Huron Signal.

"The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

VOL. XXVII. NO. 9. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY. MARCH 18, 1874. WHOLE NO. 1413.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the Largest Papers published in Canada,

Printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

J. J. BELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—$1.50 per annum, *in advance*, $2 if credit is given. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $5.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

YEARLY AGREEMENTS:

The following rates will be charged to merchants and others who advertise by the year,—

One Column	1 year		$60
" "	6 months		35
" "	3 months		25
Half "	1 year		35
" "	6 months		25
" "	3 months		15
Quarter "	1 year		20
" "	6 months		12
" "	3 months		8
Eighth "	1 year		12
" "	6 months		8
" "	3 months		5

This agreement is to be confined to the ordinary business of commercial houses, and for such it will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removal Co-Partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, Houses to let or for Sale, &c.

☞ The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to.

Advertisements intended for insertion in any particular issue should reach the office by noon on Tuesday.

The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-1y

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Ross' hotel, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel.
Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1367

G.C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., &c., Goderich, Ont. 13:40-1y

DR. McLEAN.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School.

Dr. Cassady,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

Ira Lewis
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, and Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & Garrow.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c. Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON w52 J. T. GARROW.

B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR-in-Chancery, &c., Goderich, Ont. 1357

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1373

Sinclair & Seager
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. SINCLAIR CHAS. SEAGER, Jr
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

W. R. SQUIER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont. Office, Ashcom's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1353

P. F. WALKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR-IN Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office, opposite the Post Office, West Street, Goderich, Ont. 1378-6m

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office at Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee.
sw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

Malcolmson & Keating,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, &c. &c., Clinton, Ont. w35
MONEY TO LEND.

HUGH HAMILTON
CONVEYANCER AND GENERAL LAND Agent, Crown Lands Office, Goderich, Ont.
Money to Lend. 138

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., &c., COURT HOUSE SQUARE Goderich. Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters', Plasterers' and Masons' work measured and valued.
1307-1y.

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1309.

J. T. DUNCAN, V.S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
OFFICE AND STABLES,
Newgate Street, Fifth House East of Colborne Hotel.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

PATENTS
FOR INVENTIONS
EXPEDITIOUSLY & PROPERLY
secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada,
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb. 11th 1871. w4-1y—

NOTICE,
MISS BARNES in returning thanks to her friends in Goderich for past patronage, begs to say that she is now prepared to give Lessons on the Pianoforte and Cabinet Organ and in Singing.
Residence opposite Mr. Savage's, Colborne St. 1363

CARD.
MISS SKIMMINGS, Teacher of Music on Piano Forte and Organ. Terms as usual in advance. Residence, Stanley Street, Goderich.
January 5th, 1874. 1403

RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAS REMOVED HIS RESTAURANT TO Acheson's New Block, West Street, where I o will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUIT, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

THE ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE direction of the SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH will be re-opened on
WEDNESDAY Jan. 7th 1874.
TERMS

Tuition per quarter	$3 00
Music, Instrumental	7 00
" Vocal	5 00
Guitar	5 00
French	2 00
Drawing	4 00

Payment quarterly and in advance. Plain and ornamental needle-work do not form extra charges to pupils.
Jan. 6th 1874. 1403-6m

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G.R.C., A.F.A.M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw73-1y

Money to Lend.

$25,000
TO Loan on FARM or TOWN property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 30th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LEND.
ON IMPROVED FARM PROperty, at 8 per cent simple interest per annum. Apply to
SAMUEL SLOAN,
Colborne Hotel.
Goderich, 8th Oct., 1872. 1338

MONEY TO LOAN
AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
FREEHOLD Permanent Building and Savings Society of Toronto.
For particulars apply to
A. M. ROSS.
Agent at Goderich.
Secretary and Treasurer,
CHAS. ROBERTON,
Toronto. 1343.

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies
PHOENIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 26th 1870. w36-1y.

