

"hide" this year?" says Evan Bane, the officer. "Who but Patrick Mor," answered one, "Who but Ian ban Leathauin," said another. Out with the "hide," Patrick," said the officer, "and you, Ian Ban, stand by his shoulder in case he should stumble." They were not long in getting the hide from off the joists, with all the soot and ashes that lay on it since the time the red bull fell over the precipice sometime in October.

"Patrick Mor drew his hide over his head, and who knew better?) with the tail twisted only round his fist. 'Fingallian weight,' said he, passing over to the Laird who stood on the porch door with a club in his hands. 'Here's for you, you old hag,' answered the Laird, and gave the hide a blow with his club. Off Patrick set—and if he did he was ill set after. In spite of his swiftness, the kelp of the glen kept fast on his rear. You could imagine that all the flails in the country were on one thrashing-floor, and every man's son, with the New-Year rhyme in his mouth, laying as well as he could on the back; "a Challuinu a bhuidge bhuidhe bhoibh, bual an craicinn; a challuinn so!

They went round the house and offices in times right ways. 'Piper,' said the officer, 'blow up; and when the men have settled themselves, let them retire to the rent-chamber.' My father played the 'Prince's Welcome;' and although there was none in the kingdom possessed of more loyal principle and affection to the family on the throne than the Laird of Glendeisiridh, yet he had no special sympathy to the Prince's Well-Being. Often have I seen him with tears in his eyes, listening to the music which stirred the ancestors to avow a cause in which they were both their men and effects.

He went to the rent-chamber, where the family and gentry received us. The Laird himself, our host, at the head of the table, and his winsome lady by his side. The other members of the family, ladies and gentlemen, stood ranged beside them, and the "a-choire" (the oldest son) kept sentry by the door, lest any person should slip in

without having first repeated the New-Year rhyme, and receiving a glass of mountain dew from "Ian ban nam buideal," who also attended at the door with a bottle in his hand for that purpose. There were none on that night who could not repeat the rhyme, except "Ian mor Gallda," and a modest young lad who had been for a year or two in Glasgow, where he forgot the customs of the country.

"After some conversation, the songs commenced. The Laird himself gave us a song—and well he could. The Fox-hunter gave us the Elegy on the Gray Dog; and Aonghas Mor'nan Aoirean, a story of the Fingalians. After the songs succeeded the dance—but not the smooth effeminate steps which are in vogue now-a-days. At first, one woman only made her appearance, in the dress of a stout strong hussey of a housewife, with a prodigious bunch of keys dangling at her waist, and laughter in her countenance. The woman sung to her "Cailleach-an-dudain." I warrant me she danced it rightly. Then was danced the "Dubh-luidneach," the "Sword Dance," the "Poor's Dance," and the "Thorny Croft."

"The time of separating came, after a night of social conviviality, and the gentry saluting us with kindness, pledged us in a bumper to the happy New-Year. 'Lads,' said the Laird, as we were departing, 'show yourself brave men tomorrow, for the people of the Strath boast they shall won the stakes at the "Cammag Match" this year. In this manner we passed the Hogmanay; and old as my father is, he never recollects of having seen any thing like impropriety or misdemeanour. But since the Highland proprietors have forgot to countenance the sociality and friendship of their tenants; since they will hardly deign to meet them on such occasions, and study to cultivate their acquaintance, it cannot be expected, but men naturally inclined to inebriety, will imbibe a partiality for the public house, and all the entailed miseries which attend its votaries. In my younger days it was an occasion of sadness to the man whom his Laird did not invite to spend the New-Year's-Eve."

ORIGIN OF NIAGARA FALLS.

Written in the Diary at the Falls, in July, '37.

Upon a time, the date of which is not ascertained, the three rival Deities, Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune, ambitious of evincing their superiority to each other in the work of

Creation, Jupiter built Olympus to frighten the world with his thunder—Pluto set fire to Mount Etna—and Neptune, with a dash of his trident, made the Cataract of Niagara!

W. A. STEPHENS.