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WILLIAM PEASE.



GEORGE STEPHENSON.

THE FIRST RAILWAY AND ITS PROJECTORS.

It is almost impossible for any one to believe that only a few weeks more than fifty years ago the first railway was opened. It was on September 27th, 1825. Now, but half a century after, Europe and North America is covered with a net work of railways; arteries carrying life and commerce to thousands of villages, towns and cities which otherwise might have been considered almost "out of the world" altogether.

This first railway was projected in 1817 by Mr. Edward Pease, and was to run from Darlington to Stockton in Durham County, England. The line was first intended to be simply a wooden tramway over which coal trucks and other vehicles were to be drawn by horses or stationary engines. George Stephenson was the engineer employed to construct the road. Who has not heard of him? First known as the son of "old Bob Stephenson," the engine-man at Wylam coal pit, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, with nothing to do; he was promoted to tend cows; next he became the leader of horses at the plough, and spent his odd moments in modelling clay engines. He rose step by step until he became an engineer, and made the first locomotive that received public confidence. He was the engineer and surveyor employed by Mr. Pease to construct this tramway. But Stephenson suggested that iron rails be substituted for wooden ones, and Mr. Pease consented; and, as Stephenson grew in his employer's confidence and esteem, he urged the adoption of a locomotive engine on the road, such as was working successfully at Killingworth colliery, and the suggestion was accepted. Although the tramway was projected in 1817, it was four years before the bill, which met with much opposition in Parliament, received the Royal assent, and

in four years after it had been completed. At the western extremity of the line there was a deep ravine which was overcome by two stationary engines, one at either side, but a few miles further on the locomotive was attached to the train, and the load of ninety tons was what in those days might have been called

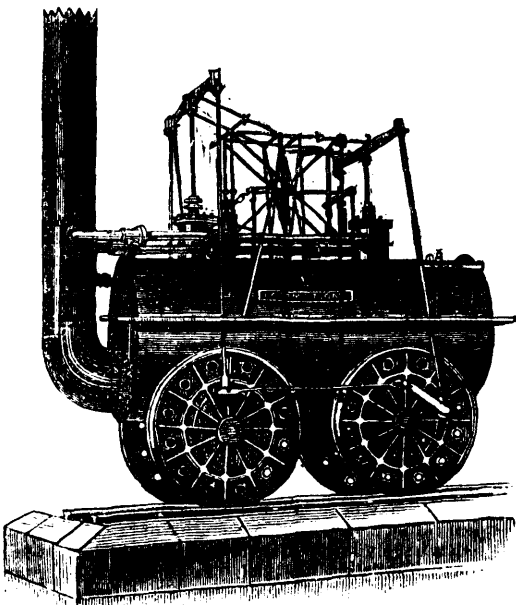
"whirled along" at the average speed of eight miles an hour, and even at one time the speed attained was fifteen miles an hour. This trial was witnessed by thousands of spectators who lined the road, and although it was no part of the programme that passengers should be carried nearly six hundred were willing to trust themselves on the train, and were taken from Darlington to Stockton and back.

Stephenson and Pease seem to have been made for each other, one to project and the other to accomplish; both possessed of indomitable energy and perseverance were determined to succeed. Mr. Smiles, the biographer of these men, recounts the following characteris-

tic conversation. On Pease once referring to the difficulties and opposition which the railway had to encounter, Stephenson said to him, "I think, sir, I have some knowledge of cran- iology, and, from what I see of your head, I feel sure that if you will fairly buckle to this railway you are the man to successfully carry it through." "I think so, too," rejoined Mr. Pease; "and I may observe to thee that if thou succeed in making this a good railway, thou may consider thy fortune as good as

made." It was a good railway and Stephenson's fortune was made, and on the fiftieth anniversary at Darlington, a few weeks ago, the old difficulties were recounted, their victories rejoiced in, and the labors of these two great and good men were held in due honor.

The introduction of railways led to many



other projects, the thoughts of which, a few years before, would have been considered the visions of an unsound brain; but the tunnels through mountains and under rivers, the canals and other immense engineering works of the present day, prove man's immense resources, while the projects of building tunnels under the sea, and the conversion of the Sahara Desert into an ocean, almost appear to throw previous "impossibilities" into the shade.

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 12 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.



Temperance Department.

NOT FIT TO BE KISSED.

BY ANNA LINDEN.

"What ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl,
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl;
"I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me!"

"But mamma"—her eyes opened wide as she spoke—
"Do you like nasty kisses of 'bacco and smoke?
They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls
I don't think them nice," as she tossed her bright curls.

"Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean?
With kisses like yours, mamma, that's what I mean;
I want to kiss papa, I love him so well,
But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell!"

"It's nasty to smoke, and eat 'bacco an' spit,
And the kisses ain't good, and ain't sweet, not a bit!"
And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust,
As she gave out her verdict so earnest and just.

Yes, yes, little darling! your wisdom has seen
That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean;
For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss,
From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

THE FATAL LEGACY.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"Well, I am out on the sea of life at last, alone, and with storms, tempests, and breakers ahead for all that I know! Launched by adversity and driven on by necessity!" And pretty, pale Martha Benedict sat down by the one window in her hall bedroom and looked out.

"Three dollars without board; seven dollars with board! Reasonable! Not so bad an outlook either. A tenement-house opposite, to be sure; but one may learn so much from the very poor as to make one almost content with standing even a single round higher on the ladder."

"Your things has come, miss," broke in upon the reverie of Miss Benedict, as the door was pushed open and the irrepressible "Bridget" ushered in the expressman.

Martha paid him quietly, shut her door, hung up her mourning hat and mantle, and then looked about on her surroundings.

A white cot, a wash-stand, a bit of carpet, one chair, no mate to it (was this ominous of her future lonely lot? she wondered), two common prints on the wall, and a bracket in the corner holding a pot of geraniums. This, in the coming days, was to be her home for an indefinite time; this one room, for she was determined not to mix any more with the boarders than she could help.

Martha Benedict was twenty, slight and delicate in figure, with a beautiful Madonna face,