

2008.1.1.1.1.87

Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil,
Nov 17th / 89.

My own darling Sam,

Your short letter of the 7th I received Thursday last – strange as it may appear our Thanksgiving day was on the same date as yours, but it made little difference to us for we were busy just the same. I only got this far in my letter when Uncle Antoine, the Col. & a cousin of Mamma's, Duncan Macdonald from Ottawa came in to call & are still here. I managed to escape however & as they are indulging in the fragrant weed hope they will not miss me. Mr. McD. Says he knew you in O. in '82 & was wondering if you would remember him – he is very intimate with Mr. Vivian Steele & they both are in the same Dept. I believe. Well,

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my dear old pet will not be long before he has his little girl to talk to now! You will probably be here this time next month if not before & will have passed through the trying ordeal you dread (?) so much. The honeymoon is about over once more I suppose & your invitation to dinner renewed – my pet will find it hard to refuse I have no doubt. You are becoming more intimate with Grandma, but I sincerely hope all my shortcomings were not made known to you, dear. You discussed us all freely I know but as I am the only member of the family whom you are acquainted with, I am aware that all my failings are known by now so I venture to trust you were merciful. Mr. D. still continues to improve I am happy to say & he may in the end turn out as good as many others – we hope it anyway & as he is very fond of Louise he will do

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a great deal for her. Mrs. Mac having returned, grandma will be all right for a short time, but will soon be on the qui vive to take her departure as she tells me in her letter written on the 7th. Mr. Wood does pitch into the Comr. but I know not what effect it will have on him, or more particularly in Ottawa.

They will see how little he is thought of anyway. when we were in the Mts., Mr. Wilson had a servant called Sommerville, who seemed a quiet, nice fellow – he is likely the one referred to. I anticipate more happiness with you, dear than usually falls to woman's lot, but my heart is often heavy when I reflect on the great change which will so soon come to me. I feel & am sure you will be all kindness & love, still there is a wide barrier for me to cross & womanlike, it is ever before my eyes. If perchance the power of acting as Justices of the Peace were taken from the Officers it would save you a great deal of trouble, would it not? So Woolly will be away from Macleod when I return? I had made up all kinds of plans to be good to him when he was ill, but some one else will do it in my place. he is delicate & will be better at home, though his home has not been such to him. So my pet still persists in refusing to go to the dances? you should enjoy yourself sometimes & it would be a break in the monotony of your daily life. wait till I am there, my darling though from that you will be led to believe that Mr. Z. W. is right & that you will be dragged to balls in spite of yourself, but I will not be quite as bad as that I assure you. The Champion's experience of woman, has in his opinion

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been a very hard one, but I think he will get over it & be ready to fall a victim as soon as he finds one he fancies worthy of his deep affection – strange they are so injured still will seek the fire again!!!.... We are lucky to have you on our side, for you can flatten out persons very nicely if it so pleases you, especially with your sarcastic glance & tongue. I have learnt it by bitter experience, as you well know so talk with reason. Unfortunately they say Mrs. K-s [aunt] used to indulge in too much liquor & that, of course, caused her to commit suicide – still, Mrs. K. would have done better to let the subject rest, rather than joke about it. You are doing your best to convince me that you are fond of riding, but I fear it will be difficult. Your love for me made you care for it a year ago, but nothing else. Mrs. Hubert has never had a good photo taken.

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the upper part of her face is very pretty & her nose is a small straight one. Louise has fine eyes, very different to mine I assure you & you must tell me what you think of her when you see her. Well, my darling, I have been pondering over everything & have come to the conclusion that I shall not write you after next Sunday the 24th unless you let me know the exact date of your departure. I will not trust my letters to fate & would not wish them to

fall into other hands. I might write on the Tuesday following, but not later, sure. I leave for Montreal in the morning & may spend the week, but will endeavor to be home before, as I have too much to do here. I am so anxious to see you, dear & long for the day when I can bid you welcome in my loved old home, though I fear you are under the impression that my love is not as strong as it is, but time will convince you of its truth. Trusting
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you are well & that you will excuse this rambling letter written with persons coming in & out all the time & disturbing me, believe me, Ever

Your own dear loving
little Girl.

In my hurry I forgot to send my usual sweet kisses, but now print one right here & hope you will find it as sweet as I would wish it to be were your dear lips in close proximity to mine. as ever if not more than ever,
Your own little Maye.

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