

2008.1.1.1.1.63

Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil,  
Aug 17<sup>th</sup> / 89.

My own darling Sam,

It is needless for me to attempt to tell you of my bitter disappointment yesterday at the non-arrival of a letter from my dear old boy!. You are busy no doubt, & your silence must be attributed to that, only there will be a very uninteresting epistle penned this evening owing to a great dearth of news, but you must forgive me for it & partly take the blame yourself. You have spoilt me, pet by writing so often & when your letters fail me, I feel quite blue for a while. then hope begins to assert it sway & keeps me bright for a few days. You cannot imagine what doleful weather we have been afflicted with – rain, rain all the time. today has been a little better & the sunset has led us to suspect fine weather for a change. let us trust we will not be disappointed. I write

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tonight knowing I shall not have leisure to do so tomorrow, as we are having some young folks in to spend the evening – though we intended having but a few, we have by degrees raised the number to over fifty, quite a sans ceremonie affair as we give the invitations but the same day. I hope it will prove quite enjoyable – if not, it would be strange & very unusual. Some years ago when we received every week, our house won the name of “Maison du Plaisir,” as it always was a pleasant home. We chose Sunday as John is here & many come up to the country for a day’s outing. Well, my darling, it is just one year tonight, just about this time since “Miss Harwood bowed so coldly & haughtily to Major Steele”. had any one at that moment whispered the relation ~~we~~ship we should stand in, in twelve short months neither would have given credit to the words. we both had been proof against any of the warm, soft feelings which have since found rest

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in our hearts & I little thought I beheld the future lord & master of my

beating heart in the tall, stiff, cold, indifferent man I had before my sight. I shall never forget it & many an evening after when we were so unfriendly for a time! – From now, the true knowledge of the step before me will be fully realized. You must not wonder at your little girl taking so serious a view of the change in store for her, as it is but natural..... My sister Gertie met the Mr. Prevost who used to be in the Force a couple of weeks ago & he spoke of you. he said amongst other things that “you would find out your Montreal friends had not forgotten ~~you~~ you & would welcome you”. Mrs. Hughes, the Col’s wife, called the other day. she is such a lovely woman, but meets with very little consideration from her husband, who has been caught in the net by a gay married flirt, who has a very good husband, so you see two families are unhappy owing to a coquette. It always makes me feel sad to see a woman care so little about her own sex, to allow a man to [dangle] after her to such an extent. I have not met the Col. but hear he speaks of you, as “his friend”. The hotel closes on Saturday, as so many are leaving. the season is almost ended, but bad management has been the main cause of the early departures. I hope this will be a lesson & that things will be better next year. I have not been down once, just fancy. You can thus judge how very slight the attractions offered have been to me – were you near, everything would have been different! – I bruised the first finger of my right hand just about the middle joint today & it pains me so, that I can scarcely hold my pen, so you must not be surprised at my bad writing. We are to have a pretty little American bride here tomorrow who married an old friend of our’s [sic] who has come home on his wedding tour. he now resides in N. York. Well, pet I am as much of an angel as it is possible for me to be this evening &

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although it is not very late will leave you having a great amount of prayers ahead of me. I shall not forget my own darling boy you may be sure & trust my prayers will be fully answered. You see so much happiness came to me, one year ago!!.... With fondest love & many sweet kisses, believe me, ever

Your own, dear, affec ate [sic]

Maye.

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