

2008.1.1.1.1.19

Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil
Feb 27th / 89.

My own darling,

I have waited in vain for a letter from my pet, but come to write as usual today not wishing you to be as disappointed as I have been at no news. There is that black word once more written & by me!! – Of course, I beleive [sic] you have favored me since the last I have received dated the 14th & which has already been answered by two letters, but the trains are to blame no doubt, so I forgive you without the smallest feeling of spite remaining in my heart. You will perceive what a good little girl you love, by the three letters, one for every mail I addressed you last week, wishing to give you a

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surprise at receiving the last, though but a short note. I hope my pet that you are not ill, & that the cause of my having no letter to peruse this last week. if so, there is no use talking, I will have to hurry in order to nurse you back to perfect health, with my sweet love, care & unremitting attention to my dearly beloved. Business may have called you away from Macleod, in fact a thousand & one things arise to prevent your writing – as long as you love me just the same, I extend my hearty pardon for the neglect, but if the love were getting less & the pet, thinking distance diminished the confidence & trust he has for poor little me, found out the feeling

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was not as sincere & stable as he had been led to imagine, then ah! me! Lent is fast approaching, but will make but little difference to us – we have been very quiet, but society people will be glad to rest after all the dissipation they have indulged in. My thoughts are playing havoc with my pen & I have no control upon what I am writing, as you will notice – they are with you, my darling & I scarcely know what words I have traced. My heart is sore at no letter from you – my love is such, that not having the pleasure of seeing you, I ever wish to read your dear missives, as perusing them delights me beyond words. I am rather busy but not too much so to find ample time to read yours & write in return, so do so please & often as possible. The Baby is walking around me, first on one side, then on the other & doing every thing to attract my attention, & she succeeds fairly well, I must candidly say. Well my own darling, I leave you today very reluctantly, but can do nothing else, having no news to interest you whatever. This will merely tell you that I am very well & that no letters have come to me since the 21st. With my warmest love, & a heart full of deep devotion to my own pet, with very many sweet kisses, I am

Your own dear little Maye

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