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON AND GLOBE
INSURANCE COMPANY,
Available Assets, $27,000,000.
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT DEDUCTION. Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, MONTREAL
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

WESTERN ASSURANCE
COMPANY.
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.
CAPITAL STOCK.....$400,000
SURPLUS FUNDS.....208,369.60
RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30th 1871. 357,858.26
HON. J. McMURRICH
President.
B. HALDAN Managing Director.
FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE AT
Lowest Current Rates.
SPECIAL LOW TARIFF OF RATES, COVERING Insurance for one or three years on detached Dwellings, Churches and Schools with contents, in Cities, Towns and Country places. These rates and terms of policy particularly favorable to the Farming Community.
First Class man wanted for a travelling Agency for the townships outlying this Town. Apply in writing with references to the undersigned for transmission to the Head Office.
D. WATSON.
Local Agent.
Goderich 12th Sept. 1871 8

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust and Loan Company of
CANADA.
Incorpoated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
☞ Approved Mortgages purchased.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
1317 Agent.
NEW CONVEYANCING & LOAN
Agency Office, Blyth.
W. H. G. COLLES,
Conveyancer, Solicitor in Chancery, and Attorney of the Law and Equity Courts of Ireland, Genealogist, Land, Loan and Estate Agent, Law, Life and Fire Insurance, and General Agent.
Has opened an office in Blyth, at the late residence of Dr. Richardson, next house south of the Registry Office. Deeds, Wills, Mortgages, &c., carefully prepared; Titles and claims to Irish Estates investigated, and Law Business in Ireland transacted in connection with a First-Class Dublin Firm; Genealogies traced and Pedigrees prepared; Forty Years Experience; charges moderate. Money to Loan—private funds, and for Public companies, Debts collected. Notes protested and collected.
☞ Office next house south of Registry Office.
1297

STOCK'S EXTRA
MACHINE OIL
Has been in general use for the past two years and giving the best satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials from many of the leading houses in Ontario. It will not congeal in the coldest weather, it is therefore suitable for the lightest and fastest, as well as the heaviest machines in use.
TESTIMONIAL
From Mr. Joseph Hall Machine Works. sw4.
I consider Stock's oil cheaper at $1.00 per gallon than olive oil at 80 cents. Yours respectfully,
F. W. GLEN, President.
For sale only by
G. H. PARSONS & CO., Hardware Merchants, Goderich.
SOLE AGENTS, 1312.

Hotels.

BRITISH EXCHANGE HOTEL,
MARKET SQUARE GODERICH.
CAPT. W. COX, - PROPRIETOR
LATE OF THE HURON HOTEL.
A continuance of the favor and support of the Commercial and Travelling public that was accorded before the fire, respectfully solicited. 1334

ANCHOR LINE.
STEAMERS SAIL FROM NEW YORK EVERY
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
PASSENGER ACCOMODATION UNSURPASSED
Rates of Passage from Sun Bridge or Buffalo to Glasgow, Liverpool or Londonderry, Cabins $65, $75 and $80 Gold according to location. Intermediate $29 gold, Steerage $24 gold.
DRAFTS ISSUED AT LOWEST RATES.
For passage or further information. Apply to
HENDERSON BROTHERS,
7 Bowling Green N. Y.
Or their Agent HENDERSON BROTHERS,
1407 MRS. E. WARNOCK, Goderich.

TAILORING.
H. DUNLOP
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH,
BEGS to direct attention to his very full stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable style and at the lowest rates.
Gents Furnishings
of all kinds kept on hand as usual.
Goderich, 9th Dec. 1873.

THE
Very Thing Wanted
NEW HARDWARE STORE
In GODERICH
OPPOSITE MARKET HOUSE.
SIGN OF THE CIRCULAR SAW
THE SUBSCRIBERS BEG TO SAY THAT THEY have just completed opening out an Entire New and
COMPLETE STOCK OF
HARDWARE.
of all kinds which will be sold at prices that defy competition. Before purchasing elsewhere. Please give us a call.
B.—List of Goods sold, next week
G. H. PARSONS & CO
Opposite The Market House
Goderich June 23rd 1871.

DOMINION
CARRIAGE WORKS.

