

Friday 3
Present

This morning Mr. McKay drove me to the Indian Reserve 13 miles distant, Rev. J. Taylor returning with us to his mission. I went out for finding the 2^d Critical Meridian where I am going to observe. In the first part of the drive we passed through partially wooded country of poplar & some spruce but all small and having light sandy soil interspersed with boulders - the latter half was undulating prairie with shrubs, ponds & occasional bluffs, and being on the reserve. To the immediate north runs a high ridge east & west forming a plateau which is wholly wooded but a great deal thereof is second growth poplar. - At the agency I met G. J. Mann the agent and his clerk Scott Banker. In the map the western boundary of the west reserve is shown as being coincident with the 2^d Critical Meridian so I enquired for the N.W. angle of the reserve, the agent not knowing it sent us to Pierre Bondeau the interpreter who was some miles away substituting making way by the Indians. Altho' he was on the survey he failed to give me any satisfactory information, then an Indian attempted to find the mound, he failed, next Indian "Longfellow" (his Indian name means the "tall man", which has been turned into Longfellow of which he is very proud, having been told that a famous poet bears that name) who was supposed to know all about it was sent for, he came, ^{was} quite prepared to take me to the spot. We followed him around two shrubs or where finally he stopped at a pond & said - In the middle of the pond the mound is. - I turned to him & said you're a rascal - no mound was ever built under water. - He attempted to find it with his feet being up to his waist in the water, but of course without avail. - He next informed us - McKay acting as interpreter of another mound spot, we followed him, but again fruitless, lastly he took us to a third place with the same result, this last place however corresponded fairly with a place where Mr. Mann had seen a post year ago. - By this time the day was gone and I was no nearer the object of my search than in the morning so we returned with the determination to come back in the morning. - Dinner we had with the Mann & family. They passed this the rebellion having ^{been} prisoners of Big Bear. A rather amusing incident happened to Mr. Mann. After wandering about for some time they saw that of provisions ^{to arrange} others Mr. Mann was detailed to drive with a beam to fast

made a prisoner. -

Saturday &
pleasant

I started off this morning with Mr. Kacera in search of the 4th In. Meridian. With the assistance of Mr. Kacera we found a cut through a bluff & produced this line, & found two mounds - no posts, reaching the high ridge. I produced it into the bush & cut a line, but found no trace of a previous line having been cut. Returning then we found our horse which had been tethered gone. The black flies which were simply awful in number had undoubtedly driven him to desperation as they had done to us. - So we dragged our truckboard a mile to the trail & proceeded to the Catholic mission chiefly to boil our tea & have dinner. - Here I met a German priest John Brochert originally from Kreisstetten, Bayren but lately from Metz. He is the canoe & carpenter of whom I spoke when at St. Athar a fortnight ago. - He was brought to this country from Paris by Bishop Grandin ten years ago and up till today had not spoken German, ^{not having the opportunity.} From Père Dauphin he had heard that a German was coming out to the reserve, so seeing me he suspected I was the man. He apparently much highly pleased once more to speak his mother tongue. As his parents are both living I asked him if he wouldn't like to visit them once more but he said no. I told him that it was somewhat of a godforsaken life he was leading, being very good at carpentering & sawing he is utilized for that purpose and not given a mission, but with true Jesuitic character he answered - I expect no reward in this world but in the next. - When I told him I prepared it in this world - he smiled & shook his head. - Having found our horse we started off again & followed the line south finding various mounds but no section posts, these must have been maliciously removed for there is plenty of wood & no occasion to take one for firewood. The mound with its pits at the foot of the ridge showed me that it was on the correction line. Three miles south thereof I struck out due west for the 4th In. Mer. In about a mile I came to an indistinct cut in the bluff, following this northward I closely found a post lying on the ground in the grass, but no mound near it - it was mere chance that we found it in the deep grass. Its markings were of Dec. 13