we sent to the Camp; they should be back today. The Strong Heart Band gave a feast and entertained us by their singing at the top of their voices. (*The city of Heart is in the region through which the party passed.) The heat is almost insufferable. Father De Smet shows more fatigue today than at any time before. The country appears more desolate, as far as the eye can reach not a living thing is to be seen; desolation reigns supreme. Saw several Rattlesnakes, of a bright yellow color, between three and four feet long. The sun went down, but no news from our party: What can be the matter?

Sunday, 14th

At 5 o'clock we left our prairie Camp. Travelled over a gently undulating plain, which gave it the appearance of a vast Ocean upheaved by a storm. We could see far to the northward the Two Butes, (**It is possible these are the buttes known at present as Badland Tower and Buffalo near Miles City.) called by the Indians "the hills that look at each other," also the Rase Bute towering far into the heavens, with the moist or vapor collect around it, looked like vast masses of clouds. (Rase - Rain?) At 1 P.M. we camped on Little Bear Creek, a fine running stream, and well wooded, with Box Elder and Ash. (***Little Bear Creek easily recognizable on mpas.) The bottoms are wider and richer than any we have seen, covered with a most luxuriant growth of grapes. This stream from its source to where it empties into the Little Missouri, is about one hundred miles. Made thirty miles; weather being warm we are anxiously looking for runners; the prairie was set on fire as a signal for our whereabouts. Another sun has set, yet we are waiting for some news; great anxiety is felt; perhaps the Camp has been moved further west, and we not able to find it. The Two Bears spoke for about half an hour, begging them in the name of the Great Spirit to not be disheartened, but to take courage that the mission was full of the best omens for their future welfare, said he, "Should we fail in assisting this good man in the great desire of his heart, which I know is none other than to wrench the thorn of hatred toward the whites from our bosoms, we would endanger our future peace and happiness. I am getting old, and do not fear to die, but one thing I do fear that our children after us may suffer for our unpardonable faults. The great Father has repeatedly told us he wished us well, and has wanted us to make peace. Have we listened to his words? Only a portion of us have; the balance seem deaf to all that is good. I hope they will hear this time, for something seems to tell that this is the last opportunity they will have; it is clearly more than we deserve. May the Great Spirit, through the wisdom and goodness of this good man, now toiling with us, open our ears that we may listen to his words, and our country and people be saved."

Monday, 15th

Remained in Camp all day. Sent out runners in different directions, hoping to meet some of our party on their return. All of them came back without seeing them. We are now apprehensive that the Camp has been moved west to the Powder River Mountains. The first Deer was killed today. We subsist almost entirely on fresh meat.

Tuesday, 16th

Early in the morning we moved on a fork of Beaver Creek, there to await the return of our messengers. (****Beaver Creek easily recognizable on maps.) At 2½ P.M. we were gladdened by a sight of them, with eighteen men, sent as delegation from their Camp which was on Powder River. (***** Easily recognizable on maps.) The chiefs and braves sent word they would meet us with open arms, and that since their recollection