

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1994

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
 - Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
 - Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
 - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
 - Pages detached/
Pages détachées
 - Showthrough/
Transparence
 - Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
 - Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
 - Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
 - Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
 - Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

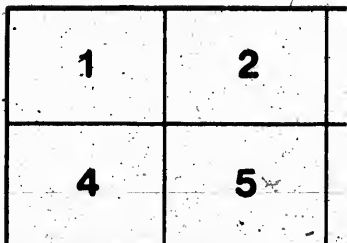
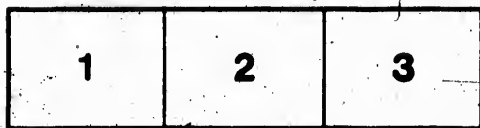
Victoria University Library
TORONTO

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



ed thanks

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Victoria University Library

TORONTO

quality
eligibility
the

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

re filmed
ng on
d Impres-
e. All
g on the
pres-
printed

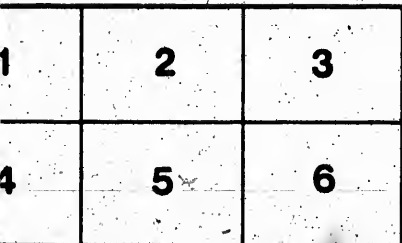
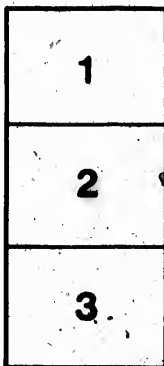
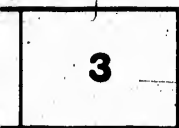
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

che
"CON-
END").

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

d at
ge to be
ned
left to
s as
te the

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482-0300 - Phone
(716) 288-5989 - Fax

1845



Never mind what he may say,
Only hold him tight in test
On alone his severed pest.
Sure you know his time's no worth,
Since a part is 'neath the earth.
Do not haste to buy his goods,
Feed him pity for a while.
Then be sure to beat him down
To the lowest cent in town.
When your victory is gained,
Say out of pity, not of need,
I give to you my noblest deed.
If you are learned, do not fail,
Let every lisp of this prevail.



POEMS.

BY

H. A. PIERCE,

*Author of "Uncle Sam," "The Soldier's Home," and
G. A. R. and other Poems too numerous to
mention in a book of this size.*

"How I Lost my Leg" Page 4.
"Ode to the Departed Foot ; Parody" - Page 6.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

More or less.

1896.

To the Charitably Inclined.

—:O:—

THE author of these rhymes is a man who is worthy of your sympathy. He did not lose his leg in battle; it was crushed by a log while engaged in clearing land. Unfitted for labor, and recently rendered more helpless by an attack of rheumatism, he is reluctantly compelled to appeal to his fellow citizens to assist him by purchasing his songs, and thus aid him in his effort to support himself.

It will be an act of mercy on the part of those who enjoy health and the full use of their limbs thus to help him. He hopes the kind readers will find their money's worth in the poems.



Poems.

EARTH'S BANNERS OF MERCY.

EARTH'S Banners of Mercy,
Its Signals of Safety by rail and government,
Consist in the enthronement
Of intellect and inventive skill.
Earth's Republic and earth's democracy to be
Is the sovereign rule through the ballot-box
Of the citizens and nations of the earth.
This is a people's power, its just right,
Its true and final emancipation
From bondage and slavery, oppression and wrong.
This emancipation of body and mind
Is the greatest and most immediate duty
Of every citizen of earth.
Who will act as one of the standard-bearers of
mercy and peace?
As a nation, let us have mercy on ourselves.
Let us have safety in government and safety by
rail.
Let us see to it.
Self-preservation for ourselves, for our friends, and
for humanity in general.

THE ACCIDENT ;

OR, A REPLY TO HOW I LOST MY LEG

'Twas neither cannon-ball nor train,
Nor missile on the battle-plain ;
It was a piece of hemlock tree
That gave me grief as you may see.

