

Letter from Eliza Symonds Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, November 30, 1874, with transcript

Copy of letter from Mrs. Eliza Grace Symonds Bell to her son, Mr Alexander Graham Bell P.O. Box 518, Brantford, Ont. Canada. Home, Nov. 30 th, 74 . Sunday Evening. (Prof. A. Graham Bell, 292 Essex Street, Salem, Mass. U.S.) My dear Aleck,

We have your note of the 23rd and 24th, as well as the newspaper regarding the curiously similar discovery of Mr. Gray. We fully sympathize with you in your anxiety regarding the final success of either. My dear boy, I warned you in a former letter to gird up your mind against the possibility of difficulty and even disappointment, for I feared if a hitch should arise in bringing or scheme successfully through, that your mind and health would suffer, and now you feel that yourself. Work as if you were certain of success, in whatever you undertake, but always with the reservation of it may be, not that it will be. If you should miss the desired end, still your labour and thought may not be lost but prove rather a stepping stone to something yet higher. Keep up your heart and spirits, and trust to that power which can and will direct you, if you ask. Carrie bids me say she never heard Melly speak of your telegraphic idea. I remember when you were in Bath, your mind was running upon a telegraph of some kind. You constructed on, I think, between a neighbor's room and 2 our own. Perhaps that young man might remember if you ever mentioned your present idea at that time. How long is it since you wrote to the telegraphic headquarters, in England about it? You were thinking and talking of it for months before that. I will look back into some of your old letters, and see if I can find any record of the idea. Papa and Uncle went to Syracuse last Monday, and returned between one and two o'clock early on Saturday morning. Papa gave his original class piece on the first night, which is highly spoken of in the notice. The readings all went off well. They covered all expenses but were not over these particularly remunerative. They your Uncle and Papa) read here tomorrow night, it being the St. Andrew's festival night. A long notice of your Lecture with the poem

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appeared in the last week's Brantford Expositor. No English letters for our household have appeared since I wrote last. We have had splendid weather of late, but within these four days snow has fallen and is now pretty deep. However the Dublin folks say it is not so cold here as at home in Ireland though icicles a foot long are hanging outside their window. The young people seem delighted with the life they are leading. The last party was a snow balling excursion. Carrie and I dined in Town with them today. Charley said he had seen G.B., who told him he was not coming out this evening. So Carrie staid with the girls, and Charley drove me home. When we arrived 10, there was G.B. sitting on the sofa, !!

Typhoid fever is very prevalent. Poor Mrs. Mitchell, of 3 Newport, was down with it in the beginning of the week, and we have had no opportunity since of ascertaining how she is. Her husband looked very ill also, and he said there were several cases in Newport. The poor man could nowhere obtain assistance in nursing his sick wife.

I think a kind of hospital should be opened in every town throughout Canada, to meet much cases, where people could go and obtain medical advice and good nursing by paying for it. Something upon the plan of the Hydropathic establishments. There must be hundreds and hundreds of families in Canada to whom such an establishment would be an immense boon. It is surprising that Typhoid fever should be so prevalent considering the fine autumn we have had. I forget to say that Papa and Uncle came home through Buffalo. They saw Dr. Hurd and baby. The latter, Papa says has grown such a beautiful child. Though generally shy with strangers, he went at once to Papa.

Could he have had some dim recollection I wonder.

Papa expects that he and Uncle will read at Paris on Tuesday but it is not yet quite settled. However Papa has just told me that it will not be on Tuesday. He is just packing up his traps for this evening, as he spends the day in town so I shall have a clear day for my needle.

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There are such heaps of jobs that want attending to, and for which I now seem to have so little leisure.

With dear love in which all unite, I am, Your affectionate Mother, E.G. Bell.