

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

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

I have not heard from you yet, but there is no mail Sunday evening, so I am not disappointed.

Bathing today was exciting. The waves were cross-waves, and were not very high, but with a long sweep and powerful undertow. It is a damp, misty, rainy day, we none of us wanted to go very much the more so that our bathing dresses were very damp, and we cold. Fortunately though rather scared so enjoyed the bath. This afternoon the waves are quite fearful with a magnificent sweet, reaching sometimes way up to the beach grass. There are breakers far out to sea also, I do hope the water will be smooth tomorrow for that is my last day here I hope. I hope — because I feel a vague fear it will not be the last day. Mamma may bid me remain and help entertain my cousins, Grace, Gillitte's sisters who are expected here Thursday or Friday. I have not seen them since I went to Europe and am not particularly anxious to see them. Grace was the only one I cared for, though the youngest, Florence is about my age.

Mr. Austin Martin was in bathing today. He is a splendid bather, swimming and diving beautifully, only second to his cousin graceful little Cecil Caverly. Just think he is seventeen, and no bigger than a boy of twelve or thirteen, and has not grown an inch since we first saw him three summers ago. I cannot understand how he can be so fond of the water, graceful swimmer though he be, when not two years ago his mother and sisters went down in the ill-fated "Schiller", and he alone is left.

Library of Congress

I wonder what you are doing all the time. If you are in the Indian Territory, or if your Mother refuses to acknowledge your independence, and will not let you go. Have you found time to try your instruments between Brantford and Paris, and with what success. I don't want you to work much, but I do hope you will try the line, it is such a chance. Are your Normal Class papers done and are they satisfactory. Have you been to Toronto and seen George Brown, or are you going to Sir Hugh Allen. Does your father think that would be a wise measure. Having lived so much more at home than you be probably knows more about that politician than you can. I want very much to know what you are doing now, but my thoughts turn oftenest to the beginning of your stay at home. I want to know the whole history of each day in it's turn.

Gardiner is almost well now, but as his eye grows bigger carries becomes smaller. I only hope it will not disappear as entirely as Gardiner's did. Poor thing she looks pretty miserable.

I must go and help clear the tea table, we have to take the things off the table, send the plates to the Hotel to be washed, and wash the cup and saucers, knives and forks ourselves as the people would never return them if we sent them over.

With love to your father and mother and very much for yourself.

Your, Mabel.