

[page 1]

Chester.
August 15th '80.

My dear boy-

I have been spending a very lazy day, whilst you have probably been rushing around to about forty million cathedrals, palaces, zoological gardens and dear knows how many other places. Our church is closed, "to be cleaned" the clergyman said, which being translated, means that Mr.

[page 2]

Brown may take a little summer trip. I began the day with a sermon, the very shortest one I could find in the house I'm ashamed to say- Isn't it funny almost everyone seems to enjoy sermons and books of that sort so much and there are very few that I can like in the least. I have two or three favorites and beyond those nothing seems to me to be exactly the thing. After the sermon I retired to bed with a nice little head-

[page 3]

ache, and some very big encyclopedias, they didn't [see?] very well tho- did you ever try reading about one particular person and then hunting out all about each name mentioned? You could go one forever that way, I think, beginning with Adam and coming down to Victoria. A nap of three hours (!!!) finished the afternoon, and after supper we drove over to the cemetery. You would probably look upon such a day as being thoroughly

[page 4]

wasted, but wasted or not, I've enjoyed it very much. It hardly seems possible that I've been here three weeks, Mother and Father wish me to return to Atlantic on Wednesday, but I'll probably remain until Saturday that I may go as far as Philadelphia with my cousin. Let me give you Howard's address before I forget it- St. Elmo P.O. - Chaffee Co. Colorado- but you may set your mind at rest about his receiving your letter for he only left O.L. a few

[page 5]

days ago, something recurred to change his plans where he thought of leaving the ranch before. About your cousin dear- I think you feel very differently about it from what most people would. I can't see how it could possibly be any "disgrace", Miss Duane's family is very good and all that sort of thing you know- of course it was a very imprudent and ill-advised match, but still if they both were very fond of each other, don't you think there's any excuse for them? You are

[page 6]

wondering what the world thinks- well, as represented by [Eulere?] Smith, it only wonders "how they are going to get on" and "whatever made them like each other". I am very, very sorry for his family and especially his Father and Mother, and can sympathize with you, dear boy, for my cousin Frank Field did the same thing a couple of years ago- My darling is it necessary that nothing could possibly change my liking for you? You know better than to think of such a thing. I'll write to you August 26th, if I remember it, and will direct as you told me. I can scarcely believe the summer is so nearly ended, I'm perfectly crazy to get back home, the idea of being at Atlantic City any longer is dreadful to me, even tho' Mother is there- but it may seem different when I get back- "every cloud has a silver lining"- Atlantic City is certainly the [sand?]. Good night and pleasant dreams

Very affectionately your Daisy

[page 7]

For
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D.K.
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(29)

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