

PETER MULVANY - MORE POEMS WRITTEN BY PETER MULVANY AND LOANED TO
ME BY PETER'S SON, THOMAS MULVANY, IN 1964 SO THAT
I COULD COPY THEM. Donna Nevens

Love with all your heart and soul
Love with eye and ear and touch;
That's the moral of the whole
You can never love too much.

 Tis the glory
 Of the story
In our babyhood begun;
 Hearts without it
 Never doubt it -
And the world's without a sun.
 P.M.

The Beautiful Des Moines

At Eldon, Iowa
By P. Mulvany - a visitor

With ladies, here residing
In happiness abiding,
Today I went out riding
 Across the grand Des Moines,
The breeze was gently blowing,
The autumn leaves were glowing,
With fragrance overflowing,
 Just like the river Boyne.

While slowly moving over
The bridge where many a lover
So sweetly under cover
 Of parasols had been
Oft heard their love recanting,
The view was so enchanting
That nothing here seemed wanting
 To beautify the scene.

We cross-Now let me ponder-
And lo! I see out yonder
Where I was wont to wander
 And hunt the wildest game
The city folks are coming
Or sit, their love-notes humming
Like pheasants fondly drumming
 The logs, the very same.

The matrons here addressing
Their children, with a blessing
Like butterflies caressing

The blooming buds of June,
In carriages are rolling;
How sweet and how consoling
The city bells are tolling
This Sunday afternoon.

We kept intently gazing
On grandeur, so amazing
While Sol was simply blazing
With hot and brilliant beam;
And wondered was there ever
So beautified a river
Bedecked by the All Giver
As this delightful stream.

Eldon, Iowa Oct. 11, 1885

To Mr. John Scott and family on their departure from St. Louis, Mo.
U.S.A. on a tour for Ireland on August 26th, 1883
Air: "Kitty of Coleraine"

My friends you are going,
O'er bright waters flowing,
To see the Old Land to our memory dear;
We wish you that measure
Of joy and of pleasure
That's met with in Erin but seldom found here.

You'll roam through the bowers
Where, often for hours,
In life's early morning your parents enjoyed
The sports of their childhood
With bends of the wildwood
All singing to join in the bliss unalloyed.

You'll see the blue mountains
The bright sparkling fountains
And wander perchance to the ocean kissed shore.
And kind friends will meet you
And old friends will greet you
With "cead mile failte" a thousand times o'er.

May gentle winds hasten
Your bark o'er the ocean
And waft you in safety to Erin's green Isle.
With nothing delaying
Your parents are praying
Their patience nigh worn from waiting the while.

When some will caress you
And others will bless you
With joy in their hearts and their God ever nigh,

Your pleasant sojourn
And happy return
Today is the prayer of both Eddie and I.
P. Mulvany
Marshall, Kansas
August 29, 1883

To Peter J. Keegan in Silver City, N.M. Aug. 30th, 1883

Friend, P.J.K.
I'm glad today
To have the time to write you
In rhyme or prose
How e'er it flows
It cannot much delight you.

Dear friend to you
My thanks are due
For kindly favors shown me
When I was so
Confounded low
That friends should all disown me.

'Tis right to tell
That I am well
And on the plains of Kansas
Can jump and run
And have some fun
At all our country dances.

My calves and shins
And "underpins"
Are minus sores and banding
So I can walk
About and talk
With perfect understanding.

Though wine and beer
Were banished here
Whilst Ed and I were staying
At Wichita
Against the law
We kept a "something saying".

I have today
From friend P.J.
A letter from Durango
I think he'll learn
Before return
To dance the light fandango.

If this be so
In Mexico

He may become a hero
And some coquette
He's apt to get
To join in the bolero.

This rustic rhyme
To quit is time
My muse begins to weaken
And I must close
Then adios
Regards to Mrs. Keegan.

P.M.
W & W RR camp
Marshall, Kansas
Aug. 30, 1883

P.S.

