

enough to make a man fall in love with moonlight itself, if there be nothing else beside him. Well, d'ye see, as I am saying, it wasn't long until the old gentleman, her father, say which way the land lay; and one day we heard the lady weeping; she never came out of her cabin during the rest of the voyage, nor did her father again speak to the master. We were laid up for a long time, and there was a report that the captain and her had got married, unknown to her father. However, we sailed on a long voyage; we weren't back to England again for more than twelve months; but the day after we landed, the captain shut himself up, and, for long and long, we used to find him sitting with the salt water in his eyes. We again heard the report that he had been married, and so that his lady had died in childbed; but whether the child was living or ever was living, or whether it was a boy or a girl, we didn't know; nor did he know; and, I believe, he never was able to hear any more about the old gentleman—so, as I say, that's all I know about the matter, poor fellow."

Now, the squinting sailor remained two days in the house of Richard Rogers, and he was such a comical man, and such a good-natured kind-hearted man, that Mrs. Rogers was certain he would be a lucky first-foot, even though he had a very unfortunate cross look with his eyes; and she was the more convinced in this opinion, because, in a conversation she had with him, and in which she had inquired, "What siller he thought the captain might be worth?" "Why, I'm saying," answered the sailor, "Captain Rogers is worth a round twenty thousand, if he be worth a single penny; and that, I'm thinking, is a pretty comfortable thing for Master George to be heir to!" "Ay, and so it is," responded Nelly. And there was no longer anything disagreeable in the sailor's quint.

Well, week followed week, and month succeeded month—spring came, and summer came, and harvest followed; and it was altogether a lucky year to Richard Rogers. Nelly declared that the squinting sailor had been an excellent first-foot.

Another year came, another, and another, until eight years passed round since they had been visited by the outlandish seaman. Nelly had had both lucky and unlucky first-foot. George the genius was now a lad of twenty, and the other children were well grown, but George was still a genius, and nothing but a genius. He was indeed a

good scholar; a grand scholar, as his mother declared; and a great one, as his father affirmed. He had been brought up to no profession, for it was of no use thinking of a profession for one who was heir to twenty thousand pounds, and, at any rate, his genius was sure to make him a fortune. In what way his genius was to do this, was never taken into consideration. Many people said, "If we had your genius, George, we could make a fortune." And George thought he would and could. The joiner in the next village, however, said, that "Wi' a' George's genius, he didna believe he could make an elshin heft, and stick him! and, in his opinion, there was mair to be made by making elshin-hefts than by writing ballants!"

As I have said, eight years had passed; it was again the last night of the old year, and a very dark and stormy night it was. Mr. Rogers, his wife, their son George, and the rest of their family, had again seen the old year out and the new year in, and exchanged with each other the compliments of the season, when the cuckoo-clock again announced the hour of twelve. Nelly had "happed up the fire" with her own hands—a thing that she always did on the last night of the old year, that it might not be out on a New Year's morning. She was again wondering who would be their first-foot, and expressing a hope that it would be a lucky one, when a chaise drew up before the house, and the driver, dismounting and knocking at the window, begged that they would favour him with a light, as the roads were exceedingly dark, and the lamps of the chaise had been blown out by the wind.

"A light!" exclaimed Betty, half petrified at such request; "preserve us! is the man beside himself! Do we imagine that any body is gaun to gie ye out a light the first thing in a New Year's morning! Gae awa! —gae awa!"

In vain the driver expostulated—he had met with similar treatment at other houses at which he had called. "Ye hae nae business to travel at siccan a time o' night," replied Betty, to all his arguments. Her husband said little, for he entertained some of his wife's scruples against giving a light at such a time. George mildly ridiculed the absurdity of the refusal; but, "I am mistress o' my ain house," answered his mother, "and I'll gie a light out o' when I please. Wi' a' yer learnin', George, ye wad be a great fool sometimes."

The voice of a lady was now heard at the