

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT MANN.

We had about five acres of ground with a good garden here, which afforded my father employment in his favorite occupation. Finally, the axe business coming into the city markets greatly increased in demand, and the factory was diverted into the making of axe polls and colliers' shovels. I did the plating of the polls and shovels. The axe business still increasing in demand, my brother William, who had furnished all the capital, now proposed to forge and grind axes here, and for this purpose put up additional grinding works.

I suppose it was an enigma what to do with me, and to ease the matter he proposed to give me a certain portion of the profit on the axes made at the factory where I worked.

About this time I had a severe spell of sickness. After my recovery, not being very stout, I travelled for a year or so on my brother's business. My first trip was to visit a grindstone quarry, north of Binghamton, New York. I started in a sleigh, but the snow failing at Danville, I left my sleigh and went on on horseback. My horse was small and not a good traveller; I stopped over night at a private house of entertainment near Tunkhannock, kept by a sharp