July

Steamers.— The mosquitos are very troublesome, especially in the bush & woods, more so than has been the case for many years I am told. Undoubtedly the wet & rainy season is the cause thereof. — This evening while going to Mr. Taylor's I found a bundle of papers & letters tied together. I delivered them to the postmaster who opened the package and found they were from Norris & Carey — amongst them were two registered letters, returning I called on Mr. Houston, Norris & Carey's manager, but found him not in, being told that he was hunting for his last mail, I told the man there that I found it, he informed me that the registered letters contained $4300=. It was undoubtedly gross carelessness to lose the package.

Thursday 26
fine, warm
but thunderstorm

Busy packing &c. Sold the observatory to Mr. Hendrickson, upon its removal I planted an iron bar to mark my astronomic station. — Towards evening I called on Mrs H. Young to bid good-bye then on Mr. A. Taylor & Miss Jarrett Cousin of Mr. Taylor's. — Mr. Deacon & I took dinner this evening at Mr. Hendrickson's, there were also Mr. & Mrs. Capt Carey. The evening was pleasantly spent with chatting, music & cards. A heavy thunderstorm set in tonight. As Mr. C. was called away I accompanied Mrs. Carey home. When we arrived at my tent I found my premonition verified — the heavy wind had pressed against the canvas tilted the bottle of spirit & broke the lamp, the whole floor being flooded with coal oil, one of my books soaked as also Mr. Deacon's mattress. —

Friday 27
high wind, rainy

After breakfast we strike camp preparatory to our next move to Fort McPherson. Charles' Son with a team hauled my stuff in three loads down the hill to the river side. — By noon before I was ready Mr. Hendrickson invited me to luncheon. After settling all my accounts with the Hudson Bay Co & bidding adieu I stood beside the "Ark" as she was christened ready to cast off anchor. Mr Hendrickson & Mr Carey were down to see me off, while Mrs Carey stood on top of the bank to give me a farewell wave of her handkerchief. "Let go the head line" and at 3 P.M. we