

waste of words simply amounting to an expression of terror at the prospect of any political question favored by the solid conservative party being submitted to the will of the masses. Of course the trouble with the paunchy class is the medieval superstition that the man with money has a divine right to legislate for his brother who has none, and that any attempt on the part of the mob whom the Lord has not blessed with riches to assume full command of their own affairs is contrary to the will of heaven and forebodes disaster. The adipose and overfed capitalist with a sinuous countenance and an old established go-it is the most egregious egotist that has evaded the fatalities of youth, and out of his hidebound conceit and stuporous ignorance bunglers to run the country, and is almost paralyzed with astonishment and disgust when the common working people with no stake in the country demand equal political rights, and venture to express the perspicacious and arrogant idea that they are capable of looking after their share of public affairs, and can conduct the government better than he. The fond delusion of the "independent gentleman" represented by the *Argus* is that the lower orders are under his fostering care, and that he is called upon to be an indulgent political parent to them; in return for which attentions he expects humble admiration and meek obedience, and when the people repudiate the connection, and insist upon going alone, as they are beginning to do, he is convinced that their ingratitude is only equal to their madness, and a visitation of Providence is necessary to keep the country from careering headlong to the devil. It is this fond consciousness of personal superiority and assumption of a little of the divine right of kings that have driven the fat-ted Conservative party into hysterics over the one man one vote idea, and that leads the *Argus* to snivel its objections to the referendum, which is a political process entrusting one question at one time to the individual intelligence of the people. Apart from the referendum there is no means of getting a satisfactory expression of public opinion on the Convention Bill to constitute the Commonwealth of Australia. The fears of the *Argus* are evidently that the Bill may be lost on the popular voice, but although the faults that make it so dear to the Imperialists are apparent to the Australian Democracy, the people are prepared to accept it as the promise and potency of greater things.

THE QUEENSLAND REVOLUTION.

The Brisbane *Courier*, a painful paper that is run in honor of the fat of the land, which means, of course, the squatter, the banker, and the man of means who does not even cloak his loafing proclivities under a pretence of serving the country as a financier or breeder of sheep, pretends to have unearthed a terrible plot on the part of the Unionists of Queensland, to carry fire and sword through the country, and set up a Republic on the point of the bayonet. As in the previously discovered treasonable and seditious movements of this character, the chief proofs of the revolutionary and bloodthirsty intentions of the unionists are supposed to have been inscribed on a paper which has been lost or destroyed, and are sworn to by unspecified persons who have strayed, or been misplaced, or have died, or gone on an exploring expedition to central Africa, and the prime mover in the wild insurrection is vaguely alluded to as an intelligent individual living in Brisbane, which statement, whilst completely exonerating the gentlemen of the *Courier* staff, leaves a wide margin for speculation, there still being quite a number of intelligent individuals living in Brisbane. The *Courier* is exuberant over its discovery, and plunges recklessly into a chaos of suppositions springing from a lively imagination, and a rash

pretence to point out the diabolical intentions of the devilish republicans who might have been mentioned in the incriminating document that was destroyed or didn't exist, and who are hinted at by the mysterious unknown who died or went to Africa by the last train; and it spreads the plan of campaign before its startled readers, showing that the strikers were going to save up their earnings, and buy guns, and bombs, and other martial commodities, and then mass themselves in several places, and march suddenly in nine directions, and seize the government, and the railways, the squatters, pubs, post-offices, banks, arms, the military, and the navy, the chemists, shops, and town and shire councils, and then set up a system of management of their own, hurl the Governor off a steep place into the sea, and force all the other colonies to join them in running a free and federated nation which would have no squatters, no bankers and no capitalists, and would insist on four hours' labor a day and free beer for the proletariat. (Our local organ of affluence and fat stupidity rehearses this tall and unconvincing farrago of lies and lunacy, and slyly points out that the villainous plot was probably upset by the continuation of wet weather and the brave military display made by the government, presuming evidently that the revolutionary desperado will not go out in the rain to upset a government, and expects to overthrow constituted authority some day when the army is away at New Guinea for its holidays and the police are all drunk. Of course the idea of the *Courier* in fabricating this tommyrot is to justify the Queensland Government in having made an ass of itself, and overrun the country with warriors and special constables, and stationed a Nordenfeldt in every hill during the heat of the present labor conflict, but the subterfuge is too thin, and the labor cloud that has arisen in New South Wales will spread till it overshadows the Queensland Government, and then the capitalist and military party will have to sit up.



