

# The PEOPLE'S Voice

**Scottish Political Poetry, Song and the Franchise, 1832–1918**

## **Anthology**

**Poems selected and annotated by:**

Professor Kirstie Blair, University of Strathclyde

Professor Gerard Carruthers, University of Glasgow

Erin Farley, University of Strathclyde

Dr Catriona M. M. Macdonald, University of Glasgow

Dr Honor Rieley, University of Glasgow

Dr Michael Shaw, University of Kent

**Part Three: Poems relating to the Representation  
of the People Act, 1884**



Quo' auld grannie Black—quo' she.  
His rivals may scheme, sneer, an' blether awa',  
It doesna fash brave honest Willie ava,  
He works unco sair for the gude o' us a',  
Quo' auld grannie Black—quo' she.

I feel unco prood o' the "Highland Brigade,"  
Quo' auld grannie Black—quo' she;  
Oor brave kilty laddies are never afraid,  
Quo' auld grannie Black—quo' she.  
I read o' their deeds, an' it brings to my min',  
Brave Wallace, King Bruce, an' the days o' langsyne,  
The fame o' dear Scotia will never decline,  
Quo' auld grannie Black—quo' she.

JOHN ALEXANDER.

124 King Street, Calton, Glasgow.

*Glasgow Weekly Mail*, 22 March 1884.

### 30. The Deil and the Peers; or, The Battle o' the Franchise.

John McLaren worked in the printing trade in Edinburgh, and was a relatively well-known local poet whose poems appeared in various Scottish newspapers: he started publishing in the papers at a young age, hence his 'Laddie Bard' pseudonym. His trade is referenced in the opening lines, which incorporate a pun on 'printers' devils', the young apprentices in the trade. This poem is an immediate response to the rejection of the Representation of the People Bill by the House of Lords on 8 July 1884, the Tuesday before the demonstration cited in the headnote to the poem. Like 'A Veteran Tory's Lament', this is another 'devil's lament' poem, and like the competition poems from the *West Lothian Courier*, it was not simply written about but distributed at pro-Reform demonstrations by McLaren's trade society. In this case, however, the devil is more ambiguous than in John Ramsay's poem. He seems to have been working with the Tory Lords, trying to convince them to save themselves by passing the Bill. As he vanishes 'with a grin', disgusted by their idiocy, the Lords are left to their fate, which, in these verses, is to be roundly defeated by Gladstone. The Conservative Lord Cairns and Lord Salisbury had both opposed the Bill on the grounds that they would not support reform without redistribution of seats (they eventually did gain this point). Interestingly, the devil seems to support women's franchise. A number of Liberal MPs had urged Gladstone to include women's franchise in the 1884 bill, but he had refused on the grounds that parliament would not pass such a measure.

*Kirstie Blair*

Printed by the Edinburgh Press and Machineman's Society, and distributed during the Franchise demonstration at Edinburgh on Saturday, 12th July, 1884.

*Tune— "Hey, Johnny Cope."*

In the Province o' Inkdom, the Deevil ae day  
Cam' stappin' doon by chance whaur his "imps" lined the way,  
As he yelled—"Print the news!— that I'm sick o' foul play,  
And have left the Peers girin' this mornin'."

*Chorus.*

"Salisbury and his gang in a hostile fit  
Ettled mischief, I trow, in an awfu' hit;  
But 'The Grand Old Man' will ootwit them a' yet,  
And gar them wheel aboot some fine mornin'!"

"Oh! my coal-black hair, aince sae gawcie an' braw,  
Is turned, lack-a-day! as white as driven snaw,  
Wi' tryin' to convince the Lords in their mad thraw—  
They may wauken without coronets some mornin'!"

Then the Deevil sat doon at the door o' St Giles,  
And scartin' his pow, that was fu' o' 'cute wiles,  
He roared oot, "The idiots! after a' my toils—  
They'll be flung in the Thames some cauld mornin'!"

