

2008.1.1.1.1.8

Marie Harwood to Sam Steele

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Vaudreuil  
Jan 20<sup>th</sup> / 89.

My own dear Sam,

There! the name is written at last, though I hesitated for fully a minute before I decided to do so. I know not why I feel so diffident in addressing you by the name you fancy I do not like it is not a very grievous fault, which I trust you will forgive me for. Well my pet, I was very much disappointed at receiving no news from you since Wednesday last, when I wrote you in answer to yours of the 8<sup>th</sup> & acknowledged the receipt of your photo. Were you a Superintendent when that was taken, for I can see but one crown on your collar instead of two as you usually have now? You will say I notice everything, but if you had sat as long as I have with your dear self before my eyes you too would remark all. Tell me why you find my letter finished on the 1<sup>st</sup> the nicest of all. I cannot remember having said anything which would justify you in

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the conclusion you came to & in consequence am quite puzzled. I fear you must be very tired when you have done reading the [?gets] I write, when you say "it must be a task to wade through the columns of trash" you favor me with. if Yours are [worthless] in your eyes, what must mine be? whatever they may be to you, I prize them, coming as they do direct from a heart which I hope, loves me as dearly as the letters lead me to trust & believe. if it were not so, I never could have confidence in man again, for a

sentence I once saw has ever remained imprinted in my memory. “never deceive for a heart once misled can never trust wholly again”. – it is very true is it not, & I have always endeavored to bear it in mind, even in my every day routine & “done unto others as I should wish others to do unto me”. I am surprised that the Majah!... is not ready to give you lessons in waltzing as she is very willing provided the pupils are apt & as nice as you can be – just ask her I am sure she will not refuse & she will interest you sufficiently I have no doubt. her sister goes up in April, does she not? I

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hope she will not make pretty eyes at you & cause you to swerve one second in your allegiance to me, when circumstances condemn me to be so far away from my heart’s treasure – “a big one,” you will say, & “loved as much as possible for a man to be” will be my answer. We have just had a little excitement. one of the birds took a fit, frightened by a bit of apple & every one was rushing around & talking except your humble servant, who was as usual in one of her calm moods. You will fancy it takes a great deal for me to be otherwise, but it’s my way, you see. The weather is fine, but very cold & no snow whatever. It seems to strange at this season, when we generally have it in such quantities. Northwest weather, in fact !!... Part of the ice palace tumbled down the other day – a wall twenty feet high & they fear the carnival will prove a failure – true it commences on the 4<sup>th</sup> of February only, still they usually have preparations [sic] far advanced two weeks before the desponding ones, shake their heads & do not say much. Have the Neale’s [sic] left Fort Macleod? I mean the family – if so, you must feel quite grand having that house to roam about in, at your own sweet will. busy with your thoughts for company & building “castles in the air”. You spoke of furnishing it, now I will speak of the alterations I should like made previous to going up. I should like it divided up-stairs exactly like Mrs. Macdonell’s, if convenient. The room to the right, which is now divided, thrown into one, with a large cupboard as Mrs. M\_\_\_ has. then the

room to the left divided & a wardrobe in the hall, as it is at Mrs M\_\_\_s, with this difference – the dark closet would open in the hall wardrobe, instead of being at the end of the large wardrobe, as Mrs. Mac. has it. do you understand me, my pet? Women are a bother! I think I hear you say, but it is for you as well as for me, so I know it will interest you too. Of course, if you find a better way of arranging things, do not hesitate in letting me know when you can & you need not hurry too much either. If the wardrobe in the large room can be made a little narrower than Mrs. Mac's so much the better as it will give more place – if not , do the very best you can & what pleases you, will be sure to be satisfactory to me my own love. Now I told you what I thought about the furniture, but if you would like it ready for me, suit yourself. You are the one to please, first & foremost. When I think that in a year from now I may be with you

