

# THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

## CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

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### THE SCOT ABROAD.

We were going out to join the Turkish service, where high pay and hard knocks were to be got for the asking, and of course we talked of nothing but cutting and slashing, capturing standards, and winning endless glory, forgetting that we might be picked off by marsh-fever or cholera, before we saw the enemy at all. The most enthusiastic of us all was an Englishman, a jolly, empty-headed, good natured sort of fellow, who was going out as an interpreter, having somehow picked up a smattering of Turkish, though of Russian and the other languages of Eastern Europe he knew no more than I did. I found out by chance before I fell in with him, that his ruling passion was an unquenchable hatred of everything Scotch; and so, just for the fun of the thing, I determined to pass myself off for an Englishman. Having been brought up in England, I succeeded very well; and to others who were in the secret it was as good as a play to hear the fellow launching out against Scotland and the Scotch, never dreaming that his attentive listener was himself one of the hated race.

I'm not going to inflict upon you the history of our journey up the country, which at the time I thought unendurable misery, though I know better what "roughing it" really means by this time. Suffice it to say that, after several weeks of bad food, dirty quarters, crawling at a snail's pace along the worst roads in the world, and nights of being crawled over by creeping things innumerable, we at last found ourselves with our trimness tarnished, and our ideas of "glorious war" considerably modified, encamped at some unpronounceable place on the Lower Danube, with old Suvarov's gray-coats quartered within three miles of us.

I never saw Suvarov but once; but I haven't forgotten it yet. One day when there was a truce for three or four hours, some of the Russian officers invited a few of ours to dine with them; and an old Bavarian cavalry officer, who was one of the elect, and with whom I had become quite intimate, thinking I might like to see the fun took me along with him. We were all as thick as thieves in a twinkling, and there was a great hand-shaking and drinking of healths going on all around, when all of a sudden, the hangings of the tent were flung back, and in rushed a