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presented us with a portion for ourselves, and another for the
Servants who attended us, and compelled us to receive them.
They were much pleased with meeting us, and greeted us,
with every mark of attention. About 4 O'Clock we left our
present station. The day had been very fine, but now the clouds
began to gather very black, and threatened ~~to rain~~ very heavy ^{rain}.
We had past over about 4 Miles of very fine land, and fit
for the Plough, as soon as the Fern and brush wood is cut,
and burnt: There is not a single tree, upon some Thousands
of Acres of good land, to the right and left of the Path,
and in general the ground very level. We had not walked
more than a mile before we came to a Swamp, lying upon
some rising ground. The swamp was about one mile across,
and our road directly thro' it. It was covered very thick with
Rushes, and other aquatic plants, and the water generally
from one to three feet deep. The native Chiefs proposed to carry
us over, but the distance was so great, that we should have
been more fatigued, by being carried, than by wading thro'.
We therefore stripped off part of our apparel, and waded thro'.
After we had past the Swamp, we came into a very open
Country, for many miles round, covered with Fern.
The part thro' which we walked was gravelly, and not very
good in general. The wind increased towards evening,
and blew strong from the rainy quarter, so that we had
the prospect of a very wet night, without a single tree
to shelter us from the storm, for about 8 Miles from the
swamp we had past. At this distance was a wood, thro'
which our road lay; which we were anxious to reach,
if possible, in order to shelter ourselves from the wind &
rain, under the trees. With this hope, we pushed
forward, and arrived at the Edge of the wood, about
9 O'Clock. The rain now began to fall heavy: The natives
cut down some branches of fern, and boughs of Trees,
and made us a little shed, under the Trees, to shelter us
a little from the wind, and rain. The blackness of the
Heavens, the gloomy darkness of the woods, the roaring
of the wind amongst the Trees, the sound of the falling
rain upon the thick foliage, united with the idea,
that we were literally at the ends of the Earth, with
relation to our native land, surrounded with Cannibals,
whom we knew had fed on human flesh, and wholly
in their power; and yet our minds free from fear
of danger, excited in my breast such new pleasing,
and at the same time, various sensations, as I cannot
describe. While I sat musing under the shelter of a lofty