It was a log, while clearing land,
That crushed my leg, please understand ;
'Twas easy done—but, oh, the pain—
A martyr on toil's battle-plain.

A bloodless torture to endure,
A shattered limb too hard to cure ;
Some weeks I lay in that sad plight,
Before the amputation quite.

They tried to save my leg outright,
By short'ning it. Alas ! my plight !
They sawed out one full inch of bone,
Then shoved the bones together tight.

But naught could save the surgeon's knife—
This act of taking human life ;—
For near my ankle, as 'twas found,
The bones were in small pieces ground !

The doctors soon proved this the fact—
After they'd done the fearful act ;
Their sharp dissection, as you see,
Took off my leg just at the knee.

LORD, GIVE ME LIGHT !

BY J. D. HUNTER.

A SAD and wand'ring man I stray,
Out in a world of woe ;
No eye to view my rugged way,
Or teach me how to go.

In darkness I have wandered long,
Without one ray of light ;
Full twenty-three years have passed me by
Of ever-brooding night.

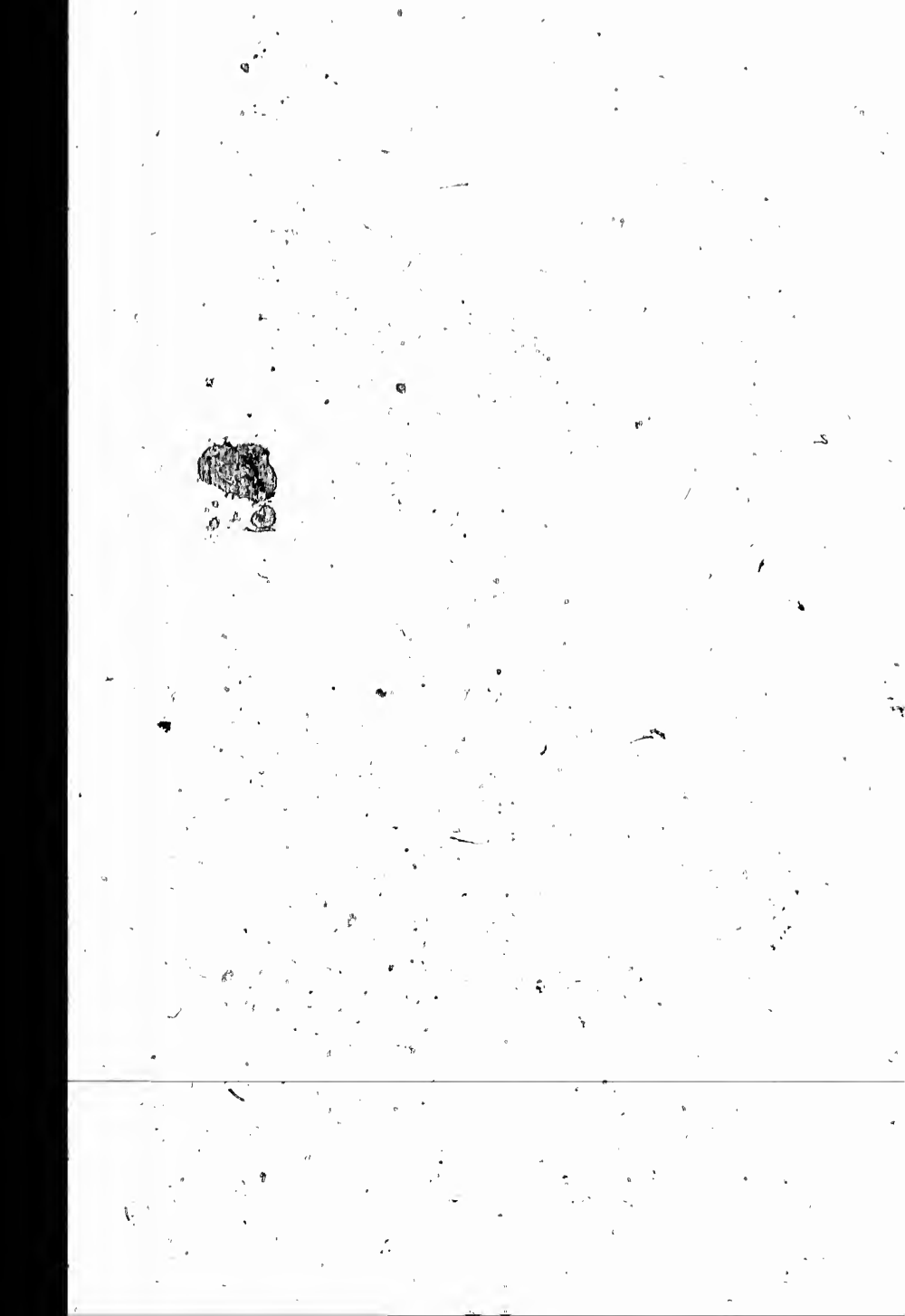
Oh, gloomy night, how long thou art !
And hast thou just begun ?
To me there is no morning star,
No moon, nor rising sun.