We speired him gin he thought that Earl Cairns wasna richt  
In gie'in' wi' his motion the new Franchise Bill a dicht?  
Quo' the Deil, I've that loon in my claws geyan ticht,  
And I'll mak' his legal snoot squeel some mornin'!"

"Although I am the Deil, I've mair gumption than a few  
Wha get upon their feet to yatter like the kangaroo!  
Can ye wonner I deserted them wha nearly gar'd me spue  
Wi' their silly legislation in the mornin'?"

"The women, too, it seems, alack! are no to get a vote,  
Because 'tis said they hae nae sense wha wear the petticoat!  
But what o' them that wear the Breeks, and yet think naethin' o't,  
And read 'the leading articles' ilk mornin'?"

Then said we to the Deil, "Gin the measure disna pass,  
What wad ye gar us dae?" "Oh, jist threaten and harass,  
Then let the people rise, and a' bravely gang *en masse*  
To the empty Hoose o' Lords in the mornin'!"

"Your Premier has braved before the legislative storm,  
And noo is anchored safe within the ocean o' Reform;  
And sae for years to come the Lords will find their seats are warm  
For their truculent audacity that mornin'!"

Then the Deevil vanished wi' a grin, and left us wi' the Peers,  
To brave the prood usurpers and despise a' craven fears;  
And marchin' on to victory amidst exultin' cheers,  
We hail immortal Gladstone on this mornin'!"

J.W. M'Laren, Machineman (the Laddie Bard).

*West Lothian Courier*, 26 July 1884.

### 31. [Hail, Liberals one and all]

In the autumn of 1884, the *West Lothian Courier* held a competition for the best poem 'bearing on the Bathgate Franchise Demonstration, as representing the voice and mind of all parties, from the labourer upwards.' Winners not only received publication in the newspaper, in special columns of 'Demonstration Poetry' on 11 October 1884, but also could see their poems being distributed during the demonstration itself. The *Courier* described how, on its cart in the procession (which was equipped with a printing press) three 'printers' devils' were 'busy printing with all the rapidity of modern machinery, and circulating with liberal hands the *Courier* prize poems, which contained staunch and true Liberal sentiments.' 'Hail, Liberals one and all', as a prizewinner, would have been among these. The competition enabled the *West Lothian Courier* to burnish its Liberal credentials, supplied free copy to distribute and print, and advertised the extent to which the 'people's poets' of the area backed Gladstone and reform.

James Wilson of Linlithgow is unknown as a poet, but his poem is typical in its anti-Tory sentiments and stirring call for a united voice from the disenfranchised workers. The judges of the poetry competition also doubtless admired his emphasis, in the closing lines, on the importance of the newspaper press and its writers in swaying popular sentiment. His poem and other competition poems were published alongside a detailed account of the Bathgate demonstration.

*Kirstie Blair*

(Awarded Second Prize in *Courier's* Competition.)

Hail, Liberals one and all  
Respond to duty's call,  
Triumphantly we shall  
    Win the day.  
Lift freedom's banner high,  
For victory is nigh;  
Liberty! shall be our cry  
    In the fray.

In spite of Tory peers,  
With their haughty flouts and jeers  
And sentimental sneers,  
    We'll unite;  
And with one voice we will  
As loyal subjects still  
Demand the Franchise Bill  
    As our right.

Strong-handed sons of toil  
Who seek your daily moil  
Deep, deep beneath the soil,  
    Be ye brave.  
Break the oppressor's spell,

Let the voice of labour swell  
O'er mountain, hill, and dell  
Like a wave.

All who the hammer wield  
And tillers in the field,  
Your birthright must not yield  
To the peers;  
Ye workmen show your power  
In this your trying hour,  
As Tory clouds do lower  
Full of sneers.

Cast off the feudal yoke,  
Let justice give the stroke  
To all our foes who mock  
At our cause.  
Aloud your rights proclaim,  
And break the feudal chain,  
Too long a blot and stain  
On our laws.

