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Atlantic City.
June 29th 1880.

My dearest dear-

The family think me very unsociable for withdrawing myself from them so early this evening, but I think some body would think me worse than unsociable if I didn't- Isn't it dreadful? Columbia beat us yesterday after all- we came in seven inches behind them, while poor Princeton was thousands of miles behind even

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itself- people say that if Columbia hadn't gone out of her course and pushed the University hers twice, we would have won, they almost fouled, but not enough for the judges to say anything- however, I think it's very mean to make those remarks after the thing has been decided, don't you? I received a very nice letter from Howard yesterday, he said he was very sorry indeed that he didn't receive your letter in time to answer it before you went away, dear, and sent you his warmest regards- you will

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probably get a letter from him before you receive this. I am sorry I forgot the daisy the other day when I wrote, at least I remembered it at the last minute, but I was in too tremendous of a hurry to stop to put it in my letter- so I'll enclose it this time my darling, and every single one of those little white petals represents oceans and oceans of love for- my darling Larry- I was going to write to you last Sunday evening, but was so homesick, don't laugh, for I was awfully, for you, that I was afraid a little of it might get into my

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letter, so thought I'd better not. Thank you ever so much for your note sent by the "pirate", it was so unexpected that, for a moment, I almost felt as if you had come back to me again. I am very glad you had the prospect of such pleasant weather- it has been lightning way over the sea for a day or so, and I have been a little troubled about it- but I don't think God would let any harm come to you, darling, I have prayed Him so often not to. I never realized before how beautifully and entirely the prayer in the Prayer Book expresses

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what you wish to say- the very last thing at night I say it to myself. Last Sunday it was so very warm that Mother didn't want me to go to "our" church, so I remained at home with the rest of the family- you will go to church so much while you are in England that I shall expect you to make up for all my shortcomings- I at last succeeded in writing Madame Le Franc her old French letter the other day, and how I did wish for you during the operation! It was like drawing teeth- Please congratulate me upon having,

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at last, gotten over little Paul's death, it is one of the saddest things I ever read- why do people say they don't think Dicken's knew how to make a really good female character? I think Florence is lovely, ever so much nicer than that horrid Little Nell- tho' I never read "Old Curiosity Shop" and could scarcely, perhaps, be considered a judge of her character. Well dear you have come to an end at last, aren't you glad? Good night.

Ever your loving
[underlined] Daisy [underlined]

P.S. I kissed the daisy right in the middle. D.

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Thomas's Hotel
Berkeley Square
W
[underlined] For [underlined] Lawrence Lewis Jr. Esq.
To Robert M. Lewis. Esq.
[strikethrough] of Messrs J.S. Morgan & Co.
22 Old Broad St.
London. E.C. [strikethrough]

D.K. July 14 1880
(19)

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