

before 8:00 p.m. The main rail line, the Transcontinental, has only a single track, and therefore one cannot send us on our way at random because of local trains in the area.

[Calgary] Tuesday, November 3: Do you remember the song from *The Right Honourable* that Len sang while playing his banjo? This poignant negro melody with the refrain, in plaintive tones and melancholic final words, "And may the world go well with you!" Well then, we heard this whole song sung by a lady yesterday evening in the drawing room of the hotel. Imagine, I was wholly unprepared to be in the company of such a large number of people, and was sitting quietly at a table with Heleen when calling cards were handed to us from Mr. and Mrs. McCaul.¹¹⁴

G W Kush & wife, Misses Rush, Macleod.	boat
Alberta: J G Osborne, London, Eng.,	bodily
W Stewart, F S Spence, E Watson, H	
Boulter, Toronto; J R Brown, Milford; G	
Macquet, Brussels, Belgium; R McL	B
Cameron, Scotland; M Carlin, Field; E J	tific
Swan, Sheep Creek; J H Holeman, Mor-	dist
tréal; F Fairchild, J D w on, G R Gregg,	day
F W Russell & wife, Winnipeg; F Hard-	
ing, Canmore; K Boisjevain, Miss H	
Boisjevain, Amsterdam; R F Drummond,	
New Westminster; F P Kevin, Med Hat;	
G M Leishman, Vancouver; W F Green;	
London, Ont., B D Jzard, Hamilton.	M
	day
	Cot

[12] Alberta Hotel arrivals,
Calgary Daily Herald, Nov 2, 1891

For the last few days, I have not worn linen, nothing other than wool; no colour, no starched cuffs; I have not shaved for one week, partly because of the four days on the rails, partly because I have been ill for two days, and partly because I would like to keep my beard while in the wilderness. *Enfin*, I look like you would not give a penny for me. Helena, in comparison, is in a light grey summer dress, carefully coiffed and casually leaning against the back of an elegantly upholstered rocking chair. Helena, I might say, is enchanting. We were unable to discourage a man, who has lived in Fort Macleod for five years, from talking to us; anyway, we had to ask him about local arrangements. After talking for an hour and getting what we wanted to know from him, I was only thinking about a convenient way to end the session when the man let us know that he loved music and asked whether Heleen would perhaps play something. Heleen did play the piano, Schumann, Chopin, etc. In order to relieve her, a thin, tall lady was fetched, who turned out to have a very lovely voice and, with her, another three friends came along so that the small drawing room was filled to the brim and I felt ashamed about looking like a buccaneer. But it was pleasant to hear a song that Lord Arden¹¹⁵ so enjoyed!

The good Leentje looks after me so loyally and I am such an ill-mannered patient. I now am sick to my stomach and these days I am in a really bad mood. It is enough to drive you crazy, now that I am held up day after day in this stifling-hot hotel due to a trivial stomach-

114 Charles Coursolles McCaul (1858–1928), a lawyer and author, moved from Lethbridge to Calgary and joined the firm of James Alexander Loughheed in 1891. In 1887, first married in Lethbridge to Frances Greenwood (1860–1943), and in 1921 to Eugenie Marie Lachapelle (1885–1952).

115 Lord Arden is the main character in *The Right Honourable*.

on your palate; everything else falls silent. I would have liked to have put it to the test, that just at the moment I was to set upon eating, it would be made known that you were waiting for me a few miles away. I bet that I would go immediately, but that I would regret it.

After supper, the engineers start to do the calculations from their observations, and at 9:30 p.m. they all retire to their bunks.

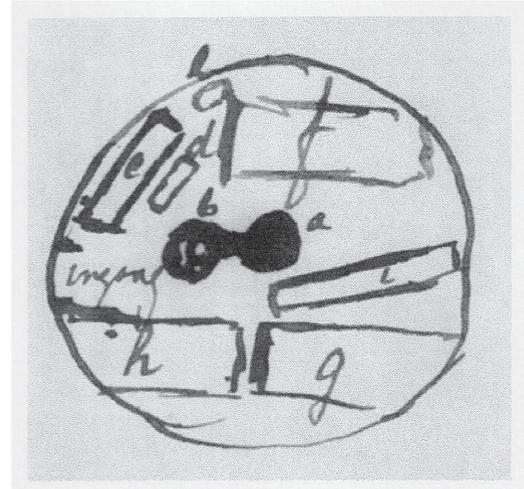
Here is a floor plan of the tent: a canvas with a pole in the middle, at more or less the height of a man, against which rests the stovepipe that goes up through the top of the tent and to the outside; *b* is the stove, *c* a table with places for two people (who then have to sit on the chest that contains the instrumentation and drawing materials, etc.), and *e* is a small box containing straw and glass-lamp chimneys, upon which the jointly shared lamp stands, and beside the box there is a pail of water from which the men can fill a washbasin with a scoop – also drinking mugs. In the morning, the stove is quickly lit by the first one awake and the pail is set on it to melt the water, because it is, of course, frozen stiff during the night.

