

THE
LOSS OF THE PACK,

By ALEXANDER WILSON.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE
HAULD SARK SLEEVE,

Far in a muir among the whirling drift,
Whar nought was seen, but mountains and the lift,
I lost my road and wander'd mony a mile,
Maist dead wi' hunger, cauld, and fright, and toil.



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THE
LOSS OF THE PACK.

‘Bout-gates I hate, quo’ girning Maggy Pringle
Syne harl’d Watty, greeting, thro’ the ingle.
Since this fell question seems sae lang to hing on
In twa-three words I’ll gie ye my opinion.

I wha stand here, in this bare scoury coat,
Was ance a Packman wordy mony a groat :
I’ve carried Packs as big’s your meikle table
I’ve scarted pats, and sleepet in a stable :
Sax pounds I wadna’ for my pack ance ta’en,
And I could bauldly brag ‘twas a’ mine ain.
Ay ! thae were days indeed, that gart me hope
Aiblins, thro’ time, to warsle up a shop :
And as a wife aye in my noddle ran
I kend my Kate wad grapple at me than.

O Kate was past compare ! sic cheeks ! sic een !
Sic smiling looks, were never, never seen.
Dear, dear I lo’ed her, and whane’er we met,
Pleaded to have the bridal-day but set :

Stapped her pouches fu' o' prins and laces,
 And thought myselweel paid wi' twa three kisses
 Yet still she put it aff frae day ta day,
 And aften kindly in my lug wad say,
 "Ae half year langer is nae unco stop,
 "We'll marry then, and syne set up a shop".

O, Sir, but lasses words are saft and fair
 They soothe our griefs, and banish ilka care;
 Wha wadna toil to please the lass he lo'es?
 A lover true minds this in a' he does.
 Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,
 And that I cou'dna' get her to relent,
 There was nought left, but quietly to resign,
 To heeze my pack for ae lang hard campaign;
 And as the Highlands was the place for meat,
 I ventur'd there in spite of wind and weat.
 Cauld now the winter blew and deep the snaw
 For three hail days incessantly did blaw.
 Far in a muir, amang the whirling drift,
 Whar nought was seen but mountains and the
 lift,
 I lost my road, and wander'd mony a mile,
 Maist dead wi' hunger, cauld, and fright, and
 toil.

Thus wand'ring east or west, I kend na' where
 My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair
 Wi' a fell ringe, I plung'd at ance, forsooth,
 Down thro' a wreath o' snaw, up to my mouth
 Clean o'er my head my precious wallet flew,
 But whar it gaed, Lord kens! I never knew.

What great misfortunes are pour'd down on
some,

I thought my fearfu' hinderen' was come;
Wi' grief and sorrow was my soul o'ercast,
Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last,
For aye the mair I warsl'd round and roun'.
I fand mysel' aye stick the deeper down;
Till ance, at length, wi' a prodigious pull,
I drew my poor cauld carcase frae the hole.
Lang, lang I sought, and graped for my pack,
Till night and hunger fore'd me to come back.
For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,
Till chance, at last convey'd me to a town;
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
A sad account of a' my luckless fate;
But bade her aye be kind, and no despair,
Since like was left, I soon wad gather mair;
Wi' whilk, I hop'd, within a' towmond's date
To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.

Fool that I was, how little did I think
That love would soon be lost for fa't, o' Clin!
The loss of fair won wealth, tho' hard to bear,
Afore this—ne'er had pow'r to force a tear.
I trusted time wad bring things roud again.
And Kate, dear Kate, wad then be a' mine an'
Consol'd my mind, in hopes o' better luck,
But, O! what sad reverse!—how thunder
struck!

When ae black day brought word frae Ra
my brither,
That Kate was cried, and married on anith-

Tho' a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
 At ance, had drapp'd cauld dead at my feet;
 Or, tho' I'd heard the last day's dreadfu' ca',
 Nae deeper horror on my heart could fa':
 I curs'd mysel', I curs'd my luckless fate,
 And grat—and, sobbing, cried—O Kate!
 O! Kate

Frae that day forth, I never mair did weel
 But drank, and ran headforemost to the deel.
 My siller vanish'd, far frae hame I pin'd,
 But Kate for ever ran across my mind.
 In her were a' my hopes—these hopes were
 vain,
 And now—I'll never see her like again.
 'Twas this, Sir President, that gart me start.
 Wi' meikle grief and sorrow at my heart,
 To gi'e my vote, frae sad experience, here,
 That disappointed love is waur to bear,
 Ten thousand times, than loss o' warld's gear }

THE AULD SARK SLEEVE.

