

Sunday 16  
Pleasant

I arrived camp at a quarter to five & shortly after sunrise we were on our journey again passing through somewhat hilly country with poplar bluffs (no spruce) & water. For noon we halted in the Big Gully in which flows a good stream about 30 ft. wide. - Shortly after dinner we got into a flat covered with willows & having poor soil then we passed through fine water of sand hills before we were again in undulating prairie with fair soil. Our camp at night was in a meadow where hay had been cut, thereby making it a very nice & clean place. As I was writing this I was sitting outside, a board for a table a flickering tallow candle gives me the necessary light, the soft beams of the bright moon falling upon my face and tell me that life in camp has its charms too. Charle, Henry Supreme Eye-a-pik-wa-kow (the indissoluble iron bands) & Yaw-yaw-ki-koot (the upturned nose) are sitting before me chatting & chaffing in Cree, occasionally interrupted when I ask some question of the ridicules which Charle translates for me. — Like - the three Indians are now in bed before me, their covering a blanket & the vault of heaven - Charle the everlastingly talker & joker keeping them from sleeping. — Last night as we were sitting around the cookstove waiting for Charle to get supper ready - the ~~sitting~~ Indians sitting there already beside the stove, there was an explosion. Charle had put a can of peas into the stove to cook without putting a hole into it, a strong fire did the rest. - I sat furthest from the stove & only got a few splatters but the halfbreed Henry got a pail of peas on his shoulder and considerable in the face. The can itself we found not till the next morning, its top being found in the opposite direction. When I reproved Charle for carelessness in not putting a hole into the can first he said that in his many years of cooking he had never done, but added that he usually although not always cooked the can in boiling water. - It was a lucky accident.

Monday 17 fine

Again our early start was made and we jogged along well

September

over level country. Ten miles brought us into the half-breed settlement Bozayler, here we saw nice land & good crops of wheat & barley & other roots, the houses - of logs - were near him, cattle & horses appeared numerous & the whole presented the appearance of prosperity.

A few miles beyond the land is somewhat lower, sandy & covered mostly with willows. - Upon a skunk I stopped the train to enable the Indian Eye-a-pik-wa-kon to kill it when he got near it he took off his coat then with his hands to his face in case of emergency, when he got dangerously close the skunk would stop & with up-lifted tail throw a spray of the mucous liquid. Finally the other Indian joined in the chase & as the skunk is slow in moving soon killed it. - For now we stopped at the 12-mile lake. I told the Indian to skin the skunk nicely for me, I watching him during the operation. The first thing to do is carefully to remove the large intestine with its sack of the mucous fluid. This latter is situated near the vent and attached to the large

intestine is not as I had supposed squirted into the tail by the generative organ & then thrown by the tail. The tail is lifted when danger approaches and the liquid squeezed from the rectum. It can throw it about 15 feet. -

After it was skinned the Indians cooked the meat on the stone beside our pan of beans without being at all disagreeable to me. The animal was rather fat, otherwise I would have been tempted to try a piece of the meat.

In 1881 I ate skunk & found it quite palatable, in fact about as good as any other game. -

The last twelve miles into Battleford is over dry sandy & somewhat hilly country & not under cultivation except a few fields just near Battleford.

Battleford bursts suddenly upon one's view when reaching the summit of a hill some miles away. - The impression is one of bleak loneliness, which is not altered after entering the hamlet along its crooked streets. My skill as a surveyor failed me to divine the plan upon which the town had been built. On one of the few streets I saw a privy without a door

about in the centre of the thoroughfare. - I called on Mr. Chitkell & on Mr. W. McKay H.B.Co. to make arrangements for my transport to Swift Current, which I completed in the evening when I was again in town, my camp being near the bridge of the Battle river. - Battleford itself is situated on the plateau between the Battle & Saskatchewan rivers. Its population (white) is not over 300, since the seat of government was transferred from here some years ago to Regina the place has not progressed much. -

- This evening I came across a half-breed - Alfred Schmidt - (Robesart) 63 years of age. He told me that his father Alfred Schmidt was a German from Three Rivers, Quebec, and was in the service of the Northwest Fur Company, while in this country he married a Cree squaw & by her had four sons. When the N.W.Co. was amalgamated with the H.B.Co. <sup>1871</sup> he returned to Canada taking the three older boys with him & leaving the youngest (Alfred) then 4 months old with his mother behind. Alfred married a squaw & his son Louis was the confederate of Riel in the rebellion of 1870. - Alfred has now a second & young wife, who by appearance - physically is too much for him. -  
Nurse comes too late. -

Tuesday 18  
fine fine  
after. cold, windy

In forenoon attend to some business in town. By one o'clock my boxes & traps are transferred to conveyances of Samuel Ballendine and a start is made for Swift Current 200 miles south. The outfit consists of a buckboard for myself & assistant, a spring wagon for the more delicate parts of the instruments, & six carts for the remainder & camp, besides having two spare horses. Ballendine has an Indian with him on horseback who looks after the cart horses.

- Immediately on the summit of the hill after crossing the Battle river stands a large frame building - the Government Industrial School. Knowing that Mr. Wadsworth the Inspector of Indian Agencies was here at present I called on him, & was he glad to see me. I also met Mr. Ashby