

both; but were I to abide by my own opinion only, I should believe it was real. At last, when we were about to weigh, they took a most affectionate leave. Oreo's last request was for me to return; when he saw he could not obtain that promise, he asked the name of my *Marai* (burying-place.) As strange a question as this was, I hesitated not a moment to tell him Stepney; the parish in which I live, when in London. I was made to repeat it several times over till they could pronounce it: then, Stepney, *Marai no Tooto*, was echoed through an hundred mouths at once. I afterwards found the same question had been put to Mr. Forster by a man on shore; but he gave a different, and, indeed, more proper answer, by saying, no man, who used the sea, could say where he should be buried. It is the custom at these isles for all the great families to have burial-places of their own, where their remains are interred. These go with the estate to the next heir. The *Marai* at Oparree at Otaheite, when Tootaha swayed the sceptre, was called *Marai no Tootaha*; but now it is called *Marai no Otoo*. What greater proof could we have of these people esteeming us as friends, than their wishing to remember us, even beyond the period of our lives? They had been repeatedly told that we should see them no more; they then wanted to know where we were to mingle with our parent dust.

As I could not promise, or even suppose, that more English ships would be sent to those isles, our faithful companion Oedidee chose to remain in his native country. But he left us with a regret fully demonstrative of the esteem he bore to us; nor could any thing, but the fear of never returning, have torn him from us. When the chief teased me so much about returning, I sometimes gave such answers as left them hopes. Oedidee would instantly catch at this, take me on one side, and ask me over again. In short, I have not words to describe the anguish which appeared in this young man's breast, when he went away. He