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" taken, and that all the bells were ringing." I opened the window, and the noise of the thousands of citizens who were giving vent to their patriotic enthusiasm, in the streets down town, a mile away from me, was like the roar of the sea, while every bell was ringing, and every conceivable way of making a noise was indulged in, to give expression to the joy that filled all hearts.

In the summer of 1858 your great-grandfather Lewis was taken ill, and after months of suffering which he bore with great patience and fortitude, he passed away from us, entering into rest on October 2nd, surrounded by his six sons whose devotion to their father during his illness had been unrelenting. This was the first break in the family, and it was not long before another came, and your great-grandfather Larcombe was called from earth to his Eternal Home in October 1861. After his death, his wife - my mother - broke up her home, and came to live with us. She occupied the front room on the third floor, a pretty room furnished in blue,