R. J. WHITELY
BEGS TO THANK THE PUBLIC for the liberal patronage accorded him in the past and to announce that he still carries on Carriage and Sleigh making in all its branches, at the old stand, opposite E. Martin's Colborne Hotel. Carriages Buggies, Waggons, and everything else in his line kept on hand or made to order of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
Goderich, 25th Feb. 1873. 1358

HURON CARRIAGE WORKS,
HAMILTON STREET, GODERICH.

KNOX & ROTHWELL
Beg to inform the public that they are in a position to fill all orders with which they may be entrusted, in a style which cannot be surpassed in the County. The vehicles turned out of their establishment are finished in a very superior style, and will bear comparison with any.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
Goderich, 16th Feb. 1874. 1709

OPENED OUT AGAIN.

DOUGLAS McKENZIE
Watchmaker & Jeweller,
DESIRES to return his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage extended him in the past, and to announce that he has removed to the new premises in Acheson's Block, West Street, the world call special attention to the
RUSSELL WATCH
for the sale of which he is Sole agent in Goderich. A large stock of Waltham, Morton, Elgin and Swiss Watches in Gold and Silver cases.
He has on hand a large and well selected stock of
JEWELLERY
of all kinds which he will sell cheap.
REPAIRING DONE AS USUAL
A CALL SOLICITED.
D. McKENZIE.
Goderich November 11th 1873 1363

Poetry.

Canada to the Laureate.

"And that true north, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us, 'Keep you to yourselves,
So loyal is too costly! friends, your love
Is but a burden; loose the bond and go.'
Is this the tone of Empire?"
—*Tennyson's last Ode to the Queen.*

We thank thee, Laureate, for thy kindly words,
Spoken for us, to her to whom we look
With loyal love, across the misty sea;
Thy noble words, whose generous tone may shame
The cold and heartless strain that said, "Begone,
We want your love no longer; all our aim
Is riches—*that* your love can not increase!"
Fain would we tell them that we do not seek
To hang dependent like a helpless brood
That, selfish, drag a weary mother down;
For we have British hearts and British blood,
That leaps up, eager, when the danger calls!
Once and again our sons have sprung to arms,
To fight in Britain's quarrel, not *our own*,
And drive the covetous invader back,
Who would have let us, peaceful, keep our own
So we had cast the *British* name away!
Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil,
For Britain's honor, that we deemed our own;
Nor do we ask but for the right to keep
Unbroken still, the cherished ties
That binds us to the distant sea-girt isle
Our fathers loved, and taught their sons to love,
As the dear home of freemen, brave as true,
And loving *home* more than ease or gold!

Well do we love our own Canadian land,
Its lovely lakes, its rivers sweeping wide,
Fast stately towns and peaceful villages,
'Mid banks begirt with forests to the sea;
Its tranquil homesteads and its noble woods,
Where sighs the summer breeze through pine and fern;
But well we love, too, Britain's daisied meads,
Her primrose-bordered lanes, her hedgerows sweet,
Her winding streams and roaming mountain becks,
Her purple mountains and her heathery braes,
And towers and ruins ivy-crowned and grey,
Glistening with song and story as with dew,
Dear to our childhood's dreaming fancy, rince
We heard of them from those whose hearts were sore
For home and country, left and left for aye,
That they might mould, in these our western wilds,
New *Britains*, not unworthy of the old.

We hope to live a history of our own—
One worthy of the lineage that we claim;
Yet, as our past is but of yesterday,
We claim as ours, too, that long lengthened roll
Of noble deeds, that bind, with golden links,
The long dim centuries since King Arthur passed;"
And we would thence an inspiration draw,
To make our unlived future still uphold
The high traditions of imperial power,
That crowned our Britain Queen on her white cliffs,
Stretching her sceptre o'er the gleaming waves,
Ever her only theme! Then we ask some,
Who helped to found our fair Canadian realm,
Who left their cherished home, their earthly all
In the far borders that disowned her sway,
Rather than sever the dear filial tie
That stretched so strong through all the tossing waves,
And came to hew out, in the trackless wild,
New homes, where still the British flag should wave.
We would be worthy them and worthy thee.
Our old ideal Britain, generous, true,
Thy helper of the helpless! And, perchance,
Seeing thyself in our reviving eyes
May keep thee worthier of thine ancient name
And power among the nations. Still we would
Believe in thee, and strive to make our land
A brighter gem to light the royal crown
Whose lustre is thy children's—is *our own*.
CANADENSIS in *Good Words*.

