



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1864.

No. 49.

THE LUCKY DREAM.

'Twas about 12 o'clock in the day, and all the laborers employed on Mr. O'Reilly's farm were at dinner; his son, a young man of about 24 years, was standing in the door-way, smoking his pipe, and chatting with the men.

'What in the world is the matter with Ned Power, this morning?' he asked one of them.—'He has not spoken a word since he sat down.'

'The Lord only knows,' Mr. Edmund. 'We couldn't knock a sentence out of him all this blessed day. He wasn't the same since he came from town yesterday; there's some cloud over him. Ned, the young master wants to know what ails you.'

'Nothing in life then, but sure one can't be always diverting the people,' answered Ned in a surly tone.

'Oh, if any one is curious about Ned, 'tis myself can tell what's making him look so black.—'Tis crossed in love the poor boy is,' said the cow boy, an arch-looking lad of fourteen.

'You'd better hold your tongue, you imp,' roared Ned in a voice of thunder.

'Don't ate us man alive. Sure if that's the timber you showed her the crathur, no wonder she'd have no more to say to you. Och, Mr. Edmund, he'll be the death of me if you don't spake to him,' he cried out as Ned in his fury caught him, and was about to inflict corporal punishment. 'Get out of that you young scamp, and go about your business,' exclaimed the person appealed to. 'Let him off, Ned, you're an ass to mind the young scamp.'

'Children and fools tell the truth,' remarked one of the men, glancing at Ned; the rest laughed, and one inquired what his colleen was after doing to him?

'I'll tell you what it is boys,' he replied angrily. 'I am not going to be made a bare of for ye'er divershin, so ye'd better lave me alone, and as he spoke he jumped up from the table and left dinner and all to them.

'Well, well, well, love is a quare thing, and women are quare cattle too,' said an old man who was reckoned the wisacre of the farm-yard. 'There's Ned, as sprightly a fellow as one could meet, and the most even-tempered to be found anywhere; but look at him to-day, ready to fight with his best friends, just because a rosy-cheeked little girl wasn't plasin' to him, and she most likely fretting to the heart, because the contrary fit was on her when she saw him last.'

'God be with the youth of us, Mike,' said another, 'our time is past and gone, and were not overproud at that same; but sure every one must get over their love fit as they do the chinch-cough or measles, and the arlier they take it the better for themselves, for like other diseases, 'tis only dangerous when it attacks one late in life.'

Thus moralising, the old men finished their meal and returned to their work, while the younger ones listened in silence, highly amused, but by no means edified by the wisdom of their elders.

A few hours later, Edmund O'Reilly came upon Ned Power, as he stood in a most disconsolate attitude, leaning on his spade in the middle of the field where the men were employed.

'Oh, Ned,' he said 'you must stir yourself; if my father found you as I did you'd come to grief. Don't be downhearted, man, there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught.'

'Tis easy to talk, Mr. Edmund, very easy entirely; but if Miss Alice took it into her purty head to throw you overboard, I wonder how would you feel?'

Edmund smiled and reddened a little, but made no reply. 'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.' Ned's appeal to his feelings struck home, and he began to sympathise most heartily with him; besides he was his foster brother, which, of course, caused a strong bond of affection to exist between them.

'You know, Ned,' said he, after a few minutes silence, 'that I would not like to see you out of spirits. I only wanted to rouse you a bit. I suppose Kitty Nolan has been teasing you; she's a saucy damsel, but I am sure she likes you, Ned.'

'Likes me, Mr. Edmund: Oh, you don't know how she trated me yesterday,' said poor Ned, glad to unburthen himself and pour his sorrows into a friendly ear. 'Shure I thought the equal of her wasn't in the country, and that her heart was as fair as her face, but I was woefully mistaken. God help me! For six months that I've been after her I found her as sweet as honey and, then all of a sudden, she turns around and talks to me as if I was a stranger from the black North. 'Twill never come to her turn to do so again. I wish my hands clear and clane out of her.'

'Never fear; I'll see ye as great as ever in a few days. 'Tis only a lover's quarrel, Ned.'

