, holding his brilliantly white hussaker [*usaker*] ["Hussaker" means loincloth.] in his hand. According to custom, he invited me with a slight wave of the hand to sit opposite him on the other side of the door. Arakalulk remained a little distance away.

"I have heard much about you," the chief began. "Only yesterday, the people of Cordre came. They told me you wanted to visit us and although you were now such a great rupack in our country, you still collect the stupid animals from the ocean and that you didn't want to live here. Couldn't you become quite powerful in Aibukit?"

"0, yes, that could easily happen. But the people in Aibukit have enough in Piter and don't really want me. Isn't that right, Arakalulk?"

"Entirely possible," my friend replied, agreeing with me and half turning towards a rupack who had just come in, "entirely possible that Marresiba and Krei don't care to keep you. /156/ What they mean is that they aren't able to do anything about Coröre's power."

"Well," interrupted our chiefly patron, "if that's so, then the Doctor..."
would certainly like to stay here. He'll have everything here. Of course, our land is poor and the trees don't grow as well here as in Palau. Only the lius (coconut trees), the calebing1 [chebingel] (papaya) and the maduch [meduu] (breadfruit tree) flourish here. But we must get our tu [tuu] (bananas), bua [buuch] (bonga nuts) and kukau from Aracalong. A few days ago, five amlai went there to buy food."

Intending no harm, I asked the obvious question why they stayed on Kreiangel if there was still abundant space for his few people in Palau. But the old man flared up:

"Olokoi, Doctor. You've been here so long and know our language but don't know I am a chief? And now you mean that I should become a low-ranking rupack in Aracalong? No, no. That's not possible. I want to tell you how my family came here. Then you'll understand what a silly question you asked.

"Before people arrived in Palau, there were here a number of kalid. The entire country was full of them. Their bai were much better than ours are now. Many young women served in them. Their clöbbergöll had numerous men. They were much happier than we are because the 'men-of-war' from angabor still had not come. One of them was especially clever; but I've forgotten his name. He lived in Eirei, quite far from here, but close to Coröre. One day, he proposed to the other kalid that they build amlai to visit Kreiangel. Whichever of them was first to return with a branch from there would own the island. They all aspired to become chief of Kreiangel; they worked furiously on their amlai, which they made from large, heavy trees. But that clever kalid took some entirely rotten wood, bored it out, and bound it with light sedges. Water could no longer leak through the holes. Just as they began the canoe race, his light amlai was picked up by the wind and quickly carried over the hills to Kreiangel. Just as the others came up to the bank of Cossol travelling slowly through
the water, that one met them, already returning from the island with a branch.* He became chief of this land. Then the people of Ngaur arrived, and the kalid all went to heaven. Occasionally, a few of them came here, married our women and sired children. That chief of Kreiangel visited Kaslau and left behind a son, whom he brought to Kreiangel once on a fishing trip in order to assist him with his inheritance. He buried a large kim near a maduch. Later, a man from Reissal came here; he felled the breadfruit tree and claimed, when he returned to Palau, that he had left a sign in Kreiangel showing the island was his property. There was quite a quarrel about that. Both men came here together, and the man from Kaslau had his claim upheld. But he had a kind heart and became reconciled with the other. They both remained here and divided the kingdom. The one from Kaslau raised children /158/ and they had children; among these was my grandfather. Now you clearly see that I am descended from kalid who lived here. And you were foolish to demand that I should move away from the place where I was born."

"Well, take it easy. I intended no harm. But tell me, chief, who told you these nice stories?"

"Told? Look here. There you can read it." With his finger he pointed to the side of the highest supporting beam in the rafters, which crossed the building at the height of a man and on which the story just told was represented in the clearest way on the broad side facing us.

"On these beams, and outside on the gables, we carve our old and new stories. Many of them are very old, and we can't understand them now. But we always copy them in the same way because we believe that they came especially from the kalid. If we people had made them, we'd surely be able to explain them. If you have the desire to learn, Doctor, I'll explain a few of them."
"0, yes, of course, chief. But later. I must go now and tour your kingdom. I've much to do here." Accompanied by my companions from Aibukit, I thereupon began my trips around the island.

As usual, the bai here stood on a large rectangular paved open square on which a few coconut trees raised themselves in an artistic way, while all around it spread the thickest shrubbery, over which towered the papayas and breadfruit trees. We followed one of the paved paths that led through the thicket and soon came upon a quite large open area, whose interior was occupied by a reservoir provided with a carefully walled curb. A crowd of young boys and a few older men were bathing there. The water was completely fresh. Among the plants and grasses that abundantly grew all around it, a great number of swamp snails crawled. In the reservoir lived two varieties of the most characteristic and common snails (melania) in the tropical part of the eastern hemisphere. I asked one of the bathing men if the water was usually so drinkable.

"0, no," he answered. "The reservoir is so full now because it has rained a lot. Our wells are also now quite full. Surely, you've seen them? Almost every bai has one. They're very deep, and we drink their water. But here we only bathe. But if rain doesn't fall for some time, the water here sinks continually and becomes salty. But it's still drinkable. It is really never lacking. Only sometimes is it quite bad. If the wind blows from the southwest for a long time, then the ocean often becomes very high. During severe storms, the ocean sometimes floods the whole island. After that happens, we have drinking water that's salty for a few days. But the next rain, usually coming with the same wind, soon makes it fresh again. Now, we haven't had high seas for some time but much rain has fallen. That's why the water tastes so good. What do you want here, anyway?"
"Friend, you would not understand," said Arakalulk quickly. "Doctor is an important rupack. He's brought many beautiful articles to buy mussels. If you bring him some of the beautiful red shells [The *Cypraea aurora* is only found in this island group on Aruangl [Ngeruangel].] found on Aruangel, he'll give you a new hussaker."

"Really?" he asked, looking at me doubtfully. "Is it true? I want to get my new hussaker soon."

"Yes, indeed, my friend. If you take me to the island yourself, I'll give you six more pieces and some rice. Talk to your friends about it and give me their answer. When I'm finished with my work here, then we'll go to Aruangl."

We continued our journey. Just past the reservoir, the paved path was lost in heaps of coral and mussel shells, which were all over the ground and over which a little humus had only been created in shallow recesses or under the protection of large trees. The surface seemed to be entirely flat. Only as we approached the eastern boundary -- we clearly heard the increasingly loud roar of the surf -- did the land raise itself into a wall several feet high, which marked the farthest reach of the vegetation. Long rows of large coral blocks were heaped up on its 15 to 20 feet wide ridge. Everywhere we could see marked signs that the ocean, though now ebbing, had beaten hard against this wall a few hours ago. But now the reef lay dry and we observed the waves break against the coral blocks on the outer reef only a few hundred steps away. An arduous march across the dead reef flat completely covered by an entirely changed coralline limestone brought us around to the northern point of the island on the shore of the lagoon where the outer reef directly merges with it. An *amlai* lay ready at our disposal. The easterly, somewhat brisk, wind did not disturb the mirror-like surface of the sea and the tall palm trees were reflected in their idle, self-
satisfied movement. The water was as clear as crystal, a sky blue and an
emerald green in shallower areas where white coral sand covered the bottom,
or a dark green in deeper areas overgrown by seaweed. It might have been
that the water went as deep as ten fathoms in the middle. Even the smallest
objects on the ocean floor could all be recognized. Here an appealing coral,
there a large worm or a mussel, attracted my attention. In vain, I asked
my companions /161/ to get them for me. It was always because the water was
too deep. Suddenly, before I suspected why, three of them dove into the ocean
at once. After a few seconds, Cabalabal emerged with a large, at least three-
foot long holothurian.

"That's nice of you, friend," I called out to him,"to have brought me
that animal."

"That isn't for you, Doctor. I'll cook it and give it to Cabel Mul. If
I find a few more of these, he'll certainly give me a new piece of calico."

"Well, that's alright. But next time when I want an animal, you must
get it for me. Now I know you're able to do so."

Soon we were again on the beach of Kreiangel Island. This time we
landed on its southwest point, where it is separated from the neighboring
island of Naruingus [Ngeriungs] by a channel (dry at low tide) coming from
the lagoon gradually and losing itself in the reef. Here were extended sand
flats furrowed by countless burrowing snails, which bored more deeply into
the sand to escape the parching sun. I packed off Arakalulk and his
companions to look for these snails. But I lie myself on the beach
underneath the shade of a majestic old barringtonia, whose roots have sunk
down deeply into the ocean but which still tower over the sand in some
places. The most welcome quiet lay on the latter's bluish green surface.
Agitated currents of air rise from it up towards the sun, which is at its
zenith. The tallest tree tops tremble, lightly rustling in the fading wind;
the surf grows ever more subdued. Complete calm pervades the landscape. My mussel searchers have disappeared from the beach; they take advantage of my revery for their midday rest. The crowing of the roosters and the cackling of the hens has ceased long ago. Nowhere in the air do seagulls play as usual. A sleeping turtle floats on the sea safe from its enemies, who lie sleeping in their dwellings. Only under the leaves of the trees, which are still illuminated by the sun, are flies playing in arrow-quick, leaping flight. On the beach, a land crab crawls by carefully, near my feet, towards the lagoon to have mussels for lunch.

Curious: On the morning of 6 July, my birthday, I arose trembling with longing for my homeland and the painful recollection that my fiancee had not heard from me at all. She, who had expected me back a long time ago, had perhaps already given up on me since I had been gone for three more months than we had agreed. Thoughts of her and all my loved ones never left me all day despite the most strenuous work with which I tried to distract myself. But with the fatigue that now stole over nature under the blazing sun, a peaceful joy came upon me. At last I fell asleep, thinking with a patient resignation of the happy reunion.

When I awoke, it was quite lively all about me on the beach. The people, of course, still slept, but the more active animals continued in the renewed struggle for existence. Apparently, the same large land crab as before creeps past me that had scurried off to the reef earlier. The rising water has already reclaimed its hunting ground, but it appears satisfied with its catch for today. Sometimes, it stands still and digs into the sand with its claws. That is apparently a small worm that it shoves between its constantly opening and closing bovine feet for a snack. Now it again approaches me. It disappears into a hole in an old tree between
stones and dry earth. Sand fleas leap and dance in groups all around me. The rising water also drives them away, just as it did that land crab. They appear to play but on looking closer, I see that they also seek their prey in the rotten wood. Here lies a dead worm, around which they spring, eating and sampling it. Sprightly common crabs drag along their stolen homes. These seem to be unlucky; they cannot avoid their enemies, like the nimble crabs, and still less are they able to defend themselves, like the large land crabs with their powerful claws. Necessity is the mother of invention even among animals. At the slightest disturbance, they withdraw into their shells and close the openings to their dwellings with one of the claws so completely that it is difficult for a bird's beak to reach their soft body. But if it has a claw too small to cover the opening completely, then the crab can quickly lose its arm. They have the enviable trait of being able to grow new ones, more beautiful than before. How these hermits could laugh at helpless man! The water rises ever higher and eventually forces me to retreat. The hermit crabs, which apparently live ashore, crawl up into the tree and into the clefts behind it and with them at the same time go a multitude of large and small beach snails. They are a boring group, apathetic and fearful, carefully reaching out in front with their feelers. They also disappear among the holes between the roots of the tree. I reaped a rich bounty of different sorts as I dug for them. In the deepest part of the burrow, I found an entire family of one such beach snail (melampus) which appeared to guard in pleasant harmony the numerous companions of a large mass of their small irregularly, piled up eggs -- The rising sea now reached this far. Since Arakalulk came over, finally, still half asleep, I gave the order to break camp and end our first orientation on Kreiangel's soil.

We arrived at the bai quite exhausted near sunset. An unusual unrest
had come over the people. An old rupack sat at the entrance and gesticulated; his speech was so emphatic that I could only understand disconnected bits of it. I heard Cordre and armungul and clöbbergöll. From these and other words, I concluded that during my walk, something had happened that the people had apparently feared for some time. A clöbbergöll from Cordre had arrived three days before I did, ostensibly to visit their friends on the island. But their real purpose was to abduct a few young women. They lacked armungul for their bai. Since Kreiangel had to be content under the sway of the powerful confederation in the south ever since Wilson's time, the people there were not inclined this time to thwart their intentions. It had quickly found young girls, attracted by the free and easy life. Using the silent language of the eyes, they had quickly agreed upon a meeting place with the Cordre men. Now the parents complained and acted disorderly because it was no longer possible to catch up with the thieves, who had left at noon, and to retrieve the captured women. That rupack had lost a daughter also. I was genuinely sorry for that old man, who seemed to be gripped by deep anguish. I went over to him, and since I did not know his rank, I innocently asked him what his name was. Now he turned his anger on me.

"You're quite a foolish man (dangering) lakad [dengerenger el chad])," he addressed me angrily. "Perhaps you are a kalid since you talk such rubbish? Don't you know /165/ that it's mugul to ask 'What's your name?' [The same custom prevails among the Malayans on Sumatra. (Marsden, History of Sumatra, p. 286).] Should I first teach you, the great rupack from angabard and from Aibukit what our good manners are? You walk erect in the bai. That's mugul. Only the kalid do that. We men bow before them, just as before the head rupack. Wearing a hat on your head is also mugul. Take it off and sit down as you should."
I was quite amazed at such words. It was the first time an islander had been so insistent that I follow the local code of conduct. For Arakalulk's sake, I could not let that pass. I, therefore, interrupted him and explained to him, as well as I could, bluntly that I, as a rupack from angabard, am exempt from their laws and I was not the least bit afraid of their kalid.

"We're accustomed to walk and sit erect. Everyone does as he pleases. If you ever visit my country, you can, for all I care, sit on the ground as you do here, though we don't. If you can squat among us, why can't I stand among you? Be assured that I'll do as I please. Now, I'm tired and going to sleep."

For quite some time, I still heard the old man scold me and the people of Cordère, we who had caused him so much grief today.

On the following day, my companions began the measurement with heavy hearts. I started on Kreiangel Island, which required us two complete days to measure using a measuring line and compass. On 9 July, we travelled /166/ over to Ngariungus early in the morning in order to survey it. It bore the same characteristics of geology and flora as Kreiangel. But the breadfruit trees and palms were much less numerous, as a proof that people had never settled here for a long time. Now, not even one hut was on the island. But my friend Aruangl, who had become my friend because he was Arakalulk's close friend and who accompanied me on all my trips, including this one, told me a number of stories about Ngariungus. Here on this jutting point a kalid had lived, whom he even had known. Over there, a giant cassibuco [kesebekuu] [A kind of sea eel which also plays a not insignificant part in their legends.] was caught, which more than 50 men had all they could do to drag ashore. Here was a sacred tree, honored by himself and his family. In that rock crevice a large sea snake nested every year. It was the kalid of their chief and, for that reason, was held in high regard. But I was most interested in
what he said about the east coast of the island. Approximately in the middle of the island, the land receded a great deal and formed a crescent-shaped lagoon lying on the reef itself, which might have about one and a half fathoms of water in the deepest spots at low tide. Out of it, a uniformly wide, completely straight channel led perpendicularly through the reef out into the open sea; it had apparently been cut into the reef artificially. That might have happened long ago -- about the third decade of the century -- a ship from Manila anchored there just by the outer reef for a week. The captain carried on trade for balate which he could buy cheaper and at better quality than in the south. The place where his camarin had stood on the bank of the lagoon mentioned /167/ across from the boat channel was pointed out to me by Aruangel. This captain had probably been the one who carved the channel in the reef; now it was again almost entirely filled up. That was a good time for the people. They acquired many pieces of calico, large iron cooking pots, knives, hatchets, even a few rifles and some powder.

Ebadul of Coröre did not like that at all; his single political aim ever since Wilson's time was to make himself ruler of the entire island group. He knew how to get the good service of a man from Kreiangel with money. This man, ostensibly concerned for the welfare of his and his crews' lives, told the captain of the ship that the people of Kreiangel had agreed upon a plan to cut off ["To cut off" is the English jargon for the seizure, plundering and destruction of a merchant ship by pirates.] his ship on one of the coming nights. This served to drive away the deceived sailor. But instead of going south as Ebadul had hoped, he left the group entirely and went to Yap (Eap) lying to the northeast; Palauans are well acquainted with it as Bölulakap [Belulechab], that is, the island of ashes. [This name indicates volcanic origin and eruptions in Yap in historical times. Earthquakes are supposed to be quite common there. I never experienced one
in Palau; Palauans also told me that they were quite rare.] Ebadul had to abandon his hope of attracting them south. But the *ultima ratio* [last resort] of the chiefs there offered him the means for revenge near at hand. An islander cannot resist a bribe of a piece of indigenous money, as he can one of a musket or powder. The Yapese also had for a long time their own money, which consists of discs of aragonite found in southern Palau /168/ and whose acquisition they have not been deterred from by the dangerous journey there. The larger the discs are, the greater their worth. Since they know the dangers of the trip so well, they try to take along as many stones as possible. Naturally, the open canoe often sinks much lower than it often should because of its heavy cargo. But their love of the money is so great that they will throw away all their food during a storm before they throw away one stone; they prefer to go down with them than to give up their hard-earned money. One such aragonite disc of great worth, Ebadul sent to the ruler of Yap as payment for a favor he asked of him. The ship was now actually "cut off" by the numerous and brave inhabitants there. The entire crew was massacred and the ship completely destroyed! Later, I had this story confirmed by Captain Woodin, who had become familiar with those islands while trading for trepang and sandalwood in the 1830s. He also knew plenty to tell me about the trickery with which the people of Corôre knew how to attract foreign merchants to their harbor, Malakka. He personally, as a result of the involuntary selfish competition of Captain Cheyne, was able to put off the shackles that he had allowed to be laid on him as a result of Ebadul's numerous visits up until 1860.

Good news greeted us upon our return. The five *amlai* had returned from Aracalong full of food. They had also brought news from Aibukit, and Arakalulk gave me no peace until I went with him to the chief in order to
learn about them first hand from him. This evening the chief was apparently in a very good mood. He enumerated for me all the fine articles that he had acquired in Aracalong with a single large piece of money. From Cabel Mul, his people had also obtained a few goods for beautiful turtle shell, which they brought along. They accidentally ran into the old man in Aracalong. That was an important discovery for me and Arakalulk. How did our captain, whom we had last seen busily hammering and sawing away on his rotting ship reach Aracalong? Both of us thought it was scarcely believable. Perhaps the chief was right when he remarked that Cabel Mul had probably gone on a trading trip with his boat.

"He will certainly come here also, then we'll buy many fine things from him. I still have turtle shell and some trepang. In the morning, I'll send all my people out to hunt for turtles. I've also got some oil ready for Era Kaluk. He'll be very pleased with it. You men from angabard are certainly clever people, almost as intelligent as our kalid. We've known about coconut oil for a long time. But we didn't know that the people in your country used it for all kinds of things. Cabel Mul first taught us about it. He was the first to buy oil in Palau. That's why he's also known as "Mr. Oil (Ear Kaluk)!"

"But then Cabel Mul was smarter than your kalid, if they really are such who live among you and whom you always refer to in that way."

"O, yes," remarked the unruffled chief. "Yes, those are also kalid. But they are also people at the same time who have lost their ordinary understanding and received a little from the real kalid. That is why we honor them because they say what the kalid really think. But the gods who now live with the sun in her house or in heaven are still much more intelligent than those. If such a real kalid had lived among us, he would have told us long ago that we could sell much oil to white people for a lot of money."
You all have your fine articles, the large ships, the rifles and iron from your kalid. Do you really believe Cabel Mul would have been smart enough to build such a large ship if he had only had a small amlai with a mast and a sail? One of our kalid did just that. You can plainly see he was smarter than Cabel Mul."

"Well then, who was this smart kalid?" I eagerly asked the old man.

"I'll tell you about it. It's a good story. Tomorrow after it's bright, you can read it there, on that beam.

"It was long ago at a time when the people here only had a small, heavy amlai with which they travelled slowly on the ocean. They only had oars to propel it. You can imagine how hard it was, Doctor, to catch turtles and chase the swift rul. People then were just as dumb as we are now because the kalid had ascended into heaven long ago. One day a man named Coreom [Oreomel] (that is, forest) came over the hills to Rolllekl [Ollei], heavily laden with ropes, bamboo and other odd items. The poor man appeared exhausted. But he was quite pleased to observe that the villagers of Rolllekl were just about to push their amlai into the water. They intended to hunt a rul and to catch other fish. Coreom asked the first ones to launch a canoe to let him go along. But they refused him in a huff and set off. The next ones did the same. Only the last one, a puny amlai with two people, accepted him. As he proceeded to get on with all of his heavy cargo, they hesitated and remarked that he should leave his rigging ashore. But Coreom reassured them and said he would show them how they could travel quickly. He took his bamboo pole, propped it up to serve as a mast and secured the sail with the ropes. He taught them the art of sailing. Although they were the last to set out, they were the first by a long shot to return with an abundant catch from fishing, whereas the first ones returned only slowly and worn out by the hard rowing. The knowledge of sailing quickly spread throughout the islands.
But Coreom was a person and just as clever as your other people from angabard. He himself did not invent the mast and sail. One day, he had seen a sailing amlai steered by a real kalid and from him had learned how to sail. So you see that this kalid was smarter than Cabel Mul. If real kalid still lived on the islands, he would certainly have shown us how to sell oil to you long before Cabel Mul came to Palau."

"You were quite right, chief. That's a splendid tale. In the morning, show me the carving for it, since I have to stay at home because I've slightly injured my feet. Good night."

The following day, my feet were not any better so that I had, to my dismay, to stay inside, while Arakalulk and his people went out searching for shells. Although my brother was most willing and prepared to help me, he was obviously exhausted by this continual hunt for animals and measurement of the island. His servants already were making long faces. The work really was so out of the ordinary for them and they had already been away from home for too long. Since I had to stay inside, they suddenly appeared to be quite busy. But I knew very well what was behind it. Arakalulk promised me to keep them working. But his authority was not enough to prevent the working day from becoming a half holiday. They believed they themselves had the right to do this since I was able to rest. When I asked one of them whether he wanted to bear my wounds in order to remain indoors, his companions remarked they would gladly do so if they could. That would help us all. I complained about the wounds, whose pain they would so much like to bear, and they could then stay comfortably inside and sleep, while I would have the distinct pleasure of making myself exhausted. Against such arguments nothing prevailed. So I ordered them to go to work at once in order not to be backed into a corner even more. I tried to heed their good advice myself, of course, with bad results. Too eager to complete
the work, which already had begun to be somewhat tedious to me as well, and upset by the report of Woodin's adventuresome trip to Aracalong, Aibukit's enemy, my adroitness to be able to sleep at any time of day left me in the lurch.

Luckily, my loneliness did not last very long. A visit by high-ranking women soon rustled down upon me. I soon saw myself surrounded by a circle of brown beauties, among them the wives of both chiefs, the minister and other high-ranking men. I must have been very hospitable to them since they remained for hours, playing with the articles I had given them or questioning me about the wonderful countries in the west from which all the white people came. I also had to eat lunch in their presence. After lunch, the official visit of the men was made. Both chiefs came in the lead. But they did not sit down next to each other at the same door, but facing each other. That was demanded by the custom which neither in the least ever offended. Then the remaining chieftains of the island, in a goose step one after another, followed by the young men of the common people, richly laden with gifts. In silence, bananas, pots of eilaut, coconuts and kukau, raw and cooked, and sweet but hard almond pastries were placed in front of me. Just as noiselessly, upon my wish, they carried all these gifts over to the corner of the bai where I had bedded down. I had grown tired conversing with the women and was also not in a very good mood. For that reason, I permitted these good folk their silent dignity and gave only short answers when questioned. They soon realized I wanted to be left alone. Just after they had left the bai, again in a long column, Arakalulk arrived with his catch, which furnished sufficient food for my interest until it was time to sleep.

Until 13 July, I was forced to stay indoors to let my feet heal completely before I went about my troublesome work. On 14 July, I began early in the morning an exact measurement of the northern half of Kreiangel
Village map of Aibukit (Ngebuked)  
(from Krämer, Palau, Vol. II.)
Island. The next day, I crossed over to its outer northern and southern reefs. My people already began to grow downright ill-tempered. As long as we measured the island only with a measuring line, the most they had to fear was the rain, which was now in the habit of falling daily with the southwest wind. But on the reefs, pinna mussels and sharp coral blocks cut their feet. At all moments, one of them fell in a hole as he walked backwards to set up a signal flag according to my hand signals. When that happened, they were annoyed by more than the accident itself. They saw their beautiful new loincloths, which they had taken along to make a big show, half spoiled by the salt water. In short, my servants grew increasingly tired every day. Impatient for the work to wind up, I paid no attention to their sullen faces and urged them on with ridicule and constantly renewed promises. On 16 July, a big storm blew in, accompanied by incessant tropical rains. The forced inactivity in the bai now made my friends still more rude than they already were. Nothing seemed to please them anymore even sleep, which they thoroughly understood and which they apparently numbered among their entertainments. Scarcely had they lain down to sleep, than they jumped up again. They sat whispering to each other; some went out, as it seemed, to go into the village but always shortly returned. A strange restlessness had seized them. Finally, at sunset -- Arakalulk was out visiting his wife there -- Cabalabal came to me and sat close to me.

"Doctor," he began, "we're very tired."

"I believe you, friend. You'll sleep all the better for it tonight."

"I'm not sure, Doctor. I've tried to sleep but couldn't. I'm too tired. The others say the same thing. Will the work be over soon?"

"I don't know. If you're quick, it'll go quickly. But if you work as you have so far, it'll take four or five more days."
"Olokoi, Doctor, have we already been away from Aibukit for a whole month? What a long trip! Bad weather is on its way and you still want to visit Aruangl. No, Doctor, we're really too tired for that. It's so boring here in Kreiangel. And we've all had bad luck. Aideso is the only one who's found a pretty young woman."

"I'm sorry but can't help you. See here, I'm just as tired as you are. My feet ache all the time, and my food doesn't taste right since I haven't any more chocolate, plum pudding or tea. But I still want to finish my work. Are you all as tired as Cabalabal?" I carelessly enough asked the others, who had moved closer during our conversation.

"Certainly, Doctor," was the unanimous reply, "even more so than Cabalabal. He's only had to cook /175/ your meals and our meals." That gave them courage. Such a wave of pleas, threats and complaints began that I soon did not know how to resist. It was always, "We're too tired." Because I myself was worn out, I finally let myself be persuaded to promise to give the order to depart for home on the next day. With one stroke, all discontent vanished. With joyful shouts, they all leapt to their feet, rushing out -- no rupack were there at the time -- to bring their friends the welcome news.

Almost instantly, Arakalulk came in, quite amazed by the unaccustomed noise.

"We're leaving for home tomorrow, Arakalulk," calls Cabalabal to him.

Without paying any more attention to him, he came over to me. "Is it true, Doctor?"

"Yes, I've just promised your people."

"Really? I wouldn't have thought that of Cabalabal. I must tell you something. The people have said that they're tired. And that's true. I'm tired too. It's boring doing the work you want us to do. But we also get tired during a makesang, or when we hunt the fast rayfish and travel in our
amlai during a storm. But we're accustomed to that and we know why we're doing it. How can your work help us? We're only tired of it and take no pleasure in it. Several people say you must be a crazy man to wear yourself out for nothing. You'll certainly become a kalid. I don't believe that, Doctor. But I'm also tired of your work and I'd be glad to go home."

"Well, that'll happen in the morning," I half-heartedly interrupted my friend. "Be as happy as the others. Why are you looking at me so angrily?"

"I'm not mad at you, but I'm not happy either. I don't believe you really want to go home. I know that you take great pleasure in your work -- I'm too stupid to understand it -- but just by looking at your face I can see you are very pleased writing down in the evenings in your journal what you have done during the day. I've seen you sad while the others were happy. And I think you're still not finished with your work. Tell me, Doctor, are you done or not?"

"No, Arakalulk, I'm not. So what? The people are tired and don't care to work anymore. So let's go."

"For now, we'll stay here. Cabalabal and the others must listen and work if I say so. As for you, Doctor, you're a bad one to want to give up your work. You've already told me about how you work in angabard. -- I probably didn't understand it all. But you've told me about the chain that secures the ship. You said your work was like that, and I understood that. But now, you say you're missing some links from the chain and don't want to add them? That's wrong of you, and I won't allow that. I want to see you happy again. I know you'll only be happy when you've really finished your work."

Now my friend, to whom I held out my hand deeply touched, began to upbraid his men. Then he was easy on them and tried to pacify their complaints. It turned out that they came to me and promised to be faithful to me for as long
as was necessary to finish the work.

"Don't you see that I'm right, Doctor?" Arakalulk called out happily. "Now, you've got a cheerful face again. Before you looked quite troubled. Now, we'll get some sleep so we can begin early in the morning. If we all work quickly, perhaps we'll finish before noon. What do you say, Doctor?"

"That's quite possible. I'm sure of it, if you work efficiently."

The next day, we started well before dawn. To the pleasant surprise of our men, we climbed into the amlai. Now they were in their element and we travelled across to the western side of the lagoon with rapid strokes of the oars. The quiet of the morning lay over the ocean. The high spring tide had completely covered the deeply lying western outer reef. Only by a gentle rising of the waves, could we detect the places where the waves usually foam and break. As the sun rose fiery red out of the morning mist, we found ourselves rocking over the forest laden with the most varied flowers and fruits of the underwater reef. We measured the reef in zig-zag fashion, going outside the reef then back inside. After I had made a final toss of the sounding line at a particularly steep descent of the reef, a few white locks from the majestic rising waves warned us that the ocean was ebbing and that it was high time to pull back into the lagoon if we did not want to forfeit this day's work. My men went to work with redoubled speed, after I told them that we only had to take soundings of the lagoon itself. We were helped by a complete calm and blazing sunshine. How our amlai sped from one station to another! If a small cloud appeared anywhere on the horizon, one was always ready with a highly comical passion to conjure it to carry its rain elsewhere, while the others dipped their oars with redoubled power into the water. They scarcely took a half-hour rest at noon to eat their cold
food. Then they went on, encouraging one another with shouts and cheers.

"Just three more times back and forth, friends, then I think we'll be done." Their shouts became ever more unrestrained as did their work. But they did not lose the timing of their rowing.

"How many fathoms, Arakalulk?"

"Four," is the answer.

"Forward!" The canoe shot over to Ngariungus with the speed of a gale.

"Halt. Throw the lead. Finished? Then onwards!" Again, we were on the western reef. Then, all at once, close to the southermmost island. Finally, the plummet was thrown for the last time in the vicinity of those black blocks that towered up from the dry reef at the southern tip of the atoll.

"Hurrah, Arakalulk, the chain is forged! Let's go over to the reef to examine those rocks, then go home." An hour later, we pulled jubilantly into Kreiangel with long triumphant rowing. Now, we were going home! I was even overcome with a certain longing for that Aibukit. It appeared to bring me a step closer to the aim that, in many quiet moments, seemed to promise the sweetest reward for my lengthy and difficult travels. But I did not suspect how far from it I still was!

The following day, I sent for the people who had promised to take me to Aruangel. At first, they did not show up. After they had come after many summonses, they had all kinds of excuses: the weather was too bad; they were not outfitted for a long trip. One had a sick father, another's son lay on his death bed. My annoyances and rebukes were in vain. Even the exorbitant reward I offered them failed to conquer their unwillingness. I almost thought that one of my people had given them money to strengthen their resolve to refuse. If so, they completely attained their goal. I gave up on Aruangel and ordered the return trip to Aibukit the next day (19 July). We were still quite busy to pack my collections and receive the farewell
visits of the two chiefs in the afternoon. Since their villages were somewhat widely separated, it took much time. My people, in the meantime, ran about as though insane and savage. Their coming and going lasted until late at night. Even so, we were finished with all our preparations, and settled on leaving as early as possible the next morning.

It was a miserable morning. Heavy drops of mist descended as I left the bai to go to the beach, where I had already sent my people on ahead. I slowly strolled there through the woods. I knew that I would still arrive too soon. I was almost sorry to leave this island, which I had longed so much to see. The sumptuous palm trees appeared to be more beautiful than before despite the poor lighting. I finally made the beach, where I was greeted with the news that we could not leave just yet. It was not the weather that hindered us this time, but a love story of the local variety. Aideso, an alert, handsome young man, was the Don Juan who had turned the head of one of the island's beauties. Up until now, all the others had envied him. But now that it was time to go, he had to pay the price for his good luck. He had gone to the shore quite early. But even before Arakalulk had arrived there, the girl's father demanded a piece of money as a dowry for his marrying his daughter -- she was now regarded as Aideso's wife on Kreiangel. The rascal did not have any money. He had to be content with being collared by the nape of his neck unceremoniously by his enraged father-in-law and hauled into the village. My people said that, once there, he would be tied to a tree. That was always how law breakers were treated. If his father did not come to ransom his life with a piece of money before sunset, his life would be forfeited. Since I was his father, it was up to me, according to custom, to free him if that was possible. Arakalulk had already gone into the village to see what he could do about it. Naturally, I quickly ran back. Although I was upset that my beloved
lad had robbed me of valuable hours of high tide, I could not help feeling sorry for the poor, bound lover. Close to the village, he, Arakalulk and a few others walked towards me. He shyly slid past me and hurried down to the beach, while I asked my brother about the reason for this speedy and quite unexpected satisfactory outcome.

"Well," he replied, "it's quite simple. You really should've paid the father some money, but the rupack fear you. And when I said you'd be angry if Aideso wasn't set free, the chief remarked, 'The Doctor isn't from around here and doesn't know our customs, otherwise he would've forbidden Aideso to marry the girl. Since he's not really guilty -- since fathers must see to it that their children don't do anything foolish here in Palau.' So they let him go free this once."

"And you didn't actually pay money for him?" I distrustfully asked my friend.

"Certainly not. They let him go because they're afraid of you."

I learned later that Arakalulk had ransomed him with money. He only confirmed this after protracted pressure. After I offered to pay him back with powder in Aibukit, he scolded me for wanting to pay him for a service he had rendered as my brother. /181/

A variegated bit of glass or the handle of an old (Chinese?) pot plays the same role here that gold and silver fill elsewhere. Even here, a young beauty may sigh, "O, we poor people, thirsting after gold upon which all depends!" And here also, possessions yield courage. The power of money appears much more obviously among these people than among us because of the greater simplicity of all social relationships, and the need to keep the laws of the land as constant as possible by means of tradition will emphasize the important moment. Even in the course of centuries, the ancient custom
of being able to redeem a death sentence with money, or its equivalent, has
not changed here, as well as among other peoples. Just as it was among the
old Germans in earlier times, every crime has its fixed value in the shard
money. Every crime, regardless of how minor or major it is, is punished with
death unless atoned for with its worth in money. The highest fines, it
appears, are for crimes against married women. And a married man, in cases
where he surprises his rival in flagranti [in the act] has the right to
murder him as an atonement and to refuse the offered money if he wants to.
Prisoners are also always killed. Furthermore, the kind of money it takes
to ransom a prisoner is so rare that only occasionally can one thank one of
these bits of glass for saving his life. Money plays an even more important
part in family life here. Since, as said above, the oldest one in the family
-- always called father -- is responsible for all the actions of his
children and his grandchildren, every man strives to marry women, if possible,
from rich families because any crime that his wife commits furnishes him
with money. On the other hand, the father also tries /182/ to get his girls
to marry wealthy men since he tries to twist every argument between his
daughter and his son-in-law, so that the father of the son-in-law, who is
responsible for his son's actions, satisfies him with money. Johnson once
dispasionately told me, when I asked him why he has so many wives, namely
four, and why he changed them so often, that he did it to make money and
always to have people working for him.

This interlude cost me no money, only yet another day since the water
was already too low for us to cross the reef when we reached the southernmost
island around noon. On the next day, a most irregular tide set in --
entirely in keeping with the increasingly strong monsoon -- so that we again
missed the proper hour. On the third day, we again made a futile attempt.
We were heartily pleased as a high tide and gentle southwest wind allowed
us to cross the reef on our fourth try on 22 July. The palm trees on Kreiangel did not appear to be as lovely anymore. My view was now directed with real longing towards Aibukit, lying some distance ahead of us. Directly to the south, we could make out from our amlai the Mamadu just barely standing above the ocean [Mamadu might be the northernmost hill of Babeldaob, Ngedech near the village of Ollei.]. Our trip was proceeding too slowly for our impatience. The nearer we got to home, the more concerned we were that old Woodin's trip to Aracalong was not strictly a trading voyage but some kind of adventurous outing that could quite possibly have ended in catastrophe. What was I supposed to do if my captain was dead and his ship booty for the enemies from Aracalong? The easterly current continually drove us towards the eastern edge of the miles-long bank of Cossol, so that we were compelled to turn into the weak contrary winds in heavy seas. /183/ The sun was already high and we still found ourselves east of the outer reef of this atoll. At last, it sank into the ocean and at somewhat after 4 o'clock, we might have reached the middle of the Cossol Channel north of Urocur [Ngerechur Island] -- still at least three full nautical miles from the small channel which breaks through the northern tip of the reef around Babeldaub. Gradually, the wind picked up and constantly shifted farther to the west. At the same time, heavy dark thunderclouds gathered on the western horizon. With increasing speed, gray rain covered the blue sky and sun. Long before 5 o'clock, the night appeared to have fallen upon the ocean. On the powerful waves, omens of the coming storm, our amlai soared along, just like sea gulls that are tired of flying rest on them. The sky grew ever darker. Thick raindrops fell; a sudden calm prevailed. It would have taken little more to throw our mast and rigging overboard.

"Quickly, people," calls Arakalulk. "The wind's soon coming. Quickly reef the sail. Tie the last knots. It'll be a fierce storm. Be alert now."
There's the channel. How the surf boils!

Now the gale roared down, scourging our faces with thick tropical drops and shoving our frail amlai towards the reef with racing swiftness. I vainly tried to discern the opening in it. Everything seems to be one unbroken line of white froth. But Arakalulk stands quite calmly in the bow of the canoe, signalling with his hands or barking out brief, shrill orders above the storm's fury. The canoe surely obeyed every command given by my faithful friend, untroubled by the danger that draws nearer and nearer! /184/

"That's foolhardiness. We're lost!" I faintly call, yet full of confidence.

Forward, ever farther with increasing speed, up on the waves or through them -- from all sides, spume sprinkles all over us and into the amlai. Two people are constantly busy, bailing water. Now the breakers are east of us. The sun has almost set. I hear the roar of the surf above the storm before I see the waves again. Now they are to the right, just ahead, and behind us, all over! With my hands, I can grasp the spume that breaks on the motionless cliffs. The wind howls, and the mast groans under its pressure. There are no longer drops of rain from the sky, but veritable streams hurling down. All around the waves pile up in the wildest chaos. The sun has long since returned to her house for the night -- But Arakalulk stands calm and assured in the front of the canoe. Just as calmly and assuredly, Cabalabal manages according to his orders. Wait. Aren't the waves getting smaller? Aren't the lines of foam from the breakers retreating? Yes. We're through the channel!

But the gale still continues for an exceptionally long time, as if vexed that my friend had mastered it. We continue on in wind, rain and darkening night, speeding through the narrow winding channels.
We did have still water, but destruction upon reefs, some here and others there, rising from the deep, threatens us constantly. But Arakalulk still remains calmly standing forward and often saves us and our canoe from an instantaneous splintering with his steady view. I am frequently able to reach out with sticks to the edge of the reefs, but we whiz by without grazing even one once. /185/

Finally, the rain lets up a little. Weren't those lights? Yes, that's the ship -- the gods be praised; Cabel Mul is well -- A few minutes later, we all enter our palace at Tabatteldil.

"Don't you agree, Doctor, that that was a splendid trip?" Arakalulk teasingly called out as he departed. /186/
VII.

False Hopes.

It was busy again at my rupack dwelling, Tabatteldil. From all the villages, far and near, our friends streamed in to visit the renowned travellers and let them tell of the dangers of the crossing and of the experiences whose fabled news had already spread south. It was entirely unheard of that I had actually returned. They had reluctantly allowed me to go away, as if in the state of Kreiangel, not allied with Aibukit, an attempt on my life or my freedom could have been made! That was probably the pretended reason given for the objections, which Krei constantly made before I had left. In truth, they were anxious lest the attractiveness of life in another village would move me to settle there. Then with the greatest ingenuousness they told me that they had been of the opinion that I would certainly stay in Kreiangel because I had already stayed there a few days longer than I had promised.

My good Krei and his wife, my mother, had suffered no little embarrassment because of it. Both had left their own home in the village in order to protect my dwelling in Tabatteldil with Alejandro. They must have been pleased with the airy building on the shore of the ocean. At the very least, as Alejandro assured me, they had carried out their promises with exemplary fidelity. Krei did not go into the village for days and my
mother had transported all her children and belongings -- her casancapan as they say in Manila -- to her new dwelling. The other rupack, especially Mad, did not like that at all. The one feared an excessive growth of the village influence of Krei, who was already rich enough without the rifle and powder that I would probably give him as a reward for his favor. The other complained about the neglect of the state interests. His family members complained that they had to walk so far to discuss family matters. And the most dignified guardians of indigenous customs said it was unheard of that a Krei consented to be a house-sitter for a man from angabard. But Krei was resolute; he said that's the way he wanted it and that's the way it was. I would soon return again, anyway. As long as he could point to the approaching day of my return and could repeat my given promise, it was easy enough for him to control his discontented family. But after the deadline had passed and one day followed the next without my return, his people became more and more persistent, as Asmaldra confirmed. A real struggle with the rupack over this matter was only avoided by Krei's using all of his energy. Krei, of course, firmly denied with great tact that he had, for my sake, been in such difficulty. But his wife and all others confirmed the truth of the story. Unfortunately, my travel provisions had already greatly diminished, and my trade articles amounted to only 188 a few that I could have given him as an expression of my gratitude. I still had a lot of powder, but I had to promise Woodin upon my departure that I would only use it myself in order not to interfere with his trade. So, I unfortunately had to disappoint my faithful friend's hopes.

