

CHEAP TRACTS, No. 14.

(Second Edition.)

Tales

For the Farmers' Ingle-neuk.

CONSISTING OF

THE MURDERER DISCOVERED,

THE SPOILED CHILD,

THE BROKEN BRIDGE,

AND

A Lesson on Domestic Management.



DUNFERMLINE :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN MILLER.

1828.



TALES.

The first and second of the following Tales are extracted from "the Scotch Cheap Repository Tracts:" and the third and fourth from "the Cottagers of Glenburnie;" books, which from the important lessons they convey—as to the manners and practices of humble life, deserve a place in every Cottage Library.

THE MURDER DISCOVERED.

I accompanied the gentlemen into the garden, and was shewn the place where her own father found his murdered daughter. The grass was red with blood, and the marks of feet were quite visible on the ground, which happened to be soft and wet. In endeavouring to trace the footsteps, we observed that they led over some ground which had been newly dug with the spade and that they had made a remarkably distinct impression on the loose soil. On examining that impression, we saw that there was something particular in the form of the shoe. It was uncommonly broad and large, and round-toed,

and, from its shape, gave reason to suspect that its wearer was what is called FLAT-SOLED. It had also been lately pieced at the heel and toe, and armed with broad-headed tacks, the prints of which were distinctly marked. This was an important discovery, and Mr JOHNSON, who was accustomed to use his pencil, set himself, with the assistance of the surgeon, to take a correct measurement and drawing of it on paper. In the meantime, Mr THOMSON and I continued the search, and having traced the footsteps to the garden wall, the good minister, who happened to be before me, uttered an exclamation of horror, and directed my attention to a stone on the top of the wall which was stained with blood. On looking more minutely, we saw the marks of bloody fingers on the stone, and concluded that the murderer had made his retreat out of the garden at this place. A plowed field on the other side of the wall favoured our further search, and we tracked the villain to a small piece of water where he had probably washed his hands, and through which he appeared to have waded, as the prints of feet were seen on the opposite bank. I threw off my shoes and stockings, and followed the course we supposed the murderer had taken as accurately as I could; but as the ground on the other side was covered with wood, I could trace him no farther. On my return, I observed something bright at the bottom of the water, which I took up, and found to be a large clasp-knife, with the letters R. S. scratched rudely

on the handle. I shuddered to think that with this very instrument the fatal deed was probably committed, and we were confirmed in this opinion by discovering marks of blood on the handle, which the water had not wholly washed away.

When the ceremony of interment was over, and before any person began to retire, Mr THOMSON, standing on a grave-stone, informed the company, that it was the wish of the sheriff that no person should be permitted to leave the church-yard till an examination had taken place, which might serve to throw some light on this dark and horrid business. 'Huzza!' cried ROBERT STEWART; 'that's right! I'll guard the yett, and let none out.' 'You are saved that trouble, young man, replied Mr THOMSON, for there are constables already posted at the gate, and none need attempt to escape. I must request every person,' continued he, 'to sit down on the grass in the vacant space at the north side of the church, arranged as nearly in rows as possible. That you may not think this request unnecessary, I will explain to you the reason of it. The murderer, whoever he was, left the impression of his shoe on some new dug ground near the spot where the crime was committed, An accurate drawing of the form and dimensions of that impression has been taken by my friend Mr JOHNSON, and is now in my hand. Our intention is to examine the feet of all who are present, and compare their shoes with this draught, in hopes that this measure may tend

to detect the guilty person.' My eyes were steadily fixed on ROBERT STEWART during this speech, and I observed his face turn red and pale by turns. The marks of guilt were visible; I thought, on his countenance; but when Mr THOMSON ceased speaking, he had recovered himself sufficiently to exclaim, 'What good ill that do! D'ye think the man that killed the lass wad hae the face to come here? or, if he was here, how could you find him out by the sted o' his foot? A hunder folk may ha'e shoon o' the same size, and if made by ae shoemaker, they may be o' the same shape too. It may mak' innocent folk suspected, and will do mair ill than good; sae for my part I winna consent till't. Come let us be off lads.' As he spoke, he pulled some of his companions by the arm, and turned towards the gate with the intention o. making his escape. 'The first man that leaves the church-yard before he is examined,' cried Mr JOHNSON from among the crowd, 'will be taken up as a suspected person, and committed to jail. I have the authority of the sheriff for saying so.' A murmur of approbation succeeded his speech, and STEWART turned back intimidated, and seated himself on a grave-stone at a little distance, folding his arms across his breast, and kicking his heels against one of the feet of the stone, in order to appear very much at his ease. As soon as silence was obtained, Mr THOMSON, in a few simple words, refuted STEWART'S objections, and at the same time held up to public view Mr JOHNSON'S drawing.

