

**REMINISCENCES**  
**1854-1908**

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Reminiscences 1854-1908 by Catherine T. Lacey

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**CATHERINE T. LACEY**

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BY

CATHERINE T. LACEY



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FESTNER PRINTING COMPANY

1908

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CATHERINE T. LACEY.

Dep. Exch. Library of Congress, 10 Jy 1913.

*"He who has a thousand friends  
Has never a one to spare,  
And he who has one enemy  
Will meet him everywhere."*

This little volume of shyness I dedicate to friends, old and young, who have made my life bright by their friendship and love. May it be a reminder of our best wishes for their happiness in this life, and an eternity of bliss when time shall be no more.

Yours lovingly,

CATHERINE T. LACEY.

"Woodbine Cottage," Omaha,

July 1, 1908.

## Winter.

[1881]



The shrill trumpet of Winter is sounding  
His wild notes o'er valley and hill,  
Whilst each tempest-tossed tree of the forest  
Bends low to the Winter King's will.  
It roams o'er the rich man's dwelling,  
It enters the lone widow's cot  
To chill the frail form of the mourner,  
Whom all but her God have forgot.

It sings through the tops of the mountain pines,  
It plays o'er the lake, and the lee,  
It binds the brook with its icy breath,  
And revels on the blue sea.  
Yet One there is who can calm the storm,  
Can bid the wild winds cease;  
Bring joy to the heart-stricken mourner,  
And hush the rude waves of the deep.



## Sans Souci.

[Written in 1830.]



There is a sweet spot in Kentucky's deep shades  
That will always be cherished by me;  
In which I can haven my hopes and my fears,  
When tossed upon life's stormy sea.

Long years have passed since that happy time  
When I wound 'mongst its beautiful flowers;  
Free as the wild bird in its own native wood,  
I sang in its green leafy bowers.

Could they but speak, what tales of love,  
Of joy, and hope, rude time has blighted;  
Of sad adieus, and kindly greetings,  
Of lover's vows to Heaven plighted.

We bade adieu to that hallowed spot,  
Yet memories will cluster around  
The friends that greeted us joyous and bright,  
Now slumbering low in the ground.

The fond mother's voice is hushed  
Like strings of some broken lute,  
Whilst sad hearts in sorrow mourn her  
And their homes are deserted and mute.

*SANS SOUCI.*

Spirit mother from thy heavenly home  
Guard and protect thy loved, thy cherished  
ones;

Spread thy angelic wings o'er each dear form;  
Keep them through life's dark night, to an  
eternal morn.

The father's sad heart is cheered in its gloom  
By two fair daughters all sunshine and bloom,  
Whose wealth of affection sweet happiness brings,  
Making life's darkest hours a perpetual spring.

Farewell then Sans Souci, farewell hallowed spot,  
May Heaven's choicest blessings be thine.  
Wearing garlands immortal for the altar of love,  
Where friendships pure gifts are enshrined.



## Fleings.



You naughty, tricky, little fleas,  
Your bite is worse than sting of bees;  
I wish I had you by the smeller,  
I think I'd pull your teeth, old fellow.  
You seem to be my evil spirit,  
Devoid of anything like merit;  
Nip here, jump there, bite anywhere,  
So you get filled—why, you don't care.  
You disregard the peoples' feelings,  
Their torturing pains, and sorest healings.  
You hop, skip, jump, all in a minute,  
Thinking to make my poor pegs shin it.  
Now, Mr. Flea, be on your guard,  
For if I catch you, mark my word,  
I'll pay you up for all your stealings,  
Your wicked tricks, and sad misdealings.  
When the summer days are bright,  
I'm hunting you from morn till night.  
Why tire me so, my nimble friend!  
When will this battle have an end?  
If I succeed, out come your nippers,  
Making you cut some funny capers.  
I'd be the dentist for your tribe,  
And serve you well, both far and wide.