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Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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98th St. Luke St.
Montreal, Apr. 24th / 89.

My own darling Boy,

Your dear letter of the 14th was sent me down from home, & you never can imagine the pleasure it gave me. Of course I will not attempt to answer it today, as I have not the leisure to do it well. Knowing you will be disappointed if you do not hear from me for some days, I merely write this to let you know I am quite well. I came down yesterday to attend to some shopping for Mrs. Mac & to visit the dentist, who keeps me over tomorrow. As I have to remain, I will avail myself of a kind

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Invitation extended by my old friend Mr. Cowie, who wishes me to hear "Erminie": it is a pretty, bright opera & I will enjoy it, I am sure. You do not mind my going, pet, do you? Were you near, there would be no fear of any one else desiring to be my escort. I brought my darling's photo down to show him to his relatives to be & he has been found very fine & all have heard so much of him & in such high terms, they are anxious to meet the treasure I have f been fortunate enough to win & who is so very dear to me, my own pet. I begin to believe you will be very much spoilt when I come to you as all hold you in such esteem & I will have difficulty in taking

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the conceit out of you, my darling. Mrs. Mathews cannot fail to be comfortable & happy in your old quarters. I know I would be, provided you were there to share them with me. You will know ere this how much the

dear Freddie thinks of you & would be quite amused at all he was asking about me, desiring to be convinced I was worthy such a fine specimen, no doubt. Well, I do not mind if Mrs. Mac does not think you as nice as you really are – you are all the world to me, my pet, that is sufficient for any one. You are so good & kind, ~~that~~ how could I help loving you, when you wish to surround me with everything that will, in a way, contribute to my happiness? although it will be as complete as it possibly can be, when you are near & mine forevermore. You do well to warn me beforehand, as when you are in a temper I will say nothing: only try to look sweet & by that means, try to disarm my pet. I keep repeating, but these two little imps of cousins are bothering me for all they are worth, so you will have to make allowances for this fearful scrawl. My giving you my hand was but a proof of the trust I knew I could have in you, but the heart had been in your keeping for a long time, though hardly conscious of the [truants] place of abode ~~at the time~~. We are both wise, my pet & old enough

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to know our own minds, but the love we bear each other is only the more true & sincere. I only hope you are as proud of your choice, as I of mine & we are sure to be as happy as two beings could ever be!! I never found you came too soon or too often, pet, to suit me, for I knew of the many days & hours I should sigh for a sight of your dear self & not have the delight of a pressure from your dear hand, even so enjoyed the bliss when I could & the memories of the sweets gone by, console me for those I am deprived of now. The names you give me now are as nice as [aimee] & more dear to my heart. I shall never tire of them, for they always make my heart throb faster when my eye falls on them.

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Call yourself no more forsaken my pet, when you have my great, deep love all yours, even if we are so far apart; it is a thing which will soon be ended. You wish for so many kisses, that I shall never in the world be able to repay you for all you have missed, so trust you will not be too exacting. I wrote

Father Lacombe long ago & addressed it to Macleod; hope it was sent on & am charmed to know he is favoring your appointment, which I hope, will not part us too often. I know how much they think of my pet & am happy in the knowledge of it. My intended is very vain, because he win's [sic] men's hearts, not to mention those of the fair sex who have come out of the contest very much

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bruised & with no balm of Gilead near to heal them. "Vanity, thy name is woman," might be reversed a wee bit, do you not think? You are pleased to know that the haughtiness has all gone & that the personage you allude you to, has been more humble to you than ever to man before! – My looks are against me you see, my pet, & the expression of my thin lips leads one to believe me otherwise than real flesh & blood & very warm at that! – did you for one moment think I was going to let people see all I thought of you when I knew not whether you cared a pin for me or not? No Sir, so steadied my beating heart, by [turning] my head in such a way, that the delight shining in my eyes would not be visible to all. If you would die for her, she would give her life for you, so the love she bears you is about as true as love could ever be & well you know it too. My last letter may have surprised you, but I was hurt when I wrote it, but you had nothing to do with it, my own love, though so closely concerned. do not be angry at me for writing, & I will tell you all when we meet as I have promised to say nothing about it & do not for the world give me away to Lex or Mrs. Mac. Tell her I will write soon as I get home, as it is as much as I manage to write to my darling, with the two children in & out all the time. My own pet, I wish I had the letter near which I know is awaiting my perusal at home. Many sweets I

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send you, my own one & hoping you are quite well, I reluctantly say bye bye. Think often & lovingly of your own pet, & who Loves to be called
Your
own dearest dear
little Girl.

Dr. Allan is a widower now, his wife dying on Monday – being rather fond of the sex he will be getting young again. I am ashamed to send this, as the pen is not the style I use & am so hurried – forgive me for it.

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