

**ORDER.**

**SUBSCRIBERS.**

Subscription for The New Order is sent direct to addresses in South Wales, Tasmania, West Australia, and New Zealand, is Four Shillings in advance.

To addresses in Queensland, Victoria, and South Australia, the Annual Subscription is Six Shillings in advance.

In case of non-delivery kindly advise the office direct, so that inquiries may be made.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

Literary Communications direct  
The Editor.

In all business matters address  
JOHN WILLARD,  
Business Manager.

The New Order,  
Kidman's Buildings,  
George and Market Streets,  
Sydney.

**The New Order.**

The Old Order changeth, giving place to the New.—TENNISON.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1894.

**DOG EATS DOG.**

TITMUS and his looking at all pro-  
cesses of the Government. That  
the Government of the New  
Monarchy, which has relied on the  
Great Freetrade Party to hold  
the sacreligious Hand of Labour  
is likely to call upon them in its  
day of trouble, and find that they  
cannot deliver them. The Great  
Freetrade Party has struck upon  
the rock of its own incomparable  
unmanagableness, and is steadily  
foundering now. The  
situation on board. The Free-  
trade Party is suffering from too  
much of a good thing; or, rather, from  
too much of two good things. Brill-  
iancy in a Party's leader is dis-  
tinctly desirable; so is enthusiasm  
in a Party's followers. But the  
Catholics have both these blessings to  
a degree that turns them each  
into a curse. It is afflicted at once  
with the exuberant, the irrepressible  
enthusiasm of its followers, and the  
too conspicuous repleteness of  
its leaders. A dull and soulless  
monotony of sentiment among its  
mouthpieces is what no one who  
took an interest in a Party's wel-  
fare would wish it. But such a thing  
impossible, has too much variety  
—with all its charms—and when  
each prominent member has a for-  
ciously independent policy of his  
own this point has been about  
reached. The noble cause of Calico-  
Jimmyism is likely to be ruined by  
the incompatibility of temper of its  
trusted advocates.

There is REID, and there is PARKES,  
and there is MILLAN and there is  
SUN. There is R. D. WILSON

amount, and puts in all his time  
in alternately raising and depress-  
ing the sinking hopes of his wor-  
shippers, the Single Taxers. PARKES  
goes on a country tour with a fight-  
ing platform consisting chiefly of  
the English Constitution, and  
draws shrill but irritating compar-  
isons between the "hinsignificant"  
politicians of to-day, and the lofty  
stature of Mo and My Mates, who  
watched over the cradle of the  
"infant" colony. He is feble  
and querulous now, but he is still  
nasty, and the most loyal Free-  
trader cannot expect much in the  
way of reunion between him and  
REID.

But the piquancy of the situa-  
tion does not end here. Bagman  
MILLAN, who gives an independ-  
ent lying support to REID, is talk-  
ing coalition. This is a very far  
distant consummation as yet. The  
champion reconstructionist sees  
things with very different eyes to  
those of his stone-broke fellows. A  
man who can scoop in thousands  
over a bank juggle sets rather  
smaller store on the small potatoes  
of office, which are the head and  
the end-all of the political career of  
a man who is living on the "nover"  
in the premises of unreliable ad-  
mirers, and whose I.O.U.'s are no  
longer regarded, as negotiable se-  
curities. So WISS is put up to say  
that the Fiscal Issue cannot and  
cannot be sunk, and that coal-  
ition is impossible. PARKES con-  
tradicts this, and says that character  
is the one thing necessary. The  
superannuated marauder, having  
worn out all his dodges, is abso-  
lutely so beggared for a cry as to  
have come to this! As if his  
character bore looking at! Nor  
is the situation of reconstructionist  
exhausted now. Those bright  
luminaries in the Freetrade firm-  
ament—COOK, CORROX, and BAVIS-  
TR—have all got their little ideas  
as to what its policy should be, and  
their accession is hardly likely  
either to diminish the chances of  
friction or to add to the Party  
weight.

