

THE WEDDING OF THE TOWNS.

(THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.)

LET all of the bells ring clear—
 Let all of the flags be seen!
 The King of the Western Hemisphere
 Has married the Island Queen!
 For many a day he waited
 By the lordly river's side,
 And deemed that the maid was fated
 To be his own true bride;
 For many a night he wooed her
 Upon her lofty throne,
 For many a year pursued her,
 To win her for his own;
 Nor thankless his endeavor,
 Nor coy the regal maid;
 But, like true love's course ever,
 The banus were long delayed.

And boys to men had grown,
 And men their graves had sought;
 But the gulf was yet between them thrown,
 And the wooing seemed for naught.
 And couriers oft were dashing
 'Twixt him and his adored;
 But still was the river flashing
 Between them, like a sword.
 In heart they well were mated;
 And patiently and long
 They for each other waited—
 These lovers true and strong.
 Let never a flag be hidden!
 Let never a bell be dumb!
 The guests have all been hidden
 The wedding-day has come!

Through many a golden year
 Shall shine this silvery tie;
 The wondering world will gather here,
 And gaze, with gleaming eye.
 Philosophers will ponder
 How, blessed by the hand of Heaven,
 The world has another wonder
 To add to her ancient seven.
 Philanthropists will linger
 To view the giant span,
 And point, with grateful finger,
 To man's great work for man;
 And all will bless the year
 When, in the May-month green,
 The King of the Western Hemisphere
 Was wed to the Island Queen.
 —Will Carleton.

THE GREAT BRIDGE.

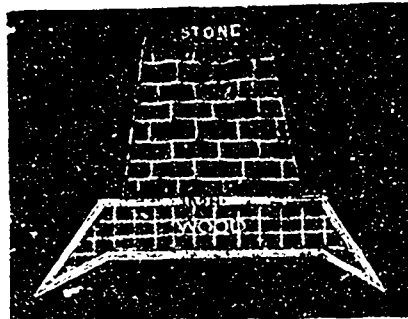
BY turning to PLEASANT HOURS for February 24th, our readers may get a view of the great bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn. We give the following particulars about it.

Two towers, one on each side of East River, resting upon caissons sunk below its bed to the solid rock, rise to the height of 278 feet above high-water mark. The space between these towers is spanned by four steel-wire cables, each 15½ inches in diameter and each cable almost 1,600 feet in length between the towers. These cables on each side are anchored in enormous masses of solid granite. To these cables is attached the suspended superstructure; and both cables and superstructure have a strength about four times greater than will ever be required for any practical use. The bridge is eighty-five feet in width, and has two carriage roads, two rail tracks, and one large avenue for foot passengers. The distance between the termini of the bridge is about one mile, and the rail cars will consume about five minutes in passing from one terminus to the other. These cars are to be drawn by an endless steel rope, kept in motion by a powerful engine on the Brooklyn side of the river. The cables, the suspenders, and the bridge structure are all composed of Bessemer steel. The height of the bridge, in the centre of the river, is 135 feet above high-water mark; and, with very few exceptions, this is sufficient for the passage of sailing vessels without lowering their topsails. To stand upon the bridge is to be filled with wonder at its solidity and strength, while at the same time

overlooking New York, Brooklyn, portions of Staten Island, and contiguous parts of New Jersey. The sense of the marvellous thoroughly penetrates the spectator; and all sense of fear and of danger just as thoroughly disappears.

The cost of the bridge, including the land taken, is in round numbers fifteen millions of dollars, one-third of which falls upon the City of New York, and the other two-thirds upon Brooklyn. The time consumed in its construction was thirteen years. The trustees who have had charge of the work have given their time and services without salary. The general plan of the bridge was drawn by the elder Roebling, whose untimely death devolved the execution of the plan upon his son, aided by six assistant engineers.

The most wonderful part of the bridge is the foundations of the towers. These were built on huge caissons or wooden structures 18 feet thick, this shape—



FOUNDATION OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

The space underneath was excavated and the towers were built on the top, the whole sinking gradually down to the rock, a distance on the New York side of 73 feet. The excavated material was removed through shafts in the caisson and masonry above.

At the New York end of the bridge, a few days after its opening a dreadful accident occurred. The bridge was full of people, a woman fell and screamed, others stumbled over her, a "jam" occurred, scores of people being piled in a mass one on another. Before they could be rescued about a score were fatally injured. Some plan must be devised to prevent such a tragical occurrence again.

John A. Roebling, the first engineer of the East river bridge, had his foot crushed and died of lockjaw before the bridge was begun. His son, who was acquainted with all the plans, took up his father's work and carried it on with tireless energy. In overseeing the building of the pier foundations he was so exposed to dampness that he contracted a disease which three years after his father's death rendered him almost helpless. His mind has been clear, however, and he has continued to direct the great work with the assistance of his wife. He removed to Brooklyn Heights, from a window surveyed the entire structure, and directed operations, although unable to walk or stand erect.

