

England.

Feb. 1. 1869.

My dear Brants Mayer

I have mar-
-velled that several posts whereby I
might have heard from you have
been blank of a response to this date;
albeit you must have had my first
letter a month ago: since which I
sent a second — and a book. Let us
hope all have reached you safely,
& that your delay is not illness:
I am, trying to find that entre-
-preneur & doing all for the best for me.

You see - & I will make no
secret of it by any friendship or
confidence, - I mean to go to America
this time not to spend money, but
to make it. In these perilous
times wealth soon takes wings
in one investment or another, &
that which was a fairly large
fortune melts away to a little one,
whereby there appears the greater
cause for dutiful effort, even
at our time of life: & I do not
see why - after my differences &

according to my idiosyncrasies, -
I sh^d. not follow in the wake of
my friend Dickens & reap some
thousands of dollars. I have
heretofore met Barnum both
at New York & in London: & he
thinks you open to making
2,000 dollars out of me by giving
me 10,000? "Barth is willing."
I am a good reader & writer,
& having so large a personal
following (as I suppose for all
efficiency) I ought to draw:
but all depends upon the number
& critical efficiency which such
a plan as Barnum can evoke.

You are on the spot, & need all
the advice I can give. All I can say is an-
-swer to numerous invitations to visit
America is - treat me as you did
Dickens in the way of dollars, &
I'll do my best to please you.

This note is for your private eye,
- but you can utilize its meaning.

I called on Rev. Johnson today,
& mentioned your friendship,
- he speaking highly of you too.

Well: this note will probably crop
up from you; but no harm done:
it'll act accordingly, - & so will you. The
post leaves South. tonight or tomorrow.
So I must bid this. Yours always
Martin J. Tappan.