

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, June 11, 1880, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1500 Rhode Island Avenue, Thurs. June 11th. 1880. (in France) My dear Alec:

I am so delighted to get your telegram at last. I have been expecting it ever since Friday, and the delay was beginning to make me very nervous. It clouded my pleasure all day, even when I forget why I felt as if I were anxious about something. I am so provoked about your steamer letter, I suppose it has and is now lying around in the Hotel de Rivoli. We have been telegraphing to Munroe and cabling to Washington to know where you were and never thought of wiring the hotel. I haven't heard from you since we parted except what any one might have said for you, while a letter in your own handwriting is at all events a bit of yourself and your thoughts. I write tonight to the hotel for that letter. I wonder did you take the liberty of falling in love with any pretty girl? I found a beautiful young fellow, but alas it was only at the end of the voyage. We are having a beautiful time here. No one knows how full of interest this part of France is, at least no American has registered at any of these places for years. We are now in the land of the cave dwellers. It is very strange to see the doors and windows cut in the solid rock, and no amount of pretty vines or flowering rose bushes outside can persuade me that they can be cheerful homes. Yet the peasantry whom we meet seem bright and contented. Never were truer words uttered than these of Macaulay — "Thy corn fields green and sunny vines oh pleasant land of France." The country is generally flat and at home would probably be hot, dry, treeless, uninteresting plains. I want you to see how much can be done for the beauty of the landscape by judicious planting of different kinds of trees, clumps of low squatty light willows here, and rows of tall solemn dark leaved poplars here, locust trees, elms, lindens and I don't know what other trees abound in beautiful rich foliage as nowhere else. And the Chateau x I know so much about the people who lived in them, and the scenes that were acted that

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they are intensely interesting. We have not covered much ground so far, but what we have seen, we have seen. Today we left dear delightful Blois at 11 A.M. Papa, Mamma, Elsie and I and drove first to the Chateau of Charmont and thence to the Chateau of Ambroise, some twenty miles, and thence by rail here. Tomorrow probably we go to Plessis-les-Tours following Quentin Dunward. The other children came here by rail and we will remain here a few days making excursions. We have a female courier who acts as the children's and my maid, and we get along very well. Write as soon as you can and don't work too hard.

Your loving, Mabel. Why can't our C.B. house be made of marble and plaster and painted like these French Peasant houses. I like to so much.