Just now I got
Some news. John Scott
Is gone to visit Erin.
And that Shubeen
That has Poteen
Friend John will have a share in.

I bet you now
He'll have a row
And handle the clawhalpeen
With Mickey Brown
Or Tim MGowan
Or some erratic Spalpeen.

If John will drink
The stuff I think
They have, he'll care for no man
I'm sure he'll flail
Some "swallow tail"
Before he leaves Roscommon.

Kansas
"The Great American Desert"

Today I've spent the happiest day
In many bygone years,
In driving o'er this wide expanse
Where many a change appears;
The barren waste of former days
Is now a field of grain,
The buffalo and elk have fled
Their once beloved domain.

I cannot find the antelope
I've hunted years ago;

The wolves and lions of the past
That wandered to and fro;
O'er where we killed a hundred deer
My carriage swiftly rolls
Near spires that stand as sentinels
O'er twenty thousand souls.

I cannot bring it back again
Nor would I if I could
The wild romance of other days
And treat it as I should;
The Indian with his tomahawk
In ambush as he lies
In wait to strike some pioneer
With it between the eyes.

The Desert of America
That scared us with afright,
Is now a fertile garden spot
That fills us with delight;
With cities, churches, schoolhouses
All o'er this wondrous plain
I would not if I could, my friends
Recall the past again.

Nov. 9th, 1885 Des Moines, Iowa.
United

I've pulled in single harness full
Some twenty years or more
Regardless of the happiness
For me there was in store
In single blessedness I've lived
Without much care or strife
But now I find the past as naught
The present real life.

I've pulled in that same harness long
A lengthy hilly road
Quite willingly, for having none
To help me with my load;
I did not break the whipple tree
Nor pull the brace apart
For if I kick I knew my heels
Were sure to feel the smart.

In looking o'er the past I find
My joys were very few
And as for life I think I shall
Commence it in the new.
And build myself a happy home
Upon the modern plan

For yesterday I was a boy
Today I am a man.

The single strand that in the cord
Had worn well and long
Just needed but another ply
To make it good and strong.
That ply is added, now the cord
Is equal to the pull
And life is sweet, the load is light
The cup of bliss is full.

From faith and truth and honesty
We'll never live apart
The vows we made in hope and love
Outspoken from the heart
The bridle ring we used today
We trust will ere be found
To bind as strong and last as long
As that bright gem is round.

Eldon, Iowa, Nov. 9, 1885

The Wedding Day

I bless the day, I bless the hour,
When first I met in beauty's bower
That blushing bud, that charming flower
Of lovely May.
That gives the bard the magic power
To write his lay.

But if I could the task fulfill
To write with pure poetic quill,
I'd make the very mountains thrill
With pure delight,
And echo over every hill
My joy tonight.

And all the birds that fly should sing
A requiem to the heavenly King.
To make the woods and welkin ring
With music sweet; And benisons and blessings bring
My love to greet.

And all the electric stars should shine
And radiate round the divine
And heavenly bodies, thus combine
To form the plan
Of universal joy, benign, --
I am a man.

Nov. 16th, 1887

The Death of Maggie

We lived and loved together
For two short years, and now
Death tears the tie asunder
And breaks the plighted vow
Thank God that every moment
We lived we lived so well
But why was death so cruel
To break the golden spell.

No mortal ere was fonder
More charming nor more blest
With peace and bliss and happiness
Than she who's now at rest.
No Monarch ere was prouder
On throne than I have been
For I was always Maggie's King
And Maggie was my Queen.

The fell destroyer of our lives
And happiness had come
And severed all our earthly joys
Broke up a happy home.
Her parents, brothers, sisters, dear
Are left with me to mourn
Her loss, but I above them all
Am certainly forlorn.

The joys that gleamed around us
I never can forget,
Nor those fond links that bound us
And bind our spirits yet.
In honor of the noblest heart
That God to Christian gave
I'll raise a marble monument
Above my darling's grave.

