

him. Although his fore feet were tethered, so that he must lift up both together, he made his way back, in this jumping manner, to his former owner's door, in the village of Mine à Burton. He had not, however, kept the path, all the way, and losing his track after he got on the herbage, my ear caught the sound of a bell far to the left, which I took to be his, and followed. I pursued the sound of this bell, which was only heard now and then, till after crossing hill and dale, without deviation from the line of sound, I came out at a farm yard, four miles below Potosi; where I found the bell to be attached to the neck of a stately penned ox. The owner, (who knew me and the circumstance of my having set out on the expedition,) told me, that Butcher had reached the mines, and been sent back, by a son of his former owner, to my camp. I had nothing left, but to retrace my way to the same spot, where I found the fugitive, and sat down to a breakfast of tea, bread, ham and squirrel. The whole morning had been lost by this misadventure. It was ten o'clock before we got the animal packed and set forward.

Our second day's journey yielded but little to remark. We travelled diligently along a rough mountainous path, across a sterile tract called the Pinery. This tract is valuable only for its pine timber. It has neither farming land nor mineral wealth. Not a habitation of any kind was passed. We saw neither bird nor animal. The silence of desolation seemed to accompany us. It was a positive relief to the uniform sterility of the soil, and monotony of the prospect, to see at length, a valley before us. It was a branch of the Maromeg, or Merrimack, which is called by its original French term of *Fourche à Courtois*. We had travelled a distance of fourteen miles over these flinty eminences. The first signs of human habitation appeared in the form of enclosed fields. The sun sunk below the hills, as we entered this valley, and we soon had the glimpse of a dwelling. Some woodcock flew up as we hastened forward, and we were not long in waiting for our formal announcement in the loud and long continued barking of dogs. It required the stern commands of their master, before they slunk back and became quiet. It was a small log tenement of the usual construction on the frontiers, and afforded us the usual hospitality and ready accommodation. They gave us warm cakes of corn bread, and fine rich milk. We spread our blankets before an evening's fire, and enjoyed a good night's rest. Butcher here, I think, had his last meal of corn, and made no attempt to return. With the earliest streaks of day light, we re-adjusted his pack, and again set forward.