Revolution we don't want,  
Nor Redistribution cant,  
Nor other Tory rant  
We demand;  
Two million Britons wait  
For recognition in the state,  
And weary at the gate  
They do stand.

Ye lads who wield the pen,  
Come, quit yourself like men  
The people's rights to gain  
And defend.  
Up, lads, and show your might,  
And aid us in the fight,—  
The press will do the right  
Till the end.

Linlithgow Bridge, Linlithgow.

JAMES WILSON.

*West Lothian Courier*, 11 October 1884.

### 32. Invitation to the Bathgate Demonstration, October 4, 1884.

This poem, like 'Hail, Liberals one and all', appeared in the *West Lothian Courier*, a week before the competition poems were published (thus, just before rather than just after the Bathgate demonstration). 'Willie' and the 'Grand Old Man' are William Gladstone, popular hero of the 1884 Reform Act. In September and early October 1884, both Gladstone and the deeply conservative and anti-reform Lord Salisbury had given speeches in Scotland. Indeed, Salisbury had given a fervently anti-reform speech in Glasgow during the week before this poem appeared. The poem represents the working people of Bathgate and surroundings as staunchly Liberal and warns the Tories 'Tho' we're poor we study politics/ As best we can.' It is a rousing account from an apparent working man's perspective, ending with a typical plea to remember the triumphs of 1832. 'W. A.' is unidentified.

*Kirstie Blair*

Arise, auld Bathgate, now's the hour  
To send thy Liberal sons wi' power,  
In their thousands three or fower,  
    To wave their mottoed banners gran'  
In favour of the Franchise Bill  
    And Grand Old Man.

Move on, ye Liberals, ane and a',  
And help auld Willie in the draw  
Against the Peers that crouselly crawl;  
    Whene'er he seeks the people's right,  
Help him to knock them 'gainst the wa'  
    Wi' a' your might.

The Tory Peers too plainly speak;  
The last time that the Hoose did meet,  
They cast the bill doon at their feet,  
    And thro' they wadna let it gang;  
But Willie is gaun up tae beat  
    Them a' ere lang.

Neist time he gangs tae London toon  
Their Tory pride he'll hurl't doon,  
And then he'll gar them sit and croon  
    In dolefu' mood some ither sang;  
He'll mak' them rue the card they've played,  
    And that ere lang.

And when they meet I'll wad a groat  
He'll send it right back on the spot,  
That bill for which he's truly fought,  
    And ask the Peers to let it pass;

And if they don't he'll mow them down  
Like withered grass.

He'll peel the coronet off each heid,  
As sure as Faither Adam's deid;  
He'll mak' them skulk wi' eident speed,  
Forbye he'll mak' them sairly rue  
The wrongous evil deed they've dune,  
The haughty crew.

Do Salisbury and his colleagues think  
That brains are bought wi' gowden clink,  
Or that Liberals a' are on the brink,  
Or overwhelmed in wild insanity?  
Na, na, my lord, if that's your thought,  
It's only vanity.

We ken tae seek and ha'e oor rights  
In spite of Peers and Tory knights,  
Or any other that scorns and slights  
The British Liberal working man;  
Tho' we're poor we study politics  
As best we can.

Now be up, ye men, be firm and true,  
Remember them of Thirty-two,  
How that they fought and struggled thro'  
And gained their rights against oppression;  
So three cheers for Willie brave and true—  
He'll win next session.

W. A.

*West Lothian Courier*, 4 October 1884.

### 33. Reform: A Woman's Work

Janet K. Muir was a Kilmarnock-based poet who published *Lyrics and Poems of Nature and Life* (Paisley, 1878) and was a regular contributor of verse to the *Kilmarnock Standard*, as well as to *The Present Truth*, the herald of the International Missionary Society. This poem focuses on the role of women in the 1884 Reform Bill agitation and highlights how the seemingly small contributions that women made were nevertheless part of the 'vanguard of Reform'. The poem depicts a woman twisting a ribbon, which will be worn by a reformer during a procession. Each stanza begins with the phrase 'Only twisting a ribbon' – suggesting the insignificance of the act when compared to 'the noble deeds of time' – but this idea is then repeatedly subverted. The poem demonstrates how such small acts, together, helped further the reform cause: it is argued that such work was needed to create the banners for reform processions, for instance. (Muir herself worked as a milliner.) The poem also states that these women will work in honour of those who fought for 'fadeless Thirty-Two'; it was common for the reform verse of 1884 to valorise the 'veterans' of the 1832 Reform Bill.

