



## LITERATURE.

From the Protestant Watchman.

## THE POPIST PRIESTS OF ERIN.

Oh, the popish priests of Erin, how jollily live they;  
When wassail joys abound they're sure to lead the way,  
Each recreant one alluring, o'er whose bosom vice hold sway;  
Oh, the popish priests of Erin, how jollily live they.

They crowd round plenty's table; when fortune smiles they're  
nigh.

But they're sure to slip the cable when the goddess looks avry.  
Oh, the popish priests of Erin, whose cry is fast and pray,  
Nor taste the dainty food of earth, how jollily live they.

There's an oily look about them, there's contentment in their mien,  
As though fortune ne'er could float them, though on all she vent  
her spleen.

They cry follow them to heaven, and Saint Peter wont say nay,  
For to them the pass is given, and a "half-house" by the way  
Oh, these jolly priests of Erin, whose cry is fast and pray,  
Nor taste the dainty food of earth, how jollily live they!

## THE THREE KEARNEYS.

## A TALE OF THE DOMINIE.

BY ANDREW PICKEN.—CHAPTER I.

It was a sad grief that, that I once got by an affair that occurred in the Irish country while I took up my abode there; and it put my nerves more out of the way than I can well describe now, as I am only recollecting the matter as a by-past fact. But such a sight as a father and two sons, an old gray-headed man, and I may say his whole family, going altogether, as I saw them go past my door, and in my view, and that of thousands, is such as I hope never to see the like of again; although I do not think that the world is growing better in these last days half so fast as I could wish it should. Indeed, I am of opinion that the world must still be a bad world, for all the pains that have been taken with it, else such things could never have happened as I am now musing over, and which makes my heart ache to think of. If any one wishes to know what the affair was, let him sit down with me, and I will tell him as well as I can the whole story.

It was while I was living within the interior precincts of the bustling city of Dublin, in the Irish kingdom, that I first began seriously to make my observations on things in general, so, wandering to and fro to observe the city as much as possible at a distance, rather than in its inner embraces, my walks lay often in those southern environs of the place that spread off so pleasantly towards the green sloping hills, joining the King's county, which the Irish, in their usual boastful phraseology, choose to dignify by the name of the Dublin mountains. On that side of the city, and on a pleasant elevation, is situated the healthy village of Harold's Cross; and beyond the village towards the said mountains appear the picturesque policies of Robert Shawfield, Esq., of the Warren, some time a representative in parliament for the Irish metropolis.

Now there lived by the road-side beyond Harold's Cross, and near to the fine domain of the Warren, an elderly man and woman of the name of Kearney, who had two strapping sons living at home with them. These young men bore, however, rather a ne'er-do-well character; and in fact the whole of the Kearneys were known extensively round as a suspicious and troublesome sort of people. Yet were they, after all, rather well liked and applauded by their own sort of rabbling clan-jamfreys of the neighbourhood, more, for aught I know, because they neither feared God nor regarded man, than for any good or commendable qualities. The old woman (her name was Judith, or rather Judy, as the people called her) was well named after that strong-stomached amazon who cut off the head of the man with whom she went to consort herself, as we read of in the Apocrypha; for she was known all round to be a perfect born devil; and like many other of the parents of the Irish youth, able to bring up her sons in the practice of all manner of malice and wickedness. We cannot say that the old man was quite as bad as his amiable helpmate (for without doubt she, as her neighbours would say, was "a sweet nut") and it was even affirmed that he had occasionally in his life manifested sundry symptoms of a reckless sort of Irish generosity. Besides, the father of this hopeful family had no imagination to invent a wicked plot, yet still he was of a sour and dogged turn, had within him a deep spirit of suspicion and vengeance; and if he deserved not the praise of having the head to conceive, it could not be denied that he had the hand to execute the darkest scheme of guilt and cruelty.

Accordingly, "the boys" were persons of what philosophers would call "a mixed character;" that is to say, they had the usual semi-barbarous virtues of the Irish mountaineer, generous, hospitable, and warm towards those whom they chose for the moment to delight in; but savage and selfish when the fit was over. Still, however, they were rather handsome boys, had the wild and roving eye of the southern Hibernian, with the showy, splutter-

ing, and sploring manner of the ordinary native. A full share of the bad dispositions of mankind they certainly had inherited, to qualify them for villains; yet still it must have been by their amiable parents alone that these youths were fully instructed in the mystery of iniquity.

