

2008.1.1.1.1.49

Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil,  
June 23<sup>rd</sup> / 89.

My own dear darling Boy,

Here am I, about to write under the same circumstances as I was in when I penned the letter of the 2<sup>nd</sup> which hurt my own pet so much though I intended so little to do so, when I wrote. My heart has been very sore since Tuesday last, the only day this week which brought me the happiness of reading one of my darling's missives. I hope I am completely forgiven & restored to my warm place in your heart, my own one, long ere this & that my sweet messengers of peace & love were successful in their mission! Today we had our usual procession of "Corpus Christi" & it was very pretty. The Band played very well – it being the last one I might see for many a long day, I mean here, I made a point of going. We also have just returned from the old Manor House. Mr. Drayner has a camera & has been taking views & photo's [sic] of the surroundings – if you are very, very

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good & promise not to write me any more in the same vein as you did on the 9<sup>th</sup> & make me feel as if I were the most guilty wretch in the world, I might send you a couple of views, in which my sisters & your little girl figure. of course, I cannot say whether they will be successful but if they are, will allow you to have an idea of what you may expect to meet when you come down. do not say I am not a most forgiving little girl, if I am very hateful sometimes. You see pet, what disenchantments are in store for you when the novelty of "Love's young dream" will have worn off - it really grieves me to think of the day, when you will realize what a faulty woman I

am & wonder what you were thinking of when you asked me to link my fate with yours. Tomorrow Papa & Mamma leave bright & early to attend the distribution which takes place at St. Laurent College. My brother, Gus, or Beau; as we all call him, finishes his school days tomorrow – we do not know, as yet what profession he will select, but am inclined to believe he will study law, though he seems to waver between it & priesthood. July & August pass very

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quickly when all the family are united. We have so much pleasure & excitement all the time, that one has not leisure to realize how speedily the days go by! Think of it, dear, five months from now & I shall soon see you again. I left for the north west on the 28<sup>th</sup> of June last year, far from imagining I was going to my fate & what a change my going, would make in the lives of at least two persons. No doubt, you still entertain the idea of coming East about the end of November & I await your coming with eagerness & delight. ah! my own old pet, how warmly & truly I love you!!.. A cousin of mine has been distinguishing herself lately. Miss Taschereau, daughter of the Judge of the Supreme Court, sister to Elzear, ran away from home, was married by an Episcopal minister & took the train. The bridegroom is a young Englishman called Frank Beard, who has it appears been paying her attention, but objected to by her family on account of religion. She is about twenty & has her head filled with all kinds of trashy reading, thus having a strange opinion of life in general. I cannot say I am surprised at the silly girl, for she always gave me the impression of a person who would act in that manner. she was supposed to be clever & always said, she would never marry at all, especially not for love. here she has chosen a clerk in the C. Atlantic Railway office in Ottawa who judging from his position, cannot be a rich man. It appears they went as far as Smiths Falls, when meeting some friends they were persuaded to return. how true this is, I cannot say, as we only saw the papers, but I expect her sister will write me about it soon. I only hope she will never live to regret it – she has always been a very delicate girl & was in Consequence very much

spoilt, having her way in everything as a rule. Mr. D. saw Elzear yesterday – he is in Montreal at present & told Mr. D. he was coming up here in Sept. – his leave must be a long one, if he can remain until then. He sent a photo to Louise some time ago & looks very well indeed. The elopement took place on the 20<sup>th</sup>, Thursday last, the very day Auntie wrote me they were to

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leave for their summer residence, R. du Loup, opposite Tadousac [sic]. the separation would have been too much for two young hearts, three months! – they are not wise old folks as we are, my pet. Compelled by fate to remain apart for a year, has & will give us both time to know if our love can stand the worries & trials of married life. I am a big worry to my own old darling, as it is, notwithstanding all the love I bear him. what will I be later, when I shall only have him to turn to for consolation? You will find me a terrible trial then, I am sure. I trust your trips of a week at a time are over for a while, as seven days are long without news from you! I am so anxious when I know you are on the road all the day long & eagerly look forward to your next, telling me off your safe return. We are revelling in fruit just now – such delicious strawberries & bananas. I am so fond of fruit & will miss it when I live in the west, although as I said today, I will have some one who will more than

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make up for all I may lack. No doubt Mrs. Mac is blessing me for not writing, but I am so very much occupied, that I cannot find leisure to do so. Alice wrote her the other day when I was going to do so & I put off, desiring to find more news to interest her. it is, so far, very quiet here. The hotel is not by any means much patronized as yet. I will send you a book by Black “Yolande” – have you ever read it I wonder. it is rather a pretty story & will amuse you for a few hours & perhaps, coming from me, may recall me to your memory, if for a time you were tempted to forget me. Well, my own old pet, my letter is a stupid one, I know, but hope you will forgive me for it. When I next hear from you, I shall write you a good long one, though last

Sunday I was in a very talkative mood writing no less than twenty pages to my own old darling. I enclose a few verses which may please you & [one] in a measure, plead for me, if any wee feeling of resentment still remains in your heart. with much love & many warm sweet kisses, I remain with my love

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true to you as every heart beat I feel can make it with my love warmer a thousand times than it was the day we parted, I still am

Your own true, loving

little Girl.

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