

EXCLUSIA

buzz of the saw, the clang of my anvil, and the hum of a nation busily employed, were gone. I saw written at the foot of the picture—The painter has been cut’—And I said to the Spirit—‘Why do not the trains pass through our lands and the ships call at our ports?’—For answer, he pointed to the word ‘Exclusion’ writ boldly in the title of the new Republic, and said—‘You cannot exclude a people without excluding their products. This land was the natural artery between the continents; the people have closed the artery; which is like a mighty river, if you dam it in one direction it will break through in another; other nations and other lands are now reaping the wealth from this fertilising stream.’ Then I was sore afraid for my fellow countrymen, and said to the Spirit—‘Show me my people!’

TABLEAU VII. In a moment the room vanished from my sight, and I was in the midst of the people of the New Republic, all gathered together in front of the Parliament Buildings in Victoria. In place of the happiness which I had expected to see on their faces, there was nothing but despair; instead of shouts of joy, they were cursing their leaders and crying out for bread. And the agony of the people stole over my heart; so I turned to the Spirit of the Night and found that he had left me—in his place stood another Spirit more beautiful than he. Written across his breast I saw the legend—‘Spirit of the Day’—and I said to the Spirit of the Day—‘Take me to the leaders of these people, that I may deal with them as they deserve’—Then he touched my mouth and said—‘Thou shalt see and hear, but shalt not speak.’ And the next moment:

TABLEAU VIII. I was in a room inside the Parliament Buildings, overlooking the crowd, gathered in the grounds. In this room I found the leaders of the people—the gaunt “Maybush”—the little fat “Fiddlestick”—and the mighty “Windbag”—or as