'Me, great with her! No; I have more spirit. I wouldn't look at the side of the street

she'd be at, the ungrateful, decateful hussy.—What matter if 'twas an honest, decent boy—a neighbor's son, she had taken up with, but one of them sassanachs that the new landlord brought over; a stuck up fellow, dressed in livery, who looks down on the 'Hirish,' but he would be afraid of his shadow if he went out at night, for feerd they'd blow his brains out. You might have knocked me down with a feather when I saw her talking and smiling and looking so sweet on him. I wonder was it his gilt buttons she fell in love with. And when I went up to her and said, 'How are you, Kitty?' 'Oh, good morra, Mr. Power,' says she, and then she turned her head away, and I heard her telling the fellow I was one of the laboring men at Mr. O'Reilly's, and sure 'tis I'm proud to be one of his men, for he's the royal ould stock of the country; but I never wore any man's livery, and never will, and now Mr. Ned, what have you to say for her? But they're all alike;—there's no knowing the women; 'twould be easier to lathom the depths of the say than to fathom them. There was I, only waiting till I had a few pounds saved, and thinking she knew what was in my mind, and that I had only to say—'Kitty, when I'll spake to the priest, and that she jump at the offer.'

'You had no right to be too sure. She's very pretty, and no wonder her head would be a little turned, for all the boys are after her.'

'Well, 'tis all well to me now at any rate.'

Edmund then left the disconsolate lover to brood over his misadventures, and went to see after the rest of the men. He was the only son of Mr. O'Reilly, who was what is called a gentleman farmer, that is, a gentleman by birth, but who held his land on lease and not by fee-simple. He had a good deal of land in the North riding of Tipperary, and farmed it all himself, and was very popular, being a good employer, a kind friend to those who needed his help, and on the people's side in politics, besides being as Ned remarked, 'one of the royal ould stock.'

For three days Ned was in the depths of despair, but on the morning of the fourth, just as his young master was leaving the house, he met him coming towards him with a beaming face.

'Oh, Mr. Edmund,' he called out the moment he saw him, 'if you ever did me a good turn you'll do it now.'

'Why, Ned, you look a changed man, what can I do for you?'

'Just give me lave to go to town, and don't let the ould master know till I am gone, for I'm afeerd he'd put a bar to it.'

'I'm afraid that's more than I ought to do; there's too much to be done; the spring work is late; you know we're behind hand.'

'Och, Mr. Edmund, don't be hard on me, sure who'd stand to me if not yourself?'

'But what business is taking you there now?'

'Tis be reason of a dhrame I had about Kitty, and as sure as I stand here I wronged the crathur.'

'What was the dream about? I believe you are losing the little sense you had, Power; this girl has quite bewitched you.'

'Twas often a good man's case, and will be to the end of time. I wouldn't say that you're mighty clear-headed yourself those times; but about the dhrame, well 'twas little I slept for two nights, but tossing and tumbling, and if I dozed at all, waking up with a start every five minutes; so last night I was fairly bate up, and the minute I laid my head on the boulder off I went fast asleep, but my mind being troubled I soon began to dhrame. I thought I was standing in the yard waiting for some commands from the master, when who would come up but Larry Sullivan, my aunt's nephew's cousin, by the mother's side.'

'Did you hear anything?' says he, looking very earnest at me.

'No,' says I; 'why so?'

'Do you know that Kitty Nolan is very bad?'

'Oh, you want to take a rize out of me,' says I, laughing.

'No, Ned, I'm serious; she's dying.'

I thought my heart gave me great thump again my side, and I couldn't say a word, but looked into his two eyes to see was it the truth he was telling; then seeing how sorrowful he looked, I turned away and ran like a madman right across the country, and never stopped nor stayed until I came to the place she lived in.—Sure enough, when I got there I found 'twas all true, but 'twasn't dying she was but dead, laid out and all. Oh, Mr. Edmund, I'll never forget, as long as I live, the ould, desolate feeling that came over me when I saw my 'gra gal, my own 'colleen dhas' lying low before me;—her beautiful rosy cheeks as white as snow, her mild, innocent blue eyes closed forever, and her long black lashes making her white cheeks look more ghastly. She looked so mournful too, as if she was sorry for leaving the world, where every one loved and liked her. Oh, I felt as if

