

86
But I wished to go a few miles further towards Kiperroo river, 1820
but it was with difficulty I could prevail upon one Chief Aug 17
to go with me - as they wished to remain all night in
their present situation. - I left all the party, excepting
Awoye the Kiperroo Chief - we walked very fast over the
Sand Hills which extends for many miles, and in about
Three hours we came to the edge of a small fresh water
Lake at the foot of a Wood, and in the corner were a
few native huts in which we found one young Chief his
Wife and a few Slaves. They were a very fine Couple and
appeared to have been newly married - Their own Hut was
very clean and neat and the Floor covered with a clean
mat. They were all much astonished to see me - as I believe
none of them had ever seen a white person before - We
determined to remain here all night. I immediately took
off my cloths, as they were very wet, and dried them,
and put them on again. The name of this Chief was
Apo^{Eahnu}. He immediately had some very fine Potatoes
dressed for us. Potatoes and Fern root, with some wild
fruit something like an olive, was all the food they
appeared to have - He was just beginning to clear a part
of the Wood for cultivation - which is a most laborious
operation, as they have not proper tools. Being much
fatigued having walked hard from very early in the morning
till Evening, after taking some refreshment I lay down to
rest wrapped up in my great coat under the Guardian
Care of Him who Keepeth Israel. After I had been here a
while my companions dropt in one after another - till they
all arrived. Apo provided an abundance of Potatoes,
Fern Root and wild fruit for the whole party, who retired
to rest as soon as they had taken the necessary refreshments.

18th As soon as the Day appeared we prepared to leave Aug 18
this sequestered spot, near which no human habitation
was to be seen for miles. Apo and his wife prepared to
accompany us - We past the beautiful little lake and
ascended the rising Sand Hills which are soft and loose
like Mountains of Snow. There is not a Tree, or Shrub,
or any vegetation for a long distance to break the
stormy blasts - so that the Sand is driven on heaps by
the contending winds every day - There are no paths or
tracks in any direction; for the footsteps of Travellers are
immediately covered by the rolling drifts. As we
crossed these Hills and Valleys of Sand, we had now and
then, a very extensive view of the Western Ocean, on
one hand; and the rivers that flow from the interior on
the other -