## THE HUNDRED AND FIFTH BIRTH-DAY. BY JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE.

Look you, I'll go pray. Hamlet. Blow soft, oh gentle summer breeze.

O'er dewy mead, through rustling trees, From plain and mountain, land and sea!

Oh East! from whence his life he drew! Oh West! of which his life is part! Oh North! that hath no type more true! Oh South! that better friend ne'er knew! Oh Land! that hath no braver heart!-Sore-smitten Land! send softest airs. Cool with the spray of falling tears, Sweet-perfumed with unnumbered prayers. Freighted with hope for future years-

Across the broad Potomac's breast. Bring thou the balm of healing rest.

To cure the hurt that hurteth me-The wound that vexeth Liberty!

Rich tribute of forgotten cares! Thy Saul swoons on thy natal day! God grant he pass not clean away! Thorheim, July 4, 1881.

## THE HUNDRED AND FIFTH BIRTH-DAY. BY JUDGE ALBION W. TOURGEE.

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