Nor is the energetic patriotism  
of the Freetrade rank and file less  
fatally pregnant with embarrass-  
ment. The syndicators have seen  
the chances of returning a solid  
phalanx of unemotional Free-  
traders to stand between their  
privileges and the destructive touch  
of the new Labour Party jeop-  
ardised by the exceeding eger-  
ness of nameless myriads to serve  
them. Their hopes have been buoyed  
up by the assurance that the con-  
structive intelligence of the great  
brains of the party was equal to a  
little difficulty like that. For  
months mysterious rumours have  
been afloat as to the wondrous card  
that their chiefs had up their  
sleeves. Capitalism was told that  
it was all right. An uninvitive

To mark out the shadowy bound-  
aries of the indisputable claims of  
MILLAN and other Freetraders at  
Burwood will be the diplomatic  
work of JAWBONE NEILD, while  
the delicate task of adjudicating as  
to the respective merits of NEILD  
and his rivals will be left in the  
capable hands of the experienced  
MILLAN. And MAC will pick  
out JAWBONE and JAWBONE  
will pick out MAC, and every mem-  
ber of the Freetrade Council will  
pick out every other member of  
that guileless body as the one man  
clearly marked out by Providence  
to run for the particular soft spot  
his young affection fancies. Mean-  
while, great hordes of aldermanic  
cheese-mongers and aspiring lawyers  
with a local standing, who have suf-  
fered similar contumely from Free-  
trade officialism in the past, will be  
enquiring where they come in; and  
on being told nowhere, except as  
barrackers for the lucky man, will  
evince the same noble scorn of re-  
straint and the same vivacious in-  
sistence on their individual rights  
as so clearly distinguishes their  
leaders at the present moment. In  
each electorate men will be found  
to proudly assert these rights in de-  
fiance of any interfering Council,  
and no man who has grasped the  
skirts of happy chance to the ex-  
tent of permitting himself to be  
propitiated upon to come out is now  
likely to let go his hold. It will  
be dog eating dog all round.

These men are the apostles of  
selfishness. They preach it, and  
they practice it. They are a part  
of the system by which monopoly  
entrenches itself. That system,  
based upon greed, is banking down  
through the greed of its supporters.  
The system based upon principle can call  
for sacrifices from its men, and is  
bound to prevail.

**The Inward Monitor.**

"CONSCIENCE," as a factor in reform  
politics has practically gone under during  
the last few weeks. It made its spectral  
appearance in the haunted corridors of  
the renegade Labour Party and rolled  
its goggle eyes in an alarming fashion  
for a few brief months, but it is now  
buried by the organised workers, with a  
muttered exorcism, and a little propa-  
gandist holy water. Of course the New  
ORDER firmly believes that men should  
do what they conscientiously believe to  
be right. But there is the danger  
always to be guarded against of mistaking  
what is only the accidental outcome of  
educational misfortune for what con-  
science urges. The "conscience" of the  
Red Indian tells him to torture his pris-  
oner at the stake, and enliven his time  
of waiting by the multiverted process of  
pegging him down to the ground and  
kindling a fire on his chest. In the  
United States the exuberant "conscience"  
of various testotal cranks leads them on

shallow prejudice which a neglected  
education leaves rankling in their bosom  
for their most sacred tolerance.  
Catholicism, anti-catholicism, conformity  
non-conformity, freetrade, individualism  
—all beliefs whose origin can be  
clearly traced back to the surroundings  
of early life—every petty superstition  
and every narrow dogma is raised by  
them on to a pedestal and they wor-  
shipped as the direct voice of the  
Almighty speaking within the breast.

