

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT MANN.

solitary one until ours was reached. On the little farm we had cultivated, and near to the spring we so constantly visited, I found a comfortable house occupied by the most intimate boy friend I had during my residence here. He had lived here for many years and had added many acres to the part of the land he now owned, and which had once been in our possession.

Mr. Sensor and his amiable wife and daughter received me most cordially. It was not the first time I had visited them, and I stopped a day or two enjoying their pleasant hospitality. Mr. Sensor is a farmer in moderate circumstances. He is a veteran of the late war, a stanch Republican, and his sensible observations in regard to public affairs showed him to be remarkably sound on the important question of citizenship.

His youngest daughter, Miss Mamie, had grown to young womanhood on the spot around which some of my dearest recollections clustered, and whether it was the charm of the past rising up in my memory after the lapse of more than half a century now gone by, or the personal attraction of the young lady, or both combined, I felt for her a more than ordinary friendship; and I have learned by acquaintance and correspond-