My aged captain was also among my numerous callers that first day. He appeared to be strangely upset. After the first words of greeting and the quickly offered question, "How are you?" he immediately began to talk about his sorrows and cares. Upon my request, he openly told me of his experiences during my absence.
"As you know, Dr. Semper, the people of Aibukit in the weeks before you left brought very little balate to sell and mostly of the worst kinds. They claimed the reef in this area was fished too often, which may well be true. Also in the west on the outer reef, there are only a few. For a good catch, they must go far to the south or north. But that's too dangerous because the Aracalong and Coröre people lie in ambush with their war amlai in order to take the skull of a harmless fisherman, as is their wont. This happened once. A man and his two sons were surprised near Roll and murdered. That, of course, was a lie, but God knows by whom. The people here lie as much as we do. But this has certainly left an impression since no single amlai dares to go there anymore. Upon my soul, Dr. Semper, these people of Aibukit are miserable cowards. Only Arakalulk has courage. He was my best friend before you came, but now he's been unfaithful. He also should only have stopped fishing now. You've done me a great injury. /189/ My poor children once again, I've been very unlucky."

"Well, you can still do it, Captain. Don't lose heart. I can't help it if Arakalulk doesn't fish for you anymore. Why haven't you given me a boat and your crew as you promised? That's why I had to get my own people. And finding Arakalulk was purely accidental. Well, how are other matters, Captain Woodin?"

"Yes, these detestable idlers claim it's too dangerous for them to go alone northwards, where there are so many large balate, especially around Urocur. That was still before you left, Doctor. We spoke with Krei and Marisseba about it often enough, and we finally agreed that I should take my boat up to Urocur with a ship's cannon to accompany a few clööbergöll from Aibukit. We intended to fish for balate. On our return, we considered making a small raid on the damned scoundrels from Aracalong. These knaves had stolen almost all the war amlai from the poor people of Aibukit when the
English warship was here. Our friends wanted to get revenge for that.

"Upon my word, Doctor, if it had actually been done, I would've really shot them up, those scoundrels from Aracalong. But, good God, what men these people from Aibukit are! But they made all kinds of excuses. A feast had to be mourned. Naturally, all of the clööbergöll had to take part in these foul makesang. Have you ever seen anything crazier? They wear themselves out and from early in the morning until late at night, go out on the ocean just to catch a rayfish. And they could get from me powder and rifles, cooking pots and calico, knives and hatchets in the finest selection if they only /190/ would fish for trepang. Look yonder! There are a pair of amlai going out again for the makesang. By Jove [Very common English sailors' curse.] that's how it always goes. And I sit here and lose my precious time, and my ship won't be finished for some time. Every month costs me several hundred dollars and now we've already been out for seven months, but I've scarcely traded half of my goods for trepang. Where'll it end? O, my poor wife, who must now starve and probably die in poverty. By Jove, Doctor, that's a hard lot!"

"I'm sorry for you, Captain Woodin, from the bottom of my heart. But what good's complaining? You're man enough to look misfortune in the eye. Remember your youth! You are so lively and vigorous. I've often admired how you so capably handle the hard work on your ship. Everything turns out for the best. Well, did you make the arranged journey to Urocur and Aracalong?"

"Good God, if we made it? Ask these rascals, these lazy knaves if they had courage for such a trip. As long as you were here, they always had a makesang. After you and Arakalulk went to Kreiangel, Krei and Mad remarked that it couldn't be done at all. Even if we were victorious in Aracalong, the people of Kreiangel would take revenge and kill you and Arakalulk. By
Jove, Doctor, you've become an important rupack in Aibukit. I, an old poor man, can't match you. If only you'd left Arakalulk behind, then we'd have surely gone. But my reprimand didn't help. Now, I can't do another piece of work on my ship because the trees that Krei promised to supply still haven't arrived. Truly, Doctor, the first fourteen days /191/ you were gone cost me much money!

"I regret that very much, Captain Woodin. But up in Kreiangel I heard that you'd been to Aracalong. Was that just another one of their hoaxes?"

"0, no, Doctor, I was really there, but alone because these children from Aibukit were afraid of the dangers of the trip."

My seafaring friend now told me, continually getting off the subject and relapsing into his complaints, how he had gone up to Aracalong in his armed boat. There he gathered the rupack together and made them a scathing speech ashore -- of which they, of course, understood as good as nothing since he couldn't speak Palauan -- in which he vigorously rebuked the chiefs of the enemy villages and even the Ebadul of Coröre. He had always spent the night with the befriended rupack. He finally, after a five-day tour of the whole island group and without any incident whatever, returned to Aibukit. But the stupid makesang still went on and the wood he needed so badly had not come, so that he was inclined to undertake another such expedition. I could go with him then. The prospect of giddy conversations always turning upon the same old topic, trepang trade, with the old man did not appeal to me. With the pretext that I still had too much to do in Tabatteldil with my animals, I turned the invitation down.

The most important news that surprised me when I returned to Tabatteldil was the report, which Woodin confirmed, that a ship had come from Manila! It seemed to me that it could not be a lie since a villager who had seen the Spanish schooner anchored at Malacca, Coröre's harbor, affirmed that there
were letters and trunks on board for me. I could, of course, scarcely hope for an answer to my letters already, which I had sent to Manila shortly before my departure for Kreiangel with the report mentioned above /192/ concerning the assault of the warship on Aibukit. But my fiancee and my brother-in-law would certainly use any opportunity that arose to send me news. How I longed for that! What one hopes for one so easily believes. I would have preferred to have gone personally to Coröre, where the ship lay in Malacca Harbor. But I was exhausted from the past exertions and strong rheumatic pains confined me to Tabatteldil. At a heavy, scarcely affordable price -- my supplies were almost completely spent -- I now persuaded a villager to travel south and pick up my things. But 0, what disappointment, when he returned after five long days filled with anticipation with the report that there was nothing at all, no trunk, no letter, no greeting from home! The gloomy, rainy weather harmonized with my melancholy state of mind. It had for some weeks already been brought us by the powerful southwest monsoon. Shut up in Tabatteldil, I raged, practically for days, among my marine animals, which my people brought me every day. My disappointed hopes I tried to forget in conversation with Arakalulk and the other inhabitants of the house. Captain Woodin had also resumed his work on the ship. How he pounded nails with powerful blows despite the driving rain. With each blow, he seemed to smash the skull of one of his enemies from Coröre or Aracalong who had damaged him so much. As I was so lonely sitting at my microscope, the hammering and sawing sounded like the sweetest music. Each blow the old man made shortened the time I was separated from my darling! /193/

"So then, Arakalulk, Asmaldra, Korakel and Cabalabal, sit next to me. Now that it's evening, it's time di melil. I've been busy today. Look here. I've painted all these pictures. Are you familiar with this animal?"
"0, yes," one remarked, "that is certainly a klal [ketat](birgus latro). It climbs up coconut trees at night and throws down coconuts. Then it breaks the shell and eats the coconut meat."

"Does it always live ashore? Can you tell me where it lays its eggs? I've vainly searched for them often enough."

"It's hardly ever possible to find them. We don't know where it lays them. It's a sacred animal (kalid) just like the land and sea snakes and the balate. But we catch these because you people from angabard pay so much for them. But you don't want to buy the klal from us, otherwise we wouldn't be afraid of hunting it as well. For now, we leave this kalid alone. But the other animal there -- sel tara karam [se el ta er a charm] -- you've sketched beautifully. It's a sissibangiau [chesisebangiau]."

"But why do you call it karam and the balate always a kalid?"

"That's what it's called."

"No, you just said it's called sissibangiau."

"Certainly, Doctor, but he's also called karam" (auka, Doctor, ma aranklel karam) [Auka, Doctor, me ng klel charm].

"I don't understand; help me, Arakalulk. Is Korakel right?"

"Certainly."

"Then tell me is the pig also karam, and the chicken and the fish?"

"0, no, Doctor. The fish is a kalid, but the others are karam. I see now what you want to know. We call everything kalid that lives in the ocean or in fresh water, as well as all animals which we fear. We believe our ancestors live in them. For that reason, each of us has a different kalid. But everything on shore, the birds and lizards, pigs and chickens, are called karam. We especially refer to animals always living among us in the village near our houses by that name. These will never be our kalid."

"Now I understand, Arakalulk. Are these same kalid you've told me about
who are supposed to live in heaven now but earlier lived on earth?"

"O, no, Doctor. They rarely visit us now. They made our islands."

"Tell me about it, Arakalulk." Now my friend told me the following legend of the creation of the country.

"Before the Palau Islands existed, only Ngaur (the Angaur of the nautical charts) rose above the water, just as high as it is now, and the ocean beat just as hard as it does today against its white cliffs. It has always been dangerous to land there. But comical people -- really kalid -- lived there with very large, thick legs, otherwise they were well formed. They possessed all kinds of supernatural powers and many stories are told about their cleverness. One day a woman named Akuab [Uab] became pregnant. But she didn't deliver a child but continued to swell until she filled an entire house. She pushed off the roof and continued to grow over the trees high into the sky. She finally burst as she had swollen up so much. All her limbs were scattered far and wide and fell into the ocean. They formed Palau. The head fell to the north and became Urocur Island. The neck is Aracalong. The chest and belly formed the broad southern area of Babeldaub, and the breasts dropped near Meligeok, where they remain as two large hills. But the thighs and legs shattered into a thousand pieces, fell close to Ngaur and formed the numerous islands lying in the south between Corôre and Peleliu.* /195/

"Then the people arrived in Palau and built large villages (Bölul [beluu] village as well as state and island). Soon, all of Palau up to Kreiangel was full of people. They chose all their chiefs and chieftains, to whom they gave the names of kalid who once lived on the islands. That's how it came about that each high-ranking man has his special title, which no one can bear except him and which he only assumes* when he holds the position of rupack. One day, as the story goes, one of the rupack went up to heaven, from where
the **kalid** looked down every night with their twinkling eyes, the stars. He stole the **eye** of one of these celestial residents. When he brought it back to Palau, they made their money from it. This is the same money we use today. Because it comes from the **kalid**, we revere it so much. That's why you people from **angabard** can't imitate it, though you've often tried to do so. We can easily see how it differs from the real money of the **kalid**.

"The robbery enraged the gods. They decided to get revenge and descended to earth. They immediately went to the village where the stolen eye was hidden. Here, they assumed the form of ordinary men and asked for hospitality at the huts. But the people there were most inhospitable. They refused to give them food and drink. Only a woman living by herself in a small house treated them well and served them the best she had, **kukau** and fish. Before the **kalid** left, they told her to build a bamboo raft before the next full moon. And on the night of the full moon, she was to sleep on it. She obeyed them. A frightful storm and rain came on that night; the ocean rose ever higher and flooded the islands, washed away the hills and destroyed the peoples' houses. They were at a loss how to save themselves, and they all died in the constantly rising waters. But the kindly old woman was raised up on the raft on which she slept and drifted for quite a distance until her hair was caught in the branches of a tree high atop the hill at Armlimui. Here she lay, as the water ebbed. The celestial dwellers then came and looked for their ward. But they found her dead. They summoned one of their women from heaven. She entered the dead body and revived it. Those men begat five children upon her. Then they ascended to heaven and the real **kalid** inside the woman's body also left in order to return home. These five children populated these islands anew. All of us who live here now are descended from them."

"I already knew that story, Arakalulk. Piter already told it to me when
we were still good friends. But his version was somewhat different. He didn't mention the kalid at all. After the flood had set the woman on the hill, a white man is supposed to have come. -- The woman and all earlier Palauans who died in the flood were black, just as most of you are now. This white man married the black woman and from him descended all people living here now. They built a village, Raisblu [Roisbeluu], where people are still supposed to live."

"O, no, Doctor. I don't think so. Piter is a great liar. What he told you certainly isn't true. The village of Raisblu lies near Meligeok. I've been there myself. But I've never heard of this story."

"Really, Arakalulk? How is it possible? He has lived here so long already and is so familiar with Palauan customs."

"That's right, Doctor. But do you really think we couldn't lie as well as white people? Piter picked it up here since he wasn't as adept at lying when he came as he is now."

"Then I can't trust you, Arakalulk!"

"But you, Doctor, can. I don't have any stake in lying about it. And I'm your friend, but Piter wasn't."

"In that case, is the story about the village made of stone in the hills near Meligeok true?"

"What's that?"

"Well, Piter told me of an old village near a large fresh water sea that no one knows who built. Even today, the stone border of the path can still be seen. In the center of the city is a large open area surrounded by enormous stones standing on their narrow ends. The residents of Meligeok are still supposed to carry the small houses of their kalid there as an offering during their feasts."

What an evil person Piter is, Doctor. That's all false. The village
never even existed, but there is a sea lying high up on a hilltop. That lies quite close to the village of Rablissa [Blissang], which belongs to Meligeok."

"How sad it is, my friend. I've wanted to ask you for a long time already to accompany me to Meligeok once to visit this old village. But Piter has told me many things about which I question you, Arakalulk. He told me about Charley, who -- you must know him -- defended your village against the English. He was supposed to be from Salibago. He was driven here in an open boat with several others /198/ after they had been out for many days; is that true?"

"Yes, Doctor, it's correct. I was present myself as the boat landed near Armlimui."

"He also said you were very familiar with the story about some kalid from angabard who long ago -- your grandfather wasn't even born then, Arakalulk -- were supposed to have lived here or in Sonsorol. Is that true, too?"

"No, Doctor. I've never heard about it but no one knows the story very well. Do you know it? If so, please tell us."

"I'd be glad to, Arakalulk. But it's too late today. I'll do it tomorrow night."

The next evening there were my usual household group and a few friends from the village who very much wanted to listen to my tale. After they had all gathered around, I began my talk.

"For a long time now, a powerful kalid whom we call 'Papa' [the Pope] has lived in a beautiful city in angabard called Rome. He has thousands of small kalid under him, all of whom follow his orders. He's just a person, of course, like your kalid. Just as you believed those among you know what the kalid in heaven think, so those say that their 'Papa'* knows what his
kalid in heaven wish. He reports this, and then they spread out over the entire world. Wherever they encounter people who still don't believe in their kalid, they settle down and speak at such length with them and repeat so often what they've heard from the powerful kalid at Rome that those people also finally believe it. The people from angabard who believe whatever the 'Papa' tells them are called 'Cristianos.' But many more people on the earth still aren't 'Cristianos' and don't want to be. You can well imagine that 'Papa' and his small kalid have much to do. Many of them have lost their lives on their travels, especially when they wanted to force the people who still weren't 'Cristianos' to believe what the kalid in Rome said. You know where Manila is. It takes a favorable wind to travel there from here in eight to ten days. The first kalid from the east, when they came, required several months just to get there. Many died of hunger and thirst on the journey. After they first reached Manila, they didn't leave it again because the country pleased them so much. They made many 'Cristianos' because the people there were fearful and had no firearms. If they would not, at first, let go of their old kalid, they would quickly be accustomed to the ones who had been sent by the 'Papa' in Rome. These brought along many colorful clothes and built large houses for their heavenly kalid, where they made very beautiful music all day. At their feasts, great merriment always prevailed. That pleased the people of Manila. They also remarked that because the kalid of the foreigners was much stronger than theirs, that it would be better to become 'Cristianos.' After most of the people of Manila had become 'Cristianos', the kalid who were courageous and active men didn't have enough to do. So they set off again to seek other peoples to tell them what their 'Papa' in Rome had ordered. "A few of these kalid from angabard had become acquainted with many men and women living on Samal [Samar], an island belonging to Manila, who still
weren't 'Cristianos' and had been driven there from the east by a storm. The men wore loincloths, just as you do, and a piece of cloth. They were all tattooed over their whole body, and the women let their hair, which was long, hang down over their shoulders. They called their canoes 'Palaus,' and the people were also given that name. Those weren't people from here because they wanted to return to Pais [Fais], their island. That lies far from here."

"Yes, indeed, Doctor," Arakalulk called out in confirmation, "they certainly weren't people from Palau [See Appendix II.] because our women don't let their hair down, and we men don't cover our heads and shoulders; our kalid forbid us to do so. We don't go on such long trips as the people of Yap or Pais, and we never take our women along on our trips. Why should we? We've got plenty of women everywhere!"

"Well and good, but the Spanish always called them Palaus. After those white kalid had seen these people, who still didn't have kalid and didn't believe such lived in heaven, they decided to look for their islands and to make the residents 'Cristianos.' But that proved to be difficult. The first ship sank during a bad storm near Samal. A pair of kalid from Manila tried it again eleven years later. But the wind was unfavorable so they turned back. On the third try, they couldn't find the islands here. 150 years later they discovered the island of Sonsorol between here and Salibago. The residents of that island welcomed the kalid, whom we call 'Padre,' in such a friendly way that two of them, some soldiers and other people went ashore to stay for a few days. But a strong wind arose and drove away their ship. The people who remained on board the ship soon came upon a large island that was supposed to be called Panloc. But they couldn't stay here and just as little could they regain Sonsorol. So they had to go back to Manila.

"It caused great worries here that the two Padres were lost, but no 'Cristianos' had been made. It wasn't until 20 years later that the two
kalid again left Manila. They finally reached Falalep [Falalop], settled there, built houses and converted many small children to be 'Cristianos.' One Padre -- named Victor -- went to Manila to pick up new kalid and soldiers. But the journey lasted a long time and when he returned to Falalep, he found that the house had been burned down and the cross that had been in front of it was missing. None of his friends from angabard were to be found on the island. They made war on the people. They captured one of the enemies who confessed that, a short time after Padre Victor had left, the others, as well as the kalid, had been murdered."

"But why did the people of Falalep do that?"

"That's also found in the book in which I read this story, Arakalulk. It says they were most enraged at the 'Padre' because 'he constantly denounced their old customs and their law. He taught them different customs and a different law, which they didn't want to follow. They wanted to remain faithful to the traditions of their forefathers.' [Quoted literally.] Then they killed the Padre with three lance thrusts."

"The people of Falalep were really justified to do so. We'd also like it if people from angabard were to come here to live with us. But they'd have to let us keep our kalid and our customs, too. But carry on, Doctor."

"Well, it happens that the kalid from angabard haven't made another attempt to get people on your islands /202/ to become 'Cristianos.' The two padres on Sonsorol are supposed to have been murdered. But it is also said that they came up to Palau, had lived with you for a long time and taught you many things. They're supposed to have shown you how to hew stones and to make the paved paths."

"I don't think so, Doctor. I've never heard anything about it. And there's nothing about it in the old stories carved on the beams. That's certainly not true. Mad's family has lived in Aibukit for a long time already.
Seven of his fathers have already been chief of our state, and we know all their names and what they have done. But I've never heard anything about those kalid from angabard. But, Doctor, you still speak Palauan badly. You've been here so long already and still don't know what good speech and what bad speech are."

"Yes, the good speech is so hard to learn. Do you want to teach me? Very well, we'll begin tomorrow night. For now 'Good Night' Arakalulk."

It was rather lonesome at Tabatteldil the next evening. Besides my usual household companions, Cabalabal, Aideso and Korakel, only Arakalulk appeared to instruct me in their language.

"Well," I asked him, "where are Asmaldra and the others?"

"0, Doctor, they're foolish people. They're not curious at all; they speak Palauan like people from angabard."*

"Very well, but I've got the desire to learn."*

"That's already bad /203/ Palauan, Doctor. You must say I am curious about good Palauan."*

"Before you said 'messubet arungri' [mesubed a rengrir] but now 'arunguk' [a renguk]. I don't understand. Do you also say: 'kamam a mussbet arungri' [kemam a mesubed a rengrir] (We're curious?)?"

"No, Doctor. You must say: 'kid-messubet-arungmam' [kid a mesubed a rengmam]."

"Very good. I've written that down. Now how do you say 'You're curious.'?"

"Kamu-messubet-arungmu [kemiu mesubed a rengmiu]."

Similar suffixes for different roots, I had already noticed. And I had often asked men and women about /204/ one or the other without having been able to get to the bottom of the matter. But with Arakalulk, I had complete success. It only remained to identify the third person singular as
arungul [a rengul], and I repeated to him all six forms of the conjugation in the pattern familiar to us. My friend had rapidly foreseen the point of this procedure, and now I had an easy task to determine the particles* /205/ nearly identical for the conjugation of verbs and the declension of main words. But it took many hours of studying to learn the roots, whose inflected forms generally seemed to be so similar to the uninflected ones that it remained impossible, in many cases, for me to tell them apart. As long as Arakalulk was with me, things went tolerably quickly. But without him, it was vain to search for an unknown root. And I had to leave it entirely to chance how many of them could be figured out by means of the combination of the numerous, yet similar, expressions. Often, it did not only concern seldom used words. So it is with the word klallo [klalo], that is, object or article of trade, which is among the most commonly used words in trade with Europeans. By adding prepositions and pronouns, the word can also mean (my, your) property -- klallo-ar-nak [klalo er a ngak] (object for me, that is, my object). The islanders know very well that the Europeans are familiar with this expression but not with the more refined klülleklek [kloklek] and klüllekleklem [kloklem] used in almost every speech. And so it happens, perhaps, that, in their dealings with us, they use the better known, but less proper, one, but never use this latter. It is also not to be wondered that, despite these words used in almost every speech, I don’t understand them. It was only after three months before an explanation emerged from a brief dispute through impatient repetition of this unintelligible word.

But my brother could never keep up the work for long. Every small occasion gave him, and still more, the others, especially the women, an opportunity to tell this or that story or to be instructed by me in our European way of life. But I preferred not to force my own instruction. It seemed that my results would be more certain if I quietly extracted their
thoughts from their conversations since I had made the observation long ago that the islanders knew how to frame their answers with the most sensitive feeling for our way of thinking that it satisfied us. My father Krei was most adept at this. I had heard many things about the curious customs of the islanders from Piter, Cabel Mul and, subsequently, Arakalulk: about the kidnapping of women and the tribute that the vassal districts had to provide the stronger ones in the form of food as well as women for the bai; about tattooing and the sacred feasts and dances. Woodin had told me of an obscene dance that was performed to honor a female deity at certain times of the year on the nights of full moons and during which the jubilant women made the gaiest and most frivolous contortions before the gathered people. I asked Krei one day about this "can can" of Palauan beauties. With an exquisitely playful amazement, he behaved as if he had heard something entirely new. Then he vaguely remembered hearing a legend to the effect that in the south -- in Cororte and Peleliu, where people were less well mannered than here in Aibukit -- this secret dance had actually been performed in earlier times. His speeches always ended with the majestic, marked refrain: "We're better people than those from the south; in general, things are much better here in Aibukit than elsewhere."

So days and weeks filed by in identical repetition of zoological study and conversations at my domestic fireplace. Quite often, these nearly assumed the tone of a real Robinson Crusoe. My customary food was almost entirely consumed by the beginning of September, and my table was set with local foods at lunch as well as supper. Spirits and the glasses had been expended. Chests to pack my collections could not be found anymore. Even the paper I used to draw and to write on had almost reached its end. And there in front of me lay the old Lady Leigh, still sadly tilted on her side. On her keel, which rose high above the water, her aged captain...
hammered day after day, week after week, from early in the morning until late at night, without as far as I could see, making any progress in his work.

When I was invited by him on Sunday to eat and asked about our departure, I always received the same answer -- entirely in keeping with local usage -- "I don't know." The poor man, complaining and shaking his head, told me that his trade goods ever more decreased, but his stock of trepang had never seemed to match the goods given out. Arakalulk also expressed himself about it, certainly with ample caution, that the trepang trade at Auru had not gone well enough thus far and that many items belonging to Cabel Mul had found their way into the village, but no one knew positively for which work. The Lady Leigh was also so old and brittle that Arakalulk could push his feet through it at several places on deck because they were so eaten away by shipworms. My palace at Tabatteldil already began to allow the rain in at many places. With some dread, I already saw myself soon condemned to pull back into the village with Woodin and Barber, to take up residence in the bai and to wait to be saved by another ship. But how long could that last! Cheyne certainly would not have taken us along, and we could not learn anything about the plan of the Spaniard whose ship even now lay in Malakka.

I always tried to master my gloomy state of mind by attempting to live up to my role as a prospective settler in Palau with propriety. I entered the village and assumed my reserved seat during councils of the rupack. In my talks with Mad and Krei, I know treated their own affairs more carefully than before. I regarded it as my duty not to let my influence or these apparently so well endowed people /208/ go to waste. My proposal to introduce them to rice growing was accepted with great joy. In two days, Arakalulk and his people, under the direction of Alejandro, had prepared a piece of land, where we now sowed our last half sack of unpolished rice. It began well. But after a few days, the rats that live on the island in enormous numbers had entirely eaten up the greening field. Our hopes for a bountiful harvest
were dashed. Then I went on a makesang with the clöbbergöll of my brother Arakalulk to train myself to fish. And I took part in the unceasing, successive feasts of the klokdauel as if I were already actually awarded the order of the bone. Because of this, my affection for these people, whom I had cherished until now, suffered a mighty set back because I came to know a side of their character that had previously been hidden from me. They had appeared to be thoroughly honorable and faithful. But a robbery that now occurred and with which I became familiar in all its details showed me how much more often the fear of ridicule or of the violation of the good old ways were the reasons for their previously demonstrated abstinence from stealing than a genuine aversion to acquire foreign property. Here as elsewhere money played the biggest part. The rich ones, fearing that their money — and, thereby, their power -- would be removed from them by the existing laws as compensation for the robbery committed by one of their family members, encouraged their children to the most ardent honesty out of selfishness. The poor ones were even more ashamed of the ridicule and the shame that would cover them if they were unable to pay the compensation for their children's crimes. Because of that, they forfeited their honor in the village. But the greed for foreign property that charmed them still lives in them, just as lively as it does within any other savage peoples. Wherever they believe they are able to pursue their inclination without being punished /209/, then nothing is secure from their thievish claws. An example is Coröre. The people there were described by Woodin as the most crafty thieves and swindlers he had ever seen. Wilson and his companions had already suffered terribly from their clutches. Thus passed the weeks. September was over and the end of October was already nearing. The possibility to conduct any profitable work was long lost. I ate and drank and slept notwithstanding the best villagers. I now went to the villages di melil and sat in the doorways of
their houses, where I often fell asleep dreaming, just as others had done earlier at Tabatteldil. Each night, from my castle, I saw the sun enter her house in angabard for a night's rest. But the ship that was supposed to take me home in that direction lay without a mast and still sunk on her side on the reef. The hammer blows of the old Woodin had been unable to awaken fresh hopes for a long time. I still often dreamt of the coming beautiful days. But the gray of the morning woke me again and again as "Era Tabatteldil", whom I now really had become! /210/
Era Tabatteldil just had taken his morning snack consisting of roasted kukau (the so-called dölul [deluul]) and sweet eilaut and was just about to go to the reef with Aideso and Korakel to look for mussels and snails when the low, long protracted sound of the war shell sounded from afar. Soon afterwards, three large war amlai, each with 30 to 40 men inside, appeared coming from between the Lady Leigh and the projecting point of land that enclosed the bay near Tabatteldil to the southwest. Around these, a number of smaller ones cavorted with, at the most, 4 to 6 men. How they brandished their oars as they passed the old Cabel Mul, who sat busily working on his ship.

"Olokoi, Era Tabatteldil, this is war. Now they've come, these villains. Look at that large amlai there. The one sitting in the middle on the platform must be Aituro [Ngirturong] from Armlimui. Well, Mad and Krei will certainly give them a proper reception. But, for now, we must stay at Tabatteldil to guard your things. The people from Armlimui are great thieves."

So Aideso inveighed as his master quietly placed his few remaining items, his instruments and drawings into the trunks and locked them. Then he took up his musket, which shot farther than the best cannons in the land,
and, hanging his cartridge pouch with its ammunition, he told Alejandro and Aideso:

"You stay here. Don't leave the house, and look after my things. If they look like they're going to plunder or burn down the house, just raise a loud shout, so that Cabel Mul can hear it. He'll certainly come soon and defend you. Look! They're not landing close to us. Friend, where to in such a hurry?" he called out to a man of Aibukit rushing by.

"To take Krei the news. This is war that people from the south want to make with us," was his answer. After him, Era Tabatteldil also ran as fast as he could taking the path to Aibukit just as the last enemy amlai disappeared behind the mangroves in the harbor. How quickly the amlai went. From time to time, their shells were blown. He could scarcely keep pace with them. Now he had reached the hill where the village lay in its grove of palm trees. Turning into a side path, he met Arakalulk, also armed.

"You know already."

"Yes, indeed. We've always waited for this day. But onwards. We've little time to lose." Soon they were in the village. Arakalulk scampered into his bai, where the clöbbergöll had already assembled, while Era Tabatteldil entirely forgetting his dignity, ran, not walked, towards the chiefs' bai. The entire aruau was gathered already waiting in silent equanimity to see what would happen.

"It's nice of you to come, Era Tabatteldil. Take your seat next to Arda and put your rifle behind you so that the enemy doesn't see it. We'll soon hear what they're after."

A deep silence followed Mad's oration. Only Arda, who sat beside him, nodded to the newcomer with a friendly smile. He was surrounded by Eilo [Oilouch] and Inarabai [Ngiraibai] -- both cup-bearers for the chief who distributed gifts at feasts -- on the facing side sat Inateklo, the grand
almoner at those same ones. Krei had sat down at the other end of the bai facing Mad, and his retinue consisted of a few lower-ranking rupack. So both powers in the state were represented more than adequately by impressive men. On one side was Mad, who had sole authority to pronounce the blul [The taboo of the inhabitants of Palau.] on fish and fruits, on hills and valleys, on graves and people, with his people, who had the duty above all others to care for the people's spiritual and physical welfare. On the other side was Krei, the bold hero and leader in war, with his followers, who were already quite stirred up at the prospect of taking at any moment now the head of an enemy home in triumph. But everyone looked at Era Tabatteldil. Behind him lay the fine rifle which he could fire so quickly and so far. How assured the chiefs felt possessing it! Again the sound of the mussel, now quite near. Now they're here!

A deep quietude in the bai, as well as around in the village. The clicking of small geckos can be heard in the houses for some distance. With measured steps a long row of red-painted men approach the bai in a goose step. The one in front with the quite small basket and the oversized varicolored bamboo cane in his hand is Aituro, the first rupack of Armlimui. He immediately headed for the door inside which Mad and the others sit. Without any hesitation, he enters the house, and, always silent, sits down on the opposite side of the entrance. But the other rupack turn off to the side. Some go over to the side /213/ entrances of the bai and enter, where they quickly squat. Some stay standing outside beside the house. This all happens in the profoundest silence. Finally, Aituro breaks the silence.

"I want to speak," he says. "We've won a big victory over Meligeok. Near Rablissa one of our men killed an enemy rupack. He took his head home in triumph, according to the old, good custom. Our young women have just composed a new victory song, and now we're journeying all across the country
to celebrate our victory klökadauel. We first went to Coröre, where we received coconuts, bonga nuts and betel pepper as a sign of friendship. We stayed there for three days, just as our custom prescribes. We celebrated with dancing and singing victory over our dead enemy. His head was placed in the main square of the village. Eirei and Eimelig also gave us a friendly reception and accepted our klökadauel. From here, we'll go to Aracalong. They haven't answered our invitation, not like you people of Aibukit. We've sent you three requests to ask whether you desire to hear our victory song and to bring us peace offerings. But you've sent our messengers away with no answer and with insults. But you know that it's been the custom until now to make peace again after a victory. Now it appears you'd like to continue with the war. I'm interested to hear your opinion about this.

I've spoken."

A pause followed. Then Mad began to speak and said [Ni-a-melekoi multmo [Ngii a melekoi kmul kmo] (he -- speak, say), a very common expression in all narratives. Basically melekoi means "breathe," then "speak."]:

"We people of Aibukit are even today the friends of Meligeok. That's been our custom till now. /214/ When Ebadul made many wars against Kokerangl [Reklai. This is the name of the chief of Meligeok.], my grandfather also died in battle because he'd gone to help them. Then Cordöre and Meligeok made peace. Then we also accepted the peace offer, and the people from Coröre danced here in Aibukit for three days. They were treated in high style. But has Armlimui made peace with Meligeok? You never offered peace to them. You knew very well that Kokerangl is just as powerful as you and won't pay you to make peace just because of one death. If our friends are still fighting you, how can you demand that we allow you to dance here and that we should receive you with victory gifts? You should've known that Mad
of Aibukit doesn't desert his friends. Leave the head in the amlai and beware not to sing your song of victory. We won't put up with that here. Go over to your friends in Aracalong. Aituro, I have spoken."

Again, a dignified pause followed. The chiefs really had so much to think about! With some vigor, as if he would muster his thoughts by doing so, he pounded his betel nut in a beautifully decorated vessel using a large white pestle fashioned from a mussel shell. Next he sprinkled lime on it from his long bamboo cane. With a small scoop made of turtle shell, he pushed the white pulp into his mouth because he was already old and was not able to bite into the bonga nuts very well. At last, he broke the silence and spoke.

"But you're forgetting, friend, that Aibukit and Armlimui had a friendly relationship much earlier. Wasn't my grandmother a member of your family, Mad? And who broke faith then? It certainly wasn't us. Why do you now want to place your new friends above the old ones? That's not too smart of you. Whether or not we're afraid of Meligeok has been entirely beside the point since the people from angabard have lived here. If you visit us and Corõre, you can read the stories about Cabel Wils and Cabel Schils everywhere in the bai. You know very well what the English have already done for the Ebadul of Corõre. Kokerangi of Meligeok has been continually defeated with their help. He hasn't taken one head since that time. But the men from angabard still don't go to Meligeok. If you don't want our friendship, then we'll call on the people of Corõre and Cabel Schils. He'll again call in a 'man-of-war' from angabard, just like he did before. Then Cabel Mul will have to leave here and return to Malakka as before. He doesn't have any right to remain with you. If he continues to do so, we'll cut him off. As the price for peace, you'll have to surrender your only brack. You also won't be allowed to carry on free trade anymore."

But at this, the elderly Krei took offense. Following a sign from Mad,
he had moved closer at the start of Aituro's second oration. Since he was the daring warrior, the much-heralded conqueror of villages and the wealthiest man in the state, he could forget a chief's discretion without being punished.

"Aren't you ashamed, Aituro, to say that. Don't you see opposite you the important rupack from angabard, Era Tabatteldil, sits and hears all your words? I bet you think he doesn't understand you. But you're quite wrong. He knows Palauan customs and speaks our language quite well. He's been a rupack here for some time and takes part in our council meetings. Both he and Era Kaluk scoff at your threat to cut off their ship. They've got much better cannons and rifles than you do. Just try once /216/ to fight them. They don't need to summon a 'man-of-war' to beat you, although they could do so just as well as Cabel Schils. And I, Krei, must tell you something, Aituro. I'm the protector of all people from angabard who come here, and I won't put up with your fighting against them and compelling them to go to Malakka. I know they'd prefer to stay here. Therefore, I must protect them, and I shall! What gives the Ebadul of Coröre the authority to prescribe what the people from angabard should do here? Do your pictures also show that the chief of Coröre is also 'king' of all Palau? If so, then they lie; and Era Tabatteldil knows better than you people from the south what passes for tradition and good manners here in Aibukit. He knows that we have never cut off ships here, as your friends from Coröre have done up in Kreiangel and in Böululakap (Yap). He knows that Ebadul was only a chief of one small island with a few people and that he only became powerful after Cabel Wils gave him many firearms, powder and balls. If we only had one rifle like Era Tabatteldil's, which can shoot farther than your cannons, or even his small musket, which shoots repeatedly without having to be loaded, then we'd still not fear you. Well, you can declare war if you want to. But we won't, and we won't allow your klökadauel here either. You must carry it up to Aracalong."
And then the small Krei also began to crush his betel nut in a cup using quick pokes. Facing him, Aituro sat and pounded around with his just as quickly. Both men measured each other with fierce looks. But they never forgot their dignity as high-ranking men to the extent that they had shown the slightest appearance of jumping up. Still quiet, they pounded all their anger /217/ into their cups. Far in the village, echoed the din they made.

And now Mad spoke again. "I want to speak," he said. "Both of you listen. Krei, you have spoken well that you're the protector of all people from angabard and must guard them for that reason. But you forgot to say that I and all the other rupack are also prepared to protect Era Kaluk and Era Tabatteldil. They shall carry on their trade here in Aibukit just as they please. And Ebadul of Corôre shall not attempt to force us to drive our white friends away from here. So what if we lost many war amlai in the last fight with the English? We can rebuild these and we've more muskets and powder than we need now.

"As for you, Aituro, listen to this. Four days ago, you sent your first messenger with the request to be allowed to dance here. I never would've allowed it. But I wanted to know if that's all you wanted, or if you really planned to engage us in battle. I've asked my kalid that question using the coconut leaves. He said you didn't want to start a fight, but you wanted to intimidate us into driving Cabel Mul back to Corôre. You can, if you like, call my kalid a liar. But that'll make it hard for you. Give the order, Aituro, to keep the murdered man's head out of the village. We won't have it. But you shall be entertained here in the bai just as a rupack should be. You can't leave today because the low tide has already dried up the channel. Your amlai can't get out now. I've spoken. Now I'll depart."

The rupack from Aibukit now left the bai in silence, just as the unwelcome guests had entered it. Mad led the way out through his door,
followed by Arda, then Era /218/ Tabatteldil with his admirable rifle, which he had, as though accidentally, let Aituro see. Krei still with his betel nut mortar in his hand and his brave following exited from the opposing side. The foreign rupack all gathered around Aituro for a lively discussion, not listening to the request of the armungul to give themselves a little rest before lunch since they were tired. But it was a matter of the welfare of Armlimui State. No one had expected such proud behavior from the dignitaries of Aibukit State, which had recently lost its most prized amlai in the recent battle. It certainly seemed that Era Kaluk was a powerful ally for their enemy. Did not the old man set everyone to fear and trembling on his last trip? Such a voice as Cabel Mul's was not even possessed by the much-feared Cabel Schils himself! And then Era Tabatteldil, who never removed his hat for the kalid in the bai. He must be a powerful rupack, who could also surely summon a "man-of-war", like Cabel Schils, if he had found it necessary. But that was not necessary since he had his long rifle [A Lefaucheux breech-loader] and the small gun. Those were weapons made by kalid, not by men, and so marvelous that Cabel Schils himself had never had anything like them. To load one of them, he had to take it apart and put it back together. But that went much more quickly than the way they loaded theirs, which always remained in one piece. And it appeared the small musket did not need to be loaded even once!

Aituro and his followers sat in the bai by the hour, deliberating about what to do. But not one of them was as bold as Krei and as smart as Mad. They sat there somewhat at a loss and growing ever more tired, quieter and hungrier. When the armungul returned to repeat their invitation to a festal /219/ meal, they were all pleased as Aituro rose to take his seat at the hospitable fireplace. The young girls, ready to please, had started a fire to warm the döllul and kukau. All around the fire stood red dishes and coconut drinking cups elegantly decorated with shells. To the side of each
seat, lay equally large piles of freshly picked bonga nuts and juicy betel pepper leaves. The armungul poured a sweet drink of coconut juice, going from one to another, into their drinking cups. They eagerly fulfilled the guests' wishes. They had not had such important foreigners to serve for quite some time. Mad had taken pains to impress upon them the need to show the chiefs of Armlimui that the good, old customs still had not died out in Aibukit. After their sumptuous meal, the rupack gladly lay down to rest on white mats provided by the friendly armungul.

But Era Tabatteldil, Krei and many other rupack went over to another bai and discussed at some length the strangers' presumption and how their pride had finally been humbled for once. That Aituro was not going to declare war, they all realized and they had celebrated such a triumph this day such as they had not for a long time. The proud ally of Corôre had come because he believed he was able to step on the neck of Aibukit, which had been humiliated by the English. But now, he could not even leave angrily and making threats but had to let himself be pleased with the hospitality of the detested foe. That was certainly a victory worthy of celebration. The armungul in their bai already formed a circle to compose a song about this day. But Mad restrained these presumptuous ones with a scathing oration.

"Don't ridicule our guests, you foolish women. They leave early tomorrow morning. That's the time to sing your songs. Don't you know any more what the good customs here in Palau demand?"

But through the village, the word quickly spread that war would not be declared. In the bai, as in the houses, nothing was spoken of but the fine speeches of Mad and Krei and how good it was that Era Tabatteldil was there with his rifle. He was, however, required to go from house to house. Everyone wanted to see him, first his mother, Krei's wife and then Mad's sister, the head women of Aibukit, and all the wives of the rupack. Wherever
he went that night, he was no longer called Doctor, but Era Tabatteldil. One of the female artists -- she was called upon to draw splendid figures on the legs of the women by those from as far away as Roll and even Meligeok -- remarked that Era Tabatteldil would soon have to let himself be drawn by her since he had finally become one of them.

Was it any wonder that he never thought of returning to Tabatteldil that evening? He had to sleep in the bai like the other rupack if he really wanted to be one of them. What was he supposed to do on the shore anyway? He was not able to work any longer since there was only a slender journal to write in. Or should he let himself be reminded by Woodin down there on the coast that he really was a stranger here?

The descending night saw him still in the bai of the rupack of Aibukit. Early the next morning, he and his friend Arakalulk set out to bathe and to wash in the adjacent stream.

"Listen," he said to his friend, "I must become better acquainted with your country. I want to go to Meligeok once and then to Cordore to visit Ebadul. Do you want to accompany me?"

"Certainly, I'm your /221/ friend and won't desert you. I've good friends in both places, who'll certainly be glad to put us up. Both Mad and Krei must also go to Meligeok since its chief lies ill and will surely die soon. So we can go with them."

"That's fortunate. I'll tell Krei just that when we return to the village."

Era Tabatteldil again forgot as he approached the houses that, as a rupack, he was not supposed to move so hurriedly. But Arakalulk had difficulties to restrain him, who could surely think of nothing but his trip to Meligeok. If only the old chief there would die very soon!

"Pfui, Era Tabatteldil," the Doctor called out to him. Now, he had reached Krei's house. "Is Krei home or not?"
"Diak [Diak = no]," was his wife's reply. "What do you want him for? Krei has a lot to do. First, he must take his leave of Aituro and then go over to Rallap to pick up Arda [Rdang]. They still would like to leave this evening."


"Well, Era Tabatteldil, not so impetuously. They're going to Meligeok."

"To Meligeok. Is the chief dead? Arakalulk, we're going to Meligeok this evening! Quickly run down to Tabatteldil and tell Alejandro to immediately wash a pair of shirts and trousers. I'll go to Mad and see if I can also get some mats. How many is Krei taking?"