A BROKEN BRIDGE.

A THRILLING STORY.

I reached the little Welsh town of Abermaw one boisterous afternoon in autumn at about four o'clock, after a long tramp over the mountains. Abermaw, as its name implies, is situated at the mouth of the river Maw, which here forms an estuary about a mile broad. The town itself faces the open sea; the harbor lies about half a mile up the estuary; whilst between the town and the harbor was the outline of a huge bridge then in course of construction. Abermaw is a little bit of a place, consisting of a hotel, a few shops, a church, a chapel of ease, and half-a-dozen lodging houses, which are built on a platform of sand, the work of the sea and river in concert or in conflict. The old fishing village is perched up on the rocks above it, upon tier, upon tier, the limestone of one house looking down the chimney of the house below, and is reached by rude rocky steps, where the children of the village swarm up and down and yet rarely contrive to break their necks.

The further shore of the estuary was a triangular spit of sand, across which was a track that joined the high-road at a point where it commenced to mount the shoulder of a wave-beaten cliff on the fence of which it was terraced, for on the further or southern side of the estuary, the sea washed up to the very base of the rocks that formed the rugged fringe of this iron bound coast. There was a ferry from the Abermaw side to the spit of sand, and thence by a detour of several miles you could make your way along the southern bank of the river to the town of Dolbadarn. As the crow flies Dolbadarn was not more than seven miles distant from Abermaw, but it could not be reached by any practicable track in less than from ten to eleven miles, for the river took a wide sweep to the north, and, in addition to the detour thus caused, the first bridge where the road crossed the river was at a point a good way wide of Dolbadarn, so that altogether the distance was lengthened to that above mentioned. On the other hand, if you crossed the ferry, and made your way across the sand to the highway, the distance was much the same, and this latter route was, of course, only practicable to foot-passengers.

Although I had reached Abermaw in the guise of a free and independent pedestrian, yet my liberty was of a restricted nature. My wife and children had gone by the regular coach route to Dolbadarn, and I had crossed the mountain by a wild foot-track, promising to join them that night at Dolbadarn in time for dinner, for I had intended to take the coach at Abermaw, which would have brought me to the end of my journey in good time. This coach, however, I had missed by just five minutes. My walk that day had been a long one, and I was rather fagged, and should probably have hired a conveyance for the remainder of the distance; but the manner of the landlord of the hotel was so abrupt, and I thought, offensive, in answer to my inquiries, that I resolved, come what might, he should not be a six-pence richer for me.

I walked on till I came to a little public house at the further end of the town, close to the rough quay that bordered the estuary, and turned in there for a glass of beer and a crust of bread and cheese, as well as for the purpose of making a few inquiries as to my route.

"Well, indeed," said Evan Rowlands, the landlord, "there's no possible way to get to Dolbadarn to-night, not unless you take a car from Mr. Jones's."

"I shan't have a car from Mr. Jones," I said. "Can't I hire one anywhere else?"

Evan shook his head; there was no horse or car in Abermaw except the horses and car owned by Mr. Jones.

"Very well, then," I said, "I would walk."

"Not possible," said Even; "it's more than ten miles."

"I wouldn't mind the distance, only I've walked five-and-twenty miles already."

"Dear me!" said Evan; "you're very strong!"

"Can't I get a part of the way," I suggested.

Evan put his head out of the door. "No!" he cried; "the tide has just turned; it is running down very strong."

"Then there is nothing for it but walking," I said; "I must go around by Llanfair Bridge." But I didn't like the idea of this ten miles walk through the mist and gathering gloom.

"Stop!" said Evan. "Why shouldn't you go over the bridge—the railway bridge?"

"Is the bridge passable, then? Can you get across?"

"Oh dear, yes. The gentlemen from the railway come over very often and to-day Hugh Pugh and David Morris did come over from the Dolbrith Quarry."

"And what distance will that save me?"

