The great Bridge is done. Few realize the fact. Many amiable people have gradually formed the idea that this enterprise was a gift in benevolent preparation for posterity, and often inquire, with Sir Boyle Roche, what posterity has done for us. There are even some who have looked upon the grim towers as useless monuments of an impracticable scheme. But through so many years of waiting, the work has crept slowly on. In all human probability, the van of the unending procession of passengers for whom it is designed will cross the completed structure in thirty days from the present time.

Twenty-five years ago the subject of a suspension bridge between New York and Brooklyn began to be agitated. Its earliest advocate,