"At least twenty of the very best kind," my mother answered. "I can still furnish you with six."

"Good, now I'll set off. I'll eat lunch here with you." And Era Tabatteldil hurried off, first to the aruau, where he was able to take leave of the departing Aituro. Here he also met Mad. But he could not be roused from his calmness. After he had finally persuaded the good-natured chief after many attempts to give him a few mats, which he planned to bring as a funeral offering, he hurried on over to Rallap to see Asmaldra, then back again to Cordo's father, from one to another, taking his leave of them or asking for mats. The sun stood in the west when he finally returned to his mother in Aibukit.

"You're late. I'd made you such good döllu]. I've kept it warm. Here. But it won't taste as good as it was. What an odd ball you are! Krei is upset that he has to go to Meligeok but he must pay his last respects to the dead chief. That is the custom here in Palau. But you've no responsibilities in the matter and could amuse yourself so well here. Instead of that, you exhaust yourself running around just for the sake of going on the trip."

"Yes. Isn't Arda going also? Aren't I Era Tabatteldil, an important
rupack here in Aibukit? That's why I'll go along and take my mats to the deceased chief. So, Mother, your dölul was quite good. Do you have a mat for me? I'm tired and will sleep for a while."

He might have slept for a long time despite the commotion made by the playing children all around him. His friend Arakalulk suddenly shook him out of his sleep, rather forcefully.

"Doctor, Era Tabatteldil! Get up. I've come from below to get you. Cabel Mul is at home and wants to speak with you. He said it's urgent."

"Cabel Mul? What does he want? But you forget that I'm no longer Doctor. Oh well, let's be off. Aren't you coming? We'll pick up my things from Tabatteldil and return so that we'll be in Rallap tomorrow early enough to be able to sail with Mad for Meligoek in the morning. Good bye, Mother," he called to Krei's wife as he left. Like Arakalulk, she also had quickly grown accustomed to this English farewell expression. /223/

"What can the old captain want? Do you know, Arakalulk?"

"No."

"Have you told him about our trip? No? What does he want? Does the ship lie on her former place, friend?"

"Yes, but she's on a level and the masts are up again."

"Really friend. Onwards, Arakalulk, quickly so that I meet Cabel Mul. I suspect something."

"Tell me what it is," he asked as Era Tabatteldil left off.

"Nothing, nothing. Really, there's the ship anchored completely upright. How well outfitted she seems, the old Lady Leigh. She's twenty years younger. There goes a boat. That must be Cabel Mul. We've come too late."

Just a little bit later they were in Tabatteldil. "Where is Cabel Mul?"

"He just left. But here's the letter he left behind, Senor," says Alejandro. Didn't Era Tabatteldil notice the cheerful expression of his servant?
No, certainly not. How was he supposed to while reading the letter!

"Hurrah, Arakalulk. I'm Doctor again! Woodin writes that we'll leave for angabard in fourteen days."

"And I lose my best friend," Arakalulk retorts sadly. /224/
IX.

Trip to Corôre.

On the next day, I first discussed what I should do with my brother. I was strongly attracted to Meligeok with the old village nearby -- which I could not regard as in the realm of myth despite Arakalulk's assertions. I was intrigued just as much by what a resident of Corôre had told me about the neighboring islands, the so-called "kokeal" [ocheall]. This name refers to a group of small islands lying close to Corôre, which again have their special name and which seem to be raised atolls [Atolls are circular coral reefs that surround a lagoon with or without islands lying inside.] according to their description. They rise steeply out of the ocean to a considerable altitude and consist entirely of rugged limestone rocks. At the peak of each of these, there is supposed to be a hole which goes down as far as sea-level. At the lowest level a saltwater lake broadens out in which all manner of marine animals live. This is connected to those by underwater cracks and passages through which the low and high tides enter. /225/ I remarked that there it was possible to make an adequate enough investigation of such elevated coral reefs to reach a determination about the general validity of Darwin's theory concerning elevation and subsidence. I believed we would be able to travel from Meligeok to Corôre and still be able to return to Aibukit.
in time for the departure of the Lady Leigh. How my heart beat whenever I thought of it! But Arakululk knew his country and his people much better than I. He calculated that we would have to spend at least eight days at the klökadauel of mourning for Kokerangl. So, I decided, since my scientific interest had now been reactivated, to only go to Coröre and to let Mad and Krei go without me to mourn for their deceased friend.

Now preparations for the trip were made. Arakululk promised to provide an amlai and to arrange for a crew, as well as food and water. I myself looked for chests and casks in which to pack my belongings, which lay strewn about in Tabatteldil. That was a time-consuming chore. Days passed quickly. My hands were continually occupied and my thoughts flew across to Manila. On 29 October, everything was finally ready, my chests and instruments, as well as the two fine rifles taken on board the Lady Leigh. Gonzalez and Alejandro got permission to run around in the village to their heart's content. Any of my household who did not want to go to Coröre was released from service. How glad I was to give them the last knives and material that I still called my own as a reward for their faithful service.

We sailed at noon on 30 October. The captain waved a farewell from aboard the Lady Leigh as we quickly passed by her. Our sail swelled with a brisk northeast wind. Soon thereafter, we were in a deep /226/ water channel in which a few amlai sailed in different directions. The headland Arzmau stretched far into the water towards the west. We clearly saw the palm tree forests under which a flourishing village had once lain hidden. No clouds of smoke ascended from between the trees now. Nor was there a hospitable reception found by anyone who would have followed the large channel leading right up to the tip of Arzmau. We quickly sailed by. Far in the south, a second spit of land protruded even further. I had already noticed this earlier from the hills around Tabatteldil. Aituro's state began
with them. Ahead of us to the east, Arakalulk showed me the recess in the land which led to Armlimui. A strong southeast wind bringing rain caught us by surprise here. Since it began to get dark, we decided to spend the night there. A few fishing canoes sported about on the channel. Suddenly, we were hailed.

"Hackewe [Hackewe, an interjection, roughly rendered by 'Ho there.'], friend. Where are you going? Come nearer. Olokoi, Doctor, it's you. And you, too, Arakalulk?" It was a resident of Coröre who had visited me a few times at Tabatteldil. Without much ceremony, he entered our amlai. "Where to?" he asked.

"To Armlimui."

"I'll go with you. I'm well known there and I know the way quite well. But you won't find Aituro at home. If you wish to speak with him, Doctor, you'll have to go to Coröre."

"That's what I intend to do. I want to visit Ebadul also. What's new?" [This is the opening question in a conversation; diak-a-keiss [diak a chais]? (nothing new?), or also me keissem [mei chissem] (give your news).]

"0, nothing special," he said hesitantly. The man appeared to have something on his mind; he looked at me with such an unusually keen look, "Nothing, nothing important, Doctor. You'll know it /227/ soon enough."

"Well, tell me," I urged him.

"Cabel Schils has returned with a white rupack from Manila. They've brought many fine things with them, many more than your Cabel Mul has."

"That should make you Coröre people quite happy. He's certainly brought many rifles and powder, hasn't he?"

"He, friend, look out!" Arakalulk shouted at the helmsman. "You said you're familiar with the route. But you're just about running my amlai into the rocks here!"
We were at the entrance to the channel reaching due east, which had been cut artificially into the mangrove thicket here as always. But the forest rising from the ocean is only of a slight extent here. The mangroves quickly disappear from the southern side. A bare wall over one hundred feet high rises entirely perpendicularly; it appears to consist of porphyry-like rock. Soon thereafter, we reach the landing place. There was still enough space for our amlai inside the canoe shed. After it was well stored, we went on our way. The friend from Cordère had sent out a request beforehand to announce us at Aituro's house. He constantly remained at my side and took again the previously interrupted conversation.

"Here, Doctor, leads the path over these red hills. What a pity that Aituro's not here. He could tell you so much more than I can. But you'll soon hear everything in Cordère, Doctor."

"Well, I believe, friend, you've already told me that Cabel Schils is there. Is there still any other news?"

"I don't know, Doctor, whether it's true. So many lies are told in Palau. This morning a report came -- I've already been here for two days -- that a new 'man-of-war' is coming. Cabel Schils said so."

"Well, if he said so it will certainly come true. He's already called in the 'man-of-war' that defeated Aibukit." /228/

"O, no, Doctor. He's said that someone else had called it in. Don't you really know anything about it?"

Now I understood the penetrating look of the fellow. "How should I, friend?" I replied.

"Well, I only remarked about it, Doctor; you people from angabard are so smart. Then you've really not learned that someone wrote a letter to an influential rupack in Manila. In it, he requested a 'man-of-war.' You don't know about the letter, either?"
"No, but I'd like to hear more about it. Tell me more. You've asked Cabel Schils all about it, I'm sure."

"No, Doctor. I only know as much as you do. Now we're in the village. Do you see how beautiful it is here?"

My astounded looks did, in fact, gaze upon an alluring scene. Following a turn in the rather sharply ascending path across the field, we suddenly came upon the paved main street of the village. This one was broader than the northern ones seemed to be as a rule and kept entirely free of weeds. On both sides were rows of low planted bushes that touched upon the underbrush that proliferated under the palm and breadfruit trees with their large, scalloped leaves. Before the path reaches the summit above which the roof of a massive many colored bai rises with artistic beauty against the blue background of sky and the green foreground of trees, it turns to the right and forms a considerable open area. Half shadowed by trees, but still warmed by the last rays of the setting sun, lie Aituro's ancestors beneath large stones, only a few steps away from his family's house. No grass or weeds grow here. Cotton plants with their colorful, funnel-shaped blossoms and other ornamental plants stand all around the grave of his ancestors quite tastefully arranged. Off to the side there, under a group of high ascending melon trees /229/ whose goldish yellow fruit is being knocked down just then by a few boys using long poles, stands the red painted house of their family deity. The main house itself seems to have just been built because it all appears so completely and carefully preserved. Only on the highest ridge do some tufts of grass and a few ferns grow. It would be altogether too much work to remove these weeds from up there. A few pairs of doves sit and coo on the roof, while others scratch about with ducks and geese for the fodder that a young girl has just thrown down for them. These get maize, those kukau leaves and others juicy plants. A pair of large turkeys greet me with gobbles,
apparently most upset by the unexpected visit. They appear to marvel that someone other than Aituro himself approaches their dwelling at such a late hour. But the wife of the rupack greets me in a friendly way and with dignity. I eagerly ate the food that she ordered her women to place before me in spotless dishes. Wherever I looked, I saw greater abundance and comfort than I had seen in Palau before. The influence that the busy trade with the trading people from angabard had achieved upon the life of the villagers was very recognizable.

Early on the morning of 1 November, we encountered a calm. The high tide enabled us to completely cross the inner reef by following near the coast. We soon came upon the entrance to a deep bay that was supposed to go far inland. It is partly obstructed by a row of small, forested islands, which were certainly connected earlier and indicate, especially on their seaward side, extremely rugged precipices. Then the land again advanced towards the east -- here on the coast of Babelthaub lie the states of Eirei and Eimeliss [Eimelig, or Imeliik]. Before us rise the rugged peaks of the so-called kokeal with entirely bare rocks on their slopes. A brisk wind, which arises, drives /230/ our amlai quickly forward towards the southernmost of those islands, which can be distinguished at first sight from the gray, jagged limestone rocks by their gently swaying surface and the change from meadows to palm groves and lush forests.

"That's Coröre, Doctor. Behind it lies Malakka, the island of Cabel Schils."

The sun stood over our heads when we entered the harbor of Coröre. The ocean appeared to be almost completely deserted. Nowhere did we see fishermen in their canoes. But just as we wanted to turn into the channel leading to the harbor two large amlai met us. I did not recognize the people inside. They looked at me queerly and aloofly.
That's Ebadul, Doctor," Arakalulk whispered to me, "and Aituro. They're surely on their way to Malakka. You must greet them. That's the custom." We had already passed them slightly. I ordered us to turn around.

"Good morning, Ebadul," I called out to him, "I'm here to return your visit. When'll I see you in your bai?"

"Go into the harbor, Doctor. Arakalulk, isn't it? Are you there? He'll show you the way to Aidil [Idid. Aidil is the name for Ebadul's residence]. My wife already knows that you're coming. You'll find many people with her. We're off to Malakka, but we'll be back this evening."

We entered the harbor, which was protected from the waves by a large stone wall jutting far out into the ocean. At the landing area stood a beautiful well-preserved bai, from which a few sleepy men and women leered out at us. Beside the bai were sheds where the amlai were kept. They had been startled out of their midday sleep by the unusual commotion.

"Hackewe, friend," my brother called out to one of the sleepyheads, "Doctor's here /231/ to visit Ebadul. Show him how to get to Aidil while I put this amlai in the shed. We plan to stay here a few days."

"Really? Then come, Doctor."

"And where'll I meet you again, Arakalulk?"

"I've a friend here whom I'll stay with. But I'll see you before evening. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

We soon reached Aidil, Ebadul's house. The path ascended the hill steeply with a few curves. It was excellently maintained. Everywhere, there were traces of Corëre's extensive trade. Whenever I looked into the houses along the path, I noticed a number of chests and large cooking pots, all kinds of European utensils, knives and forks in profusion and even porcelain plates. Numerous turkeys and geese, as in Armlimui, ran about in the village. Aidil
itself lay on a height with a large square in front, as always; most of it was used up by the graves of his ancestors. Across from the house stood a long covered stage. To the side of this, a hut had been erected, apparently only temporarily. A number of people sat inside and in the house as well I found a crowd gathered around the chief's wife. Women and children were immediately next to her. At the far end, were several men who appeared to have come to visit me.

"I've arrived," I began, "to visit Ebadul and to see Corôre. It's such a famous place that I had to visit it before I return to angabard."

"Well, you've come at just the right time, Doctor," Ebadul's wife replied. "Aituro's here now to bring a large offering to the kalid here for the sake of his sick wife. The guests stay over there off to the side in the small house. Just in front of us here, a grand, entirely new, dance will be staged in two days. You, there, you woman, bring something to drink. He'll also be hungry. You must stay here in the house," she continued good-naturedly. "I've much to ask you and you'll be able to sleep better here than in the bai. You may set up your house in that corner, where you can always spend the night."

"Very well, Mrs. Ebadul, I'll stay here. Isn't your husband returning home late? Since it's still light, I'll take a walk around the village. Here comes Arakalulk to get me."

It was a splendid evening. The long deep shadows of twilight already lay on the broad paths and open areas. The last beams of the setting sun turned to gold the tops of the banana trees and breadfruit trees, of the palm and papaya trees, which surrounded the houses in tropical luxuriance and which were scenically arranged. The children played happily on all the paths and squares. Waddling geese and gobbling turkeys, chickens and ducks hurried about in groups among the people. On a knoll partly hidden by trees, stood
a beautiful bai. Numerous armungul sat in its windows; among them were some who already would have seen me in Aibukit and Kreiangel. Then the paths were surrounded by dense bushes as they rose every higher. On a large meadow grazed hundreds of cows and steers. And through the forest my gaze fell upon the playful surface of the ocean just beyond it. I wanted to climb over the strong fence because I had not seen any cattle for so long up close. These were certainly the descendants of the animals that the East India Company had presented to Ebadul well over seventy years ago. But my brother's friend warned me.

"The animals are very mean. None of us dares to go into the meadow. If Cabel Schils wants oxen, we have to shoot them. Earlier, they wandered about freely in the village. But because they rapidly became wild, wounded a few people and ravaged our gardens, we've driven them up to the meadow and made a fence so they can't get out. It would've been better if Cabel Wils hadn't given us the animals. They're of no use. But Ebadul doesn't want them all killed. He said they're a souvenir of the first rupack from angabard who had received the order of the bone [klilt]."

The sun had long since entered her house, and twilight rapidly dissolved into nightfall. Here and there we already met people with lit torches. The torches' dazzling light made a peculiar contrast with the blue glow of the full moon in the darkness of the night. When I returned to Aidil, I found Ebadul had already left. He had been home only briefly before setting out to take his meal with Aituro in his bai.

Early the next day, I let myself be taken to the bai of the rupack by Arakalulk in order to pay my call on Ebadul. The pleasant looking, corpulent and somewhat elderly chief already sat busily at his work.

"Good morning, Ebadul," I said after I had entered the bai in silence, following custom, and had squatted across from him, "so busy this early?"
"Yes, Doctor, that's my habit. I'm very adept at twisting rope. And as head chief, I have to set a good example for my people. Do you bring any news?"

"No, Ebadul. I'm here to hear and see something new. What could happen in Aibukit that's so important. We're leaving soon for Manila and I didn't want to leave Palau without having seen your land."

"My land? You've also seen it in Ngirrarth [Ngerard]* /234/ I'm 'King' of all Palau."

"Very well, I only meant this island and especially the kokeal. One of this people had told me much about it, and now I'm eager to see the islands of the kokeal for myself."

"You can do that, Doctor. An amlai is already provided for you, and it's not far from here. Well, come along to Aidil now. You can't leave today. Do you see the clouds there? It'll soon rain. And at my house, I want to show you something splendid, the 'book' of Cabel Wils."

It was about time we went. The crowns of the palm trees rustled loudly in the rising stormy winds. Between the dark clouds only small specks of the blue sky peeked out. Large drops soon were falling heavily on the leaves of the trees. Women and children scurried across the paths into their dwellings. Just as we passed through the low doors of Aidil, the storm had unleashed all its fury. A steady, heavy shower soon followed the frightful downpour lashed by the gale. And much to my liking, the guests who almost always filled the house of my regal worthy were kept at a distance.

Ebadul quickly gave his wife the order to remove the book from the chest.

"Do you see, Doctor. This is the book Cabel Wils sent, after Libu had died there in angabard. I only show it to close friends and important rupack. It is a valuable treasure, and we hold it in higher esteem than the stone hatchets and chisels our ancestors used to build their houses with and carve
their amlai. You have such hatchets in Ngirrarth, but only we have the 
'book.' There, Doctor, take it and read it at your leisure. I must now be 
on my way. Afterwards, you can tell me everything it says."

I took the well-known book in hand with an odd feeling. It had already 
been preserved here for more than seventy /235/ years. How often might that 
Ebadul who had given his son to Wilson, so that he should have learned 
something in a strange country, have looked upon the sketch of his dead son! 
How many tears had his mother shed unnoticed over her lost loved one in 
quiet moments! They were not allowed to show their pain to their people. 
It had always been the duty of all chiefs in Palau to hide pain and anger, 
surprise and vexation and to show nothing but a dignified expression. These 
savage 'head hunters' -- whom we so readily might have accustomed to our 
warfare with Christian charity [Gnade vor euerer Liebe [Mercy Before Your Love] 
Collected novels in verse by Paul Heyse (Urica, p. 1460)] -- are quick to 
feel the emotions of sympathy and empathy for others. They have hearts in 
their breasts as well, and they are just as capable as more gifted and more 
advanced peoples of the deepest and most passionate involvement and surrender. 
But they set all their highest pride in the most scrupulous fulfillment of 
the old customs. Therefore, they mightily restrain their feelings because it 
is 'bad manners' to express inner emotion in passionate words. After Ebadul, 
that Libu's father, heard about his son's death, he only said, "It is well; 
it is well," keeping his composure with difficulty.

They regarded the book with the comforting piety which this people attached 
to everything concerned with their fathers. Not a page was torn or smeared. 
The cover was so clean that it was as if the book had stood on the bookcase 
of a librarian who regarded his library as a priceless relic not to be 
violated by the hands of one reader. Ebadul's wife showed me the pictures. 
She explained everything with the profoundest pleasure, and I did not begrudge
her the small joy. Then /236/ she let me turn farther. I engrossed myself in the touching story about the end of the young prince. Beloved of all who knew him, he died with stoic assurance in a strange land. The powerful East India Company dedicated his memorial, a fitting monument in the Rotherhithe churchyard. Almost thoughtlessly, I read the inscription also given in the book. "To the Memory of Prince Lee Boo, a native of the Pelew, or Palos islands; and son to Abba Thulle, Rupack or King of the Island Coroora." Wait. What is it? Have I read it correctly? Rupack or "king" of the island of Corœre (Coroora)? So even the English themselves declare that Ebadul is not "King" of all Palau. But doesn't he now act as if he were such? Thinking how to resolve this contradiction, I turned further. From between the last pages a manuscript fell out all at once. What could it be? By heaven, that's interesting. "A Constitution of Palau" and also "A Treaty of Commerce between Ebadul, King of the Palau Islands, the Chiefs of Corœre, and Andrew Cheyne."

How pleased I now was at the rain, which allowed me time to make a copy of these interesting documents. These were only copies. The originals had allegedly been deposited in the English consulate in Manila, as I discovered later. Both of these important documents are given space here for an understanding and judgment of the local relationships, with the retention of the erroneous English spelling of the indigenous names.

1.

A Treaty of Commerce between Abba Thulle King of the Pelew Islands and the Nobles of Corror on the one part and Andrew Cheyne, owner and commander of the British /237/ Bargue "Black River Packet" and proprietor of the Island of Malaccan, Pelew Islands, on the other part.
Article 1. King Abba Thule and the undersigned Nobles of Corror hereby grant the said Andrew Cheyne, his heir, successors and assigns the sole and exclusive right and privilege of purchasing all the biche de mer, tortoise shell and all other marketable productions of the Pelew Islands now worth exporting, or that may be raised from the soil hereafter, such as coffee, sugar etc. for five hundred moons, reckoning from the date of this Treaty. At the expiration of this time this Treaty may be renewed or the trade declared open, as may be most advantageous to the Corror Government.

Art. 2. Whatever unoccupied lands the said Andrew Cheyne or his aforesaid requires for cultivation, shall be sold to him or them at a reasonable price.

Art. 3. No land shall be sold or leased to any Foreigner except the said A. Cheyne and his aforesaid, nor shall any vessels be allowed to trade at any part of the Pelew Islands except those belonging to him or his aforesaid, nor shall any Foreigner be allowed to reside on any of the Islands of the Pelew Group, except those in the employ of the said A. Cheyne.

Art. 4. Andrew Cheyne shall be allowed to have an establishment at Aramanewie (Armliumui?) as formerly and to purchase land there and cultivate it.

Art. 5. A. Cheyne binds himself and his aforesaid not to dispose of Arms or ammunitions to any of the inhabitants of the Pelew Islands except to the Corror Government.

Art. 6. Any seaman or labourer in the employ of the said A. Cheyne, absenting themselves without leave or deserting from his vessels or his service are to be apprehended and delivered over to the said A. Cheyne, or the Captains /238/ of their respective vessels. Seamen
deserting from other vessels, which may visit Malaccan Harbour are to be sent on board their ships, and will not be allowed to remain on this Group on any pretence whatever, except in case of illness, when A. Cheyne will take charge of them and forward them to a civilized part when well.

Art. 7. Any natives of the Pelew Islands desirous of entering the service of the said A. Cheyne or his aforesaid are to be allowed to do so, without let or hindrance on the part of the King or Corror Government and they are to be paid fair wages for their labour, no part of which is to be taken from them by the Corror Government and they shall be at perfect liberty to leave the service of the said A. Cheyne or his aforesaid, when their term of service expires. It is clearly understood, that such natives although in the employ of A. Cheyne are still subject to the native laws of the Pelew Islands.

Art. 8. Any foreign runaway sailor or sailors or other foreigners now living in the Erkelthow [Rkeldeu] District or any other Districts who by preying on the ignorance or credulity of the Corror Government or people, tell them falsehoods with the view of injuring the lawful trade of the said A. Cheyne at these Islands and which will also indirectly injure the Corror people or interfere in any other way between the said A. Cheyne and the Government or people shall, on proof of the same, be expelled from the Group.

Art. 9. King Abba Thule and the Nobles of Corror hereby promise, that in the event of quarrels arising between their Government and the Rulers of other Districts, the matter in dispute is to be referred to the said A. Cheyne for arbitration, who will hear both statements and give his decision in a just and impartial
manner, which the Corror Government hereby bind themselves to abide by, and in no case are they to resort to hostilities, unless in case of armed rebellion.

Art. 10. The inhabitants of Pillelew (Peleliu) having procured a supply of arms and ammunition from passing ships have thrown off their allegiance to the Corror Government and shot some of their people, they are therefore at present a set of armed lawless ruffians, dangerous to ships passing the south end of the Group, as they would not hesitate to cut off a vessel, would they get a favourable opportunity. As the said A. Cheyne can have no guarantee for the safety of his property on Malaccau, while they remain so, King Abba Thule and the Nobles of Corror hereby promise to take effectual measures to have them disarmed, and brought under proper legal authority, the same as formerly.

Art. 11. Should any natives of the Pelew Islands attempt to capture any vessel passing this Group, or kill any shipwrecked people, that may be cast on these Islands in boats or otherwise, or kill any foreigners, the parties guilty of the same shall be punished with death by the Corror Government and the town to which they belong utterly destroyed. And the King and Nobles of Corror hereby promise that all shipwrecked people shall be hospitably treated and handed over to the said A. Cheyne at Malaccan.

Art. 12. King Abba Thule and the Nobles of Corror hereby bind themselves their heirs and successors, to aid and protect the said A. Cheyne, his ships, people, land and trade, whenever called upon to do so from all attacks or aggressions whatever.

Art. 13. Abba Thule and the Nobles of Corror hereby bind themselves and their successors to abide by the annexed /240/ Constitution and
and Regulations for the Government of their people and protection of trade.

Art. 14. A. Cheyne agrees to give King Abba Thule and his Government all the aid and assistance in his power to enforce due observance of the annexed Constitution and Regulations, to support the lawful authority of the Government and to assist in every way to promote the civilization, peace and prosperity of the people.

Art. 15. In consideration of these concessions A. Cheyne agrees to pay the Corror Government Ten p. cent duty on the value paid by him for the produce purchased from the Corror people; also 10 p. cent on the price paid for the production of all other Districts, one half of which is to be paid to the Corror Government, and the other half to the Governor of the District.

Art. 16. And the said A. Cheyne further engages that in consideration of King Abba Thule and his Government assisting him with men to cure biche de mer at Yap and granting him protection while there -- Yap being subject to Corror -- to pay the Corror Government 10 p. cent on the value of the goods paid by him to the Yap people for the marketable productions of that Island.

Art. 17. A. Cheyne agrees that so soon as his means will allow he shall provide a competent instructor for the Corror people and King Abba Thule and the Nobles of Corror hereby promise to grant him an allotment of five acres of ground at Corror for a house and garden. In the meantime A. Cheyne shall do all in his power to instruct and assist the people to cultivate the ground, so as to develop the resources of these fertile islands.

Art. 18. We Abba Thule King of the Pelew Islands and the undersigned Nobles of Corror, hereby declare that we have not received
any goods, money or article whatever from the said A. Cheyne, or from any other person, as an equivalent for granting or to induce us to grant him these concessions, but that it is entirely our own free act and deed, done in the belief that by having a fair and regular system of trade established, it will confer a lasting benefit on ourselves and our people, strengthen our Government and promote the ultimate peace and welfare of all classes of our subjects.

Art. 19. And lastly, we Abba Thule King of the Pelew Islands and the undersigned Nobles of Corror, hereby bind ourselves, our heirs and successors to the due performance of this Treaty.

Signed and concluded by the contracting parties on board the British bargue "Black River Packet" lying in Malaccan Harbour, Pelew Islands on the fifth day of March 1861 in the presence of John Davy Interpreter and James Lord Wilkinson of Hobart Town.

A. Cheyne.

Abba Thule, King.* *

Eareyekalow [Ngiraikelau],
Prime Minister.

Arrakuoka [Rechucher],
Successor to the King.

Clantrow [Kloteraol], Noble.

Arramuggid [Ngirameriil]
Noble.

2. Constitution of Pellow.

Art. 1. Abba Thule is absolute sovereign of the whole Pelew Islands, of which the native name is Pellow (Palau).

Art. 2. The succession to the throne is to continue the same as it was in the days of our ancestors and now is, /242/ as: on the
death of King Abba Thule Prince Arrakuoka succeeds him; Prince Koback [Obak] of Arakapasau [Ngerekebesang Island] succeeds Arrakuoka and Prince Eyeuke of Corror succeeds Koback of Arakapasau and the next prince entitled takes Eyeuke's place at Corror. This is the order of succession of the kingdom. The succession of the Nobles shall also be as formerly.

Art. 3. Our ancient laws respecting the power, rank, might and privileges of the King, Princes, Nobles, Chiefs and their wives and children and the respect and obedience to be paid them by our subjects, are to remain in full force and are in no way to be altered.

Art. 4. The laws for carrying on the Government and deciding all matters of importance by the King and Nobles in council, shall remain in full force.

Signed as above.

Regulations.

1. Having entered into a Treaty of Commerce with Capt. Cheyne owner and commander of the British Barge "Black River Packet" and proprietor of the Island of Malaccan, we Abba Thule and the Nobles of Corror hereby decree, that for the protection of trade and the security of our Government, no person or persons on the Pelew Islands are to trade or barter with any ship, or go on board any ship or vessels, other than those belonging to the said Capt. Cheyne, and all that biche de mer collected and cured at the Pelew Islands together with tortoise shell and all other marketable productions at present worth exporting, or that may be at any future
time worth exporting, or that may be raised from the soil hereafter, such as coffee, sugar, must be brought to Malacca for sale and sold to the said Capt. Cheyne or his Agent for the time being and to no other person whatever. And we make known to all men, that no part of the earning of the inhabitants of the Pelew Islands shall be taken from them by the Corror Government, Capt. Cheyne having in the Treaty of Commerce agreed to pay us a duty of 10 p. cent on all the marketable productions of the Group. Those found in trading with other vessels, or other persons will be heavily fined, the amount to be fixed by the King and Nobles of Corror in council.

2. For the better security of our Government and fulfillment of the said Treaty of Commerce with Capt. Cheyne we also decree, that a Corror Noble or Chief shall be appointed Governor of Pillelew and that effectual measures shall be taken to disarm the inhabitants, who are at present a band of lawless ruffians, dangerous to ships passing near Pillelew -- and bring them under proper legal authority the same as formerly.

3. Erturo (Aituro), a Noble of high rank who is now Governor of the Aramanewie (Armlimui) District, shall hold that appointment during his lifetime.

4. A Corror Noble or Chief shall be appointed Governor of Eye Rye (Eirei), Arakaumully [Ngerekuumelbai] District, to prevent the people from obtaining arms from passing ships and for the protection of trade.

5. Should the present Governor of the Ngirrarth District (Aibukit), and who is a Corror chief, fail in making his people carry out the provisions of the Treaty of Commerce made by us with
Capt. Cheyne, or allow his people to obtain arms or ammunition he
shall be succeeded by a more competent person.

6. A Corror Chief shall be appointed Governor of the Urrakalong
[Ngerchelong] District, to prevent the people obtaining arms from
passing ships and for the protection of Trade.

7. No foreigner, Manila man or white man residing in these islands shall be allowed to distil spirits from the cocoa nut
toddy, or in any other way. On proof of his doing so, he shall be
fined, and repeating the offence he shall be expelled from the
Group.

Signed as above.

Earatogagee [Ngiratechekii],
Noble.

I, John Davy hereby declare that I have faithfully and
truthfully interpreted the above Treaty of Commerce to the King and
Nobles of Corror, that they thoroughly understand its nature and
contents, and that they have signed their names by marks in my
presence. I have been residing on the Pelew Islands for the last
25 years, and thoroughly understand the native language.

Signed John Davy.


"Buenos dias, caballero" -- "How are you, Dr. Semper?"

Two Europeans suddenly greeted me that way just as I had written out the
last lines of the "Constitution of Palau." I looked at them with amazement.
They were unfamiliar to me. The Spaniard must surely be the captain of the
Pelayo which was still lying in the harbor at Malakka. But the German?

"Whom have I the honor of meeting?"
"My name is Tetens. I've been Captain Cheyne's first mate for two months. Since I knew you were one of my countrymen, I used a short leave to pay my visit to you."

"I thank you, Mr. Tetens. Unfortunately, I'm not able to return the favor aboard the Black River Packet. You were in Manila briefly /245/ and no doubt you became acquainted with Herrmann, my brother-in-law, there?"

"Certainly, but I didn't see him very much. We had a lot to do, and our departure was supposed to have been kept secret. That's why I didn't have any greetings or letters for you. But I've heard much about you anyway. You already know what I mean. The letter you gave, whose unknowing carrier you have made Cheyne, has made quite a stir; that is, in the salons and in the newspapers."

"Well, and the Spanish administration? I had thought that they would have seized this opportunity to finally place a firm hold on these islands, which they were supposed to have found one hundred and fifty years ago, and which are always called 'Posesiones de ultramar' [overseas possessions] on their charts for that reason. The administration was still silent about it?"

"What illusions, Doctor Semper! It's obvious you've been living among half-savage people for a long time. How could you believe that the Spanish administration would be willing to put themselves into difficulties to support a few hundred brown people? They're busy enough in their own country. Pirates are growing bolder again in the south, and an expedition against the savages is just about to be carried out in northern Luzon. Then there's the war in Cochinchina. This is certainly enough labor and effort for the Governor of Manila. The only reason the Spanish enjoyed your letter was that it varied the routine. Everywhere people remarked that you're seriously engaged with Captain Cheyne."

"I can't say that this place appeals to me very much. Whatever Captain
"Well, really, Mr. Tetens, that just suits the people there. Whatever people think themselves capable of is just what people accuse others of. At any rate, I thank you for the information. I won't forget you. Would you like to take a brief walk, gentlemen?"

Our group was increased by one more; a Frenchman who had come with the Pelayo -- I believe he was her supercargo -- had come to search for his captain. These two men went away to attend to their business. So Mr. Tetens and I sauntered through the village.

"The villages surrounding Malakka," I began our conversation, "are more attractive than in the north. It's obvious that the greater proximity to the European traders has begotten a greater prosperity. But I don't like these people as much as those in Aibukit. They are full of intrigue and are more ambitious. My friends' village has suffered greatly because of their tricks."

"I understand what you're getting at. You mean the affair of the English warship."

"Yes, and still many others. But Captain Cheyne always seems to me to be at the bottom of things. I've just discovered an interesting document that appears to clear up many inexplicable things about that English assault on Aibukit. Up at Aidil inside an old book lies a trade agreement between Cheyne and Ebadul, and, furthermore, a constitution of Palau. Your captain reveals himself as a blatant monopolist. But one could afford to say little about it, otherwise he could be cut out to become a Rajah Brooke [Sir James Brooke (1803-680, rajah of Sarawak], whom he has apparently chosen as his model. If the terms of that constitution and the treaty had been carried out, Cheyne would be de facto 'king' of all Palau. Would you like to be his Prime Minister, Mr. Tetens?"

"I can't say that this place appeals to me very much. Whatever Captain
Cheyne's plans are, they are of no great importance to me. I'm a sailor, not a politician."

"Well, you'll get accustomed to it quickly. Those two documents were drawn up a year before the English assault. And now I believe I understand why the captain of the ship allowed himself to undertake that adventurous trip to Aibukit. In those papers, Ebadul figures as 'king' of all the islands. The chiefs of the others states are his vassals and Mad of Aibukit is called a rupack of Cordre. And also, Cheyne and Ebadul have solemnly pledged to help each other execute this in the rest of the paragraphs. Among these paragraphs are some which prevent all other Europeans from stopping here or elsewhere or trading in other states without Cheyne's permission. Woodin and the people of Aibukit have infringed upon this last condition. Is it any wonder that that war hero -- who was apparently allowed to inspect the documents by Cheyne -- imagined that this side had the right?

"It thus meant to support someone who was younger and more energetic than the old Woodin, someone who appeared to desire to get a firm grip on these islands. -- Such an opportunity to secure the right for the establishment of a new colony could not be neglected.

"Perhaps Captain Browne only wanted to force the chiefs of Aibukit to, in fact, acknowledge Ebadul's sovereignty over all the islands -- which, according to that document belonged to him and to regard their own country as a fief or province of Cordre. But that naturally failed. And the fight that followed also didn't reach its mark. Now the people of Cordre have a great dread out of which nothing seems to be able to help them, even Cheyne.

"Before I came here, I'd already heard of a 'man-of-war' that someone from Aibukit was supposed to have summoned. People have even told me to my face that I'd done it. Credulous children are our friends here. Just because that English warship accidentally came to Malakka and her captain
made Cheyne's affairs his business, everywhere you go in Palau, you hear Cheyne summoned her here. Before Captain Browne and his boats arrived at Aibukit, its residents had long since heard the report of the arrival of the 'man-of-war' of Cabel Schils, as Cheyne is called here. They can't be talked out of it. And I've worn myself out hour after hour trying to convince the people of Aibukit that it's not in my power to summon a warship. God knows who put the belief that I'd really written to Manila into the brain of some rupack -- Or is your captain also supposed to have a hand in this? He probably intended to prepare a difficult situation for me in these islands by doing that!"

"I don't know anything at all, Dr. Semper. It's rather uninteresting to me. I'm Cheyne's mate and nothing more."

"Well, it doesn't matter to me either. But he won't achieve his goal. Yesterday afternoon, Cheyne was, of course, here in aruau -- the house where the chiefs hold their meetings, Mr. Tetens -- in an animated conversation with the rupack. Since then, the people have been much more formal with me. And my friend Arakalulk complains a good deal about the bad reception he's received. From mean speech to evil deeds is a long road for the people of Coröre. I don't have, despite being unarmed, anything to fear in the way of an attack. Here's the bai, Mr. Tetens. Do you want to take a look at the colorful annals of the islanders inside? That brown beauty'll certainly provide you a drink of sweet coconut juice."

"No, thank you. I think my time's about up. I like it much better aboard ship than here ashore."

"Well, then, good-bye, Mr. Tetens. I'm leaving here in the morning. Only don't get used to things in Coröre too quickly! Adieu!" /249/

The rainy weather continued the next day with only slight interruptions. The unfriendliness of the people towards my people and myself increased
noticeably. Wherever he went, Arakalulk had to listen to evil words. What did we people from Aibukit want here anyway? We should get ready to return home. If Doctor wasn't there, he and Arungul would certainly lose their heads. From his features that grew more gloomy every day, I could see how he had to restrain himself with all his might. After he showed me a hole punched in the bottom of his amlai by some malicious hand -- but on whose orders, I wonder -- the previous night, it took a great effort on my part to restrain him from acting too quickly.

Matters were not going well for me either. The chief, as well as Aituro, took almost no notice of me, although I lived in the first house. Armlimui's chief never returned my visit, and Ebadul did not come to take his usual morning snack in his residence starting on 4 November. When I looked for him, I found him breakfasting at his son's house. My request that he furnish me with another amlai so I could visit the kokeal since my own was damaged, he shoved aside in true regal fashion without violating the rules of decorum. As I was continuing the conversation with his son, he rose and left without honoring me with another word. After I myself returned to Aidil, I found him there engaged in the liveliest discussion. He once again fled at my arrival. Even his wife, who was always friendly towards me, relaxed her concern for my welfare. The bananas that I had seen Ebadul eat, I no longer received despite my requests.

The dance finally took place on 5 November. It was the fitting end to a two-month long illness ceremony that Aituro put on for the kalid of Corôre in order to heal his wife through his prayers. A large portion of the foods prepared at Aituro's expense were taken to it daily. The house standing off to the side of Aidil and the roofed dancing hall there were built at his expense. Quite early in the morning the people gathered in the space in front of Aidil. In the forefront next to the gravestones of Ebadul's
ancestors sit all the women, and in their middle those of high-ranking blood. In the second row are the young women of the village. But off to the side, the men partly hide themselves in the bushes or in the shadows of the house. The rustling of grass skirts can already be heard as the long file of approaching dancers swing them in rhythm. Their aprons are of the finest braided kind. But their naked bodies are fantastically and arbitrarily covered with a reddish yellow color. In one hand they hold some short wooden instruments -- they appeared to represent weapons -- and in the other a staff decoratively made of a large white wood shaving and on their ends a reddish colored crown cluster. In a single file, they went up on the raised platform, whose roof protected them from the sun's great heat.

Now the dance begins. A leader sings a verse without moving. The entire choir repeats it with an accompanying rustle of their grass skirts and graceful movements, as if pointing to something in the distance. They soon become more animated. Those are apparently scenes of joy and of greeting that they want to express. Now they seize those wooden instruments -- my neighbor verifies that they represent weapons -- and their arms part the air in front of them with a supple swinging motion. The war party moves farther and farther away from where it set out. Then a loud shout, wild arm movements and the entire body. A stanza is sung emphatically and sparkling eyes convey the expectation of the impending battle.

"Friend," I asked my neighbor, "what does all this mean? Can you tell me what they're singing?"

"Oh, no, Doctor, that's not possible. I don't understand it. That is a women's dance. Only they can explain it to you. Whenever we men put on our dances the women don't understand us either."

"Really, friend? Then why did you just laugh?"

"Do you mean I'm lying, Doctor? You people from Ngirrarth understand
that better. Go over to Ebadul's wife; she'll be able to explain what the women there are singing."

The appearance of the dancers grow more and more ferocious. Their feet stamp the floor. Their armed hands strike down an enemy here and cut off a head there, all in time with the singing. The battle is won. They grasp the sticks with the yellow colored clusters, and in a straight line, raise and lower them alternately to the floor.

"What does it mean, Mrs. Ebadul?" I asked going over to her in the covered row of spectators.

"That's the English assault on Aibukit, whom they defeated. Now, they're setting the villages on fire. The yellow tufts are the torches with which they've burned the houses down."

"And is it true, as a young lad just told me, that your men don't understand the women's singing?"

"O, no, Doctor. He only shied away from telling you the truth. You're Era Tabatteldil and a rupack of Aibukit. He was quite afraid of offending you."

"Well, he had little to fear from me. I'm here, as everyone knows, defenseless and unprotected."

"No, Doctor. You are a rupack, whom no one dares to attack. And you're our guest here in Aidil. Whoever does anything to you and your people must pay a heavy fine to Ebadul! But look the dance is over. Come into the house and chat a little with us women."

"No, I can't. I see Arakalulk coming over there. He surely has found an amlai. We want to see the kokeal before I return to Aibukit in the morning [The islanders never take leave of each other in words; at most, they say "I'm going."]"

That's what happened. With a smiling face, he asked me to go with him.
"At last I have an amlai. Come quickly, so we'll be out of this abominable place. Arpes is already waiting below, and my friend's also there."

