

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, 1876, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel G. Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. (1876?) My dear Alec:

I am so very sorry to hear about the failure of the Spark Arrester. It seemed such a splendid thing and it is too bad to lose it after working so hard on it. But my dear Alec I really don't see what the other failures and disappointments are. The spark arrester is a pretty bad failure and disappointment but it is luckily only one, while you spoke of several. So far as I can see from your letter it is Mr. Gray and more than you who is to be disheartened by the way the patent stands now. I know all about the caveats and have often wondered why you never spoke of procuring one. I should think if you can prove having the perfected invention before Mr. Gray made any communication on the subject there would be no difficulty in your procuring a patent. Anyhow I will hope so and watch eagerly to hear how matters stand. And if worst comes to worst, why you have talents which surely must give you other chances, and are young, and for the young surely there is not only one chance, and this will be a good lesson to you and next time you will profit by the experience gained now. I am glad my imprudence did not have any bad effects. You may be sure I will not interfere with you again that way. I am glad you are so comfortably quartered and have found such pleasant friends. I wish however you could see more of my father and he of you.

Well, I am glad to see that you are beginning to appreciate us Americans, I have more hope now that from admiring our inventive talent you will go on to admire other of our good qualities, and to want to enroll yourself among the long and glorious list of American noblemen.

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No more letters for you, I don't understand as I thought you had such a large correspondence. I sent a postal to Miss Dudley, with the address Miss Locke gave me.

I could not write yesterday as I was in Boston all day. In the evening we proved the truth of the proverb, "Misfortunes never come singly." First Mamma spilt the milk over the library table and the flounce of a new dress she was making, then the old-fashioned clock in the corner resented Uncle Eustis' investigations so much that it nearly tumbled over on his head, and has not yet quite recovered its equilibrium. Finally a thimble — a small but important thing mysteriously disappeared and kept us in movement until half past eight when it was discovered to have been serenely watching the commotion from the mantelpiece in full view of us all. But I must run and mail this.

With much love for yourself and every one else.

Mabel.