

PRICE 1/-

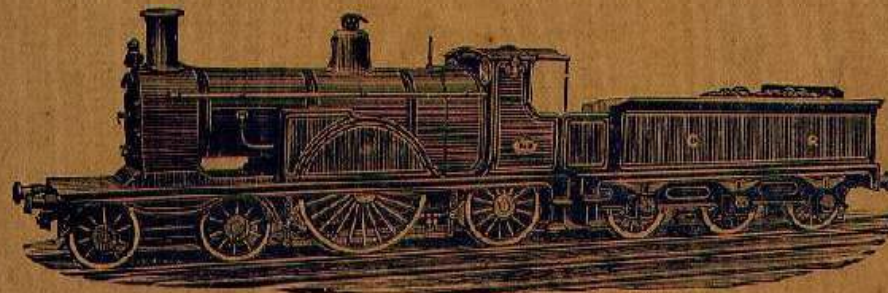
KINNABER;

OR,

THE GREAT RAILWAY RACE

OF

1895.



GALEDONIAN RAILWAY EXPRESS ENGINE, No. 123.

BY

W. J. SCOTT,

B.A. C.A.M.B.

Author of "GREAT NORTHERN SPEEDS," "THE BEST WAY THERE," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED.

London:

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co., LIMITED,

CHANCERY CROSS ROAD.



ERRATA.

On last line of 1st page of Preface, for "no 'nicht'" read "no, 'nicht.'"

On Page 23, line 22, for "10th" read "1st."

On Page 35, Col. **D**, for "3.8" (the time at Stirling), read "3.18."

On Page 37, line 18, for "55 $\frac{1}{4}$ " read "54 $\frac{3}{4}$."

On Page 36, line 3, for "Table A" read "Table V."

On Page 41, line 3 (over top of 2nd col), for "L. N. W." read "CAL."

On Page 46, lines 4 and 5 from bottom, for "8.40" read "8.44," and for "8.44" read "8.40."

W. J. S.

KINNABER;

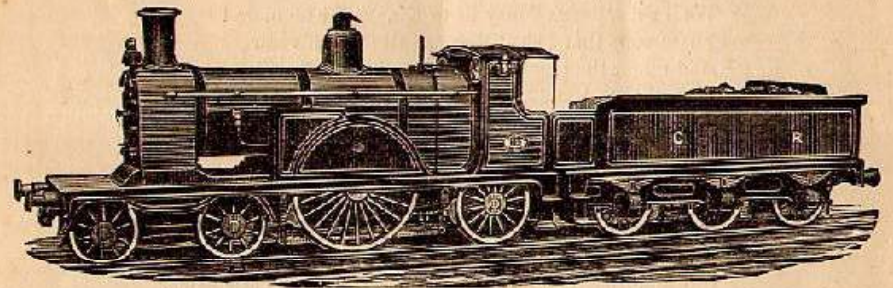
OR,

THE GREAT RAILWAY RACE

OF

1895,

WITH NOTES ON SCOTTISH TRAIN SPEEDS, ETC.



CALEDONIAN RAILWAY EXPRESS ENGINE, No. 123.

BY

W. J. SCOTT,

B.A., CAMB.,

Author of "GREAT NORTHERN SPEEDS," "THE BEST WAY THERE," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON:

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co., LIMITED,

CHARING CROSS ROAD.

KINNABER NO MORE.

(Being the up-to-date version of the well-known Highland lament
Lochaber no more.)

Farewell to Kinnaber, farewell to the train
Where snug in the 'sleeper' I hae mony nights lain;
For Kinnaber no more, Kinnaber no more,
We'll get "passes" may be to Kinnaber † no more!
These tears that I shed they are all from this fear—
And no for the permanent-way slacks, or 'waur'
Lest, though 'doubling' go on by the Lunan Bay Shore,
The racing trains spin past Kinnaber no more.

Though hurricanes rose, though rose every wind,
No tempest could make us one minute behind;
Through the tunnels like thunder, o'er 'brigs' with a roar,
And like naething on earth past the Stonehaven shore:
If behind the West [East] Coast our hearts were sair pained,
Yet by racing in winter can traffic be gained?
If we reap no reward from a policy brave
We maun think of expense, and the coal we might save.

Then economy's promptings maun plead our excuse,
When Boards cry "stop racing" how can we refuse;
Yet without it, how can we hold Perth or Dundee,
And losing their favour, why where should we be?
We're gaun then, next year, to win honour and fame
And make this year's speeds both inglorious and lame:
Then when Crews stops and single-line running are o'er,
We'll see a grand race for Kinnaber once more.

† The East Coast passes were only available as far as Kinnaber, not on Caledonian territory.

PREFACE.

When once the wave of high speed from the "Race to Edinburgh" had spent its force—a wave big enough to roll across the Atlantic, however—we waited seven years for another "Great Railway Year." But when it came, it proved 'great' enough; not only the high-strung competition which railway officers and chairmen forbid us to call a race, but the after pace of regular and heavy trains, being a thing which grows more wonderful the more one looks into it. It is like looking on at a volcanic upheaval in one of the far-off geological epochs, to see the North-Western best speed rise into a sudden crest of over 57 an hour, and the North Eastern, not content with one train timed to cover 80½ miles in 92 minutes with a twofold intermediate stop on Durham Bridge,* next month gaily adding another at the like speed. It is true that, the nether fires cooling somewhat, the North-Western crest flattened down a little, but even now the run from Wigan to Carlisle is two minutes faster than the best from King's Cross to Grantham, for the same distance! If the 'champion lines' do not show on paper any great rise in their best pace, it is only because they are better than their word; the Great Northern making 60 an hour runs from Grantham to York, and the Caledonian doing much the same to Stirling any night that circumstances call for such speed—which is not seldom.* This little island of ours now boasts *two* trains, fairly heavy ones at that, which run their full course of over 500 miles at better than 50 an hour, all stops included; and one has nine booked stops, and the other to its seven such adds two special delays, and a 16-mile stretch of single line with five crossing points.

And the end is not yet. Already from over sea comes a threat of a train to make an inclusive *sixty an hour* between New York and Chicago: all over Great Britain heavier engines are a-building, larger water-tanks are fitting to tenders, or Kamshotbottom troughs are being laid down (these last, wonderful to tell on the Great Western). "The child shall bless that is unborn" the racing of that month; this, like the Hunting of the Cheviot fight, "began on a Monday at morn"—no "nicht" in this case, the memorable

* Allowing for this Durham incident, the North Eastern speed is quite 55 an hour. The Great Northern have a like stop at Huntingdon Bridge; this and other delays make their train often late from Grantham. The Caledonian have an even heavier task, as their train never can leave Carlisle till at least 13 minutes after time.