But the cotton mill was not the most peculiar interesting. I have intercepted something similar when in the highlands of Vermont bordering on the Connecticut, although hardly to be compared with that now before me. The whole valley of the river from the falls southwards was covered by a dense mist defined fog or vapour, perfectly tranquil, & so strongly reflecting the floods of light now breaking in the east that no other appearance than the fact of having the day before passed through the valley, would have convinced me that I stood not on the margin of some romantic wooded-bound lake. Dotted with innumerable little circular green isles, with one & then one a majestic forest tree rising in solitary grandeur above the surrounding foliage. I had hoped to fly as soon as the northern extremity of the town to contemplate & enjoy the unparalleled beauty of this scene, when the broad bright sun appeared suddenly & became visibly above the highest peak of Mount Yapeak, & poured down his rays with uncommon intensity as if wishing to dissipate the charming illusion which enthralled me. That succeeded as if by magick. Soon the heretofore tranquil map began to undulate, small portions became detached & ascending in thin kindred skies, soon became lost in the clear blue zenith. The distinct outline was no longer visible, the smooth bright surface was broken up & the whole became but a rolling mass of rolling vapour. Soon to melt & expand into ether. The illusion vanished, but the reality remained. Yapeak & Arajeno, the little hills, & the dim distant ridges, the roaring cataract & the murmuring brook, the smiling fields & the sable forest remained: enough remained to render this one of the most enchanting spots ever formed by the beneficent hands of Nature.

After partaking of the bounties of King on kind hosts, I set about descending the mountain. With much fatigue, although more cheerfully endured than that of yesterday, I reached Hope, where I had ordered an early dinner. I fished up our traps for our return voyage. We left the falls about twelve at noon, the thermometer standing at 93° Fahr. After passing the dangerous rapids, we put all steam & swiftly descended the current very rapidly. Upon every turn the canoe was darting out to intercept our progress, but detained by nothing we made the best of our way for Dixon, where we arrived about six in the evening.

King Ark gave us truly a very kind reception & would not hear a word to our proceeding down to Baptiste that night as we intended. We found things here far more agreeable than on our passage up. The people were more civil & well disposed. The grounds & cannon was cleaded & but slight savour thereof remained. Word was brought us while at Hope that the Arapatee people intended forcibly to stop us in our passage down. We accordingly made all things ready & at dusk of night & with the first streaks of morning light were under way. Not considerable anxiety on approaching Arapatee, passing an ambuscade in the bushes lining the banks, but no indications of hostility appeared & we proceeded on our course unmolested. I purposed on shore a moment at Mandee & Plowit & was really most cordially received particularly at the former place. We arrived at Baptiste about 10 o'clock but found him absent. After despatching a couple of goats & a bushel of rice I parted with my loyally & Robinhood hosts. Sent my baggage under cover of the canoe by the beach & put to sea in a canoe. I found the sea tolerably smooth & the canoe quite heavy so that we had little difficulty in keeping it afloat, as we approached Crooking Point the surf became more broken & the waves & that in spite of all we could appear with oars & sheets, the water poured in on us & we were near going down. My kind man suddenly put about & made for the rocks. I thought him mad but said nothing: to clear our canoe from large Pebbles was out of the question. Nothing could be perceived ahead of us but a continuous surf of rocks against which we were rapidly driving. On approaching nearer I could distinguish a narrow chasm which filled with water in the heaviest swells. All hands lay to oars & not a word was spoken or paddle dipped. Some anxious seconds elapsed & our stern in a moment the paddles flew & we shot through the chasm safely leaping on the top of the surf through the gap in the rocks to smooth water in shore. I could easily have touched the rocks on both sides as we passed. Thus in this manner has my life been preserved by the Divine Providence of Him Omnipotent. I reached home wet & cold after a two hours exposure