of the footstep, to convince the people that there was something so remarkably peculiar in its shape, there could be little doubt of finding out the person to whom it belonged by the means proposed. Every one now seemed eager to have his shoes examined, and hastened to set himself on the grass. Two shoemakers were employed to take the measurement, and Mr JOHNSON accompanied them with the drawing in his hand. STEWART had placed himself in the middle of the crowd, and I saw him make one or two unsuccessful attempts to shift his seat, so as to escape examination. When at last his turn came, his colour suddenly changed to a deadly pale; and with a horrid groan he fell senseless on the ground. He was restored by the application of some water which was quickly procured; and, looking wildly round him, he exclaimed, 'You cannot say that I did it! It was dark— who saw me?' 'God Almighty saw you, unhappy young man!' said Mr JOHNSON in a tone which thrilled through my heart; for he had now taken the dimensions of STEWART'S shoe, and found it corresponded in every particular to the copy he had drawn. The murderer, for I had now no doubt that this was he, having recovered his strength, started up on his feet, and drawing a sharp pointed knife from his pocket, threatened to stab to the heart the man that laid hands on him. He then made a desperate spring, and before any person had sufficient presence of mind to prevent him, reached the church-yard wall, which he cleared without difficulty.

but losing his balance when he reached the other side, he stumbled forward, and fell on the point of his knife. He was now overtaken and secured, and as he was losing much blood, he was conveyed to the manse, which happened to be the nearest house; the surgeon, who was present, attending him for the purpose of dressing his wound. The knife had entered the bowels, and made a dangerous wound, which the surgeon immediately pronounced likely to prove mortal. The unfortunate wretch overheard the opinion of the surgeon, and cried out with a savage joy, which filled every person present with horror. 'Then, I'll disappoint the law yet. If I could na mak' my escape in ae way, I'll do it in another. Sleep, sleep, they say, it's a sleep.' 'Alas! young man,' said Mr THOMSON, shuddering as he spoke, 'in that sleep there are awful dreams to the wicked. Dreams, do I say? they are horrible realities. God grant that you may not find—' 'It's a lie!' interrupted he with a dreadful oath, 'I'll no believe it—sae ye need na preach to me.' Mr THOMSON, finding he could do no good by continuing the conversation, left the room; and it was not long after this he learned, that the wretched murderer died, still hardened and impenitent.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

MUSING on long-gone-by times I approached my brother's cottage, and a thousand little inci-

deats of my early days rushed into my remembrance. 'This stone,' said I to myself, 'was the starting place of our races, and that gate was our goal. Round yonder aged thorn we used to HUNT THE HARE, and rest beneath the shade when we were tired of the mimic chase. Here stands the old stump, where many a summer's evening I have sitten, preparing my morning's task; there runs the little stream, where I have made and unmade so many ponds, and cascades, and islands. I was just beginning to moralize on the happy period of childhood, when I found myself at my brother's door. A new train of sentiments and feelings now swelled my heart, and I was about hastily to enter, when I heard sounds within not at all in unison with the mild serenity of nature out of doors, or with the bright visions of peace and joy, which so many fond recollections had presented to my imagination. 'Be a gude bairn! be a gude bairn, this moment!' cried an angry female voice, whilst the little rebel she addressed screamed as loud as he could bawl. 'If you dinna haud your tongue directly, I'll send for the minister. Look! yonder he's coming to tak you awa' in his pocket. Wheest!' Terror for a moment got the better of passion, and the little fellow, checking his cries, looked towards the door, but seeing nobody, for I kept myself concealed, he was convinced that his mother was deceiving him, and renewed the roar of rage and defiance. 'Here, bogle man,' cried the disappointed mother, endeavouring to overpower him by in-

creasing the object of fear, 'here, tak' him; he's an ill bairn. This mode of education was so contrary to all my ideas of propriety, that I could stand it no longer, and I hastily opened the door. The child, a fine little fellow about four years old, uttered a loud scream of despair as soon as he saw me, and, starting up, ran into a corner, where he hid himself behind a table; whilst his elder brother and sister, who were sitting by the fire, sprang with equal marks of horror into a bed, and covered themselves with the bed-clothes. The mother, too, was at first evidently confused and alarmed; and I am sure, if the bogle man himself had made his appearance, he could scarcely have created greater consternation. After having, amidst all this noise and bustle, with some difficulty introduced myself to my sister-in-law, whom I had never before seen, I was received with a very hearty welcome, and my name-son George, the eldest boy, who, ashamed of his fears, came slinking out of bed, was despatched to carry the tidings of my arrival to his father.

