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Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil,
Aug 6th / 89.

My own dear old darling Sam,

Your dear letter of the 27th [ult] reached me today & has been read over & over again with pleasure. You are or have been very busy owing to Mr. White's visit. I trust he has settled all about the dividing of the houses & that it will not be done – they are not too large as they are & will, I sincerely hope be left as in the past. I should detest having any person in the house besides ourselves when I return & hope it will not take place. If Lex has come back your mind must be at ease with regard to the claim. If it should prove profitable, how delighted I shall be for the sake of my own old pet! I only hope your men will not desert you when you have the additional charge of a wife, with all your other worries to look after & that they will find my rule an easy one. I had a nice letter from Mrs. C. Wood today in answer to

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mine. She tells me about the accident & says she is in a fair way to recovery. Mrs. Zach was fortunate to escape with such slight injuries. Mrs. C. is very plucky indeed & must have a great amount of nerve. I found you very charming when we were riding, that is before we went on our trip to the Mts. – do you know, my pet, we were out but half-a-dozen times or less before that? Your apparent indifference would vanish a little when we were alone, but as soon as a third person appeared or that you were within walls, it returned & you were a perfect icicle. You surprised me sometimes by things you said, but having heard what a flirt you were, fancied you were trifling with me so paid you back in your own coin. You remember the first time I rode the black pony, when we accompanied Mr. Wroughton part of the way – when I turned & suggested it was time to think of home you were surprised. When questioned & that I said I wished to ride with you, did not your heart warn you that there was danger ahead? I feared I had given myself away by my candid

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avowal. You began to lament over the Champion's grief at the separation & I thought it was a nice way of wishing me to know that you did not care for me. did you not notice how independent I was for some time after? I recall every small incident connected with you, my pet, with the greatest pleasure now, though at that moment it grieved me sorely. Indeed, Sir, your sarcastic remark about the personage was made long before the evening you were almost talked to death, if my memory is faithful. had I but known I was "Queen of your heart" on that night, I might have been more communicative – as things then seemed to me, speech was impossible. my busy fingers gave me ample excuse for saying little – do you remember? You are firmly convinced that a man of thirty loves deeply & well. it is the same with woman – a man who pleased me when I was twenty seems hateful almost to me now & I often wonder what I could see to admire – faults have become very pronounced which in the olden times, I never thought could possibly exist!! – I now know that the true love of my life has come to me in earnest & as days go by, the affection increases. You say "I would have loved you anyway, but if you had all those nice things, I might not have had the courage & etc" – what nice things do you mean? I cannot recall what my letter of the 20th contained which would lead you to say that. Mr. Wilson must feel quite proud of the new dignity conferred upon him! They will relish living in Macleod, being so near friends. It seems to me it will be sufficient excuse for the Comr. to desire you to move, when you are married – the mere fact of inconveniencing a lady seems to delight him & he is far from being the gallant cavalier I thought him! – Mrs. Mac's picture of all the fixing up in store for you need not appall you, my pet. I am one of the kind who can do almost anything for herself, being very independent. Your help may sometimes be called into requisition, but not every day unless you particularly desire it – if you are careless about personal

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comfort, I shall be near to see to all your wants & being fond of taking life easily, you shall lack nothing I can give you, my darling. I regret you were so lonely the evening you wrote – had you been near me, what charming things might have been said! – The sight of you, my pet, would please me greatly but five months from now will soon see me your own, if things go well. Mrs. W. F. I fancied was just too sweet for anything & that she was a perfect treasure. They told me Mrs. Deane was very imperious, but she did not [illegible] me much! – I will begin to think the idea of matrimony is

causing you worry & making you careworn. You must not fancy I am going to be a Tartar, for I do not believe I will. You look nice enough for me, anyway, no matter how you looked during the rebellion – when asked if you are good-looking my reply several times has been, “quite nice enough for me, that is sure”. The celebrated pistol was not in the house at the time I might have needed it – the cartridges were missing & more than all the little girl does not