*Michael Shaw*

"Whiles makin' breist-knots for a brither,  
I twine my sangs and them thegither."

Only twisting a ribbon about her fingers ends;  
Only doing the little task that God in His goodness sends—  
A task that will ne'er be noted 'mong the noble deeds of time,  
For a woman's work is of small account in this busy British clime,  
But the woman works with a willing grace, with heart-beat true and warm,  
As she turns the tiny thing about to the measure of Reform.

Only twisting a ribbon! for the men who, bye and bye,  
Will walk abroad with a steady pace, with glad and sparkling eye—  
With banners waving overhead, with drum-beat loud and clear,  
For the freedom of two million souls disenfranchised far and near,  
March on! March on! with banners bright, with ribbons green or gold,  
And be your watchword, "Manhood's right," the war-cry of old.

Only twisting a ribbon in a little country town,  
To gather in a goodly knot Britannia's clusters brown;  
Her sons and sires of little note, to noble Lords and bold,  
Who mind not of the mighty host that vanquished them of old;  
By all our fathers fought and won, in fadeless Thirty-two,  
We'll rest not till the work is done in Freedom's cause anew.

Only twisting a ribbon! yet happily forging a nail,  
For the downfall of each stubborn wrong when reason shall prevail;  
Ah! the smallest deed may have import deep, and weighty a woman's song  
As she twines the tiny threads about in the web of right and wrong,  
Content to see with a secret grace, through tear-drops starting warm,

Her silken snood born on apace in the vanguard of Reform.

Janet K. Muir, Kilmarnock, Sept. 1884

*Kilmarnock Standard*, 13 September 1884.

## On the Franchise Demonstration of the 6th Inst.

Reply to Marion Bernstein on the Franchise Demonstration of the 6th Ult.

## Answer to M. A. Smith.

In this trio of poems, a debate plays out between two of the *Glasgow Weekly Herald's* prominent female contributors, Marion Bernstein and M. A. Smith. Bernstein (1846–1906) had been ardently advocating women's suffrage in the poetry columns of Glasgow newspapers since the 1870s. One of her earlier works in this vein is another argument in verse with a female counterpart: 'Woman's Rights and Wrongs' (*Glasgow Weekly Mail*, 27 February 1875) responds to Jessie Russell's 'Woman's Rights *versus* Woman's Wrongs', which had appeared the week before. Russell's poem rails against the mistreatment of women and the devaluation of their labour, but does not view access to the franchise as the most relevant solution: 'I may be wrong in opinion, but still to my mind it seems / As if Parliament, Council or Congress could never be womanly themes'. For Bernstein, the vote is always the answer – as she puts it in her response to Russell, 'Let women vote away their wrongs / And vote for righteous laws.' Her pro-franchise poems include 'Oh! I Wish that All Women Had Power to Vote' (25 April 1874), 'A Dream' (10 July 1875) and 'Onward Yet! Upward Yet!' (16 September 1876), all for the *Weekly Mail*, as well as 'A Woman's Plea' (20 January 1883) for the *Weekly Herald*. Bernstein published much of her newspaper verse in a book called *Mirren's Musings* in 1876, but her post-1876 poetry, which includes the two poems anthologised here, remained uncollected until the ASLS edition of her complete works, *A Song of Glasgow Town* (ed. Edward H. Cohen, Anne R. Fertig and Linda Fleming), was published in 2013. Smith's 'Reply to Marion Bernstein' is briefly described in the editor's notes but the text of the poem is not included.