"Four or five miles; yes, sure."

"And the bridge is quite safe?"

'Oh, it is very strong and safe indeed; or how should Hugh Pugh and David Morris come over, and the railway gentlemen, too; yes, sure.'

'And the railway people won't object to my going over?'

'They've all knocked off work for the day, and there won't be a soul near the bridge but yourself.'

'Then of course I'll go over it.'

But I found that there were certain difficulties in the way. The railway bridge crossed the estuary at a point about a quarter of a mile from the little inn that formed the extremity of the town, at a spot where its channel was narrowed to a distance of about three quarters of a mile. The unfinished bridge was constructed of piles firmly driven into the bed of the river, from which rose huge piers of timber to the height of about forty feet. Along these were massive balks, destined to support the platform of the bridge, whilst each pier was strengthened and supported its neighbor by an arrangement of cross beams and ties.

When I reached the bank of the river with my guide, Evan Rowlands, I found that there was a considerable hiatus between the shore and the nearest pier, about a hundred yards. Evan, however, was prepared with a plan for reaching it. A friend of his was the master of the little sloop, the Ann Jones, which was lying in the tiny brook above. He and his mate were now on board her, and they had got their little dingy with them. Evan would borrow the boat, and drop down with the stream, and deposit me at the foot of the nearest pier.

'But why not ferry me right over the river?' I asked.

'Not possible,' said Evan. There were shallows and quicksands at the other side which at this time of the tide were very dangerous.

So we made our way along the road which overlooks the estuary, till we came to the little harbor. Evan had no difficulty in borrowing the dingy, and we were soon afloat, shooting quickly down the stream.

It was almost dark now, for although the sun was not yet down, the storm that was gathering upon the horizon obscured his light. Great volumes of cloud and vapor were driving up before the wind, which howled and moaned intermittently, as blast succeeded blast, and died away again. The wind and tide in opposition made the water pretty rough, and our boat danced up and down in a very lively way. Presently the black skeleton of the bridge loomed up as through the mist, and Evan dexterously brought up his boat in the little eddy that was formed by the abutments of the pier, and then he called to me to jump from the stern of the dingy on to a cross-piece that formed a sort of platform a foot or so from the water's edge.

I jumped, and landed safely on the balk, and then I found that my way upwards was by climbing the nearest pier, across which were nailed rough, irregular staves, which constituted what is called a workman's ladder. I had no intention of undertaking any acrobatic feats, and the idea of climbing up to that giddy height by such rough, unreliable supports, was distasteful enough. I wouldn't try it, I would go back in the boat to try land once more. But the boat had arisen away in the tide, and was now far out of earshot, or indeed eye-shot either. There I stood, then, in the midst of a rushing raging sea, upon a balk of timber embracing a huge black pier, the head of which was lost in the gloom and mist overhead. I couldn't stay here; I must get across the bridge at all hazards, and my only way was upwards.

Up I went slowly, step by step, testing each frail splintered stave ere I trusted my weight upon it. More than one broke away in my hands, and fell into the sea below. But when I reached the top, I thought then all this danger would be over. I should find a secure platform—a rail, or at least a rope for the hand.

When I came to the top of the pier; I saw stretched out before me a beam suspended, as it seemed, in mid-air, a narrow beam—more like a rope, it seemed to me, stretched over this wild abyss of raging waves, that, and nothing else. There were footprints on the narrow ridge of timber. It was not more than two feet wide at the broadest, and the sight of them gave me courage. Men had passed over here before me; I would pass too. And so, without giving myself a moment to think, I stepped; and the moment when letting go with my hands, I stood upon that topmost round of the ladder, and balanced myself for an instant, as I placed my foot upon the plank, that moment in which I seemed to quiver; and away to and fro, high up and on this giddy perch, beyond the ken of any human eye, that moment of dizzy terror, of strange whirling thoughts, of instincts to cast myself headlong into the sea, was in sensation as any ordinary week of placid being; and yet it came and went like any other moment, and I stood erect upon the beam, and began my perilous way.