Soon we were rolling on the ocean, whose mirror-like surface my friends cut across with powerful strokes of their oars. We turned in towards a labyrinth of channels and islands. Diverse, jagged grayish black cliffs rose up perpendicularly. On their summits stood casuarinas, a thick undergrowth of ugly bushes. At their feet, waves had carved a groove over the centuries. Underneath the overhanging edge, a number of beach animals, snails and crabs, went their ways. Nowhere on these limestone rocks was there a trace of tilled land to be found. It was different on the trachytic islands. Here, meadows and forests alternated with each other. Their gently rising slopes displayed slender coconut trees some distance up, and the peaks of a colorfully decorated bai stood out alluringly here and there from between the coconut trees. Wasteland and cultivated fields lay beside each other making the sharpest contrast. To heighten the contrast even more, we suddenly glimpsed, in the background of a beautiful bay opening to the ocean in the east, two ships up close to a small isle, and high /253/ up on its summit a European house built in the Tagalog-Christian style of Manila.

"That is Malakka, Doctor. Cabel Schils lives up there in the large house."

And I really must commend the man's taste for having selected just this isle as his first piece of property! The island lay there, a precious treasure for someone tired of life who desired to prepare an idyllic retirement; having a clear view of the entrance to Malakka Harbor, as well as the channels toward Corôre and the north; on the south, entirely surrounded by a half-circle of those gloomy limestone islands with their sad casuarinas. But the island itself shone with the abundant green foliage of its deciduous forests and coconut groves, its meadows and sugar cane plantations. At its feet an inland sea large enough for an entire fleet.
I must be dreaming. Is it really Cheyne who's bought this pleasant-looking jewel? The Cheyne who tried to drive away the old, friendly Woodin using all possible schemes and tricks? The Cheyne who had planted the first firm foot here on the islands with its possession and who had encroached even further upon the local authority by means of that treaty? Didn't a hermit live up there in the meditative serenity instead of a modern freebooter, whose personal ambition was so strongly goaded by the recollection of how his country might be able to acquire so many colonies and in whose never-resting spirit converge all the political webs that have been spun for this decade?

So the most welcome stillness of the luxurious tropics covers the impatient life of an enterprising adventurer, whose plans can be recognized as chips off the old block of a Rajah Brooke, and made in that same bold and rash temper. But his abilities cannot keep up with his wishes. He destroys all his own plans himself because he believes he can reach his goal using schemes and tricks, while he would only be able to accomplish it through the inflexible courage and the firm devotion to truth and justice of a Sir James Brooke.
X.

Return to Aibukit and Second Journey to the South.

Having achieved my foremost goal with my visit to the kokeal and a thorough exploration of one of its islands, I could give the order to depart the next day, after returning to Cordre on the evening of November 5. The deadline that Woodin had given me for my return had almost passed. And the treatment Arakalulk and his friends were exposed to by their enemies also made me quite uncomfortable by now. Taking leave of Ebadul and his family was formal in the highest degree. Arakalulk already waited for me at the landing place. His face beamed with joy. If we had stayed any longer, he remarked, he and Arpes would both have had to starve. Now he was anxious to nurse himself back in Aibukit. If we were only there already!

His wish was soon fulfilled. A stiff southern wind drove us speedily over the calm water of the channel. At five o'clock in the afternoon, we were already there and went by the Lady Leigh. Woodin was hammering on his ship.

"Well, back already, Dr. Semper?" he hailed me. "I thought you would be down there a little while longer. You'd have had enough time. I've found a new leak. If you want to, you can quite easily travel back down south again. We'll not sail in fourteen days from today no matter what."

"What now, Arakalulk?" I asked. "Cabel Mul just told me that his ship wasn't finished yet. What do you say if we turn around and also visit Peleliu once?"
"As you wish, Doctor. I'll follow you. But it's too late today. It's better for us to spend the night in Aibukit and see what's new first. Also the amliai is only slightly improved. We can't make the long journey to Peleliu in the same canoe."

By evening, I was again Era Tabatteldil in the bai of the rupack of Aibukit. Politics was discussed far into the night by the light of the blazing fire. But first everyone wanted to hear "my news". Each time someone else came in, I had to repeat it. They knew how to repeatedly bring up their pet questions: Whether I wouldn't now openly declare at long last that I would stay with them since neither Kreiangel nor Coröre had pleased me. Krei especially painted for me once again the attractions of their life in the most glorious colors. As his final card, he offered me his just mentioned daughter in marriage. I patiently let the flow of his oration pass over me. I had already vainly attempted too many times to arouse these good people out of their dreams. The savage doesn't readily allow his illusions to be removed. At the end, he gave me a report to inspire me in the strongest way to do as he wished which surprised me, although I had long suspected something like it. Arakalulk had been dropping hints here and there that Piter was not entirely trustworthy. The people circulated sinister reports that his quickly growing wealth probably came from sources that were not entirely legitimate. It was much easier to buy fine articles in Auru than it had been before. The old Woodin also heard of it finally -- where on earth are good friends missing? -- One fine day, Woodin unexpectedly showed up at Auru and caught a fellow as he carried away some chisels. Without further ado, since the books didn't balance, he drove Johnson out. But the captain was severe in his anger. He quickly summoned the arauau in his capacity as Era Kaluk and delivered a speech that the people certainly did not properly understand. But it was still obvious to them that Piter was
a lost man. Since they would rather give up him than Era Kaluk, they passed a sentence, whose execution followed on his heels.

"That is just our custom, Doctor," my father concluded. "He'd stolen from Cabel Mul for which he should really have lost his life. But he's also a man from angabard, whom we're not allowed to kill. That's why we took away his wives and his money and burned his house down. He's on his way to Meligeok now. But we can use a white man here. Piter had done us much good earlier because he was smart and brave. But you're even more so. Therefore, stay here. You'll have it made with us. How much you're respected in enemy territory, you've seen for yourself. The people of Cordore only spared Arakalulk because you passed for his father there. But we're your friends. We'll respect you much more than /258/ the enemies have already done. Become a man of Aibukit and you'll lack nothing."

"Until the time I'm also driven away. Isn't that so, Krei? No, no, nothing can come of it. I'm soon returning to angabard since my wife is there waiting for me. Besides that, I'm only staying here for a few days. I'm going south once more. I just have to see Peleliu. And if Cabel Mul sails before I get back, he'll pick me up there and I'll never see you again."

"Really, Doctor? And you want Arakalulk along with you? That's not nice of you to abandon him like that. What can he do without you down south? They'll surely kill him."

"Well, don't worry Krei. I'm only going with Gonzalez and the people from Peleliu who are here now. Arakalulk will remain here. None of your people will go with me. Alejandro's also staying here. He's too playful and too love sick and could make things awkward for me. Well, I'll still visit all my friends in Roll and Rallap, and then I'll bid you 'Good bye'"

Overjoyed that Arakalulk would remain in Aibukit, Krei and the others now forgot to implore me any further about staying. How they had all marveled
at his daring to enter the main village of the enemy with me. It was a wonder that he came back alive! And now he was willing to accompany me on a second, but much more dangerous trip -- the good and faithful friend would surely have kept his word -- from which he certainly would not have returned. Out of this fear of losing one of their most courageous men -- it was he who had sunk an enemy amlai during that attack by the people of Corôre -- they were relieved at my promise not to bring him along. He himself, of course, heard the report without any objection, but also without joy. From now on, he never let me out of his sight even for a moment. Early in the morning, he picked me up from the bai of the rupack to accompany me to the bathing area. And at his house, his wife always prepared breakfast for me just the way I liked it. We also wandered alone together through the palm tree groves and over the hills, on which we had so often hunted butterflies earlier or had made measurements with the theodolite. For the last time, I enjoyed his powerful figure, as he protected the rapidly moving amlai from rising rocks while standing in the bow. I found Asmal德拉 sick when I took leave of him at his house on my way to Rallap. Everywhere, I found good men and women friends. All wanted to see me once again, and to shake my hand. Quite often, a sad exclamation escaped from their lips, which almost always honored the custom and never allowed public expression of the peoples' real feelings. Only Arakalulk remained silent and solemn at my side.

I spent a few days in paying my farewell visits. The departure was firmly fixed for the afternoon of 12 November, but I still had not visited Roll, that peaceful village in the palm tree forest that had impressed me with its soft rustling palm tree crowns and its melancholic aura. For the sake of the people who lived there, a decayed species, I wandered there for the last time, early in the morning of 12 November, with Arakalulk. We walked beside each other in silence in the dawning light. Thousands of dew drops
suspended from the high blades of grass in the meadows shone in the rising sun along our path. A few doves sat cooing and billing in the branches of a breadfruit tree. But Arakalulk did not notice them although his rifle rested on his shoulder. It seemed the doves realized that we bore no thoughts of murder on this morning. Our steps scared them away but they only flew a few branches higher up in the tree. The deepest most welcome quiet covered the village of Roll. As before, lizards were cavorting in the first sunbeams, which turned the dry leaves lying on the stones on the paved path to gold. Again, as before, the top of palm trees beat upon the roof of the bai, in which a few rupack lay asleep. The goldish yellow areca nuts still hung down half hidden by the dried out leaflet of a just fallen leaf, and on the coconut trees shone spadices, half ripe and completely ripe nuts, as at that time, next to one another. Just as it was on my first visit, the roar of the nearby surf engulfed in regular succession the soft soughing of palm leaves.

In the presence of the ocean, I stretched myself out underneath a majestic coconut tree. Arakalulk remained standing at my side.

"Friend," he broke the silence after a few minutes, "I know that you won't come back from Peleliu. My kalid told me so."

"You could be right," I agreed. "I also suspect something like that and I'm sad about it. But I just have to visit the south once again. Don't you see that it belongs to another chain such as we forged in Kreiangel? If I'm able to return once more before our departure, I'd be delighted. I really want to see you again, Arakalulk. But I have to go south."

"I'd like to see you again, too, Doctor," my brother answered. "Most of all, I'd like to go with you to angabard and stay with you. But my wife and kids won't allow me to go. Yes, if only I didn't have them -- I wouldn't be much bothered about Mad and Krei. They've treated me badly. But my wife restrains me."
"I also, Arakalulk. But you people from Palau aren't fit for our country. Among us, life is much harder than it is here. In your home, you'd still be a rupack even if you never became Mad. -- But in Manila or even in the cold land where I live, which is called Europe, you'd be neither a rupack nor could you live for very long. Only we whites, who are accustomed to the climate, can live there. How would you like to live without the ocean and traveling in an amlai, without kukau and bonga nuts, without sun and palm trees? Your heart would soon break. Libu also died in the cloudy overcast country of the English. But you shall not forget me, Arakalulk, and I'll never forget you. When I return home, tired of all my many trips, then I'll write a 'book' just as Cabel Wils did. I'll relate how you became my friend and brother to all my friends from angabard and how you accompanied me to Kreiangel and Corôre. You, Krei and Mad will all appear there. Gonzalez has sketched all of you for that reason. If another doctor goes on a trip, as I did, not to gather balate or oil, like Cabel Mul, but to hunt for snails and mussels, beetles and butterflies, then I'll give him this book and a letter to you and myself.* Then he'll give it all to you and say thereby that I haven't forgotten you."

"If I really don't see you again, Doctor, I'll give Cabel Mul something for you. When he leaves, I'll give him an amlai for you. You take such pleasure in ocean travel, and no 'boat' from angabard travels as well as our amlai. I'll also send you money, so you can show your wife how beautiful it is. You haven't forgotten the marvelous stories I've told you about it? I'll also take a few stone adzes with which our fathers worked and in which you take such pleasure, out of the casks where our most valuable family heirlooms are stored. Mad will be angry when he learns about it, but his anger doesn't scare me. I'll know you'll
be glad to have them. I haven't forgotten how you marveled so much that our fathers could have built the large houses with these adzes. Tell me what other things you'd like. Whenever I get them, they're yours."

"You're a good man, Arakalulk. I don't want anything more from you."

"Wait, I've forgotten one. I still have one of those round benches on which we build the pyramids of **kukau** at our feasts. It's quite old and also built with a stone adze. You shall have it, too. -- Stand up now, Doctor. The sun already stands high. You must still eat in Aibukit, and the people want to sail just after noon. You'll have to be at the harbor at the right time, since there is just that one **amlai** from the south there now."

My mother had already waited for me for some time in Aibukit. She also remarked that it was the last time she could see and entertain me. The good woman set a sumptuous lunch before me. With her own hands, she offered me a last drink of **eilaut** in a turtle shell drinking cup, which she asked me to take as a souvenir of her, "so that I would not forget her." The same request was made everywhere, by women, young girls and boys. They continually called out to me the one phrase: **diak ulebess, diak ulebess** [**ngdiak a mobes, ngdiak a mobes**] after I was already somewhat far from their houses. The separation from the women and children was raucous. But the chiefs waited for me quietly in their **bai**, and Mad and Krei took leave of me in masterful speeches. They also repeated the refrain: "whether I wouldn't consider just one more time becoming one of them, then I shouldn't, at least, forget them." I warmly gave my hand to these good people afterwards. /263/

"So, Arakalulk, let's hurry. Gonzalez is already there with my things. And I'm afraid of being too late."

"Well, if Gonzalez is already at the harbor, they'll certainly wait
for you. Here's something for you, Doctor. Do you see, here's a letter to Tomue, my friend in Peleliu." Then he held out his turtle shell awl on which two short threads were tied together by a few knots. "I'm this end of the thread. You're that one. We're bound together by these knots as only brothers can be. Give it to Tomue; he knows my awl. He'll treat you just as I have. From now on, you're his friend and brother. If you're unable to return from Peleliu and Cabel Mul has to pick you up down there, send me Tomue's awl with one thread. Tomue will, no doubt, show you how to tie the knots. When I receive the letter, I'll take all the items I've promised you to Cabel Mul because then I'll know I won't see you again."

A few minutes later, we're at the harbor. The amlai is lying ready to go. Gonzalez is inside speaking rapidly. When he sees me, he calls out to me to hurry. Now we're at the dock. One last look into the eyes of my faithful friend, a handshake.

"Good-bye, Arakululk!"

"Good-bye, Doctor!" -- and with a loud "Halloh!" my people dip their oars in the water while my brother glumly walks up the forest path. A bend in the path. -- He has disappeared, never to be seen again! ----

As we travel out with the ebbing water, the familiar mangrove trees race by me. The hole made by the English cannonball in the bushes has not entirely been grown over. The tree which had been hit by another one sadly lowers its dry branches, already half dead. The channels grow broader; we've arrived at the outer harbor. There lies Auru. How long will /264/ the clouds of smoke ascend from the high roof as a sign that trepang is still being prepared there for Cabel Mul? The canoe turns, and there lies Tabatteldil! No smoke emanates from the small kitchen lying off to the side, as it had before. The strong wind has already torn some holes in the palm leaf roof in the last few days. The windows are closed. Only the door
is wide open. One of the doors dangles backwards to the inside and the bands holding it already are entirely loose. No villagers are sitting there now to di melil. A snake winds itself around the door posts. How busy the rats will be there at night! Now my castle lies behind me. In front lie the familiar reefs and the blue ocean. The Lady Leigh again lies at an angel. That's a fine sight. The captain hammers away on her bow.

"Well, are you leaving, Dr. Semper?" he calls out to me.

"As you see, Captain Woodin, I've outfitted myself for fourteen days. It won't be longer than that in any case, will it?"

"O, no. Rest assured. I'll be done in fourteen days. But how'll you get back?"

"I don't know. You've promised to pick me up in the south if I'm not back here in fourteen days. I reckon you won't break your word. In any case, you'll find me in Peleliu. And now good luck and good health, Captain Woodin. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Dr. Semper. Have a good trip!"

Now we proceeded southwards on the familiar channels with a brisk breeze. The cold ocean breeze refreshed my hot forehead. I hadn't expected such a difficult separation. I was now alone in a small canoe among strange, savage people, without the faithful friends who had accompanied me on all my previous trips. Would I be deserted in difficult circumstances by Gonzalez, the mestizo from Manila? I didn't know. I could no longer use him as a servant since I had spoiled him too much. These were useless dreams. Now it was time to take a chance. The thought of the adventurousness of my trip excited me very much. I was very much on my own and traveling among the enemy! I was the same old person again as I had these thoughts. The past lay far behind me already, and the future attracted me with its adventures, which I painted in the most
varied colors. Behind all these scenes that I projected so far away, the lighthouse at Corregidor at the entrance to Manila Bay was constantly shining out at me. ---

The adventures didn't take long in coming. The owners of the amlai brought nothing along to eat. I also had forgotten. The bay of Armlimui lay enticingly near us. Naturally, we entered this appealing place. It was a beautiful basin that cut far into the island to the east at the broadest part. The entrance, really quite broad, was narrowed because of numbers of high islands covered with woody plants right down to sea level. These islands, forming two rows, had narrow passages between them. It took us a good quarter of an hour to get across the mirror-like surface of the basin, over which the high banks already cast deep evening shadows. Then we turned towards the north, into a broad and deep river with a rapid current. In a very short distance, there was entirely fresh water to drink. Soon, the mangrove trees gave way to other trees, whose powerful roots had been exposed by the steep slope of the steadily rising bank in many places. Our trip up the river lasted a long time. It was deep night when we finally reached the entrance to the village of Tamadé [Ngatmedei].

On the following morning, I was to learn what an important person I was in the land. We had spent the night in a bai quite near the bank, somewhat removed from the nearest houses. But fame does not rest at night here either, and the report of my arrival quickly spread. It was still rather early -- I had just eaten kukau for breakfast -- when two rupack from Emungs [Meuns], a small place near Coröre, appeared. They claimed to be emissaries from Coröre. Ebadul wanted to tell me that he knew of my trip to Peleliu, but he forbid me to travel there except in an amlai from Armlimui or Coröre. I ridiculed the request. But how I felt the absence of my faithful Arakalulk now! The people who were with me
remarked that the orders of the powerful Ebadul had to be obeyed, that I should remain behind and wait for a better opportunity. Now I began to scold -- for which I was laughed at; to plead -- but that did not help. Finally, after hours of discussion, they promised to take me along, and the rupack would be told that we would first sail to Coröre to ask Ebadul for permission to continue our journey. That pleased the envoys.

But the difficulties still weren't removed after they had left. The consultation with these chiefs had lasted until the afternoon -- now it was obviously too late to sail. We still had not purchased sufficient food and we were still negotiating for kukau and betel nut. If we wanted to leave immediately, we had to pay dearly for what we wanted. Furthermore, there was not enough of it in the village. That was probably true since we received very little to eat, and we still had to pay for what we did get. Apparently, my visit was not considered a klökadauel. The first day passed. The second day dawned and once again the same bargaining was carried on with my people. But it still did not help. This day passed as the first had, and all I was able to get was the promise /267/ to travel in the night (from the 14th to the 15th of November). I personally awoke my friends and reminded them of their promise -- They turned over and continued sleeping. After I rather ungently grabbed one by the arm, he remarked that it would do no good since it still was not time to leave. The amlai needed some repairs the next morning. By noon, the water was so low that now it was impossible to leave. Now I had had enough. I had spent almost two and a half days in the bai, hoping to be able to goad the people into leaving. If things went on this way, I would certainly arrive at Aibukit too late. I now realized my impatience did not help. For that reason, I did just as the people from the amlai and went into the village with Gonzalez, like them, to di melil.
I should have done this earlier; then I would have at least had the solution to the puzzle as to why our trip had been slowed down so much. Whether this knowledge would have hastened our departure is uncertain. We slowly strolled through the village, which displayed nothing remarkable. It was built like all the others in the country. The houses lay isolated in gardens and shaded by high trees. Here and there were a bai with open places in front and everywhere ran paved paths. Only the ornamental shrubbery laid out in rows pleased me. These bordered the paths at one end of the village just like the fruit trees and poplars of our main roads. I had not seen such bushes in Aibukit or Corôre. Afterwards, I saw them again growing abundantly in Peleliu. At the end of this most pleasant path, I found my friends from the south sitting together in fulsome peace in one house. It was the house of the leader of the clöbbergöll in whose bai we slept. We entered, somewhat curious about a loud, high voice, like that of a ventriloquist. Our people sat there around an old woman chewing betel nut. It was a kalid. The conversation might have lasted for a long time. A few of our people were very upset, but the leader sat quietly and took no part in the discussion. The old woman was quite angry. In a falsetto voice, she poured forth a deluge of words, which I could not understand because she said them so indistinctly. But I readily saw that it dealt with our departure. The kalid obviously did not want to know anything about it, --- and now I understood why the people hesitated to travel with me. Now I was worried that my trip to Peleliu could end right here in Tamadé. It was not easy for me to calm down at Omleblokl's assurance -- the name of the owner of the amlai from Peleliu -- that he, standing aloof from all the talk in silence, would travel in the afternoon. I was too familiar with the customs of the country to trust such an assurance completely.
In order not to postpone our departure ourselves, I gave up on a plan to climb the highest hill on the island, which was easy to reach from here. I went back to the bai with Gonzalez. We wanted to fasten our bundles here. But a good friend had tried to make our work easier. One of the Peleliu men had remained behind to protect our belongings. Naturally, he also had gone into the village to di melil. In his absence, someone else had stolen my blanket and all of Gonzalez's property. I thundered and stormed. Gonzalez and the others took the matter more calmly. My rebuke did not help, they remarked, since that would not bring back the stolen goods. We first had to learn who the thief was, and that was not difficult since one of our people was skilled in interpreting the signs. He twisted some bark fibers about as long as a finger, after saying a few preliminary words, and made a small rope, keeping the most serious face in the world. Then he counted the twists and uttered a proverb, then prudently stated that it must have been someone from the village. It was a little too much for me after the others remarked that the matter must be brought before the highest rupack of the village. I left the bai with the threat of searching all houses myself, and if I found the thief, he could be certain of a proper thrashing from me.

Apparently, that helped. Just as I was about to enter the first house, Gonzalez called to me that someone had found all of the stolen property hidden in the bushes. It seemed that the prudent rope-maker himself was the thief, or he knew who was. Fear of the beating I had promised him and fear of the prospect of being betrayed later by his companions had convinced him to give up the items. With a penetrating gaze, I told him how curious it was that someone from the village had not carried the colorful goods into the village and how easy it had been for him to find their hiding place. I just had to laugh after he again answered that he
had asked the rope once again after I had already gone farther away. The new mangalild [mengeli]* had told him where the thief had hidden the stolen goods. Luckily, nothing was missing. Since Omlebloki came to me with the report that the amlai was ready to go, I let the matter drop. Of what use would the money he paid as compensation for it have been? I would have received only the smallest portion of it since the chiefs must be paid a substantial amount of every such /270/ fine.

At last, the trip was seriously underway. A second amlai, containing the envoys from Emungs, sailed with us, perhaps to keep an eye on me. I was so happy that we were tossing on the ocean again that I gave up every attempt to convince the people to travel directly to Peleliu. The wind was favorable, and we pulled into Cordre at sunset. No one escorted us to Aidil, the residence of Ebadul. The chief was not at home, but his wife greeted me with cordiality. I had expected a different reception. Instead of the icy aloofness I had anticipated, the good woman wore herself out in an effort to please me. She had a large company of women in the house. Around each of us -- Gonzalez had naturally come with me -- the beauties sat in a circle to watch with curiosity how we ate and drank. During our meal, there prevailed the lively, spontaneous chatter of the young women. But they quieted down after Ebadul's wife began a serious discussion with me afterwards.

"Doctor," she said, "you're an important rupack from angabard. No one like you has dared to travel about here. Cabel Mul also has his boat and his cannon near him. You must be quite powerful to come here unarmed and alone, where your enemy, Cabel Schils, lives. Aren't you afraid of him?"

"Why should I be? I know he can't harm me."

"Well, then you can help us perhaps. Cabel Schils has brought many fine things with him, and we've grown rich because of him. But we don't
like him. He's a bad, cruel man. He acts as if he were 'king' of Cordøre. And he often snubs Ebadul. He lives in our country, but he refuses to respect our customs. We Palauans lie constantly, but he's worse yet. Long ago, he bought the island where he now lives and where his large house stands. — Does the house of your king look like that?"

"O, no. The house in which our king lives is so large that all the people of Cordøre could fit inside. That's why it's called a palacio* and not a house."

"You see, Cabel Schils is a great liar. He said no rupack from angabard had a house as beautiful as his. And that his ship was the largest of all. He aspires to become a great 'king' and to be very rich. But he still hasn't paid for Malakka Island. That's bad, isn't it, Doctor?"

Complaints of failure to pay his debts and illegal encroachment upon indigenous customs continued. One time he promised to give muskets to the inhabitants of Aracalong, which was against the trade agreement. Another time, he refused to give Ebadul payment in the form of powder for the fine ox they had shot for him. He was also a coward because he would not fight beside them, although he was their ally. And everything about his life with the young women was shocking. Earlier, people would have readily accepted him as a son in their family since it was an honor to have a man from angabard as a brother-in-law. But for several months already, he had had as many as eight or more young women aboard his ship at the same time, as if the ship were a bai. But they could bear it no longer since he acted so shamelessly towards them. Never has a man from angabard acted like that before among them and shown himself to so many all at once. Since he had bought them, nothing, unfortunately, could be done about him. Several of the young women who ran away from him had to be forceably
"We no longer know what to do," my hostess continued. "Cabel Schils is a powerful, rich rupack and all our complaints don't help us. If the aruau says something and it displeases him, he pays no attention to our customs. Recently, he scoffed at Ebadul in the middle of the aruau. Anyone else who had done that would've lost his life. And Cabel Schils still hasn't sent any presents to restore friendship. He makes a mockery of our customs. Who'll help us against him?"

"Yes, that's very bad," I replied to the poor woman. "If Cabel Schils disregards your customs, nothing can be done. You must stay on your guard and not trust him."

"How are we supposed to do that, Doctor? He's still a rupack here and constantly goes to the aruau, joins in the talks there and acts as if he were 'king' here. Can't you help us? You're more powerful and richer than Cabel Schils. Can't you ask your king to remove these detestable people from Palau?"

I now vainly assured the poor woman that my influence did not reach that far to be able to rid them of their tormentor. Until late into the night, I had to listen to the same complaints and give the same answers. It seemed to me that the least favor I could do was to give her my sympathy for the moment and listen to her eloquent complaints without grumbling. The young women had already stretched out on their mats long ago. Gonzalez snored with all his might not far away. At last, exhaustion also overcame my hostess. And soon I myself also lay in the sweetest sleep, protected from the ever-present mosquitoes by the mosquito net.

On the following morning (November 16), I waited a long time in vain for Ebadul. He did not come although he was accustomed to taking his morning snack at home. At last, /273/ I realized that he was sticking to
etiquette quite closely. It is the custom for a newcomer to visit the chief of a village in his bai. I did so and found him there as expected, twisting rope and waiting for me. He already knew the purpose of my visit. He immediately and, as it seemed, gladly gave his approval for the trip to continue with the amlai from Peleliu. He only remarked that it would be better if I stayed in Corôre. Peleliu was a bad place, small, poor and an unsuitable stopover for a rupack. We went to Aidil together to eat breakfast. Soon thereafter, the chief departed. When I tried to get my people ready to leave around noon, they refused again. That could not happen without Ebadul's express permission. He must be present at our departure. And so, once again, a day was lost. I had to spend another evening listening to the women's complaints and trying to console her, although I knew there was no relief from their sorrows. Did I dare to advise the poor people on just what they should do? By no means! I knew only too well what would help a heathen to have his own justice vindicated upon a Christian. I foresaw the worst. My suspicions should not, unfortunately, deceive me!

At last on November 17, my people received the chief's permission to travel with me. Both of us had breakfast together in Aidil. He was friendly towards me, just as at the beginning of my first visit. He and his wife also called out in farewell that I should not forget them. I heartily promised them I would not. I was sorry for the poor people. I saw them standing on the edge of an abyss. Since the week when their forefathers had assisted the shipwrecked Englishmen on Urulong as well as they could, to support them and to receive them in a friendly way, since then the residents of tiny Corôre had been in the grip of a febrile ambition. Foreign assistance substantially reinforced their power. But their own strength to carry out the undertaking let them down. As
a result, they had to fall into the self-seeking plans of enterprising sailors, like Cheyne. And these, where would they lead? What if he actually aspired to be "king" of the entire group? Would it be a legitimate English colony? Something in these well-known plans attracted me. So a solitary man was to rule an entire colony by himself!

I headed for the dock with Gonzalez, engrossed in thoughts of Cheyne and his plans. A portrait of this man: large and slender, but powerful, with a prominent aquiline nose, a fiery gaze and long blond hair, somewhat fantastically but not unattractively arranged. -- I entirely forgot that in Manila I had received an entirely different impression of him. --

There. Suddenly, I see a group of men in European dress as we make a turn in our course. -- Among them is Cheyne! His companions were his mate Tetens and the captain and the supercargo of the Pelayo. I exchanged a few words of greeting and farewell with these men. Cheyne himself, I measured with a long, silent look. He returned it, and how! No, that wasn't the brave conqueror I had thought of. Cowardice and arrogance, cunning and self-seeking, emanated from his eyes. Pity the poor people above at Aidil. They were bound to this man with chains that could not be loosened!

We quickly put the harbor of Coröre behind us. Before us, the grayish black cliffs of the kokeal stretched out. Their overhanging hollow-looking base eroded by the surf reminded me that the ocean has, for thousands of years already, victoriously struggled with tireless power in the old contest between water and the firm earth. Numerous small islands, sharp as needles, standing in isolation up from the ocean floor and separated from each other by narrow, foaming passages, let the omnipotent ocean display its strength, like Merksteine. The peak of one of the
islands hangs so far out over the surface of the ocean that it must topple over any moment. But the dense limestone of which almost all of them consist opposes the stronger force of the interior cohesion to the pulling of its own weight. In one place, a storm had cracked an island open in the middle. The overhanging upper parts of both halves almost touched each other, only divided by a crack scarcely ten feet wide. A few massive blocks of coral cast down from above still lay there, making the channel narrower. The ravages of the ocean had still not been able to erode them entirely. One sees deep, dark caves and narrow openings, which were not formed by the collapse of the rocks or by the ocean's cleansing, but which are the remains of channels and tunnels from earlier underwater, but now raised, reefs.

My companions gave me the names of the islands and cliffs. Each one had its story. But the one lying farthest to the east** attracted me more than all the others. It was Urulong, the Englishmen's island, on which Wilson and his crew stayed for weeks and where they built the ship that carried them home again. My requests not to forego the detour were readily accepted by my canoeists, who had become amiable and obliging after we left Cordőre. They were now surely beyond Ebadul's authority. The strong prevailing north wind would certainly whip up a strong current there, and it was doubtful whether we could enter the harbor at all. But if I was not afraid of a bath in the ocean, they were prepared to attempt to land.

You can imagine my answer. With flying sails, we entered the bay, which seemed to be entirely enclosed by a line of high limestone cliffs.

The wind grew stronger and the waves struck our canoe ever more turbulently. We now had to lower our mast since it was impossible to land sailing because of the thin shell -- The danger of breaking up would be too great. The waves soon splashed mightily into the canoe. We were now
in the middle of the current, which ran with great force through a passage hidden from us until now that separated Urulong from the next island. Then the harbor opened with a view of a sandy flat at its base. Wilson had erected his tent there and built his ship. From there, his companions had set out to support Ebadul in his battles. And on that high tree, which stood out from all the others because of its majestic beauty, must be the memorial plaque that Wilson had fixed to it before he left. But I should not reach that place. The very low ebb tide and the frightfully turbulent sea prevented us from entering. We would certainly have wrecked our amlai on the stone blocks that protruded everywhere from the ocean's froth. The farther into the channel we went the more turbulent were the waves that splashed into our amlai from all sides. The people rowed as powerfully as they could. At last, we were saved. The passage widened, and the wildly boiling stream suddenly gave way to a calm expanse protected from wind and current by the islands and offering a clear view of ocean lying ahead of us in the west.**

I still did not want to give up on my attempt to set foot on Urulong. We settled, for that reason, on the west side in a small recess that the surf had cut into the rocks. There was no shore as such; the limestone rose steeply over the surface of the water almost to a man's height. Above that, there appeared to be a somewhat level inclined surface that lost itself in the underbrush. My people remarked that here was the only place /277/ from which it would be possible to reach the interior of the island by passing over the rocks. But I was not supposed to tarry too long on the way because our amlai would be irretrievably lost if a west or south wind suddenly arose. I began to scramble up. My first step was costly. A sharp edge of a rock tore a sizeable hole in my trousers, and my shirt sleeve left a large piece hanging on a bristly shrub. What I had
taken for an even surface covered over by grass, now revealed itself as a field of sheer needles, whose malice was only slightly disguised by the grass growing up between them. Whoever has not experienced the countless small points and spikes of the hardest kind into which the water of each day can erode a raised coral reef can hardly imagine the agony that even shod feet have prepared for them while walking on these rocks. There were no handholds here because the few standing pandanus trees and casuarinas were encircled by a thick forest of prickly bushes. Tree trunks, branches and leaves were all covered with iron points. Even the high grass, whose blades I occasionally tried to use to support myself, cut my fingers like sharp glass. I had taken scarcely fifty steps when I realized that I had to give up my plan since my shoes also showed the most serious cuts. What I had not done out of concern for my hands and legs I did for these -- I turned about since besides this pair that I wore I only had a second pair. We Europeans make so much of our independence. How I envied the islanders, whose naked soles do not feel the agony that we are exposed to even through protective boots. In order to preserve my pampered feet, I refrained from the stroll over to the harbor of Urulong. It certainly helped little since I still had to accustom them fourteen days later to walking on the reef without protection. I only realized too late, and to my misfortune, that I would have done better to ruin my shoes just now here on Urulong. I never had another chance to visit this island, to which so many melancholy and cheerful memories are attached at the same time. -- I was exhausted when I returned. My companions good naturedly ridiculed me. They said they had certainly expected that I would not be able to do it. We people from angabard were not accustomed to the rocks of their kokeal. It was also hard enough for them to climb them. If scrambling up limestone rocks was not so exceptionally tiring and painful, then those palm trees with their
long, smooth trunks would hardly reign over the highest points of their islands. These most noble of all trees -- it appeared to be a variety of wild areca palm tree, similar to those in the Philippines -- were providentially, in fact, protected by the thorny underbrush, the sharp grass and the limestone rocks. There appeared to be no breeds, except for the iron-hard casuarinas and a few pandanus trees, whose useful wood would have been able to stimulate the strong desire of the islanders to overcome these difficulties.

Our trip continued over a calm, glassy sea. Far in the west -- the distance might have amounted to about a German mile -- I saw the white foamy line of the breakers on the outer reef. They gradually disappeared toward the south and appeared to draw together near the southernmost islands. In this tightly enclosed basin, there are numerous reefs, scarcely rising to the upper surface of the ocean and most of them dead. Towards the west and the south, they unite increasingly into one surface, which stretches in unbroken fashion as far as Eimeliss Island [Ngemelis] and appear to link the southern islands. As a rule, they lay only four to six fathoms under the water. The farther south it goes, the less is it cut through by channels. All the islands rise up from it perpendicularly. At the lowest tide and with a calm ocean scarcely rippled by the wind, I could clearly see in many places how the limestone islands led directly down into the submarine reef. But here their character was different. Whenever the changed limestone is exposed to atmospheric influences, the outer surfaces will be transformed into bare spikes, so that the softer portion of the rock will be washed away by rain while the harder portions, on the other hand, continue to become ever sharper columns; here, however, below the water, the oncoming currents, constantly from the south and southwest, have worked the reef into a nearly
horizontal and completely level surface, which only rises noticeably in the immediate vicinity of the islands. The channels that are cut into this limestone surface, as if by a knife, by the isolated currents of deep water wind so erratically and are so shallow that a large ship cannot follow them. And, as my companions assured me, they also are supposed to gradually dissipate near Peleliu.

We took a brief noon rest on Eimeliss, a low sandy island with sparse tree growth bordered by limestone crags only on its southern end. From here, Peleliu lies almost due south. Both islands are elongated and form a broad arc, which, however, is not parallel to the real reef in the west. From Eimeliss, it turns sharply to the southeast in the direction of the adjacent islands, and it gradually sinks down into the previously mentioned submarine surface, so that its edge is no longer indicated by the surf. So it happened that we were able to sail from Eimeliss and gradually enter the increasingly deep and, at last, dark blue water of the open ocean without crossing a reef. On /280/ the northern peak of Peleliu, which we steadily approached, the reef rises, hugging the contortions of the shore as far as sea level, so that we, landing on the southern point near sunset, had to overcome the agitated high surf caused by the continuous current of the open ocean.

Here lay Argeutel [Ngerekiuk], the village in which Omleblokl, our new friend, lived. He offered to put us up in his bai, and we accepted. But the countless hordes of mosquitoes quickly drove us back into his house, where we managed to get a little rest protected by smoke, at least in a crude way, from the ever present flies. /281/
Island map of Peleliu
(from Krämer, Palau, Vol. II)
Village map of Nasias (Ngesias)
(from Krämer, Palau, Vol. II)
Village map of Ardellolec (Ngeredelolk)
(from Krämer, Palau, Vol. II)
XI.

Peleliu.

News of my arrival rapidly spread all over the island. On the following morning, people from all the villages came to visit me. One of the first ones was Tomué. I gave him Arakalulk's letter. It took some time for him to read it. Others helped him to decipher the knots. Everything appeared to be in order since he gave me a friendly greeting as his brother and sechelei (bosom buddy) and requested that I accompany him to his home in Nasiass [Ngesias], where he could take better care of me. Very rainy weather prevented us from going there on the very first day. But on the second day -- November 19 -- the shining sun rose, and soon thereafter, Tomué came to pick us up.

Argeutel (that is, what is in the west) lies near the ocean on a raised coralline sand flat scarcely ten feet above the water. Here and there low limestone rocks poke through it. Towards the northwest, these crowd together more and more, and form a ridge consisting of assorted high, sharp crags running parallel to the coast towards the north. Numerous fragments of coral and mussel shell lie buried in the sand. So many of these latter were lying in some places that I thought...
immediately of people piling them there. Tomué confirmed this supposition. The path gradually ascended a gentle rise in the ground. Everywhere, even in the thickest shrubbery, I saw an expanse of the shells of shellfish, traces of a previous large population. After about a half-hour trek, the land rose into gently rising hills, which ascended straight up into limestone cliffs two to three hundred feet high in the north and northwest. Nasias, a rather large and well-kept village, was built up there. Elongated, swampy kukau patches stretched out in the depressions between the hills. Numerous women and children worked in them. In the dry ground of the rocky hills, which only had a slight covering of humus, the sweet potato flourished luxuriantly. I had never seen anywhere else such large trunks on the melon trees and such productivity. Small trees scarcely three feet tall already bore large fruits. These were far superior in sweetness and taste to all papayas I had eaten before. A sturdy high-stemmed, drum-like plant, called bissarc [bisech], spreads its juicy leaves out to nearly a foot and mixed its shade with that of the ancient breadfruit trees and the slender palms. Yellow and red blossoms hung in masses on the cotton plants in the gardens planted by the villagers. They rose up to more than a man's height. Everything in the vicinity of the villages displayed the greatest fruitfulness of the earth. Gray or blinding white chalky rocks stood out from a distance behind the lush green of the trees and the low shrubbery. On their ledges, thorny bushes grew with spreading branches. Only on the peaks did a few trees grow, towering over the low, thick underbrush. Sea gulls circled around their heights, cavorting and crying, and sometimes from between the green foliage, a brilliantly white bird, like a flash of lightning, shot out. It descended far, far down before rising up towards the sun with the speed of an arrow. It was a tropic bird, the karamlal, whose long tail feathers of the purest white play such an
important role at religious feasts and in battles. The Palauans regard this bird as the symbol of beauty and versatility. -- The interior of the dwellings as well as the interior of the bai pleased me since they were kept clean. One house, departing from the usual mode of construction, displayed several ornamental furnishings, and the small, red shrines for their household gods all appeared fresh and well preserved. After Tomué had assured me that there were no mosquitoes here, I readily decided to reside in the village and in the house of my new brother. He went to Argeutel himself in a hurry to get our things. But we strolled around the village with a few young women and boys, with whom we quickly made friends.

My first visit naturally was due to the rupack of the district. But the rigid formality of the chiefs quickly drove me from the bai. Someone told me that I also had to call on the kalid. He was an important person, and if I should be able to make friends with him, the other rupack would become more friendly. In order not to omit anything, I let myself be taken to him. I found the old, good natured looking man sitting in that same red, white, yellow, and black house whose extraordinary design had struck me earlier. The building was octagonal in outline with two longer sides. An octagonal roof was surrounded by a gable set upon it, whose two narrow gable sides /284/ corresponded to short side walls in the middle of the building. The interior was just as out of the ordinary. While most Palauan dwellings usually have no partitions, the interior of this house was sectioned off by four thick uprights, which supported the gable on top and a wooden partition a little higher than an average man's height that was enclosed on all sides and had windows facing in four directions. This -- a house within a house -- was pointed out to me as the residence of the real kalid, that is, the deity for whom that man served as spokesman.
from time to time. The kalid -- who, unfortunately, only spoke like an ordinary person this time -- told me that all houses had been built like this when real kalid still inhabited the islands. Because of their retreat into heaven, a new style of building houses had been introduced. Just as people could not walk erect or cover their heads with hats -- this was a privilege reserved for the gods -- they were not allowed to build ordinary houses in the style of the residences of the gods. Only the kalid, who still occasionally descended from heaven to live among people and to tend to the preservation of the good old customs, allowed the people into whose bodies they entered the right to build such octagonal houses using planks. -- This custom also appears to be already dying out since the well-respected kalid in Cordre lived in an ordinary house, and later, on Peleliu, I found one whose dwelling was nothing special. But on the beams that I had examined thoroughly in Aibukit and Kreiangel, many of the drawings closely resembled this temple in Nasiass.

