

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, June 22, 1876, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel G. Hubbard to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. International Exhibition, Philadelphia. Pa. Cambridge, June 22, 1876. My dear Alec:

I cannot begin to tell you how pleased and delighted your telegram has made me. Very grateful also, so much happiness has been given to me of which I am so unworthy, somehow I feel as if it could hardly all come true. But if I do not deserve it you do after all those years of labor. I am so glad I just want to dance for joy. Do you know I think I have a good share in this, for if I had not sent you down you never would have got your instruments in or so interested the people. Is it not a coincidence that you will exhibit your apparatus before the Emperor. I wonder if he will recognise you. Don't I wish I were with you, that I might tell you myself how happy you have made me. The more I think of that last letter of mine the more I am ashamed of it and that remark I made. Pray don't think my joy in your triumph is all selfishness, for I should be just as glad if that which concerned you were never to have any effect upon me (a very bad sentence but I couldn't think how to express myself), for I love you so much I want you to obtain your rightful place among scientific men, and due share of honor. I only said that because when I saw you last you were so discouraged and indifferent, I took every motive I could think of to encourage you.

Oh dear everything here seems so very quiet and every day compared to the exciting life you are leading in Philadelphia. It must be glorious there among all those gifted men and beautiful things. I think I can see you there among them all just where you ought to be.

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We went to that garden party at the Longfellow's yesterday, it was quite pleasant but unfortunately fewer men than ladies. I knew but few there and all the time I was on tiptoe with eagerness to get home for I half thought you might be there. That was why I did

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not write yesterday or the day before. Monday or Tuesday seem a long time to wait for you and I don't know how I could stand it if I did not know what you are doing, now I am content.

Housecleaning is almost done now we hope. The carpets down everywhere except in your room and Mama's.

I feel the weight of my long dresses and eighteen years very severely just now, if it weren't for them I would like to perform an Indian war dance, provided it be exciting enough for I never saw one and have the most vague ideas of it.

Write to me soon. I was very much disappointed at receiving no letters yesterday, though it was very unreasonable and you must not write when you are too tired.

With much love, Yours, Mabel. I enclose that letter from your mother. I opened it but did not read it. Others came, one from Mr. Ogden which I answered saying you were out of town. The others can wait.