

Letter from Eliza Symonds Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, October 31, 1875, with transcript

Copy from letter from Mrs. Alexander Melville Bell to her son, Alexander Graham Bell October 31st, 75 P. O. Box 518 Brantford, Ont., Canada Home, October 31st 75 (Prof. A. Graham Bell, 292 Essex Street, Salem, Mass. U. S.) My dear Aleck,

Your letter enclosed with Mr. Burbank's reached Papa yesterday, and he has just written to that gentleman, accepting the proposal. Mr. Burbank will no doubt show you your Father's letter therefore it is unnecessary for me to enter into particulars. We hope you still continue well, and that business is satisfactorily progressing. We hope too that all is well at Cambridge and your mind thoroughly at rest. We have had a week of very disagreeable weather, rendering our excursion to the Blue Lake quite impossible. Your cousins and their guest, Miss Kerr from Hamilton, dined here on Wednesday. Two gentlemen came out to escort the ladies home in the evening. When they left at eight o'clock it was quite dark and Aileen told me afterwards, they could not see in the least where they were going nor what they trod on. One stepped down a bank, another into a hole and so forth, and they never had such fun in their lives before. They "all got home together" however and safely. Aunt Ellen, I am sorry to say, has been confined to bed since Wednesday, with another severe attack of rheumatism. This is either the second or third very bad attack since they have been in that new house, which I have always thought it was a great risk to inhabit so immediately after it was built. I do not recollect your Aunt being confined to bed with that complaint at all in the other house. I believe they have not yet decided about their trip to Bermuda. Papa reads at Woodstock on Friday next, when I hope the weather will be brighter.

It has been snowing all day and this evening the flakes are coming down heavily. I have found five very nice linen collars of yours which were left in 2 the drawer dirty, amongst

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several paper ones. It is a wonder I had not burnt them all together. The linen ones fortunately, are safe and will be ready for your next visit.

We have no letters to record and the week altogether has been a very stupid one. It has been too, cold, rainy, misty and snowy to venture out. If it be similar with you, beware of cold, a keeping yourself too hot in the house.

With fond love from all, Your affectionate Mother, E. G. Bell By the way, as soon as the Sound Telegraph is set a-going, I mean that your Father should send one of his sneezes through it, you would be sure to know whose it was.