Figures *h* and *i* are the various places for our mattresses; *f* is the chief engineer, Hoggs, nicknamed Chief; *g* is Brooks; and *h* is Clercks, a thirty-eight-year-old engineer whose wife and six children live elsewhere. I am *i*, but with little bedding in comparison to the rest.

I think that Helena has already written one thing or another to Amsterdam about Macleod and our ride to the camp, and perhaps has even described the camp. By the time you have received this letter, perhaps I will already be somewhere else, because this work will not keep us busy until the middle of December. By then, the snow will be too high in the mountains.

Today, November 14, we are camping across from the last settled place, Pincher Creek, that Helena will try to reach and where she perhaps will visit me tomorrow. It would be nice to see her one more time before we go into the wilderness for a month. In case she comes, I will give her this letter. If not, then I will stay with my normal practice and you will get it after a while. It is very healthy living here. Every day there is beautiful freezing weather, nicely warm in the afternoons because of the gentle sun and at night deeply under the bedcovers.

Oh, Wim, I am getting so healthy; dare to have some faith with me in the future, oh, darling. Signed, your most affectionate Karel.



[23] Diagram of CPR survey camp tent, drawn by Karel

that he would be willing to point us the way over the river. In the meantime, I was quite fond of my mounted policeman and was very happy when he arrived just in time.

At great speed, we were again going forward: the two horsemen (one of them on a bucking pony) were in front. Down, through the river, and then again at a gallop up the rocky hill. I was terrified because the road was unbelievably bad, the trail too narrow for the wide-wheeled buggy and the horses very fiery. The river that we had to cross was very wide but, for the most part, frozen. Only in the middle did the water flow quickly, luckily without ice floes. It did not look at all appealing, and Mrs. Briet and I called to the mounted policeman that if he didn't think it was safe, we would rather turn back. But the riders arrived safely on the other side and called to us that it was "all right." Therefore, again forward we went over the slippery ice. Then, quite a drop into the deep water – the horses urged and whipped to make the high step onto the ice on the other side. One leap of the buggy and we were safe and dry on the other side. In the meantime, the horses were a bit excited and the [Irish woman] was certainly tough and courageous, but not very steady with the driving.

Continuing on, things went fine for a good hour, but then with a momentary startle of one of the horses, they both took off. We had just arrived at the higher plain and they could therefore, without imminent danger, run for quite a long way. With all our might, together we held the reins that constantly threatened to slip out of our hands; it seemed that their speed was slowing, when, on top of it all, the reins broke. The buggy tipped. First, Mrs. Briet fell; the reins got away; the horses disappeared. How I fell, I do not know exactly; in any case, it was on my left hand, free of the carriage and on my face. Lucky that I have such an unappealing nose, which is now only scraped and swollen, but certainly not broken. The gal was not hurt at all. She rubbed me with snow until I came to, and you cannot imagine what a crazy feeling that was, in the middle of the snowy prairie, with that funny face in that red hat in front of me. She had to tell me the same thing again and again before I could understand that it was all true and not a frightening dream. Finally, the horses came back under the hands of the mounted policeman, who had ridden to the Waldron Farm to get help and to warn Karel.

My nose was bleeding, but not severely, and that was soon stemmed. The horses were harnessed again. Mrs. Briet mounted the horse, and the mounted policeman came to sit with me and to drive the buggy. In that way, we arrived safely at the farm. I profited from my first-aid kit and the bandage that I had brought along. I told them how to wrap my wrist and how to put it in a sling.

Karel soon arrived. I read Papa's letter with a lot of pleasure. We had a nice meal of I-don't-know-what. The sick man was improving and very delighted with his medicine. Karel was doing very well, but soon the return trip commenced because the weather was threatening and we

Yesterday, I received a very nice letter from Mrs. White Fraser, which I hereby enclose. I had mentioned that I would perhaps come back in the spring, in answer to all the lamenting that I would not see their beloved land in the summer. I would also find it enjoyable if there was a chance [to visit], and since I absolutely do not know what the spring will bring, I could just as well say that as anything else.

Yesterday, I ate at Mrs. Wilkins' again and played *quatre mains* with her husband. They would like to have me about the house all day, but I think that for the few days that they are together, they should be allowed to enjoy some time alone together undisturbed and shall therefore stay away today. Making music with him gives me a bit of an unpleasant feeling while she is busy in the kitchen, and he is constantly scoffing about her minimal musicality. He also wanted to sing with me, which he does very badly, and never wanted to do with her.