I had to use my time wisely since a week had already passed, so that I only had four or five days at the most /285/ to investigate the island if I wanted to arrive at Aibukit again at the proper time. For that reason, I had already arranged with Tomue an excursion for the next day (November 20) to Orocoll [Ngerchol], one of the villages lying on the northwest coast of the island. We first wandered over the hill where the village lay among the limestone crags and then descended into a wild gully between them. Now the path became impossibly difficult because everywhere points as sharp as knives stuck out from the stony, almost dirt-free, bare ground made sharp by rain cutting through the limestone. These cut deep holes in my boots and my feet. Despite the abundance of rain that appears to fall here and the surrounding hills, there was not a stream, quite unlike the trachytic islands of the north. And the only fresh water on the island was
rain water that soaked through and collected in the deepest holes and caves at sea level or in the swampy **kukau** patches. Soon the path steeply ascended the rocks. It was a beaten path but still rugged and arduous because of the entirely rocky ground and the sharp edges of the rocks. About two or three hundred feet up, I found a piece of rock about a foot long that had entirely retained its coralline structure. We now followed one ridge broken up by a deep gully from its highest peak on a narrow, frightfully fissured and steep path. We had to act like goats to scramble up the last stretch. Our effort, however, was handsomely rewarded. On the broad expanse of the ridge, bushes and creepers of all kinds proliferated in lavish tropical abundance, entwined about sturdy trunks of ancient breadfruit trees, which I had not expected to find up here. Numerous melon trees also stood here with an abundance of fruit and a growth even surpassing those in Nasiass. Trunks scarcely a finger's width and only one to two feet high already bore masses of the golden yellow fruit. Next to them stood others /286/ as tall as houses with a diameter of more than a foot with a large number of smaller secondary branches also bearing fruit.* People must have lived here once. And, sure enough, we soon came upon one of the large paved squares, on which stood upright in several places the monoliths that everywhere surround the **bai** of the islanders. The majority of them had certainly toppled over long ago and had been overgrown with underbrush for some time. No traces of the houses could be found either. Fine paved paths led into the forest in all directions. Following one of them, I discovered a pair of miserable houses entirely concealed by the luxuriant underbrush. Not a soul was there, although people seemed to live there. Tomué then led me a few paces farther to the west. Walking out on a small level area on the rocks, a magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean was presented to me. The surf -- it was a spring tide -- apparently beat
right below me. On the narrow level fringe surrounded by perpendicular
descents of rock, *kukau* patches and coconut groves alternated with each
other. In the distance and through these, I could recognize a brown roof
or the variegated gable of a *bai*.

"This is a famous place," Tomué began to relate. "A large village
stood here earlier. You've already seen the monoliths up there. But no
one lived there except when we were fighting with Cordøre. Now the cliff
is useless to us. We're too weak. Our best men are all dead. And ever
since the /287/ English made so many visits to Cordøre and brought muskets
and powder, we haven't been able to defend ourselves. When we had more
people living in our villages -- this was what someone told me; I
myself wasn't alive yet -- many bloody battles were fought. If the
enemies were too powerful, then we brought all our possessions, our women
and children up here, and lived here or in caves in the cliffs so they
couldn't harm us. There are only two paths up here. But they're so
narrow and steep that each of them can easily be defended by a couple of
people. Now the houses have decayed since we're friendly with Cordøre now
and no longer need this place."

"But what about those two small houses near us? People seem to live
there."

"O, yes," he replied, "usually some people stay up here, but only
to watch for ships at sea. All ships going to or coming from *angabard*
must pass by here. From here, we recognized your ship when she sailed so
close to our island. When our people were braver, at a much earlier time,
they once pulled a Spanish ship up on the beach. But I don't know why.
Now, we don't do that. We've become better. -- Come along now. The path
is treacherous. Orocoll appears to be at our feet, but it's still some
distance away."
Now we climbed down the perpendicular cliff face using hands and feet. I was completely amazed and asked myself how it was possible to carry bamboo canes full of water or baskets full of kukau up there. -- They must have done so earlier since no water is available up there, and kukau is only obtained from the swampy lowlands.

Exhausted and bruised black and blue, Gonzalez and I arrived at the village. We gladly allowed Tomué to lead us into the hospitable house of his friend. After a brief rest and a meal, we wandered through the village. Here we also found the most unmistakable traces of the most advanced decay, just as we had up on the look-out on the crag. We could follow the paved paths for some distance into the brush. Now there are only eight to ten houses in the entire village. I was certainly invited to stay here with the greatest friendliness, but I still let myself be readily talked into returning with Tomué to his village in the afternoon. The path back to Nasiass was difficult enough for me, up and down the crags -- but there was no other that led to Nasiass. Crawling rather than walking, and supported by Tomué, I arrived at our residence with thoroughly cut up, bleeding feet. This little excursion had cost me a pair of boots. I only had one other pair, which had already been badly damaged on Urulong. How long could they last?

I got almost no sleep that night because my wounds hurt so much. It was out of the question for me to go anywhere the next day. Gonzalez and I lay inside all day with badly swollen feet. Supported by Tomué and barefooted, I crawled over to the underground fresh water pool to bathe in the afternoon. I had expected it to heal me. But on the following day, my feet were worse; all my wounds began to fester. Gonzalez suffered from the same ailment. Our new friends seemed to be quite
pleased over our confinement: they could now satisfy their curiosity as they pleased! I resembled a caged wild animal. The spectators constantly changed. Some gave me something to eat, but most of them wanted to find out something from me. I really must have had something that inspired confidence in my personality.

At first, the women consoled me concerning my feet. "These wounds are insignificant," Akiwakid (that means over the hill) told me /289/. She was Tomué's wife. "All foreigners suffer from them on their first visit to Peleliu. It's caused by the water and the many rocks. These silly things, your feet, which you can take off when you want to, are entirely useless to you here. They're quickly sliced up and then you have to get around like us."

I remarked that my shoes would still hold out until I left here. At that, my hostess looked at me with some surprise.

"Leave? Why? I thought you came here because you liked it here, didn't you?"

"That's true, of course; your villages are most lovely and please me. -- But my wife's waiting for me in angabard. And I have to leave here in five days, otherwise Cabel Mul will go away and perhaps leave me behind on Peleliu."

"Well, you'll not be without a wife here, Doctor. And even if Cabel Mul doesn't pick you up here, you will have to stay with us. Here comes Tomué and another rupack now. They'll tell you why if you ask them."

The answer I received when I asked them both when I would be able to get an amlai to travel back to Aibukit was quite disappointing. They said it couldn't be done. Ebadul had given strict orders for me to be treated well. But they were never supposed to let me out of their sight.
And if I wanted to leave Peleliu, they were to bring me to him in Cordre and not to Aibukit. Under no circumstances could I return to Aibukit. If Cabel Mul wanted to pick me up here, they had no objection to my departing for angabard. But I had to stay here otherwise.

We were Ebadul's prisoners of war! Gonzalez and I gazed at each other in astonishment. We just had to laugh out loud at first. But this cheerful mood soon passed away. What if some completely unforeseen accident caused Captain Woodin to return directly to Manila, leaving us behind? You can imagine that the deprivation of our freedom did not soothe the pain in our feet. I had, until then, found a good way of avoiding all worries by movement and excitement. Now this was denied me. As bad tempered and churlish as I was in the course of the following days, Tomue and his countrymen seemed much worse than they actually were.

In that frame of mind, I wrote the following entry in my journal on November 26, the sixth day of my forced residence at home.

"The people of Peleliu are the foulest of all others in the group. Since I've been here, the men have only gone fishing once as a clöBbergöll. On the rest of the days, they do nothing but sleep, eat and gossip. From a house to a bai, from there back to a house -- di melil -- that's their life. Tomue doesn't please me at all. He is as bad as the others, promises much and does little and often says that our possessions would please him but only if he were given them or could get them without working for them. It is a torment known only to those familiar with this people and their way of life to live with such people; depending on them in every way, living in the miserable, low, smoke-filled shacks and being pestered by the impudent curiosity of the villagers, who come to inspect me daily, as if I were a wild animal."
My completely helpless situation -- since I'm not allowed to leave Peleliu -- compels me to put up with this, dependant as I am on Captain Woodin and the good will of the villagers. What nearly upsets me most is the gall with which they ask for our things but always refuse to learn how to make them. There is a beautiful basket from New Guinea in one of the houses here. It was driven here in a canoe. Everyone says that it's ungil kiallo (fine property) but no one has taken the trouble to imitate it. Their answer /291/ to the question, why they haven't done so, was: they were too stupid. If someone asks for their personal things, the usual answer is: klo makräus [klou el mekreos] (that is, quite valuable). But they go so far as to ask for the clothes on our back and if we don't give it to them, they swear at us."

Some good came from my long stay at home nevertheless. I became more familiar with the people with whom I should still have to live for so long. And in my conversations, I learned a great deal about their customs, which was helpful in explaining everything I experienced. My wounds gradually began to heal, and my bare feet grew accustomed to walking on the rocky ground faster than I had expected, as I took short walks in the village every day. I deliberately took good care of myself during the last week of November. My girl friends at the house had taken pains to tell me that there was to be a full moon the following week; a merry life would be led at a place called "Alamau" on the bright, full-moon nights. Young boys and girls, and occasionally also the young men, gathered there to dance their dances and to make merry. I was supposed to go there as well. I would completely enjoy the beautiful full moon and their games. The full moon must appear on December 3 or 4. I abandoned all other excursions in order to take
part in these moonlight celebrations.

A ray of hope suddenly shone and made me forget, for a moment, the moonlight and the young people with their amusements. On the evening of the last day of November, we received a report from Aibukit that our schooner had previously gone out once but a leak caused them to cast anchor again on the outer reef. This explained the incomprehensibly long absence of the ship. -- The four days that had already passed since the latest deadline seemed like an eternity to me! /292/

"It can't be long now," I told Gonzalez. "The ship is anchored on the outer reef. Another report said that she has already set sail again. She must, therefore, arrive in the morning. If I only had healthy feet to climb up on the crags. It must be possible to overlook the whole ocean from their heights."

But the next day passed, and the rescuing ship did not appear. I sent Tomué up to the highest peaks of the cliff Atöllul several times. But each time he called down to us that he saw nothing. On the evening of December 1, I went to bed sadder than ever and no longer considered the moonlight and its ceremonies. The second day passed in the same way and still another -- Captain Woodin did not arrive. Did a bit of bad luck befall him? What then? Well, I had already been Era Tabateldil once. And what if I should become him a second time and for much longer? At length, I accepted everything. This year had already given me an abundance of disagreeable experiences and had already removed any thought that I was master of my own life, that even the worst that could happen would not make a big impression. The only thing I would really be bothered about in case the Lady Leigh actually met with a horrible accident was the loss of my day books, collections and
instruments. In that case, I would have to return to Europe much, much earlier than I had planned if I was able, finally, to reach Manila. How I shuddered at these thoughts!

"Come, Doctor, Era Tabatteldil. Come and melil a buydl [mili era buil] (play in the moonlight)," several youths and young women rushed upon me on the evening of December 5. "You don't have to dance if you don't want to."

"Very well, go ahead and I'll come soon."

"No, no, you /293/ must come too, Doctor. Look at how the moon is shining. Let's quickly go to Alamau. The others are all there already."

The frolickers cried out loudly in the night, "Doctor is coming. The Doctor wants to dance. Doctor is as white as the moon. We have two moons now up on Alamau." Amid shouts of joy and songs, the young people pulled me up to the place, flitting around me in the most animated leaping. In the most sumptuous moonlight -- the moon is not cold, as it is in our northern areas, on tropical nights -- the Alamau shines in front of the bai. An animated bustle prevails on it.

"Here's Doctor. Come here, Doctor, Gonzalez," resounds from all sides. "Do you want to learn our rat dance, Doctor?" And I am just then surrounded by a group of twenty or thirty youths. They pull me over to one side and form themselves into two long, parallel rows facing each other. "Those are the rats of Ngaur. Now pay attention, Doctor. You must clap your hands and sing with us: Tunke, tunke, da le vara. U-ji." With a loud enraged cry, the entire double column of youths -- young women don't dance the rat dance -- squat and, slowly swinging their knees and raising and lowering their upper bodies, slap their
buttocks firmly. They dance for two measures, then spring at each other, keeping the same squatting position, and beat out two more measures by slapping each others' hands, which echoes loudly. Back again, then forward, with an increasingly fast tempo. One of them suddenly springs off to the side or up to his partner.

"Doctor, dance the rat dance!" everyone calls out to me so that it resounds. "Doctor is a rat, rat."

One falls down with exhaustion here, there another. But the two rows still continue to move in the same rhythm, alternately moving closer, then farther away.

"Doctor is a splendid rat, but not Gonzalez. Doctor, rat. Doctor, rat."

At last, everyone lies on the ground, among them Doctor, who is convulsed with laughter! And far in the village rings the shout of the frolicing youths, "Doctor is a fine rat, a marvelous, great white rat! Uji!"

I sit down on a stone quite tired. I am quickly surrounded by a group of young ladies, among them Akiwakid, my brother's wife.

"Isn't our moon beautiful, Doctor? We want to show you our moonlight dance. You there, you girls. Dance the Angadeke dance once. I'll sit near Doctor to explain it to him. Quickly, now, form a circle."

In a regular, slowly paced rhythm, the women sang, swinging their arms back and forth slowly and precisely. I did not understand the words, but Akiwakid helped me out.

"They're telling the story of Angadewo, Doctor. He's a kalid who lived in Palau -- at that time, before they had ascended to heaven -- he was an extraordinary kalid. He refused to get married. But Angadeke liked him very much. She vainly searched for him for many months. She
couldn't meet him anywhere because he always saw her coming at the right
time and knew how to escape from her. She did, however, find him once.
She surprised him as he sat in a tree eating fruit. Now he was caught.
She told him, 'Angadewo, me rauskak [mei chamelek] (Angadewo, give me
some buyo [buuch] (betel nut) to chew).’ But he didn't obey her. She
asked him for it again, but he didn't reply. She became impatient and
began to dance. Do you hear? The women have just called out, 'Angadewo,
ua!' Her dance begins now. 'Angadewo, mörgu-rio, kamam-a-tradela wen'**
(Angadewo, come down. Let's celebrate the turtle.) This is what
they all wildly shouted out after one another. They've broken up into
rows and, facing the moon, jump forwards and backwards. Their grass
skirts flapping up and down. Their jumps became increasingly animated
/295/, frolicsome and unrestrained. -- It has to be seen: it's
indescribable.
"And did Angadeke achieve her goal?" I wanted to ask Akiwakid, but
she had joined the dancers and jumps about in the wildest joy with her
girl friends until they are finally worn out and gasping, settle down
on the grass for a short rest.
"Well, Doctor, how did you like the dance of Angadewo?"
a young fellow asks me. But without waiting for an answer, he continues,
"Yes, indeed, that was a splendid time, when the kalid still lived on
the earth. They had it better than we do now. It's often difficult
for us to get a beautiful young woman. At that time, women made
declarations of love to the men. But the kalid were much smarter than
we are. They taught us how to set sails and fish with nets. They've
always prepared the beautiful things, which we aren't able to make.
Of course, we let them have our indigenous money in return. In Tomuê's
house, you can see something the kalid have made. It's an artistically made cupboard (casa) for storing food. Most of them have been broken already. Every house had one earlier. -- Someone's calling me. I'm coming." He jumps ahead, but soon returns with a few young men. They all have staffs about two feet long in their hands.

"We also want to show you a dance, Doctor," my young friend begins, "a dance from Bölulakap (Yap). The men from there are very skillful. They have many fine dances, and are smart as well. Each time they come to carry away their money, the bola-bola [in Yapese, waqab], we learn much from them. We want to dance their stick dance for you."

The eight men formed a circle and first attempted to fix a tempo according to a verse sung by the lead singer. They started the dance on the second try. It is not particularly good, but interesting because of the dexterity with which the dancers pound the staffs of both of their neighbors with the two ends of their short staffs, which are held in the middle as they weave among themselves, forming the most various figures. They perform this with such assurance that, with rare exceptions, all eight staffs struck each other at the same time and produced a peculiar peal, clearly marking the rhythm of the accompanying song. How suitable it would be for men if it was danced with greater dignity. A short laugh or an angry exclamation only occasionally rang out whenever an inept dancer missed his neighbor's staff.

Only the pantomimes performed by women sitting down -- as I had seen at Aituro's ceremony to cure illness held in Coröre -- display such harmonious and graceful movements of body and limb. Because of the merry conviviality that occurs among all the young people during these moonlight
games, their movements become unpleasant, occasionally even offensive, and rigid. All of this is softened, of course, by the delicate moonlight that covers too sudden movements with deep shadows. And so the whole setting made a pleasing impression. The children and half-grown people play tirelessly. The most unrestrained caprice prevails -- the customs that master everything else are powerless on nights when there is a full moon on Alamau -- but there are no difficulties. Everything is made up for with jests and ample laughter. The people carry on until the moon sets amid their leaping, singing and dancing. I certainly found out at this time that the judgment I gave above was not correct. These people cannot be denied to have vivacity and impressive physical agility. They are even active as long as the proposed work falls within the recognized limits. But it is impossible to overcome their indolence if an attempt is made to turn their activity to new goals. If only it were easy to abolish their old customs, especially the practices that regulate their private and public works, and if it was possible to give them new needs, then they certainly would become more industrious and learn just as quickly as the tribes of Malayan descent in the Philippines, with whom I have so far become familiar.

In the name of her clöbbergöll, "Inatoluk," [Each clöbbergöll has its special name.] Akiwakid had requested me to appear at the harbor of Nasiass[named Ngebungel] on the following afternoon. Up until now, I had learned little enough about the social life of women. I had, of course, learned some time ago that they formed societies similar to the men's, but I had not been able to learn anything about their activities.
My curiosity and my boredom led me to follow the summons. When I reached the meeting place around sunset, I met the entire clöbbergöll, consisting of about fifteen women waiting for me. In a short address, one of them expressed their joy at my arrival and declared me a sakalik [sechelei]* of the Inatoluk clöbbergöll. They paid me their official visit on the following day. For that reason, I remained peacefully at home so that their preparations would not have been made in vain. They kept their promise punctually. It must have been almost eight o'clock in the morning when my new girl friends appeared, solemnly marching and, as always, painted in bright red to express festive joy. Each /298/ of them carried a few dishes containing their gifts. One of them brought me still steaming and excellently roasted dölül -- the women here also noticed my fondness for this form of the daily diet of kukau -- another one a fresh fish, and still others bananas, betel nuts, coconuts and eilaut in a bamboo cane. These dishes were placed around me in a circle. Then the highest ranking woman among them, their leader, delivered the following speech.

"Doctor," she said, "you're our sakalik now. We'll take care of you, and you'll have everything. Whatever we have is also yours. The 'Inatokete' club has made Gonzalez their sakalik. But you also belong to us now. You, Doctor, are not allowed to join Inatokete. If Gonzalez wants to join us, we'll drive him back to his clöbbergöll with a beating. Our meeting place is down below in that empty house not far from the dwelling of the kalid. You'll find us there every afternoon occupied with our work. No other man can come in there. You alone are our sakalik and may come as often as you wish. But when Cabel Mul picks you up later, you'll give us some powder and rifles, won't you, Doctor?
And here you have our presents for our new sakalik. We've brought you our money, these turtle shell ladles. These are to us women what the glass money is to the men. We buy buyo [buuch] and betel, if we don't harvest enough, bananas and other foods. With our beautiful large, smooth turtle shells, we can evey buy kukau patches, the property of women. So, Doctor, accept them. With these, we've paid for you to become our sakalik."

I had just as little success here in saying that it was not in my power to summon a warship from Manila as I had had in Aibukit when I assured Krei and Mad. My new girl friends, who were still charming despite all their bother about powder /299/ and rifles, could not be quite convinced whenever I swore that I could give them neither one. I had had two such marvelous rifles in Ngirrarth [Ngerard] that I had certainly left behind with my friends there. How was I not supposed to still have an ordinary rifle for them? My girl friends did not fail in the least for all that in keeping the contract that they had entered into so rashly. And Gonzalez was never forgotten by his clöbbergöll. No day went by without a visit from a few of our sakalik, and they always brought us rich helpings of food. From twelve to fifteen dishes with all kinds of food were delivered to our house each evening, much to the great pleasure of Tomuē and his family, who had certainly never enjoyed such uninterrupted good days in their lives. They also treated us very well, as did the people of the village. And if this district had not been as poor as all the southern ones, they would have killed us with food. I was unable to walk around without being hailed everywhere and offered something to eat and to drink. I, no doubt, insulted the people badly enough whenever I accepted no food. If I had refused but one
drink of eilaut or of the fresh juice of the coconut, they would have regarded it as a mortal offense. The most markedly inhospitable house, where nothing at all was ever offered to me, was that of the chief. His people themselves complained that he was stingy and covetous and called him an inept person since he allowed himself to be led so much by the kalid, his successor.

The new friendship gave our amusements on Alamau fresh food. No moonlit night was missed by us now. My feet, on which I only seldom put on shoes, "the stupid feet," for excursions over the crags, gradually grew used to the rocky ground, and I learned to dance the rat dance very well. I wished to express my appreciation for that. One evening, I completed a horizontal bar and demonstrated clever tricks with it that I still remembered from my years as a sailor. And upon a level sandy area on Alamau, I tried to teach the young boys different kinds of vaults. With each new trick that I taught them, they broke out in the loudest joy. It was always, "Doctor, once again, once again." A few especially daring fellows tried to do the same. But that did not last very long, as the unusual practices quickly tired them out. And after one of them had fallen off the bar just once and ran away crying and scolding, the pleasure in these dances from angabard was over, and all of us, including myself, resumed our lively rat jumps with renewed zeal. During the day, we slept most of the time in our homes in order to refresh ourselves for the following night. The time of the beautiful moon was so brief that we had to enjoy whatever we could. And it is true that I never regretted one hour that I played there in the full brilliance of the tropical moon, carousing with the frolicsome youths of my savage, naked friends of the Pacific. And I still often think back, having returned home long ago, with longing in my heart,
of those high-spirited, wild nights!

In the middle of these days of moonlight jubilee, a small episode occurred which could easily have resulted in evil consequences. On the afternoon of December 7, I sat in my house with Tomué, engrossed in a serious discussion. A young person entered, apparently quite agitated. "Doctor," he calls to me from the door, only half inside it, "Doctor, an important rupack from Cordore has arrived, who sent me to tell you that you're supposed to come and see him. He's at the house of the chief."

Tomué looked at me surprised and questioning.

"Listen, friend," I replied, "tell the rupack I'm Era Tabatteldil and I do as I please. If he wishes something from me, he should come here. He can't order me around. Go and tell him that."

The fellow trundled off completely bewildered. The people of Peleliu must certainly live in great dread of Ebadul. "Tell me, Tomué, do you fear Ebadul so much?"

"O, yes, Doctor. He's most powerful. You men from angabard bring him so much powder and so many rifles. Shouldn't we be afraid of him? But what does the rupack want from you?"

"We'll hear what it is shortly. He's coming already, and with him are a few of your rupack, even the chief. He brings important news, I believe." But I did not allow the chief from Cordore any time to bring forth his concerns. I addressed him quite angrily. "What way is that to treat me? You must know that I'm Era Tabatteldil, a bigger rupack than you. Do you have such power over me that you can summon me like one of the common people? It seems to me the people of Cordore hardly know what good Palauan customs are. It's no wonder since you've got Cabel Schils who tells you what to do. So, speak up now. What do you want from me?"
"I've only done what Ebadul ordered me to do. He said you should come to Cordöre. It's better to live there than here in poor Peleliu. You'll have everything in Aidil."

"Tell Ebadul that I lack nothing here in Nasiass. Do you mean that I should let myself be ordered around by him? You're quite mistaken about that. I'm staying here -- or do you wish to force me to go to Cordöre?"

I turned towards the rupack from Nasiass. To my great delight, they told me I could stay here if I wished. The visiting rupack left there in shame. But I myself went in the chief's bai and talked at some length with him and the rest of the worthies from that village about this significant event. Many said a war would now begin. I had insulted the high-ranking rupack quite badly since I had not allowed him to speak first even once. I had certainly been justified not to go to meet him. It was very arrogant of the rupack to treat a man from angabard like a slave. But the people of Cordöre were like that. They always acted as if they owned all of Palau. And when I asked them what they would do if Ebadul actually came to invade them, they all -- even the chief and the kalid nodded in agreement -- answered in unison,

"Then we'll protect you, Doctor. Ebadul shall not do anything to you. If you wish to stay here on Peleliu, you shall. If you want to leave, you're free to go to Cordöre or to angabard with Cabel Mul. But no one shall force you to do something you don't want to do. Don't worry. If Ebadul comes to avenge the insult, we'll give you a rifle. We know you're a good shot. We've enough powder and ammunition."

At that moment, a friendship was finally established between the chiefs and myself. From now on, no festival in their bai passed to which I was not specially invited. And if I was unable to attend, my portion of the gifts was always sent to my house.
The good people truly did all they could to make my life there bearable and pleasant. But I was still their prisoner! As often as I asked them to take me to Aibukit in return for a big reward, their terse answer was always, "No, Ebadul doesn't approve of it." That appeared to say everything. I often mulled over an explanation for this contradiction: they spoke just now about the possible war with Ebadul without fear and, at the same time, regarded his prohibition on my returning to Aibukit as an inviolable order. Did they really have hopes of still extracting great benefits from me? Did they think that, if Cabel Mul was moved to pick me up here /303/, he would certainly carry on trade with them? That was the only explanation I could find and -- wonderfully enough -- it bothered me. What did I find in these people? How did it come about that I only reluctantly imputed such covetous motives to their dealings? I did it and that's enough. Whenever I gradually thought myself into a gloomy, melancholic frame of mind, then I willingly let myself be picked up by the boys for moonlight amusements on Alamau. I could only find momentary relief from my agonizing thoughts in stimulating amusement or in the women's singing and their incessant chatter -- These thoughts all disappeared, as if with one fell swoop, on the evening of December 8 when a boy shouted to me in the midst of the excitement of a moonlight dance: "Doctor, a stranger is in Tomué's house. He's got a letter for you from Cabel Mul."

I scrambled over the hill. -- "It's true. But the day of arrival is still far away. He can't come until December 17 at the earliest. Now the leaks are plugged -- all the evil reports of the islanders are false -- but now he must again cook the balate since it got wet and can't be packed in the humid hold of the ship without being ruined."
Thus, I complained to Gonzalez, who had also been attracted by the glad, quite promising report to come to our residence.

Did the people realize that I actually suffered? Did they sympathize with us? Or did they, the foolish ones, hope for a rich reward? I do not know. A savage's soul is deeper than many world travelers allow themselves to fathom. But they grew more courteous with each day, and their requests, even for powder and rifles, were increasingly restrained. Indeed, many of them actually appeared to serve me only for the joy of making me comfortable. This was especially true of Inarratbac, a young man from Tomué's family, who was always ready to show me some service whenever he could, but never gave the slightest hint that he expected to be paid. He was also my most beloved, most faithful companion here in Peleliu. Of course, he could not replace my excellent and talented Arakalulk by a long shot.

Still eight days until Woodin's arrival -- what an eternity! As far as possible, I used the days to go on excursions in the vicinity, to collect fossils and land shellfish, or to study the living reef. I covered the island in all directions, so that I also came upon Acbolabölü [Bkulabeluu] on December 17. This village lies hidden in the bushes far from shore. But the roar of the surf still sounds clearly there. I witnessed a striking ceremony here in the afternoon. In front of the house of the sister of the chief [of Peleliu], a stage had been built with thick tree trunks and stood about ten feet high. It was not unlike a funeral pyre, and a crudely built stairs led up it. Finely woven mats were spread out on the platform and all along the path from the house to the stage. Then a young woman came out of the house, climbed up the stairs to the platform and sat there for about fifteen minutes to be viewed by the assembled crowd. She was a young mother,
whose child was ten days old today. Her hair was bound into a high, smooth knot that, resembling a small cap, was bent down in front and in back. Two short sticks with tufts of brilliantly red colored cotton stuck in her bangs. Her entire body, even to her legs and feet, was painted red. At first, she sat for a while drawing her elbows up tightly against her breasts, which she raised up, and stretched her hands outwards. Later, she crossed her arms over the chest. Having come down, her feet and calves were washed before she went back into the house.

This custom, called momasserc [ngasech], that is, literally, "to ascend,"/305/ had, as someone told me, really originated in Ngaur. Only the highest-ranking family there has the right to publicly show their young women after the birth of a child. And it appears that it is only the mothers of the successor to the throne, that is, the chief's sisters, who practice this custom. The house where this occurred is occupied by a family from Ngaur, who includes the Acbolabdlu chief's sisters among its members.

With a pounding heart, I returned home in the afternoon. It was December 17, the day that Woodin had promised to sail from Aibukit at the latest. But once again, I had hoped in vain. No sail appeared to the good Inarratbac, who, to serve me, had gone up on the highest crag several times. And the following day passed in the same way with anxious waiting -- Cabel Mul did not appear then either. Now my worry mounted. He might have been there at night but driven away by wind and current. I must move closer to the ocean. It appeared too easy to miss him while in Nasiass. So we wandered over to Orocoll once more on December 19 in order to vainly reconnoitre the ocean beyond the reef. But Cabel Mul again stayed away. When the sun set in the west -- in
angabard! -- Gonzalez and I abandoned the lonely beach and entered one of the largest bai, where they were just now practicing a sacred dance, the ruck [ruk]. These practices lasted every night until early in the morning for three to four months. The dance itself, like those of the women, is a pantomime accompanied by singing and loud shouting. The men's movements are more vivacious than those of the women but less graceful. They often degenerate into the most obscene and lewd jumping.

Unfortunately, it was impossible to learn much about the significance of the dance or the songs. If you ask about them, the /306/stereotyped answer is, "That's just the dance." I really must admire, once again, their industriousness and stamina. The same men who practice their dance at night in the bai go fishing early in the morning before sunrise. Everyone was very serious about the matter. In the houses, nothing was spoken of but the ruck, and when it was supposed to be danced for the kalid. How close to their hearts this lay is shown better than anything by the fact that, for the first time, I witnessed a serious quarrel between two islanders. A low-ranking rupack had gone into the bai of the common people and had sharply criticized their bad dancing with cutting words. A hot-headed young man who had been reproached by that man to the effect that what he was dancing was not a ruck gave an uncivil reply. It came to strong words and swinging sticks, and both even raised their chisels at each other. Rage had completely blinded them. The rupack, especially, raved and ranted like a madman. I placed myself right in front of him, thinking my stare would calm him down. But he failed to recognize me, as well as any of the others, and bloodshed was only prevented by force. On the following morning, the quarrel was atoned for by a small fine that both men paid to the aruau [klobak].
I had already spent two days in Orocoll. Cabel Mul still did not appear. Now uneasiness seized me, and I went back to Nasiass on December 21. In my dreams, I was rolling upon the stormy, turbulent ocean full of happiness -- the rising sun saw me still in Tomue's old, smoke-filled hut.

"Quickly, friend. Climb up on the cliff of Atollul and see if Cabel Mul isn't coming."

But there soon resounds from above -- the cliff rose almost straight up just behind the house -- "No sail in sight. Era Kaluk isn't coming today either." And later, /307/ I personally climbed up there in the afternoon as though the long-awaited Lady Leigh just has to appear. I too vainly look northwards -- no white sail announces my rescue. I dreamily sat up there for a long time. I thought of the day when, on January 1, I had taken a last look at Manila's houses, so cheerful and confident. Where would I be at year's end? Who would I be? A rupack in Nasiass, since my possessions already begin to be noticeably worn. My shoes and socks are gone already and the soap -- Well, I will not need that any more when I begin to wear a hussaker [usaker] [the loincloth of the men]! /308/
"Come along, Gonzalez and Tomuè, Inarratbac. Let's go. You've told me so much about the chief of Ardellolec [Ngeredelolkk], that I want to visit him today." According to established custom, they all stall. One has to do this and the other that. At last, Gonzalez comes with his portfolio under his arm. We went goose-stepping through the swampy lowland that separates the district of Nasiass from the more easterly lying Ardellolec. After about half an hour, we are at the chief's house. It is striking because of its size and construction. It is not as high as the bai but just in the same design. Instead of the usual split bamboo cane, the floor is here made of planks, as well as the side walls. And painted beams pass through the interior just as in the bai, bearing up the framework. This chief is apparently a wealthy and distinguished man. One sees, as he sits there so dignified, that he is conscious of his status; with a hand signal he points out my place.

"I'm here, chief," I began, "to see your beautiful house. I've heard so much about you and your district in Nasiass that I took this opportunity to visit you."

"That's nice of you, Doctor," the chief replied, "you'll be well
taken care of. If only we weren't so poor. Earlier, you would've been welcomed with great feasts. Now, that's no longer possible. Our district has grown so small." And the chief lapsed into the most solemn silence after these words.

"Someone in Nasiass already told me that your district, chief, was so powerful before..."

"Yes, indeed," the old man lively breaks in, "they've told you the truth. Now only eight houses in Ardellolec are still occupied. But when I was a small boy, we were very strong. All the northern districts united against us. They came here to fight five times, but always had to go away without winning. That is a place of honor where you, Doctor, are sitting across from me. It was reserved for the most important rupack. Now, however, when Ebadul sends a low-ranking man, he sits here just as he pleases. Earlier, such people from Coröre had to stay at the door and eat their food there. Nasiass was also very powerful at that time. People always came from Coröre and Armlimui, from Aibukit and Aracalong, or Meligeok, whenever they wanted to get advice about political matters concerning their districts. Our chiefs were powerful and respected, but also prudent and that's why the strangers came here to learn politics (tid-a-messub-a-korulau-ar-tia-bölü) [te mesub a kelulau era tial beluu]."

"What are you doing there?" he turned questioningly to Gonzalez.

He replies, "Nak-a-malukkus-ar-kau [Ngak a meluches era kau]."

With a serious face, but nodding in a friendly way, the chief says, "Nak-a-makesau [Ngak a luchesau]."

Gonzalez repeats his words. Now the friendly expression disappears from the chief's face. "Nak-a-makesau," he speaks to the mestizo reprovingly. [To use such syncopes in conversation is proper, but Gonzalez
only knew the vulgar speech.] And when he again repeats his "Nak-a-
malukkes-ar-kau," the chief springs up angrily and goes out the door, again
bellowing out, "Nak-a-makesau" to the startled Manila man. But he soon
returns and sits down completely composed. /310/

"Your companion there is a foolish person, Doctor," he tells me.
"I'm a chief and no one dares to address me in the language of the common
people."*

"Gonzalez doesn't know the proper language, chief. You must not be
angry with him because of that."

And again he turns to face him. "Let's see how you've drawn me."
But he draws back in alarm as he takes the paper in hand. "That's bad of
you to draw me so that it looks like I've been beheaded. Where are my
arms and legs and my body? Do it again, Gonzalez."

And he, who might have already often experienced similar scenes,
fills in everything he wanted with deft strokes and passes it to the chief,
now looking satisfied, who shows the completely finished picture to his
people with great pride.

"Won't you, Doctor, leave this here as a souvenir of you?"

"Yes, certainly. Keep it. Good-bye for now, chief. I wish to go
to the beach and I must return again to Nasiass this evening. Perhaps
Cabel Mul has arrived to pick me up. If so, I still have to go over to
Orocol tonight."

"Good bye, Doctor. Here, take these turtle shells with you as
a present from me."

Around sunset we were again in Nasiass.

"Well, Tomué," -- he came upon me just outside his hut -- "is Cabel
Mul there?"
"0, no, Doctor. I went up there twice, but never saw a sail. But the kalid of Orocoll has invited you to visit him in the morning. And the following morning, the men who are supposed to carry on the ruck shortly, will gather in the bai of the rupack and dance it for the first time, as is fitting."

Naturally, I went to this major dress rehearsal in the neighboring village. Tomué wanted to take me to the house of the kalid, whom he called his father, right after meal time.

"What do you get out of it, Tomué, if I go there? I really want to see the ruck. That pleases me."

"Well, as you wish. I'm going with you to the beach where the men are dressing."

We arrived just at the right time. The people were just making their last preparations for the rehearsal. One was streaking himself repeatedly with a red color. Another one, already painted with bright red arabesques, put around his neck a collar made of coconut leaves sticking far out from his neck. They had decorated their knots of hair, which they had combed carefully and often powdered with a red color, with the long tail feathers of the tropic bird. In their hands, they held a rattle, their adze and their cane of lime as they began their march. Just like geese, as dignified and as comically advancing -- I had some trouble keeping serious despite my strained frame of mind -- they proceeded from the beach into the village straight to the bai, which they entered with a kind of monotonous singing. The ruck began shortly thereafter. As always, the dance was also accompanied by singing. The song that they sing is clearly divided into recognizable verses. Each verse is introduced and ended with an odd cry that is scarcely detectable by our ears. A sole lead singer
sings the accompanying song, and the chorus only joins in at that cry. The slowly sung syllables are completely stressed. The musical verse seems to center around two or three tones at the most. I only saw a part of the whole. It was supposed to last three whole days. The variety of movements was striking enough. The dances that are indigenous to Palau are composed throughout, orderly and less dances than pantomimes; those from Yap* are, on the contrary, lively, vigorous and most exceptionally diverse in their figures. The feast proper was supposed to begin in earnest at the end of the following month. It would be grand since almost all the women had already been busy for weeks baking sweet cakes using the juice of the coconut blossom and the almonds of the mijuk [miich] (Barringtonia).

But Tomué continuously pestered me to go with him to see his father, the kalid, who very much wanted to see me. Towards evening, I followed him into his house. Here, instead of the man I had expected, I found an old woman, in whom the kalid was accustomed to enter. I had to wait quite a while before it had the kindness to descend from heaven. Our conversation revolved for a considerable time around uninteresting matters: whether I liked it here in Peleliu, if the ruck was beautifully danced, why I wouldn't let myself be tattooed. At last, she seemed to have been sufficiently prepared. At a signal from her, the women of the house got up and entirely sectioned off the corner in which she sat with mats from the area we occupied. Then she began, completely out of my sight, a conversation with me in a soft hoarse voice with a high nasal sound. The discussion was entirely identical to those I had already had earlier with Tomué or people who had been influenced by him.

"I know very well," she said, "the chief of Ardellolec has given you
a piece of turtle shell. I already knew the day before yesterday that he would do it. It was really my property, but I also give it to you. And when you return to angabard, the rupack of Nasiass and Orocoll wish to give you letters for the king of Manila, whom they will ask to help them. But I want to give you one much better written than those they're able to write."

And that's how it went, sometimes repeating Tomué's thoughts verbatim. I was only nonplused by the stupidity of this vain person, who tried to deceive me by such a farce. He himself often could not completely restrain his laughter. Essentially, of course, the contradiction is only an apparent one. Full of respect for the sacred ones, who would themselves, as elsewhere, believe in their godly sanctity, prevailed upon by the truth of everything the kalid says when he is inspired, so he might have thought he would be able to impress me with such a scene. And his laughing could be explained in that he himself recognized the priest's inspiration as not genuine, while she considered it good enough to deceive me. It was only possible for him to stir up such thoughts in me as if he belonged to a prominent and influential family, so that later he would be able to present his requests to me and Cabel Mul with greater emphasis -- But where was he? Tomué and his friends appeared just as surprised as I was that he still had not arrived, and, after two days that I spent in Orocoll, we went back to Nasiass in an amlai hushed and dejected. /314/

"Doctor, this afternoon you must come to our koromul [ongdibel] (meeting place)," Akiwakid called to me as I prepared myself for a big outing on December 28. "We'll get angry with you if you don't come to see us more often. Gonzalez is much friendlier with Inatokete than you are with us. He stayed with his girl friends while you went to Orocoll. For
that reason, they've made a beautiful composition about him."

"Really, Akiwakid? Do you also know that song? Then I'll stay here today and go to your koromul. But you must promise to sing the song about Gonzalez for me. I want to learn it so that I'll be able to sing it for the ladies in angabard."

As I reached the meeting place, I found my girl friends already assembled. The greeting is boisterous.

"That's nice of you to come, Doctor. We were already most sad and said that you no longer wished to be our sakalik. Should we dance something for you? Or tell you about the kalid?"

"No, no," Akiwakid calls out at this time, "our friend wishes to hear the allall [hall] [allall means song] that Inatokete sang about Gonzalez the day before yesterday. Who knows it well? You must, Kimon. Sing the song."

"Very well, if our sakalik wants to hear it. Come, Doctor, sit next to me so you'll understand me." And half whispering, half singing, she now recites the following verses.

1. Augull [Uchul]**

Adabadanga-e-Gonzalez/ kolongaranarodel-a-Messabolu madangardi/

(Gonzalez stretched out to sleep/ rises up into the air with Messabolu.)

Serssell [Sersel]

e-Gonzalez katim-robo-makutirurur-a-diall/ eleme-alulak angidobil/

(You, Gonzalez, don't want to go to summon a ship here,/ so that she comes and anchors in Angidobil [Ngebungel, the harbor at Ngesias].)
2. Augull.

Messabölu madangardi/ a-la-me-arroi-i-blai/ dilikiju akul-a-tu/
(Messabölu is risen up high, and they [other people of the village] come close to the house and sit down at the foot of a banana tree.)

Serssell.
(As before.)

"That's the song about Gonzalez, Doctor. Isn't it wonderful?"
"Certainly, it's very fine. But tell me why you repeat the serssell."
"Well, that's how the lall is," Akiwakid replies. "First comes the augull, in which someone says what Gonzalez does; he rests in Messabölu -- where Inatokete gathers -- and rises high in the air with his sakalik, so that no people shall see them. In the serssell, Inatokete reveals its wishes to him. It strongly wishes that a ship would come to Angidobil, our harbor. Then in the second augull, Gonzalez with the young women from Messabölu hovers in the air, and the people of the village no longer find the house and sit down under the banana tree instead of going inside."
"And then the same serssell follows?"
"Yes, indeed. It's always repeated in the lall. But the augull must always be different. Do you have such beautiful songs in angabard?"
"0, yes, Kimon. But I can't sing and even if I could, I'm too sad to sing now. I've already been gone for many months and my friends haven't heard anything about me. They must believe that I'm already dead. I really wish to return to angabard. The detestable Cabel Mul always lies to me that he'll come soon. But he still hasn't arrived. I'm afraid he's not coming and will leave me behind with you."
"Well, don't you have it rather good here? Aren't we your sakalik?" Inateklo asks me at this point.

