

But that I may say all that I would of any of the Pacific Islands, I will in this letter extract from my journals of several voyages; without having before my eyes the fear of anachronism, which is a hard word, signifying, as I always believed, the confusion of dates.

At Woahoo, we were visited early by a person who seemed to be of distinction, and he had written testimonials of character, from various mariners; though in a country where forgery is easy, such documents would raise more suspicion than confidence.

We produced a bottle of old stingo and a tumbler of the capacity of a pint. To his comrades he served a moderate allowance, but inclined more liberal principles when he poured out for himself. His potation was any thing but thin, yet it was swallowed in a moment of time, and followed by a smack of the lips, and the ejaculation of the English word 'strong.' He then took to his canoe and paddled off with the strength and somewhat after the manner of an alligator.

We had next to do the honors to Reo Reo, the sovereign. We saluted him with seven guns, for majesty is venerable even to a republican, though like Brutus, he dislike in his own country, the very name of a king. Reo Reo was by no means a fool, though if a good life be the fruit of wisdom, he cannot be ranked with the wise. His besetting vice was that of a savage, perhaps of a monarch, intemperance. He had some correct notions of trade, for he glanced at goods that we knew he coveted in his heart, with an affectation of utter indifference, which manœuvre we met by a corresponding expression of *sang froid*. It was a trial of cunning, but the savage was vanquished. However, while somewhat in our debt he slipped away in a whale ship to visit his Royal Brother in the British Islands, where he died; and I fear without imitating Theodore