Nov. 17, 1887:

"Just wait a moment" until I write
A few short words ere I bid "God night".
With heart of sadness and full of gloom
Tonight I paced through her lonely room.

And not a sound of "good night" from there
And none to answer my fervent prayer
Nor papers nestling against the wall
Shall rouse my darling at morning call.

The screaming whistle of yonder mill
Hath no alarm, my love is still

In vain I listen for even a tone
But all is silent--I am alone.

I hope with angels in peace and love
She is enjoying a home above
And whilst we cling to her memory dear
She won't forget us poor mortals here.

"Just wait a moment" I hear her sighs
With salt tears falling a down my eyes
Oh could we meet her! Oh what delight!
"Just wait a moment" sweet "Goodnight".

P.M.

Salida's Flowery Banks

I've roamed today 'neath summer sun
And spent some happy hours
Along Salida's laughing streams
Amidst the fairest flowers.
That ever bloomed. So rich they smell
No language can portray
The matchless beauty of these gems
In gorgeous bright array,
No florist here for them prepared
His cultivated beds,
Nor crystal mansion ever reared
Above their regal heads;
But native here from yonder cliff,
Or vale, or rocky wall,
Bedizens all the earth with flowers
Responsive to her call.

I've roamed the county o'er
The north, east, south and west;
And never have I seen before
A place where flora dressed
In robes of such unique design
As in this charming vale
Where fragrant blooms doth so combine
To scent the passing gale.

The North and South Arkansas meet
Amidst this charming scene;
The "speckled beauties" here delight
To play with anglers green;
The magpie chatters o'er his head
Dame Nature plays her pranks,
To welcome all who come to see
Salida's flowery banks.

Peter Mulvany. Salida, Colo. July 19th, 1885 page 8

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(Also copy of letter to first wife Maggie and copy of speech given at unknown location.)

Raton Mountain Tunnel
Trinidad, Colo. Feby 10, 1879

To sister Alice in Ireland

On Raton Mount this lonely night
Away above the sea
Ten thousand feet and more I sit
To pen a verse to thee
And while I shun the world's care
Its bustle, din and toil
I concentrate my thoughts in those
I love in Erin's Isle.
P.M.

Written in an album at Mr. Martin Flynn's [railroad contractor]-Des Moines, Iowa Jan 1st, 1880.

Friends, Thomas, Patrick, Willie, Johnnie,
I'd like to write you something funny.
But it would only cause a laugh,
And this is just my autograph;
Dear Katie, Mary, Nellie, Winnie,
Your friend for ever.
P. Mulvany

For Album

My dearest friend, both kind and true,
I'd like to pencil something new,
A joke or pun to raise a laugh
Not suited for this autograph
Or pay a tribute, as I should,
To parents, brothers, sisters good,
Whose charms and manners blythe and gay
Embellished higher day by day
Doth soar aloft, sublime, refined,
Whilst I am lagging far behind,
And yet, no matter where I be
I find you always friends to me
That fact until my sun shall set
I know I never shall forget.
And when some night we pass away
We hope to gain eternal day
And meet with friends we now revere

And meet with friends we now revere
In that angelic Heavenly sphere
With you, dear friends, will be my prayer
And joy of joys to meet you there.
My gratitude and blessings many
Are yours. Sincerely,
P. Mulvany

2.

On being called on for a Response to a Toast To
"P. Mulvany"

I'm not in the habit of shirking
Nor am I of solemnly thinking
But my verse all the better
Will rhyme if I let her
Whenever I've got a good drunk in.

I know I can say without boasting
I do not desire a toasting
See my face and my hands
That out west on the sands
so oft got a h*ll of a roasting.

Get your goblets again let me treat you
With whiskey and joy I will greet you
Fill them up to the brim
And then pledge them to him
Who is happy tonight here to meet you.

The first drink was only a primer
The second was little sublimer
The third tasted well
And the next one will tell
What you my friends think of the rhyme.

You will say I am somewhat poetic
Oscar Wilde might call me aesthetic
But we'll sing, joke and laugh
And the liquor we'll quaff
'Till we all are as full as a bed tick.