"Let the poor Doctor be," Akiwakid retorts. "He's so sad that he can't go to his family. We'll sing that pretty song for him so he doesn't get homesick."

"0, no," the musical Kimon calls out, "we'll compose a song for Doctor himself. Isn't he a greater rupack than Gonzalez? And isn't it always the highest-ranking men or the most handsome and daring about whom we sing a lall? Gonzalez already has his. Well, will we allow Doctor to go back to angabard without one? 0, no, he'll have one, too. Then we'll sing and dance it later at our feasts here on Peleliu long after our sakalik has returned to angabard."

"Yes, yes," they all shout. "We'll also make Doctor a lall. You must leave now, Doctor. We want to begin work immediately and when you come back in the morning, we'll sing your lall for you."

On the following afternoon, as early as I could manage to get there, I already found the entire clöbbengöll assembled.

"We're already finished," the women call out to me. "Sit here and take up your paper. You can write it down at the same time."

With the greatest effort on my part and a charming patience on the part of my girl friends, I was able to understand the song, which follows, and its meaning.

Allal mora Doctor kamam Inatoluck.**

Lall for Doctor from us, Inatoluck.
1. Augull.

Kadidil kapörseni matangal-arrois/ Doctor kora-di-karamlal
Look how the Doctor, like a tropic bird, swoops down from the cliff
in the evening.

Serssell (Inatoluck speaks).
Soack-el-mo-ra-diall, Doctor holtik-ar-nak
I wish to go out to the ship, but Doctor holds me back. /317/

2. Augull.

komorangabard ekwe Doctor/ nack-a-mor-arrois ak trollolengumt
tararessem
You're going to angabard, 0, Doctor, but I climb up on the hill
and watch your sail in the remotest distance.

Serssell as before.

3. Augull.

eika tekinjem ekwe Doctor/ ak sub-ak-neielmart-casa melemad
e-lakad-ar-kau
These customs of yours, 0, Doctor, I will learn and keep as a
precious souvenir of you in a chest.

4. Augull.

tikelgib-e-bik-lakad/ ni-a-dikeltukej Doctor kuk-mal soack lakad
When the people stand bunched tightly together, him, Doctor,
most splendid of all, I love very much.
5. Augull.

Chiquito kora tilab a buydl/ Doctor lutom-a sel-telia

My lover (chiquito), like the young moon,/ Doctor, you appear
on that side.

6. Augull.

Doctor oblokkalalo/ soack-a-dingar-ra casa.

Like a precious possession, I would like to hide you, Doctor,
in my chest.

7. Augull.

Kapörveni marreiel-mor Ardellolec/ Doctor kuk-di-kikirdena

In the evening, Doctor hurries to Ardellolec and his face is very
scorched.

8. Augull.

Alongerol berrottel Doctor akmirti/ al-kalssell-lakap-arakorumelam

You, Doctor, like a valuable possession, we hide deep in the ashes
of our gathering place. /318/


Kadokasso Doctor amelilidap/ reikil-kora-ka-eimo latiteremal.

In the evening, Doctor, like a swallow, rises up on a rope.

"But, now, Doctor," Akiwakid calls, "we've tired of all that singing.
If you still don't know the song, we'll repeat it in the morning. Today,
let's gossip. The others who are sleepy can lie down to sleep. You
shall tell me and Kimon about angabard."

"Well, you've just spoken about angabard again and already know how I want very much to travel there. My wife lives there in a very large house entirely of stone and mourns that I won't return to her. And she feels so alone even though many good friends, women and men, still live with her."

"Yes, and do they live in the same house with you and don't you have any bai where the men sleep?"

"O, no, Akiwakid. Everything's different for us. Husband and wife always live together in the same house."

"That's most unusual, Doctor. For us it's mugul [mekull] for a man to sleep in the same house where his family lives. For that reason, we've all left our residences when you moved in there. Husband and wife only see each other during the day. And they only do so in their houses. They don't greet each other on the paths, and at night, they only meet in the nice, red houses of our kalid."

"But those are the residences of the kalid, aren't they?"

"Yes, indeed, but only the kalid of our families live inside, the small kalid that each family has for their own. They must protect our children. If we want to know something from them, we ask them using the mangalold [mengel]."

Now the sluices were opened. Once started, they forgot angabard and that they'd really wanted to hear about it. Instead of that, they told me about their customs hour after hour, and /319/ I only regretted that my supply of paper was too low to write down everything they told me.

"And your women," Kimon continued, "are they satisfied that you've no bai? If a wife is displeased with her husband, she runs into the
nearest bai. If her husband wishes to make up with her, he must ransom her with a piece of money paid to the clöbbergdöll that owns the bai, and everything in it. If he doesn't pay any money, he has no more power over her. Then she stays with the men until another man, more powerful than her previous one, redeems her. How are your women able to protect themselves against their husbands if they are cruel and treat them badly?"

my girl friend turned to me imploringly.

"O, among us, Kimon, husband and wife keep much closer together than among you. They don't need a bai. If they aren't able to bear each other, then the aruau [klobak] separates them. But she doesn't have to run to another man because of that."

"I wouldn't like to live in angabard, Doctor," that one replies.

"I've already run away from my husband once and lived quite well in the bai. Inarratbac's sister has just entered the bai in Orocoll because her husband was unfaithful. She will stay as an armungul [mengol] there for three months. If she was unfaithful to her husband to take revenge on him, then the aruau would've punished her by cutting off an ear. But now the clöbbergdöll protects her from the rupack."

"But why doesn't the aruau punish the unfaithful husband?"

"O, the men, Doctor, the men are much worse than we. They should lose their lives for their unfaithfulness, but that won't do, friend, since we'd have no more men to keep."

"That's true, Doctor," Akiwakid here interjected. "The men are quite mean to us. Why shouldn't we be just as free as they are? /320/ Now, we're only free if someone protects us. And since the rupack aren't very numerous, we have to go into the bai if we wish to be free for once."

"But you already live in clöbbergdöll. Yours is called Inatoluck and
Gonzalez's friends' Inatokete. Why don't your clöbbergdll protect you from the men?"

"0, Doctor, you're still a foolish person. It's obvious that you still only barely know the customs of Palau. How are we supposed to live without men? Our clöbbergdll can only guard us on our occasional visits to the kokeal [ocheall] with our friends. Our husbands can't accompany us there, and for one whole day, we're as free as the karamlal. You were supposed to have gone with us to the kokeal, but you had injured feet and stayed home. But we spent the day in the most enjoyable way with Gonzalez and the other men. It was so beautiful on Eimeliss [Ngemelis]."

"Yes, that's too bad, Akiwakid," I replied. "But your sharp rocks are to blame. Now, I'm also tired and the sun is about to set. I want to go home and eat dinner, then go to sleep. But in the morning, sing my song for me once more. It's so hard to learn and I want to learn it well before I travel back to angabard."

And so one day followed another and Cabel Mul never came to get me. On the last day of the year, there came tidings from the north -- but, unfortunately, not from him! In the middle of the musical interlude with my sakalik -- I deliberately forced myself not to think of the same day in the year 1861 -- a newly arrived girl friend called out to me, "Doctor, a report from Aibukit!"

But now she told me in rapid speech, highly excited by the important event, that the people of Coröre had cut off two enemy heads near Aibukit. A few men from Roll [Chol] had brought coconuts and eilaut to some strangers from Coröre who were on their way to visit their friends in Aracalong. /321/ And on their way home, they, unarmed, were pursued by the same people and attacked by those whom they had trustingly furnished
with food at their request although it was in enemy territory. And now the women and also the men from all of Nasiass were aroused by the valor of those from Cordère. They called them bagéu [bekeu] (brave). My anger at this cowardice was incomprehensible to them.

How thankful I was at night as I lay down to sleep to the fate that had just aroused such anger in me today, the last day of the year. It inured me from reveries and idle memories of better, more pleasant, times. I also had to harden my heart, like the soles of my feet. What good for the new year would I, the forsaken one, the prisoner, have received from vain complaints and tender spirits?

New Year's Eve was a sleepless one for me. I tossed and turned with nightmares until late in the morning. The sun on this New Year's Day morning already stood high when Akiwakid, entering the house boisterously, awoke me out of my slumber.

"Have you already heard, Doctor? Last night, Inatokete fled to Eimelig [Imeliik]!"

"How's that, sakalik, I don't understand. That's a stupid move. Gonzalez's sakalik fled to Eimelig last night? Why? How?"

"O, Doctor, don't be so foolish. Their friends from Eimelig, a men's clöbbergdoll, came to get them, so that the young women will live there with them as armungul [remengol] in the bai for a few months. They're surely there already and celebrating the successful undertaking with dancing."

Now Gonzalez, who had slept in the bai that night, came. Like me, he had regarded the report as unbelievable at first.
"O, Senor," he said to me, "these people here are infamous. All of the members of Inatokete seem to be gone. I was already in a few houses and asked about the young women. Even Angadeke and Sakabil, who always behaved so bashfully and didn't want to marry me, although their parents had consented, all of these innocent children are now living in the bai of the men of Eimelig."

And now the excited mestizo -- whose loss of the young girl friends apparently went straight to his heart -- told me that he had already spoken with the parents of the fleeing girls and scolded them. But what had their answers been? The young women were now grown up and their own bosses. If they had allowed themselves to be persuaded by the men from Eimelig, they had also earlier agreed upon the payment that they would have to be paid for their service in the bai. The only trouble was that this entirely inevitable catastrophe occurred just now since the [taro] patch was not yet tilled. Now the older women had to work in place of these young women, who had gone out into the wide world with light hearts!

Should I lie about it? This incident also deeply disturbed me. What Johnson had told me earlier about the frivolous customs of these people no longer seemed to be so completely unbelievable. I was now overcome by deep regret that I had allowed myself to be led astray before I became familiar with them. It would probably compel me to undertake something on behalf of a people for whom I no longer believed I could keep a serious interest in. Everything now appeared to me to happen for base motives. The trust with which they appear to accept our words is a lie or the most naive credulity that they offer to anyone from angabard. Their good will is only interest in an expected profit, nothing more. And Arakalulk? He was certainly a much better person! -- or should I have been disappointed in him, also?
So, I tormented myself. I would not confess the true reason for my sorrowful frame of mind. Now I was content to give my bad mood some play with a fictitious justification. In this temper, I went around in the village always to ask whether it was really proper to rebuke, to inquire into the motives and how it was possible for so many young women -- there might have been twenty -- to flee at the same time without being detected. Gradually, the whole matter became somewhat clearer. My good friend, Inarratbac, who was born in Eimelig, appeared to have a hand in it. He appeared at the bai quite early in the morning. In his house, the people from Eimelig were supposed to have had a meeting with him, and it is said, his wife had awoken the young women and accompanied them to the harbor. This was a matter which had been arranged for the longest time. It was again Akiwakid, the most talkative of my girl friends, who helped me to understand.

"Do you see, Doctor," and then she quickly tied a few knots in a rope, "the men of Eimelig had given Inatokete such a knotted rope at the last amusements during the full moon. The leader of the clöbbergöll had the rope and each night untied a knot. On the night when they were supposed to have loosened the last one, their friends would appear. They also had such a knotted rope."

"But, Akiwakid, how is it possible that Inatokete could keep silent about it for so long? Someone should have heard what was going on?"

"Yes, it was a big secret, friend. Even Inatokete didn't know about it, only the leader and a few of the women. If one of them had said anything, they would've been badly punished. Even Inarratbac, who had helped them, had to keep silent, otherwise Inatokete would certainly have burned down his house as his punishment for squealing."
"I don't understand that, Akiwakid. They did something wrong. Why else would they have done it at night?"

"That's just the custom in Palau, Doctor. On the contrary, it's not wrong. All of us women have run away like that once. And it's a fine custom. We manage to see something of the other islands that way. Our young women here in Nasiass have always gone from here to Eimelig. The ones from Argeutel [Ngerekiukl], Orocoll [Ngerchol] and Ardellolec [Ngere-delolk] go to Coröre, those from Coröre to Rallap [Chelab]. Then they stay in the bai for three months, learn to serve the men there and to be obedient to them. And when they return, they bring their parents a fine piece of money."

"But you still haven't told me why they don't leave during the day."

"O, Doctor, that can't be done. Then the men of the village would certainly see them and put up a fierce struggle. Since they really must not let the young girls go away, it happens at night so they don't see it and start quarreling. It would indeed be a pity if a few of our men were killed. It doesn't help at all since the young women must still go into the bai once when they are grown up. That's our makesang [mechesang]. When a young clöbbergœll comes of age, it must go somewhere or other, and none of the women can remain behind. If one does, her parents rebuke her thoroughly, and she won't find a husband easily. She gets a reputation throughout the district as an inept and stupid woman, who's not fit to be a wife. But the others will quickly get married when they return home."

I certainly had not expected to find everything about this apparent kidnapping of young women to be so well organized, even down to the smallest detail. Akiwakid told me of many more such cases where women
are bound by such makesang. The more she talked, the more confining the chain seemed to be with which custom, omnipotent tradition, has bound districts and individuals, despite all appearances of the most chaotic disorder. One can only marvel at this. But it does provoke involuntary amazement when we first believe we see only the simplest matters, arising merely from the desires of the most private exercise of freewill, but are suddenly aware that their freedom is highly restricted by custom and habit, and not by law, in a way that we could scarcely have believed possible among so-called "primitive peoples."

Naturally, the entire village was aroused. I have to admit they did their utmost to amuse both of us, Gonzalez and myself. We were fools to believe that we could talk them into loathing their old, ancestral customs. I did not notice that I had done what I had so often criticized our missionaries for doing. We both rested again only after we had used our great zeal to bring ourselves great embarrassment. In the afternoon, a small rupack came into my residence with many others. I spoke in the sharpest words about their infamous customs and especially blamed the fathers, who were guilty of the entire mess. They always blamed their daughters who remained quietly in the family for eating and drinking and for not bringing home any money. That rupack ridiculed me and on my asking him again to keep silent, he laughed even louder. That did it. I jumped up, seized him by the arms and tossed him out through the door. For several moments, he remained quiet, but then he began to taunt Gonzalez and, afterwards me, continually speaking in the greatest anger. At last, he grabbed a stick and threatened to beat us. I had quickly calmed myself and sat down, while still observing all his movements in order to level him at the first aggressive movement. Tomué and his friends
finally succeeded in calming him and taking him out of the house. On another morning, a higher-ranking rupack came /326/ to me sent by the aruaux [klobak] to ask for pardon in the name of my adversary. He had already paid his fine and had realized he was wrong not to obey Era Tabatteldil's orders. The envoy concluded his speech by saying, "Now you don't be angry with him any longer."

In the quarrel, I had again found all my peace but, unfortunately, also the uneasiness that troubled me about my unknown fate. In order to master my frame of mind, I traveled to Ardellolec again on January 4. The good, old chief, who gave such importance to the refined, proper speech, had extracted the promise to visit him once more whenever possible. I wanted to keep my word now. Gonzalez came along as did Tomué and Inarratbac. Arriving at the harbor [Ngetkeuang], I witnessed on the first occasion something like a fortification. The exit from the broad village path out to the ocean was defended by a thick wall of about a man's height, with a narrow entrance and a passage that bent three times at right angles lying between the walls and that only allowed one person at a time to walk through. The walls stretched parallel with the beach on both sides until they were lost in the swamp and the gloomy mangrove thickets. Many people might have fallen along these walls when Ardellolec was still in full possession of its previous power and had had to protect itself against a coalition of the northern districts. It appeared to have gone unused for some time now. All kinds of weeds grew upon it, and many stones had already fallen away and been buried in sand or in thick bushes. The ten-foot wide, well-paved path from the wall straight to the open area in front of the chief's house also clearly showed the ruin of the district. The middle row of finely carved stones,
almost entirely worn smooth by the many people who had walked upon it, was almost wholly overgrown with grasses. On a small earthen border that enclosed both sides of it, stood here and there, long rows of those bushes with beautiful leaves that I had already observed bordering the paths in Tamadé [Ngatmedei]. They were all growing up in disorder. Most of them had withered long ago. And now their trunks towered up from the thorny underbrush that appeared to favor growing out on the path from both sides of the mangroves. This melancholy scene of degeneration harmonized with my frame of mind, and I now only half listened to the speech made by someone from the village about the glory of his home village and of his chief. -- We still had not reached the house of the latter when a woman with hands raised high came toward me, running quickly. -- It's true. It's Akiwakid and she has a letter in her hand. -- My heart wants to burst in joyful anticipation. I would have liked to have hugged the messenger's neck and kissed her, if it were not mugul [mekull].

"Certainly, we're saved, Gonzalez! Cabel Mul can arrive at any moment. He writes that we'll certainly leave Aibukit in two or three days. That means today, or tomorrow at the latest, he'll be here. Let's quickly return to Nasiass to pack our things. This evening or early in the morning, we must go to Orocoll."

Without visiting the chief, we went straight through the village and back to our home on foot. The stones and shellfish I had collected were quickly packed; farewell visits to the rupack were made, and, for the last time, I was visited by Inatoluck. My girl friends sang the song about Doctor one last time. Only on the following evening, did I actually get away. How afraid I was, as we struggled up the path over the crags barefooted around sunset, that Cabel Mul had already been there
and had already been driven far away by the powerful current in the passage of Ngaur! It was late at night when we arrived at the house of my friend there, whom I had made through Tomué. /328/

"Has Cabel Mul already gone by?" was my first question. What sweet music was in the answer, "No."

"Gonzalez, today is January 6. The Lady Leigh just has to appear now. I'm going out to the beach. -- Who'll come with me?" There is the ocean. How completely serene lies the unending surface before me. Only the foaming white line of the reef shows that it still lives. No breeze wrinkles its surface.

"Do you see the ship, friend, Tomué?"

"O, no. I only thought I saw a large rul [rrull] drifting inside the reef. If his sleep lasts for a few more hours, he's caught since the water's falling rapidly already."

A fresh east wind arises with the rising sun. The surf quickly becomes perceptible to us here, and the waves of the high ocean dance restlessly up and down on the horizon. Wait, what is rising there in the north?

"Tomué, climb this tree. Look there. Is that a ship?"

"O, no, Doctor. It's only a tree trunk drifting on the open sea."

The day passes and I sadly return to the village in the evening.

And on the next morning, I already sit on the beach again at sunrise, looking to see whether the ship will arrive at long last. And again, the same disappointment, as on the previous day. But not entirely. Friend Tomué really discovers a ray fish this time, which he lets be trapped by the ebb tide inside the reef. Now the chase begins.

"Do you want to come, Doctor?"
"O, no. If Cabel Mul comes in the meantime -- do you want to take me to the ship just the same? Hunt your rul alone." The sun already sets in the west and I still don't see a sail on the horizon. But my friends triumphanty bring back the rayfish.

"That was a splendid chase, Doctor. Now, we'll have meat for many days in the village since the men who'll dance the ruck now may not eat any of it."

"And why not?"

"That's the custom during kalsimel [chelsimel]. In a short time, the men won't be allowed out of the bai, not before the ruck has been performed. And as long as they stay inside, they aren't allowed to eat mussels, fish, or anything from the ocean. They also can't have the salt that we love so much. That's also the reason why you don't get any more chicken, pork or eggs to eat, Doctor. All of that goes to the bai for the men of the ruck. The young women of the village must carry well prepared foods there three times a day. If you wish to eat meat, go to the bai -- you can do so as a rupack from angabard. They'll certainly give you some of their food. Now come along into the village. If Cabel Mul still comes today, we'll know it. And you can be sure that if a ship appears, you'll hear about it. Come along. Today, there'll be a good banquet for us in the village."

Again, a day passes.

"Is it as bad for you, Gonzalez, as it is for me? I don't know if it's the ocean air or all this gadding that gives me such an appetite. Or is it merely the scarcity of meat? Enough, I can't get full, and yet I eat almost all day long. There, those young women are calling us again, and I really feel hungry again although I just ate lunch a few hours ago."
"That's how I feel, Señor. I think the worry for Captain Woodin is also making us hungry."

We enter.

"Won't you eat and drink something? Here's good dōllul [delul] for you. And I've also caught a crab for you, Doctor. Won't you go with us young women out to the reef in the morning to hunt for mussels and crabs?"

"O, yes, certainly. If I'm still here."

"Very well. Then we'll call on you around noon tomorrow. Now we have to carry these dishes into the bai." /330/

I follow the young women. I wanted to stay once more to watch the ruck, which is danced at least three times a day in full costume.

"Olokoi [lolokoi], Doctor. Have you, too, come to visit us? Come here. Sit and dine with us."

"No, I'm not hungry. I've come to admire the ruck that you're supposed to dance so well. That's a splendid dance, but difficult. I also want to learn it."

"Well, Doctor, that can't be done," replies one of the group.

"Well, why not?"

"But, Doctor, whoever dances must be properly dressed. Look here. We have a beautiful crown of leaves for the neck and these many-colored palm leaves we bind to our feet and hands in artful loops. But you don't have any of these, and also your dress from angabard is quite unsuitable. It's true it's already yellow because of the saffron, that's a pretty color, but your white shirts and trousers are not very beautiful. Their many holes are also ugly. Do you see, Doctor, where your elbows stick out from the sleeves and your white knee is already visible?"

"Yes, friend, I know. What should I do? I will soon be out of clothes
if Cabel Mul doesn't come soon -- well, you'll just have to give me a hussaker [usaker]. Then I'll also tie on the neck band, and dance the ruck with you."

The meal has ended, and after the toilet has been thoroughly finished, almost a hundred men perform the sacred dance. That rupack who had been critical earlier no longer finds anything wrong with their movements. And again the sun sinks into the sea. But no news announces Woodin's arrival.

On the next day at noon, a group of frolicsome women actually come to get me. We quietly go on our way as long as we're in the village. It is highly mugul to disturb the sacred quiet of the kalsimel!

"Doctor," one of the beauties whispers to me, "out there we'll be quiet vivacious, but here in the village, it's so boring. Today is a holy day. The chief /331/, our greatest kalid, today enters that house in front of the bai. And from tomorrow onwards, all of us must live in the other, smaller dwellings on the square, which are built all around. No one is allowed to sleep in the old houses. So, there's the beach -- 'hu-i'"

Everyone joins in the loud shout.

"Ui, now we'll search for mussels with Doctor. He likes to eat the kim so much. Doctor, here's one already. -- No, come to me. I also have one that's much bigger. -- Olokoi, Doctor's found himself a fine kim! Ui! Doctor's already Palauan. He's already able to look for mussels. And if only he wore a hussaker, then he could accompany the men on the makesang and go with us to the kokeal whenever we go there to di melil."

"Doctor," one of the frolicers whispers in my ear, "Doctor, won't you marry me? My father's already said you should do so."

"Really? You're not serious. -- I can't be your husband. Cabel Mul's
surely coming tomorrow to get me, and I long so much for my wife back in angabard."

But Cabel Mul does not come the next day either.

"Yes, Doctor, this is a great feast we're celebrating here now, and you're quite lucky. No man from angabard has seen such a kalssimel." So spoke the chief to me, whom I visited in his dwelling on the open square. "Many years pass without the ruck being danced once. It only occurs when we want to honor our powerful kalid, who's more powerful than all the others. They have their dwellings by our houses, but the powerful kalid doesn't need any such thing. Doctor, do you hear the mussel sounding? The men'll soon come out of the bai. They'll bathe, and that must be announced in the village so no one meets them on the path. Without this sign, no one is allowed out of the bai. The kalid would be very angry if one of the sacred dancers would be seen by us on the path. Next month the feast will be celebrated here on this square. You'll be very pleased to see that, Doctor."

"O, chief," I replied, almost ready to denounce all customs after his remark had startled me, "I don't think that I'll still be here tomorrow. Probably, Cabel Mul will pick me up later today even."

And again, I sat vainly on the beach for an afternoon, my gaze still on the distant horizon as the evening red -- this "pain at the foot of the sky" (meringen-a-gul-eijangit [meringel ngara uchul a eanged]), as they say so picturesquely -- had already begun to fuse ocean and sky in the same fire.

"Why are you so sad?" I was asked by a rupack who appeared to be well disposed to me some days later.

"Shouldn't I be? I'm afraid I can't return to my family. I surely
won't see my wife again."

"Yes, Doctor, that's sad. We Palauan men also weep if we're cast away by storm and can't return to our friends. The four rupack of Argeutel [Ngerekiukl] also did so. You see their story carved there in the törreibiölu [terroibeluu, or the plank in the gable next to the bottom].

"Tell me that, friend. I don't know it." And he then told me the following moving legend.

"One morning, four rupack from Argeutel, as the sun was disturbed out of her sleep by a rooster, morusrongnus [meros era chongos] (literally, that is, the announcer of the east, or morning), to begin her journey over the earth, traveled after her in an amlai. They were daring men who'd made many trips already. Now they wanted to spend a night with the sun once. In the evening, they arrived at the guleijangit [uchul a eanged] (the foot of the sky) just as the sun dipped into the ocean to retire to her house for the night. Here stood a dingis [denges, a species of oriental mangrove] tree -- that's also shown there, Doctor -- and in the shadow of its branches, which spread out widely over the ocean, the rupack saw a large shark in the ocean looking for prey. One of them climbed up the tree and plucked the sweet fruit that hung there. And they threw them into the ocean for the shark to gobble. As this one had now had a good meal, the rupack plunged into the ocean, where they found the sun dining in her house. They stayed with her overnight. As they came out with the sun on her daily journey across the sky, they saw far below them their relatives and friends crying out and running every which way in their native village looking for them. But they also began to cry. Then the sun asked. 'Why are you crying?'

"And the rupack were afraid to tell the truth and said, 'There's so
much smoke in your house, 0, sun. It makes our eyes water.'

"But she was more clever than her guests. She realized the real reason and promised her help. She then seized a large bamboo cane into which she stuffed the four people and covered the opening with a stopper made of the leaves of the cassuc [kesuk, or croton tree] tree, then she threw the cane into the ocean. It was driven by the waves towards Argeutel. It was high tide at the time and many people were on the beach. They were just about to set out to search for their lost friends. But the bamboo cane was an entirely new tree to them. They'd never seen anything like it. They fished it out of the ocean and were astounded as they heard those inside shouting. They pulled out the leafy stopper. How pleased they were when their lost rupack suddenly jumped out! The foolish people discarded the bamboo, but kept the cassuc because it had such finely colored leaves. They planted it in good soil in front of their bai. -- You've seen the large, old cassuc /334/, Doctor, that stands there. From it descend all the smaller trees that you've seen in Orocoll and Ardellolec and also in Cordre. But the bamboo drifted with the ebb tide to Naracobersá [Ngerekebesang Island] near Cordre, where it was first planted. That's why all the islands in the north are covered with this useful tree. Since the rupack of Argeutel had brought it down to earth on their dangerous trip, their village now has had the privilege for some time to fill its need for bamboo all year in Naracobersá without paying for it. But the other districts must pay a lot of money for whatever they need. And that's the story of the rupack who cried when they paid a visit to the sun far from their country."

"How much my friends in angabard," I replied, "would enjoy hearing this splendid story. But tell me more. The bri [bechei, or top half of
bottom plank in the gable] and daub [daob, possibly chedeng or bottom half of the bottom plank in the gable]* are still full of figures."

"I'm not familiar with those, Doctor. Those are very old stories that we've forgotten for a long time already."

"But you've really carved them yourselves?"

"Yes, indeed. But whenever a bai decays, we always carve the same stories on the new one, and our chief makes quite an issue out of painting only the old stories here. He won't allow a ship or people from angabard to be drawn on the ceiling or on the beams in the house, as is done in Ardellolec and Argeutel." /335/

My friend was still only able to explain the stories in one part of the gable, the so-called meleck [melech, or the fourth plank from the bottom in the gable]. It originates from Yap (Bölulakap [Belulechab]). [A legend with manifold variations and recurring throughout the Pacific Islands.] In the village of Auidel once lived a kalid, who sank into the ocean after his death. His spirit lived on there and always provided his wife and children with fruits, fish and other foods, which his oldest son pulled up with his fishing rod. One day, as he fished for his father's gifts, he also brought up some leaves. Somewhat later, twigs and branches appeared, then large tree trunks, and, finally, land also rose up out of the ocean. At the foot of a beautiful old tree the boy's father lay, changed into a stone. When two men saw the land rising out of the water between their islands, they both claimed their right to it. But the young man said it was his father's property, and he had raised it from the ocean floor with his help. When those who were eager to possess the fruitful tract of land contradicted him, the stone opened its mouth and affirmed his son's claim to it. But far below, my
authority concluded, two women, the kalid of the earth, sat supporting
the islands with arms fully extended, so that they didn’t fall back
into the ocean and settle on the ocean floor.

Even this theme for conversation is also exhausted!

Day after day, the same thoughts repeat themselves in monotonous
succession, also the same paths: from beach to village and back again,
from Peleliu to angabard, and always I wind up in Orocoll. From early
morning until late at night, the sacred dancers practice the ruck without
cessing. They are tireless at their work, and closer /336/ and closer
comes the day on which they will perform their god’s most sacred dance for
the people who stream in from far and near. New huts are constantly
being erected in the vicinity of the square in front of the bai. With
proud joy, the chief watches the crowd of visitors grow and every day
allows himself to be told about the condition and growth of his pious
undertaking. Joy shows itself in all faces. Only I stroll lonely among
them, mute and isolated despite the crowd of people, with despair and
sorrow in my heart. Days, weeks pass. No ship appears! The young
women vainly try to attract me out to the reef to search for my favorite
mussel, the large kirn. All their offers to celebrate with them, as in
Nasiass, the full moonlit nights are now for nothing. Even Inatoluck —
on a visit to Orocoll — no longer recognizes its sakalik, so dumb and
sad has he become. Nothing moves him, not the excellent stories that
Akiwakid wants to tell him. Conversations with the chief and the rupack
appear to be trite. It seems that only the ocean, that endlessly
moving one, knew a language that reaches my heart.

Suddenly, a ray of hope drops from the sky. A ship is there!

"Where?"
"Not Cabel Mul. It's going to angabard."

"To angabard? I must go to her! Out, you friends. Get to work. You, friend, run into the village and find Gonzalez. Tell him to come at once if he wants to go home." That sweet word! "Hurry, friend, hurry. Don't you see how the sail quickly moves to the west? Get into the amlai -- no, not so many! Do you have the mast and oars? Set out. Gonzalez isn't coming now. Cast off!" That's confusion! At least ten people sit crowded into a small canoe. Only with some effort am I able to resist a few people who follow, half swimming, to make the trip with us /337/ Finally, we're free! Now we can't find the oars. -- Thank God! There they lie and Inarratbac sits on them. Now we move forward unaware of danger. Through the surf our canoe shoots -- we're over it. Now to set the mast -- a rope's missing here, there another -- No, none are missing. How slowly it all goes! If only my friend was here, he'd see how the amlai would already be sweeping over the water. At last the mast stands. The sail's up! -- We head for the ship, as fast as the wind, as she heads northwest.

"Friend, help with the rowing. It's not fast enough." Well, what's that? The ship turns away from us, and we're not gaining on her at all! "How slowly our amlai sails! Onwards, onwards!" I called as though she could understand me. The ship again heaves to and now changes her course due west!

"O, Cheyne, you've done this to me as well! You've turned all the islanders into pirates* and no one dares to get too close to the islands since your word is so weighty! I, an alleged sea pirate, now chase that ship, the last sheet-anchor in my distress, away from me! She disappears ever farther out of my sight -- O, if only a calm arose, we'd certainly
have reached her by now."

"It's useless, Doctor. We've already traveled many hours. The sun stands in the west, and we can no longer see our islands!" /338/

"What can I do? I must go after the ship! I must, I will, go back to angabard!"

"No, Doctor, no! It can't be done. If we should spend the night out here, we're lost! Turn about!" a rupack commands his subordinates.

And I? I no longer know what I did. The hours that I spent on that island have entirely vanished from my life. Like a plant, I only ate, drank and slept. My day book offers me no memories of those last days -- they are lost to me as if erased from a board with a sponge.

It took a brilliant sunset to restore my consciousness one evening. High up on the rocky watch above Orocoll, I dreamed, hanging upon the edge, like a karamlal, with my gaze fixed to the west -- for how long? I do not know. Far below me, the ocean's waves curled, rising apparently contented against the edge of the reef. And out of the foam of their surf rose familiar, beloved figures, beckoning me to follow them. The gentle whispering of the ocean conferred a loud voice on such phantoms of my fantasy "0, come, come soon!" Above me the leaves of the mighty breadfruit tree that grew just on the edge of the crag rustled, as if in farewell once more the song that Inatoluck had composed for me.

Over all the magnificence of the tropical landscape, the setting sun poured out her ethereal gold, so that the chalky rocks below me kindled with a reddish glow, just as in our Alps the white of the glacier does after a morning kiss from the rising star. And her reddish light threw an unusual light over the dark and ever so transparent blue of the ocean. The surf constantly cast up small wisps, irradiated by the light,
producing dazzling colors, over into the bright green of the reef channel. The steadily sinking sun only partly shielded by a few small clouds formed furrows with her beams in the darkened sea, as if she wanted to show me a way across its surface that I was supposed to follow. And as she dipped underneath to spend the night in her watery "dwelling," she, though already falling asleep, enchanted me with sympathetic pictures, made out in the most kaleidoscopic variation and marvelously colorful beauty at the "sky's feet" (gul-eijanget uchul a eanged), as only she could with the tropical sky. But up out of her shifting scenes, a well-known ship rose in the most distinct form, and she grew and grew. Her old captain also ascended higher in the sky with her, soon towering above his vessel's masts, steadily crowding out all other figures until, at last, rapidly falling night engulfed her spreading sails, Woodin standing aft the bow and the entire sky in a uniform gray. Full of fortunate premonitions, I lay down for a night's rest. And as the reawakened sun had just begun to turn the highest leaves of that breadfruit tree high above me to gold with her first rays, I hurried out on the beach, still lying there in the dusk, and once more the immense picture of the ship was before me, the one I had seen the previous evening! But as the sun continued to rise, it continued to shrink. And finally, finally! the star of her first glowing ray was thrown over the eastern cliffs out across the ocean. There actually sat the old Lady Leigh with her faithful captain and with broad and cheerfully spread sails hoving to off our isle!

At one stroke, all the troubles of my stay here on Peleliu were dismissed. With a heart full of gratitude, I said my farewell to all my friends, most of all to Inatoluck and Tomué. How light my unshod feet
felt as I hurried from the village over the crags to the beach for the last time! /340/ How I jumped over the sharp points of coral to reach the water. Truly -- I cannot describe the joy with which I finally walked upon the decaying, worm-infested planks of the ancient Lady Leigh again. I found no words for my delight as the ship's bow turned homewards. Therefore, I close here just as I ended my journal. "At last, the Lady Leigh's here and heading for Manila!" (26. January 1862). /341/
XIII.

Return to Manila.

The catastrophe.

"Yes, it so happened, Dr. Semper," Captain Woodin told me soon thereafter, "Krei and Marisseba (Mad) pleaded for so long for permission to have the brown lad there, Amelukl, come along, that I finally gave in although I had no desire to do so. Marisseba sends his son with me so that he can keep an eye out on me there in Manila. They claim if I take one of their own with me, that'll get me to go back to them."

"Do you think you'll give up the trip to the islands?"

"O, no, not of my own will. But I'm afraid my bad luck'll force me to it. My cargo's not much. And I'll surely find a bad market for it again. And since I have debts, I can't wait. I have to sell -- Well, you know what waits for me. Shall I die a beggar? Now then, if only I could see my wife and children again before I die! Enough of that. -- I had much to do just to keep away other passengers. If I had allowed it, a dozen men from Aibukit would've come along. They all had such a great desire to see angabard. Your friend Arakalulk also wanted to come along, and it took some effort to keep him from doing so. I
would’ve preferred to have him as a guest rather than Amelukl. But he’s the chief’s son. Your friend greets you many times over and tells you not to forget him. Here are the packages he gave me for you. And down below, I have an _amlai_ that he sends you with all its gear. I also have the beams that the _rupack_ so willingly sawed off the _bai_ for you. It's well wrapped in mats so that the carvings on it will not suffer any damage. The people of Aibukit are good people, but Arakalulk, the faithful, good soul, is especially beloved to me."

"Heaven knows, Captain Woodin, he's a faithful soul, an honest to goodness human being! — What's that? There I see another brown face looking out of the port hole. I'll be! It's our friend Anguakl. -- How did you get here?"

And now Barber came out here and told how this one had pestered him with pleas for permission to travel along; his desire to see _angabard_ was so great. He had finally agreed to hide him under the balate in the hold until the ship was out on the high seas. If he could manage that without being discovered by one of the crew -- who would certainly inform the captain about it -- he would put in a good word for him later. This one more readily forgave the bad trick he had had played on him than I suspected. For my part, I was happy, since Anguakl was a vivacious, merry companion, whereas Amelukl, conscious of his chiefly dignity, never dared to act contrary to a high-ranking solemnity.

The east wind briskly blew our sail and carried our ship on a rapid course -- but much too slow for my impatience -- homewards. On the fifth day, we already spotted Pampan Island, where we once, a long, long /343/ time ago, lay in the harbor. Then we sailed without incident through the narrow San Bernardino Strait; wind and water were still favorable. Burias
and the volcano of Taal in the south, then Mindoro quickly passed us. We continued northwards and saw, at last!, on our eleventh day, Manila's harbor and the lighthouse of Corregidor at its entrance just as before. How would I find my friend there? -- At last, the anchor falls. Now quickly into the boat. There's the passage. -- How animatedly everyone looks at me! Now up the channel. -- Here're the steps. Now into the house.

"Moritz, Moritz! I'm back!"

"By heaven, Semper, you came at the right hour, you castaway. We had all given you up for lost long ago!"

"One word, Moritz. What's your, my, Anna doing?"

"She's here in Binondo at my house. I'll send a messenger there in a moment. Soon, we'll go. She's suffered much because of you."

"I believe it, friend. And if I could've spared her any of it, you know I would have. More of that later. Let's go to her. Just explain one thing. You said I came at an opportune moment. Why?"

"Look at this. Here's the contract with a Spaniard who agreed to search for you in the Pacific for a large amount of money. Don Pepe's supposed to go with him. Even Anna wanted to go. It was only with some difficulty that she could be dissuaded from embarking on this dangerous trip. In a few hours, I would've signed the paper. Only your return has spared you, and us, from this. -- See, there's the wagon. Quickly, Señor, let the horses run!"

The joy of our reunion prevented my fiancee and myself from calmly relating our experiences for quite some time! /344/

Weeks passed. My wife and I sojourned in the south, around Bohol, for a long time, occupied with our work and each other. We scarcely
thought about the past year, full of worries. Ahead of us lay the promise of the reward that we already felt awaiting us in the immediate future. We often spoke of our plans, how we could make the best use of the plentiful results of my trips back home. Why should we, with still so much ahead of us, allow our energy to diminish now because of a comfortable perspective on an already distant past? But one day, a letter automatically evoked memories of the past year in the most melancholy way. My brother-in-law Hermann informed us how sad thoughts about the old Woodin had taken hold of him. He wrote the following.

"As you know, Woodin had brought a rather modest cargo of trepang. And since the poor man still had debts outstanding here from the last time he was here, he was compelled to cover these by selling his entire cargo a tout prix [at any cost]. The trepang was especially cheap just then, lower than it had been for many years. Business was bad. Woodin would've needed to borrow much money again if he had wanted to continue his trips to get trepang in the Carolines. Also, the Lady Leigh had grown so bad that she needed a thorough overhaul. It would've certainly put him deeper into debt. As the only means to save himself from total collapse, I proposed the following to him. I wanted to hire his schooner after she had the necessary improvements made to go on a trip to China, where I planned to send some rice soon. If they went down on the way there, of course, my cargo would've been lost since I wasn't able to insure it because of this miserable ship. But if he arrived in Hong Kong and after he had paid the crew after selling the cargo, /345/ he would get the money left over. And with the net proceeds from the ship he was to sell there, he was supposed to return to his family in Hobart Town [Tasmania]. After a hard personal struggle, Woodin accepted my offer. With tears in his eyes, the poor man complained that now his
friends in Aibukit would surely regard him as breaking his word. Only after I had promised to take custody of both of his charges, did he agree. His trip to Hong Kong was successful. His ship was bought there at a rather high price. Whatever became of him I don't know. Since the announcement that he had sold the Lady Leigh, he hasn't written again.

"Just as badly, no even worse, has it been for the pair from Aibukit. The crinkly-haired chief's son grew increasingly melancholic even during Woodin's presence. Anguakl bore his long absence from home a little better. After Woodin left, the former fell into a depression; he grew noticeably scrawny and finally died of general inanition in the hospital. You know that autopsies can't be performed here. The illness that killed him remained puzzling to the doctor. His last word was a recollection of his fatherland; it was: Palau. Cheyne afterwards came with a full ship. Anguakl, who also was gripped by a longing, though not as strong as that of the poor Amelukl, agreed to return home to Palau with this sworn enemy of his people. They sailed for there a few days ago. -- Naturally, Cheyne again had an abundant cargo and carried on a profitable business. The market was excellent for him, and the same varieties that Woodin had had to sell cheaply for a pittance a few months earlier were now sold by that man for almost twice as much."

So went the letter. -- Whether Anguakl really reached his home, whether he perhaps, as an enemy of the district of Cordre, was killed upon arrival according to custom, I don't know. I have heard nothing more about him. Captain Woodin had also vanished. When I put into Hong Kong two years later on my way home, all efforts I made to hear whether or not he had actually fulfilled his last wish -- to see his wife and children once more before he died -- were fruitless. He was
A Short Biography of Edward Woodin

1801. Born in Hobart Town, Tasmania.

1839. Began his career as ship's master in the Caroline. Departed Hobart Town December and returned the following August after visiting the north Pacific, Mauritius and the China coast.

1846. Departed aboard the Eleanor for sandalwood trade in Melanesia and thence to Indonesia, the Philippines and Hong Kong. Returned to port the following year in November.

1851. Third voyage undertaken, also aboard the Eleanor, to Melanesia, Palau, Guam, Ponape. Trade rivalry with Cheyne begun on this voyage in Palau.

