

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, October 6, 1896, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. A. G. Bell to Dr. A. G. Bell Gilsey House Cor. Broadway and 29th Street New York Oct. 6th, 1896 Graham Bell, Esq. Beinn Bhreagh Victoria Co., N.S. Canada My dear Alec,

It isn't so very easy writing when one shares a room with a young lady that it is desirable to get to bed at reasonable times. Tonight I have my room to myself as Elsie has gone to Lyme, so though Grace conjured me to go "eight to bed" I am writing you instead. It is so strange to be here among the things of this world to go to the theatre and see people enjoying themselves and so thoroughly absorbed in the things of this world, just as if there was no such thing as death—as if each one of were not surely inevitably damned to experiences like those now being lived out in that upper room in Cambridge. Everything seems so real so tangible and yet there is nothing more unreal more visionary. Two months ago Gardiner was as real, as much a part of this world as any of the people in the theatre tonight, and now already although he is still here one feels that he is fading away, vanishing out of this world like the ghosts that we see in the theatre sometimes. You know how they do it — the figure slowly fades away and the players are left despairingly calling after it.—Excuse me—but the poor boy's eyes haunt me, and though I cannot help having a good time enjoying this world's pleasures as I do, still I can never forget him for long and it is a comfort to write you. Mama and Papa arrived here Sunday night. They report the house and the Twin Oaks uninjured by the great storm, but thirty other of their largest oaks and many other big and fine trees blown down. Charlie was at the Cairo and the proprietors and he went up to the 2 highest story but could not feel the slightest oscillation. Down below Charlie's buggy which was waiting for him was three times blown over before it could be got under shelter and when it was safely housed in a shed the roof from another building came crashing in on top. Finally Charlie and his man had to walk

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home. When he got to the gate he had to climb over fallen trees and force his way through wreckage so that he was pretty well alarmed before he got home. Mamma and Papa slept through the storm but Grace wandered about waiting and watching from ten to half past one when her husband finally arrived. Elsie, Mamma and Papa went on to the Lyme this afternoon but Grace and I remained and have had a good time shopping and then she treated Laurie, Dr. Ker, Vinie and me to the theatre to see Sothern in his new play An Enemy of the King. The last two scenes were very good and Sothern was fascinating. On the whole however I prefer him in Prisoner of Zenda. I do not think there could be anything finer than the scene in that play when he personates the King receiving the Ambassadors.

Grace and I go to Lyme tomorrow at nine, and then on our return Elsie and I go to Utica. Goodnight dear. Tell the Grand Mogul it isn't polite to leave a lady's letter unanswered. I endorsed and returned the U. S. dividend.

Lovingly yours, MABEL