'On the Franchise Demonstration' expresses Bernstein's frustration at the lack of a female presence at the recent reform demonstration in Glasgow. In her view, women should be organising themselves like any other subset of workers: 'Where were your trades?' Smith is sceptical of Bernstein's outrage on this point. According to the editors of *A Song of Glasgow Town*, Smith 'expresses anger at those who "say a woman's right sphere is her home" and anticipates a subsequent stage of political discourse' (256), but in context it is clear that Smith's response is in fact heavily sarcastic. Her thanks to Bernstein for 'tak[ing] us in hand' and pointing her more apathetic sisters on to 'glory' are not sincere – though Bernstein may not be her only target. Her attitude to the 'liege lords and masters at home', who will be left behind to struggle with the housework, is somewhat ambiguous. In 'Answer to M. A. Smith', Bernstein bypasses Smith's more fanciful imagined consequences of female participation in reform agitation – rows of fainting demonstrators menaced by police violence, cannibalism – to attack the argument about the undesirability of leaving the domestic sphere on its most literal level. If a housewife can leave home to drink tea with friends, surely she can do so to cast a vote. These poems exemplify two of Bernstein's most common arguments: that voting should be a demystified, everyday civic action that is not at odds with more traditionally 'feminine' pursuits, and that enfranchising women would produce superior political outcomes that extend beyond improving the lot of women themselves. The 'Answer' ends on a similar

note to 'A Dream', in which 'There were female chiefs in the Cabinet, / (Much better than males I'm sure!) / And the Commons were three-parts feminine, / While the Lords were seen no more!'

*Honor Rieley*

### On the Franchise Demonstration of the 6th Inst.

Women of Glasgow,  
What do you mean?  
Why were you idle  
All through such a scene?

Where were your banners?  
Where were your trades?  
Have women no need  
Of political aids?

Much work for small wages,  
Great wrongs, which few note,  
Are yours, till you right things  
By getting the vote.

Now, when are you going  
To make such a show  
For feminine franchise,  
I'm anxious to know?

Lay sewing and cooking  
Aside for one day;  
Assemble by thousands  
In splendid array.

I don't mean in dresses  
Of costly expense;  
I mean in the splendour  
Of bright common-sense.

Prove your right to the vote  
By the thousands who crave it;  
And with steady persistence—  
To ask is to have it.

MARION BERNSTEIN

*Glasgow Weekly Herald, 20 September 1884.*

Reply to Marion Bernstein on the Franchise Demonstration of the 6th Ult.  
(See the *Weekly Herald* issue of 20th Sept.)

Well, thank goodness that some one can take us in hand,  
Such poor, weak, silly things that we are;  
Who but us would leave politics all to men folks?  
Why, such weakness is quite beyond par.  
They, of course, say a woman's right sphere is her home.  
Bringing babes up the way they should go,  
That a strong-minded female is quite out of place  
Making puddings and such like, you know.  
But just stop till we've made up our minds for a vote,  
Won't we show them a thing or two, when  
It shall come to our turn in procession to march,  
Leaving all our home cares to them, then.  
Only fancy, our liege lords and masters at home,  
With the house in a litter and mess,  
All the meals to look after, the beds, too, to make,  
And the children to wash and to dress.  
A "cag'd lord," indeed, were as nothing compar'd  
To the chafing and fry they'd be in;  
But of course such wee matters will not trouble *us*  
When a nation's reform *we* begin.  
With all our "home influence" flung to the winds,  
And our feminine modesty—bah!  
If our "lords of creation" can't act for themselves,  
It's quite time we came forward (oh, la!).  
And let no one imagine we'll stop at a vote—  
That will be but one little wedge in.  
We don't work by halves when we set about things,  
And are not likely with this to begin.  
After that let not men look for meals well prepar'd,  
For their comfort eight times out of nine;  
They may think themselves bless'd if they do not, poor souls,  
On a dish of stew'd politics dine.  
Nay, worse still, spite of cannibal laws now enforced,  
A roast Salisbury may come in their way,  
Or a hash of the Premier, that nice "Grand Old Man,"  
Whom they can't have too much of, they say;  
But we don't want to scare them, so let's to the point  
Of this grand demonstration of ours—  
Of the how and the when we are gaily to march  
In the pride of our feminine powers.  
In all splendour, though, mind you, sense, common, or not,  
May content some with common array,  
But be sure, if there's fin'ry at all to be got,  
'Twill be flaunted abroad on that day.

