

August.

+ 24 crossing the 4<sup>th</sup> 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 sundown 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 Macane & 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

morning 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. Macane & 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. Macane to tea. He & Mrs. M. related many incidents of their captivity by the Indians. The massacre at Frog Lake