.. My dear brother came quickly in from the field, and received me with a smile of such tender affection, that I totally forgot the disagreeable scene I had witnessed, till the little culprit behind the table, cured of his fears, but finding himself overlooked and neglected, suddenly brought himself into notice, by bursting out anew into a bitter squall of vexation and disappointment. My brother, after his wife had briefly explained to him the circumstances of the

case, turned to the little boy, and in a soft soothing voice said, 'Did they frighten my wee Jock with the bogles? I think they were nae blate. Ah! ah!' continued he, pretending to strike the mother, 'tak' ye that, nasty mammy, for sending for the bogles. Come to daddy, my dear pet, and the bogles shallna touch ye. Awa,' dirty bogles, ye shallna touch my gude bairn.' Jock, however, had a will of his own, and he knew from experience, that by holding out he could bring his father to his own terms. He therefore obstinately refused to leave his hiding-place, and persisted in crying, though in a lower tone. 'Come awa', my bonny man', resumed the fond father, pretending to search for something in his pocket, 'come awa,' and see what I hae gotten here. Here's an apple for a good boy. A bonny red cheekit apple! There's a good bairn. Isna he a gude bairn, uncle George? I made no answer to this appeal, but waited in silence to see how this curious scene would end. In the meantime, the little fellow, bribed by the deceitful promise, came slowly from his corner, and, with his finger in his mouth, walked up to his father's knee. My brother took him in his arms, and wiping his face, which was all beslabbered with tears and dirt, called him 'his dear gude wee Jockey,' and kissed him from ear to ear. WEE JOCKEY, however, was not easily cajoled. 'Where's my apple? Gie's the apple! Gie's the apple I tell ye!' was so often and so firmly repeated, that the indulgent father, who had no apple to give, began to repent of his

stratagem, when the mother relieved him by thinking of an expedient. ‘Here, Jenny,’ cried she, winking at her daughter, and pretending to put money into her hand; ‘here; run to the shop, and buy the bairn an apple. Mak’ haste, now.’ Then taking him on her knee, she sang LULLABY to him, till, exhausted by his exertions, he fell fast asleep, and was safely lodged in bed. ‘Had this child been properly brought up,’ said I to myself, ‘how much easier would it have been to have settled all this mighty affair by a single look of authority, and how much better, too, both for his head and heart!’ But I could not let the present occasion pass, without seriously admonishing my relatives on the impropriety of such conduct towards their children.

I have already taken frequent opportunities, said I, of making you acquainted with my ideas respecting the proper method of training your children at home; but it is of so much importance that you should have correct views on this subject, that I could not feel satisfied were I to neglect this opportunity of repeating them. This is the more necessary, as I have by my illness been prevented from committing my thoughts to writing as I intended. The great difficulty in the education of children, as it seems to me, is to hit the proper medium between gentleness and severity. Harshness breaks and sours the temper; too much indulgence enfeebles the mind, or sets the passions loose from all restraint. Let it be your constant aim, therefore, to hold the reins of authority with a gentle but steady hand.

Be the FRIEND and not the tyrant of your family. Show your children that you love them, and they will love you in return. Treat them with confidence, and they will open their hearts to you. At the same time, do not let a mistaken tenderness prevent you from administering correction when necessary. Remember, that 'he that spareth the rod hateth the child ;' but take care that REASON, not PASSION, direct the punishment. For a simple accident, however vexatious and distressing it may be, your child is not accountable ; for carelessness let him be reprov'd ; for wilful neglect or disobedience let him be whipped. Let your children clearly understand that you punish them not to gratify your own humour, but to perform a necessary though painful duty to them, and that you CHASTEN them because you LOVE them. Neither promise, nor threaten at random. What you promise, punctually perform ; what you threaten, rigorously inflict. Let not your child say in his heart, ' My father deceives me.' I know you too well to suppose that you would be guilty of the meanness of a lie in your intercourse with your equals, but I fear you have not been accustomed to be so nicely scrupulous in your management of your children ; and yet you cannot commit a greater error than to tell an untruth. If, for your own convenience, you fall into a habit of alarming them into obedience by frightful stories or other falsehoods, they will not fail to find out the deceit, and they will learn both to imitate and despise you. All trick and cunning in education is detestable.

