

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT MANN.

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ment, for there soon grew to be an intelligent understanding between us that we liked each other better than we did anybody else in the school. If this charmer had not come in the morning when I entered the school-room, I was sure to see her through the window as she approached.

We had spelling-schools at night attended by nearly all the young people in the neighborhood. These stimulated our spelling-classes in the day school, and, though I am not a perfect speller, I am conscious that I was greatly benefited by them. We had also a debating society in which I took part; but what I said was written and committed. I never had the ability of extempore speaking any more than I had of fluent talking.

My life during the four years of my residence in this sequestered dale is reproduced in my memory perhaps more vividly than any other period of my existence. Here were my father and mother, my brother Harris, and my sister Maria. Our very pleasant associations were numerous, and seem now more felicitous, perhaps, from the fact that the long lapse of years has obliterated the memory of the less happy feelings to which we are all more or less subjected in daily life.