

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, January 22, 1895, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Beinn Bhreagh, Victoria County, Cape Breton, N.S. Jan. 22, (1895) Tuesday. My dear Alec:

Is it true that Mr. Charles Carter of Hawaii who was at our house two years ago has been shot and killed by the rebels? I didn't get a paper yesterday, but this morning I bought Monday's Boston Globe and it refers to the excitement created when news came that Charlie Carter had been shot and killed when trying to prevent the landing of contraband arms at Sans Scouci. I do hope it is not true. I did like him so much and he seemed so fond of his young wife and babies. It seems to bring war right home to us. Don't let Mr. McCurdy go and get shot among those Armenians. Then there is all that wild work in Brooklyn. Strikes accompanied with the use of armed forces and bloodshed seems to grow more common every year. There must be something radically wrong about our management of public affairs if people appeal yearly more often to force and less to the law.

How right you seem to have been about the designs of Japan in Hawaii. Aren't you a pretty clever man to see what the papers had not thought or at least spoken of? It is evident that the day of universal peace isn't very near at hand, yet the only difference is that the battle fields grow bigger and the issues more momentous. Formerly it was town against town, province against province, now it seems to be continent against continent. We are in the common car now between St. Johns and Vanceboro. I am in every way as comfortable as I could be in a parlor car, except that I don't see a porter to sharpen my pencil for me. I wish I hadn't saved my five cents yesterday. A boy wanted to sell me a pencil sharpener and I declined, having porters to command. Now I have neither porters nor pencil sharpeners. I had a whole section for nothing last night, my party and two

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gentlemen were the only occupants of the car from Monkton. I am so thankful I didn't stop at Truro, not that I would have anyhow.

Don't forget that Mr. McCurdy is to give a lecture under the auspices of your club. He does so much for us. I want you to do something for him.

This is a grey day, snow on the ground and the window wet with an occasional splash of rain.

Goodbye. I love you.

Your own.