

## CHAP. XVII.

"With melting heart and weeping eyes,  
My trembling soul in anguish lies."

*A Visit to Beteger, another of the Feejee Islands,  
with an account of the Religion, and customs of  
the People of Feejee.*

After we had been a while on the island of Nirie, a chief from another of the Feejee islands called Beteger, came to us, and being much pleased with us, persuaded myself and one of my shipmates, Noah Steere by name, to go home with him. We took all the money we had collected and went. Beteger lies not far from Nirie, and we arrived there in a few hours. The people of this place were very fond of us, and the chief used to take us over his plantations and shew us his cane, and the produce he had growing.

While on these islands, some of our company having some pumpkin and watermelon seeds, and some corn, we planted them; but before they were ripe, or half grown, the ignorant savages picked them, and came to us to know what they should do with them.

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