OF BRIDGES.

Having with hasty steps travelled over the Bridges of the great metropolis of England, and its environs, we shall now shape our course westerly to Bath and Bristol; and in our way glean some rich treasures from the luxuriant banks of the Thames and Avon, which are no less celebrated for works of art than for natural beauties. These might afford ample materials for our pen; but our limits forbid that we linger long on scenes over which Remembrance never tires. We must therefore proceed, without wandering to pluck the rich flowers which, in the course of our journey, will so frequently present themselves; and as we leave the golden vision, look back with fond regret, and say, farewell

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Royal Patron’s shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor’s height th’ expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way.*

* Gray.