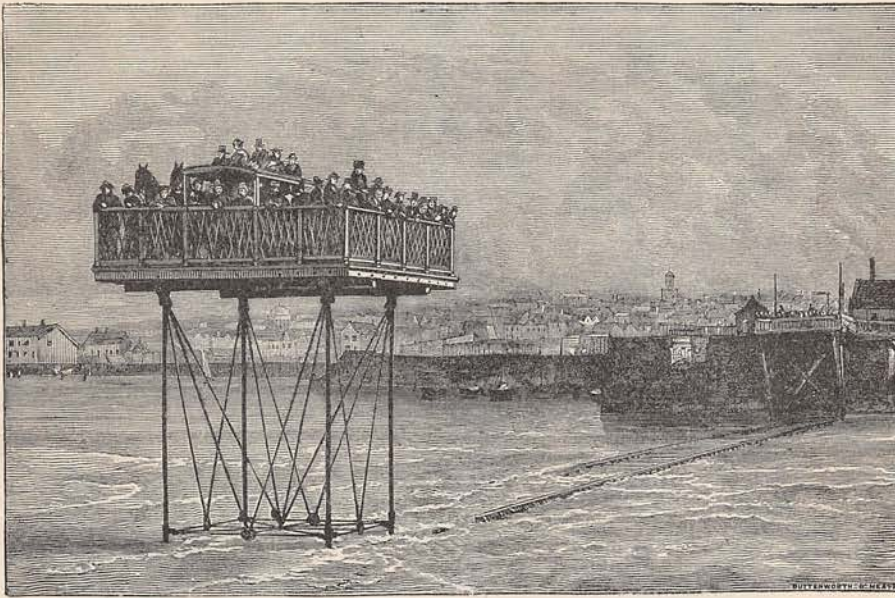


A CURIOUS ROLLING BRIDGE.

SOME of our readers may remember that in Robert Browning's famous poem of "Hervé Riel," which was reprinted in our "Treasure-box of Literature" for September, 1881, the poet mentions the town and roadstead of St. Malo. This old sea-port town of Normandy is situated upon a

made up his mind to be buried on it. At the extreme end of the rock, so close to the edge that it is a wonder how the grave was ever dug, stands a plain granite cross,—his only monument.

"I had often admired the pretty bay, and wondered to see so many islands near the land; but



lovely little bay, and the curious contrivance shown in the above picture was used as a bridge across part of this bay.

We do not know whether this queer bridge still exists or not, but you will be interested in the following description of it by an English traveler:

"A little after midday, our vessel steamed into the bay so famous for its beauty and its oysters.

"Just before we entered it, we had passed a French lightship, and I had been much amused by watching our union jack being hauled up and down, to say 'Good-morning' in nautical language to our foreign friend.

"The bay is studded with islands of various sizes and forms, the largest of all being surmounted with a fort, while another, near enough to land to be reached on foot at low water, contains the grave of the great French writer Chateaubriand.

"He was born at St. Malo, and the townspeople presented this rocky island to him.

"It was rather an awkward present, after all—too small to live upon, and too large to carry away and put in a museum; so Chateaubriand

now for the first time I learned the cause of this, being told by a Frenchman that formerly there was no bay, but that centuries ago the mainland had been split by a great earthquake, which had let in the ocean.

"I was interested by this account, and was wondering over it, when the sight of a ghostly looking machine, creeping along across our path, roused me.

"It was the rolling bridge that plies between St. Malo and St. Servan. The 'bridge' is a sort of railed platform, bearing a small covered cabin, and supported high in air by slender trestle-work; beneath the trestle are set the wheels, which run on rails laid upon the bottom and visible at low water. The passengers being all on board, a man sounds a trumpet, and then the machine glides silently and swiftly across, worked by a little engine on one side of the harbor. When it is high water, and the lower part of the bridge can not be seen, it is most peculiar to watch the spidery-looking contrivance making its way across without any visible propeller."