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to hills looking after various kinds of fruit & arriving  
at a backwoodsman's cottage we found it very agreeable to sit  
ourselves down to rest & we found the old gentleman very  
communicative at a little distance from his garden there  
was a tree which two Old Missourians gravely pronounced  
to be a bee tree & therefore contained a vast quantity of honey  
after stating the case to a number of greenhorns with great  
energy they persuaded them to make up a joint stock company  
each paying in a certain sum to have his share of the honey  
but lo & behold when these imaginary rivers of honey came to  
be explored they amounted to just no honey at all & the  
result to the poor victims was no honey & no money for the  
money was spent in liquor much to the annoyance of the  
joint stock company, we continued <sup>on</sup> shore for a considerable time  
amusing ourselves by hailing vessels that was going down the  
river & having a little pleasant conversation with them but  
often had the mortification to see them pass our boat which  
was still fast in the sand - the day wore on fast & we  
soon found that we was not Angels or Spirits of any kind  
not even chameleons but mortals & such as could not exist  
without something more substantial than air the plain  
fact is we began to get very hungry & the captain &  
mate having wished us to go out of the boat did not care  
to send a boat to fetch us back or send us any food we  
was therefore obliged to find a plan to obtain some  
there happened to be a boat moored on our side of the shore