

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me.
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing;
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing,
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine, he cannot fail me;
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever,
Weep not for me.

MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL RAILROAD.

(Second Notice.)

In 1828 preparations were made for the erection of the great viaduct over the Sankey valley. About two hundred piles, from twenty to thirty feet long, were driven firmly into the foundation-site of each of the ten piers. It is a massive, but handsome structure, consisting of nine arches, each having a span of fifty feet: the height of the viaduct is seventy feet above the Sankey canal. The structure is chiefly of brick, with stone facings: the breadth of the railway between the parapets is twenty-five feet.

One of the most difficult parts of this line was that over Chat-Moss, a huge bog, comprising an area of twelve square-miles, so soft as to yield to the foot of man or beast; and in many parts so fluid, that an iron rod laid upon the surface would sink to the bottom by its own weight. It varies from ten to thirty-five feet in depth, and the bottom is composed of sand and clay. On the eastern border, for about a mile and a-half, the greatest difficulty in the construction of the road occurred. Here an embankment of about twenty feet above the natural level was formed, the weight of which resting on a soft base pressed down the original surface: many thousand cubic yards gradually and silently disappeared, before the desired level was attained: but, by degrees, the whole mass beneath, and on either side of this embankment, became consolidated by the superincumbent and lateral pressure, and the work was finally completed. Hurdles of brushwood and heath are placed under the wooden sleepers, which support the rails over the greater part of this moss; so that the road may be said to float on the surface.

On the 1st of May, 1830, the Rocket steam-engine, with a carriage full of company, passed over the road-way, along the whole extent of Chat-Moss, thus affording the first triumphant proof of the possibility of forming this much-contested road.

The company, up to the time of the completion of the line, had not decided upon the means of transporting the carriages, whether by horses, by stationary steam-engines, or by locomotive engines. Numerous schemes were proposed to the directors, recommending improved powers or improved carriages; and these schemes came from persons of all classes; from professors of philosophy, down to the humblest mechanic; all were zealous in proffering assistance.

The directors offered, in the spring of 1829, a prize of five hundred pounds for the best locomotive engine, and appointed the following October, for a public trial of the claims of the competitors. The conditions of the prize were, that the engine should produce no smoke, that the pressure of the steam should be limited to fifty pounds on the square-inch; that the engine should draw at least three times its own weight, at the rate of not less than three miles an hour; that it should be supported on springs, and not exceed the height of fifteen feet.

In the following October three engines competed for the prize:—the Rocket, constructed by Mr. Stephenson; the Sanspareil, by Mr. Hackworth; and the Novelty, by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson. Of these engines, the Rocket gained the prize. A line of railway was chosen for the trial, on a level piece of road, about two miles in length, near Rain-hill: the distance between the two stations was a mile and a-half; and the engine had to travel this distance backwards and forwards ten times, thus making the journey thirty miles. The Rocket

performed this journey twice; the first time within two hours and a-quarter, and the second time within two hours and seven minutes. Its speed varied at different parts of the journey: its swiftest motion being rather above twenty-nine miles an hour; and its slowest pace about eleven miles and a-half an hour. This was the only engine which performed, in complete style, the proposed journey; the others having become disabled from accidents, which occurred during the contest.

We come now to the time when the railroad approached its completion. Little more than three years had been occupied in this work; in which more than ordinary difficulties had been met and overcome. The total cost, from the commencement, to the time when warehouses, machinery, and carriages were completed, and the railroad ready for active operations, is estimated at £820,000.

Previous to the 15th of September, 1830, extensive arrangements had been made for the important ceremonial of opening the railway on that day. Each engine, and its train of carriages, had distinguishing flags; and the number of these locomotives was eight; the Northumbrian, the Phoenix, the North Star, the Rocket, the Dart, the Comet, the Arrow, and the Meteor. All these engines were built by Messrs. Stephenson, of Newcastle. Messrs. Stephenson's engines had been repeatedly and successfully tried several weeks before.

The ceremony was honoured with the presence of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and many other distinguished individuals. The Northumbrian was appointed to take the lead of the procession, drawing a splendid carriage appropriated to the Duke and Sir Robert, and about thirty other eminent men. Each of the other locomotives drew four carriages, containing between eighty and ninety persons; thus making the total number of individuals, accommodated with seats in the procession, to be about six hundred.

At twenty minutes to eleven o'clock, the procession commenced its progress towards Manchester, the Northumbrian taking exclusively one of the two lines of rail, and the rest of the engines the other. A periodical writer of the day, who was present, states that the brilliancy of the procession,—the novelty of the sight,—and considerations of the almost boundless advantages of the stupendous power about to be put in motion,—gave to the spectacle an unparalleled interest. On every side the tumultuous voice of praise was heard; and countless thousands waved their hats, to cheer on the sons of enterprise in this their crowning effort. The engines proceeded at a moderate speed toward Wavertree-lane; when, increased power having been added, they went forward with great swiftness, and thousands of people then fell back, whom all the previous efforts of a formidable police could not move from the road. Numerous booths and vehicles lined the various roads; and were densely crowded. After passing Wavertree-lane, the procession entered the deep ravine at Olive Mount, and the eye of the passenger could scarcely find time to rest on the multitudes that lined the roads, or admire the various bridges thrown across this great monument of human labour. Shortly afterwards, Rain-hill-bridge was neared, and the inclined plane of Sutton began to be ascended, at a more slackened pace. The summit was soon gained, and twenty-four miles an hour became the maximum of the speed. About noon the procession passed over the Sankey-viaduct. The scene at this part was particularly striking. The fields below were occupied by thousands, who cheered the procession, in passing over this stupendous edifice: carriages filled the narrow lanes; and vessels, on the water, had been detained, in order that their crews might gaze up at the gorgeous pageant, passing far above their mast-heads. At Parkside, seventeen miles from Liverpool, the engines stopped to take in a supply of water and fuel; and many of the company having alighted in the interval, were walking about, congratulating each other on the truly delightful treat they were enjoying, all hearts bounding with joyous excitement, and every tongue eloquent in the praise of the gigantic work now completed, and the advantages and pleasures it afforded.

At this point of the proceedings occurred the sad accident which we are about to relate, and which threw a dark cloud over a day, devoted to honourable triumph and well-earned festivity.—(To be continued.)