The Labour movement wants con-  
scientiousness, but not of the distorted  
kind that remains silent while its owner  
is accepting a sacred trust, and only  
manifests itself to forbid the discharge  
of the duties it implies. A conscience  
which cheerfully allows a man to join a  
Labour Party, sworn to sink the fiscal  
issue, and local interests, and only fills  
him with misgivings as to the moral  
rectitude of such a course when he  
thinks he's going to face a crowd of  
electors who don't value the Labour  
Cause, is much too elastic and wobbling  
an institution to be of any value in the  
movement. While the infection raged  
some of the Pathoad party had this kind  
very bad, but it is now confined to one  
or two virulent cases in St. Peters and  
Ashfield, and the others who slowly dis-  
appearing. A Primitive Methodist  
grocer, with a conscientious objection to  
any references to the question of short  
weight, is not a more remarkable object  
than a Labour man whose conscience  
tells him to give his allegiance to his little  
Bethel, or his fiscal dog, proceeds to  
Labour's stocks.

**Danger Ahead!**

Our present lawless rulers and legislators  
have made the most audacious attacks  
upon the integrity of the press (and it is  
ever attempted in New South Wales  
since the days of the old British Govern-  
ment). They have already, with the  
admirable assistance of Supreme Court  
Judges, made it a penal offence for an  
editor to attack the solvency of a bank  
(whether it be solvent or not). They  
have also suppressed two weekly radical  
papers, and even terrorised a morning  
Sydney daily into tame abjection. In  
the future any journalist who dares to  
expose wholesale public plundering and  
administrative corruption, will need to  
do so at his peril. He must write at the  
risk of penal servitude. Judge Foster  
laying down the dictum, as a cardinal  
principle of law'n order justice, the  
well-worn truth, "the greater the truth"  
the more criminal the libel.

The public had better take warning in  
time, for there is a gigantic conspiracy  
on foot, all over Australia, to gag the  
press, seal the railways, steal all that is  
left of the nation's land, extend the dura-  
tion of Parliament, flood the continent  
with worthless paper money, abolish  
manhood suffrage, as in Queensland,  
and, if necessary, "shoot 'em down like  
dogs." What does the late financial  
legislation mean? What does the  
arming of the police mean? What does  
the hint of coalition mean (after the  
elections)? What does the proposal to

the sacrilegious hand of Labour is likely to call upon them in its day of trouble, and find that they cannot deliver them. The Great Freetrade Party has struck upon the rock of its own incomparable unmanageableness, and is steadily foundering now with ~~its~~ and affairs fortunes on board. The Freetrade Party is suffering from too much of a good thing; or, rather, from too much of two good things. Brilliance in a Party's leader is distinctly desirable; so is enthusiasm in a Party's followers. But the Californes have both these blessings to a degree that turns them each into a curse. It is afflicted at once with the exuberant, the irrepressible enthusiasm of its followers, and the too conspicuous resplendency of its leaders. A dull and soulless monotony of sentiment among its mouthpieces is what no one who took an interest in a Party's welfare would wish it. But such a thing impossible, has too much variety—with all its charms—and when each prominent member has a ferociously independent policy of his own this point has been about reached. The noble cause of Calico-Jimmyism is likely to be ruined by the incompatibility of temper of its trusted advocates.

There is REID, and there is PARKES, and there is MILLAN and there is SYD. SMITH; there is B. R. WISS and there is JAWBONE NEILD, all to be reckoned with now. And there is that innocent sufferer from misplaced confidence, "uncle" ARIGAIL, who, though out of it now, will assuredly have to be reckoned with as in it, before the numbers go up. Those seven have all got different policies, and all strenuously refuse to walk in any other paths than that stalked in by themselves. PARKES makes unkind generalisations about REID, and REID maintains a stony and gorgonising silence about PARKES. He commits himself to the indefinite establishment of a land tax up to an uncertain

dicts this, and says that character is the one thing necessary. The superannuated marauder, having worn out all his dodges, is absolutely so beggared for a cry as to have come to this! As if his character ~~born~~ looking at! Nor ~~of confusion~~ exhausted now. Those bright luminaries in the Freetrade firmament—COOK, CORROX, and BAVISTON—have all got their little ideas as to what its policy should be, and their accession is hardly likely either to diminish the chances of friction or to add to the Party weight.