This whiskey was made by Bill Rinners
He was one of the old Forty niners
And now you may bet it
Is good when you get it
Although it was made by moonshiners.

Toast To
"Billy Melville"
(After he was presented with a gold watch at Albuquerque Nov.
1882)

Here's a Buena Salu
 To the man who is true
 To his fellows till life itself ends
 He was watched here tonight
 And 'twill be his delight
 To always remember his friends.

We came here to show him
 The friendship we owe him
 (Tis honest to pay what we owe)
 And our friend Billy
 Will thank us till he
 Is gone where all worthy men go.

We wish to remind him
 He leaves here behind him
 Some friends that were dear to his heart
 Half crazy to lose him
 The friend of our bosom
 All weeping that e'er we should part.

His high reputation
 And fine education
 If Fortune will give him a show
 Or treat him but fairly
 He'll go where he barely
 Can reach to us fellows below.

We all would be gladder
 If top of the ladder
 Of Fame and of Fortune he'd stand
 With no fear of falling
 We'd hear his loud calling
 "Come up fellows give me your hand".

When safely ascended
 Our cares would be ended
 With joy for the meeting again
 And each as a brother
 We'd greet one another
 Whilst Walter would pass the champagne.

My friends all and Billy
 You may think it silly
 For me to address you in rhyme
 Then fill up the bowl
 And with heart and soul
 We'll pledge it to Billy every time.

To Maggie *(P.M. later married)
 first wife*

Your epistle was handed me, Maggie,
 Today as I stepped from a car
 Where Apaches were seen on the warpath,

And soldiers preparing for war.

4.

I said "They " may fight at their pleasure
Or run till they're clear out of view,
Whilst I stepped aside, at my leisure,
That I might be "happy with you".

Thousands of miles lie between us
Large plains and deserts, but yet
Know that "absence makes fond hearts grow fonder
And mine is too fond to forget".

The evening is dark and the fires
Of Loco are seen on "the Range".
His signals in war indicating
His simple directions of "change".

I acknowledge that I was then happy,
The cavalry galloping round,
All their bustle was timed to music,
Though first 'twas an ominous sound.

There Forsythe has mounted his charges,
The General now in command,
And off in the foothills is Loco,
The Chief of the murderous band.

I shall not relate you his actions
nor shall I describe how he kills
But during last week over fifty
White people lay dead in the hills.

The Indians are "brave" it is stated
Their glories may shine like again
But the lives of these people they slaughtered
Were worth fifty thousand of them.

On tomorrow they say he'll be captured
Or fall with his band near the mine
But I think he's too sharp for the soldiers
Tonight he'll skip over the line.

The Mexicans there want to see him
And treat him to pellets of lead
Or capture his ponies and outfit
Or number them all with the dead.

It is hard to strike down the "poor" Indian
And yet he will kill us on sight.
When I count up the crimes of the races
My sympathies go with the white.

In the East they say "lo the poor Indian",
But we often "send him to rest"

He'll be "good" then I know; he's killed thousands
Since I have arrived in the West.

5.

'Twould be better to capture the Indians
And distribute them all through the East
Than to kill them out here, but the people
Are not so disposed in the least.

Say they take one or two to each county
Protect them and guard them at home
Let the government pay all expenses
Till civilization would come.

'Twould be cheaper than paying the thousands
Of soldiers out here on the plains
That are cheating and fighting the Indians
And then getting killed for their pains.

There is no good resulting, the creatures
If taken and treated like men
Could be civilized soon and made useful,
They'd never kill white men again.

The bugle was sounded, the forces
Were off as I boarded the train,
Took a seat and instinctively opened
Your letter and read it again.

"Your parents are lonesome without you"
And "Annie is sighing" - but then
The blessings of God are about you
"And the glory of gladness within".

The Sisters are teachers from Heaven
They need not a rule nor a rod
To show you the value of science,
And teach you the diction of God.

