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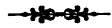


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INVOCATION.



*“ O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent ;
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace and sweet content ;
And Oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
Then how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.”*



WE promise our readers that they will from time to time find in our magazine many entertaining and amusing gleanings from the waysides of literature relating to Scotland in the days that are gone.—Descriptions of old Battlefields, and Castles, Keeps and other ancient remains—Extracts from rare old manuscripts and books—Effusions of the olden muse, with illustrative notes—Articles on ancient manners, habits, laws, and customs—Historical and biographical sketches of Scotland's notable sons and daughters—and likewise Tales, Legends and Traditions of mountain, flood and field.

A New Year's Greeting to Readers of "Caledonia."

"A GUID New Year to ane an' a,"
Wi' routh of health an' wealth an' love!
An' for a' blessings, great an' sma',
Be thankfu' to the powers above!
Come let us crack on early days,
An' a' the pleasures we had then;
Tho' we who ran about the braes,
Alas! are women grown and men.

In days langsyne our freens o' yore
Met round the ingle, bleezin' bricht,
A' leal, wi' meat an' drink galore,
An' sangs an' tales the lee-lang nicht;
An' ilka hoose was snod and clean,
An' ilka neebour, neebour dear;
An' a were happy, morn and e'en,
In honour o' a leal New Year.

Frae hoose to ha' jocund they went,
For weeks on end a feast was held;
On happiness a' hearts were bent
In days o' yore, when *merts* were felled.
An' oh! hoo dear were neebours then,
Thro' weal, thro' woe, wi' eident care—
Ane wid borrow, ane wid lend—
The fowk noodays hae nocht to spare.

Games o' yore noo hae nae marrow—
Greasy poles nae native grapples,
Nae hurlin' noo o' the blin' barrow,
Nae bread, nae bun, nae apple raffles.
Ball shootin's, as in days gane by—
The last auld relic o' the past,
For drink and gamblin' on the sly—
Enjoyment to the wind is cast.

Gie ony day in a' the year
A heeze to keep oor hearts a' soond;
Frae first to last let it draw near,
It canna come owre af'en roond.
Let feasts an' seasons ha'e some aim
Aye for our guid, ne'er for oor ill,
For ilka year we're nearer hame,
Where perfect love our cup shall fill.