

CHAP XVIII.

"Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
 Death and destruction I must rue,
 Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
 And bid a wretched being life."

My dreadful sufferings at Feejee.

I was in a poor, lingering and debilitated state of health; some times I could eat of the produce of the country, and sometimes I could not relish it, and almost starved for food. I would go into the huts and look up to the baskets which hung on the ridge-pole of the houses with provisions in them to keep from the vermine,—look at the chief's wife and put my hand on my breast and say, sar-beur conur cooue, which is, I am hungry, and she would give a piece of yam or potatoe. But, one day when we were very hungry, we took a walk out to get some plantains, but came to a tree on which they were not ripe; and in order that we might have some to eat another day, we pulled off a few and buried them in the hot sand to ripen; but looking up we saw standing on a hill, a savage, and

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