In the evening, Mr. McCaul came to take me home. He and his wife were to go to the McCarthys⁴¹⁰ to practise a dance and they were to take me along, but Mr. McCarthy has influenza and they did not go. It was extremely kind of him to come anyway. I get along very well with him. He would also be a very pleasant guest in Holland. They have all done their very best to get me to the ball again tomorrow evening, but I flatly refused. I do not trust the 'gentlemen' enough. Here, they are astonishingly and easily enthralled and they hang on to my every word. According to me, none of the women are savvy enough to be an effective chaperone and, for myself, I am especially afraid to become flirtatious. Perhaps I am too scrupulous about it, but I must still stay here for a month and I do not want to have any unpleasantries, especially now that I am staying in the hotel.

Mama also asked about bears and wolves. Karel sees a lot of coyotes, which are small wolves, and I saw one myself while riding with one of the Garnetts, but so far away that without my lorgnette I could hardly see it.

What a pity that the money for the ice-clearing has been voted down. You would just wish to take one or another of them and box their ears. It was lovely to see Karel's Atjeh Cross arrive.

Sorry for the [ink smudge]. My inkwell sprung open in the box and a terrible ink mess was the result. Ta ta, and much love, Heleen.

A32074000246-47 [Heleen to Wil]

Calgary, January 12, 1892

Dearest Wil,

Many thanks for your letter of December 21 and, also, much happiness with Jo's recovery. That is a great delight for all of you and I also had not expected it so soon. She shall now move into the new house with more

410 Peter McCarthy (1839-1901) worked for Herald Publishing Co. and in 1888 became a partner at the Lougheed McCarthy law firm. His first marriage was with Carrie Kemp (1840-1873), and his second marriage was to Jane Kemp (1844-1932).

The goal of our journey was to be 'The Convent', in other words, 'The Mission',⁴³⁴ a collection of buildings of the Roman Catholic missionaries, situated at some distance, with Edmonton on the other side of the river on a higher hill. In the convent, a luncheon was ordered for us. The Mother Superior received us most warmly and sent for a beautiful Irish nun to speak with the English [folks]. [The Mother Superior] was French, just like all the others, and guided me around through the hospital, where I was able to console a poor German woman a little bit. She was ill from deprivation; no one understood her language, while neither she nor her husband nor children could understand English.

An Indian woman with beautiful black eyes was dying from tuberculosis.

The sisters mostly dealt with the upbringing of the so-called converted Indians and mixed-blood children. There were almost a hundred there. We saw them reciting verses, rattling off history and geography, but notwithstanding that they pronounced the words very well, it seemed to me that they did not comprehend very much of it. Dick Hardisty contended that the nuns were not doing any good by it and that nothing would ever come of their foster children. The Superior also said something of the sort, but she did not appear to be very concerned about it. She did her duty for the church and, no matter what, earned her place in heaven for it.

Mr. Hardisty was allowed to eat with us in the dining room, but while we toured through the building, he visited the bishop, Monseigneur [Grandin], and we found him there later. In the palace of the bishop, we viewed with interest the furniture, some beautifully carved, and all made by the monks. In a small room downstairs, we spoke with an older gentleman who was confined to his chair as the result of a spinal disease, or something like that. He was from a good family and had been very rich, but was now penniless and helpless and, despite the fact that he is not Catholic, the bishop provides for him.

434 The sleigh ride to the "Mission" took Heleen to St. Albert, about 12 km northwest of Edmonton. The mission was founded by Father Albert Lacombe in 1861 and situated on the hilltop overlooking the Sturgeon River. By 1868 the parish had about 699 Métis Catholics. Bishop Grandin was appointed the first Apostolic Vicar in 1871, and the town became an important Oblate centre; by 1879 there was a new church-cathedral, a convent of the Sisters of Charity of Montreal (Grey Nuns), a school (60 children) and orphanage (30 children), and a hospital. It is difficult to distinguish the Oblate school in kind from those which began operating in eastern Canada, spreading westward since 1831. The first residential school for Indigenous children in Alberta was formally established in 1862 in Lac La Biche, north of St. Albert. Not yet formally designated an Indian Residential School, this Oblate school (now referred to as Youville) was already awarded \$300 a year in federal funding in 1873, later funded under the Indian Act of 1876. Bishop Grandin (a close friend of Dick Hardisty's father) frequently asked the federal government to increase grants and promoted industrial and residential schools throughout the rest of his life. Youville closed in 1948. The formal era of residential schools in Canada officially ended in 1996, but the tragic aftermath is ongoing. By 2007, 139 residential schools across Canada were formally recognized, 26 in Alberta. The observations made by Dick Hardisty and Heleen Boissevain in January of 1892 would not be out of step with the stories and the current work of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada. Sources: <https://nctr.ca/residential-schools/alberta/st-albert-youville/> at the University of Manitoba; <https://laclabichemuseum.com/tag/industrial-schools/>; <https://www.teachers.ab.ca/SiteCollectionDocuments/ATA/For%20Members/ProfessionalDevelopment/Walking%20Together/PD-WT-16n%20Residential%20Schools-M%C3%A9tis%20Experience.pdf>.