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Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil
Jan 30th / 89.

My darling Sam,

Your kind continuation of the letter commenced on Jan 18th & partly answered on Sunday last, I received yesterday. To say I was surprised at its coming would be an untruth as it was eagerly watched for & moreover I longed for one today & have been sadly disappointed – in fact I was so sure of hearing from you on Wednesday as usual that I never knew today was not Tuesday until this evening when about to write you. You see what you get my dear, by depriving me of one of your letters, set me all wrong as to days & dates & will now get no letter from me until Saturday the 9th I suppose, when this will come into your hands, as you had written so faithfully, that your sweet missives came regularly, every Wednesday, I was positive after the mail came that I was a day ahead in my expectations so said to myself “I will write some tonight & finish

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tomorrow afternoon”. I do find our epistles take such a long time to come & go! When your answers reach me I fancy an age has elapsed since the different subjects we write about have been penned, so it must be the same to you & my letters must seem very dry sometimes. I fear you might find our Vaudreuil air anything but pleasant just now. We have a great quantity of snow & it is rather cold, though the sun shone very brightly today. You must not say that I have more confidence in you than you

deserve. did I not think you in every way worthy, it should be withheld, & I should have schooled that small organ of mine which plays such havoc with our lives & have kept it within bounds. I, am not blind yet you see, though I love you so dearly, & selfish enough to seek for happiness where I am sure of finding it. So Mrs. Mac thought you had loved before! Well, so did I until the day you had such difficulty in convincing me, as I never could beleive [sic] a man or woman could be engaged without due reflection on either side & all the pros & cons well weighed & considered before the final answer was given. however

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I suppose there must sometimes be an innocent victim led to sacrifice & in your case, the order of things was reversed & you were the unwilling lamb. I am sorry to miss the opportunity of showing them here of how well I profited of the lessons you gave me & what an honor I should be to any master; but the fates are against me & they have only my word as to what equestrian feats I can perform. however, I trust that when I return to Macleod, if the weather is favorable, we shall lose no time in resuming the positions we occupied last autumn & shall continue, just where we left off, if only for the sake of those dear old days which proved so enjoyable to both! I think no pastime shall ever be surrounded with the halo of romance that riding will always have for me & I shall always look eagerly forward to a ride with you, my own one, even after the novelty of going out with your wife shall have faded away. perhaps, if the "Majah's" sister had the same offer as I had, she should not fear to mount & enjoy a little of the intoxication(?) which produced such happy results for you & I. Would you not like to try? I, cannot say what come over Dr. A. he acted strangely to me ever after the Sunday of the "Sundance" as I often told you; but he vented his humor on one & all as you know. They are queer, there's no two ways about it & the greater the distance between us, the better. I never admired Mrs. K__ as Mrs. Mac will tell you, always finding her very flighty, of very little judgment,

etc. As for my birthday, my pet do you not know that like [Topsy] “I grewed”? My birthday was the day “my love came to me”, as my song says. do you remember the day? perhaps a few words will recall it. The first day we rode across the river that I pained you & in revenge, you breathed your love. That evening just as you came into the parlor, I was singing “My Love is come” for Mr. Wroughton, Eva & Mrs. Pritchard [now]. When I heard your voice “my heart stood still to hear” & had they been the least observant would have known at a minute’s notice the true state of my heart feelings. My ears were tingling & I know not how I even got to the end of-it the song. Then I knew “the birthday of my life!” Your news about Miss [Ground] was not a very great surprise as I half-expected the turn affairs would take. I never could

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have feigned such perfect indifference but she felt that way I firmly believe [sic] & had not things come to a crisis, he would not be such a happy man. I trust they shall have the usual amount of bliss allotted to human nature but I anticipate far more than usually falls to mortals’ share. No doubt while playing such an important part in the ceremony, your mind wandered a little & you saw a similar scene enacted, ~~but~~ which caused warmer feelings to surge up within your heart towards the woman standing there. I do not find you staid, being just as much so myself, though you say there is a spirit of mischief lurking in me. I fail to see it, still can enjoy a good thing when I see or hear it. What can Mrs. Mac & yourself find to talk of? I must be exhausted long ago & a casual mention of the month is all that serves to recall me to your memory. Of course, it would be perfectly useless to ask me to take pity on you now, not being in any way ready to respond to the demand. A woman requires time, you know. Well, my own darling, it is now the hour when all good children are in deep_repose & I must follow good example, so will say good-night & a thousand sweet kisses are imprinted are on

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your lips & you shall feel them when in slumber-land dreaming, I trust, of your little girl.

Thursday. The night has passed but my travels through dreamland were unbroken by even one glimpse of you, much as I desired to be with my own love. I received the "Gazette" you sent me & enjoyed perusing its familiar pages. I see with pleasure that they intend constructing the long wanted bridges & hope I may be one of the first to cross in company of some one well known to my boy. I have taken a little cold which has the happy knack of making me feel stupid, as I am sure you cannot have failed to perceive. The mail has just come & no letter for me but I am not going to say I am disappointed. if you do not write, I must bow my head & submit without a murmur, but the distance between us is so great, that a letter is a grea comfort. however, "the least said, soonest mended". Another snowstorm is raging & it is very cold. The weather for the carnival [propititions] & go far to make all turn out very successfully. The banquet must have been an enjoyable one & the ball also. Were all the ladies present? of course

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Mrs. Mac did not put in an appearance. Have you seen anything of Mr. Champneys lately & was he as talkative as ever? one would imagine him wound up when he begins. You must have been quite taken aback when you read of the changes I desired made in the house we are to occupy - as it may be our home for some years I should like it as convenient as possible, so for that reason desire the alterations – do not fancy me fussy or fastidious for wishing it different but you will understand when I can tell you all the benefits derived de live voise. Mrs. Mac will confirm what I say & tell you the comfort she has with her large wardrobe & etc. Alec must be full of importance & business now for which I am very glad - he must be getting

thin & will wear away to a shadow if he works too hard. Tell him so, & give him my love as well as to Mrs. Mac. I wrote her a long letter last Sunday, which she shall have received some days ere this reaches you. Well, my dear, I will really have to cease, as I can find nothing more to interest you. ["Albani" Lang] twice in Montreal, but I did not go, having heard her on her previous trip, some four or five winters ago. With fondest love & very many sweet kisses, beleive [sic] me, my darling,

Your
Own loving but disappointed
Maye.

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