

Charles Savage, who was with us when we first landed in this melancholly place, could speak the language of this people, and was of great use to us as an interpreter.

CHAP. XVII.

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

A Visit to Beteger, another of the Feegee Islands, with an Account of the Religion, and Customs of the People of Feegee.

AFTER we had been a while on the island of Nirie, a chief from another of the Feegee 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 ig-