

2008.1.1.1.1.9

Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil
Jan 23rd / 89.

My own darling Sam,

Your dear letter of the 12th I received yesterday & it came like a ray of sunshine to me, not having heard from you for what seemed so long a time, made me quite blue though no one noticed it. I feared you would think eight days without hearing from me, a terrible thing, but, my darling I was busy [writing] a letter to Mrs. Mac for a while & as we both in a way should be particularly nice, I thought it my duty to devote the few minutes of spare time at my disposal, in conversing with our mutual friend. however the letter I wrote on Sunday will in a measure, divulge the true state of my feelings & show you that if ever you are neglected, it will be through no fault of mine. This is the eleventh letter I favor you with since the 11th of Dec when I penned my first, so if you count up yours to me, you will find exactly the same number. I mark down the date of every one I write in order to be sure they reach you, my own pet. I must acknowledge the receipt of the two rings & photo today –

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as you say the engagement ring is none the worse for its delay but its coming brings fresh happiness to me – it is a bond of never ending love between us, my own one, & is there a positive proof of the ~~let~~-link that binds us to one another. Too bad Mr. Steele troubled himself about the missing stone! it is a ring of little value, but fits well. That is why I gave him that one

& then the thought came to my mind that if perchance it met with any mishap, it would not matter much – he must have found it of no consequence, as rings go! I hope now that yours fears of anything coming between us are at an end, as not withstanding it's [sic] many difficulties the ring reached it's [sic] destination all right & its many vicissitudes finished for ever & for [aye]. I cannot love you more my darling, & I am pleased to know you are content with all the love I have bestowed upon you – if you ask for more, I will have to commence by loving you [less], in order to be able to increase my affection in the future, so as to reach the same level as it reposes in now. Would you like that? I am sure I have every confidence in my

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my own darling, & do not fear trusting my whole life into your keeping – my mother was saying yesterday “well! true it is very far, but Major Steele is such a good, honorable man, that it in a measure, makes the parting less bitter, as we know he will be kind”. So my darling sees what they all think of him. Mrs. J. Pope is a great friend, but is no connection of mine, being only a cousin to my cousin, Mrs. Tache. She is an intimate friend of Julia's I know – Julia said in her letter she did not think she would dignify me by the name of “aunt”. I told her I would not be very cross with her if she did not. My Father thinks all your photo's [sic] good, particularly the last one, only that you look a smaller & thinner man than I say – also, “that if I say, Major Steele is not a good-looking fellow, that I do not know what good- looking men are” – they have come to the conclusion that I want to surprise them when you appear on the scene, as I keep saying “all the men find him good looking, while I think him a fine man” – in my inmost heart, “you are the dearest, the best & the handsomest man the earth holds for me”, but I will let them judge for themselves: it is better so, as they of course, knowing the depth of my love, will beleive [sic] me prejudiced in your favor.

If you were not better than the bridegroom elect for February, I should soon

have heard of it – people are always eager to let those who love, know anything against the object of their affection & one never fails to find over-zealous friends, presuming on the strength of their friendship, ready to tell all the bad they have heard, while the good is generally set aside to be learnt by accident! I shall do my very best to make the new home that shelters us both so nice, cosy [sic] & entertaining that you will always desire to be by my side. When duty calls you afar, that you will be anxious to return to the loving little wife. You will have left behind to mourn your absence & look forward to giving you a warm welcome on your arrival. So, with such good resolutions in my heart, only awaiting the opportunity to put them into execution, could you be otherwise than a kind & true husband to the little girl who has given the very best & deepest love of a very ardent heart to her darling Sam? I think the confessions I make you, must prove the depth of my love. I fear I am almost unmaidenly sometimes & should perhaps blush for [arousing] such love!!!

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So Mrs. Mac. says you cannot possibly wait a year, but what do you say? Mr. Pritchard must be surprised that my religion did not come between us, as you must recall the conversations he had during his visit to you, while I was with Mrs. Mac – however, I am so pleased they all congratulate you & trust they will never find they made a mistake & shake their heads in pity for you!! I have not as yet received the bracelet, but trust it will come tomorrow. I am sure to like it, for is it not a gift from my darling? My letters give you so much pleasure, that it increased the delight I feel in writing to know that, & trust when they are not worded as nicely as I should like your love will hinder too severe a criticism & make you blind to the many faults I possess. Indeed! faith & you do say very many nice things & very sweet ones too, far more than I deserve. Some men have the knack of turning a compliment well & giving it a semblance of truth; you are of the number, still it gives me unlimited joy to read your loving words & try to beleive [sic] you mean them

all. I mean as far as compliments are concerned, for I do not for an instant doubt