1853. Voyage in Betah along previous voyage route, lasting from January to June.

1855. Transported Chinese coolies to Australia aboard the Eliza Jane. His Chief Mate and boat's crew drowned off the Heads (New Zealand).

1861. The Lady Leigh in Singapore, thence going to Palau for beche-de-mer in May and June, arriving in Manila for extensive repairs on September 3.

1862. Voyage to Palau with Semper.

1863. Lady Leigh returned to Manila for repairs and went on to Singapore, arriving there July. Woodin purchased the Caesar after selling the Lady Leigh. On a voyage to North Borneo, Woodin was stabbed by a Malayan crew member on 21 February 1864 and treated in Bamtam and Hong Kong.

1864. Engaged in China coastal trade in the Caesar.

1865. Collected a cargo of rattan in Borneo with Chief Mate, Herman Schreck, who had been with him since 1863. This was Woodin's last known voyage, also aboard the Caesar.

1866. Died on March 15 while on his way from Batavia to Australia.

1868. Woodin's youngest son (James Arthur) died at Hobart.

1890. Woodin's widow died at Hobart Town on September 8.
a good person. But he was no longer able to carry on the undertaking that he had submitted to at the end of his life. He was too weak to be a devil. And as an rival, he had to succumb to Cheyne, who was highly superior to him in knowledge, intellect and ruthless application of any means at all. An honorable stupidity in the struggle for existence leads to destruction in the Pacific, even more than elsewhere, whenever it has broken out.

My traveling days lay far behind me. After returning to Germany, I had to open up new lines of work, although unaccustomed to doing so by my activity. The recollection of the past increasingly faded since I was forced to keep a constant watch on the future. Only rarely did I allow myself the pleasure of being rejuvenated by reading my journal again. Then I lingered willingly with my faithful friend from Aibukit. I still had to find an opportunity to send him a sign of life from angabard, as I had promised, so he could see that I had not forgotten him. -- All my efforts to receive some news about Palau from Manila or in some other way, or to send something there, were in vain. Since all ships now, as well as earlier, went to anchor in the harbor of Cordre and the presents that I /347/ would have had to entrust to Cheyne's mate or someone else, would certainly not have found their way to Aibukit. It would certainly have been a greater grief for Arakalulk if he had heard Doctor sent some things to Palau but not to him, rather than than the way he now feels: that I have forgotten him. If a good opportunity comes, I'll send him, among other things that I promised, this "book" and also myself inside. Then he will see that Doctor never forgets his friend.
Arakalulk (Rechelulk) in 1906 (standing with cane) in front of a bai in Ngebukeo (photograph from Deutsches Kolonialblatt Vol.16 (1907), p. 661.)
Beside such friendly, animated reflection often stood a picture that was ineradicably impressed upon me. In it were collected all the marks of cold blooded cruelty, fraud and base greed with which the life of our mercantile seamen is teeming there in the Far East: the picture of Cheyne. He alone among all those I knew there seemed to have been the architect of his own fortune. He alone succeeded in what he began. His name was venerated far beyond his own circle. The world was grateful to him for several writings about the islands and shipping in that ocean that were of great value to scholars. In these, he appeared to be a most talented, well educated man describing, on the basis of personal experience, with a clear gaze and honestly, matters which might provide sailors on their travels in the falsely named Pacific Ocean with an excellent guide; in these, the author appears to the reader throughout, despite many contradictions, to be quite humane and a man of the most noble sentiments for custom, justice and humaneness. How different his character appeared to me there -- I who knew a little about his life! A more complete look into these gloomy depths is now denied us forever.

The report of his sudden, violent death in the last arena of his activities reached me just as I was prepared to believe that he, at the height of his power, had placed upon his head the ruler's crown to reign there and had acquired wealth and respect everywhere and a colony for his fatherland.

Cheyne had -- according to the newspaper account -- aroused the hatred of the inhabitants of Coröre by selling firearms, not only to Coröre, but also to enemy districts. Despite the great trust that he had been shown until then, he was seized and slain. But the same account
expressly said that the murder had been committed on the orders of Ebadul. -- Should it be possible to lift the veil that still covers the motive for this deed, I am certain that everyone will recognize then that it was only the worst treatment of those poor peoples' patience, so they finally allowed the aruau [klobak], according to the manners and customs of their own country, to pronounce the death sentence upon their tormentor. The heathen stands opposed to the English colonial law as lawless, an outlaw in his own home. The oath of a common criminal, only if he be a European and a Christian, carries more weight there than the simple statement of numerous, so-called savages. Just so in this case: who was supposed to defend them from Cheyne if not he himself? Hadn't they placed themselves so completely in his power by means of that trade agreement and their constitution that he appeared to have become their sole master? How was it possible for these poor people to take their complaints about him to Hong Kong, from whence their fate was always managed? And how would they have succeeded in proving, since they were not Christians, that Cheyne had committed crimes against them? For my part, I am convinced that he never paid for the island that he purchased there. I am convinced that he alone bears the entire blame for his death. Furthermore, he had, by means of that contract, placed himself under the local laws. And in the end, only this remained available to them as a means of protection against him: to get rid of him according to indigenous practice under which he himself stood -- by killing on the order of the aruau.

But even in death, he brought trouble to the people to whom he pretended to be a benefactor. To avenge the murder of a European at the hands of brutal savages, the English administration in Hong Kong sent the
Perseus, Commander Stevens, to Palau.** Without any investigation, he demanded the delivery of the murderer. The islanders who were indicated as such to Captain Stevens and brought aboard his ship admitted to him that they had killed Cheyne on Ebadul's orders. Now the seaman -- it seemed unthinkable that Ebadul had the right to do that deed in his own land -- ordered that the chief himself lose his life as an atonement for that of the English freebooter. The aruau also agreed to this. Naturally, since they knew by experience what would happen if they had refused. They only demanded that Ebadul be shot by the ship's crew. Stevens refused to do this but was still not ashamed and sent his first lieutenant and several marines ashore to oversee the successful completion of his "judgment" -- my pen wanted to write "the murder."

Two English marines placed Ebadul between themselves. Ebadul, solemnly composed, full of genuine chiefly courage, stared into the eyes of the man who killed him -- perhaps his own son -- with a shot! By this means, he atoned for the guilt that his forefathers and his own feeble ambition had brought upon his people. His dying was magnificent: he fell for his people! It was certainly more grand than Cheyne's, the Christian: the one who only died for his money! /350/
Appendix I.

Concerning the extinction of the Palau Islanders and its probable causes.

That the population of the Palau Islands was very much larger at the end of the previous century than it now is is shown by comparing a simple calculation of population using information given by Wilson in 1783 with a census of the present inhabitants that has a somewhat firmer basis and with which I was helped by Arakalulk. I let this honorable and completely trustworthy friend count, to start off, the villages in each district, then the number of clöbbergöll [cheldebechel] in each village. Using his sufficiently accurate membership counts of the clöbbbergöll only in Aibukit, I ascertained the average membership for one of them. By multiplying this last number times the total number of clöbbbergöll, I obtained an approximate total number for the male population. Naturally, such a census is crude in the extreme, but it completely fulfills the purpose at hand, as you will see. In the census of people in 42 clöbbbergöll, I obtained an average of 17.8. And multiplying this by a total of 213 clöbbbergöll gave a male population of around 4000. If we postulate that the number of women is about the same as that of the men or somewhat higher,
and since the uncertain method probably has an error of 25 percent, 
the maximum present population would amount to 10,000 souls.

But during Wilson's time, the islands must have been much more 
heavily populated. This assertion is based on the detailed statements 
Wilson made when describing the number of canoes that this small district 
could supply for the various war parties undertaken by Coröre against 
Meligeok. But Coröre was then only an insignificant chieftainry whose 
authority was scarcely extended to the adjacent islands. On the first 
war party, almost entirely without allies, Coröre had about 150 canoes 
with about 1500 men; on the third one with its allies, there were more 
than 300 canoes equipped for war. If we now postulated -- incorrectly --
that the ratio of the population of the various districts was the same 
then as now, it would yield a total figure of about 8000 to 9000 brave 
men, since, in the first expedition, Coröre and its allies made, 
according to this standard, one sixth of the total population. But 
this should be raised by at least 5000 men, since the allies never send 
all their able men into battle. This would give about 13-14,000 men.

We must further figure on 5-6000 boys still not taken along into battle 
as well as old, infirm, men. So the number of men at that time (1783) 
would approach 18-20,000. This would give a total figure of at least 
40,000 inhabitants. And if we further consider that Aibukit, Meligeok, 
Peleliu and Armlimui were much more powerful districts at that time 
than they are now; that Arzmau [Ngerdmau] had not yet been destroyed; and 
that Roll [Choi] controlled an area that was certainly ten times greater 
than that of the present village, we will certainly /352/ not consider 
the number of 40,000 inhabitants as an exaggerated one, but instead as 
a very conservative estimate.
What could the causes of the drop of the number of inhabitants from approximately 40-50,000 people to just one-fifth of that in less than one century be?

The methods which people have always used, deliberately or unintentionally, to destroy those like them, who believed they had an ancient right to their homelands and put up a fight over the disputed, desired lands, are well-known: bloodhounds, elimination by cannons, alcohol, slavery, war, the most brutal murders (in the Marianas), illnesses, papal decrees, avarice and proselytizing. They all were, and are, operating together to indicate the bloody path we European peoples have taken in the last centuries.

"But that happened to advance civilization," I hear it said. -- Entirely possible. I am not investigating that here. I only wished to bring back a brief recollection of the facts. -- But not always, it is said, is it carried out with such cruelty as in America. Yes, even the Spanish, who above all others have earned a name as the bloodiest protagonists of European civilization, were most humane in their proselytizing in the Philippines. Proof: the flourishing condition of the colonies. -- I once owned a Newfoundland bitch, a faithful amiable animal and a sensitive soul: a stare, a harsh word forced her to quickly take notice. Sometimes she also received her strokes. And haven't the inhabitants of the Philippines received their own blows? If they didn't have the courage and tenacity to resist in order to be utterly wiped off the face of the earth, like the Caribs, /353/ does that prove anything about the humanity with which they were treated? It so happened that it occurred for the most part without beatings.
I only brought up these relationships for comparison, since the population in the Philippines did not decrease and the causes of the extinction of primitive peoples is to be investigated here. I have referred above to the most brutal and generally most effective causes. The example of the Philippines, however, shows us how entirely different forces come into play when different cultures, especially the most primitive ones, collide. I have explained in my sketch, The Philippines and Their Inhabitants, how it happened, how it had to happen, that the Spaniards were able to acquire land without being forced to wipe out the people. On the one hand, the islanders were not prepared and not capable of carrying out a protracted resistance. Their clan system strengthened the natural weakness of this passive race. On the other hand, conditions in the Philippines were especially suited to arrangements made as a consequence of papal pretentions of that time during the expeditions of Magellan, Legaspi, and so on, especially of the Institute of Encomiendos and Encomenderos. Each cazike had, in the first place, to feel the powerful hand of a new encomendero. When that happened, he ordinarily abdicated and left the land of the whites in favor of the bagani. His gods he remembers, only he places them below those of the newly arrived priests. The clan system even today forms the basis of all social relationships, but above the indigenous chiefs, the bagani, stood the alien encomendero. This middle position helped to mediate the conversion from the heathen-Malayan to the Christian-Spanish time: both culture stages were bound together because they had, from the beginning, found a common point of contact and had achieved by that means the possibility of a rather harmonious merger.
And with this we have indicated the point from which we are able to understand the extinction of just such Polynesian races against which not one of the most brutal means of extermination mentioned above has been used. The fact of such dying-out without any tangible basis is shown by the Palau Islanders. Smallpox is unknown there, as well as other contagious diseases, or they have lost their effect. Battles are much less bloody in this century than they were in Wilson's time, and Europeans have never introduced intoxicating drinks there. Missionaries have not mastered the indigenous superstitions. The only things our European trade has brought them since Wilson's time are better weapons and sharper tools: they use these much less often than they used the cruder ones earlier, and they complete work that once took weeks in a few days with the new ones. And despite all such advantages, these amiable people are dying out!

The explanation seems to me quite simple. The vitality of their apathetic disposition and of their cultural condition, in which they have lived since Wilson's time, had to be strengthened by extreme measures. The stone era compelled them to do so. The awareness of having to work hard just to provide the most elementary needs of life raised their energy, and this naturally affected their needs. Artful wood carvings, richly decorated tureens for soup, ornamental turtle shell daggers, as Wilson draws them in his book, must not have been rare at that time. Their long stools and round blocks on which they stacked pyramids of kukau, they decorated in a tasteful way with white shells. Over the fireplace in each house often hung a decorative split bamboo cupboard for storing the /355/ food that was not eaten. There is no longer any trace of such activity. Wherever I searched, in the north as in the
south, in the houses of chiefs and those of the common folk: everywhere I saw reminders of that defunct, industrious and healthy time. And wherever I listened, people everywhere told me: "Yes, these fine articles were made earlier by our kalid. That's why we consider them sacred. But we can't make them ourselves." With the adzes and weapons of stone and fishbone, we Europeans have taken away the only means available to protect them from the pernicious influence of their natural indolence and sloth: the awareness of being able to achieve something easily did not kill only the desire to possess things among the primitive peoples. The iron of the European too quickly followed the stone of the savage: it is inevitable that what was supposed to have been a blessing for them makes them sick and ailing in body and soul.**

Here I have deliberately presented briefly and in a desultory way what I found out there as a first-hand observer for many years and what I have stated expressly in defense of my academic thesis in 1866. Since my practical experience in relation to extermination of primitive peoples so thoroughly agrees with the results that Georg Gerland has laid out in his well-known, splendid writing *Über das Aussterben der Naturvölker* [Concerning the Extinction of Primitive Peoples (Leipzig, 1868)], results that he managed to achieve theoretically, I can regard it as unnecessary to do anything other than corroborate the ideas of this capable ethnologist in a few words about the results of my practical observations. /356/
Appendix II.

Name and kinship of the Palau Islanders.

What concerns the names of the Palau Islanders and the apparently autochthonous one of the inhabitants I am allowed to reproduce here an article that I published in Correspondenzblatt der deutschen anthropologischen Gesellschaft [Correspondence Paper of the German Anthropological Society], 1871, Number 2, February, in order to let the reader have all the arguments on hand that are able to help him to form his own opinion upon this, as it seems to me, completely settled issue.

"The most westerly group of the Carolines in the Pacific Ocean is, as is well-known, listed with the name 'Pelew-Islands' by the English, while the Spanish indicate it as 'Islas Palaos' on their maps and in their history books. I do not know the origin of the English name. It is possible that it is a distortion of the name of the island 'Peleliu.' It is certain that the islanders do not call the entire group by either this or that name.

"The Spanish name for the islands is entirely, categorically, wrong. To begin with, it follows from the detailed statements of Father Murillo Verlarde (Historia etc [Manila, 1749], p. 375 ff.) that those islanders
who were cast away upon the east coasts of Samar or Mindanao by easterly storms at different times /357/ could not have inhabited those westerly Caroline Islands. The names of their islands are not found in the Palaus but farther to the east. Not one of the real Palau Islands was identified there. Their canoes were double canoes, such as never are used in the Palaus. They carried women on their voyages. The men wore cloaks over their shoulders. The women let their hair fall over their shoulders. All of these practices violated the customs of the Palau Islanders. The greeting described by that story-teller of touching the forehead with the hand (loc. cit., p. 376) was not practiced by real Palauans. It suggests a connection with the Malayans. Even in the reports about the Carolines in the Lettres édifiantes, there is not one scrap of information to indicate that the people cast away upon the Philippines were inhabitants of Palau, while there are many that prove that, until the end of the previous century, not once did an islander from these islands reach the Philippines. The name 'Palaos' also does not apply to them and their island group, although it had already been used for them by Father Murillo Verlarde.

"Apparently, the islanders who now and then reached the Philippines in this century are not inhabitants of the most westerly Carolines but come from Yap or other islands even farther east. By the goodness of Dr. Jagor of Berlin, I have obtained photographs of the so-called 'Palaos' that he made in Samar. I believe I am probably correct in maintaining that they are from another island than the one that is now nameless once more."

"It is surely striking that, in the book by Father Verlarde already mentioned, he (p. 375) calls the people, as well as the boats they came in, 'Palaos' in the capitalized heading. /358/ (El año 1696 salieron dos
embarcaciones, que llaman Palaos. In the year 1696 two canoes left which they [the occupants?] call 'Palaos.') The puzzle was solved for me by the letter of Father Paul Clain [Klein] of 18 June 1697 (Lettres édifiantes, 1863, Part 4, p. 672), where it says: 'Ils étaient venus sur deux petits vaisseaux, qu'on appelle ici (that is, also in Manila) paraos.' This is the Filipino (Malayan) word for a large canoe and would be written as 'paraú' in German. The letters 'r' and 'l' are identical in the Spanish, as well as in the Filipino, idioms, and since the Spanish language allows the diphthong 'au' to be written as 'ao', as is seen in the Tagalog word books, the same, however, cannot be pronounced as such (in Spanish), so that the mistake is quite understandable that, somewhat later, the Spanish, according to the genius of their own language, put the stress on the first syllable of the word 'Pá-la-os' that had acquired three syllables. Since the word 'Palaós' or 'Paraós' was also spoken in Murillo Verlarde's time, the Spanish made 'Pálaos' out of it. This derivation of the word makes it probable in the highest degree that, because of an error in applying the name of the canoes to the people in the canoes, the given form was hispanicized in the way indicated. I say probably because I am not familiar with the first edition of the Lettres édifiantes. If Father Clain is actually supposed to have written 'qu'on appelle ici', the proof that the assumption has hit the mark would be made easier since the Historia of Father Murillo Verlarde is based on that letter of Father Clain; the error, therefore, certainly arose because, instead of that definite (French) expression, he has substituted the indefinite one 'que llaman Palaos' whose subject, according to the style of writing at that time,
could just as well be the occupants of the canoes, as well as the inhabitants of Samar. In that case, the name of the island group and its people came from the name for a Filipino boat. Confirming this, the language of the westernmost Carolines does not recognize the word palau for a canoe. Their three different canoes are called geib [kaeb, or a large sailing canoe], kotraul [kotraol, or sailing canoe smaller than a kaeb] and kawekel [kabekel, or large canoe to be paddled].** (Also on Yap, as is seen in the word book of the language there so kindly provided by Herr Godeffroy in Hamburg, the word palau is never used for a canoe. Later supplement, 1872.)

"It is certain, however, that the islanders call their islands 'Palau' and themselves lakad-ar-Palau [rechad era Belau], that is, people of Palau. This, I believe, is easy to explain. With the word 'Palau' or 'Palaos,' the Spanish of the eighteenth century referred to all islands lying east of Mindanao, and as the missionaries made their well-known attempts to bring Christianity to the Palaus, they included the island of Sonsorol, lying closer to New Guinea, as well as Yap and Fais. The priests only succeeded in getting to these three islands. It is only an unfounded assumption that they actually reached the group of islands now exclusively called 'Palau.' Such efforts ended with the death of Father [Juan] Cantova and a few others [Fathers Jacques DuBeron and Joseph Cortyl and ten others died on Sonsorol]. When Wilson and the English discovered the real Palaus towards the end of the century, which they named Pelew-Islands, a fruitful field for trading operations was opened up to the Spanish in Manila for years to come. It is notorious that, in the first three decades of our century, numerous Spanish ships traveled to Corôre, the main harbor of the group, to get trepang. And
during this time, they gave the name 'Palaos' to the inhabitants, who have taken it up eagerly. A number of Spanish words have been accepted into their language, some entirely unchanged and some corrupted. The word 'chiquito' (small) is used as an expression of affection, even in their poetic language, whereas they show no lack of related expressions in their language. It seems quite believable that they adopted names introduced by the Spanish. Such suppositions are supported by the following legend about the origin of the same name, which apparently indicates the introduction by Christians. The islands, as the myth tells, had another name than the present one much earlier. One day a young woman from Cordre fell into the jaws of a large fish and lived inside it for seven days. Then the fish was driven ashore and it spit out the young woman, who died a few hours later. In memory of this miracle, her name, Palau, was applied to the group of islands. Such an action, however, completely conflicts with the habit of the inhabitants. Every district there jealously guards its outstanding features in word and custom. For the same idea, there are sometimes three different words used by people from different villages. And an arbitrary naming of the entire group by the residents of the south would never be accepted in the north, and vice versa. They do, however, all readily accept, as part of their trade with Europeans, words which Europeans have introduced. And since, as shown above, the name 'Palau' was already formed in the Philippines because reliable reports about the inhabitants of the already (1696) named but still unknown islands were lacking, this supposition is as well founded as it possibly can be: the new name was adopted quite willingly by the inhabitants as a name for their land. " /361/
This also shows that the primary and only source for the study of the customs of the real Palau Islanders is the book by Captain Wilson. Furthermore, that the reports of the Spanish concerning the so-called 'Palaos' are not useful if it is a matter of determining the kinship relations of these same South Sea people, whom we now delineate by the name 'Palau' or 'Pelew.' That the name originated by a mistake is not relevant, since we now, fortunately, are completely sure of which group of islands and which people we refer to with these false names.

Because of the present state of scientific anthropology and ethnology, it is quite difficult for any travelers not specially trained as anthropologists to furnish significant material concerning the physical characteristics of a race. Descriptions, such as those given by earlier circumnavigators are almost superfluous now. The naive observer, however, easily gets an accurate view of the characteristics of a race — I would like to call it the "specific view" — just as the zoologist, by means of constant observation of specific peculiarities of one group of animals, gains this specific view for other forms but he would not be able to back up his judgment with measurements. After a long association with the Palau Islanders, mine are as follows: that their hair, as well as their facial structure, allows a completely recognizable mixture of two different races to be seen, that is, the Malayan-Polynesian and the Papuan. Their body color varies from light yellowish brown, copper brown to rather intense brownish black; the skin color is likely to be often covered with disfiguring skin diseases or, as a habit, smeared with a yellowish red stain made from the curcuma. All of their houses are full of this color, so that a European in white clothes cannot possibly keep them clean for more than a few hours.
It is obvious that the natural body color of the naked islanders is heavily covered with it. The hair is black, sometimes shiny, but more commonly dull, and then, if uncoiled, it has a rather brownish tinge to it; the shiny black hair is most often smooth, or only slightly frizzy; on the other hand, the dull brownish black is always frizzy and grows in great tufts, just as those, peculiarly groomed, so characteristic of the Papuan peoples among the true Melanesians. They wear this frizzy bushel of hair quite simply, combed from front to back and -- for both sexes -- bound in large, simple knots at the back of the head. When bathing, they loosen these knots; then one is amazed at the immense crown of hair that surrounds all parts of the head in equal length, just like a large round cap. Whenever my friend Arakalulk had combed out his hair, he displayed a crown of hair such as a real Papuan -- not considering the affected hairstyle -- would not wish to improve upon.

The mixing stands out more sharply in the facial features than in the hair. Pure Malayan features are just as rare as pure Papuan ones. Unfortunately, I am not able to present the good portraits and photographs that I possess in this book. The first glance at these would establish that Malayan blood flows in the veins of Palauans. The Papuan intermingling, however, is attested to by a circumstance -- entirely apart from hair, color and so on -- whose exceptional significance has, as far as I know, only been rightly appreciated by a few travelers before now. Both Earl and Wallace point out in their travel books with some emphasis that Jewish physiognomies (European ones), genuine Jewish noses would often turn up among Papuans (earlier travelers have already noted the same thing), whereas among all true Malayans they were entirely lacking. These Jewish facial features are found in several places in
the book by Salomon Müller and entirely similar heads appeared to me the first time I met the people of Peleliu.* When I wrote this comment, I was only familiar with Müller's atlas. Wallace and Earl had not published some of their rich observations previously, or they were entirely unknown to me before 1861, so that I incorporated into my notebook this fact without any preconceived theoretical opinion on the kinship relations of Papuans or Malayans: "that a few of the Peleliu Islanders who had come aboard ship as we drew closer to the islands, strikingly reminded me of certain Jewish-looking inhabitants of New Guinea."

I was only able to get a single skull during my ten-month stay in the Palau Islands. It lacks a lower jaw, otherwise it is in good condition. It was found lying in the bushes near the bai of the rupack in the village of Aibukit and must have come from one of the enemy districts since the Palau Islanders bury their dead with greater reverence and guard their graves in a way I have seldom observed among heathen-Malayan peoples. The piety that they pay their buried ancestors has also prevented me from getting more than this one skull, and I only obtained grudgingly /364/ the murdered man's skull, for which Aituro [Ngirturong] was exposed to such abuse in the district of Aibukit. Despite the very high probability that this skull is actually the skull of a Palauan, I cannot allow myself to claim it is one without reservation since a few Yapese -- entirely apart from the naturalized Europeans -- and some real Malayans driven to these islands by storms lived there. In Wilson's time, of course, real Malayans already lived there in small numbers. I have felt it necessary to bring this up since, in the great majority of cases, a culpable rashness prevails in the determination of the origin of the skulls of strange nations. The name "Papuan from New Guinea" or "Negrito
from the Philippines" is scarcely fitted for us to use; it is as if a skull
in the cupboard of an enthusiast, which was purchased in an anatomy
class in Germany, is paraded as a "German skull." Whether, for example,
the form of the skull recently described by Virchow for the negritos of
the Philippines is really typical of the negritos who live there,
appears to me to still be somewhat doubtful because that skull, along
with all the skulls, were from Mariveles, a mountain range quite close
to Manila, whose residents not only had daily intercourse with the
Christian Malayans in the plain from the earliest times, but also, in
fact, mixed with them quite frequently. The assumption that the
brachycephalic [short- or broad-headed] form results from such a mixture can
not be regarded as tenable until more complete series of skulls,
especially ones of such negrito origin from those who still live in
rather significant numbers and greater independence on the northeast coast
of Luzon, have reached Europe. In the same place, Virchow emphasizes
that the skulls of negritos lying as a group in front of him show
sharply filed teeth. This custom is found among Malayans -- at any rate,
in most cases -- as well as among /365/ Papuan races. In the
Philippines, however, it is practically restricted to the negritos of
Mariveles. At least, I myself, who claim to know the primitive peoples
of the Philippines better than any modern traveler -- since I spent much
more than two-thirds of my traveling among the primitives there -- I
myself, I say, have seen negritos and half-negritos on most of the
different islands, but the custom of filing teeth was never seen except
in Mariveles. A special characteristic of the entire negrito population,
it most certainly is not.
It also appears -- to return to the subject after this digression -- that my Palauan skull is most probably such a one. But it must be cautiously regarded with some misgiving. It is decidedly dolichocephalic [a relatively long skull], rather high -- it certainly does not belong to the hypsistenocephalic [an extremely high narrow head] group -- with a considerably jutting jaw and with an obliquely receding forehead, as the real Malayan peoples display. A thorough description with measurements and sketch will be published in another place.

The customs and practices also clearly indicate the mixed characteristics of this people, just as their exterior appearance does. If partly Polynesian and Malayan, and partly, as some of their legends indicate, even Chinese or Sino-Malayan influences can be clearly seen in their earlier, not insignificant, knowledge of constellations; succession in the female line; the use of money and its separation into seven kinds; the universality of tattooing with a needle; the rule that the lower people have to use a formal language with the chiefs, whereas the chiefs -- the rupack -- speak a vulgar language with the commoners; and so many other features that must be omitted here, /366/ the Melanesian is just as sharply indicated by others. The "sumbak" of the Malayans, that well-known greeting of raising the hand to the forehead, is entirely lacking here, although it is, according to Murillo Verlarde, to be found farther to the east in the Carolines and among the Polynesians. In addition to spears, bows and arrows play an important role as weapons, as among all true Papuans and even the negritos of the Philippines. They are almost unknown among Malayans. All Papuans bore through the nasal septum. This custom is also practiced among the Palauans, although unknown to the Malayans. The latter love noisy, clamorous music, which they are
not able to omit from their games any more than from their feasts and
c processions; their instruments are numerous and diverse. Among the
Austral-negritos, negritos and Papuans there are only two instruments:
the flute and the drum. In the Palaus, only the young women in the bai,
the armungul [remengol], are allowed to play the flute; any other musical
instrument is forbidden. Their sole publicly performed music is that of
a dance in pantomime accompanied by singing. This is a far cry from that
of the Malayans: calm, arhythmic; but not unmelodic, and deep chested in
the Palaus; among Malayans, nasal, in the highest falsetto and often in
a spirited, vehemently moving rhythm. There is, however, nothing in the
Malayan peoples analogous to the most noticeable custom that is so
strongly impressed upon all life there -- the separation of the sexes in
the bai of the men and the balai or bli [blai] of the women and smallest
children. One might, perhaps, mention the large houses of the Dayaks and
other Malayan peoples, but that would be erroneous. Since families live
inside next to each other in small partitions -- rooms -- of that large
house, there are a number of small dwellings under one roof. Here among
the Malayans, the wife is the basis of the household; her husband
does not belong to her family, only to his own. In the sharpest contrast
to this, the Palauan man is master of his house. "Het Maleische gezin, in
de engere beteekenis van het woord (samandeil), bestaat dus uit de moeder
met hare kinderen. De vader behaart er niet toe." [This Dutch sentence
is translated by the two sentences separated by a semicolon.]
This, however, is only a difference between Palauans and true
Malayans, whose significance as such is not likely to be misunderstood.
It would prove the connection between Palauans and Papuans if these also
had the **bai** and the **balai** (blai) -- in the Palauan sense. And that seems to be the case. Of course, I can only cite a few observations relevant to this matter. In his *Narrative of the Cruise of HMS Fly* (p. 272 ff), Jules tells of a house on the southeast coast of New Guinea that was three hundred feet long and thirty feet wide in which no women lived. They ordinarily lived with the children in the small huts nearby. In the same place, he shows a picture of such a house. In several villages, he saw three to four such large houses next to numerous small huts.

According to Williams and Calvert (*Anthropologie der Naturvölker* [Anthropology of the Primitives, Leipzig 1872], Part 6, p. 637), among Melanesians (Fijians), "Men and women are never allowed to eat together, or even sleep together, since the men, for the most part, sleep together in the large community house, just as the unmarried youths also have their communal sleeping houses." And in the same place (Part 6, p. 677), Gerland, citing the authority of D'Urville, Erskine, Williams and Calvert, says of the Pempelu, "As among the rest of Melanesia, so also those in Fiji, where every place has one, or several, for a meeting place, bedrooms for the men and public lodging." That is certainly a small number [of references], but it still seems to me /368/ sufficient to provide room for the assumption that similar institutions might have existed earlier throughout Melanesia, and which have found their sharpest, most abbreviated expression in the **cldbbergdll** (cheldebechel) of Palau.

I am not surprised that no one knows anything about them. We have long known that the reports of missionaries are not sound sources for the study of the life of pagan peoples. And it is also known that the sailor and even the professional traveler often, during the most superficial contact, employ personal, or even entirely subjective, perceptions to measure the
life of a people different from their own. If one only considers how easy it was for such people as they are to regard something that it was most crucial to have known as insignificant information because they could not differentiate what was essential from what was not without a knowledge of the people, it is hardly surprising that we have, thus far, found no important trace of the clöbbergöll institution of Palauans among Papuans, who are still almost entirely unknown to us and always visited by travelers for short periods. Despite this, they may still be found. I, for my part, am convinced of it because I can correctly interpret Jule's unrefined observation and the other published remarks only as something like that. It is no argument against it that other travelers have not seen anything similar. They did not have the eyes for it, or they misinterpreted what they saw. How easily it happened, especially earlier, is shown by Wilson. All sorts of experiences and unimportant matters are discussed in his thick book. But only a few quite hasty references reveal that he had seen the bai and the armungul inside and the so remarkably interesting pictorial representations of legends on the beams of the framework.

It is not clear from his statements whether the life of Palauans almost a hundred years ago was indeed close to that of today. If he also had suppressed such short comments, I would not venture to contradict someone who skeptically proposed that these colorful pictures could have been devised and carried out by the Englishman left behind by Wilson [Madan Blanchard] as a way to kill time and that the entire clöbbergöll way of life would later be introduced by them there.

But the strongest argument for the mixture of Papuan and Malayan and Polynesian influences* in Palau appears to me to be the language. In 1871,
in an address to an anthropologists' meeting in Schwerin, I have already indicated the highly unusual mixed character of the Palauan language. This address was published in the society's correspondence paper for 1871. Since several of the most outstanding peculiarities of the language were already described in the text of the book before you [See pp. 202-4.], I can limit myself here to emphasizing the most essential features in a general way. The same peculiarities which, according to Gabelentz, separate the Melanesian languages from the Polynesian, are twofold:

1) the abundance of consonants and the preponderate consonantal endings of words; /370/ 2) the presence of possessive particles, which will be affixed as suffixes to certain roots (especially such as refer to parts of the body and degrees of kinship) in place of the personal pronouns.

In reference to the first point, according to Gabelentz, no Melanesian language has more than eighteen consonants; I found twenty-one in Palau.**

The number of words ending in a consonant is greater than those ending in vowels. And it is the same for the beginnings of words. The consonantal character of the language is still more evident in the common groupings of several consonants, for example, schils [Cheyne], drumk [derumk], weijukl [olukl?], rollengl [ollangel?], aussekrek [osebek?] aranklel [ng klel], tsmorch [tmorch?], massicd [meseked], mtek [metik],** and so on. I offer the following comment regarding the second point.

In Palau (as was already described in the text [pp. 202-4]), there is a real declension, and even conjugation, evolving from the Melanesian possessive suffix. Not only words for parts of the body, the spirit and kinship grading are declined in the way mentioned earlier -- as in Annatom and other Melanesian dialects -- but also all roots for substantives that cannot be owned in general, for example, house, mat, canoe, chisel
and so on. The nearly same possessive suffixes (see p. 204) are also appended to verbal roots so that a true conjugation is formed. Such roots of verbs to be conjugated are, for example, koiti [choit-] (throw away), biska [mes-] (give), so [so-] (love), kati [cheti-] (hate), meli [ngi-] (drink), telebjul [tingaol] (lie) and so on.** In addition, there are a larger number of verbs that are not conjugated in this manner. It is unusual and makes it hard to understand, but the suffix of the verb does not always refer to the subject of the sentence. We have soak -- I love -- but biskak -- You give me. It is further remarkable and, as it seems, unique to the Palauan langauge, that many of the inflected roots (substantive and verbal) are inflected differently than the second, uninflected, form (p. 204 shows a few examples). The disparity in roots with the same meaning can occasionally be very great and the cause of countless misunderstandings in dealing with the people; I have already discussed this once in the text [pp. 204, 205].

On the other hand, there are numerous Polynesian or Malayan roots in the vocabulary, and the majority of pronominal forms, as well as number words, have an entirely Malayan origin. Above all, one is not confused about the Malayo-Polynesian kinship of the Micronesians and, therefore, also the Palau Islanders, so that we can only stress at this point the so pointedly accentuated Melanesian character of the language. If any one, however, considers that the briefly mentioned characteristics of the language and the customs are essentially Melanesian, the mixing is certainly proven if one does not wish to fall under the sway of the favorite method of present-day anthropologists of loathing to use language and customs as indicators of the kinship relations among peoples. Naturally, I can only lodge a protest against
such a method. A discussion is impossible in that case. Otherwise, I stand opposed to those who, like Gerland, recognizing the significance of language for ethnological investigation, have made the purity of the Melanesian and Polynesian races their creed. In my opinion, these people can only come to two results: either to see, with me, a definite mixed race involving Malayan, Polynesian and Melanesian traits in Palau, or to admit, as Gabelentz (Die melanesischen Sprachen [The Melanesian Languages (1860, 1873)], p. 265) calls possible and credible, that the two otherwise so very different peoples were related in the distant past. This last assumption, however, especially contradicts the great /372/ difference in build of body, at the very least in a provisional way, so that, for my part, I am much more inclined to the first interpretation since it invites of itself ever renewed research into this very important problem instead of dogmatically forcing a solution upon us in an authoritarian way, as the opposing opinion would do.

Printed by F. A. Brockhaus in Leipzig.
Footnotes

(The page numbers refer to the original German text.)

Chapter I.

p. 6. In the Philippines, one uses the word 'tribute' to denote the sum of payments which two grown people pay together; children up to the age of 10 and elders over 60 years of age are entirely exempt. The number of tributes has so far amounted to less than half of the inhabitants. In short, one indicates two people as one tribute; one doesn't ask how many tributantes are in a village, but only how many tributos. (S)

p. 10. The indicated island, as well as a few other islands in the region, are all low, the hill itself often rising very ruggedly from the ocean. These rocks are composed of a conglomerate of a great number of such mussel and coral fragments, as can even now be found on the coast of all these coral islands. The individual parts of the conglomerate had been bonded together by a strong, calcerous cement, and the stone, frequently white, assumed a reddish brown or black color because of the cement, especially in the city of Burias and on the north side of the island -- which is known, for this reason, as Punta Colorada, or red points. On the southeast side of the harbor at Burias, there is a brown, coarse-grained and hard sandstone with numerous shells of oysters and scallops, as well as numerous fragments of shells of echinoderms but almost entirely without cephalus. All islands, especially the smaller ones, bear the significant character of a gradual decomposition; individual blocks
p. 10. of stone, which have been wrenched out and have a narrow foundation -- a result of erosion by the surf -- clearly indicate the continuation of corresponding strata on the neighboring islands. The strata lie almost completely horizontally. (S)

p. 14. To present a preliminary orientation, the following may be briefly noted here. Despite the smallness of the area, the inhabitants of the islands, for the most part, are divided into individual, more or less independent, districts; and frequently, as, for example, the district of Coröre [Oreor], they consist of one island with two or three villages, which are often allied to a group of other, often larger, districts. Even these stand in a specific feudal relationship that cannot be summarized properly and adequately with familiar concepts. Although such vassal districts are not required to pay tribute, they are bound to the government in certain ways that will be explained later; that is, they must put up with many restrictions on their social life, which they would abolish under ordinary circumstances. Because of the smallness of the districts, all personal relationships have more political importance than in larger regions and it is increased even more in that social bonds are involved partly with the monarchical and partly with the oligarchic-republican type of district, so that the loosening of social ties must also affect the political relationships of the districts with each other.

The most important districts are indicated on the map provided. The political grouping was, when I arrived there, the following. As a consequence of the support of Wilson and his Englishmen at the end of the previous century [1783], Coröre, lying in the middle of the island group, had achieved unexpected authority and power; because of their proximity to this island, Eirei
p. 14. [Airai, the southeasternmost district on Babeldaob Island], Armlimui [Ngeremlengui, a populous and powerful district on the west coast of Babeldaob, somewhat north of Airai], and several other districts in southern Babeldaob [among these are Imeliik, the southwesternmost district lying just west of Airai, and Ngetpang, just north of Imeliik and south of Ngeremlengui], as well as Aracalong [Ngerchelong] on the northern tip of Babelthuab [Babeldaob] out of regard for the ruling family there, that of the Ebadul [Ibedul] (that is, high chief), have allied themselves with Cordore. Earlier, the districts in the middle of Babelthuab were in this association, with the single exception of Athernal [Artingal, or Ngetelngal or Melekeok] on the east coast, which was compelled to pay tribute after losing three battles during Wilson's time, but which could not be reduced to becoming Cordore's vassal. The conquest and complete devastation of the district of Kaslau [Ngerdmau] on the west coast of Babelthuab, situated near Aibukit [Ngebuked], at the beginning of this century, appears to be the reason why Aibukit allied itself on the side of Athernal, and, along with it, was associated an array of smaller districts close to Aibukit (Roll [Chol, a village in Ngerard district north of Ngebuked], Rallap [Chelab, a village lying just east of Ngebuked], Aural [Ngurang, a village north of Ngebuked, now deserted] and others), which had already stood in a vassal relationship to this one. Also, the northern tip and the southern half of Babelthuab, the largest island of the group, were associated with Cordore, so that the middle districts on Babelthuab were surrounded and isolated. The role of neutral was played by Kreiangel [Ngcheangel Atoll], an atoll in the far north separated by a broad channel, and Peleliu [Beleliou Island] and
p. 14. Ngaur [Ngeaur Island] in the south; all were in dependent positions because of their fear of Cordre; even so, they took no part in their wars or even paid the customary tribute of living doves. Despite this, I was soon to experience to my own discomfort the authority exerted by Ebadul's word. (S)

p. 29. There were a total of 14 districts in Palau during Semper's time. The large island of Babeldaoob was divided into ten districts: Ngerchelong, Ngerard, Ngerdmau, Ngiual, Melekeok (also Ngetelngal), Ngchesar, Ngeremlengui, Ngetbang, Imeliik and Airai (or Irrai). Besides these there were Ngcheangel (or Kayangel) in the north and Oreor (also Koror), Peleliu and Ngeaur in the south. (T)

Chapter II.

p. 34. In the most dogmatic work of Häckel, Urgeschichte der Schöpfung [Prehistory of the Universe], a genealogical tree of man is presented in which smooth or frizzy hair is offered as the finest and most decisive criterion for determining the relationship of the various human races. This is apparently based on the research of Pruner-Bei, who found that the cross-sections of frizzy hair and smooth hair were quite different, and, on this basis, thought it possible to perceive an essential contrast in races; any way, Pruner-Bei was the first who sought to place the cross-section of hair on a firmer ethnological footing than had been done before. Apart from the consideration that the influence of the mingling of peoples on the form of the hair (its cross-section) has not been explored; apart also from the circumstance that every traveler who observes things at all scientifically only finds mixed peoples, never pure ones -- so that the question of from which original
p. 34. race a particular form of hair came can no longer be decided --; and, finally, apart from the fact that the dependence of hair growth on other vital conditions is absolutely unknown, also that the implicit fallacy of the entirely hypothetical presentation of this dogma, contrasting smooth and frizzy hair, cannot be avoided: apart from all of these, neither Pruner-Bei's observations and his theoretical assertions stand in such harmony to them that they must be heeded, nor do his assumptions correlate with analogous hypotheses of other ethnologists who believe they are able to determine, through a few measurements, the typical skull formations of each race and, through the agreement of measurements, to group in an ethnographic fashion all human peoples. Hypothetical postulates -- and, I repeat, Häckel's genealogical tree is nothing more -- can only claim respectability if they support each other; if one contradicts another, both are preposterous. (S)

p. 39. For a fuller discussion of the political relationships among the chiefs of Ngerard see Augustin Krämer, Palau, Volume II, in G. Thilenius (ed.), Ergebnisse der Südsee-Expedition, 1908-1910, II. B. 3. ii. (Hamburg, 1919), 45-73. This second volume of Krämer's five-volume work on Palau gives invaluable information on the history and political organization of all of the districts, as well as on demography and the Palauan language. (T)

p. 39. Amlai [mlai] is the name for all boats and canoes regardless of use or size. Their construction is peculiar: farther along an adequate description of one such amlai is given. Double canoes common among the Polynesians are not found here; only the largest war canoes, which have sixty to eighty seats, possess an outrigger on one side made from a single tree. (S)
p. 55. This is not a true varnish which they apply to their bowls. They grate the red, iron-rich clay soil as finely as possible with coconut oil and apply the mixture repeatedly. After drying a coat of varnish was rubbed into the wood with some stones and polished, then a new coat was applied and polished, and so on. The red coating adheres to the wood so well that boiling water cannot remove it. (S)

p. 59. In the previously mentioned book, Wilson writes "Abba Thulle" according to English pronunciation, but still not entirely correctly. Even my spelling is not completely correct. The 'E' is not a pure German 'e' but resembles the Spanish 'ei,' and the 'd' must be spoken like the English 'th.' (S)

p. 62. When Wilson was shipwrecked in Palau in the 1780s, Palauans had only stone weapons and tools; only Ebadul possessed an iron adze. Despite this, they succeeded in boring a cylindrical hole or double cone-shaped holes in even the smallest pieces. It is worthwhile to ask if they did so themselves -- as European peoples bored similar holes in stones during the Stone Age -- or if they acquired the money as it is from another people. In two pieces I saw, the holes appear to have been formed at the same time as the glass; they are like pearls. Another appears to have been made from the beautiful yellowish red *cypraea aurora* [cowrie], and its hole is completely cylindrical throughout its length. The questions of where these pieces of money came from and of who made them or their holes are of the greatest importance in helping to accurately determine the chronology of this "money period" on Palau. Unfortunately, this inquiry is burdened with so many difficulties that I doubt if these materials will ever be properly and successfully employed in the indicated way. (S)
The word *mugul* [mekull] and its opposite *tokoi* [tekoi] form every third word in conversation. The one means good behavior or usage and the other bad. Whether or not they were entirely deficient or not clearly understanding the ethical significance of law, people here, in their relationships with each other grew addicted to being guided by their customs. They submit to it since their parents, and even their gods, acted like that when they lived on the earth and do so even now up in heaven. It would be rash to deny these people a deeper apprehension of their own living conditions simply because of their implicit acknowledgment of the supreme authority of custom.