A reverend esteem'd divine,
 Upo' a Sabbath-day short syne,
 While studious, a drawer unlocket,
 To get a napkin for his pocket;
 But, by mistak, didna perceive,
 He whippet in't an auld sark sleeve!

Straught to the kirk he took his way,
 The pu'pet speel'd—sung psalms—did pray.
 When preachin', in a little space,
 He wished to wipe his soncy face;
 But mony a ane could scarce believe,
 When he brought furth the auld sark sleeve

Its curlie edges he ne'er heeded,
 But gart it do the turn he needed:
 Bauldly the people he addressed,
 And earnest hame the matter pressed—
 Meanwhile exposing in his neeve,
 The dirty, ragged, auld sark sleeve!

But on a kittle point he landed,
 Which chosen scripture proofs demanded;
 He then the Bible grippet quickly,
 To trace the puzzlin' topic strictly—
 While he wi' looks composed and grave,
 Did lay aside the auld sark sleeve!

Upo' the pu'pit edge he laid it,
 Till through the Bible he pervadet,
 Explaining the dark critic point,
 Some heretic put out o' joint.
 This doon—rail'd at the erroneous knave,
 An' caught again the auld sark sleeve!

Ance mair he held it up to view,
 An' waken'd on the points anew—
 Zealous an' warmly he extended,
 Till the discourse he fully ended:
 So when the subject he did leave,
 He, lastly—pouch'd the auld sark sleeve!

SEQUEL.

The hin'most prayer and grace weel said,
 He left the kirk and hameward gaed,
 To tak a chack and drap, and tune
 His heart for labour afternoon.
 His wife that morn stay'd in wi' leave,
 So kendna o' the auld sark sleeve.

But now they, arm in arm proceeded,
 'Mang wheens o' dandering bodies heeded,
 Wha cracked o' faith, election, grace,
 And scraped and bowed as they did pass:
 Some smirked at Mess John's queer behave,
 But nane spak o' the auld sark sleeve.

Again within the rostrum seated,—
 The prayer re-coned, the psalm re-bleated—
 He read his text:—"Wash me, and so
 I shall be whiter than the snow."
 Still clutching in his waully neive
 The snuffy duddy auld sark sleeve.

He preached o' sprinkling and o' pouring,
 O' dipping, scrubbing, and o' scouring,
 And aye the rag, in illustration,
 He shewed as needing great purgation:
 But whan his nose he wad relieve,
 His thumbs gaed through the auld sark sleeve

'Twas then laid doon whar 'twas before,
 But by mischance 'twas soon ca'ed o'er.
 Meantime the sage precentor keepit

His haffit on his hand and sleepit :
 When o'er his wig and face sae grave
 Fell flaffin doon, the auld sark sleeve.

A titter and a laugh began,
 Whilk o'er the congregation.
 The worthy priest's gude wife surveyed
 Wi' rage, the sport the young anes made,
 And fry'd, and wus'd the deil might have
 The giggers, and the auld sark sleeve.

But by his sermon sair impressed,
 He didna mind what round him pass'd,
 His dreepin' nose rubb'd on his luif,
 And on his coat tails dight it aff;
 While some, frae sport, began to grieve,
 To see him miss his auld sark sleeve.

A crone sat near, wha pity thought
 The man o' God should want for ought :
 She scrambled on her stool fu' big,
 And trailed the clout aff Bangor's wig,
 And on her pike-staff made to wave,
 Like tatter'd fig, the auld sark sleeve.

Then rax'd it heegh aboon the pu'pit,
 To gar the earnest preacher note it,
 The folk nae langer could refrain,
 But burst out in a roarin' vein.
 The gude divine, like a' the laive,
 Observed it now—AN AULD SARK SIEEVE!

FINIS.