of the stream; but do not correspond with each other as if rent asunder. The course of the fissure, for a considerable distance above and below the Bridge, resembles an ill-formed S, spreading wider as it extends either above or below. Few persons have courage to approach the sides of this Bridge. Those who do are instantly seized with terror. They involuntarily fall to the ground, cling to a stone or a tree, look down on the frightful abyss, gaze with astonishment at the massy walls, the deep winding valley, the rushing stream and the distant hills. To persons below, a prospect not less awful is presented; the lowering arc, the frightful precipice, and the gloomy forest relieved by the distant sky.

We cannot refrain from gratifying ourselves here with the insertion of some lines written on this Bridge, by Mr. John Davis, who some time ago published in England a humorous volume of Travels in America.

When Fancy, from the azure skies,
   On earth came down, before unseen,
She bade the wondrous structure rise,
   And haply chose this sylvan scene.

The Graces too, with spritely air,
   Assisted in the work divine;
The arc they formed with nicest care,
   And made the murm’ring stream incline.