The Kearneys had a cow, which lived abroad about the neighbourhood, and some half a dozen pigs, which lived at home with the family. How the pigs got their living, or indeed the Kearneys themselves, was by no means clearly made out by the most sagacious of the people in the cabins around. But as for the cow, it was no secret, that although an honest and discreet looking brute as needed be, she was universally allowed to be a common interloper and a thief, getting her living wherever she could, or rather wherever she was driven, and bringing disgrace and a blush upon all the well-disposed cows from Harold's Cross to the Dublin mountains. This cow was a constant subject of eyecore and dispute throughout the neighbourhood, and in particular by the servants and retainers of Mr. Shawfield, of the Warren; for the grass which grew so rich upon the broad meadows of his estate, she had always been peculiarly fond of; and to this predilection the four Kearneys never were known to have made the smallest objection. Mr. Shawfield himself, who knew the character of the Kearneys well, issued several strong proclamations against them and their cow, but to these they were too audacious to pay any attention; and as for his own people, whose duty it was to have curbed or punished such doings, they stood too much in awe of the Kearneys themselves to take any active side against them.

At this time there lived in the neighbourhood, and on the further side of the Warren demesne, a widow woman, who, together with her two daughters, then living at home with her, were held in much favour by the squire; the father of the girls having been long a faithful domestic of the family, and the widow and children being uniformly industrious and deserving. This woman excited some envy in the neighbourhood, not only from the decided favour shown to her by the squire, but from the way in which she chose to bring up her daughters, whom it was thought she was rearing with a cleanliness very much above their condition. But this neighbourly envy began insensibly to merge into admiration and respect as the girls grew to womanhood; for though they all lived in much isolation in their cottage near the foot of the Dublin mountains, they were so decidedly superior to all the young women around, that they tacitly came to be held up for a pattern, and one of them, the oldest, began to be quite distinguished and talked of for her beauty.

It was not for a long time known who was the favoured one of all those that now eagerly sought the company of Mattie Connor; and the secret was first discovered by the attentive Mr. Shawfield himself, who, with the virtuous anxiety of a benevolent landlord, kept a sharp watch over the fate of a dependant of so interesting a character. He recognised by accident, but with perfect approval, the lover of Mattie in the person of an active young fellow, the son of one of his most respected tenants; and he secretly resolved, if the youth continued to act as prize-worthily as he had begun, to make him an object of his favour and promotion. This he was the more disposed to do, as Owen Lambert, the young man, had, of his own accord, shown a firmness and a spirit in resisting the provoking freedoms of the Kearneys, such as no one but himself had ventured to attempt. The first thing, therefore, Mr. Shawfield did was to make Owen Lambert his griever or park-ranger, intrusting him with the charge of the whole of his policies, and directing his attention particularly, to the wanton and insulting intrusions of the Kearneys and others, who made repeated depredations on his property.

This new situation, thus conferred upon Lambert, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the whole of the Kearneys, who saw in his spirit and indefatigable activity an obstacle and a check of no trifling power to their hindrance in their various impudent proceedings. It happened also, about this time, that the eldest of the two younger Kearneys (his name was Pat) having thought fit, as was seldom the case, to accept of a few days' labour on a farm beyond the Warren, and near to the clean cottage of the widow, set his eyes, for the first time to take particular notice of her, upon the handsome and happy Mattie Connor, and getting at once into a natural sort of savage love, boldly and ardently tried for Mattie's acquaintance.

The reception that Pat Kearney's audacious addresses received from so gentle a spirit as Mattie need not be described, particularly as both sisters had been well warned against such company by their mother, the quiet and careful widow of the cottage. The spirit of Kearney was of course too radically bad, and his ignorance too much approaching to ruffian barbarism, to enable him to see or account for, with any thing like fairness, the cause and the reasonableness of his decided repulse. So he brooded over his mortification with a sour and grudging gloom; and being, like most bad youths, the pet of his mother, to that amiable lady he soon imparted the cause of his sullen looks and his bitter chagrin.

The peculiar curse of conscious wickedness was no new thing to the mother of the Kearneys, that is, the continual dread of being avoided by the good, and the abiding sense that they deserve to be avoided. Amid, therefore, her envious wrath at the gentle and inoffensive widow of the cottage, the bedlam had the sagacity to conclude, that some one must be favoured with the love of Mattie Connor, and a thought having crossed the suspicious brooding of the moment, a strong curiosity took fast hold of her to know if the person could possibly be the squire's active and daring confidant, Owen Lambert. Disclaiming to make inquiries of the neighbours, most of whom avoided much familiarity with her or with her dreaded family, she, with the indefinite purpose and dogged perseverance of a malevolent spirit, went night after night, for several trials, to ascertain of a surety, for her inward satisfaction, whether Owen Lambert actually was the youth, who, as she had learned, was frequently seen, under the cloud of night, to steal from the lone cottage where Mattie and her mother dwelt.

