

our souls.  
 foldiolol la la di di  
 fala la lee," &c. &c.  
 east half a dozen  
 vals, and had just  
 e more, when all of  
 e singer came both  
 ghwayman leaped  
 pistol to the tra-  
 t have halted more  
 he stood still,  
 aw round the an-  
 buttoning his jack-  
 ck thorn, made a  
 rent attitude, as if  
 had appeared and  
 l so it was. The  
 y encountered had  
 very middle of the  
 seemed resolved  
 at every hazard.  
 her hand, was by  
 ence hostilities, for  
 further parley, he  
 h a blow on the  
 een heard ringing  
 a mile and more  
 That blow, how-  
 st, for the next in-  
 n the dust, struck  
 rce of his enemy's  
 prostrate, he par-  
 assailant, with red  
 would, in all like-  
 and fully avenged  
 party interfered to  
 The latter rough-  
 behind, commad-  
 bear, and then in a  
 y voice, bade him  
 not lay there like a

R. III.  
 said the new comer,  
 you must be ravin'  
 witless crathur that  
 ould Nannie, that's

What it is: Get up, man!

"Nannie, or grannie!" ejaculated Lanty, or so it seems the traveller was named, "Nannie or grannie," he cried, turning short and shaking himself free of the speaker, "she's an ould lim o' Satan, that's what he is—the curse of Cromwell on her!"

"Pooh, nonsense, man, never mind her; 's only a way she has."

"A way she has! bedad thin it's a very uncivil way she has, let me tell you that.—The villianous ould schamer can't let any body pass without a quarrel. There's that Methody Preacher, she pounded almost to death last week,—one o' the civilest sows in the whole parish. What kind o' threathment is that, I'd like to know, for any decent man to get, or is it neighborly in you, Else Curly, to keep such a baste of a goat about yer place, to murder people without rhyme or raisin?"

"Musha thin, how can I help her Lanty?"

"Kill her if ye can't—hang her—shoot her—drown her—bad luk to her, she ought to be shot long ago."

"Och as for that, she'll soon die anyway. It's failing fast she is, poor thing."

"Die!" repeated, Lanty brushing the dust off his clothes; "die! she'll niver die, and it's a mystery to me if iver she came into the world right at all."

"Arrah, whist with your nonsense," exclaimed Else, "and don't talk such foolishness. Come away up to the house here, and take a draw in the pipe if you don't take any thing better."

"I'll tell you what it is, Else Curly," continued the discomfited Lanty; "there's not a man or woman in the townland of Crowrets but knows that my father was chased by that same goat—that very identical ould rascal there, looking at us, the year before he was married, and that's just thirty good years ago, and more by the same token, he bears the same marks of her horns on a sartint part of his body to this day, and it's no great secret either, Else,

that she was every bit as ould then as she's now. It's not even'n any thing bad to ye I am, Else, but one thing is sartin as the sun's in the sky, that goat don't belong to this world."

The old woman looked sharp at her companion, as if to read in his countenance his real thoughts on a subject that concerned her so nearly, and on which she lately heard so many unpleasant surmises, but she could gather nothing from his looks. She saw he was excited by the fall, but she knew him also to be one of the slyest rogues ever put on a sober face, as full of devilry as an egg was full of meat, and she doubted therefore, whether he meant to plague or offend her.

"Lanty Hanlon," said she at last, "I don't know whether you spoke that word in joke or in earnest; if ye spoke in joke I forgive ye, knownin well what you are, and yer father afore ye; but if you spoke in earnest, I would advise ye niver to say the word again in my hearin, for if you do, I swear to you by the blessed cairn above there, I'll be revenged for it, dead or alive."

"Pheugh!" exclaimed Lanty, when the old woman had finished, "by the powers o' war, but you'd frighten a body out o' their wits this evenin, eh! What's the matter woman; or are you so easy vexed as that with an ould friend?" and he shook her familiarly by the arm as he spoke, and pushed her on towards the cabin to which she had just invited him. "If you want to quarrel with me Else," he continued, "you must take another day for it, as at present I'm engaged on particular business. So up with you to the house there, and bring me out a coal to light my pipe."

Though Lanty spoke in banter, there was still something in the expression of his face and tone of his voice that indicated misgivings of Else Curly with all her show of indignation. Not that he suspected her for a moment, of any secret connection with the nether world, nor of keeping 'Nannie' for any unholy purpose, but neverthe-