I could do nothin' but lie down beside her, and never rise up agin. There wasn't a dry eye in the room but my own; but I stood there like a statue. My heart seemed to be turning to stone inside in me. I couldn't cry; but I gave a big sigh every now and then, trying to relieve myself of the load that was on me, but all in vain. Then all at once I fancied we were carrying her to the grave, and that I followed her coffin till we keem to the churchyard in the village; that there the priest read over the corpse, and then he turned to me and said, 'I thought 'twas marrying ye I'd be; but God's will be done.' At these words I fell down flat on my face, crying and sobbing, and telling them all to lave me there with my own love, and the same sod would soon cover us both. Then everything grew confused, and I remember no more till I woke, and 'twas still eark night. And I never slept a wink after that, but lay thinking and pausing till daylight. Now, Mr. Edmund, that was a lucky dhrame; and it shows me plainly that Kitty and myself will be married by that very priest, and that 'tis all only a misunderstanding between us, for night-dhrames always go be contraries; so I must see her to-day, and settle the business.—I won't rest till I get a sight of her anyhow. I know she'll be in town, for 'tis a market-day. If ever you did anything for me, don't refuse me this.'

'Why, I thought you would not look at the side of street she'd be at, the ungrateful, decateful hussy?'

'Oh, your welcome to your game, heartily welcome. If you were at it till to-morrow mornin', 'twouldn't ruffle a hair on me; but there's the ould master. May I go, Mr. Edmund?'

'Oh, yes! Oh, but maybe I won't hear it from my father.'

'The light of heaven to you. I knew well you'd stand to me, and off he went.'

'Where's Ned Power?' asked old Mr. O'Reilly, when he met his son half an hour after.

'Gone to town, sir.'

'Gone to town! Did you send him there?'

'I gave him leave—he had some little business himself there.'

'Business, man! Didn't you know he couldn't be spared?'

'Well, you must forgive us both, sir; I am sure he won't be long.'

'This foster-brother of yours can do what he pleases with you, it seems. You don't care a straw how the business is neglected, so he has his fling. The good-for-nothing scamp! I guessed he had no crance with me, and so he went to you. He is one of the best workmen in the place; and I'm sure they won't do anything right without him in that five-acre held.—You'd better go and tell them what to do.'

Edmund smiled to himself, as he went, at his father's inconsistency in calling Ned a good-for-nothing-scamp and the best workman in the place, especially as the irritable old gentleman was rather apt to say such things.

In the field the men were talking of Ned's absence, as they had seen him set off for town.

'Th' ould master is raging,' said one, 'Ned will catch it when he comes back, and sure with reason. He thinks he can do what he likes because Mr. Edmund will back him.'

'Oh, the world knows th' ould master's bark is worse than his bite, 'tis easy to come over him after all.'

'True for you Mick; sure a better man there isn't in the country, 'tis he has the good heart, God bless him, sure the poor man will never want a friend while he's to the fore, and he has the good will of the rich and poor.'

'I hope Mr. Edmund will take after him, but I'm afraid he won't—he's smooth-tongued and pleasant enough, has a merry joke and a laugh with every one, but still I'd depend more on the old man.'

'Oh, as the ould cock crows the young one learns, sure isn't it kind for him to be good, by father and mother, where would he get the bad drop? 'Tis a shame for you Mick Connors to be misdoubting him, you that worked on the place as boy and man those forty years.'

'I'm only saying I'd rather his father, that's no crime, sure 'tis only natural I would, he's worth fifty Mr. Edmunds, to my mind. Didn't he keep many a family from the poor house, by giving them help in their need? Isn't his name down in the bank for every farmer in the neighborhood that wants a lift? 'Twill be a sorrowful day in Ballyivers and thirty miles round it for that matter, when God takes him to Himself.—Long may he reign there, and the mistress aforement him too, for 'the likes of them isn't to be met with often.'

'I agree to every word you said, but don't be reflecting on Mr. Edmund, for he's his father's son out and out. Time will tell, time will tell, and with this ocular observation, the conversation concluded.

As Ned Power entered the farm yard on his way from town that evening, he met Mr. O'Reilly.