The lofty mountains and the hills,
The forest gay and green,
The starry sky, the flowery fields,
By me can ne'er be seen:

Nature, with all her scenes so grand,
Is banished from my view ;
To works of art and all her charms
I now must bid adieu.

I hear, I feel, I smell, I taste,
But that sweet sense of sight
Is gone from me, forever gone ;
I'll never see the light.

Oh, Thou who heard the blind man's cry,
And gave him eyes to see,
Have mercy still and be my friend,
And aid and comfort me.



Banner of Mercy.

And when life's gloomy days are o'er,
 Oh, bid my darkness flee,
 And give me peace, light, life and love,
 And let me dwell with thee.

—————:o:—————

ODE TO THE DEPARTED FOOT.

A PARODY ON "LORD, GIVE ME LIGHT."

BY H. A. PIERCE.

A sad and wandering man I stray,
 Out in a world of woe ;
 One foot to tread life's rugged way,
 Or speed me as I go.
 In sorrow I must wander long,
 Without thy kindly aid ;
 Those fleeting years have passed me by
 With many a lonely thought.

Sleep on, kind foot ! thy partner said,
 Tho' gloomy heard my lot ;
 Rest sweetly, thou hast just begun.
 For thee no rising sun,
 No morning star ! Life, ah, how sweet !
 I must remain, and we must part ;
 Thy death, with all its thrilling pain,
 Did pierce me to the heart.

Thy prop, thy stay, kind touch and tread,
 Who snuggled close in winter's bed ;
 Kind twin, 'tis lonely, sad and drear,
 To sleep alone full many a year.
 My helper friend is with the slain,
 No more to murmur or complain—

Ah! why should I, for Thou wert just,
I'll soon with thee sleep in the dust.

The starry skies, the flowery fields,
Will smile above our head,
The lofty mountains and the hills
The forests gay and green,
By us can ne'er be trod
When mould'ring back to mother clay
As if designed in that early day
When whirling worlds began to play.

Kind friend, here is my last adieu
To one so faithful, kind and true,
By nature's bond thus firmly wed,
The edge of steel divorced the dead.
That agony there's none descry,
That union sweet none can supply,
How vain a loss for one to try.
Nature with all her scenes so grand,

Are banished wide from thee,
To works of art and filial charms
Thou did'st forever flee.
The burden once thou helped sustain
Doth hear and feel and smell and taste,
Enjoys the gift of sight,
One of the sweetest blessings gave
To see these worlds of light.

Oh, Thou who made the lame to leap,
Or heard the blind man's cry,
Let suffering mortals now like them
With limbs and sight supply.

Banner of Mercy.

Have mercy yet—still be a friend,
 Thus aid and comfort give
 Before life's gloomy days are o'er,
 Thus bid their sorrows cease.

For thou art the all-powerful Judge
 Who rules in love and peace,
 Can turn the wildest storm of hate
 Into a healing fountain great
 Assuaging want, and distress
 Do now restore as 'twere of yore
 And so retune all in thy praise
 To sing to thee through endless days.

