

away with myself, they'll either have me tucked up or sent over the seas to slave for life. I'll tell you what I'll do. I stand six feet in my stocking-soles, and good men were never more wanted than at present. I'll cross the country this very night, and away to Edinburgh, where there are troops raising for foreign service. Better a musket than the gallows!

“Well, Bill,” I said, “I don’t care though I go with you. I’m a good enough man for my inches, though I ain’t so tall as you, and I’m woundily tired of spoon-making.”

“And so off we set across the country that very minute, travelling by night only, and passing our days in any hiding hole we could find, till we reached Edinburgh, and there we took the bounty. Bill made as pretty a soldier as one could have seen in a regiment; and, men being scarce, I wasn’t rejected neither; and after just three weeks’ drilling,—and plaguey weeks they were,—we were shipped off, fully finished, for the south. Bonaparte had gone to Egypt, and we were sent after him to ferret him out; though we weren’t told so at the time. And it was our good luck, master, to be put aboard of the same transport.

“Nothing like seeing the world for making a man smart. We had all sorts of people in our regiment, from the broken-down gentleman to the broken-down lamplighter; and Bill was catching from the best of them all he could. He knew he wasn’t a gipsy, and had always an eye to getting on in the world; and as the voyage was a woundy long one, and we had the regimental schoolmaster aboard, Bill was a smarter fellow at the end of it than he had been at the beginning. Well, we reached Aboukir Bay at last. You have never been in Egypt, master; but just look across the Moray Frith here, on a sunshiny day, and you