

for Bill, you know, couldn't know a great deal, and the captain was a perfect martinet. He had called him vagrant and beggar, master, for omitting some little piece of duty. Now he couldn't help having been with *us*, you know; and as for beggary, he had never begged in his life. Well, we had walked out towards the market, as I say.

“‘It's all nonsense, Jack,’ says he, ‘to be so dull on the matter; I'll e'en treat you to some fruit. I have a Sicilian dollar here. See that lazy fellow with the spade lying in front, and the burning mountain smoking behind him. We must see if he can't dig out for us a few *prans*' worth of dates.’

“Well, master, up he went to a tall, thin, rascally-looking Arab, with one eye, and bought as much fruit from him as might come to one tenth of the dollar which he gave him, and then held out his hand for the change. But there was no change forthcoming. Bill wasn't a man to be done out of his cash in that silly way, and so he stormed at the rascal; but he, in turn, stormed as furiously, in his own lingo, at him, till at last Bill's blood got up, and, seizing him by the breast, he twisted him over his knee as one might a boy of ten years or so. The fellow raised a hideous outcry, as if Bill were robbing and murdering him. Two officers, who chanced to be in the market at the time, came running up at the noise. One of them was the scoundrel Turpic; and Bill was laid hold of, and sent off under guard to the camp. Poor fellow, he got scant justice there. Turpic had procured a man-of-war's-man, who swore, as well he might, indeed, that Bill was the smuggler who had swamped the Kirkcudbright custom-house boat. There was another brought forward who swore that both of us were gipsies, and told a blasted rigmarole story, without one word of truth in it, about the stealing of a silver spoon.