I heard the wind far off, bellowing among the breakers on the bar; I heard it screeching and howling over the flats. I felt a moment's calm, the strange, unnatural hush, and then the rush and leap of the storm, as it hurled by me. Dashing the salt spray into my eyes, it came, seizing all the loose corners of my apparel and cracking them like whip-lashes, carrying away my feeble breath in its wild course, but leaving me, yes, thank God, leaving me still balanced on my plank.

The gusts had cleared the mists for a space, and I could now see before me though indistinctly enough, but I could see that there was only another length of unprotected balk; beyond that was a broad safe platform of timber, stretched from pier to pier. Oh! to feel that platform safe under my feet! I traversed the balk almost at a run. I must reach safety before there came another gust of that fierce wind.

I heard it coming now, but I was almost home, for that rough, unsheltered platform, on this rude night, seemed like a home to me. I was stepping firmly and quickly along. Suddenly a chasm seemed to open under my feet, a horrible chasm. The beam on which I stood came suddenly to an end. For some eight feet of it had been cut away, and there was nothing to help me over this dreadful gap. Without wings it was impossible to pass.

All hope left me. I knew that to retrace my steps was impossible to me. Even if I reached the end from which I started I should be no better off than here, and hopelessness of the position weakened my every nerve. Once more I heard the wind rising and hurling along toward me. I would cling to life as long as I could. I knelt down on the wet, slippery balk, clasped it with my arms, sat astride it. The gust came up fierce and strong, passed over me once more, once more spared me.

But I felt I could not survive another such attack; I should be blown away like a leaf. And yet there was no hope of escape, none. It was only a question of moments how long, with stiffening limbs, I could cling to this rough beam; then a plunge into darkness.

Still I had time to think. What were my thoughts? A helpless sense of cruelty, of the horrible unfeelingness and malignity of this hurtling wind, of these raging waters. A sad mortification, too, and a sense of injustice, that I should lose my life for nothing; a pleasant ramble turned to such an evil end. Of the past I thought nothing; it was nothing to me now, a tale that was told; that was all. Of the future, nothing either, except a dim and awful wonder. But plainly, vividly before my eyes I saw the figure of my wife, sitting at work by the fire, waiting and watching for me, for me who never would come. That was the bitterness of it.

And yet withal I was conscious of a certain vague sense of the ludicrous—of scorn of myself, that I should thus be stuck up astride a beam, like some lad at play, a sport for the buffetings of the elements. With this, too, an unspeakable rage; a kind of crushed defiance, a revolt against the doom which was imminent, a revolt which felt itself hopeless and useless from its beginning.

Whilst all this storm of conflicting thoughts was whirling through my brain, the turmoil outside was diminishing. The wind had hushed for a while, and across my face there came for a moment a sort of ruddy glow, the last beams of the sun setting rapidly into the sea. The vapors divided for a moment, the huge dark mass of a mountain frowned down upon me, for a moment only, then the clouds encompassed me once more, the glow died away, the awful gloomy gray of night began to gather in upon me like a net.

I should I drop into the sea? Even on the quietest, most resigned death bed, the loss of light is the most disquieting trouble to the departing soul. Light! more light! is the last cry of the spirit in extremity. And now it seems as though nature had determined to spare me no pang of all the gathering horrors of my doom. Darkness and despair were settling down upon my soul.

Then came the storm once more with a rush of gathered rain, a howl, a shout, a roar of triumph, as the shrill wind trumpeted past, precursor of a more furious blast. I could bear no more. A sapless, nerveless form I was, swept from the beam like a withered leaf from a branch, and I fell, catching at some cross-beams as I fell, but losing my hold in a moment and dropping helplessly down.

Once more consciousness returned. A vague silvery light was diffused about me, above were stars shining, huge balks of timber glim-ucred over head. I was stretched upon a bed of wet sand, lying on my back, looking up into the sky.

I was not dead then. No! Was I maimed, crushed? I drew up one limb after another, feeling lest a sudden shout of agony should betray some grievous hurt. But no! I was sound in limb; and as I raised myself and looked about, I felt that, except for dizziness and a wonderful ringing that was ceaselessly going on in my head, I was unhurt. And I was saved! That was as might happen.

