£4,000; London and Birmingham, £6,300; Great Western, £6,300; Brighton, £8,000.

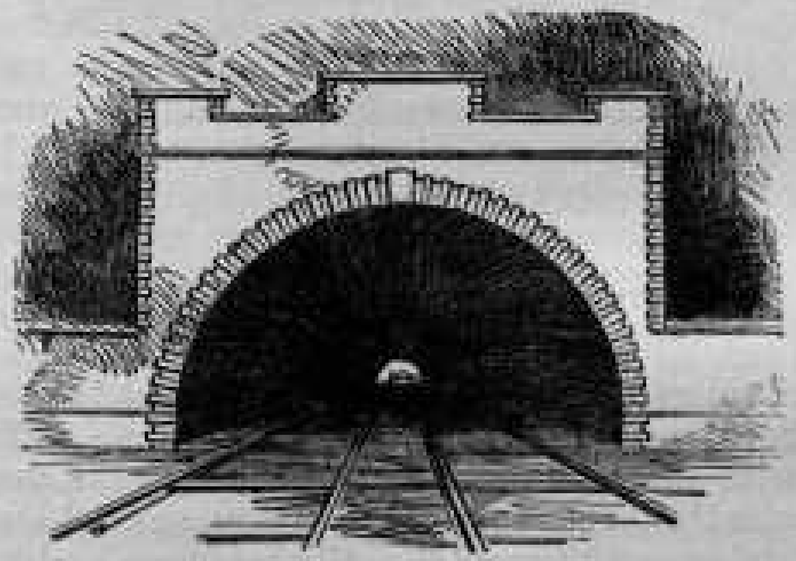
1836 was another era of railway excitement. That year no fewer than thirty-five railway bills passed the legislature. In 1843 again speculation became busy. In that year twenty-four railway acts were passed. The next year thirty-seven additional projects received the royal sanction. The delusion continued to spread. In the first quarter of 1845 fifty-two additional companies were added to the number. We have yet hardly recovered from those times—when porters and paupers were responsible for thousands—when the lust of gold deluged the land—when honour, and morality, and religion seem to have died out in our midst.

Railways were planned out in every direction; lines of communication were to be laid down—were laid down on paper—between Hamlet Obscure and Village Obscurer; the engineers were going to bring the ends of the earth together; and if the potency to transform a wilderness into a flower garden, a desert into a fruitful field, was not theirs, they could still favour said wilderness or desert with an up and down line and a station.

One thousand four hundred and twenty-eight companies, with a capital of £701,243,208, demanding £49,592,816 for deposits, were actually registered by 31st October, 1845. The capital of completed railways amounted to £70,680,877. There were one hundred and eighteen lines and branches in course of execution, which required £67,359,325; and there were 1,263 companies projected, asking from the capitalists of England £563,203,000. The promoters of five hundred and fourteen schemes intimated their intention to apply to Parliament in 1846. Never before had such a mania existed. It passed away, blighting many a happy home—sundering many household ties—saddening many a joyous heart. Since then, the railway system has been left to develop itself according to the growing want of the people; and we trust that it may be long ere the madness of 1845-6 again occur.

Look for my monument around! Epitaph fit and proper for Stephenson. Read these *lines*; listen to their teachings:—There was a labouring man in the colliery down North,

a worker who thought his fortune was made, and twelve silver shillings was his weekly pay; the man had metal in him, and worked—a head to think, a hand to execute. There were giants in the land in those days, and there are now. Giant Prejudice, Colossus Cash and Co., leagued against all progress, especially progress by steam locomotive. And Geordie stood up against them and prevailed; he had made in babyhood clay engines, and now in his manhood he built them of stouter material. "Supposing, Mr. Stephenson," said one to him, "a cow should happen to be on your line?" And Stephenson answered and said, "'Twould be a bad job for the *coo*." Ay! and it was a bad job for those who stood in his way at all, be they cows or only claiming maternity therewith—this ponderous thing of iron and brass and steel, its food coal, its drink water, would come upon them and overcome. O Geordie, Geordie, what a revolution hast thou brought in the world!



A RAILWAY TUNNEL.

UB Braunschweig http://www.digibib.tu-bs.de/?perid=00031385&imgid=00000075.jpg