It so happened, that for several nights at this time Owen Lambert's duty had prevented him from seeing his Mattie; but on the fourth or fifth he appeared, to gladden all the inmates of the cottage, and to carry to his sweet-heart the pleasing news of the squire's perfect approbation of their union, and of his having given orders for the preparation of a comfortable cottage for their reception, which stood near the centre of the policies of the Warren, and which was expected to be ready for them in less than a fortnight. After partaking of some refreshment with the kind inmates of the cottage, Lambert took his leave, intending to proceed towards home, but Mattie slipped out to be his convoy through the field towards the lane, from the natural wish to enjoy a little talk by themselves, and the parting embrace of him who was so soon to be her own forever.

As they crossed the field which led towards the road, their whisper, so interesting to both, was somewhat interrupted by their accidentally observing a shapeless figure moving, or rather stewing along, by the fence beside them. There was scarcely any moon, the figure was in the shadow just by the hedge, and the place being lonesome, and no thoroughfare near, so unexpected an apparition filled both the youth and his betrothed with some apprehension. As they drew near to the stile that parted them from the road Lambert stood still, determined to wait until the figure would come up, and to address to it the usual challenge of civility.

"God save you, friend!" was his natural address, as the woman came up, after the manner of the common people in the country parts of Ireland.

"God save you kindly!" was the hypocritical response of the mother of the Kearneys, and when she came up, and the dull moonbeam discovered the features of the well-known and detested old woman, a shuddering feeling came involuntarily over both of the lovers, from an apprehension that there was something which boded no good to either, in this her unexpected presence and observation.

"It is far from Harold's Cross for you to be at this hour, Mrs. Kearney," said Lambert, civilly; "but may-be you have lost your way as ye crossed from the mountains.—It's a darkish night, sure, for all the pretensions of a moon."

"Mind the moulahan at your side, and never mind me, Mr. Lambert," said the old woman, sanctily, as she stepped over the stile; "and there's moon enough yet to light me to Harold's Cross, if I want to go; but sure ye's both can see to kiss by the moon's glimmer that shows at night where the bog is blackest, although ye's maybe may have less light than will serve you to keep the four corners of the Warren free from 'cute cattle that ken the differ between the squire's grass and the cotter's cabbage." Thus saying, the old woman went muttering away, and before the lovers could recover their momentary surprise, she was lost in the dark winding of the narrow lane.

"There is something that I do not like forbodes me about that wicked old woman," said Mattie Connor, laying her hand with alarm on her breast. "I wish no sad thing be yet to happen us, Owen," she added, looking anxiously in the young man's countenance.

"Pooh! never fear, my jewel Mattie," said Lambert, gaily; and soon by further expostulation he succeeded in quelling the fears of his anxious lass. Thus with their usual tenderness they parted for the night, forgetting in pleasanter thoughts this ill-boding encounter.

On the same night three fine sheep were stolen from the flock in the Warren park; and when the old woman arrived at home she found her sons washing carefully the blood from off their hands; the supper that already fried on the cottage fire was seasoned with the full tale of her discovery, and sundry taunts and hints, and half-intimated threatenings, addressed to her sons, that made the eyes of the three men flash with a fiendish expression, sadly predicted what was afterward to be consummated.

## CHAPTER II.

SEVERAL weeks after this, however, passed quietly away, and now Owen Lambert and Mattie Connor were married and happy, and living in the pleasant honeymoon of their union in the pretty cottage that had been prepared for them in the middle of the Warren policy. The whole neighbourhood seemed disposed to rejoice in their union, from Harold's Cross to the Dublin mountains, excepting, indeed, the Kearney family, whose envy and malice exceeded all bounds, and only wanted an occasion to break out into some deed which should glut and gratify the infernal spirit to which these wretched people had now entirely given way. This feeling of demonic hate was aggravated, if possible, by the very forbearance, clemency, and advocacy in their favour of the squire of the sensible and considerate griever of the Warren; and by their being made sensible that he had fully traced the theft of the three sheep to them, and had partly concealed it, and partly taken the blame of their loss upon himself on account of his temporary absence from the grounds at the time—he wishing, by fair means and faithful vigilance in future to prevent, if possible, any further cause of difference between the Kearneys and his master.

But all this cautious and indulgent conduct only served to deepen the hatred of the infuriated family, whose malignant spirit seemed to brood day and night over the provoking good conduct and still more provoking success of the attentive griever. The praises which the people of the neighbourhood lavished on the young couple for their looks, as they now appeared in their well-saved clothes of a Sunday, walking arm-in-arm so lovingly past the Kearneys' very door, to and from the Protestant church in Harold's Cross, was like wormwood to the envious spirit of the three men, and stung them to madness as it was weekly repeated in their ears. Yet, with all their malice, the natural dread with which cowardly vice always regards open-fronted virtue and manly good conduct, together with the firm threatening of the squire, so awed the Kearneys, that they dared not drive their cow into the parks of the Warren as they were used to do, and made them waver in their half-formed purposes of vengeful audacity. But the cow, now being expelled from every field and enclosure round, began to be much in want