

2008.1.1.1.1.61

Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil,  
Aug 10<sup>th</sup> / 89.

My own darling Sam,

Having some leisure moments this evening, I hasten to devote them to my own dear pet, whom I have missed & longed for so eagerly today! Sometimes it seems as if the time of our separation were neverending & the happy dawn of our meeting never come – it has been such a day to me, therefore you can perhaps imagine with what pleasure I come to converse with you tonight. Your very short letter of the 1<sup>st</sup> reached me on Friday & was warmly welcomed, though it really is the very briefest my darling as so far penned to me. However, pet, I excuse you, knowing perfectly well how very much occupied you must have been after the visitors left & not even your fatigue, which was sure to follow all the exertion consequent to the Comr.'s stay among you, was sufficient to deprive me of your dear missive. It is too bad

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Lex was hasty & came to hot words with the Comr. as he will do all he can against him after this. I am sure Mrs. Mac will be furious if they deprive her of any room, for her house will be too small to store all the furniture Grandmamma has sent up. Of course she wrote me all her troubles, desiring me not to let her mother know of it or & to be sure to say nothing to you, or mention it when I answered her, for fear either Lex or yourself might think she should not tell me, so you see pet, how very discreet you must be. Did you confess the very grave step you had in view to Mr. White? he must feel for you, my dear, if you did – though I have never had the pleasure of meeting him, I have met his wife very often & he is very well acquainted with my cousin Mrs. Tache, whom he said was charming. she is really one of the nicest women you could wish to meet & is a great favorite in Ottawa. It was kind of him to say he would be happy to do anything for you & no doubt you may profit of his offer if the opportunity presents itself when you come down.

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It really is terrible for Mr. Huot to wish you to mention him every time you write, still I do not think there is very much cause for jealousy as you are the one who delivers the message. I am glad he is not lonely, though he must miss your society very much, particularly after living with you so intimately all during your sojourn in Kootenay. Is not Percy married? it seems to me he joined the ranks last autumn sometime & sent his cards to Lex. he has his leave too – that gives me food for reflection, does it not? perhaps you also meditate on all that his leave means for you & I. anyway, he shall receive a warm welcome for his own sake as well as yours, for I think him a very nice fellow. I wonder what reasons the Comr. can have for acting so queerly to Lex. but it should not surprise me & he may treat you in the same way at no very distant date – he is of the kind who keeps one always on the qui vive waiting to see what he will do next. Is not he one of the good men? if so, he must have noticed the mysterious sign & glance that thrilled Mr. W. & yourself. I do not think it a great sin – may be you are mesmerizing me by degrees, but, as long as you keep your promises, you may do as you please. I go my way, you go yours – the day may come when one will regret it, but I pray God it is very far away. I am well aware that it is nice to see husband & wife kneel side by side, but that is a delight not in store for me. your good-bye shows me that even if you have not been a regular member in attending all the meetings, you have not forgotten the grip or whatever it is, which tells one mason when he meets another. I trust the coal oil will turn out a success. by the by, Miss Patrick that was, Mrs. Dixon died yesterday. She was a nice girl, but as you say had been spoiled by her mother & ran after A.D.C.'s & military men so much, she almost missed her chance of being other than missed all her days. Several young ladies in Ottawa were the same & they were not liked by other young men. Miss Kingsford for instance is charming, but will never marry – her day is passed [sic] & she whiled away the pleasant hours flirting with the redcoats who really are very dangerous, as I can say from experience, having been severely scorched myself, not very

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long ago either. Grandmamma seems quite well & the noise which as a rule, reigns in a house full of boys, does not tire her too much. Regie, Beau, John & Alice have gone to a dance which takes place in the “de Lothniere House” this evening. They will, I suppose enjoy it, though it did not tempt me in any way. Tomorrow the evening, I will accompany them to the

Dorion's, as I promised faithfully to do so last Sunday & I must keep my word, no matter how little inclined I may feel to go. They are commencing to lament the near approach of the end of the vacation which has certainly passed quickly for us all! – Poor Mamma sometimes ventures to say a word about this time next year, but generally ceases there. she will, I fear, miss me sadly & you do not know what consolation I derive from the knowledge that I have always endeavored to please dear Papa & herself in every way. It makes me leave them with a lighter heart, as I trust they will always recall & speak of me with pleasure.

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We felt Gertie's departure very much & she was only leaving to reside in Montreal. I go so far & for such an uncertain length of time that Mamma will feel it much more no doubt, circumstances being so different. Gertie went to live near friends, I go to strangers..... Ah! pet, you see how dearly I must love you, when I sever such home-ties for your dear sake. We have not been as gay as usual this summer, so many of the family being in mourning. we need to receive every week autrefois, but these last two [summm seasons] have been quiet. The weather this week has been very pleasant, having been treated to the rain. I hope it will continue some time longer. There are so many officers in Macleod now that it astonishes me that they can find quarters for them all – it is a wonder Mr. Mc P. or the Dr. are not with you, as the Comr. must find a whole house far too much for a bachelor. All the papering is finished no doubt, & looks well after the ugly walls. It is getting late & "my eyelids close in sweet repose" so I will kiss

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good-night my own darling & hope you will consider the blot on the first sheet of this, a very affectionate embrace, indiscreetly left there by a busy pen. With warm heart yearnings for my own pet, believe me, as ever  
Your own loving  
little Girl.

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