

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, March 9, 1879, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. (Saturday and Sunday, March 9th 1879) My darling Alec:

Enclosed please find a blank power of attorney to sell seven hundred of my shares at sixty-five dollars each immediately. Mamma says Papa and Mr. Morgan both think this is the time to sell, that later on I won't be able to get so much money, so please sell out immediately, please, please, please, please, please, PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE. Are you sufficiently impressed by the importance of the subject now? If you love me do do something right away the moment you got this.

I miss you dreadfully every moment, but manage to get along until I think that you are gone for a long time and not for a few days and then my heart and courage go down into my boots, which alas are too big to hold them, so they slip away altogether. I really must buy a smaller pair of shoes. If I do tell Sister the reason or she will think she has laughed me into doing so. I am writing in your study now, such a frightfully good order as it is in, swept and varnished as if you were dead and buried. I hate the sight of it and wish I had left it as it was this morning.

Poor Miss Home ran a pin into her finger two days ago, and it has swollen awfully. I sent for Dr. Johnston as soon as I saw it this afternoon, but though we have been expecting him all the evening he has not made his appearance. Now it is too late, but he shall be telephoned for first thing tomorrow.

Mamma wants me to give you a slight warning about your 2 manners, which are very good for an Englishman or foreigners, but might shock the weaker nerves of us Americans — viz. Don't tell Sister again, or any lady except your wife (or parenthetically) your mother-

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in-law — that Mrs. Gallaudet or any one else is expecting an increase to her family! It may be, and is, the proper thing in France for a gentleman to wish a lady a “happy delivery,” but among us weaklings the whole subject is taboo. What do you think I did today? Made some cat-cakes, I thought they tasted, or rather felt like stone cakes, but for a first attempt they were not bad. Elsie is well and bright and getting tired of her beef tea and ready for mutton and chicken broth. Goodbye, I want Willie to take this down for the one o'clock train

With ever and ever so much love. Keep the clock and alarm going, and wrap up warm, that's a darling.

Yours ever lovingly, Sat. and Sunday, March 9th 1879.