



VIEW OF THE MISSISSIPPI AT FORT SNELLING.

PRELUDE.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

Onward rolls the Royal River, proudly sweeping to the sea,
Dark and deep and grand, forever wrapt in myth and mystery.
Lo he laughs along the highlands, leaping o'er the granite walls:
Lo he sleeps among the islands, where the loon her lover calls.
Still like some huge monster winding downward through the prairied plains,
Seeking rest but never finding, till the tropic gulf he gains.
In his mighty arms he claspeth now an empire broad and grand;
In his left hand lo he graspeth leagues of fen and forest land;
In his right, the mighty mountains, hoary with eternal snow.
Where a thousand foaming fountains sing, seek the plains below.