Your "lessons and tasks" will be ended,
You'll enter the world once more,
Its cares will be light when they're blended
With pure academical lore.

Your mind will be free of the trifling
Impressions the world doth give,
And filled with sublimest of knowledge,
Remaining as long as you live.

Sweet music should truly be studied,
It raiseth the soul into bliss,
And seems as though Angels were promising
Happier realms than this.

Away, far away, when the mountains
 Of danger are looming above,
 Encouraged by hope for the future
 Contented I live for your love!

How often I think of the stanzas
 You sang that delighted my ears
 And now from the mountains re-echo
 "Remember me, love, in your prayers".

Your letter brought these random thoughts
 To cheer me on my way
 I read it as it flushes forth
 A monitory ray.

That sheds its light on genial mind
 And now reflects to you
 The simple fancies of my brain
 "But strong in being true".

I have no copy of these lines
 I wrote the tablet o'er
 And shall enclose it with its faults
 To you whom I adore.

And if its worth preserving
 What errors there may be
 Just mark them down, then put them up
 And charge them all to me.

The train has stopped - I just got off
 Am standing at the bar;
 The passengers and all around
 Are talking of the "war".

One man saw "thousands murdered" and
 He clinched it with an oath.
 I filled my glass with native wine
 And pledged it to - you both.

I'm weary traveling on this train
 And poorly can address you;
 But you'll excuse, and pray for me,
 Farewell, good night,
 God bless you.

###

Maggie Fond and True
 On the Arizona plains, Nov. 1882

Oh Maggie dear, fair Maggie dear,
 If I were near thee now
 The sunshine of your eyes would chase
 The sorrow from my brow.

Your lips would whisper o'er and o'er
Just as they used to do
The words of love and hope and joy
Of Maggie fond and true.

7.

I wander up the mountain paths
Or o'er the prairies wide
And often think how sweet t'would be
If you were by my side.
How short the road would seem to me
How grand the scene to you
Enough to charm the heart and soul
Of Maggie fond and true.

Oh Maggie I can see the bend
Beside the orchard tree
While gazing on the fairest flower
To call and send to me
The apple blooming o'er thy head
Thy cheeks its glowing hue
While joy and health beam in the eyes
Of Maggie fond and true.

But silently and rapidly
The time is passing by
And hopefully and happily
The eve is drawing nigh
When to this dreary desert plain
I'll bid a last adieu
And go back east to meet with friends
And Maggie fond and true.
P.M.

Perhaps the marks of friendship's power
In these few lines you see
May urge you in a lonely hour
To read and think of me.--

Toast

To Mother with a Draft for Christmas 1882

Mother, to you
This toast is due
With love and joy returning
Thy love for me
And mine for thee
Have never ceased in burning.

With hopes and fears
For many years
You anxiously endeared me

For which my heart
Must now impart
Its gratitude sincerely.

8.

This flowing bowl
With heart and soul
Your children here together
Will drink with due
Respects for you
A star - the fondest Mother.

The draft I send
Enclosed will tend
Though small it be, to let you
Know Christmas day
Though far away
Your sons will ne'er forget you.

And Alice you
Will meet with too
About that time, then treat her
To half the bill
With my good will.
Affectionately,

Peter

--- Deming, N.M.
Dec. 1st, 1882

"Maggie"

I always did admire the sweet name Maggie
It seemed to be a magic name to me
And whether our patch of life be smooth or craggy
I hope that sweet content will never flee.
Or if our clothes be fine or old and baggy
T'will be no cause for us to disagree
Excuse me friends, it would be egotistic
If I of Maggie should be eulogistic.

Toast

If all the waters in the streams
Were whiskey, beer or wine
And tumbling down in torrents wild
We'd dam the great Des Moines
To form a sea or ocean large
With breakers rolling high
We then to toast you properly
Would drink that ocean dry.

The Convert to Temperance

9.

(Composed while riding on horseback on a trip of 1100 miles from Phoenix to Yuma and to Fort Mohave, Arizona and from there to Albuquerque, N.M. in March 1881, alone.)

