

Indeed, he has been the acknowledged custodian of the Family history, and of much in connection with it, and has written many papers, which have garnered up, and preserved to the family, interesting incidents of the past, which otherwise would have been quite forgotten and utterly lost. It is at his suggestion, that I have undertaken to write for you, my own grandchildren, a very simple story of the home in which our life has thus far been passed, trusting that it may prove interesting to you in the future, although you are as yet too young to appreciate it.

It was the first day of July in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and fifty one, when your grandfather and grandmother began to walk together the road, on which we have been spared to walk so many years; and this is the first day of July eighteen hundred and ninety-five, on which I begin this little story - the forty-fourth anniversary of our wedding day. We are spending the summer months at Devon Inn, a beautiful Hotel about sixteen miles from Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and which we have