

during the three years I occupied it. I had good success with my crops and was generally satisfied with my success, but my genius led in other channels rather than farming. A sawmill was finally offered me which I bought in the village of Tara. Having sold the farm and purchased the mill, I turned my attention to lumbermaking, and strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that I had never operated a mill for an hour, nor attended to the steam valve of an engine up to that hour, I undertook the task with the assurance that I could make it work. After a struggle, having hired one man who claimed to be a fireman, I had him produce enough steam to cause the engine to run, and I felt my way from the throttle of the engine, until I got steam to experiment with the way by which I could control it. I succeeded very safely in procuring the necessary steam to do the cutting. I took up my first log and cut it all alone. Finding my success growing, I got further help, and in the course of eight days I had my compliment of men in the mill, and was doing fair work, always having it as my motto, that on the first appearance of anything getting out of order, it was my business to stop and put it in order to make it do its work right, which I found to be a very excellent principle laid down. Several of my friends and neighbors thought I was into a somewhat risky undertaking, and one of my good friends, a Doctor Taylor, came to see me operate. It so happened that red paint had been used in the packing of the piston, and some of it had come in contact with the piston. The Doctor had not discovered that it was red paint, and supposed it to be heat from the action of the engine, and went out to report that I had run the whole thing out of the mill and the piston was red hot. However, I had great success with the machinery from beginning to the end.