Children, after the age of infancy, become rational creatures. Your two elder children are old enough in many instances to be governed by reason. Let them learn to respect your judgment, as well as to reverence your authority. But in exacting obedience from the youngest, it is enough to say, 'This must be done because your father commands it, and he knows what is best for you.' Be particularly careful to show no preference to one child more than another, except on account of good conduct. A favourite is always unhappy. His temper is spoiled both by the foolish fondness of his parents, and the envious resentment of his little companions. Above all things, teach your children to remember their Creator and Redeemer in the days of their youth. Let religion be the foundation of all their actions. Let them learn to feel that they are constantly in the view of an All-seeing Eye, and that the very thoughts of the heart are naked and open before Him. In inculcating these duties, never forget that example is better than precept. What you teach you children, be careful to practise yourselves. You wish to see them perform with fidelity all the religious, moral, and personal duties; set before them, then, a pattern of those duties in your own conduct."

THE BROKEN BRIDGE,

Or, hints for keeping Good Roads.

WHILE Mrs Mason was enjoying the kind hospitality of Gowan-brae, in order to gratify the boys, it was proposed, that the whole family should accompany her to Glenburnie, in an Irish car, a vehicle well adapted to such excursion, and which was consequently a great favourite with the younger part of the family. Just as they finished an early dinner, the car was brought to the door. Robert, the eldest boy begged leave to drive, and, vaulting into his proper station, seized the reins; and, after two gentle strokes with the whip, prevailed on old grey to move forward, which he did very sagaciously, with less speed than caution, until they reached the turnpike road, where he mended his pace into a sober trot, which in less than two hours brought them to the road that turns in to the Glen, or valley of Glenburnie.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills on the north side of the Glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents. "How little trouble would it cost," said Mr Stewart, "to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts; and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the Glen to effect all this, by working at it for

one hour a-week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is not one in the Glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself!"

At the foot of a short precipice, the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further, for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of a bridge, along which it had been passing.

At first indeed, neither boy nor horse were seen; but as Mr Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge, and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow, exclaiming, "Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now; come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now."

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow, of about ten years of age, was seen issuing from a hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

"You have met with a sad accident," said Mr Stewart, "how did all this happen?"

“You may see how it happened plain eneugh,” returned the boy, ‘the brig brak, and the cart couppet.’

“And did you and the horse conp likewise?” said Mr Stewart.

O ay, we a’ couppet thegther, for I was ridin’ on his back.”

“And where is your father, and all the rest of the folk?”

“Whar sud they be but in the hay-field! Dinna ye ken that we’re takin’ in our hay? John Tamson’s and Jamie Forster’s was in a wook syne; but we’re aye ahint the lave.”

Having learned from the boy that the hay-field was at no great distance, I gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace, “Why, farmer,” said Mr Stewart, “you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think,” (pointing to where it had given way;) “If you remember, the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired?”

“It is a’ true,” said the farmer, moving his bonnet; “but I thought it would do weel eneugh. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wudna fash to mend a brig that was to serve a’ the folk in the Glen.”

“But you must now mend it for your own sake,” said Mr Stewart, “even though a’ the folk in the Glen should be the better for it.”

“Ay, Sir,” said one of the men, “that’s spoken like yoursel’! would every body follow your example, there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood. Only tell us what we are to do, and I’ll work at your bidding, till it be pit nirk.”

“Well,” said Mr Stewart, “bring down the planks that I saw lying in the barn-yard, and which, though you have been obliged to step over them every day since the stack they propped was taken in, have never been lifted. You know what I mean?”

“O yes, Sir,” said the farmer, grinning, “we ken what ye mean weel enough; and indeed I may ken, for I have fallen thrice owre them since they lay there, and often said they sud be set by; but we eu’dna be fash’d.”