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in Macleod, it seems as if I was in a dream! – I sit, look & think with your photo in my hands & wonder if it is really the man who is so near, so dear, & to be my husband, some day. You look so decided, so stern in the [parcel] photo, that you make me imagine I hear you say, “Heaven help you, if you fool me!” – I am sure I should live to regret it, so you need not give the subject a moment's thought. You remember how pained you were when I said you frightened me, except that you took it up differently to the way it was meant. I was quite blue that last Sunday with you, all owing to that, & a few remarks intended for advice, but which fell, on the way side & on very bad ground too. I fear I must humbly confess. I do hope you have become more reconciled to my absence, & that my little letters make up in a measure, for the long talks we used to have in “Maye's reserve,” as the arm chair & the small one near, it could be very justly called. My own pet, how much love you have aroused in my heart, which I never thought capable of such deep affection. it is a surprise to my very self – one really never can imagine the depth of

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human loss. [unless?] one has sincerely felt it. You seem to give in now, that such a thing does exist, as you say you often played at love-making, but now you know what it is in earnest. I only hope my own pet, my very own, does not reject his choice & that I will in every way prove equal to the high standard he has raised me to. my only fear is that you will be disappointed in me; but, I have always acted & appeared as I really am, & did not put on when you were by, in order to win your love or admiration. So if you love me now, surely you will love me always. Well, my darling I believe I will trust & hope for a letter tomorrow & so will leave this letter to continue then. I sincerely hope you are quite well by this time – be sure & let me know when you write. Write often & soon for I miss your letters dreadfully when then do not come to me. With very many sweet kisses, I will say a fond good night. God bless & keep my darling safe from harm & give him a heart full of love, for his own little pet—

Monday morning. The mail has come & nothing for me! to say how bitterly I am disappointed is impossible! Why have you not written? is it because I allowed eight

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days to elapse, from N. Years to the 8<sup>th</sup> without writing that you punish me in this way. I look forward to your letters with so much pleasure & anticipate such enjoyment when reading the loving words you pen to me!!... que voulez-vous? “Some days must be dark & dreary!” I assure you, you would be surprised at the quantity of snow that fell during the night & still continues. It is very good, as the country was in great need of “the beautiful”, it will I fear interfere with the trains & perhaps cause me many a sigh & heartache if it delays the C.P.R. There is no word of Mr. Huot being transferred , I suppose. he must be delighted & I trust, will be left where he

is. How is Mr. Starnes? does he get as low-spirited as he used to sometimes when I was with you? I used to feel sorry for him now & then, & that dear little fellow, Mr. Wroughton? I hope you will not be sending him out in the cold too often, as he is a protégé of mine, being my champion when he thought danger surrounded me & that there were breakers ahead! One cannot but appreciate disinterested friendship, when such [illegible] are given to test its strength & value! Father Lacombe's [sic] photo are is like yours – coming! I mean those taken in Lethbridge. Excuse these mistakes. My sisters are talking in the next room & hearing them quite plainly, disturb me in my confab with my own love. Mrs. Mac. is I trust quite well. Her servant must be getting useful by this time – does she seem to miss me very much? she also must have become reconciled to my absence & does not go sighing for me. she must miss Mrs. Neale through, as there are so few ladies in the Fort! Mrs. Kennedy is queer. I wonder why she was not “at home” to her when she called. You will not, I fancy, care for her to become my bosom friend when you are nearer than you are at present! You must see that Mrs. K & I never were very warm chums, as we are not the characters to get on well together. Well, my own darling, considering how neglected I feel, I have written you a long letter – that blot disfigures my paper, will I trust not make you believe me untidy – it happened when turning my head to answer some one & time is too precious for me to write this all over again! I hope you are well my darling, & with very many sweet kisses

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believe me .

Your own loving Maye.

Needless to say the enclosed is written by a man! They always have something to say about us! What about themselves? is it that they are so selfish as a rule that they invariably must be praised always? that is a

conundrum for you to solve! Ever Your own Maye.