MR. HANCOCK, in his primal parliamentary speech, drew attention to the gazetted regulation that no person should assemble in the Government House Domain for fetes, pic-nics, or concerts, or for the purpose of public worship, preaching, or public speaking of any kind, without the permission of the Minister of Lands. It is a pity our people submit so quietly to these little infringements of their liberties. Most men do not see that such an apparently small matter is likely to affect them personally, and they let it pass without comment—it is this moral indifference that makes petty tyranny and conservative rule possible in a democratic community. The quoted regulation gives into the hands of the Minister for the time being, the power of excluding entirely from the domain, every hill and stamp of which has been a rostrum, any orator, agitator or enthusiast whose views on matters in general do not happen to coincide with his particular idea of the fitness of things. It may be answered that there are other resorts, but this gagging game has been worked before, and will assuredly be worked again if the public pass it as a matter of no importance.

THE domestic servants' question is again agitating the public mind, and the proposal to supply the colonies with shiploads of domesticated females capable of wrestling with and solving this painful problem at so much per cargo emanates from the United British Women's Emigration Society, a society whose very existence is a crying acknowledgment of the rotten social state of "dear Hold

woman. We understand that Australia's domestic servants' question, but free or not, emigration is not the answer to the distressing query. The material solution of the enigma here: we have the girls strong and able, and will be willing to perform the duties of domestic servants as soon as that branch of industry is as free as the forms of labor in which they prefer to engage, and when the servant girl ceases to be a slave to the caprices of whimsical and temperamental mistresses from early morning till night. Domestic servitude is many houses as much like domestic slavery to attract Australian girls whilst other and easier means of earning livelihood are opening to them.

"PUNCH," a dull paper for dull people, takes a dullard's view of the political labor movement foreseen with horror the time when the working representatives will be able to make or break one of the existing parties. The clear mind sees time when the representatives of the people will be the party, and will have no need to play upon fears or the capidity of avowed conservative conservatives who cloak their prejudices and specious veneer of liberalism to make new law abolish old ones. The cry of that party will "Give! Give!" says our crooked contemporary and gets home on the head of the right nail once. Three cheers and a tiger for the folk "Give! Give!" till the glad day when the who grows a potato in God's earth will be whilst the loafer who wants to pose as the one who the soil has to contend himself with the peeling he is not man enough to buck in and grow pot of his own. The worker has been fed on the too long and the change of menu is imminent.

H. H. CHAMPION attempted a lecture on Australia at Bermansday (Kag.) a few weeks back, had a particularly hot time. The meeting was very noisy one, and Champion attempted to justify his conduct during the Australian strike; he was met with cries of "Traitor!" "Tory!" and other epithets. A resolution to the effect: "on account of his treacherous conduct towards the Labour cause, Mr. H. H. Champion is not person to lecture on Labor questions" was passed with half a dozen dissentients. The lecture, leaving the hall was guarded by his friends, generously intercepted the few eggs and vegetables on Mr. Champion by the enthusiastic congregation. Be sure your sin will find you out.

A COURTESY of the Queen, Miss Caroline (Gulp) an inmate of the Camberwell Workhouse, Eagle 8he is an illegitimate daughter of George IV., of Victoria. It must be said for the Stuards they provided very handsomely for their innatable bastards, whereas, the Hanoverians, characteristic meanness, have left their no numerous brood of illegitimates to the mercy of world. An illegitimate son of this same prince is now living in Williamstown, and has there for very many years. He is eccentric lives a lonely life, but he toils not neither do spin, nor has he done so within the memory of oldest inhabitant. The sole regret of Miss Caroline is that her mother was not legally married to the Hanoverian Hog, so that she might now occupying Windsor Castle instead of a workhouse, but, of course, even had Gentleman George married Caroline's ma, Caroline would have been as fit the throne as she is now.

THE Kaiser before he was Kaiser wrote letters Bismarck in abuse of his mother. Now he writes those letters, and Bismarck says he can't touch until he restores the power to his power. That is the story. It is either under the honor of Bismarck has fallen into its do. The foolishness of a young man in writing even letters as those accredited to his majesty was pardoned, but not the meanness that would advantage of the foolishness; and the less so a prince was even more bitter in his hatred Frederick's wife than was the son. There fool like an old one—unless, indeed, it happens to be a young one.

"IT'S A POOR HEART THAT NEVER REJOICE. And, although 'stared with an arrow,' the he GENTLEMAN REJOICE their joy in its constantly men popularity. From an admiring public