

which appeared to be about four miles from camp. We reached its Base at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  o'clock, having travelled at least twelve miles. It being the warmest day of the "Season, anyhow the warmest since we left Rice," we came to a halt, after three hours rest we were up and away again. Whilst passing the Bute I hurriedly cut my name in the rock, which perhaps, may serve as a landmark to the traveller over the vast ocean of Prairie. At the base was every indication of iron, it seemed to be composed of soft sandstone. I should judge their altitude to be about 4,500 feet above the level of the Ocean. We found very little timber, nothing but the white cherry and June berry-bush. The soil is light and sandy, almost devoid of vegetation. As we proceeded on our way the white tops of the Butes of ~~the~~ the same name gradually became more and more distinct, resembling drifts of snow. After a journey of sixteen miles, we camped about eight from the Butes, on an open Prairie without a tree or bush to be seen. Antelope still hold out, daily. Since we started we have had eight or ten. The Indians used Buff ~~Chips~~ Chips in the place of wood for their fires. Whilst cooking their meal they passed time relating ominous adventures. Mosquitoes have made their appearance for the first time. Another incident occurred to, but of more superstitious character than the one of yesterday. One young man came to the tent much alarmed. He said a drop of blood fell from the heavens upon his hand. Father De Smet explained to him the cause, at which he went away satisfied. As he looked upon it as a bad omen before he knew it was a mosquito bite. Some appearance of more rain.

Thursday 11th

Six o'clock saw us on our way again, in a dense fog. The Two Bears said he was the only man in the party, if not in the world, who could travel by night, or in a fog, and requested that he should lead the party. If he failed, he would give up his dinner, but on the contrary, he should expect a pot of coffee and as many hard-tack as the party would well dispose of: So on we went, through the mud, several miles. A slight breeze cleared the mist away, and unfolded to our view the White Butes on the left, and a beautiful lake between. (\*White Butes is not found by name, though there are very many buttes noted in this locality.) As we advanced I saw that my lake was composed of: Sand, which in the distance may be taken for water. When the fog had cleared enough we were gratified to find the Two Bears had been as good as his word, and brought to the very desired point. We could see in the distance, bodies of timber on the Burning River. (\*\* Not identified on maps. It is possible this has dried up.) It takes its name from constant burnings of the lignite beds. The Indians say it was burning thirty years ago, just as now. Some of the branches of the River bed head on the west side of White Butes, where but little wood is to be found, and water only in mid-summer. The main bed is some sixty feet wide, and composed of coarser sand, very unlike any we have passed. The surrounding hills for miles resemble dilapidated brick kilns. Vegetation of the worst order. The country presents a desolate appearance. Petrified wood found in great quantities, here and there are senn burnt cinders, and great quantities of lava scattered in all directions. The Burning River empties into the Missouri de Gross, Ventre. (\*\*\*)The Little Missouri) At noon we came to a halt, after covering about twenty two miles due west. The weather being warm, we travelled farther than we anticipated at the start. Our Camp this time is on Box Elder Creek, which also leads to the White Butes, and empties into the Missouri de Gross Ventre. (\*\*\*\* ~~Box~~ To be found on early maps mentioned.) Our hunting party as lucky as usual, several more Antelope were brought in. A fine Elk jumped out the bushes near us; but made his escape. The White Ghost one of the party, who by the way has been one of the ~~most~~ prominent ones