He'll never take another drink
Behind the cellar door
He swears he'll never raise his
Little finger any more
And vows he'll never enter a
Saloon or whiskey store
He's joined the Temperance society.

He'll never take another drop
Behind the whiskey bars
He'll never have his face cut up
And marked with many scars
He'll never look a veteran
Of twenty thousand wars
He's joined the Temperance society.

He'll never see the rattlesnakes
He used to see of yore
He'll never see his furniture
All chase him 'round the floor
He'll never tumble down those pits
He used to heretofore.
He's joined the Temperance society.

The gleam of burning glory that
The angels round him cast
Has loosened up the serpent's grip
That bound him in the past.
Thank God he's taken a step to reach
The happy home at last
He's joined the Temperance Society.
P. Mulvany

To the Harpers of Erin

Remove the harp from Taras Wells
And tune its chords once more
To strains which filled those lordly halls
With glory as of yore.
Arouse those hearts to Freedom's cause
That dormant lay so long
To strike with vengeance 'gainst the law
That vindicates the wrong.

Alas! thy songs of former days
While pleasing to the ear
Were lost in sounding empty praise
Of lords and ladies fair.
No more thy chords shall thrill in vain

Thy songs henceforth shall be
To fire Old Erin's songs again
To strike for liberty.

10.

P. Mulvany
Deming, N.M. May 1, 1883

###

Friend Nannie,

Your photos and flower
Of March twenty-second at hand
The last rose of summer is pretty
The pictures look loving and grand.

The artists of Eldon can "handle
The shadows" the best ever seen
In that city their fame will remain while
"The last rose of summer" is green.

Just now I am out on the prairie
Whence all vegetation hath flown
I'm certain your "last rose of summer"
This moment is "blooming alone".

I never met one "of its kindred"
Out here though I've travelled for years.
In this country it seems to be "pining"
And drooping and shedding its tiers.

I'm sure it "reflects back its blushes"
It looks it is sorry it came.
I must send it back, if I keep it
I know it will "pine on its stem".

Twill be there to meet early "companions"
In June they are wont to appear.
Tis too lovely, too pretty, too tiny
We do not need "tender feet" here.

The air is too light and too arid
Already its "perfume" hath fled
I shan't scatter its leaves o'er the garden prairie
Where its "mates" are not living nor dead.

And yet I feel shy at the parting
I'm sorry it leaves - but it goes -
The picture shall rest on my bosom
My sympathy clings to the Rose.

To Brothers on receiving a letter that Mother
died in Ireland on Feb. 18, 1883

11.

In Memoriam

Oh grief of griefs! dear Mother's dead
The cold and hallowed grave her bed.
Weep with me brothers, weep and shed
For her the bitter tear
How much she loved us few can tell
We know we loved her not so well
For no one could her love excel
For children ever dear.

Removed by Fate so far away
From her, we mourn our loss today
But joined as brothers let us pray
That she has soared on high
To meet dear Father's spirit there
And gentle sister Annie's, where
Celestial joys they ever share
And God is ever nigh.

Dear brothers, while our eyes are wet
With tears for her, we can't forget
The many good examples set
By her in bygone days
To guide our steps, to walk aright
The paths of truth and honor bright
To shun all company that might
Lead us to evil ways.

I cannot say we did much wrong
Though mingled with the varied throng
Of mortals, some who don't belong
To Honor's noble train
Who often take us by the hand
And try to make us understand
Their wily ways in accents bland
Though talking all in vain.

To her the honor most is due
Though some belong to me and you
For following her precepts through
Our lives of toil and care
Where torments of temptations foam
And flood our paths where e'er we roam
But then we wish to reach That Home
To meet with parents There.

God grant that we shall never shun
The righteous course which they have run
And that no act shall e'er be done
To lead our thoughts from this

And when dame Nature spreads the pall
And lets the final curtain fall
We hope to hear our parents call
Us to eternal Bliss.
P. Mulvany

12.

