

July

Bay Co. and makes one trip a year as far as Edmonton laden with H.B.C. goods for the posts in the far north. From here the goods are carried to Athabasca Landing on the Athabasca where they are then within the water system of the vast Mackenzie River basin, and the transport excepting at passages is by steamer and canoe. — For return cargo the Northwest took furs. Nearly all the furs from the various northern posts are brought to Edmonton for shipment east. Each post puts up its furs in bales of about 200 lbs, the bales are well corded but not covered and have several slats under the rope, on these slats is branded the number of the post, the district and the year. — Magquidwa after magquidwa I saw hauled down to the steamer today. Next year I suppose I could find them either at London or Leipzig — the two great fur markets.

Observed tonight and got the first successful longitude result for Edmonton. — Winnipeg had great difficulty in getting my clock beats.

Monday 9
fine

Busy computing. In the afternoon Mr. Gordon called for me with his conveyance to join in the reception of Hon. R. Hardisty Chief Factor H.B.C. here. He has been absent for 11 months & during that time attended his first session in the Senate and hence the reception. The day was fine and beside the town people the halfbreeds & others from the vicinity had turned out in holiday attire to welcome "Don Juan" home. All gathered on the high banks of the river at the Fort and gazed on the opposite shore for the coming of the bear of the hour. When he emerged from the road thro' the woods and stepped into the ferry — the two brass cannon, which in their day were to awe the Indians, were fired alternately half a dozen times while the ferry crossed the river. Beside the postmaster with furs in hand drove Mr. H. beside whom was seated "Timber Tom" (Thos. Anderson — Ottawa timber agent), when the summit of the hill was reached the crowd gave "three cheers" but without stopping the ferry — in hand

started for up town a mile distant, Mr. St. bearing & waving his hat. - The procession was more like a steeple chase than anything else. The front team went at full bell the others following and one trying to get ahead of the other while along the side through the brush galloped a swarm of halfbreeds also making for the front. Here and there as we passed houses the inmates would fire off a rattle loading gun, but our rapid flight left the sound behind to carry with some of the foot-passengers. In the centre of the town was erected an arch of evergreens surmounted by "Kosciusko Stone," under it for want of a brass band Hounston was playing the bag pipes. We rushed through the arch to the end of the burgh turned around, cut through brush and back by another street to the arch, here we then halted; Mr. Anderson arose in his wagon - pulled the address from his pocket and read it, the crowd remaining unmoved. The halt gave the horses an opportunity for taking breath and interlarded the reading by mutually sniffing. An advance courier yesterday had met Mr. St. & given him a copy of the address so that he was prepared for a reply - at least so speaking not being his forte. He read his reply, then some one suggested "three cheers" for Mr. St., this was followed by "three cheers" for Mrs. St., then came "handshaking" for a few minutes & off we all were again by a new trail through the brush & woods for some houses - Morris & Carey - had not yet been honored by the procession. I clung to the conveyance for dear life as we hopped up & down through ^{over} ruts, stumps & brush; our team was spirited & we had some close calls from collision in crowding in ahead of some one else. - The last place passed was my observatory & then in full gallop Mr. St. was driven into his yard at the gate of which was also an evergreen arch. Thus ended a hot chase, as if fleeing from a sheriff, the reception was over, and nothing remained to be done for the celebrators than to talk over "the devil of a time they had"

July — The Mr. W. Anderson whom I met the day of my arrival was the Indian Agent here (having just left for Repin his new post). In order to distinguish between the two Andersons both government officials — the former is called "Sinner Tom" & the latter "Neke Bill", each being the general appellation for an Indian.

Observed at night and got the Winnipeg clock all right but Mr King failed in getting the beats of mine.

Tuesday 10
warm
windy
showers evening
Busy computing & prepared a set of questions "Descriptive" for the approaching L.S. examination at Ottawa. In the morning I called on Mr. Hardie & then after a period and got the exchange of signals, altho' King again failed to get mine, save "happing". — It clouded & began to rain after signals so that I did not get the second part of the programme.

Wednesday 11
pleasant
Busy computing. Observed at night & got a fine set, the exchange of signals was also good.

Thursday 12
pleasant
night rain
Busy computing. The evening being rainy I called on Mrs. Peay & then at Mr. Young's where I spent the evening. At the latter place met Mr. Leslie Wood who came down from Athabasca Landing on Tuesday. — After returning to camp I had an exchange of signals with Winnipeg where it was also raining.

Friday 13
fine. rainy
pleasant
Busy computing. Our dinner this evening was especially good, beginning with a rich bean & vegetable soup. Mr Peay had given us lettuce, cress and radishes with which we prepared a very good salad. — Sitting before my tent after dinner & reading I have heard some conversation in the cook's tent. — The H. B. Co. ^{new} cook was in & getting some instructions & pointers from my cook. — Charles gave him some of the soup just referred to. "That's fine" said the man — "how do you make it" — "Boil it like