

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT MANN.

was necessary to take her to Philadelphia for treatment. I visited her there during the time I was living in Mackeyville, and she died while I was present with her.

She was buried in a beautiful graveyard in Philadelphia, surrounded on all sides by the tide of human life surging in busy streets. There were present, the sole mourners at her burial, my sister Maria, myself, and James H. Mann, then a boy. After a year or so we tried to find her grave, for the purpose of putting up stones, but from some error in the record kept at the cemetery we could not find it.

With the lives of her immediate descendants, now all gone but myself, and my own departure, as I have formerly expected, now overdue, the memory of this meek and devoted wife and mother will have passed into oblivion, but surely there will not be many who will rise from this burying ground in whiter robes than hers when the trumpet of the archangel shall awake the long-forgotten dead.

MY SISTER MARIA

lived mostly at home with her parents until her mother's death. She had a more genial, social