

## THE TATTIE-BOGLE

DRUMDUFF had a fine tattie-bogle,  
Unmarrow'd on neebourin' ferm,  
A graip was his stumpie wee body,  
The shank o' a besom his airms ;  
An' we buskit him braw for a bogle,  
No' tatter'd, but tosh-like an' spruce ;  
Though his claes were a wee thing auld-farrant,  
Victorian—or Robert the Bruce.  
On his neep heid a lum hat was cockit,  
An' he wore a wee sarkie wi' frills.  
He could fricht ony' craw in the parish,  
As he stood, a' his lane, 'mang the drills.

A gangrel cam' by in the gloamin' ;  
As he hirpled ower-by tae the ferm,  
He thocht a fair swap o' their raiment  
Would dae him an' the bogle nae herm ;  
Sae his clarty auld duds he sune strippit,  
I'se warrant the chiel had some cause,  
For quo' he : " This auld sark I was wearin'  
Fricts me, sae it's shair tae fricht craws ! "  
He has niffer'd his sark wi' the bogle,  
His breeks, coat an' bunnet forby ;  
An' he's aff wi' lum hat an' frill'd sarkie,  
As prood as a piper frae Skye.

The gudeman cam' hame by the munelicht,  
At the clachan they keepit him late,  
Wi' the dram in his heid he was singin',  
Though he kent hoo tae gang the richt gate.  
But the sang feenish'd aff wi' a skirl—  
Oh ! could he believe his ain een?—

For through the slap, walkin' tae meet him,  
His ain tattie-bogle was seen.

Quo' the gudeman: "Gude save an' preserve us!  
I'se never again tak' a dram."

He shook, his knees chappit thegither,  
Syn he cowp'd in the sheuch in a dwam.

The neebours heard tell o' the story,  
An' losh! but they thocht it a baur.

They said: "Shairly ane o' your smeddum  
Could face tattie-bogles an' waur."

The gudeman jist grued an' said naethin',  
For the gudewife had flytit him sair,

But his freens aye kep' lauchin' an' daffin'.

"Haud your wheesht then," he cried, "say nae mair.

I've as muckle spunk in me as ony,

The thing would ne'er fash'd me ava,

But, gin bogles are noo resurrec'it,

They'll be howkin' oot mithers-in-law!"

## JACK'S HAMECOMIN'

A SAILOR lad frae yont the seas  
Ae mornin' gied his breeks a heeze  
An' purpose-like he stepped ashore ;  
Nae thocht had he o' drucken splore,  
He pass'd the inn wi'oot a swither,  
For he was boun' to see his mither.  
He brocht, to cheer her puir auld he'rt,  
A ferlie frae some distant airt  
On whilk he'd wared a guid week's wage :  
A parrot in a wooden cage :  
An auld bird wi' disjaskit look,  
A' beak an' claws, an' in the pook.

But Poll could gab : she'd streetch her neck  
An' gie a skraich : " A' haun's on deck ! "  
Or " Ship ahoy ! " She'd gar ye grue  
Wi' heathen aiths frae Timbuctoo  
An' sweer an' flyte in mony a tongue  
She learned lang syne when she was young.  
Jack thocht, though Poll's speech micht be nicer,  
His mither would be nane the wyser.  
An' he was richt, for innocence  
That sees nae ill tak's nae offence ;  
While warldly-wyse folk we hae kenn't  
Wha evil see whaur nane is meant.

Wi' jaunty step he took the road,  
For Polly was a lightsome load.  
He reached at length his mither's hoose ;  
She met him at the yett gey croose ;  
Sae blyth a welcome has he gotten  
That, for the moment, Poll's forgotten.

Some neebour wives drap in to crack,  
An' speer the foreign news frae Jack.  
They tell him that he's lookin' weel,  
Discuss the lad frae heid tae heel ;  
Some say he's fat, some say he's thinner :  
They haver till it's time for dinner,

They tak' their leave wi' due decorum,  
While Jack sits down wi' plate afore him.  
An' sune a tasty bite he's pickin'  
O' some queer hash that looks like chicken,  
Mixed up wi' syboes, kail an' carrot.  
Jack had nae mind about the parrot,  
Till noo the thocht to him occur'd.  
"Weel, Mither, dae ye like the bird?"  
He speer'd. She answer'd: "Weel eneuch ;  
But dod! it's juist a wee thing teuch."  
Her words cam' like a funeral knell :  
"What dae ye think o' it yersel'?"

Puir Jack! He feels his gorge arise :  
A hauf-tume plate afore him lies.  
A pickle skin, some creesh an' banes—  
Can these be pretty Poll's remains?  
Wi' speakin' fowl to fill ane's wame  
Would maist pit cannibals to shame.  
Nae wunner that he feels the waur o't,  
"Mither," he cries, "it was a parrot!  
Yon bird could speak!" The auld wife sits  
Dumfouner'd for a wee: then "Tits!"  
She says, "What wey did it neglec'  
To speak afore I thraw'd its neck?"

## “ TWEED ”

THEY'D dune awa' wi' sheep at Heich Glenheid,  
An' let the grazin' to a neebourin' ferm,  
An' sae the gudeman said, “ We hae nae need  
O collie dougs. I wish the beast nae herm ;  
We'll gie Tweed in a present to Jock Broon,  
Wha keeps the licensed grocer's shop in toun.

“ Jock Broon had aye a notion o' the doug—  
Ay, he's ma wife's guid-brither, honest man.”  
Tweed hears a' this an' cocks an anxious lug,  
“ The deil be in't ! Is that to be the plan ?  
We've come till't noo ! I've no' to be consultit.  
Faith ! even a collie doug can feel insultit ! ”

But sae it was. They yokit the machine  
An' hurled him to the station doon the glen.  
A lang train journey neist. Wi' steekit een  
He lay ablow the seat, an' mused on men,  
Their littleness, ingratitude an' follies,  
Their sma' conseederation for their collies.

The bairnies grat when Tweed was taen awa' ;  
Tweed would hae grutten gin a doug could greet ;  
In reeky, smeeky touns nae hill-win's blaw,  
Nor is there gress to row in lang an' sweet,  
Nae rabbit-tracks to follow 'mang the cairns,  
He missed a' that, an' oh ! he missed the bairns.

They were but human, but he lo'ed them weel—  
His maister tae, though he had served him sair.  
Jock Broon was kindly, but Tweed couldna feel  
At hame in streets that kent nae caller air.  
To tak' the road, first chance, he thocht nae shame,  
Ance aff the leash, he snuffed the airt for hame.

An' hoo he did it, dougs alane would ken,  
'The feck o' eichty miles some way he fared,  
Till wabbit, draiglet, stervin', up the glen  
He limped, an' keekit roun the auld stack-yaird.  
He gied a wee bit bark—apologetic.  
The bairns ran oot; it was a sicht pathetic.

The weans raised shouts o' joy, " It's Tweed; it's  
Tweed! "

His maister cam'—oh! would he un'erstaun?  
Ay, for he said, " Guid lad! " an' clapped his heid.  
Tweed loupit on him then, an' licked his haun.

Oh men, puir men, sae aft at ither's lugs,  
Learn to forgie, juist hauf as weel as dougs.