A.T. & S. F. Railroad Eating House.
Deming, N. M. April, 1883

**On the Death of Mother
To Brothers**

Weep with me, brothers dear,
Weep for the dead
Let fall the saddest tear
Ever you shed.
To her is the tribute due
Well she loved me and you
Fondest of Mothers too
From us has fled.

When in our infancy
Dear father died
Let us look back and see
Her by his side.
Weeping as few could weep
Speaking as few could speak
Keeping as few could keep
Watch o'er her guide-

Dear Sister Annie when (THEN?)
Called to retire
Father and Mother there
Weeping by her.
Let us pray fervently
God has the happy three
Joined in eternity.
Heavenly choir.

Far from our native land
We are alone.
Father and Mother and
Sister are gone.
Oh for that happy day
When we shall hear them say
"Come to us, come this way!
Children come home!"

###

**Toast
"Billy Melville"**

He is our friend a comrade true
A dear and valued friend
But still the hour of sweet concourse
At length will have an end.
And when we part as part we will
I want him bear in mind
That he'll be ten times happier still
Than those he leaves behind.

13.

He knows the wishes of our hearts
Are for his welfare here
He knows that every wish imparts
Wealth, happiness and cheer.
Fill up your glasses to the brim
And drain them with delight
And round the fire of friendly hue
We'll toast him here tonight

P.M.

Deming, N.M. April 1st, 1883

###

To brothers:

Thoughts on Home

In thought beneath that roof I sit
That sheltered us when life was young.
I see that brilliant fireside lit,
With hope and joy on every tongue;
Methinks I hear fond Mother call
Us from our antics at the door
Yes, Father, Mother, sister, all
Whose forms we see, ah! nevermore.

And clustered round that cheerful fire
How many an evening quickly fled;
When neighbors gathered to inquire
For news, or tell of what they read.
Rich fancies, themes, obtuse old songs,
From varied lips were heard to rise;
Ah, where are those old spirit throngs?
Long passed through yonder crimson skies.

Rememberest thou the good old time
When Judy Love, and Terry Carr
And Peter Tiddes, Bart O'Brien
And neighbors all from near and far
Received our visits, always primed
To tell their wondrous tales of yore;
Describing ghosts of every kind
And never ending fairy lore.

It may be sad to thus recall

The happy days of long ago
And think the hand of death may fall
On us and every friend we know.
But let us hope that future days
Will bring us nearer to the goal
Where those we loved enjoy the gaze
Of every pure angelic soul.

14.

Perchance the friends of former years
Are gazing on us from above;
And maybe from their heavenly spheres
Their spirits come, with hope and love,
Then let us, o'er this shadowed bowl,
Clasp these old hands and while the breath
Flows through us, charm the silent soul
With dreams of vanished joy and death.
Peter Mulvany
Marshall, Kansas Sept. 3rd, 1883

###

"The Old Oaken Bucket"

Another view of it.

With anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained
The wet sickly farm, the fungus-grown wild wood
The chills then contracted that since have remained.
The scum-covered duck pond, the pig sty close by it
The ditch where the sour-smelling house drainage fell
The damp shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard by it
But worse than all else was that horrible well
And that oaken bucket, that mold-cruste bucket
That moss covered bucket which hung in the well.

Just think of it, moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind
I know what professors and scientists gifted
In water of wells by analysis find
The rotting wood-fibre, the oxide of iron
The algae, the frog of unusual size
That water impure as the verses of Byron
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.
And that old oaken bucket, etc. etc.

To tell the sad truth, though I shudder to think it
That water to me looked uncommonly clear
And often at noon when I went there to drink it
I liked it well as I now enjoy beer,
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy
And quick to the mud covered bottom it fell
Then soon with its nitrates and nitrites and slimy
With matter organic it rose from the well,
That old oaken bucket etc. etc.