When I rose and stood upon my feet, I looked around me, and found that I had fallen upon a little island, a narrow spit of sand that had formed in the eddy caused by the pile of the bridge. On each side of it ran a strong and rapid current.

All this I saw by the light of the moon, sometimes bright, sometimes obscured, as she parted her way among the fast driving clouds.

Distantly across the waters shone the lights of the little town. It had its gas lamps, which sparkled brilliantly in the night; and from out of the black rocks that sheltered it on the sky-line, here and there the soft light of a candle in a cottage window gleamed like a fairy lamp.

On the other side of the estuary there were no lights; but the straining eye might discern the gloom of high hills that seemed, indeed, only like darksome chasms in the sky; but as I watched I saw a tiny star that was gliding among the rocks. Now seen, now lost, I followed it with longing eyes; and listening intently, I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the murmur of wheels rising and falling, as the road wound in and out among the rocks further or nearer. It was some carriage rolling rapidly towards home—towards my home, and here was I a castaway.

I shouted, but my voice seemed lost in the great space. The wind carried it up the river, blew it away into stifled fragments. It was useless to cry. No one would hear me. How long should I have to live? Was there any chance that I might yet escape? I could not swim; the channel on either side was, therefore, an unpassable barrier. Even had I been an excellent swimmer I doubt if, in my enfeebled state, I could have won the further bank of the channel where the current was running the least swiftly. How long would my island remain uncovered by the sea?

Six or eight feet above my head tangled masses of sea-weed hanging in the interstices of the bridge. The ebb had commenced an hour before I started from Abermaw. Allowing an hour for my subsequent adventures, the ebb would still have three hours to run; then another three hours' flood would elapse before the tide would once more reach me. I remembered that I had a flask of metal in my pocket which still contained a dram of brandy, and that I had a few fragments of biscuits in my pocket, remaining of some that my wife had packed up for my use a couple of days before. I drank the brandy and munched the biscuits, and felt again hopeful. Six hours! Why, in that time help might come. Death was no longer imminent.

But I was entirely wrong. The strong southwesterly gale had piled up the waters about the mouth of the estuary, so that the ebb was checked, and the flood increased, and the tide ran out only some three hours. I must have been longer lying on the sand too, then I had calculated, for, as I watched the waters hurrying down on each side of me, I noticed that the current seemed to slacken all of a sudden; then it stopped, so that a fragment of bleached wood that was floating downward came to a rest, then moved slowly once more upward. The tide had turned.

In a very short time the vast expanse of waters before me, that had just now seemed a broad river outlet, scored and marked with sand banks, assumed the appearance of an agitated sea. Short waves hurried along; their white crests gleaming in the moonlight; they came in serried lines, tier over tier; the hearse roar of the advancing tide reverberated in the air, mingling in my brain with the strange rattle as of bells that never ceased to jingle therein.

How remorseless they seemed, those waves, hurrying up, like hounds who view their prey! And yet it was a solemn scene; and what there was of dignity and grandeur in the sight half reconciled me to the thought that my life would be swallowed up ere long in these advancing battalions of serried waves; for now the bitterness of death was past; its terrors had vanished; I felt a profound sadness—that was all.

How far could I climb up the slimy, slippery posts and buttresses, that seemed to mock me with their lying proffers of safety? A couple of cross-beams or ties which bound together the lower ends of the piers afforded at the intersection a short of angular resting place, in which I could for a time, perhaps, find a refuge from the waves. This was far below high water mark, so that to reach it would only give me a short respite from my final agony; but, for all that I determined to attempt it. As soon as the water covered the little island on which I stood I would try to climb this slippery beam, that rose from the sand, in which it was partly buried, at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

With the tide rose the wind, with the wind came rain and fog. The moon, blurred and indistinct, shone faintly for a while, and then vanished altogether her diffused light still made everything darkly visible. Soon the waves were dashing at my feet, the sand a pulp beneath. Now was the time to make my last effort for a little more life. But I found that I had overrated my own powers, I crawled a few feet up the slippery timber; then I fell back. Again I tried, and again; but it was of no use. Strength does not come of eager desire to be strong. All that I could do was to clasp my arms around the beam and stand upright, awaiting the coming of the waters.

