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Atlantic City.
The Glorious Fourth '80.

My dearest Boy-

Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes! I really don't think it would be proper to begin a letter in any less patriotic way to-day, although all the demonstrations are to be kept until to-morrow. I trust that by this time you are comfortably established in London and having a splendid time

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I haven't heard yet from the agent of the animal of the "Abyssenia", but fully expect a notice to that effect to-morrow, I shall be so glad, my darling, to know that you are perfectly safe on dry land once more, altho' as you said, there is really no more danger of accident at sea than on land, yet I can't help feeling a little- well, I guess you know, dear, just how I do feel. Yesterday Father, Mr. Stotesbury and we four girls started out sailing at one o'clock, we went ever so far out on the

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ocean and had a lovely time, until we wanted to return, when there was a dead calm for about an hour, when the breeze did spring up it was so slight that it scarcely did us any good, but we finally worked in to the inlet where the current was so strong, going out to the ocean, that we were obliged to anchor and would have been there all night if a row boat hadn't happened to come along, as it was we didn't get ashore until ten o'clock, Mother and Will were waiting for us with Hilda, they had been frightened

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blue about us- it was rather a relief to get in as the Captain, when we were on the ocean, would keep anxiously looking at a big cloud and predicting storms and things. To-morrow the family are going to sail and fish in the inlet, I think I'll stay at home with Mother as it is awfully stupid to sail when there are no waves, and no fish either. I went to our church this morning and heard such a nice sermon, not more than three inches long, the text was "To the Unknown God" and the clergyman just read what St. Paul said to the

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Athenians, added about four words of his own, and then much to my joy, stopped- it was Communion Sunday so I suppose he didn't want to keep us the people I mean, for I didn't stay too long- right in the middle of the service some naughty boy set off about four packs of fire crackers under the window, it was about the only reminder I have had of the day, except being very much startled by treading on a torpedo. Don't forget to tell me how you like "Evelina", did you get

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through the whole book? Only think I'll have to wait ten days longer before I get a line from you, it seems as if the time would never come when the letters will come regularly, although the last few days have gone very fast indeed. Howard wrote me two long letters last week, he said he had received our letter and had written to you. I am going to enclose you in this letter a part of your native land, and I want you to ~~wear~~ carry it in your pocket all the time my darling- to remind you that you're not a "Blasted Englishman", you know- if your pockets are very full already never mind it. We are going to breakfast tomorrow at seven !! on account of the sailors, and if a certain person is to be avoided at that hour I think she had better retire now. Tell me every ~~thing~~ single thing you do and think, my own darling- how I wish, you were here now. No I don't mean that, I am glad you are exactly where you are, don't think that I feel sorry for a moment dear that you went. I try to be only too glad that

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you had the opportunity- of leaving me. Good night dear.

Ever your very loving,
Daisy.

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Lawrence Lewis Jr.
To Robert M. Lewis
of Messrs. J.S. Morgan
22 Old Broad Street
London. E.C.

D.K.
July 1880
(20)

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