



George
Port Simpson. Aug 30. 1878

My dear Mother,

By the Superscription you
will see that we have left behind
us the North American Helarides,
& here again got to a place with a
Name, the Western part of Brit.
Columbia or the Coast.

We arrived here yesterday evening after
a pleasant passage from North
Island. It was dark when we
got in but R. went ashore to hunt
up our mail, & we had the
pleasure of overhauling the first
home news we have had for three

(2)

months back. The Capt went out,
— a Master Westis — dates are
early in July, as there has been
no steamer here for some time.
I have had bad luck in sending
letters, & find a note written from
Masset, to Williams, stating lying
at the H.B. Fort here, no chance
forming occurred of forwarding it.
Thus it is that being quite uncertain
how long this may lie here after we
leave, that I do not propose now
to do more than report our
wellfare.

We hope to get away tomorrow on
our way Southward, looking abou

(3)

few places en route & stopping
perhaps some time near the north
end of Vancouver Island if the
weather holds good. Rain we
are now quite accustomed to &
scarcely has a dampness about
it, so much so that if I put away
a pair of boots for a few days,
on looking them up again they
generally have a coat of mould
outside in.

The Channels are so very infrequent
of communication with Victoria
from here, that I fear Rankine
may either have to leave very soon,
or be too late for his work.

(4)

I hope to know more about this tomorrow
& shall add as I should anything occur.

There is quite a large village here, inhabited
by Indians under the guidance of a
Mr Crosby, a rather imprudent
Methodist-Missionary. He has a
large white Church on the slope above
the town, which is quite a landmark
from far off the harbour.

Please see by Tert Commodore
William on his good final Standing.

Yours affectionate Son
George.