

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, January 21, 1895, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Beinn Bhreagh, Victoria County, Cape Breton, N.S. (Postmarked Jan. 21, 1895) My darling Alec:

We have passed New Glasgow and Antigonish and I feel as if we would soon be in Truro. Dear I do miss you most awfully. Why didn't you come with me. I will only be half welcome, they wanted you my father and mother as well as yours. I don't see now how I made up my mind to leave you, especially when you are working so hard. That pain in your chest troubles me. Is it really and truly only muscular? Don't work too hard my own darling. I can't spare you, not all my life and it's to be a long one. There's plenty of time for work yet so don't try to do a year's work in a week. I hope and hope that you will come down soon, next week please. I have nothing to tell you. We are travelling on smoothly. The officials all know me and are friendly, which does warm a lonely woman's heart. Mr. Henry McCurdy came on board at Antigonish, which was a great pleasure. From his resemblance to our Mr. McCurdy he was like a bit of home. He brought me my new silk skirt and how I am going to get it into my trunk so as to escape the lynx eyes at Vanceboro is what is puzzling me now. The sun is shining and the snow looks crusty like frosting, good to walk on. All is white and blue except the darkness of the evergreens. Since I must leave Beinn Bhreagh I wish I were going to the bright colors of Mexico. Lets you and I go there together some day — in 2 your flying machine perhaps. I have been reading such a pretty story. It's a little too much perhaps, but I have plenty of time today and I do love the quaint Scotch words and phrases. Do the people at Cape Breton talk about “gin a body” and “whilk lassie”. Why didn't we call our place Craig Ronald. I think that prettier than Beinn Bhreagh. If I ever build a cabin near Camp Caribou I'll call it that.

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I telegraphed Mamma and Mme. Chapins and Cousin Mary, so I feel about as secure as Mr. McCurdy when he informed the British Government of his departure for Armenia. I think you're a darling and that you talked awfully nicely to Mr. McCurdy yesterday. I told him what you said, that you hoped you hadn't hurt him and he said "no he never does that." But he thinks I do sometimes. I wonder what the news from Mrs. Kennan is. I hope you'll send the telegram on. And also when Armenia is decided on.

I suppose you are in the laboratory now. I hope the experiments are going on nicely and that $L :: L' :: V' :: V$ 12 as regards motors and not as regards wings: I think I understand your experiments even if I don't know the higher mathematics and even if I am not sure whether $::$ means "is to" or "as". I am sure though that L is to L' as V' is to V 12 and I think I could explain how you worked out that curve if you let me alone long enough to digest it my own way. At least I believe thoroughly in you Alec dear.

Yours ever.