

tic'lar peety for the fishwives, an' spoke aboot them iz "poor things." I could har'ly haud fae lauchin' 'at that; for maist o' the fishwives I hid seen could hae putten 'im intae their pooch. Fae maudlin' sentiment he pass't tae bloodthirsty denunciation. He thocht the lan'lords an' the maisters war ower gweed tae live, an' the thing tae dae wi' them wiz tae get them by the throat, an' pit them doon an' keep them doon. He spoke iz if the men roon aboot wiz a' oot-an'-oot Soshlists, ready for onything, an' as if they hid been tryin' for years to mak a'thing richt by peaceable means, bit hid aye fail't. Noo, we a' ken that workin' men hae naither spunk nor smeddum in a poleetical sense; that they canna be prevail't upon tae ging tae the poll, an' that they vote for the vrang fowk fin they dee ging; that they'll traivel twa mile tae stan' an' shiver at a fitba' match, bit winna pit themsels tae ony trouble tae hear a speech aboot their ain byous condeeshin, an' the wye tae mend it; an' that they'll spen' mair on drink in a week than they'll spen' on politics in a year. Fat kin' o' havers, than, is't tae seek men o' that kin' tae shed their bluid for ane anither. He wiz a rale speeritie speaker this, though, an' batter't on glib aneuch; bit fat's the eese o' iver sic a spate o' fool water fin ye wint tae mak broth. There wisna ae flash o' wit or goodnatur in the hail rigmarole. I've h'ard speakers 'at could rin an opponent throu wi' their irony as gin it hid been a sharp an' thin soord; bit yon chiel's irony wiz mair like a palin' post.