

made a prisoner. -

Saturday &
pleasant

I started off this morning with Mr. Kacasa in search of the 4th In. Meridian. With the assistance of Mr. Kacasa 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 Brochard originally from Kreisstetten, Bayreuth 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 & canoeing 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

August.

+ 24 crossing the 4th In. line. Continuing on the line I found a half mile post standing - but no mound, the next section post we did not find nor any mound, the next 1/2 mile post was again standing but no mound, the section post was again missed. We were now getting amongst thorns & pricks & it was somewhat difficult to follow the line (It was run in '82) altho we saw its general direction towards a certain hill. Hitting a large slough & it being sunset I concluded to return without finding the intersection of the meridian with the telegraph line, at which point I went to the school. We had 14 miles to drive home & arrived kind & hungry at 10-30 P.M. I do not recollect ever having seen the blackflies worse than they were today.

Sunday 5

Cloudy

after. little rain

Busy writing & c., and reading papers lying about the postoffice - the only thing to signify or identify the room as the postoffice is the sign on the door & the seal or stamp lying on the table. Otherwise the room passes as H.B.Co. office - smoking & sitting room. - In the evening I take supper with Mr. McKay and enjoy some tender moose steak. - Later on Mr. McKay, Hall, McDonald Maclean & I chat together when I regale them with Walker's Club. There is nothing with which one can open men's hearts in the Northwest more easily and more pleasantly than with that cheering cup.

Monday 6

morn. rain

after pleasant

The rain this morning delayed our departure, but by ten o'clock lumber & everything was loaded onto 3 teams & one cart; the scow I had dragged out of the water & beached. Mr. Maclean & I drove ahead with a buckboard so that we could continue the meridian northward to the telegraph line, which after a little difficulty we did and a mile beyond. Several posts were found some lying in the grass others standing but none had any mounds. At the intersection of the Fourth Initial Merid. & the telegraph line falls into a wooded & marshy place & pitched camp several chains east thereof on a grassy slope. While my assistant & Charles were busy pitching camp I strolled to the agency 1 1/2 miles eastward, and upon invitation remained with Mr. Maclean to tea. He & Mrs. M. related many incidents of their captivity by the Indians. The massacre at Frog Lake