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know how to load a pistol. I have shown my ignorance by saying the cartridges were ~~near~~ missing, but forgot your belt was there as well, though I did try it on once just to see how well it would fit. You never answered my question as to whether you would teach me how to use firearms when I return with you? – I desire to be one of the most accomplished ladies in the territory, so trust you will grant my request. Thank Heaven! the pistol was near in time of need for you, my darling. The Dr. does not seem to have won his way to your heart, my own one. he must be a queer fish, for you are as a rule so fond of men. I certainly shall not be in Ottawa previous to your coming. Montreal is the only place likely to see me ere you come & I should prefer seeing you here – however, we have some time yet to decide & we will have everything fixed before you leave the west. I have not said too much in your favor, in order that they may be surprised when you do make your appearance. Well, pet, it is late & I shall kiss my lover Good night & very pleasant dreams –

Aug 7th. I did not finish answering your dear letter last evening, as it was late & I felt weary, but today I am ready to continue my chat with my own old darling Sam. I give you credit for saying what you think, just as I do myself – at least, all I can tell you. You must go out & amuse yourself a little. That will cause you to miss me less, & will do you good as well.

Ladies are queer & you have no idea of the petty jealousies which sometimes exist between them. trifles which they make mountains of! it is so silly I find & I have never allowed such to trouble me in any way. Mrs. Mac is of the kind who likes a little gush while I detest it, although I must candidly say I like people to be friendly – that is sufficient for me, apart from my pet of course. Mrs. Macleod I saw but twice, but she seemed very nice. Never mind, your worries as a bachelor will soon be over now, & perhaps you will sigh for the olden days when you could go & call upon the ladies & flirt away to your hearts [sic] content!. Your dear short letter of the 30th now awaits my answer, my own darling,

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& you cannot imagine how pleased I am that notwithstanding all your duties, you found time to write me, my pet. I hope your visitors were charmed with your work & the way in which you perform the many tasks which fall to you. Mr. Ferguson, if Alec F. I used to know when a little schoolgirl in Ottawa. I met & was reintroduced to him some three years ago, but he was so changed that I never would have known him. You are kept very busy & it is so kind of you to favor me when the hour is so late. I am afraid my pet is piqued because I insinuated that I remembered things better than you did, but that should not surprise you. You had all sorts to worry you, I had nothing but to think of you & what an aggravation you sometimes were, so it cannot be wondered at if every word, glance or incident is well imprinted on my mind. Lex's puzzles have given me many a laugh, for I sometimes had to read them over five or six times before I could make head or tail of what he was writing about. So much so that I used to feel remorse for enjoying them so much. I was pleased also that we had

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a chat in the morning previous to our going to the Mts. & left with a much lighter heart, than if I had not seen you. one thing I will tell you is that I felt you were my friend & would do battle for me if necessary – even your friendship was a blessing though I never fancied I would hope for anything nearer & dearer, my pet & the thought proved a great consolation when we were apart. My impressions of Mr. D. are still the same. You can imagine how much love there is between us when I tell you I have not seem him since Sunday, though he has been here two evenings since. I am very fond of my other inlaw [sic], Richard H. & so are all the others – he is a clever, good fellow, though not good looking, but what are looks? They soon disappear & if the other qualities are lacking there remains little to keep up the love & affection which once existed. I will not ask for lessons – you must be polite enough to offer to accompany me & be as proud of your wife, as you say you were last autumn when you were “but the poor moth around the candle” & the little girl so tender & true in reality, seemed so indifferent, cold & haughty outwardly to the one who was so very dear to her even then. The young man Uncle Henry met is Mr. Royal's private Secretary I believe & is I think a Canadian French, I mean. You find me practical, my darling, I am, I suppose too much so, but my idea's [sic] of life are not all romance though there still remains a fair share of that to make me happy. “Life is real, life is earnest” & I cannot help knowing how true the words are. You may not find me too much so, later on, & you must

remember too that I am a woman “with all a woman’s hopes & fears” – I am never idle, but that does not prevent my thoughts from being with you all the time, my own one. It is a good thing the Majah has lots of nerve; otherwise she might have been seriously hurt. After this month, how quickly time will fly!! Three months more to wait, then we meet, but to part again for a short while – then..... God bless my own dear boy & keep him safely & for my warm deep love. With many sweet’s [sic] & ardent love filling my whole heart, believe me

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Ever

Your own dear Loving

Maye.

I am compelled to leave you as the mail is about to close though I feel as if I could write on ever so much more – a sweet kiss from

Your little Girl –

In reading over the sixth page of this letter I corrected a mistake which was no mistake, only due to want of attention when looking it over. pray forgive me.

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