

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, May 18, 1893, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1331 Conn. Ave., Thursday, May 18, 1893. My darling Alec:

Here I am in my wrapper, just returned from Mrs. Brice's and shaking hands with His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke, etc., etc. I don't find that I feel any different from contact with so much blue blood. However he is a fine looking fellow, looks a thorough gentleman and has a refined high-bred face, a slender refined copy of his cousin the Tzar, "The Great White Tzar." Isn't that a pretty name, I think it's lovely, like the Marquis of Canabos and his white cat. Only one man was taller than he, and that was Justice Gray.

I did miss you so, I am always so awfully proud of you when we go to parties, there's not another man in Washington unless it's this selfsame Justice Gray who is as distinguished-looking as you. I don't mean handsome, doubtless there are plenty prettier than you my husband — I'm nothing if not impartial! — but none that look so evidently somebody. I always expect to see the listlessly polite face of the hostess change and light up when you come, and the look of interest deepen when your name is announced. Papa went with me and said he was surprised to find that he knew so many people. I was more surprised to find that so many remembered me, some that I have not seen for years, and who had not heard me speak. Sir Julian Pauncefote for one.

It's a very handsome house, and a very large one indeed, more like the Baroness Burdett-Coutts than any I have been in in America. Mrs. Brice is not a lady, I had the idea they were Lloyd Brice of the North American Review, and of course people of cultivation, but I fancy they are only money.

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Mamma and Papa are spending the night here, isn't it lovely, only I do so wish you could be here. I am sure it's cool enough. The Brice's garden was all lighted up with Chinese lanterns, but it was too cold for any one to wander outside. Now Goodnight.

Ever yours, Mabel. P.S. I am so sorry I did not know you would stop in Boston, or I would have written there.