

2008.1.1.1.1.5

Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil
Jan 10th 89.

My own dear,

Your nice kind letter of the 1st Jan, 1888 was received yesterday & charmed me beyond words; only that it took so long to come into my hands. I might not perhaps favor you today, knowing my letters are rather a relief in the monotony of your daily routine. I write you oftener than if you resided in a place where many amusements were to be met with. It was so good of you to write me on N. Year's day, but, you see I was with you, my own one, in spirit if not in reality – but that is becoming chronic with me I believe. I was sure a letter would come to you on the 1st & if you could only imagine how I follow every one of the little missives in their own way to my darling, you would be pleased I am yours. I too looked for a letter today

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but was of course disappointed – still I always look on the bright side of things & anticipate getting one tomorrow. I had a letter from a lady whom I have seen or heard nothing of for at least four years this morning. She says she hears lots of nice things about me & also that “he is good enough even for me you” – what do you think of that, my pet? - flattering for both, is it not? It is too bad that such a distance separates us? You never can come to spend a Sunday with me in my own home the very place to know a girl best in!! I regret it exceedingly both for yourself & myself; for the very success of getting a breath of country air does not hold good for us! – however, I trust we shall soon meet again, but you must not be in too great a hurry, do you hear? You will get accustomed to my absence by degree & become reconciled to the stern hand of fate that did make you care for a woman full of faults - its in spite of your better judgment – I have

[entwined?] myself [illegible]

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a nice strong [oak] & knew where I should be well protected & safe from all the storms that invariably fall to a woman's lot & am happy in the knowledge of the deep warm love you have aroused in a heart thought by so many to be indifferent to emotions of the sweetest kind. I alone knew the depth of the affection that lay smouldering there ready for the man who came up to my idea of all that was noble & good. The flashes of sarcasm only gave more fuel to the flame & made one fight against it all the more, only to declare myself languished in the end & to beg the conqueror to be as generous as he knows how to!! It is so kind of you to wish to get me a saddle which you know is one of the things I should love best from you, being associated with so many pleasant hours & so much happiness when enjoying a ride in your company. but, I think you had better keep it until you come down yourself as I have no horse to ride here & besides, am rather busy – still, you might advise me to leave the sewing aside & try fresh air daily – do you think it would be best for me? Tell me, so that I may know what to do, in order to please my own pet, so far away! If I must tell the truth I do not wish to go riding with any one but you!! Joking aside, I really did not know how to ride & the very awkward way in which I got up the first day, must have proved how ignorant I was of the art. However, with such a tender feeling between master & pupil, surely you are not surprised at my rapid progress? The master was getting more blind daily to the imperfections of the pupil, & the pupil more infatuated with the qualities of the professor!! – love gave a rosy hue to all surroundings & other persons & other scenes vanished out of sight! – Your awakening to the existence of love is a rude one, considering how incredulous you were to believe such a thing could possibly be felt by any man – it is sweet to have been the one to arouse it in your heart, very sweet to me & I trust the day is far off when either will have cause to regret! – do you find

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Miss D___ nicer than you did at first? She knew it would please you to speak well of one so did it: but I am glad that your choice has met with the approbation of all your friends, for it is nicer for me to meet with a welcome than otherwise. You will be so kind & spoil one to such a degree that there will be no standing the airs I will put on. But, my own darling, love me – I never can get too much love & have craved for it all my life. I have had lots of it but have never been satisfied & have long desired to be the one woman loved beyond all others by a true man. Conceited of me to think myself sufficiently gifted to fulfil all the conditions requisite for such a

position, but women not more blessed by nature than I have been, have found such a one, why not I? – You know all about the ring, as I have spoken of it in my two last letters. I cannot imagine what Mr. Steele did with it for I certainly gave it into his hands. I hope you have news of it by now. We have had our first good snow fall today & it is more

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like winter. So far, it has been quite mild & they feared the carnival might prove a failure as the mild weather would greatly interfere with the erecting of the “Ice Palace”. They were saying here, “I was so fond of the North-west that I had brought the very ~~weather~~ climate back with me” – how is that? – a very bad give away on me I find. I wrote Mrs. Mac. on Sunday, but left several things unsaid – will write her soon again; but, as I said, am pretty busy, not knowing when you may make it convenient to ask for leave for a short visit down this way – but it will likely not be before two years, will it? You will find the house large when you move into the one lately occupied by Capt. Neale. You can easily find some one Mr. Huot for instance to come & keep you company & Lex will even be nearer, not having to cross the square to take a whiff of the pipe of peace with you – how often my mind goes back to all that took place when you came – is the big chair a reserved seat?

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it would tell a great many things if it could speak like a number of our chairs & sofas here, but very little about me. I beg of you to remember I always was a model of perfection & seldom required a chaperone – that will be for later. Montreal seems to be rather quiet this winter. We hear of very little going on at present – perhaps the fact of our being still in mourning makes us find it so. Mr. Draynor comes by almost every Saturday & is a devoted [lover]. but I would not give the [tiniest] spot in your heart for all his love. It is well every person’s tastes are not alike, for there would be any number of duals [sic]. Certainly he & I will never be warm friends even after he has married my sister. Why is more than I can really say – it is strange but true: he gives my sister pretty presents. Her birthday gift was a very handsome beaver cape & he gave her several rings during the summer – she seems very fond of him!! I hope the card I sent reached you shortly after the N. Year – I found the verses so pretty I thought you would appreciate them. You will read to me, my own love, during the many long evenings we will enjoy together, for I am so fond of it & things sound well when read by a

loved one - that is when I have no fancy work for you to do? Enjoy your freedom & bachelor-dom as Mrs. Gallagher would say, while you can. You will find time will have passed very quickly when the troubles & trials of a Benedict first assail you & will sigh for the happy days gone by!!... You will let me know later if I have not spoken the truth, will you not? – Did Dr. Allan say anything of me & have you seen him since his return? He sent me word that if I had any [illegible] or parcels for Macleod, he would be happy to take charge of anything – it was kind! – Well, my own pet, I wrote you such a long letter you will be sick of me if I continue – does it not seem queer to have any one call you her own pet, her own love & darling? Still all those endearing names never could convey or hold one half the love felt for you by our little girl

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whose greatest comfort is to have this love of her own darling. Write soon & write long letters, anything you tell me interests me & I read your fond effusions with unmitigated delight & pleasure, over & over again – God bless you my own love & give you health & happiness. With the sweetest kisses I would give you, were you in kissable distance. Believe in the depth of the great affection felt for you,
Your [illegible] Maye

Every now & then some one speaks to me & I have made a few mistakes, pray forgive me!

M