

XXVII.

Christian! three hundred years are gone—
 What tidings dost thou bear?—
 The mighty river still rolls on,
 And many a cross is there!
 Where are the race who sought thy grace?—
 With him who wrought their woe,
 And found a grave beneath its wave,*
 Three hundred years ago!

* NOTE. 1.—The followers of De Soto fearing lest the Indians, who execrated his name, should disinter and dishonour his body, buried him by night in the waters of the Mississippi.

NOTE 2.—Sir Humphry Gilbert in 1583 explored the coast of North America in the "Squirrel," a little bark of ten tons. On his homeward voyage the weather was extremely rough, the oldest mariner had never seen "more outrageous seas;" but the brave admiral would not forsake his little company, though a larger vessel, the "Hind," was his consort, replying to those who urged him to do so, "*We are as near to heaven by sea as by land!*" That night her lights suddenly disappeared and were seen no more.