Chapter III.

The public works done by the men are the following: 1) service in battle on land or sea; 2) preparing for all public feasts without exception. These are quite assorted: a visit by visiting chiefs or legations, victory celebrations, burials or illnesses, warding off of calamities (such as illnesses and war) and religious feasts customarily observed or ordered by the district chiefs. For all of these, the men are forced to provide the necessities and even gifts; 3) clubhouse building; 4) sewing sails for war canoes; catching certain fish, notably the powerful rayfish *rul* [rrull]. All such services to the district or the cheldebechel [cheldebechel] are signified by the untranslatable word *makesang* [mechesang] -- this is an adjective which now means 'busy, occupied;' the noun for a customary duty is *chelsang*. Throughout the book, Semper mistakes the adjective for the noun for this, and several other, Palauan words.
p. 73. The *kukau*, or the pounded lumps of *arum*, will be stacked up to a height of eight feet on red varnished stands during these occasions. These pyramids are placed in rows or groups in the area where the feast is celebrated in such a way that each guest receives one such *kukau* pyramid in addition to other presents. (S)

p. 84. Holothurians are worm-like echinoderms. They have very thick, leathery skin and the Chinese relish them because they congeal into a jelly when boiled and are most delectable in this form. The Chinese regard them as an aphrodisiac. Exorbitant prices are often paid for such dried animals. There is more about them and how to prepare them later on, and also in my *The Philippines and Their Inhabitants* (Würzburg, 1869). (S)

p. 85. The name *rul* [rrull] indicates rayfish of a large size belonging to the species *trygonidae*, *pteroplata*, *aetobatidae* and *rhinoptera*, all of which are characterized by the sometimes long, sometimes short, tail with barbs. The largest kinds reach a width of from five to six feet, as measured from the tips of the pectoral fins and a weight of easily two hundred weight. (S)

p. 87. Concerning the veneration of animals compare Lubbock, *On the Origin of Civilisation and Primitive Condition of Man*, p. 171 ff. The *kalid* [chedid] -- in the strict definition above -- are exactly identical to the totems of Americans, the *kubong* of the Australians and so on. In Palauan, *kalid* means holy, holy object and priest [chedid does not mean 'holy;' but chedaol does.]. Everyone has his special *kalid*, perhaps an heirloom from his ancestors or perhaps it is bound up with their
p. 87. beliefs concerning life of the soul after death. A very rich yield from the Pacific region is to be expected on this issue. It is a shame that those who have the opportunity for such studies are unlearned, rude, people, whereas educated ones only do so after some compulsion. No one willingly stays with savages. But unless this is done, one can never understand the spiritual lives of such peoples. (S)

Two informative references on Palauan religion and cults are Johann Kubary, "Die Religion der Pelauer," Allerlei aus Volks- und Menschenkunde (Berlin, 1888), 1-69 and Augustin Krämer, Palau, Volume III (in the series mentioned in an earlier footnote), 343-58. (T)

p. 99. A word corresponding to the tabu of the Polynesians. Here and there the assertion is made that only Polynesians have the practice of protecting people, animals and objects with a tabu -- an interdict pronounced by a priest -- from any kind of dominion or use. That is false. In the Carolines and Palau, this is also done, but the word is different. Many Malayan peoples use the same prohibitions, though not to such an extent. (S)

Chapter IV.

p. 114. Here, as among so many other peoples, the succession to the throne occurs on the maternal side, but only the sons of the chief's sister succeed to the throne. Whether inheritance generally prevails here in the way it does, for example, among the Malayan Menangkabau or the Kubak on Sumatra (see Tijdschr. v. Nederl. Indien, 3rd Series, Volume III, 1869, p. 172 ff.), where first the man's brother, then the sister's sons inherit goods, rather than the real sons who belong,
p. 114. as does their father, to their mother's family, is something I have not been able to determine. I would rather not proceed further with unsubstantiated remarks. Something more reliable on this can only be obtained by years of familiarity with the people. (S)

Two more detailed studies of succession, inheritance and family relationships are Johann Kubary, *Die sozialen Einrichtungen der Pelauer* (Berlin, 1885) and the doctoral thesis of DeVerne Reed Smith, "The Ties That Bind: Exchange and Transactions in Kinsmen in Palau" (PhD. thesis, Bryn Mawr College, 1977). (T)

p. 114. Klilt is the first vertebrae of the dugong, the Indian sea cow (*halicore dujong*), which the Palauans have used until now as a significant award. Only the high chief has the right to confer one. Only he can take it away from someone who has disgraced himself. The conferring of this award, as well as its removal, is a painful procedure. The hand is forcefully drawn through the narrow hole; often a finger is lost and the skin torn off each time. Arakalulk had lost his thumb this way. The ornament cannot be purchased. A district buys it with much trepang from sailors, who occasionally bring it in from the Philippines. This distinction is only permitted for chiefs and the free people (*the kikerei rupack [kekerei el rubak]*) Men of the armeau [*remeau*], as well as women, can never obtain it. (S)

p. 124. The *keremlal* is the Palauan name for the brown booby, and not for the tropic bird, whose Palauan name is *dudek*. Throughout the book, Semper makes this error consistently. (T)
p. 126. Polythamia or foraminifera are calcium shelled conglomerates -- colonies -- of the simplest clumps of protoplasm, consisting of only a living microscopic droplet of protein without any internal organization, just like the so-called amoeba in our rivers, oceans and ponds. The calcium shell of the fossilized forms occasionally reaches an extraordinary size. (S)

p. 127. Rongekate [ongekad], or what scratches or burns. (S) The ongekad is the name for the tradescantia plant (Rhoeo spathacea), a species of poisonous seaweed; the name is formed from the verb mengekad, to itch or to excite. (T)

p. 128. The same ship, an excellent sail boat but a so-called "jinxed" ship, vanished without a trace on the same trip a few years later. Nothing more was ever heard of the crew or the captain, the same man with whom I had made my trip. (S)

Chapter V.

p. 138. As with so many English and Spanish words, they have assimilated this word to their language. On the other hand, they have translated our word 'write' with malukkus [meluches], or 'draw.' It is noteworthy that they render our word 'letter' with rusl [teliakl] is the current word for knotted cord used to keep a record of days, serving as a calendar]. That is the word for those well-known cords by means of which reports are sent from one to another in the forms of knots and interlacings of the ends. As different as the instruments are -- a leaf of paper with writing and a knotted cord -- one idea is essential to both: a means of secret communication of information. (S)
p. 141. During their battles on the sea, very small amlai with only two to four men serve to carry messages to the actual war amlai, which seat sixty to eighty and form an elongated battle line because of their size and number. These 'Galophins' are distinguished by a pole to which a cluster of the long white tail feathers of the male tropic bird is fastened. (S)

Chapter VI.

p. 157. This legend is frequently depicted in all bai without exception, but with, however, countless variations. In these rough pictures such a wealth of memories is depicted that a sufficiently thorough study of these -- not just an interpretation but an informative explanation elaborating on the islanders' method of communication -- would furnish us with an abundance of the most interesting psychological and mythological materials. Unfortunately, not the slightest prospect for retaining them is at hand. What educated person would allow himself to be exiled there for years? Missionaries and sailors would never be able to do this. (S)

More information about these carvings, called llechukl, is found in Earl W. Jernigan, "Lochukle: A Palauan Art Tradition" (PhD. thesis, University of Arizona, 1973) and in the fifth volume of Krämer's five-volume study of Palau, Palau, Volume V (Hamburg, 1929). (T)
Chapter VII.

p. 194. Another version of the same story is the one about the goddess Milat [Milad]. She descended from heaven and created the individual districts as separate islands, namely, Corëre [Oreor], Armlimui [Ngerem-lengui], Aracalong [Ngerchelong], Meligeok [Melekeok] and Eirei [Airai]. Only Aibukit [Ngebuked] arose by itself from the flood. The selection of the places, all featuring peculiar hills or mountains, is important. The ones near Meligeok are especially striking for that rounded shape which the Spanish have always indicated as tetas on their charts. Of them, it is said that Milat tore off one of her breasts and threw it into the ocean; from it came the hills near Meligeok. (S)

p. 195. In Palauan, the word for title is ardd [dui] and for name nakl [ngakl]. That word [dui] cannot be further inflected [Semper is wrong here; it can be declined and the third person singular form is dial.] and has only this one form. But nakl is the root from which the verb meaning "to call or name" (aranklel) [omngakl] is formed. (S)


0, Doctor, they foolish people, not
mesubed arungri ma tid-a-melekoi-Palau, jüssesiu ma
curious and they speak Palauan just like
lakad-ar-ngabard.
people from angabard. (S)

Di ungil, ma nak-a-soak-a-madangei eika.
Very well, but I have a desire to learn this. (S)

Eika maknit-el-tokoi-er-Palau, Doctor, kau-a-melekoi
That's a bad way to speak Palauan, Doctor, you talk
multmo: nak-a-messubet-arunguk+) ar ungil-tokoi.
and say: I'm interested in proper speech. (S)

+) This common word arungul [reng], used almost exclusively
with other, attached unchangeable roots, means larynx
in the indeclinable form arungul [This form is obtained
from reng and is actually the third person form, rengul.]
and, figuratively, means courage and desire. Here I
give a number of such connectives, which certainly do
not, by any means, exhaust the available examples.

Literally translated.

malamalt arungul -- a straight larynx -- that is a good
[melemalt a rengul] speaker or good
speech.
klo [klou] " -- a large larynx -- proud.
partik [betik] " -- desire to find -- rather good in
expressing affection
"I love you" is nak-a-partik arunguk-ar-kau [Ngak a betik a
renguk era kau].
mellomes " -- bright larynx -- smart, intelligent.
kiremerrem " -- dark " -- stupid.
kiremerrem [keremerrem]
messubet " -- learning " -- curious.
messubet [mesubed]
dobossok " -- thin " -- beaten, down. [chebosech, or dull]
malang " -- fat " -- playful (used only when [melaok] referring to
women).
seisselt " -- ? " -- full, satisfied. [seselk, or bored]
aluabch " -- ? " -- playful (used when [beot, or easy, cheap] referring to men).
swebbek " -- flying larynx -- sudden thoughts, [suebek, or worried] suspicions. (S)

p. 204. These particles, which are shortened forms of the personal pronouns, are always attached to the end of the root words. As a rule, only the passive verbs are conjugated in the same way. The active forms usually remain unchanged with the pronouns placed in front of them. There are a few exceptions to the last rule. [Both action and state (or passive) verbs are conjugated in this way; for a fuller treatment of verbs, see Lewis Josephs, Palauan Reference Grammar (Honolulu, 1975), Chapters 5-7, 10-13.]

Particles.
I nak [ngak] -- ak or k -- biskak -- give me. [beskak]
you kau or kom -- au, am or m -- biskam -- give you. [beskau]
he nike, ni -- al or l -- biskal -- give him. [msang]
we kamam -- am -- biskamam -- give us. [kemam]
As an example of the conjugation of a verb, I give here an exception to the rule given above.


I throw away -- koit-ak [choitak, throw me away].
You throw away -- koit-au [choitau, throw you away].
He throws away -- koit-al [choitii, throw him away].
We throw away -- koit-am [choitemam, throw us away].
You throw away -- koit-u [choitemiu, throw you away].
They throw away -- koit-i [choititerir, throw them away].

[In the conjugation given above, Semper has used an active transitive verb and conjugated it; the particle endings do not refer to the subject -- which is understood -- but rather to the object of the sentences.]

The differentiation of the third person singular and plural remains unclear to me. [The singular ending is -ii, while the plural ending is -terir, or -ir.]

Below are a few of the most outstanding examples that occur to me of the difference between inflected and uninflected roots.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Uninflected root</th>
<th>Inflected root</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>knife</td>
<td>rolass [choles]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>woman</td>
<td>ardil [redil]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>house</td>
<td>blai</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a basket</td>
<td>tet</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
mat  parr [bar]  bru [beru-]
garnishing  kaldöim [odoim]  kodüm [odime-]. (S)
for a food  [odoim is not a garnishing but any non-starchy food.]

Chapter IX.

p. 233. The residents of Coröre use this name to refer to the district of Aibukit with its vassal districts. The word 'Aibukit', they use as seldom as a few others (auka, rack), for which there are other names used in the south. (S)

p. 241. The four chiefs who signed the Treaty of Commerce are the number 1, 2, 3, 5 and 9 chiefs in the council of chiefs of Oreor. Here is a list of the ten chiefs composing the Oreor council of chiefs, as found on p. 216 of Krämer, Palau, Volume II (Hamburg, 1919).
1. Ibedul (Ebadul)
2. Ngiraikelau (Eareyekalow)
3. Rechucher (Arrakuoka)
4. Ngiratechekii
5. Klotraol
6. Ngiracheteet
7. Rubasech
8. Rekesiuang
9. Ngirameriil (Arramuggid)
10. Kltnguul
As a rule, the even-numbered chiefs form one party within the council and the odd-numbered chiefs another. (T)
p. 245. The previously told story of the English attack on Aibukit was sent to Manila with one of Cheyne's sailors without Cheyne's knowledge. Herrmann, my brother-in-law, a trader there, and later German consul, fulfilled my wish and published it in the Diario de Manila. With what success, is told in the text. (S)

Chapter X.

p. 256. When travelers return or strangers drop in, after being greeted, the first question is always "Where are you coming from?" (komorker [ko mora ker; this phrase is really "Where are you going?" Ko mlara ker means "Where are you coming from?"]) or "Who are you?" (lakad-er-ker [chad era ker], that is, person from where?), for the news that they bring. If someone is terse, the people torment him unmercifully with the perpetually repeated demand, "Me keissem [Mei chisem]," that is, give (me [mei]) your news. If someone says, "Diak-a-keissek [Ng diak a chisek]," that is, I have no news, literally, "my news there is none," then he is ridiculed. If someone goes on a trip, he has something to tell. Here the situation is something more than that: he must tell something. (S)

p. 261. That is, my picture. The Palauan language naturally lacks a word for this and still does not have one for it to the present day. [The word 'llechukl' could have meant this in Semper's time.] (S)

p. 262. That is, don't forget. (S)

p. 269. Mangalild [mengelil, or to prophesy or predict] is the name Palauans give to such prophecies, regardless of whether they are done with knotted ropes, as in
p. 269. this case, or palm leaves, grasses or something else. (S)  
[Here, as in several other places, Semper mistakes a verb for a noun. Mengelil is the verb, and chelil the noun.]

p. 271. The word palacio (palace) was introduced there by the Spanish, or, at least, it is known there. (S)

p. 275. Ulong lies farthest west not east. (T)

p. 276. According to Dr. Douglas Osborne in Archaeological Test Excavations: Palau Islands, 1968-1969, Supplement I, 1979 in the Micronesica series, the place where the English stayed is the southeastern cove of Ulong, and not the larger beach area on the western side of the island commonly referred to as "Englishmen's Beach" in Semper's time. (T)

Chapter XI.

p. 286. Most of the time, the papaya tree (Carica papaya L.) only sprouts one trunk, whose tip ends in the mushroom-shaped leaf perianth. At least, I have only seen such ones on my years-long travels in the Philippines. The ones in northern Palau were just like that. Only here in the south and on the top of these cliffs, did all of the older trees have several branches, each one of which bore its own perianth. (S)

p. 294. The modern Palauan version of this sentence would be: "Angadewo, meriou; kemam a mengedao1 a uel." A more suitable word for meriou, which means stoop or squat, would be metengel, to climb down. (T)
p. 297. Sakalik [Sechelik], that is, "my friend," root word sakali [sechelei]. Every individual has such a bosom friend. Each clöbbergöll can choose several such people, or even an entire clöbbergöll at once. The status of this sakalik is a very privileged one. Nothing is denied them, but in return, he must place himself at their service. (S)

Chapter XII.

p. 310. In Java and other Malayan countries, the lower-ranking people must also address the higher-ups in their language. The higher ones, on the other hand, avail themselves of the ordinary language of the people. Who knows whether or not many English grammars of Pacific Islands languages only give information on the vulgar common languages, which might also have served as the common language between Europeans and islanders elsewhere, just as it did in the Palaus? As far as I am concerned, I am convinced that the Melanesian languages in Gabelentz's work appear so simply constructed just for this reason. (S)

p. 312. The inhabitants of Palau have, for some time, despite a great difference in their customs, had a very intimate relationship with the people of Yap. They have adopted their legends and even their dances. The influence, however, does not seem to have gone any farther. It would certainly be a rewarding undertaking for an expedition, lasting for years of course, to unravel all such diverse, such involved and such clearly manifest relationships among the peoples of Micronesia. Every day, the indications increase that, just on this basis alone, many of the
p. 312. most interesting anthropological questions could be conclusively resolved. Missionaries and sailors, of course, will never be of further use to us in this matter. (S)

Johann Kubary delved into the matter of the relationship between Palauans and Yapese in two articles. He concluded that there had been intimate dealings between them in the distant past, as evidenced by the presence of Palauan money buried far in the ground in Yap and the legends ascribing the introduction of this money in Palau to Yapese settlers. While noting that many personal and place names were the same in both island groups, Kubary decided that these were legacies from the remote period of intimate contact and did not indicate much interaction in the 1880s. See his "Die Palau-Inseln in der Süßsee," Journal des Museums Godeffroy (Hamburg, 1873) and Ethnographische Beiträge zur Kenntnis des Karolinenarchipels (Leiden, 1895). (T)

p. 314. Below is the modern Palauan version for the llalll for Semper found on pp. 314-15 in the text. (T)

1. Uchul.
A bedengang e Gonzalez/ aleko ngara ngerdel a Messabeluu medengardil.

Sersel.
E Gonzalez, ng chetim el mo okerir a diall/el le mei el molak era Ngebungel.

2. Uchul.
Messabeluu medengardii, ma le mei, e al cherroid a blai, e te di kiliei era chul a tuu.
p. 316. Below is the modern Palauan rendering for the llall found on pp. 316-18 in the text.

Llall mo era Doctor el mlara kemam el Ngaratelok.

1. Uchul.
Chedidiil a kebesengei, ng metengel a rois, a Doctor ngkora dudek.

Sersel (Ngaratelok speaks.).
Soak el mora diall; Doctor oreked er ngak.

2. Uchul.
Ma obora ngebard, e Doctor, e ak a mora rois;
ak oltirakl a tara resem.

3. Uchul.
Ma aika tekingem, Doctor, soak el omart el ngara casa, meng madelchad era kau.

4. Uchul.
Doctor, kmal kldibel a rechad, e kau kmal dikeltukl,
kuk kmal soak el chad.

5. Uchul.
Chiquito, Doctor, ngkora tab el buil el tmiich era sel teliang.

6. Uchul.
Doctor oblom klallo soak a di ngara casa.
The two women's clubs, Ngaratelok (Inatoluck) and Ngaratochodi (Inatokete), belonged to the same division, the first half, within the village of Ngesias. See Krämer, Palau, Volume II, 275. (T)

According to the third volume of Krämer's study of Palau, Palau, Volume III (Hamburg, 1926), 200, the names for the parts of the gable are as follows. The lowest plank in the gable has names for the lower half -- the
p. 334. chedeng (gadeng)-- and the upper half -- the bechei (bagei). The other six planks only have one name each, which are, from next lowest to highest: terroibelau (ter'roipelau); mesekuk; melek; chedam (kadam); choeos (goios); and chelebesoi (gal'lebesoi). Krämer presents a lengthy discussion of building techniques for a variety of Palauan buildings on pp. 198-265 of the same volume. Semper's intended "scientific" work seems never to have been published. (T)

p. 337. Besides the different books Cheyne has written, he used to report on his experiences after each trip in a harbor newsletter telling of where he had sold his goods. Through him, the report was spread in Singapore and China that the residents of Peleliu were daring pirates. [Krämer (Palau, Volume II, 264) felt this was a deserved reputation in view of the attack of Peleliu men on the whaleship Syren in 1823, in which 37 men were wounded and two officers were killed on 31 March.] I will not say that they never carried out pirating -- even Tomue himself confirms this. But they have never made a practice of it, and they have never been daring and brave. Only Cheyne's cowardliness lets them appear in such a light. A resolute European can get the better of a dozen of them. No one there can withstand the white man's superior confidence. (S)

p. 349. Stevens wrote a report on this entire episode, "Report of proceedings at the Pelew Islands, in the Matter of the Murder of Andrew Cheyne -- Master of the Schooner Acis, 16 April 1867." At least one of Stevens's superiors disapproved of the execution of
Ibedul as indicated by remarks written in papers attached to the front of this report.

Krämer (Palau, Volume II, 224-25) gives a list of the Ibeduls down to 1910. The Ibedul killed to avenge Cheyne's death was also known as Ngirachosarech or Ngirachosarei mlad era soldau [mlad era soldau means killed by soldiers]. The Ibedul who was alive when Wilson shipwrecked on Ulong in 1783 was also known as Ngiraidid Chorot mlad era burek [burek is swelling of some sort, probably an infection] since he died of a "swelling" in 1792. The Ibedul who is said to have destroyed Ngerdmau [Semper's Arzmau] lived in the middle part of the nineteenth century and is also known as Meang Merikl, meringel a kemedil. The Ibedul Semper met was the ninth Ibedul; the one whom Wilson met was fifth and the destroyer of Ngerdmau was the eighth. (T)

Appendix I.

Krämer (Palau, Volume II, Part IV, 291-98) claims Palau was too poor a land to support as many people during Wilson's time as Semper claims. He also disputes Semper's thesis that iron implements and weapons had a deleterious effect on the culture and, thereby, the population. In Krämer's opinion, iron improved the work the people did and was partly responsible for raising their craftsmanship to new heights. Krämer attributes the loss of population to a low birth rate and the unsettling of family life. Kubary (Die sozialen Einrichtungen der Pelauer, 149-50) blames depopulation on the mistreatment of women and the arisal of the "superior communities" within Palau. (T)
Appendix II.

p. 359. Besides the three types of canoe Semper mentions, there are also the berotong (a large canoe) and the kaberruuch (a large war canoe). (T)

p. 363. Häckel would have done better to copy one of the drawings from Müller or Earl instead of giving a caricature of a Papuan as he does in his Natürlichen Schöpfungsgeschichte [Natural History of Creation] (2nd edition, plate XIV). I do not know where he obtained his portrait. I have not the slightest doubt that it is not authentic. Compare Temminck, Naturlijke Geschiedenis etc. Land en Volkenkunde door Salomon Müller (New Guinea), plates 7 and 8, and Earl, Papuans, plate VI. (S)

p. 369. The opinion concerning the mixing of different races in the Pacific is, as is well-known, very old. In recent times, it has been allowed to wane. Gerland, the deserving editor of the sixth volume of Waitz's Anthropologie der Naturvölker, defends his view of the complete purity of Melanesian and Polynesian races with the most dogmatic vigor. With reference to his argument, I can only say that it does not convince me; it is exclusively based on the, not directly stated but ever present, assumption -- which, however, can never be proven -- that all the usual traces of Polynesian influences indicated in the language, customs and the religion, and so on, that he himself emphasized as similarities between Melanesians and Polynesians, can be considered as stemming from Melanesians as well as Polynesians. I must leave off bringing up criticisms of his arguments here in order to bring them up later in a more suitable context. (S)
The recently published (1977) Palauan-English Dictionary only lists 10 consonants: b, t, d, k, ch (the glottal stop), s, m, ng, r and l. (T)

Here are the meanings for the Palauan words in brackets. derumk -- thunder; olukl -- bamboo stick to which thatching is sewn; ollangel -- to make someone cry; osebek -- a wing; ng kkel -- (it) is called or named; tmorech -- to slip or slide; meseked -- crowded; metik -- to find. (T)

Tingaol (Telebjul) is a noun, not a verb. The verb is menceblad or outingaol; the perfective form for the former is chobel- and for the latter metingol-. (T)
Index of Proper Names.

The following list of proper names gives the spellings found in the original German text. No modernizations are given since they are found in the text of the translation, wherever known. The page numbers refer to the original German text. The small 'n' beside a page number indicates that the word will be found either in brackets on the indicated page (if the footnote is short) or in the longer footnotes collected at the end of the translation (if the footnote is long).

A

"Aanteekeningen nopens de zeden etc." 198n.
Acbolbolu 304-5.
Akiwakit 74.
Akuab 194
Albro 39.
Alejandro 4, 16, 39, 50, 52-3, 58, 74-5, 94, 102, 112-13, 144, 147, 187, 208, 211, 221, 223, 225, 258.
Amelukl 341-42, 345.
America 353.
Angadeke 294-95, 322.
Angara, Antonio 3.
Angadewo 294-95.
Anguakl 342, 345.
Annotom 370.
Anson, Capt. 1.

*Anthropologie der Naturvölker* 367, 369n.

Antilope 21.


Arakapasau 242, 334 (Naracobersá).
Arakaumully 243.
Arda 38, 115, 211-12, 217, 221-22.
Ardellolec 308-9, 313, 317, 324, 326, 334.
Argeutel 280-81, 283, 324, 332-34.
Arpes 252, 255.
Arra Kooker 37.
Arra Kuker 139-40, 241 (Arrakuoka), 242 (Arrakuoka).
Arramuggid 241.
Artebiang 135.
Aruangl 154, 166-67.
Aruangl (Island) 159-60, 174, 178.
Arungul 71, 101-3, 112, 249.
Arzmau 14n (Kaslau), 133-34, 142-43, 226, 351.
Athernal 14n, 15n, 38, 134, 140-42.
Atlollul 292, 306.
Atraro 43, 67-8.
Auidel 335.
Aulima 38.
Aural 15n, 53-4, 82, 135.
Australia 34.

B

Babelthaub 14n, 15n, 30, 38, 41, 83, 132, 151, 183, 194, 229.
Bagani 353.
Banajao 1.
Barber 12-3, 23, 27-8, 60, 69, 90, 110, 207, 342.
Basilan 3.
Batag 15-6, 18-9.
Batangas 5.
Berlin 357.
Binondo 343.
Cordo 12-4, 23, 35, 40, 47, 49, 97, 117, 222.
Coreom 170-71.
Corregidor 5, 265, 343.
Correspondenzblatt der deutschen anthropologischen Gesellschaft 356, 369.
Cossol 151-52, 157, 182-83.

D
Darwin, Charles 225.
Davis 42-4, 46.
Davy, John 241, 244.
Dayaks 366.
Diario de Manila 41, 245n.
D'Urville, Jules Dumont 367.

E
Earatogagee 244.
Eareyekalow 241.
Earl 362-63, 363n.
East India Company 236.
Eijul 43, 54.
Eilo 212.
Eimelig 38, 213, 229 (Eimeliss), 321-24.

Eimeliss 278-79, 320.

Eirei 14n, 38, 156, 195n, 213, 229, 243 (Eye Rye).

Emeungs 266, 270.

Era Tabatteldil 50, 52, 72, 94-5, 209-23, 251, 256, 292, 301, 326.

Erkelthow 238.

Erskine 367.

Eruloa 111.

Europe 109, 149, 261, 292, 364.

Eyeuke 242.

Fais 200, 359.

Falalep 201.

Fiji 2, 34, 367.

France 36.

Gabalentz, Hans Conon von der 310n, 369-71.

Gnade vor euerer Liebe 235n.

Gerland, Georg 355, 367, 369n, 370.

Germany 2n, 5, 346, 364.

Gobie 34.

Godeffroy 359.


Governor of Manila 245.
H

Häckel, Ernst 34n, 35n, 363n.
Hamburg 359.
Helgoland 20.
Herrmann, Moritz 41, 245, 245n, 343-44.
Historia etc. 356-57.
History of Sumatra 165n.
Hobart Town 7, 18, 241, 344.
Hong Kong 42, 344-46, 348-49.
Hyese, Paul 235n.

I

Inarabai 212.
Inarratbac 303, 305, 308, 319, 323, 326, 337 (Inarratbak).
Inateklo 36, 212, 315.
Inatoluck 297, 316, 320, 327, 336m 338-39.
India 139.
Institute of the Encomiendos and Encomenderos 353.
Italy 5.

J

Jagor, Dr. 357.
Japan 36.
Java 310n.

K

Kaslau 38, 92, 94-5, 98-9, 107, 113, 157.
Keate, George 2n.
Kokerangl 214-15, 225.
Kopack 242.
Kreiangel (Island) 156, 161, 165-66, 173.
Kubaks 114n.

L

Laguan 16-7.
Land en Volkenkunde door Salomon Müller 363n.
Lazzaroni 149.
Leboo 2, 142-43, 234-46, 261.
Legaspi 353.
Lettres édifiantes 357-58.
London 142.
Louisiade Archipelago 34.
Lubbock 87n.
Lugban 1.
Luzon 1, 3, 9, 20-1, 43, 245, 364.

M

Magellan 353.
Mamadu 182.
Mariana Islands 1, 352.
Mariano 43-5.
Marisseba 148, 155, 189, 341.
Mariveles 364-65.
Marsden 165n.
Mauban 1.
Mauna Roa 2.
Menangkabau 114n.
Merksteine 275.
Micronesia 312n.
Milat 194n, 195n.
Mindanao 20, 357, 359.
Mindoro 5, 343.
Morata-Coêllo 18.
Mozambique Current 20.
Murillo Verlarde 356-58, 366.

Narrative of the Cruise of the HMS Fly 367.
Nasiass 281-86, 297, 301, 305-10, 313, 321, 324, 327, 336.
Natürlichen Schöpfungsgeschichte 363n.
Naturlijke Geschiedenis, etc. 363n.
New Guinea 34, 104n, 290, 359, 363-64, 367.
New Zealand 2.
Ngarutt 63.
Ngaur 15n, 22, 157, 194, 293, 305, 327.
Ngirrarth 233-34, 243, 251, 299.

Omleblokl 268-69, 280.
On the Origin of Civilisation and Primitive Condition of Man 87n.
Orocol 285, 287, 305-6, 310-14, 319, 324, 327, 334-36, 338.

Palapa 15, 18, 22.
Pampan (village) 15-7.
Pampan (island) 17, 342.
Panloc 201.
Papuans 104n, 362, 363n, 366-69.
Pasig 343.
Pelayo 244, 246, 274.
Pempelu 367.
Pepe, Don 343.
Perseus 349.
Die Philippinen und ihre Bewohner 84n, 353.
Pruner-Bei 34n.
Punta Colorada 10n.

Quatrefages de Breau, de, Jean Louis Armand 21.

R

Rabacalo 91, 138.
Rabacalo (Arakalulk's previous title) 115.
Rablissa 197, 213.
Raisblu 196-97.
Rallap 15n, 38, 58, 64-5, 71, 78-9, 82, 107, 111, 113, 143-46, 148-49, 221-22, 258-59, 324.
Real Academia de Pinturas 4
Reissal 157.

Roll 15n, 38, 71, 95, 107, 133-37, 143, 148, 188, 220, 258-60, 320, 351.

Rolllekl 170.

Rome 198-99.

Rotherhithe 236.

Sainz, Matias de 4.

Sakabil 322.

Salibago 21, 197, 200.

Salomon Müller 34, 363.

Samar 14-5, 19-21, 199 (Sama1), 200 (Sama1), 356-57, 359.

Samoa 2.

San Bernardino 11, 14, 343.

San Bernardino Strait 11, 14, 343.

v. Schmid 198n.

Schwerin 369.

Semper, Anna (nee Herrmann) 343-44.

Shanghai 25.

Simpson 46.

Singapore 20, 128, 337n.

Sonsorol 198, 200-2, 359.

Sphinx 41.

Stevens, Cdr. Charles 349.

Sumatra 114n, 165n.
Taal 343.


Tamadé 265, 327.

Temminck, Konrad 363n.

Temple 7-10.

Tetens, Capt. Alfred 244-48, 274.


Tinian 1.


Tonga 2.

"Treaty of Commerce" 236-41 (text).

Ueber das Aussterben der Naturvölker 355.

Ungelål 43.

Urica 235n.

Urocur 183, 189-90, 194.

Urgeschichte der Schöpfung 34n.

Urulong 139-40, 273, 275-78, 288.

Victor, Father 201.

Virchow 364.
Waitz, Theodor 367, 369n.
Wallace, Alfred Russell 362-63.
Wilkinson, James Lord 241, 244.
Williams 367.


Zamboanga 3.
Index of Palauan Words.

The following list of Palauan words is given as the words are found in the original German text; modern forms of these words are listed in the body of the translation. Page numbers are those of the original German text.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Page Numbers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>adabadanga</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>adelobber</td>
<td>61, 64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>abri</td>
<td>204n</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ak</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>akmirti</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>akul</td>
<td>315, 332, 337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>al</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>allall</td>
<td>314-16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>alongerol</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>aluabeck</td>
<td>203n</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>alulak</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>amelilidap</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ar 203n, 205, 316-17, 359.
arakorumelam 317.
aranklel 115, 193, 195n, 370.
ardil 204n.
ardül 115, 195n.
arneau 37, 61, 79, 96, 114n.
arroi-i 315.
arrois 316-17.
arungri 202n, 203
    arungmam 203; arungmü 203; arunqud 203n;
arunguk 203, 203n; arungul 203n, 204.
augull 314-18
auka 193, 233n.
aussekrek 370.
bageu 321.
berrottel 317.
bik 317.

biska 204n, 370.

biskak 204n, 370; biskam 204n; biskal 204n;
biskamam 204n; biskamul 204n; biskari 204n.

bissarc 282.

blai 204n, 315, 366 (balai), 367.

bli 204n, 366.

blul 99, 212.

bölü 167, 195, 309, 332.

Bölulakap 167.

brack 61, 63-4, 118, 215.

bri 334.

bua 156, 294.

buyo 294, 298.

buydəl 292, 317.

calebingl 156.

cassibuco 166.

cassuc 333.

clöbbergöll 36-7, 48-9, 52, 72-3, 75, 77, 79, 86, 92-5, 107, 120-21, 
137, 156, 164, 189, 208, 211, 267, 290, 297-99, 316, 319-21, 323-24, 350, 368-69.

coreom 170.

dangerngl 164, 202n, 203n.

d. lakad 164.
daub 334.
de 293
di 202n, 316-17.
d. melil 93, 100, 149, 193, 209, 264, 267-68, 290, 292, 331.
d. ngara 317; d. ungil 202n.
diak 202n, 221, 256n, 256n, 262.
diall 314, 316.
dikeltukel 317.
dilikiju 315.
dingis 332.
dobossok 203n.
döllul 210, 219, 222, 298, 329.
drumk 370.

e 314, 317.
eijangit 332, 339.
gul-e. 332, 339.
eika 202n, 203n, 317.
eimo 318.
ekwe 317.
el 203n, 316-17.
eleme 314-17 (a-la-me, 315-17).
er 203n, 256n, 309 (ar).
Geib 359.

Gul 332, 339.

Guleibanqit 332, 339 (et).

Hackewe 226, 230.

Holtik 316.


Jøssesiu 202n.

Ka 318.

Kadidil 316.

Kadokasso 318.

Kalbukup 61, 63, 119-20.

Kaldom 204n

Kodume 204n.

Kaldoir 61, 63.


Kalid (totem) 87, 166, 193.
kalid (watch) 97.
kalid (water, or marine, animals) 193-94.
kalsimel 329-31.
kalssel 317.
kaluk 169.
kamam 203, 204n, 294, 316.
kamoit 204n.
koit 204n; koitak 204n; koitam 204n;
koital 204n; koitd 204n; koiti 370.
kamd 203, 204n.
kapörsen 316-17.
karam 193.
karamlal (caramlal) 124, 153, 283, 316, 320, 338.
katim 314.
kati 370.
kau 203n, 204n (kow), 309, 317.
kawekel 359.
keiss 226n, 256n.
keissem 226n, 256n; keissek 256n.
kerr 256n.
kid 116n, 203.
kikeri 36.
k. rupack 36, 114n.
kikirdena 317.
kim 88, 157, 331, 336.
kiremerrem 203n.
kiwa 116n.
klallo 205, 290, 317.
  k.-ar-nak 205; klülleklek 205; klülleklem 205.
klal 193.
klilt 114, 114n.
klo 98, 203n, 291.
  mal  k. makräu 98.
klökadauel 92-3, 121, 137, 139, 208, 213, 216, 225, 266.
klul 61, 63-4, 118.
kokeral 224, 229, 234, 249, 251, 255, 274, 278, 320, 331.
kolongaranarodel 314.
kom 204n.
komorker 256n.
kora 316-18.
korakel 116n.
koromul 314.
korulau 140, 309.
  maduch-a-k. 140.
kotraul 359.
kuk 317.
kukau 55-6, 67, 73, 76, 78-9, 89, 92, 98-9, 106-7, 113, 119-20,
  122, 156, 172, 196, 210, 219, 229, 261-62, 266, 282, 285-87,
  298, 354.

la 293.
lakad 164, 202n, 256n.
  1.-ar-angabard 13, 75, 202n; 1.-ar-Palau 359;
  1.-er-ker 256n; 1.-ar-kau 317.
lakap 167, 317.
latiteremal 318.
lius 156.
lutom 317.

M

ma 193, 202n.
mad 36, 116n.
madangardi 314-15.
madangei 202n.
maduch 140, 156-57.

m.-a-korulau 140.
makesang 72, 120-22, 175, 189-91, 208, 324, 331.
makesau 309.
maknit 203n.
makrüus 98, 291.

mal klo m. 98.
malamalt 203n.
malaug 203n.
malukkus 138n, 309.
mamadu 182.
mangalild 269, 269n, 318.
marrigga 317.
massicd 370.
matangal 316.
matorud 78.
m. ar nak 78.
me 226n, 256n, 294, 314, 315 (a-la-me).
meleck 335.
melekoi 202n, 203n, 213n.
melemad 317.
meli 370.
melil 292.
mellomes 203n.
meringen 332
messubet 202n, 203n, 203, 309 (messub).
mijuk 312.
momasserc 304.
mora 316-17.
mörgu-rio 294.
morusrongus 332.
mtek 370.
mugul 66, 95, 97-8, 165, 318, 327, 330.
multmo 203n, 213n.

N
nak 78, 202n, 203n, 204n, 205, 309, 316-17.
ar-n. 78, 316; nack 317.
nakl 195n.
neielmart 317.
ni 204n, 213n, 317.
nike 204n.
oblain 317.

  o. klallo 317.

olelongl 61, 63.


palau 202n, 203, 203n.
parr 204n.
  bru 204n.
partik 203n.
pangungau 61, 63, 118.

rack 233n.
rauskak 294.
reikil 318.
robo 314.
roläss 204n.
  rollsane 204n.
rollengl 370.
rongekate 127, 127n.
ruck 121, 305-6, 311-12, 329-31, 335.
rul 72, 85, 87, 170, 328.

rusl 138n.

S


sakali 297n.
schils 370.
sel 193, 317.

s. tara karam 193.
selsselt 203n.
sissibangiu 193.
serssell 314-17.
soak 202n, 316-17.
so 370.
sub 317.
swebbek 203n.

I

tararessem 317.
tekinjem 317.
telebjul 370.
telia 317.
tet 204n.

	ti 204n.
tia 309.
tid 202n, 204n, 309.
tikelgib 317.
tilab 317.
tokoi 66n, 97, 203n.
  ungil t. 97; maknit t. 203n.
törreibölu 332.
tradela 294.
trike 202n, 204n.
trolloengumt 317.
tsmorch 370.
tu 156, 315.
tunke 293.

ua 294.
u-je 293-94, 331
ulebess 262.
ungil 97, 202n, 203n, 290.
  u. tokoi 97, 203n; u. klawlo 290.

vara 293.

wen 294.
weijukl 370.