An interesting fact connected with the great suspension bridge is told of the wife of the present chief engineer, Mrs. Washington A. Roebling. She has made herself since his serious injury and confinement to the house an expert assistant, and been able to continue, in his place, a personal supervision of the progress of the work. She was very properly rewarded with her husband in the congratulations received over the success of the enterprise. She crossed

in the first carriage that passed over the bridge, surveyed, doubtless, with no little gratification by her helpless husband, through his telescope, from his window at home. All praise to the heroic and devoted woman!

THE HORSE'S PETITION.

GOING down hill, whip me not;
 Going up hill, hurry me not;
 On level road, spare me not;
 Loose in stable, forget me not;
 Of hay and corn, rob me not;
 Of clean water, stint me not;
 Of soft dry bed, deprive me not;
 Tired and hot, wash me not;
 If sick or cold, chill me not;
 With sponge and brush, neglect me not;
 With bits and reins, oh, jerk me not;
 With check and martingale, gag me not;
 With blinkers, blind me not;
 When you are angry, strike me not.
 And a more faithful friend you will find not.

DIVING FOR AMBER.

THE labor required is one of the severest kind. The "strong-boned, irascible" peasants, described by Carlyle, the descendants of the ancient Cures and Szamates, men often of reckless and adventurous antecedents—smugglers, perchance, on the borderland of ancient Poland, who have pursued their calling with the Cossack bullets whizzing round their heads—these are fit material for the recruits whom the diving adventure of the amber reef at Brusterort enlists in its service. The costume of the diver is as follows: A wooden garment covers the entire body. This is again encompassed by an india-rubber dress, made in one piece, but differing in shape from the old-fashioned diving-dress, and allowing the diver to be at full length. The helmet, also, is of a novel construction. Firmly fastened to it, and resting on the shoulders is a small air-chest, made of sheet-iron. This chest is connected with the air-pump in the boat above by an india-rubber tubing, forty feet long, and with the diver's lungs by another india-rubber tube, the mouth-piece of which is held by the diver between his teeth; the whole apparatus being scientifically arranged so as to admit a sufficient supply of pure air from above, and means of exit for the expired breath. The helmet is provided with three openings, covered with glass, and protected by wire, for the use of the eyes and mouth. When this contrivance has been screwed on the person of the diver, a rope tied round his waist, and half a hundred of lead attached to his feet, shoulders, and helmet, he is ready for his plunge. Down, fathoms deep, he descends into the amber world. He stays there, may be, for five hours at a time, hooking, dragging, tearing the amber from its bed with his heavy two-pronged fork. Often it resists his utmost efforts. However cold the weather may be, these men of iron strength will come up from their submarine labors streaming with perspiration. The overseer stands in the boat to receive the amber from their pockets. In case he should wish to ascend before the usual time, the diver has to close his mouth, and breathe five or six times through his nostrils, by this means filling the apparatus with air, which will bring him to the surface without other assistance. The diving-boats are manned by eight men each—two divers, two pairs of men who work the air pumps alternately, with their eyes fixed on a dial-plate, by which the supply of air

is nicely regulated, one man to hold the safety-rope attached round the diver's body, and haul him up at the slightest sign from below, and the overseer. Accidents are said to be very rare; but as an instance of the daring character of the men employed, it is related that a plot was detected not long ago among some of them for a nocturnal descent to a spot they had carefully marked, in order there to collect a rich treasure on their own account unknown to their employers.

THE CHILD APOSTLE.

A LITTLE slave girl in Travancore was so earnest and constant in telling others of the Saviour, that she was known by the name of the "Child Apostle." Cruelly did she suffer for her faithfulness, but she persevered, and often won to Christ those who had been her most cruel enemies.

When the late Bishop of Madras was visiting Travancore, this child was presented to him, her face and neck and arms all disfigured and scarred by blows. The good Bishop's eyes filled with tears as he looked at her and said:—

"My child, how could you bear this?"

She looked up in his face with simple surprise and said:—

"Sir, don't you like to suffer for Christ?"

This dear child did not put off working for Christ till she was older; if she had, she would have lost her opportunity. The next year the cholera raged through the district, and she was one of the first whom God called home to Himself.

GEORGE'S REASON.

THE pupils of Mr. Jones' school had all, save one, entered the school and taken their seats when George Hardy, the tardy scholar for once, came hurrying in, much out of breath.

"Why, George," said his teacher, "how is this! I saw you, as I supposed, on your way to school when I started from home. I hope you have not been away at play when you should have been at school."

"No, sir; I have not played any this morning; I thought I could run home and be back before school commenced."

"But why did you wish to return home? Did you forget anything?"

"No, sir."

"What did you go back for then?"

"If you will please excuse me, sir, I had rather not tell."

"I hardly think I can excuse you, George; you are very late, and you know I have a right to demand a sufficient reason for it."

George stepped up and, placing his lips close to his teacher's ear, whispered: "I met a boy who was without shoes, and as I had a pair which I had outgrown I went home to get them for him."

"Was that the reason?" asked the teacher, looking upon the blushing boy with love and approbation.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, then, did you not wish to tell me?"

"Because, sir, my mother says when I give anything in charity I must do it privately, lest I should receive praise of men and become vain and proud."