

AN APPEAL

TO THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

THOU fair Republic oversea afar,
Where long blue ripples lap the fertile land,
Whose manifest dominion, like a star,
Fixed by the iron hands and swords of war,
Now must for aye, a constellation, stand—
Thou new strong nation! as the eagle aspires
To match the sun's own fires,
Children of our land, hear the children of your sires.

We stretch out hands to-day when the white wings
Of Peace are spread beneath you and your foe.
O race of men that slay the slaves of kings!
We, whom the foam-crowned ocean still enrings,
We, whose strong freedom never brooked a blow,
Hail you now victors, hail you of the sword
Proved in the west the lord,
Hail you, and bid you sound quick friendship and accord.