engaged in hostilities against the Whites, and who is considered one of the bravest of the tribe, came to the tent in the evening, coldly put forth his hand to Father De Smet, said, "Sir, since we left I have been studying you. I have made up my mind that you are a great and good man, and withal a very brave one. As I have always thought well of the brave, it does my heart good to look at you. Hear my intentions:" Spoke a few minutes in relation to Indian affairs and the Mission, with great clearness. He then shook Father De Smet heartily by the hand and retired. We made preparations for our nights repose and followed his example.

Friday, 12th

We had a good rest and broke Camp little earlier than usual. At noon we again formed Camp on the Little Missouri de Gross, Ventre, which was quite high from recent rains. The road was very good, from our last Camp; it graduates to the river; it seems to be a natural pass; on the north side it was pretty much the same. Gradually, rising as you advance. The crossing is very good. To the south of us, lay a beautiful prairie surrounded by high bluffs. A few scattering pines, of a scanty growth are seen in different place. The view of the opposite hills was indeed sublime, they stretched up and down the stream as far as the eye could penetrate. The timber on the river at the crossing is thin, but far to the northward could be seen the caps of large bodies of pine timber. The river bottom is full of quick sands, to its source in the Black Hills, (Easily redognizable on maps.) 750 miles. After we were faily settled down for the day, the young braves gathered in a circle, singing anthems to the spirit of a departed friend who was killed on this spot by a Crow Warrior. I will relate the story as it was told me. A noted Crow Warrior, "He who lost his mother" by name, was wounded by the Sioux; after a desperate fight he was killed, but not before killing one of his enemies and wounding two others. The remains of the Sioux were placed upon a scaffold, as the Indian mode of disposing of their dead. The bones of the Great Crow Warrior who was for a long time the terror of the Sioux, lie scattered about on the ground bleaching in the sun of an enemy's country. Thus have I explained the cause of the singing and mourning.

Two Bears, Running Antelope, Mad Bear and several others with the Young Bear's Rib called at the tents and had a lengthy conversation with Father De Smet, who told them several anecdotes about the Whites, and the wonders he had seen, whilst travelling through different countries. It had a very good effect. They all shook hands with him before leaving, and bade him feel cheerful over his toilsome journey.

Saturday, 13th

At sunrise we had our animal packed, horses harnessed, ready to cross the river. The Indians had to take our baggage on their backs, it being too high to allow loaded wagons pass. We had no trouble, and in a short time reached the opposite bank, and on our winding way through the hills and vales of the Missouri de Gross Ventre, we found the ascent much better than was expected. After reaching the level prairie, we travelled until 11 o'clock, having made only eight miles; then came to a halt. Plenty of good grass, but great scarcity of water. We were able to find just enough for our use. All are anxiously looking for the messengers