'Well, you infernal scoundrel,' he exclaimed, 'where were you all day?'

'In town your honor,' replied Ned in the meekest tone possible.

'In town, idling and drinking, and other people killed with work, trying to supply your place I won't have any more of this work, I can tell you.'

'Lave is light, shure I wouldn't go without liberty.'

'You know well, you idler where to ask it, I wouldn't give you lave to be galivanting about, and your business waiting for you here.'

'Sure I knew you wouldn't break Mr. Edmund's word once he told me that I might go.'

'Mr. Edmund and you may be hanged for a pair of fools.'

'Oh then 'tis proud I'd be to follow Mr. Edmund any where even to the gallows.'

Mr. O'Reilly smiled and said no more, and Ned immediately decamped in search of his young master, to tell him how well he had got out of the scrape and detail his adventures in town. His face told a good deal even before he spoke a word.

'Well,' said Edmund, 'I see you are all right again with your *colleen dhas*. Women are weak the creatures, 'tis easy enough to come round them. I'm thinking the men are not very strong minded either where they are concerned, eh Ned?'

'Sure 'tis yourself knows best, Mr. Edmund, I wouldn't be evenin' my to you in knowledge or experience.'

'You're a prime boy; I believe you'd try and bumbug St. Peter. How did Kitty receive your advances to-day?'

'Is that the way with you, Mr. Edmund?—Miss Alice must have fine times, certainly. I pay them back in their own coin though—advances, mori'ya, it was quite the other way, I can tell you.'

'Well let us hear the whole story, maybe I'd take a leaf out of your book.'

'With all the pleasure in life, Mr. Edmund, I told you Kitty would be in town before me, and so she was, looking as fresh as a rose, and as mild as a lamb. I could hardly take my eyes off of her, she was such a purty picture, God bless her. She was standing near the butter market with two or three comrade girls, when I came up, and she didn't see me for a few minutes, I had time to take the full of my eyes of her, as the saying is, and maybe I wasn't well feasted. There wasn't a girl in the whole town could come up to her anyhow; she's the posey of the parish, always excepting Miss Alice because.—When she saw me going towards her, she began to smile and put on one of her coaxing looks, but I was as grave as a judge. 'Good morrow, Ned,' says she, with a voice like a nightingale, 'Good morrow, Miss Nolan,' says I, imitating the way she spoke to me the last day, and I raised my caubeen and bowed, just as I saw you doing one day you met some ladies. All the girls laughed, and I passed on without another word. I saw her giving a wistful look after me, and my heart smote me a little, but still I said to myself, now's your time, my boy, and make the most of it, and on I went. As luck would have it, who would I meet but my sister's gossip, Nora Neill, a nice sprightly little girl; she's to be married to my brother Andy, but that's a secret, for her people don't over and above like the match and they must keep dark for a while, till he have a few pounds saved. Kitty doesn't know anything about it, so I immediately determined to have my revenge by being ever so sweet on Nora's straight before 'er face. Nora considered me all as one as a brother, joked and sported, and was as merry as a grasshopper; as we passed Kitty several times, I could see that she minded us far more than she did her business. Where ever we went her eye was on us, and by and by, when we all met together in a friendly house, where I had taken Nora to give her a little refreshment, and have a confidential chat about Andy, she looked so forlorn and disconsolate that I couldn't keep up the joke any longer. Before Nora knew what I was about, I took her by the hand, and going over to where poor Kitty was sitting by herself, I said, 'Kitty, allow me to introduce you to my brother Andy's intended wife, and Nora this is Andy's intended sister-in-law, if she'll only say the word.' Nora looked surprised as well she might, and Kitty turned as pale as a ghost, and then as red as a cherry and she hadn't a word. I went closer to her and whispered, 'Sure 'twas only purtinding we war both of us; wasn't that it *ma colleen dhas*?—Turn about is fair play, you know; but there isn't a girl in the world I'm so fond of as yourself.' She brightened up in a minute, and gave me her nice plump little hand, then, Nora, like a sensible girl, left us to ourselves.'

'Oh Ned, Ned, 'twas a cruel thing of you to try me so much,' says Kitty, 'how could you have the heart?'

