

Nanaimo. May 29. 1878
Wednesday.

Dear Father,

We have at last got away from Victoria. We left about 7 p.m. on Monday & sailed all night & day with fair winds, reaching this place last night about 8 o'clock.

As Sabiston, our bold captain, lives here, & has very lately married, I am afraid that we shall be here all the morning.

The sail from Victoria to this place is very beautiful. Islands on every side, very prettily wooded, with sandstone edges fantastically worn with the action of the sea.

Everything is very comfortable. The cabin is roomy, & it is a great comfort not to have to pack everything up each morning.

All our mail matter is to go to Fort Simpson on the Queen Charlotte Isles. The post man at Victoria, ^{of course} attends to them after they reach that place.

You of course address them as heretofore.

I have just been up into the little town here (a few hundred inhabitants I suppose) buying in some fresh beef & some gun wads.

This is a very beautiful & secure harbour. There are at present at the wharfs two large vessels, one an ocean steamer. Both I fancy are being loaded with coal.

Meteorological observations have been started, fishing lines rigged, & everything begins to take a business like aspect.

Your affectionate son
Franklin.

