

I then took hold of locomotive works, as the Locks and Canals Co. had commenced building engines. When the lot of engines on which we were working, was finished, about sixty hands were to be discharged.

My foreman gave me notice about two weeks beforehand. I knew that if I waited until the day came around, many of my associates would be looking for work at the same time, so I went at once, or as soon as they would let me off, to North Chalmersford, and saw Silver. He had had difficulty in getting some roller-saddles finished for some spinning frames, and said I might try my hand at them, and afterwards make up my mind what I would do them for by the piece. I did so, and a day or two after, put in a bid. He agreed to it, and I went at it. The job was a little difficult to do well, and as the saddles had to be ground on an emery-wheel, it was unpleasant. I worked hard, and as our old water-wheel leaked enough to keep turning, and to run the machinery when the gate was shut, I stole in and worked every evening until eleven o'clock. I got enough done to give me three dollars a day for five weeks. Silver said he could not pay that any longer as it would make trouble with the other hands. He said I must do the rest for half what he had been paying me. I felt angry, but I did not show it, as I might want to come back there sometimes. I told him that grinding on the emery-wheel hurt me, and that I would not try to do any more.

I went to Boston. I had been there only once before, but did not then go into any of the shops. This time I strayed around among a lot of old shops, and I went to Ashcroft's and to Adams—all without getting work; I had never heard of Hinkley & Drury; but I got over into their neighborhood, and went over into their works. Drury was in the shop; and came up to me. He asked me if I wanted work. I told him I did. He asked me what I could do. I named the kind of work at Lowell. He said he had never been able to do anything with Lowell hands, that his work was heavier and harder than they had been used to, and that it 'buckled them right up.' He showed me how a walking beam of a steam engine had to be bored, on the floor. I thought I could try, and he finally said I might come for a week. He would give me eight dollars, and if I didn't suit, he would tell me so at the end of the week.

During the week I found I could do the work set me, as well as other men who had ten and eleven dollars a week, and that I could get a dollar and three quarters a day at Tufts, and at one or two other places. On Saturday, the men went in to be paid off. Mr. Drury stood at the door to rectify any mistakes, and to answer any appeals. I stepped up to him, and told him that I had concluded to get employment elsewhere. 'Isn't our money as good as anybody's else?' he said. 'What I get of it, is, said I. He asked me if I could get any more elsewhere. I told him I could, and where, and what wages were offered. 'Well,' said he, 'we will pay you ten dollars and a half a week.' I drew only enough for my board, and kept regularly at work.

I roomed with Henry Rice, at 672 Washington street. After I had been working four months in the shop, I was sent to Waltham, to put up an engine, and Rice was sent to Newton, on a similar job. I ran my engine one year.

I then went back to the Locks and Canal shop at Lowell, and worked on the four 'big engines,' three of which went on the Western road, and one the 'King Phillip,' on the Boston and Providence road. I had some of the best jobs of work, done on these engines.

I afterwards worked a few months in a print works,

changing about as I did, in the hope of falling in with some chance on a railroad. While at the print works I went to William Jackson, then a director in the Boston and Worcester road. I told him that I was young, tough, and capable, and that I must have a chance on a road. Woodsworth promised an engine to run in three weeks. I had a little doubt of my capability to run an engine—the most that I had expected being a job at firing. I dared not say, however, that I could not run as well as anybody.

I resolved to hire some engineer to teach me during the three weeks I was to wait.—Mentioning my plan to Mr. Jackson, said he, 'You must not be out of a job three weeks. I will give you a letter to Major Whistler, on the Western road, and he will set you to work at once.' He did as he promised, and I went to Springfield. Whistler gave me a note to Grey, and Grey gave me a note to Eddy. I had known Wilson Eddy at Lowell and when I found it was the same one I was all right. Eddy set me to work in the shop, where I worked eight months. I then went out on the road, where I was running for seven years and four months, making eight years in all on the Western road.

'When I was running, I did all the repairs that could be done by one man, on my engine. I habited all my boxes, fitted the dies in my eccentric books, keyed up and packed my engine, and did all the living that was done. I always helped to clean my engine, worked as hard as my fireman, and our engine was thoroughly cleaned every day.

'During my work on the Western road, my wife had died, and I removed my children to New Hampshire. I went often to visit them. Once, on my return from such a visit, as I got in the cars at Worcester, I saw Addison Gilmore.

'At Springfield, Mr. Gilmore asked me if I knew any of the railroad men about there. I told him many of them, and he asked me if I knew Dolliver Johnson. I told him that man was there employed in the machine shop.

'In the afternoon, while I was at work with Johnson—who then took out engines for Hickey—the stranger came in, and introduced himself as Mr. Edwards, president of the Cheshire Road, in New Hampshire. He had a letter from Hickey, and wished to get Johnson to take up his first engine and to start and run it. 'I don't want it,' said Johnson, in his bluff way. Johnson was afterwards Master Mechanic of the Fitchburg road. 'But here is a man,' said Johnson, pointing to me, 'who is just the man you want.' Mr. Edwards then told me he had come on to choose an engine from a lot of twelve on the Western railroad, either of which had been offered him for four thousand dollars. He was to make his choice there, that day. Said I, 'Mr. Edwards, I must not talk with you here in the shop, but I will call on you this evening. In the meantime tell Mr. Gilmore that you will name your choice to-morrow, after you have gone to Pittsfield.'

'I went that evening to Mr. Edwards' room, at the Massasoit House. He seemed impatient to see me. I told him we must first make a bargain and then I would tell him about selecting his engine. He asked what pay I expected. I told him sixty dollars a month, and he agreed to give it. The engine 'Hampshire' had not long been put in good order. I told Mr. Edwards to go to Pittsfield, and, after looking at all the engines, to select that one. He noted the name of the engine, and I bid him good evening.

On his return from Pittsfield, he told me I must leave with his engine, next Monday. I told him I could not leave without giving a regular notice, as I might have to come back again. And even if I was