

and thin, and stuttered and limped more painfully than before, and was in the last stage of privation and distress; when a benevolent proprietor of Nigg, who resided half the year in a town-house in Cromarty, took pity upon him, and introduced him to his kitchen. And in a few days Jock was singing and limping errands with as much energy as ever. But the time at length came when his new benefactor had to quit his house in town, for his seat in the country; and it behoved Jock to take temporary leave of Cromarty and follow him. And then the poor imbecile man of the town kitchen had, of course, to measure himself against his formidable rival, the vigorous idiot of the country one.

On Jock's advent at Nigg,—which had taken place a few weeks previous to my engagement in the burying-ground of the parish,—the character of Angus seemed to dilate in energy and power. He repaired to the churchyard with spade and pick-axe, and began digging a grave. It was a grave, he said, for wicked Jock Gordon; and Jock, whether he thought it or no, had come to Nigg, he added, only to be buried. Jock, however, was not to be dislodged so; and Angus, professing sudden friendship for him, gave expression to the magnanimous resolution, that he would not only tolerate Jock, but also be very kind to him, and show him the place where he kept all his money. He had lots of money, he said, which he had hidden in a dike; but he would show the place to Jock Gordon,—to poor cripple Jock Gordon: he would show him the very hole, and Jock would get it all. And so he brought Jock to the hole,—a cavity in a turf-wall in the neighboring wood,—and, taking care that his own way of retreat was clear he bade him insinuate his hand. No sooner had he done so, however, than there issued forth from between his fingers a cloud of wasps, of the variety so abundant in the north country, that build their nests in earthy banks and old mole-hills; and poor Jock, ill fitted for retreat in any sudden emergency, was stung within an inch of his life. Angus returned in high glee, preaching about “wicked Jock Gordon, whom the very wasps wouldn't let alone;” but though he pretended no further