The water rose not gradually, but in pulses. Smaller waves came and went, and left no change of level; but every now and then some heavier, fiercer billow would come in with a devouring sweep, covering me with its foam and spray, receding again, but at each recession leaving a greater depth of swaying, life-like water. These attacks, like buffets from the hands of some skilled boxer, left me weaker at every blow. And it was so treacherous, too, the water. It would draw away for a time, leaving me free almost to my knees, and then, as if driven by some sudden impulse, it would gather itself up and return in a seething swathe of water that would swallow me up from head to foot.

The end was fast coming now. I had ceased to feel anything. Only a dogged determination to stick to life to the last kept me clinging to my beam.

But what was that sound? A loud and piercing scream, a roar and a rumble, and a rattle—it was an engine.

An engine coming along the completed part of the bridge, shrieking and screaming and dashing out great wafts of white steam into the stormy air. The sound gave me fresh life and vigor. Human creatures were within reach, at all events. If I could make them hear me I might yet be saved.

The engine came slowly along, and I heard the voices of men shouting to one another. Why, then, should they not hear me? I tried, too, to shout, but my voice stuck in my throat. I couldn't make a sound louder than a whisper; no, not with all the good will I had to shout like an archangel.

The engine came so near at last that I could see the glow of her fires through the interstices of the flooring of the bridge. And now there were men standing with lanterns at the very extremity of the bridge; and still I could not make them hear.

For an instant the glad thought had struck me that I had been missed, and that these men had come to look for me; but the next moment I saw the folly of the idea. Days might elapse before my fate was known. I was not even yet beyond the time I had fixed for reaching home. No; going to do a night's shift of work on the bridge, and I couldn't make them hear.

Suddenly I heard a sharp, quick bark, and then a growl as of anger or inquiry, and I was conscious that there was a dog with the men above. The dog's faculties were keener than the men's; perhaps it was possible I might make him hear; so I barked, a shrill, snapping bark, with which I had often deceived my own terrier Jock. The dog acknowledged the challenge, and replied furiously. Then I heard the voice of a man shouting to the dog to be quiet; but the dog barked still more furiously, standing at the very verge of the platform, as though it would throw itself over. Then some men came to the edge of the platform, too, and peered over, and then in my extremity I gave a cry—a wild despairing cry. Then a huge hoarse wave dashed over me.

I felt I had not been for the consciousness that help was near, I could not have held up against that furious rush of water; but I did hold on, at least I think so; and when the wave receded, a bright dazzling light shone into my eyes, a light from the bridge, where some one was holding what seemed to be a portable sun, but that was actually a piece of burning magnesium wire. Then everything disappeared in the blackest darkness.

"Did you see anything?" cried a voice.

"I'm not sure; I thought I saw something move."

A couple of lamps from the engine were now brought, and placed at the edge of the platform; they lit up the beams and rafters of the bridge, but the light seemed to be lost in the dark waters! Ah! they would never see me!

Once more I had strength to cry.

"Ah! it's a man down there," I heard somebody shout.

A long plank was run over the gap in the bridge; then another; along the two a portable windlass was quickly wheeled, a bucket descended, in it a man with a lantern.

"Hallos, mate!" he cried, as he caught sight of my face in the focus of his lamp; "what the deuce are you doing here?"

In another moment I was standing in safety on the further side of the bridge. I owed my rescue to the unexpected visit of the chief engineer of the line, who had come down to see with his own eyes the manner it which the bridge behaved in a heavy gale, and had driven with the engine to the farthest accessible point of the platform.

What a comforting glass of brandy-and-water that was of which I partook by the warmth of the engine furnace, and how exhilarating the run home wards on the swift shrieking engine!

I was at Dolbadarn in time for dinner, after all. As I sat down to the cheerful meal with friends who were discussing the light ordinary topics of the day, I looked about me, wondering if I were really here in actual corporeal presence, or if my life had ended in that last rush of water, and I was only dreaming, "for in that sleep of death what dreams may come!"

Travelling Thoughts.

1. Eat regularly thrice