Oh had I but known it in time to avoid it
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught 15.
I'd test it for organic germs and destroy them
With drugs or permanganate ere I had quaffed
Perhaps I'd have boiled it and afterwards strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined
Or after distilling condensed and regained it
In potable form with its filth left behind
That old oaken bucket etc.

How little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink
But since I've become a devoted believer
In teachings of science I shudder to think
And now far removed from the scenes I'm describing
The story for warning to others I tell
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing
I gag at the thought of that horrible well
That old oaken bucket, that fungus-grown bucket
In fact, that slop bucket which hung in the well.

P.M.

[The above poem, with the exception of the third paragraph appears in the book: "The World's Best Loved Poems" compiled by James Gilchrist Lawson, Harper & Brothers 1927. Small changes have been made in the book version and the credit is given to "Anon".)

Speech given by Peter Mulvany, time and place unknown.

Fellow Citizens ((Ladies and gentlemen)

We have assembled here beneath this star-spangled banner from almost all parts of the globe and representing almost all shades of opinion. Sectarian, political and cosmopolitan but united in one great and noble object to do honor to the glorious heroic fathers of this Republic.

The speakers who are to follow me today will do those immortal men more justice than I could be expected to do them.

Public speaking, you all know, is not my forte. My business as a railroad man brings me in connection with the laboring classes and of them and to them I wish to say a few words today.

True, we are all laborers although divided into classes and each of us singly and collectively are dependent one upon the other, and it takes every grade of society to make up the complete whole.

One class is just as necessary as the other. In carrying forward great enterprises, how plainly do we see this manifested. Take for instance, the building of a Railroad. A certain grade of mind is necessary to prepare the road-bed and lay the track. This class is composed of the bone and sinew of the country. Young men who wish to put forward every effort to lay the foundation not only of a railroad, of a bridge, or of a building but also of a character for honesty and industry and for a life of usefulness

whereon they can build independence, prosperity and happiness. This class of men must have strong physical natures and the qualities that give the necessary force and energy to hew down rocks, tunnel mountains and move all obstructions.

Another class will act as foreman of laborers, another will serve as engineers, another is fitted to act as officers. While still another grade of mind projected the enterprise and furnished the means to carry it to a successful conclusion.

As in the materials that enter into the erection of the building, the foundation stones that lie down deep in the earth to support the superstructure, while they are never seen, are nevertheless just as essential to the completion of the building as are the ornamental capstones above the windows. So in associated labor, each grade of mind does its appropriate work. We could not dispense with either and all should have due praise.

Each class being thus dependent one upon the other, all should labor in harmony together. The workman should guard his employers' interest. He should be always promptly on time and faithful to the last hour. He should make his work a study; he should give it thought as surely he renders his services so much the more valuable and his compensation in the end so much better.

Probably if faithful he may succeed to the business of his employer or may enter into a separate field. It is certain at any rate, if he proves himself a competent assistant he is the more likely, in time, himself to become a manager of others.

But let me say a few words to the employer. He can by a kind and pleasant manner do much toward making the subordinate worthy and competent. The workman should thoroughly understand what the duty is which he is expected to perform, and he should be required pleasantly yet firmly to execute it to the letter. When once there is a definite understanding on his part as to what is explicitly required, it is not necessary that an employer use harsh means or a manner in any way discourteous in order to secure obedience to his commands.

My friends, many, or nearly all of the people in this western county, or in this assemblage at least, come from the east, where some of them have been raised in luxury under the careful hands and watchful eyes of fond parents who deemed them dearer than aught else on earth. There are many reasons for their coming west. They came here for a change of climate; a change of business; a change of living, and possibly a change of drinks. All the world changes because change is one of nature's laws. If there was no change there would be no motion; and without motion there would be no life. Change is everywhere going forward in nature. A few months ago we had spring and nature awoke to new life. Today every tree and shrub is clothed in the garb of green sprinkled with blossoms. Later the green of various shades will merge into the autumn tints. And later still nature will doff her garb entirely, only to clothe herself in the coming years again with various changes according to the seasons.