

Hartford, Capitol Hotel

Apr 15/92

Remember I am placing all these letters to your debit, & will credit you, at least I hope to, when I arrive in England, & at the destination with answers. Tell father I shall long for a letter or letters from him, & that he will not forget me. Do not forget to remember me in your prayers.

YHC

My Dear Mamie:

Will you accept a brief note before I sail away from the shores of America? I have but a moment to write, Mr Morgan has even begrudged me that. How I can ever repay him for his kindness I do not know. He met me at the depot, dismissed his darkey, who held his magnificent team, & took me for a delightful drive. It seemed as if

we would never get through
conversing with each other. He re-
minded me it was my twenty-
first birthday, & impressed it mo-
forceably upon my memory by insist-
ing on my choosing between a
splendid dressing case, all complete
& a pair of the very finest field
glasses; best make, & so large that
they are strapped across the shoul-
ders. I felt reluctant about
accepting presents, but knew that
under such conditions, it would
be far more embarrassing to
refuse, so chose the glasses, be-
cause I was supplied, though poor
with the other, — I mean poorly com-
pared with this. I have told
you, & written you before, respecting
Mr Morgan's home, & his
treatment of me. I have not to

though I wish I had, to tell you of my whole visit this time, but it has been a repetition of my former visit, though I must say it has been more enjoyable.

Last night we went calling. We met several wealthy, influential people, among them Mr. Barbour & family, an influential lawyer, who knows of father, & who treated us very nicely. He has a daughter, a very accomplished girl, having graduated from Vassar, & plays most beautifully on the piano. She takes her initial trip to Europe this coming summer, in company with her father Mr. Northam & his daughter, whom we also called upon. She was intensely interested in our people, country, customs, etc., & I fancy had not

a bad opinion of us when we left, for they pressed us to prolong our visit, until eleven o'clock.

We called on the Northam's who are probably worth five hundred thousand dollars. Their house is most magnificently furnished. Turkish rugs cover the hardwood floors, & pictures valued in the thousands adorn the handsomely decorated walls. We also made other calls, but time will not permit me to mention them.

Now we are about to take a long drive through the country, then to lunch with Mr. Morgan insists on going to N.Y. with me to see me on the steamer. Oh he has made this visit a dream of delight to me. He has talked of me before people I wish I felt almost embarrassed, & at each house I have been recognized by my name, he has spoken of me before.

A telegram came asking where Joe Beck's letters are. They are, I think, in father's desk, the boxes, together, but I believe they are in the desk.

I have promised Mr. Morgan one of those new photographs, so please do me the favor of sending him one. Also I shall expect one personally, & one sent to Lilian.

This is my last letter to you while in America. Good bye, my dear sister, my loved relations & friends, my mountain home, my dear America, & when I greet you again may my happiness be increased a hundred fold.

With much love to all, Your affectionate brother David