

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, April 7, 1877

Letter from Miss Mabel G. Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Saturday, April 7th. 1877. My darling Alec:

No letter from you today, I am horribly disappointed, the more so that we have no mail until Monday. But I know it is not your fault, you must not think I blame you. I don't want you to write when you are tired and ought to be in bed, not do I want you to take the time from any of your duties, I know you would much rather write to me and as content.

I have just returned from lunching at Aunt Ellen's. What a stately house they have, I should like to live that way for a time, whether I should enjoy it long is another question. After all perhaps a quiet way of living with a spice of striving to keep within limits would be more to our taste. I have taken you at your word and have been looking at things for my trousseau. Very quiet and modest but I think very pretty it will be. Such an amount of needlework for us all between now and next fall we are preparing. I for one enjoy the prospect how I shall like the realization is another thing. Nobody else likes either, and I propose elopement as the simplest and less troublesome way of getting married, but O Mamma forbids my proposing such a thing to you for fear you might decide it as the proper thing to do.

I have just finished reading a long letter from Papa written after leaving Columbia. Such a very sad account of the country he gives, contrasting the former higher prosperity of the state with it's present poverty and suffering. He says the principal thing the former rich need now is to be taught how to start again and there is no one to teach them. O if President Hayes can only help them he will do a 2 great work and deserve to be ranked with Lincoln and Washington, whatever else he may fail in. Those poor people I feel so sorry for them, they are my own countrymen and women and if they erred they did it

## Library of Congress

unknowingly. They fought bravely for what they thought right and I am as proud of them as I am of our own gallant Northern soldiers.

Sister gives an account broken off suddenly of a three o'clock night tramp from one train to another, the express ahead smashed up against a landslip and they had to walk passed the wreck. They went on under the moonlight, and by the riverside men walking by with colored lights and bonfires here and there making a highly theatrical effect. Men followed them carrying the baggage on their shoulders.

What are you doing. Did you find those examination papers, I hope you are not quite worn out. I shall be thankful when I have you safe under my apron strings!

There was a short notice in the "World" saying that the "Telephone" was played out, the curiosity of the people satisfied and now few people go to hear it. There was no notice in any of New York, the other papers. I return the papers you sent me and also some cuttings Sir W. Jones sent.

Goodbye dear, even here in the midst of my friends I miss you dreadfully and it seems an age since I saw you.

Ever your own loving, May.