

2008.1.1.1.1.53

Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil,  
July 14<sup>th</sup> / 89.

My own darling Sam,

At last this evening I sit down to answer your dear letter received on Friday & which pleased me more than you can imagine. I desired to begin my missive this afternoon, but Mamma wished to go calling & wanted me to go also. I accepted, as we will not go very often together & feared she might find me selfish, though in her inmost heart, she knew how much I longed to converse with the one who is so dear to me. But I hope to have a nice lengthy chat with you my pet, as several of them are going out to Chief Justice [Dorine's] – we were to have favored them last Sunday, only that it rained. Tonight is lovely, but nothing could tempt me from my pen & ink this evening I assure you. We had the most fearful storm last night that I ever remember. The lightning & thunder were awful & rattled the windows so much that it terrified me. You will, I know be disappointed in Tuesday at not receiving

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your usual budget, but my brotherinlaw [sic] forgot to mail it, so it will reach you Thursday only. I hope however it will meet with a warm welcome all the same & you will know by the date that I did not neglect my darling. I am sorry Mrs. Mac read you that uninteresting letter, as it was dashed off in a great hurry, but delighted that you experienced joy in hearing of me in that way! The Champion is kept very busy judging by what you say – I hope Lex's horse is better now & that yours were not injured as much as you feared. The men must have been very much shaken but I trust none were seriously hurt. That hill is so steep & long, it is a very bad spot for a runaway. Mr. Charlie W. is almost as unfortunate at Criket as I am at cards – too bad for the partner I am [so]! Mrs. Mac must be very much excited over Lex's secret, & building "castles in the air" at a great rate. I do feel sad at the parting which is coming for me, but the thought that it is for your happiness my pet, is a great comfort to me. My future happiness is but a

secondary consideration & I would readily forego all, if by so doing, you

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would be benefitted. Such is the love I bear my sweetheart. I am selfish enough my pet, that if I believed I was not giving myself to one calculated in every way to make me a very happy woman, I would not go & share your lot, no matter the depth of the affection I feel for you, so you must not say you are a wretch to bring me up, when I have proved such a very willing victim! – It pleases me to learn that all danger from high water is passed, for when I knew you were out it made me very anxious. If I punish my Slave, it will I fear be from love & when that feeling predominates, one need not fear the consequences. I shall far more likely be the one to cry for mercy, which your good heart will not refuse. I have not seen my cousin as yet. Mr. D. saw him several times & says he looks well. his leave being until Nov, he has ample leisure to amuse himself. My father & brother returned from their trip yesterday. They enjoyed it throughly [sic] & were so hospitably received by cousin Joly. On their return journey, while at the St. Louis hotel in Quebec, they met a rancher from near Calgary & struck up acquaintance, travelling up to Montreal together. He spoke very highly of Superintendent Perry & yourself saying “You were the two finest officers in the Force” – he did not know what pleasure it would give one little girl to hear her lover so well spoken of by a stranger & to one, who has her interest so much at heart as Papa has!. When unknown persons speak so well of you, my own darling, it makes Papa believe that I am not blinded & tell him truly what you are. This Rancher met you at the time of the banquet given you in Calgary, but I cannot tell you who he is. What has come over your eyes, my pet, that you fail to recognize the Majah’s many charms & find she is not looking as young as she did? – as a rule, pretty women are admired by all the opposite sex & they see many things to admire, which a woman never notices ~~in one of her own sex~~. My mind is playing truant & forgive me if I confess I was thinking of something very far from the words my pen was tracing. Yes, pet, I remember quite well all you said on the way to Dunmore & wondered at the time, how it was

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that the thought of what you might or might not be, had never entered my brain!. You ask what I should have done had you been an Orangeman & I throughly [sic] conversant with their rules? I would never have interfered with your advancement & prosperity I know well, & my love would surely have brought ruin, had you been one of them. Being aware of the

implacable hate they feel for Catholics, their vengeance would have followed you & not even the deep love I have for you, would have lessened your burden in the slightest degree. I should have proved what I am capable of doing by giving you up, my darling, rather than mar your life by linking my fate with yours. A true woman who loves with all her heart & soul, is able to make any sacrifice demanded of her & I should not have hesitated one second, my darling. Perhaps you may infer my love is not what it should be, but the many expressions of affection I have conveyed to you through the tip of my pen, are there to plead in my favor & convince you of the truth of what I say. My Grandfather Harwood was a