'And what about the fellow with the gold buttons,' says I.

'Well, I'll tell you the truth now, though you were so long after me you never rightly let out your mind till to-day, and I began to think that maybe 'twas only diverting yourself you were all the time.' So there was the whole secret, Mr. Edmund, I needn't tell you anything more only that 'tis all settled, and whenever we have scraped up enough to begin the world with, we'll speak to the priest.'

The same night, while the family were at tea, Ned came to the parlor door, and asked 'was the mistress there?'

'Yes, Ned,' said she, 'what do you want with me?'

'I'm told you gave the milkwoman warning; man, as she did not answer you?'

'I did, Ned; do you know of anyone to supply her place, who could be well recommended?'

'I think I do, mam, I heard of a girl that's about leaving her place who's the best butter hand in the country. I saw her in town to-day, and she'd be only too glad to get such a mistress.'

'Who is she?'

'Kitty Nolan is her name. Her present mistress will give her any commendation; she won't want for character anyway.'

'Kitty Nolan—I think I know her, a pretty, smart, fresh-looking girl?'

'The very same, mam.'

'If you take my advice you'll have nothing to say to her,' said Mr. O'Reilly, 'unless you want to have courting and philandering going on in your dairy, and not butter-making.'

Edmund burst out laughing at having Ned found out—the latter only muttered—

'Wonders will never cease, now I thought that the master was the last in the world that would try and take the bread out of a poor girl's mouth, or say a word agin her behind her back, and she an orphan, too.'

'That'll do, Ned, my mother will consider the matter, and seek information from some one more disinterested,' he added smiling.

'I'll lave it all in the master's hands, he knows Kitty since she was the height of the table, and her mother before her as well.'

'Only that this fellow won't let the girl attend to her business, I dare say you couldn't do better than take her; I know her well, she's very honest and trustworthy, but he'll be putting his nonsense into her head and she'll pay more attention to that than to the butter.'

'We were young ourselves, my dear. I dare say Ned won't be wanting to go to town so often if Kitty comes here.'

'Do as you please, Mrs. O'Reilly, but remember I warned you.'

'Oh, certainly James, I'll take all the responsibility,' and so the matter was decided to Ned's satisfaction.

A few weeks after Kitty was installed as milk woman at Ballyivers, Mr. O'Reilly called after his son as he was leaving the breakfast room one morning—'Edmund, where are you going to-day? 'To take a ride, Sir.' 'I believe you generally ride in the same direction now-a-days. Ned Power says your horse wouldn't go any road but that which leads to Mount Pleasant.' Edmund was discreetly silent. 'Well, I see no reason to be ashamed of it, Alice Mc'Mahon is a good girl, and a handsome girl. You have some taste, my boy. Taste for beauty is hereditary in the family. I believe old Mick says all the O'Reillys had handsome wives. Well, there is no use in Shill-Shallying, you might as well ask Alice at once; I suppose you can make a pretty good guess at her sentiments.' 'I think I can, Sir.' 'The fellow is as cool as a cucumber,' said he turning to his wife, 'that's not the way I was when I had a notion of you, Margaret.'

'Edmund takes more after me, James,' she said, 'you often told me I was as cold as an icicle.'

'Perhaps you'd ride to Mount Pleasant on your way to town, Sir,' said Edmund, 'may I tell Mr. Mc'Mahon so?'

'Yes, yes; and what will you tell Alice, Ned?'

'I said all that was necessary yesterday.'

'You have asked her, then?'

'Well, Sir, hearing what a favorite she was of yours, I thought I might as well.'

'Listen to him—listen to the fellow, as if he did it to oblige me.'

'And very good reasons, too, Sir, I'd do a great deal to please you,' and Edmund went off in high spirits.

'They'll be a handsome pair, Margaret, I heard all the people admiring them as they rode through Nenagh the other day,' said Mr. O'Reilly, as Edmund passed by the window.

'You like the match all the better for knowing it will be a popular one, James.'

'Well, Margaret, when I was a child I often heard my mother (who was one of the best women I ever knew) saying that those who had the good will of their neighbors had the good-will of God; those words have clung to me through life.'