—:O:—

THE DEPARTING HAND.

(By IRA PICKARD, on having his right arm taken
 off.)

Most noble servant, old and tried,
 Through all my past life by my side,
 Obedient ever at my will,
 My utmost wishes to fulfill.

Without complaint, most willingly,
 And with such true fidelity,
 My food and raiment hast supplied,
 And all and every want beside.

Thro' all the wanderings that I've been
 Both up and down, both out and in,
 I ever could on you depend,
 My bedfellow, my bosom friend.

Perhaps I've been too hard on you,
Required too much of you to do,
If so, I'm sorry, yes indeed,
And for your pardon humbly plead.

I've nursed you too, when racked with pain
And on my pillow'd lap you've lain,
I've watched you with most anxious care,
Refusing not your pain to share.

And having now so faithfully,
For more than fifty years served me,
Your life with true devotion give,
And freely yield that I may live.

I find with sorrow in my heart,
The time has come when we must part,
In friendship true, thou hand I take,
And thou, departing hand, I shake.

'Tis hard to part, but part we must,
Myself to labor, thou to dust,
A few more days, or years at best,
Ere I with thee will calmly rest.

Then dust to dust will be consigned.
Yes, dust to dust of kindred kind,
And mine with thine together blend,
No more to part, my noble friend.

And peaceful may thy slumbers be,
Peaceful where naught can come to thee
To mar thy silent slumbers sweet,
'Til in the peaceful grave we meet.

A BLIND WOMAN'S LAMENT.

"How can my rent be paid," said she,
"I sell the Post-Dispatch ;
I am blind—is that a nickel, sir ?
I cannot see a nickel or a dime."

I saw her from o'er the way
This feeble woman's anxious turn ;
Lo, there were none among the strong
To buy a paper in that throng.

Upon the west of Third she stood, —
Now Chestnut corner 's there ;
The writer paused to know this street, —
He bought the Post of her.

"My husband is afflicted,
And out of work you see,
For sixteen years my sight is gone —
Now those dull times severe."

Then spoke of going to her friends,
Quite near the Iron Mountain road.
A company here I doubt not will freely send her
home,
Or better, here is an institute to teach, employ
the blind.

"Our rent I fear will not be paid,
Then we will be turned out ;"
Then thanked me fervent for advice,
And words of timely cheer.

To speak of slack employ,
The blind, the lame, the old and young,
Who will shelter, clothe and feed them?
This is a shadow of the crisis.

When winter round is spread,
If a world full-handed does not heed,
How can the host be fed?
Kind ravens now are dead.

Get this in print and sell it,
And bid the *Post* good-bye,
Except they have the merit
To give you a supply.

—:o:—

HEAVEN.

Oh, sing to me of the ocean's wave,
And all the joys beyond the grave;
Also of towering mountains high,—
The grandeur that they do supply;
The stores of wealth that in them lie,
And treasures vast now reach the sky:
This tells the tale that all must die.
The beauties that the vales supply,
The countless flowers of every dye
And beauty that they do attain;
Red, white and blue on hill and plain,
Their beauties shine on land and main.
In grandeur that it doth maintain,
It leaves no shadow to complain,
It is a work of glories' reign.

Banner of Mercy.

Sing of its rivers, streams and brooks,
The beauty of fond nature's books ;
Its merry, sparkling lakes so fine,
The beauteous landscapes that entwine,
Eclipse the climax in design.
We can enjoy its beauty shine,
For it is in the lap of time.
Its numerous cities, towers and powers,
And handsome people fill its bowers.
The plains and hills they cover vast,
A changing nation from the past.
The surface of the earth alone,
Are changed to orchards, fields and homes.
Thus plains and hills are dotted wide,
With happy homes on every side ;
And on the water's face we see
Those grand ships that are sailing free.
Now, sing of cities, plains and hills,
The beauty that the landscape thrills,
Its countless life of varied kind,
In which our own is so combined,
It shows a wisdom far out-climbs
The loftiest maxim of our times,
All beautiful in nature's arms,
Our own the climax one of charms.
And countless shining worlds proclaim
A grandeur that we cannot explain,
Of vast inhabited orbs beside
The one on which we live in pride.
Where can we see more beauty worth
Than all the smiles of this our earth,
Can we behold in dreamland there,
A handsome home of beauty rare,
Where all the fragrance fills the air,

