Wreck, from the centre to the structure's base,
And all its bond and beauty soon deface.

When Time, with hungry teeth, has wrought decay,
Then what will sceptics be dispos'd to say?
Why, "down the Bridge must fall, without repair,
"And all the author's pleadings will be air."
Not so, he's better arm'd than you expect,
For nought can bring to ruin but neglect;
A mean's provided, which can never fail,
To keep up strength whate'er the Bridge may ail:
Each log of wood, where'er its station be,
Is safely shifted for a sounder tree,
With greater ease remov'd than heretofore
A piece could be repair'd in an old floor.
For lasting age this Bridge will far exceed
All others ever built; they rot with speed.
"But how to reconcile these novel truths
'With what the Doctors teach their college youths
'Is hard for us (say some) to understand,
'How timber Bridges can fly off the land,
'Without a prop or scaffold from the strand,
'And meet to join in centre hand in hand,
'Is truly strange and marvellous to me,
'And, till I see it, never can it be!"

Yes, teachers many have their pupils taught
That nothing strange or new can e'er be brought.
But what in ancient times were known or wrought,
So narrow and so mean their scanty thought.