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Marie Steele to Sam Steele

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26 Ste Famille St
April 20th, 1902

My own darling boy,

It is again Sunday & Torla & myself have gone through our usual routine of half past nine mass – it has been raining, a thing that happens every Sunday it seems to me – the sky is now showing a few bright spots of blue & the sun trying hard to shine. We may after all have a pleasant afternoon – if so, I will take them all to benediction, a short church service – this is held at five, a convenient hour to bring them & they enjoy the singing & music. There is not much news to give

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since I wrote last Wednesday evening. We have been house-cleaning all week, which is not very elevating, nor does it tend to give one thoughts to pen a very interesting letter, I fear. Our [blinds] were put up yesterday so we look quite summerlike – such a difference between this year & last – just a year tomorrow, since you & I went on our second wedding tour to Toronto, & we then left in a blinding snow-storm & the ground was covered to the depth of several feet as you may remember. This year, it has been gone for over a month, the trees are budding fast, the leaves coming

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quickly, everything so much further advanced – strange, there should be such a difference!!

I now take up yours of the 14th Mar. I suppose it being, as I said, before undated & will continue assuming it. The first paragraph I must turn to refers to Miss Scott. When one comes to think, it seems strange that that lady should have been in the Yukon at the same time as yourself, she has been in S. Africa also, was in England too & your poor little wife is vegetating in Montreal, wearing her health & good looks out looking after your three children – the irony of fate!!... Were I free & untrammelled I too, could go about & enjoy life as well as other people. I am not differently constituted to other folks & had I not bother & worry, life would be as rosy & pleasant to me as to others, I assure you. I know money has much to do with it, for as Miss Harwood, I would still be in Vaudreuil – one must have it to travel & do as you please. Well, I hope Miss Scott will get her wish & be near you or Pretoria whichever it may be, I am not surprised she would

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like a change – she has been with you before & “better a divil [sic] you know than a divil [sic] you don't know.” You tell me “I did tell her what Dickey said of me when a bachelor – that when I got married my wife would find “old age creeping over her” & that she might be the same” - things have come to a pretty pass, eh! now is the time for me to put Grace's wise advice into practice & sue for a divorce!! I see the Duke of Devonshire has done so, the co-respondent being Capt. Laycock, of the Yeomanry – is that not nice? who is the Duchess in

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question anyway, I mean ere she married his grace? Is he a young man? such things are horrible & disgust one. I went out yesterday morning, paid your quarterly premium of \$33.45 to the “Great West” - paid “Wm. Gray & Sons, carriage man. Chatham” for the cable sent you, \$11.10 cts. – paid Stanford, London, for maps so kindly sent by Mr. Colmer \$3.04 paid six months subscriptions to Daily Globe, \$5.70 cts. attended to a few other things for the little ones. I am getting our Torla ready for her First Communion, which she makes on May 7th – she so often speaks of you & wishes you were here on

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that day, which you know we all consider as the happiest day of our lives, my dear. She is preparing well for it poor little girl. She still studies hard & is getting on well in all. Gertrude too makes good use of her time, although so young – she is particularly bright in her arithmetic & has known her multiplication tables perfectly for a long time. I see Mr. Jupp is coming out in Orillia against Mr. Tudhope again. They were out in the last election it seems to me. This ~~of~~ is for the Toronto House. I hope Mr. Olivier's letter to me will reach you safely – no more re bill since. I hope you note what I said re Horace Panet, Vet. Sergt. in “[L]” a brother-in-law of Judge E. Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, the next chief justice I believe. Uncle does not deserve that you should do anything for him – he did not act nicely with us, as you know – a little social politeness, a short call does not take very long & may mean a good deal sometimes – well, let him learn that two can play at that game.

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I have seen nothing more of the Ogilvy's since the old gent called that Sunday afternoon. They tell me Miss Florence who crossed with you, is a lovely girl. I may see her someday. Maud is very, very homely – seems clever & is, I am told a writer – of what, I know not – spends most of her time in Boston. They were once well off, but are not now.

Had a letter from Mrs. Moir yesterday – old Capt. Wilson died in March – he was not ill, remained in bed a couple of days then just went to sleep. John seems to feel his death keenly she says, having

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always been such friends. They were all well but busy – Rachel's whooping cough still hangs on & she must have it severely. The warm weather will cure it, I think. I cannot get the “American Cavalry Drill Book” you want – they seem to know nothing about it here. I hope the others will reach you safely & in good time, & prove to be what you need. Richard & his family all go to Vaudreuil this week. [illegible] is not strong & tired of study, so will not finish her years study – it is too bad in a way, still her health is the first consideration.

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When I am writing you on Sunday, you never heard such a fuss – they all want to write you, there is weeping, wailing & gnashing of teeth, tears flow freely, still none will give up. Dubbie is now distinguishing himself & upon my word, sometimes, I feel like a crazy person. I almost give up – I am weary & tired of every thing – trying to keep peace, to bring the children up all alone (I mean without you) & with so many others in the house is neither fair to me nor to them. Children should be in their own home, with their father & mother only. You see when Mamma took this house again, Louise was to go west, or New York – everything is changed again & my only hope at present is that Tillie will take them, Louise & the boy – she I can stand, but not that brat, who inherits all his mother's & father's faults combined. He has made our poor little imps as miserable & unhappy as possible – they have been scolded over & over again for him. You see I saddled myself once more with this, as my mother would take a smaller house, although if truth must be told, I have but one room & we live in it all the

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time. Indeed! if you have made up your mind not to bring us out, I shall certainly not stand this another year, if we are compelled to live so many together. I shall have two rooms, if necessary, but they will be ours, any way. We shall all be happier, only again, my mother will be alone a good deal – still, why should I always think of others? they do not think of me. She is not getting younger & I hate to think of her so much by herself – still if it must come, it must.... Well, I have just had a good dinner,

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& enjoyed it, only wished ever so many times you were here to relish it too.

Do not fancy me a crank on the subject I have alluded to re house – sometimes I must air my sentiments. I am obliged to keep things to myself so much! no one

to mention them to or to sympathize with ~~you~~ one! it hardens one, I assure you & makes an unpleasant expression habitual to one's countenance.

Must bear with it I suppose, but if we are invited up west we will avail ourselves of their invitation with alacrity rest assured of that.

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I am looking forward to tomorrow with pleasure, hoping to receive my usual number of letters from you, my dear old boy. Mrs. Moir says Richard Steele wrote her lately the first time for twenty years or more – says his eldest son is in Africa – is he with you? is he the one who has been in Macleod since we left?

Received receipt for \$20.00 from Andrews, Sec'y of A. F. & A. M. Lodge yesterday, so that is all right anyway.

Have you [seen] the wagon you ordered of Wm. Gray & Sons? It is like the old one we had in the west, is it not? Well, my dear old fellow, this is a long letter & I must close. All our little ones send fond love & many sweet kisses to our dear old Papa – their letters are somewhat similar, still, they wrote them by themselves. Very many loving embraces from your poor little wifie my dear, who prays God to bless & protect you every day. Once more, God bless you -

Your own true, warmhearted loving devoted, lonely little wifie,
Maye.

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I really believe if my mother had not the hope of coming with us, she would give up, hopeful & all, as she is – Things go so badly at [times] – I mean all on account of the same persons & foolish marriages that are made by stubborn girls. too bad we must all suffer for it, though.

M

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