

THE GOLD DIGGERS' ADVOCATE  
AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER



...it blew hard, and the Ariadne spun  
...and while in the act of  
...and there was the  
...six feet long, and near five in circumference  
...in the thickest part. The body is perfectly  
...smooth and without any projections

LABOUR FOUNDS EMPIRES; KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE EXALT AND PERPETUATE THEM.

But brokers in general are had to satisfy; and I must confess, Mr. Editor, that I never hear the term *broker* but it suggests something to my mind rather doubtful, and if by chance the word is mentioned to a storekeeper or a tradesman, a shake of the head is generally the respondent. These may seem hard words, Sir, but I recollect you are not responsible. We diggers are rather selfish too, and we are glad to see the banks in the market, the more the better, as the price will atone in some measure for the scarcity of the article.

But to return to the main point, from which springs all our grumbings. Many of us have been on these diggings ever since they were first opened, and here we are still obliged to obey laws which we had no voice in making. We are in the position of the man who was made by the tyrannical tailor to wear the coat whether it fitted him or not. We are considered by the Government in the light of wandering Bedouins, and not within the pale of civilisation. We are hunted and despised by the authorities, and when caught unlicensed, treated like felons. When will this obnoxious tax be removed? Do we not pay taxes in common with every colonist, without this addition. Why not then grant us a voice in electing men to represent us at the seat of government, and admit at once that common sense and private enterprise can dwell in a calico tent as well as in a merchant's palace. But no, it is the old thing over again. A man cannot be able to see right from wrong without he is the owner of bricks and mortar. You will say that we have a vote by paying twelve months' license. Just so, and as flimsy a counterfeit as was ever thrust into the hands of a white man. We could not get land had we the inclination to buy, consequently we are punished for not being in possession of that which the Government itself has withheld from us.

As regards the people of Melbourne, we do not expect much sympathy from them. They are too busy making money (thanks to the diggers) to trouble themselves with our grievances. We are glad of their prosperity, and we hope that their pleasant dreams of comfortable independence and retired villas may not be marred some morning by the appearance of a Russian Fleet in Hobson's Bay.

One more word, and I have done. Whilst sly grog shops are the only inducements for men to spend their money, in intoxicating drinks, it was only the tolerably lucky part of the population who indulged in those beverages, but now we have those legalised gin-palaces, where the temptation is held out for all, we see smart young men behind a bar, oiled and perfumed, who dispense that curse to the human race, in the shape of nobblers, &c. There a man may get legally drunk, and then afterwards be legally punished for getting drunk, and now we have those common appendages to civilization—poverty and drunkenness stalking side by side on the Bendigo.

Diggers, I call upon you to give the abominable staff a wide berth; you can if you try, examine your own position, educate your children, educate yourselves, and then you will be better able to show a bold front to your oppressors.

In the meantime, bitter is the feeling on the diggings against all concerned, but John Bull like, it is confined to grumbings and bitter invectives. The "grinding process," will go on until a *real* Fourth of July is witnessed in the southern hemisphere.

I am, respectfully,

J. WILSON.

Bendigo, July 23rd, 1854.

## OPEN COUNCIL.

[Although we print, we do not hold ourselves responsible for the truth or untruth, justice or injustice of any communications that may appear under this head. The Open Council belongs to the Public, and the opinions expressed therein are independent of our own. We wish to arrive at truth, therefore we desire to hear all sides of a question, and as Journalists it is our duty to give opponents, as well as friends, a fair opportunity to state their opinions upon any subject of public interest.—Eps. D. A.]

### GOLD DIGGERS *VERSUS* GOVERNMENT AND OTHERS.

(To the Editor of the *Gold Diggers' Advocate*.)

SIR,—Not being possessed of temerity sufficient to make a common practice of addressing myself to the Editor of a public journal, I trust that I may not be considered intrusive if I may have the boldness for once to trouble you with my little notions with respect to our position as gold diggers, to the Government and others herein mentioned. I do so with more confidence, as your paper being recognised as belonging to us, it presents the only medium through which we can call attention to our complaints and our little wants in general.

It is the peculiar characteristic of every relation of John Bull that he will submit to have his nose held to the grindstone until that prominent organ is reduced by one half, before he will openly resist. His great forte lies in his powers of grumbling and complaining, and ending in passively submitting to every turn of the screw made by those, who knowing his weak points, make no scruple of applying the lever.

Here are we gold-diggers, a new race of men, sprung into existence within the last three years, we have had no small share in developing the resources of a new country; we have contributed tons upon tons of treasure towards the immensely increasing prosperity of the British Empire, and we have added another gem in the history of that nation which is the wonder of all others.

And what is our reward? Have we, politically speaking, been recognized by that Government as men worthy of consideration? Certainly not. We are still subject to a degrading system of taxation, and a still worse system of levying the same. We are startled in the midst of our labour by the appearance of armed camp bailiffs,—men on foot and men mounted,—who, preceded by trumpeter, proclaim to us that the monthly poll tax is due; which must be paid whether we have the means or not! And pity the unlucky fellow who has not, for pity is a commodity which is not to be had in the office of P. M. McLaughlin, of Sandhurst. In vain a man may endeavour to prove that he is barely getting a living; there are no extenuating circumstances in the fact of a man having a wife and half-a-dozen children to maintain; the fine must be paid, and a license also, or he must go into durance for any period which the temper for the time being of the P. M. may prompt him. And should this be a case for a police magistrate? I think not. But the law sees a criminal in a man without a license, and as a criminal he must be treated.

But you will say, that if storekeepers can afford to pay £50 a year, surely we can pay £8. Nonsense;—*We pay the storekeeper's license.* "Fifty pounds is nothing to us," say those gentlemen, "we can take it out of the diggers in a week." Bye the bye, one of your Melbourne brokers, a few weeks back, recommended the Government to charge an extra threepence per oz for the conveyance of Gold to Melbourne, to cover the expense of cash remittance to the diggings. Oh, yes, make the diggers pay for that also! And again, for some time back the same gentleman has been in a ferment in consequence of the Banks stepping into the market, and causing gold to rise to "such an unprecedented price." Now, I ask, when will those gentlemen (the brokers) be satisfied? I recollect the price for gold at £2 16s. per ounce on these diggings, and it has been somewhere about three years in attaining its present value, consequently some of them ought to be in a position to retire from the market.

But brokers in general are bad to satisfy; and I