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Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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26 Ste. Famille St.  
Montreal, Oct 18<sup>th</sup>

My own darling Boy,

I wrote you on Sunday last, but being alone in the house tonight with the little ones resting in their cots, I feel that I cannot spend an hour more pleasantly than in a chat with you, my darling. Your dear letter written from Badfontein, dated 3<sup>rd</sup> Sept., arrived on Monday last & gave me great pleasure you may be sure. How fortunate you were not hit by the bullets fired by the Boer from under the bridge! how much I thank Divine Providence for your escapes, during this trying time! Your descriptions are so very interesting, one can almost follow

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your daily movements. I must confess I was not much impressed with Lt. Adamson. He is too English for me with all his airs & capers – he spoke as if he had a hot boiled potato in his mouth & made such foolish speeches, as I mentioned in a letter written at the time. By the by did the parcel of food powder I sent by him ever reach you? You have never once alluded to it, so I suppose it was lost. You have done a lot of fighting since you started from Capetown & have stood any amount of fatigue as well. I only hope it will soon be at an end & that please God! we shall soon meet again. I enclose a piece from The Herald – you will see the date & the article for yourself. I mentioned

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it in several letters but came upon it unexpectedly this morning so enclose it at once. This was the beginning of all the stories which are circulated round – this was worded to do Jarvis a great deal of harm & it has certainly done so. You know the ins & outs of everything so I want you to be sure & let me know if there is anything. Mr. Taylor was asking me the other day & upon my saying I knew nothing he thought that “perhaps Col. Steele did not think me discreet enough to tell me anything about it”. I replied “that you

trusted me & if anything were wrong, that you would have told me, Major Jarvis being such an old friend” he then told me the story of “Jarvis’ horse being the swiftest,” mentioned in one of my last letters. Your sentence in your last “his men behaved h well, as he did himself” comes as a direct contradiction to the bare insinuations published. I had the pleasure of calling on Lord Strathcona this p.m. Auguste made the appt. by telephone. As he is such a very busy man & not being young, I considered it best for me not to wait for a call from him. He was detained by cipher cablegrams & kept us waiting three quarters of an hour – he was exceedingly gracious & gave us a nice cup of tea: spoke very highly of “Col. Steele’s men” never once mentioning the name of the regiment – he is highly pleased at the way you have done your work & hopes to have the opportunity of seeing you when

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when you come back from Africa – also very anxious that you should pass by England. On Saturday p.m. he is to unveil Nelson’s Monument which has all been restored by some munificent citizens – he then attends a reception at the “Chateau” given in his honor by the Antiquarian society – we are, I believe going, at least, if I can manage it. Auguste is anxious I should be there. Flora & Mamma have just come in from Bob’s – where they went to tea & had a lovely time, especially the former who is fond of visiting. Gertie & her youngsters had dinner here. Richard went up to Vaudreuil to fish & was lucky, bringing back a fine big [masquilonge] – he brought two home on Sunday as well as a large number of other fish – he is fond of

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the sport & would freeze if necessary. The weather has been fairly cold for the last few days & there certainly is a smell of winter in the air. I must hurry & get the little ones ready for the season, as my long visit in Orillia has kept me back very much. I am making kilts & pants to match for my boy & he is very proud of the pockets. he keeps saying “I want to be a man”. I have a tonic for them all to take, as they had already commenced to look pale & get thin – they go out a lot, but cannot run about as they did up there – that makes a difference. I hate the cold weather – it seems to me we have so much of it & so little heat! I hope you will soon be able to tell me what you will do after the war is over, as Mamma

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intends moving & we must give notice on the 1<sup>st</sup> of February. It takes so long for a letter to reach you & a reply to come to me, that I must mention it, to know your answer in time. If there is no chance of my being here for another year, she naturally would take a smaller house; Antoine will soon be the only boy at home & if we go, Louise & her boy will be the others, quite a change!. There is not much news – things are pretty quiet, but will be lively enough in a week or so – elections, you see. [Archie] de Lery Macdonald comes out in Vaudreuil in opposition to Uncle Henry – a nice kind of a nephew to have, but I do not think he will win, anyway. I am just dropping asleep & can scarcely hold my pen, so I think I will say au-revoir. The children are well & send all kinds of [lovings] messages to dear old Papa. All are enjoying good health. Marie still goes about, but will be glad to lay down her burden – she is jolly & bright. Hoping to have the pleasure of hearing from you soon again, believe me, with oceans of love, ever  
Your own true, warmhearted, devoted wifie

Maye.

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