And beauty real without a care,
No sorrow and no pain are there,
But solid comfort fills the air,
Sing now of love and hope and joy,
Without a single trial tear,
But all is happiness and cheer ;
More beautiful than we claim in this,
Surrounded with its beauty bright,
That yields its solid joy delight.
Thus they portray a heaven of bliss
More sacred than we claim for this,
Encircled with its beauties fine,
While solid comforts here combine
To be the solace of the mind.
The arts and science fall in line
In tendering aid to all mankind.
Thus can we feast on nature's charm,
Reap joy and comfort, peace and calm.
What finer heaven can we ask—
Make life's great beauty-book our task.
Oh, sing of all its parks and sky,
The singing-birds that o'er us fly,
The fleeting cloud, the rain and snow,
The robe of winter will bestow.
And now I let the beauties go,
To strive to make our heaven below,
Nor waste our time in dreamland so
About its radiant beauty-bow,
But sow the seeds of love to grow
Into a crop of beauty, oh !
That yields a lasting crop of bliss.
So let our heaven be in this
To aid to wisdom's crop so fine,
The great republic for all time.

By reason's light to ever shine,
 It is the lasting light divine,
 The heavenly bliss of true design.

Correct as written at a little lake,
 At Beaver Dam, Wisconsin State.

— — :0: — —

SOMETHING NEW ON POLITENESS.

Limbless etiquette. For them alone ;
 Something the ignorant should not read,
 Not one, no, indeed. This sublimest touch
 Of Mogral or Agral endowments.

The most graceful improvement of time :
 If you meet a man in need,
 That has lost a limb, indeed,
 Never, never pass him by,
 Neither bid him time of day.
 Never mind what he may say,
 Only hold him tight in test
 On alone his severed pest.
 Sure you know his time's no worth,
 Since a part is 'neath the earth.
 Do not haste to buy his goods,
 Feed him pity for a while.
 Then be sure to beat him down
 To the lowest cent in town.
 When your victory is gained,
 Say out of pity, not of need,
 I give to you my noblest deed.
 If you are learned, do not fail,
 Let every lisp of this prevail.

Turn to him the drowning bowl,
Help to drown his troubled soul.
So to heaven he can roll joyfully
Only like a full-limbed mule.
Then in heaven's name rejoice,
Since you have acted mercy's choice,
For you have sent him home to rest
Where you will meet him when you are blest.

Here you have the first key-note
To the limbless etiquette ;
Something all the learned ones
Should avail themselves of,
Since many of the ignorant
Are blest with this greatest of endowments
already.

SECOND KEY NOTE.

Let me lift the veil to see
The gifted sons of liberty :
The first one with his pretty gait
Chanced some buttons once to spy,
But, alas ! too fearfully high
For his etiquette to buy,
Said, One-half profit would atone,
But his parasitic soul
Soon got left with his colored bride
As Missouri justified.
For the limbless magazine hard by
To that parasite let fly.
It was for such as he well primed,
So the match did quick apply,
Threw the window buttons high,
To let him have a full supply.

MY MOTHER TAUGHT THIS.**DO NOT DESPISE THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.**

My mother taught her doctrines pure,
The day of small things to endure,
And in that day, if you would survive,
Just drive ahead until you thrive.
As drops of rain do form the deep,
And grains of sand the mountains steep,
Whose rolling heights o'er forests creep,
And burying all beneath its tread,
Where forests waved their lofty head.
And thus by small beginnings rise,
Like seas and mountains, reach the skies.

Now, honest friend, don't spurn my line :
Though small indeed, it hath a chime
To speed me up the hill of time.
Please lift me to the flying train,
Till I take life and live again.







