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Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil,
June 18th / 89.

My own old pet,

I today received your dear letter of the 9th & as soon as I caught sight of it, knew it was a very short one & felt at the same time, that my pet, was angry at his little girl because she wrote him a wee missive & reproached him for not writing oftener. I learnt soon after the epistle of the 2nd left, that your letter written on the 3rd never left Macleod until the 27th & it was owing to that delay that I was so long without news from you. Surely all I have penned to you since will make up for what the other letter lacked & prove to my own darling pet, that I have completely forgiven his silence. If I did not love my boy as I do, from the very depth of my heart, your not writing would trouble me little – it is my love that you must blame, not I, so pray forgive your willful little girl once more. I cannot promise never to do it again, as I am sure to err in the same way, so hope if I do, you will not be quite so hard on me next time. It has grieved me sorely all day to have your

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words ever before my eyes, but know love guided your pen, though your words were not as sweet as they usually are. You must forgive, though I did not mean to hurt you as I have. I must pay more attention & not write in that style again. I felt sorry that my letter was uninteresting not having had any from you & in consequence, having nothing to answer, could not write a long letter, much as I wished it!. My subsequent ones will have shown my own pet how little resentment found place in my heart for they were long & sweet you must confess!. Yes, my own pet, you have written some lovely

letters to me since & I have appreciated them, I assure you. They have been perused several times every day & the truth is, I know them by heart. I trust you do not imagine that your devotion to me is lost, for the letters you have now received will convince you of the veracity of what I say. My own love, you must not fancy I think you made of iron for I am aware of all your duties & that you have cause to feel weary very often. it has made me very unhappy & were I not sure you by this moment

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have been a little more lenient, I would certainly not commence to write you this evening - sadness communicates itself & my letter would be too blue to send, even to the one I love so dearly. I never for one single instant doubted your truth & fidelity. were such to enter my mind, it would take complete possession of me & where would my happiness be? with so many hundreds & thousands of miles between us, if my confidence were to disappear, what would my life be? perfect misery – in fact, so much so, that rather than endure the pain, I would sever all the ties that bind our hearts together, & continue my journey in life, bereft of your love & sympathy. time might in a measure assuage the pain, though my memory would never be so kind as to allow me to forget!. my trust in your faith is [unbounded], my own one, & as I told you in my last, if your love failed me, I never would have faith in man again. There is no use trying to hide it from you; you have made me weep bitter tears, but perhaps it will do me good & my heart feel more at peace now that the storm will have blown over & the sun of your love warm up the atmosphere of my heart cooled by your reproachful words read by me this morning. You were away all last week & no news from you for seven long days, is sufficient punishment for your own little girl to bear. do not be too hard on me when next I sin in the same way, & let a recollection of the many times I showed my love & how dear you are to me, plead for me & intercede in my favor. Your very love would make my poor effusions interesting, no matter if they were undeserving of the name of letters. Your old sarcastic way comes to the front once more, my pet, when you speak of Rick & yourself. it was your own imagination that led you to

believe you change quickly & nothing I said. he was mortal, & many a man can be as he was! You must not fancy that I expect you to be perfect, without a tiny fault. I possess too many myself for that & were you too perfect, the contrast would be more than I

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could stand. I give you proofs every day of the faults you still are blind to, so you must never say later on, "You should have told me". Antoine today made his first communion – it is a very touching ceremony to see so many little ones receive for the first time; especially if some one dear to you is amongst the number. of course, tears which are always so ready with women, came to ease my heart even at that hour – though so hard, I am tender as well - you may be convinced of the latter when you have seen me oftener. I bought a pretty little present for a friend of mine who is shortly to be married. it is a china butter dish – white, with a pinkish tint, strewn with tiny wild roses & leaves. I hope you will find the rose-buds I send as a "peace-offering" fresh & sweet when they reach you. "Budding love" is not for us – it has passed that, & full blown roses would better express the feelings which unite us. buds are more apt to retain their sweetness & fragrance & that alone is why they are sent as harbingers of truth & affection to the one ["d'ou me biens la foie, et la Touleur".]

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Ah! my pet, were you only near, I should kiss away the horrible thoughts which seem to have been uppermost in your mind when you wrote your last. Your little girl being so very far away has no one to intercede for her & is deprived of the privilage [sic] of doing it herself – is not that heart rending? All I say of my love for my own darling pet, does not seem to convince of its truth. what can I say, what can I do, that I have left undone to make you believe? I have never doubted you, not one moment since you first told your love, though many a time I thought you actually despised me, without knowing why, ere you confessed I hold your heart "in my weak white hand". You know full well you have complete hold of the heart I

guarded so well & that

“There is but one to whom any thoughts hopes are clinging,
As clings the bee unto the morning flower;
There is but one to whom my thoughts are [winging]
Their dove-like passages through each silent hour”.

My last letter contained many avowals of the affection I feel for you, my own old pet & will, I hope have in a way, softened your heart

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towards me. I love you so dearly & so well that you may in the end have entire faith in your own one. My eyes are tired this evening so I hope you will excuse me if I leave you now. It is late, though very far from four a.m. Every beat of my heart is true to you & my thoughts are constantly occupied with you the whole livelong day. With very many warm, sweet kisses, I reluctantly leave my own old pet for tonight & still am his wilful yet loving warm-hearted, trusting little Girl.

June 19th. Though I hoped against hope I of course did not hear from my own darling pet today & now do not expect a letter before next week, owing to his absence from the Fort. I trust you have entirely forgiven me for my wee display of selfishness, which distance magnified a thousand times & turned totally to my disadvantage. The first sheet of my letter is blurred in one or two places, but you must overlook them, as they are not the first tears I have shed for you. Your imagination carried you away my own one, & made my words seem much more cruel than I intended them to be. My own pet, you must not allow such hard thoughts enter your mind against me, for you will break my heart if you continue in that way. Just when my love seemed so warm, & ardent & that I felt I knew how dear you are, your heart was angry & bitter against your own little girl, so very far from you, all that she holds most dear in this wide world! I am sure you too will regret yours of the 9th, for if in expressing your deep devotion, you would sacrifice your place in Heaven for me, where would my happiness be Complete? for deprived of you!!.... Let us talk no more on such a subject..... My little niece is having a picnic on the table I am writing on , so you can imagine

the difficulties I have to contend against, trying to keep her fingers off paper & ink. We have large quantities of field strawberries in our front yard & I am sure Mrs. Mac would enjoy them were she here. My letter is stupid I know, but forgive me pray. I trust to succeed better next time.

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I hope your trip was pleasant & that no accident occurred [sic] to mar your enjoyment. take good care of yourself my pet & be prudent for my sake. I love you so dearly & devotedly, my own treasure that my thoughts are ever with you. God bless my pet & keep him safe until I have the happiness of seeing him once more & hearing him say he loves me as of yore. With many sweet kisses & warm deep love, Ever

Your own loving

little Girl.

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