But a word to the wise, in good time for your ears,  
The police will be there beyond doubt,  
And they may not regard us as females at all  
When in men's work we choose to turn out.  
And that "*Peabody*" somebody else, had a plan,  
He suggested it once to the Macs,  
'Twas in lieu of the pease that on each hundredth head  
He the power of the baton should tax.  
Now to save him the trouble, the Macs too as well,  
I've an idea just come to my mind,  
That you pick for each hundredth the poor weakly ones,  
Who to faintings are too much inclined.  
It will give them a rest if they only contrive  
Just to drop when he counts ninety-nine.  
That will suit everybody, and save them a trudge,  
As they're merely "laid out in a line."  
But now these preliminaries so far arrang'd,  
There's a question we can't do without—  
Who's to head our procession, to glory lead on,  
Who's our leader? Now, Marion, speak out.

M. A. SMITH.

*Glasgow Weekly Herald*, 4 October 1884.

## Answer to M. A. Smith.

Dear M. A. Smith,  
Who are you joking with,  
And what about?  
I've taken endless trouble to find out.  
Would you wish women-folks to stay at home,  
And never roam;  
Even to church, or just a friend to see,  
And take a cup of tea?  
Iron machines, we know, need rest for oiling,  
Can wives always be toiling?  
Even hard-worked wives contrive some time or other  
To spend a day with mother.  
What I propose is, that, instead of going  
To mother, you'll be showing  
Your interest in laws, as well as labours,  
Both for yourselves and neighbours.  
And when we get the vote,  
I wish you all to note  
It takes no longer to vote members in  
To Parliament than School Boards. Did you win  
The School Board vote for nothing? No; you use it  
And none say you abuse it.  
Your votes will have a different effect  
To votes of fools and drunkards, I expect.  
We women need to use our strength of mind—  
Strong-minded men we very seldom find;  
And feeble-minded voting is the cause  
Of all unrighteous laws.  
You heard of that poor outcast lately found  
Dead on the open ground?—  
A little child, homeless, unaided. Note  
The cruel wrong. Each widowed mother's vote  
Would tend to change the laws which now we see  
Suffering such things to be.  
Pure principles and tenderness of heart  
Should in our laws have part.  
I say, 'tis woman's right to make this so.  
And who can answer, No?

MARION BERNSTEIN.

*Glasgow Weekly Herald*, 18 October 1884.

### 35. Election Song.

This song was published as a single-page broadside in November 1885. The poem is worthy of interest, particularly given the attribution of a female writer, and the position adopted, which is scornful of local Liberal interests: Thomas Glen Coats (1846-1922) was a major local thread employer in the Paisley area and a well-known Liberal. The song itself relates to the recent contest to decide who would be the Liberal candidate and the choices that would be offered the electorate at the general election later in the month. Coats had backed W.B. Barbour against the Liberal challenge from James Clark (another local thread manufacturer and the town's provost). In the end, Barbour stood against the Tory challenger, Major McKerrel of the 1<sup>st</sup> Ayrshire Rifles, who would have been the choice of the 'Indignant Dame', in a contest that was dominated by the question of the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland. Reference to the "Primrose League' dames' is significant. Paisley was a strong-hold of the (Tory) Primrose League in Scotland, boasting some of its first and largest habitations (branches). In 1886 an all female habitation was established in Paisley that soon recruited 800 members.

Barbour won the election, although the Liberal majority was reduced – showing that franchise extension did not simply favour Liberal interests. The turn-out of the new expanded electorate was 88%.