While the farmer, with one of the men, went up, taking the horse with them, for the planks in question, all that remained set to work, under Mr Stewart’s direction, to remove the hay, and clear away the rubbish; Mrs Mason and Mary being the only idle spectators of the scene. In little more than half an hour the planks were laid, and covered with sod, cut from the bank, and the bridge now only wanted a little gravel, to make it as good as new. This addition, however, was not essential toward rendering it passable for the car, which was conveyed over in safety; but Mr Stewart, foreseeing the conse-

quences of it remaining in this unfinished state, urged the farmer to complete the job on the present evening, and at the same time promised to reimburse him for the expence. The only answer he could obtain was, "Ay, ay, we'll do't in time; but I'se warrant it'll do weel enough."

DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT.

THE aspect of the dwelling where Mrs Mason was to fix her residence, was by no means inviting. The walls were substantial: built, like the houses in the village, of stone and lime; but they were blackened by the mud which the cart-wheels had spattered from the ruts in winter, and on one side of the door completely covered from view by the contents of a great dunghill. On the other, and directly under the window, was a squashy pool, formed by the dirty water thrown from the house and in it about twenty young ducks were at this time dabbling. Their entrance in was further interrupted by the great wheypot, which had stood since morning, when the cheese had been made, and was at the present moment filled with chickens, who were busily picking at the bits of curd, which had hardened on the sides, and cruelly mocked their wishes. Over this Mr Stewart and Mrs Mason unfortunately tumbled; but the accident was attended with no farther bad consequences, than a little hurt upon the skin; and all our party were now assembled in the kitchen; but though they

found the doors open, they saw no appearance of any inhabitants. At length Mrs MacClarty came in, all out of breath, followed by her daughters, two big girls of eleven and thirteen years of age. She welcomed Mrs Mason and her friends with great kindness, and made many apologies for being in no better order to receive them; and immediately fell to busying herself in sweeping in the hearth, and adding turf to the fire, in order to make the kettle boil for tea.

“I think,” said Miss Mary, “you might make your daughters save you that trouble;” looking at the two girls, who stood all this time leaning against the wall.

“O poor things,” said their mother, “they have not been used to it; they have enough o’ time for wark yet.”

“Depend upon it,” said Mrs Mason; “young people can never begin too soon; your eldest daughter there will soon be as tall as yourself.

“Indeed she’s of a stately growth,” said Mrs MacClarty, pleased with the observation; “and Jenny there is little ahint her; but what are they but bairns yet, for a’ that! In time, I warrant, they’ll do weel eneugh. Meg can milk a cow as well as I can do, when she likes.”

“And does she not always like to do all she can?” said Mrs Mason.

“O we maunna complain,” returned the mother, “she does weel eneugh.”

While Mrs MacClarty was preparing tea for her guest, Mrs Mason cast her exploring eye on the house and furniture. She soon saw, that

the place they were served in the triple capacity of kitchen, parlour, and bed-room. Its furniture was suitably abundant, and Mrs MacClarty prided herself much on the noble stock of linen she possessed, but which Mrs Mason thought too fine for common use. "For common use!" cried Mrs MacClarty: "na, na, we're no sic fools as put our napery to common use! I have a dizen tableclaithis in that press, thirty year old, that were never upon a table. They are a' o' my mother's spinning. I have nine o' my ain makin' forby, that never saw the sun but at the bookin washing.

"It is no doubt a good thing," said Mrs Mason, "to have a stock of goods of any kind, provided one has a prospect of turning them to account; but I think a towel of nice clean huck-a-buck would wipe a cup as well, and better, than a damask napkin."

"Towels! cried Mrs MacClarty, "na, na, we maunna pretend to towels; we just wipe up the things wi' what comes in the gait.

On saying this, the good woman, pulled out from between the seed-tub and her husband's dirty shoes, a long blackened rag, and with it rubbed one of the pewter plates, with which she stepped into the closet for a roll of butter. "There," says she, "I am sure ye'll say, that ye never ate better butter in your life. There's no in a' the Glen better kye than ours. I hope ye'll eat heartily; and I'm sure ye're heartily welcome."

Here, thought she, is a home, in which peace and plenty seem to reign; and yet these blessings, which I thought invaluable, will not be sufficient to afford me any comfort, from the more want of attention to the article of cleanliness. Of the two girls she could not judge favourably. The elder appeared morose and sullen, and the younger stupid and insensible. She was confirmed in her opinion by observing, that though their mother had several times desired them to go to the field for their father, neither of them stirred a step.

