Hartford, Capitol Hotel
Apr 15/92

Remember I am on my way to New York to take the train to Chicago. I will arrive in Chicago as soon as possible. Do not forget to write to me in New York. I shall be there in a few days.

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, so I have not time to write a letter. How I can ever repay him for his kindness I do not know. He met me at the depot, dismissed his driver, who held his magnificent team, and took me for a delightful drive. It seemed as if...
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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 of 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, who plays most beautifully on the piano. She takes her initial trip to Europe this coming summer, in company with her father, Mr. Northam.

This daughter, whom we also call upon. She was intensely interested in our people, country, customs, etc., and 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 Northams, 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 handpainted decorated walls. We also made ten calls, but time will not permit of me mentioning them.

Now we are about to take a wedding tour through the county, then to lunch at the house of Mr. Morgan, who is going to N.Y. with us to see the race on the Wednesday. Oh! I have made the visit a dream of delights to me. I have talked of me, before people, until they almost embarrassed, & at each house I am greeted as if I were the best of men.

A letter came this morning, when in the house of Mr. Morgan, telling me the letters are here. They are, I think, in the desk, together. If not, they are in the files in the house, together, but I believe they are in the desk.

I have promised Mr. Morgan one of those new photographs, so please drop me a line if you have any of sending him one, also I shall expect one personally, & one sent to Sitliah.

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

With much love to all, Your affectionate brother, David