

- August
I was quite dark when we stopped and camped on an island about three miles below Middle Creek. -
- Wednesday 1
pleasant
after. windy
Shortly after 4 a.m. we were off and in a dense fog that we could not see 10 yards ahead of us. Any approaching danger would have made itself apparent by the noise of the water. A two hour's run brought us to Frog Creek + rapids, shortly afterwards to Vermillion Creek, ^{a good sized stream} on the South Side. Hereafter the current was rather slack and sandbars showed here + there above the water, a month hence when the water will be considerably lower they will be more numerous. In the afternoon a head wind sprang up so that very little progress was made, hence recourse was had to the oars, I oar + steering. Towards evening we were discussing and guessing as to our whereabouts with unsatisfactory result. Finding that the straight stretch of the river was very long probably 10 miles or more I was satisfied that Fort Pitt must be near the turn of the river to the north + such it proved to be. Just after turning to the north the mosquitoes came out in myriads; we were then beginning our supper. When Charles gave me my soup they began falling into it and faster than I could fish them out so that I tried thereof + ate soup + mosquitoes. There is a great deal in imagination, altho' I knew to be eating mosquitoes + many of them, I certainly never tasted them, yet we ate our soup with a fly in it. It was quite dark when we pitched camp. Hereafter I hunted up the H.B.Co. post + its officer Angus Mackay to procure a conveyance for taking me out to the de' Quital mission. At the post I met him as also Mr. Hart of the H.B.Co. Rev. Mr. Taylor of the Assiniboine Indian reserve, Mr. P. McDonald the telegraph operator here + a Mr. Lafondierre from Prince Albert. All were sitting around a stove outside as the mosquitoes were very bad + worse in the house.

Thursday 2
cool
windy

Fort Pitt by daylight revealed the buildings of the H.B.Co. + the governmental telegraph office beside a few huts as constituting the town made noted by the late rebels.

It was here that W. J. McLean U.S.A. officer indiscreetly went to argue + parlay with Big Bear the Gros chief who was camped on the hill close by whom the latter made him prisoner + McLean agreed to surrender the post in promise of immunity to himself + family who were in the post. At the same time Inspector Dickerson (son of the novelist) with 25 men held the post but as McLean + Mrs. McLean's solicitations withdrew reluctantly to Battleford + left Big Bear master of the situation.

McKay's horses not turning up today we did not go to the 12th District Medicines.

I met old Dupresse the historic pilot of the Saskatchewan. Many a time he has been at York Factory. He was prisoner also with McLean in '85 under Big Bear.

The soil around P.M. is somewhat sandy + lighter than that around Edmonton, but the country being more open looks prettier.

At the various posts I find a lot of our (government) section + township lines, mostly the former, lying about. They are put to use by the people for cross bars - saw horses (with the assistance of government telegraph wire), guard around small trees, the ties to shade young cabbage plants &c. &c. The line of reasoning for appropriation is about thus - The government represents the people, what the Govt owns the people own - we are the people (some of them) therefore we own this - hence no harm in taking it. And it is taken.

At about 8 P.M. the Steamer Northwest came in from Grand Rapids, her cargo was mostly flour. There were a few passengers or rather excursionists on board. They with Capt. J. Sheetz visited the U.S.A. post where I met them. There was a Miss Shaw (old maid) from Providence R.I. said to be a newspaper correspondent, she was too smart and too much mouth to be very agreeable to my taste; Mr. Clark wife of the Indian industrial school Battleford + a Mr. Robinson with long hair a la Buffalo Bill also from the latter place.