“Ye’ll gang, I ken, my dear,” said Mrs MacClarty, addressing herself to the younger; “O ay, I ken ye’ll gang like a gude bairn Jean.

Jean looked at her sister; and Mrs MacClarty ashamed of their disobedience, but still willing to palliate the faults which her own indulgence had created; said, ‘that indeed they never liked to leave her, poor things: they were so bashful; but that in time they would do weel enough.’”

“They will never do well, if they disobey their mother,” said Mr Stewart, “you ought to teach your children to obey you, Mrs MacClarty, for their sakes as well as your own. Take my word for it, that if you don’t, they, as well as you, will suffer from the consequences. But come, boys, we shall go to the field ourselves, and see how the farmer’s work goes on.”

Mrs MacClarty, glad of this proposal, went to the door to point the way. Having received her directions, Mr Stewart pointing to the pool

at the threshold, asked her how she could bear to have such dirty doors? "Why does not your husband fetch a stone from the quarry?" "People who are far from stones and from gravel may have some excuse; but you have the materials within, and by half a day's labour could have your door made clean and comfortable. How then can you have gone on so long with it in this condition?"

"Indeed, I kenna, sir," said Mrs MacClarty; "the gudeman just canna be fash'd."

"And cannot you be fash'd to go to the end of the house to throw out your dirty water? don't you see how small a drain would from that carry it down the river, instead of remaining here to stagnate, and to suffocate you with intolerable stench?"

"O, we're just used to it," said Mrs MacClarty, "and we never mind it. We couldna be fash'd to gang sae far wi' a' the slaistery."

"But what," returned Mr Stewart, "will Mrs Mason think of all this dirt? She has been used to see things in a very different sort of order, and if you will be advised by her, she will put you upon such a method of doing every thing about your house, as will soon give it a very different appearance.

Mrs Mason did indeed feel herself very uncomfortable amidst so much disorder and filth—and was determined to effect a change if possible. It was with much difficulty she could obtain from Mrs MacClarty the assistance of Grizzy, to make her own apartment comfortable; the

stout girl fell to work, and when the lower vallence was removed, it displayed a scene most extraordinary;—a hoard of the remains of the old shoes that had ever been worn by any member of the family; staves of broken tubs, ends of decayed ropes, and other articles all covered with blue mould and dust.

Mrs Mason perceiving what unpleasant task she should be obliged to impose on her assistant, deemed herself in justice bound to recompense her for her trouble; and, holding out a half-crown piece, told her, that if she performed all she required of her, it should be her own. No sooner was Grizzy made certain of the reward, than she proceeded to wash the bed posts with soap and water. After which the chairs, the tables, the clock-case, the very walls of the room, as well as every thing it contained, all underwent a complete cleaning.

The window, in which were nine tolerably large panes of glass, was no sooner rendered transparent, than Grizzy cried out in ecstasy. “that she cou’dna have thought it would have made sic a change. Dear me! how heartsome it looks now, to what it us’t!” said the girl, her spirit rising in proportion to the exertion of her activity.

“And in how short a time has it been cleaned?” said Mrs Mason. “Yet had it been regularly cleaned once a-week, as it ought to have been, it would have cost far less trouble. By the labour of a minute or two, we may keep it constantly bright; and surely few days pass in

which so much time may not be spared. Let us now go to the kitchen window, and make it likewise clean. Grizzy with alacrity obeyed. But before the window could be approached, it was found necessary to remove the heap of dusty articles piled up in the window sill, which served the purpose of family library, and repository of what is known by the term *ODDS AND ENDS*.

Mrs MacClarty, who had sat down to spin, did not at first seem willing to take any notice of what was going forward; but on perceiving her maid beginning to meddle with the things in the window, she could no longer remain a neutral spectator of the scene. Stopping her wheel, she, in a voice indicating the reverse of satisfaction, asked what she was about? Mrs Mason took it upon her to reply. "We are going to make your window bright and clean for you, cousin," said she. "If you step into my room, and take a look of mine, you will see what a difference there is in it; and this, if these broken panes were mended, would look every bit as well." "It does weel enough," returned Mrs MacClarty, "It wants nae cleanin'. It does just weel enough. What's the gude o' takin' up the lass's time wi' nonsense? she'll break the window too, and the bairns hae broken enough o't already."

"But if these panes were mended, and the window cleaned, without and within," said Mrs Mason, "you cannot think how much more cheerful the kitchen would appear."