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your deep sincere love. I am glad Mrs. Wilson is so nice. Mrs. Mac. said she was & you know she knew her in Chatham some years ago. She will be, another lady in the Fort, quite worth thinking of, as there are so few now. Jealousy is only caused where doubt exists, so you would be very unreasonable to allow any idea like that to enter your head & make you ugly to any poor mortal who has not met with the same luck as you have, without sufficient reason & you know, none could be found - had I wished I had a few opportunities, which I let pass silently by. You should be pleased that others found I had a few good qualities as well as yourself – otherwise you might imagine you had been deluded by a very designing woman! No! You said nothing of the ball. Where does it take place? be sure & tell me all about it, when it comes off. I like the last photo & it is a profile, just what I wished for: every one you send, pleases me & the more I look at the one that came today, the more the resemblance to one I love very dearly, comes to me. You should have had me near you, to keep you warm on your way home from Pincher Creek. I am a pretty good stove, when well lit, the fire is very consuming & throws out glow & heat all

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around, within a convenient distance, well understood. I am of the kind that believes [sic] more in love after marriage than before & I feel such will be the case with me – of course, the love I bear you now is true, still the sensations of the heart lead me to think it will increase in the future & become so solid & enduring that nothing will make it quake or cause one flutter in its loyalty to the “king of my heart” – a lover is indulgent, my pet, & sees beauty where no one else does. You did give me a critical inspection

once when riding & had you been where my heart is, would have felt the quickening of its throbs & have been sorry for the blushes which you un-knowingly brought to my cheeks & never noticed - however, you will know there exists no perfection in me; it is just as well, it is so. Since you have made up your mind to think so well of me, there is no use trying to persuade you to do the contrary, but, if ever the day dawns that will teach you, you made a mistake, do not say I did not warn you. Go riding my pet, when you can. You remember it had to be done as it invariably did you good in the autumn, so you said. Very often I feared it was not good on account of the pain in your side, & deprived myself of the ride, rather than hurt you - however, had your society been denied me, I should have been selfish enough to take the canter, rather than miss seeing you. Mrs. Mac. told me of the pretty lamp, jugs & spittoons you had bought for our home – You pet! Why did you keep it a secret? Was it because you feared I might want to hurry back in order to satisfy my woman's curiosity by seeing for myself? it is good of you to think of me so much & give me so many proofs of your affection, while my hands are crossed & I can do nothing. I will try & give ample proof in the future which seems so bright & ~~eoleur~~ couleur de rose for us. Mrs. M__ also told me of the pretty present you gave her. She is highly pleased, I assure you. She thinks a great deal of you & seems anxious to see you happy. I hope you beleive [sic] me when I say it is not that I disliked the name of Sam, that I never wrote it – it was a certain, indescribable feeling of timidity, reserve, I know not what, that I experienced every time I even thought of you by that name, that caused me to shun writing it. I fancied my blushes would reflect so, that they would ~~color~~

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give even a hint of pink to the very paper that carried my loving words to you so far away. I hope I have your full pardon & that you are convinced of the truth of what I say. Why! if you saw my face now, you would pity me.

My cheeks are burning & are quite crimson as well as my ears. They burn so! I wonder if my darling is perchance saying a few kind words about me. I like that full-sized photo, do you know? You look so nice & tall & by degrees I will get to fancy there is not such a great, great difference in our size. Though when I stand near you, I feel terribly small. My darling how every scene & place where we were together comes often to my mind! do you remember the night at Mr. C. Wood's when we behaved so well that he was firmly convinced there was not the faintest idea of love between us? What does he think of us, now? Still that night my heart told me more than once how firmly I loved you & how dear you were to me, but even you, your very self did not perceive it. The night you met us with Lex coming from church! I found you so cool I was sure you never gave me a second

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thought, but a few words you said while enjoying a smoke at the door, dissipated the gloomy [first days] & led me to beleive [sic] you did care a wee bit – it was always like that. Sometimes I imagined I was dear, then again I was not !!.. The days we were apart, I on the [Mrs.] & you at Macleod, taught me the true state of affairs, as I told you before. Why, the very confidence I placed in you & gave you proof of the very morning we left was another thing that convinced me of the deep impression you had made. I hope you will like the enclosed. It is very true & [just] comes up to my idea of how to manage him well – do you object to the treatment? I am pretty busy just now, as I told you in one of my previous letters. at what? You may ask, but c'est un secret!! I trust you will write soon – if you only knew that after the mail has come, & I get no news from you, that I long for the day to pass & the morrow to come, to hear from my own love, you would favor me often! Time seems long away from you, but “hope gives one life” & causes many a happy moment. Well, my darling, this letter is long enough. Sweet kisses are imprinted just here

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for my darling Sam – with the fervent hope that God will bless you my
darling, & give you happiness, beleive [sic] in the sincere love felt for you
by

Your
own darling
Maye.

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