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Freemason & pretty well up in grade I believe – that may make me more lenient though none of his sons ever belonged to the society. I do not think you are odd, though your thoughts did run in a strange [groove] when you wrote on the 3<sup>rd</sup>. Heat has an influence on a person & æffects [sic] people in different ways. I myself plead guilty to the charge, much as I fight against it sometimes. We often go driving after tea & I became quite accustomed to it, when in the N. West last Summer, so the Wilson's drive does not surprise me. You find me hard on drinking men, but my pet, I cannot help it. I have seen too much of the misery caused by it, not to fear it, so you must not wonder at my hardness upon those who are fond of it. The nearer the person is to you, the more you love ~~you~~ & if the grief is measured by the depth of your love, think of the anguish a woman feels, when the one who is nearer & dearer than all, is addicted to the fatal [bowl]!. Men do not view immoral men in the same light as we do, & of course it does not surprise me. I told you of Mr.

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D. because it pained me to have you say, he was nicer & better than you my pet, even when in perfect ignorance of what he really had been. I gave you the benefit of the doubt, rest assured, else I should never have mentioned the subject to you, my darling. He is behaving better now than he has been, though there was a slight improvement as soon as he became engaged to Louise. When men have enjoyed life, their own sex are eager to let others understand such is the case. When I came home, I waited to see what would be said of you, my darling pet, knowing if your character could possibly be lowered in my eyes, the opportunity would not be lost. I am proud to say not a breath was raised or whispered against you, my own one & then I knew, how worthy a man God had blessed my

life with!!!. I may be different from others, but I cannot tolerate men of the stamp in question & can hardly keep from showing them how I despise them. I consider a man who has been good to a certain degree, one worthy of respect, confidence, affection & esteem, for when a man respects himself, he compels others to do so. Perhaps I speak too plainly, my darling, but you understand me, I trust. As I said a while ago, I did think you unacquainted with Mr. D.'s failings, for his friends did not blame him - he is thirty-two & is old enough to know better. Thank Heaven, he is not going to be my husband, anyway!. he & I will never pull – we scarcely even converse – in fact, I am very polite & say as little to him as possible & you would be amused to know how few words one can say if inclined to act that way & I can do it pretty well, can I not? I do not touch the piano from one week's end to another & my voice will be getting quite rusty if I go on. I do not feel in the humor of singing you see. My heart sighs for the mate who is so far away & perhaps the song bird will return as the time approaches for your coming, my dear one. It delights me to know I shall make your many worries appear less, by the loving care I shall lavish upon you when Providence reunites us once more & the short sweet

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words uttered which will give me full right to console you when in trouble. It seems to me I am becoming more anxious to see you than ever & not a day goes by, but the thought enters my mind that there is one day less of waiting in store for me. If I could only see you sometimes, it would be different – I have only your dear letters & photo's [sic] to console me for the long separation which has fallen to our lot. There will soon be a year since we first met – the 19<sup>th</sup> of Aug was a memorable day to us, my own pet. I am afraid you would find the cold, haughty young lady very much changed & love has done it all, I blush to confess. Very few can say I am like dear Mamma, for few are acquainted with her who reside in the west. I never could be as nice as she, but having her as a model, will strive hard to imitate her many virtues, & prove as good a wife as she is. My qualities are not as numerous as my faults & the latter are more prominent in my letters, though I always try to appear as nice as I can, to keep you "dreaming" for a while

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longer, my own true hearted pet. Grandma will soon pay us a visit now – she has gone to their old home in Glengarry & on her way to Montreal, will favor us. They say she is looking very frail & is not likely to live many years.

Say nothing to Mrs. Mac as it would only make her fret, but she suffers very much from a pain in her side, which will eventually take her away from us, I fear. She has been ailing for some years, but is very energetic as you must have noticed several times. Mrs. K. must be charmed to have Mrs. Greenwood in Macleod once more, being so intimate. The [McCaul's] will still live in Lethbridge, no doubt. Has your opinion of Mrs. McC changed? I remember one day when we were out riding, she was criticised pretty freely by the two of us. I am so anxious for a canter & miss the pastime more than I can say. it did me so much good & I did love it so! Well, it is nearing the mystic hour of midnight & I hear no sounds of the return of our boys & girls as yet; my eyes are tired &

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as the friends we visited live on islands, the boating has tired me somewhat. I hope my pet is not wearied by my dry old talk & that he has written me a nice, long letter today. With much love & many sweet kisses, believe me Ever

Your own warm hearted, loving

Maye.

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