Then Fancy, from the pile above,
    Would gaze, with rapture bending o'er;
And, charm'd, behold the streamlet rove,
    While Echo mock'd its sullen roar.

And here, perhaps, the Indian stood,
    With uplift hands, and eye amaz'd,
As, sudden, from the devious wood,
    He first upon the fabric gaz'd!

See Tadmor's domes and halls of state,
    In undistinguished ruin lie;
See Rome's proud empire yield to fate,
    And claim the mournful pilgrim's sigh.

But while relentless Time impairs
    The monuments of crumbling art,
This pile, unfading beauty wears,
    Eternal in its ev'ry part.∗

∗ The Editor of the Port Folio has affixed a Note to these verses, which were published in that work, in January, one thousand eight hundred and nine, and we shall take the liberty to insert it here.

"The Bridges in America, whether they be natural or unnatural, have been so imperfectly if not injuriously described by European travellers and tourists, that no foreign reader has an adequate idea of these structures, which, from Solomon's Bridge over the brook Cedron to Roman magnificence, displayed on the Tiber, have contributed so much to the convenience and the character of nations."