*Catriona M.M. Macdonald*

*Air— "Conceive me if you can." — "Patience."*

In Paisley, one Txxxxx Gxxx Cxxxx  
Believed the best way to get votes  
Was to spout and revile  
In a virulent style,  
Which chivalry's absence denotes.

Now I daresay you'll hardly believe  
(And I know when you hear this you'll grieve)  
That he sneered and called names  
At the "Primrose League" dames—  
A subject he'd much better leave.

For there hardly can be any doubt  
They're a class he knows nothing about;  
And one fact he won't let  
Us a moment forget  
Is—when 'Rads' came in, 'manners' went out!

His quotations make this very plain,  
That his studies won't injure his brain;  
But e'en nursery rhymes  
Are not happy sometimes,  
When we don't know when to refrain.

AN INDIGNANT DAME.

Paisley, 18 November 1885.

### 36. The Song of the Millionaire.

The *Glasgow Weekly Mail* published several poems about Highland land agitation in 1884, including 'Glenelg' (26 January), 'The Cry of the Crofter' by Keith Robertson (22 November) and 'The Exiles' by Henry Thomas Macdonald (13 December). These poems do not explicitly connect the crofters' grievances to the nationwide agitation in favour of the extension of the franchise – even though, by making many crofters 'ten-pound occupiers', the Reform Act would offer them an avenue to seek some degree of redress. 'The Song of the Millionaire', published on 27 December, does make this link. It references a specific legal case, *Winans v. Macrae*, which was eventually decided before the Court of Session in 1885. The tenant of Kintail, William Louis Winans (1823–1897), was the son of an American inventor of locomotive technology who had made his fortune expanding the family railroad business to Russia. He brought a case of trespass against a local man, Murdoch Macrae, whose lamb had strayed off the road and grazed on land which Winans wanted to convert into a deer forest. Winans went on to lose the case, but his zealous pursuit of such a petty complaint makes him a perfect representative of the impunity enjoyed by the landowning class. However, after four stanzas of boasting about the oppressive power of the almighty dollar, the millionaire ends on a note of trepidation that something may be about to change. And he is correct: the franchise bill which he obscurely senses may bring about his comeuppance paved the way for the formation of the Crofters' Party and the passage of the Crofters' Holdings Act of 1886.

*Honor Rieley*

Mr Winans, the American millionaire, in his examination in the Kintail "Pet Lamb" Case, declared, "My desire is to get rid of the nineteen cottages and their inhabitants. I shan't leave a stone unturned till I get rid of them, in order to protect my deer." — *Daily Mail*.

I'm a Yankee millionaire,  
From across the big Atlantic,  
And I hold it is not fair  
For the poor to drive me frantic.  
I've appealed for legal help  
To abolish nineteen cottars,  
And for this they loudly yelp—  
Wives and pet lambs, sons and daughters.

My two hundred thousand acres—  
Well, here I have no more—  
Why should people take the shakers  
Just because from shore to shore  
I decide to have a playground,  
And turn the critters out,  
That o'er their corn and hay ground  
My brave deer may run and rout?

They may wring their hands and holler,

They may weep and whine and cry,  
But there's nothing beats the "Dollar,"  
Guess they found it so in Skye.  
If a cottar dares to grumble,  
And refuses to "vamoose,"  
Guess he'll learn to eat pie humble  
When the gunboats come to "cruise."

Then hurrah for Yankee dollars!  
No Government I fear,  
Lord-Advocates nor scholars,  
Dare put MEN before my deer.  
The laws are made for monied men,  
The earth and sea is theirs,  
And Scotchmen are but vermin,  
Like the rabbits and the hares.

We can buy them, we can sell them,  
We can hunt them through the earth,  
We can starve them, we can tell them  
Land Lords owned them from their birth.  
*Their* laws are on no statute book,  
So far their power is *nil*,  
But I yet may have to take my hook—  
Confound that FRANCHISE BILL!

WILL DICKSON.

Whiteinch, Dec. 19.

*Glasgow Weekly Mail*, 27 December 1884.