

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, August 26, 1882, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Mr. Alexander Graham Bell. Newport, Saturday, Aug. 26th. 1882. My dear Alec:

I don't know why I am such a faithful correspondent all of a sudden. Don't my letters following each other so suddenly rather startle you. I should think they might. I am anxious for more detailed reports of your success than the telegrams gave. Maurice could not get them straight through the telephone and it was only this morning while walking in the Casino that I saw what a compliment had been paid you. I was much pleased and felt nearly as fine as the young lady ahead of me, who was showing the President around. I wonder who was the tallest, Garfield or Arthur, they must have made a stately pair, but Garfield had the finer face. How I wish he had lived. I feel as if though but for Guiteau our own lives might have been different, you might not have gone to Washington, but have staid with me and all might have been well. Seeing Arthur here where Garfield should have been, receiving the respectful greetings that should have been his, brings the pity of it all back to me. Only three months a King and then the end, all the pain and worry and none of the honors and triumphs — this is Arthur's.

Augusta has left and we are now alone. The cistern is we fear in a foul state, Mr. MacLeesh says the new water we have is utterly unfit for drinking and that there are dead toads etc., in the cistern, altogether the wonder is that we were not all sick. We have had to send for a barrel of fresh water from the Ocean house for which we shall have to pay enormously, and the cistern shall be 2 cleaned Monday. The Cliff House was burned down this morning but we have heard few particulars only that no one was killed. I wonder how many may be lamenting the lose of North dresses. We went to the Polo grounds this afternoon, it was prize day and the grounds crowded with magnificent turnouts of all

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descriptions. The contests were exciting, one man was thrown right in the melee and I was certain was trampled to death, I saw the white legs right under the horses feet, but they were back again on the horses back in an instant and going harder than ever. The men were all young and many of them gallant looking. I suppose they are fast and may be bad, but I am sure they must have better stuff in them than most fast men or they would not care to work so hard and earnestly as they do in Polo. One young man I especially noticed he won one game and looked so bright and eager and young it was nice to see him. How strange "Polo playing must sound to you among the Angular Aperture of the Biological binocular" or whatever the title of Dr. Carpenter's paper was.

Lovingly, Mabel.