Nor is the energetic patriotism of the Freetrade rank and file less fatally pregnant with embarrassment. The syndicators have seen the chances of returning a solid phalanx of unemotional Freetraders to stand between their privileges and the destructive touch of the new Labour Party jeopardised by the exceeding eagerness of nameless myriads to serve them. Their hopes have been buoyed up by the assurance that the constructive intelligence of the great brains of the party was equal to a little difficulty like that. For months mysterious rumours have been afloat as to the wondrous card that their chiefs had up their sleeves. Capitalism was told that it was all right. An uninventive world was asked to keep its sand-blighted eyes wide open and admiringly review the symmetry of proportion and the perfection of detail of the new engine which those masters of state-craft would devise. And now the veil has been withdrawn from the masterpiece, it appears that the collective wisdom of the Freetrade leaders could rise to no brighter heaven of invention than the worn-out and discredited dodge of a "Freetrade Council," whose functions are to be selected from among competing Freetrade candidates, and to generally make things right for one another.

These men are the apostles of selfishness. They preach it, and they practice it. They are a part of the system by which monopoly entrenches itself. That system based upon greed, is breaking down through the greed of its supporters. A movement ~~the~~ based upon principle can call for sacrifices from its men, and is bound to prevail.

### The Inward Monitor.

"CONSCIENCE," as a factor in reform politics has practically gone under during the last few weeks. It made its spectral appearance in the haunted corridors of the renegade Labour Party and rolled its goggle eyes in an alarming fashion for a few brief months, but it is now buried by the organised workers, with a muttered execration, and a little propagandist holy water. Of course the NEW ORDER firmly believes that men should do what they conscientiously believe to be right. But there is the danger always to be guarded against of mistaking what is only the accidental outcome of educational misfortune for what conscience urges. The "conscience" of the Red Indian tells him to torture his prisoner at the stake, and enliven his time of waiting by the uncultivated process of pegging him down to the ground and kindling a fire on his chest. In the United States the exuberant "conscience" of various teetotal cranks leads them on to arming themselves with hatchets, raiding the "saloons" and destroying all the adjacent property of the hated beer-seller. The conscience of the crank Labour man, exactly in the same way, makes him follow the lead of the monopolist word-grinder he was sent in to destroy and to betray the Unity he was sent in to preserve. In all these cases "conscience" is only an imperfect education. There is no more dangerous guide than the untrained, or the mis-trained conscience. If Labour men could really distinguish what the Social Ingénieurs implanted within them actually said, and be guided by that it would be well; but they don't. They mistake each

### Danger Ahead!

Our present lawless rulers and legislators have made the most audacious attacks upon the sanctity of the press (such as it is) ever attempted in New South Wales since the days of the old ruffian Governor TAYLER. They have already, with the admirable assistance of Supreme Court Judges, made it a penal offence for an editor to attack the solvency of a bank (whether it be solvent or not). They have also suppressed two weekly radical papers, and even terrorised a morning Sydney daily into tame subjection. In the future any journalist who dares to expose wholesale public plundering and administrative corruption, will need to do so at his peril. He must write at the risk of penal servitude. Judge Foster laying down the dictum, as a cardinal principle of law's order justice, the well-worn truth, "the greater the truth" the more criminal the libel.

The public had better take warning in time, for there is a gigantic conspiracy on foot, all over Australia, to gag the press, sell the railways, steal all that is left of the nation's land, extend the duration of Parliament, flood the continent with worthless paper money, abolish manhood suffrage, as in Queensland, and, if necessary, "shoot 'em down like dogs." What does the late financial legislation mean? What does the arming of the police mean? What does the hint of coalition mean (after the elections)? What does the proposal to extend the Central Division losses mean? Assuredly there are terrible days in store for us if the old gangs go back to Parliament. Our lives are already menaced, our liberties endangered, and our public property is even now being stolen to the extent of millions by syndicates of foreign financial brigands. "The crisis presses on us, face to face with it we stand," and if we are not alert, suited and determined, we must tamely submit to the lash of capitalistic taskmasters, or—Let us never forget.

"Once to every man and nation,  
Come the moment to decide."  
And if we fail to decide promptly, and decide aright, our national future, and