

[*Stranger sings.*]

"Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm on the
sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and Dundee.

Oh the braid swords of auld Scotland!
And oh the auld Scottish braid swords!"

DOCTOR.—I could make affidavit that I have
likewise heard that voice before, but I cannot
condescend upon any holder of Her Majesty's
commission who owns it. Here comes another
screed of the warlike canticle!

[*Stranger continues.*]

"Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of the
Forth,
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven of the north,
Then go, blazon their numbers, their names, and their
worth.

All the braid swords of auld Scotland!
And all the auld Scottish braid swords!"

MAJOR.—By the bones of the Bruce of Bar-
nockburn, I am blessed if it is not Bonnie Braes!

DOCTOR.—You are right, Crabtree; but how
comes the quiet priest of Ceres to be sporting
the livery of Mars?

MAJOR.—Here he is to answer for himself!

LAIRD [*reining up his nag, and making the mi-
litary salute*].—Hoo's a' wi' ye, bairns? But I
must finish my sang!

"The highest in splendour, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in grace,
For the private is brother in blood to his grace.

Oh the braid swords of auld Scotland!
And oh the auld Scottish braid swords!"

DOCTOR.—In the name of wonder, Laird,
what is the meaning of this mysterious mas-
querade?

LAIRD.—Nae masquerade at a', ye auld
mixer o' Epsom sauts! I hae as guid a richt
to wear this dress, as ye hae to prin the letters
M.D. after your name! Masquerade, indeed!
Set the body up, and shove him furrit!

MAJOR.—Peace, thou railing agriculturist,
and read us the apparent riddle of thy raiment.

LAIRD.—Let me get down frae my gelding
first. Here, Jock, ye born sorrow! tak' Sow-
ans, and turn him into the pasture field! If I
catch ye riding the pair beast, confound me if
I dinna cut aff your worthless lugs, and mak' ye
eat them without saut! Weel do I ken your
tricks, evil buckie that ye are!

DOCTOR.—Quench your thirst, Laird, from
this poculum, and then take the cork out of
your mouth, that we may drink in your tidings!

LAIRD.—I dinna ken what *poculum* means;
but there's nae mistaking the virtues o' that
draught! Hech, sirs, but there's a charm in a

"Right gude-willie waught"

o' strong yill to a worn-out soldier, that's far
beyond the poor o' man to describe!

MAJOR.—Worn-out soldier! What do you
mean?

LAIRD.—Neither less or mair than that I am
a Captain in the Queen's Canadian Militia, and
that I am just come frae the annual training o'
our Invincible Battalion!

MAJOR.—I cry you a thousand pardons, most
noble Captain, for not sooner guessing how the
case really stood! And pray, how did the in-
spection go off?

LAIRD.—Oo, na that ill! The troops turned
oot brawly, considering the thrang time o' year!

DOCTOR.—The whole scene is patent to my
mental vision!

LAIRD.—Nae doubt you're a witch o' a
guesser! Gie us the benefit o' your second sight!

DOCTOR.—There is the Colonel, looking mag-
nificent as Nebuchadnezzar, and valorous as
Alexander the Great, but sorely incommoded by
the unwonted weapon which hangs at his thigh.
There is the Adjutant *jeering* and *hawing* to the
full privates, in order to get them into some-
thing like order. There are the men with their
hands buried in the recesses of their pockets,
exhibiting all the tokens of people who "can-
not help it," and casting many a glance towards
the canteen, *alias* the bar-room! There is the
Laird——

LAIRD.—Shut up, ye ill-tongued tinkler!
Another word oot o' your mouth, against the
noble service to which I belong, and I'll thrav
your neck before the world is twa minutes
aulder!

MAJOR.—But, Bonnie Braes——

LAIRD.—And div ye mean to say that ye de-
fend that auld quack in running doon the mili-
tia o' this Province? What wud we do, I should
like to ken, without such an establishment?

MAJOR.—Far be it from me to assert or affirm
that Canada requires no force of the description
in question. On the contrary, I have ever held
that it is indispensable for our security and well-
being.

LAIRD.—And if such be your sentiments, what
tempted ye to side wi' that auld ne'er-do-weel,
when he was rifting oot his jeers and jibes?

MAJOR.—Simply because our militia system,
as at present constituted, is the most sorry and
contemptible of all mundane humbugs! It is a
shadow without a substance! a name, without
one atom of flesh, skin, or bone!