

the income derived by the law Society in fees and subscriptions, there might be a better and more complete collection. Then again, things are beginning to go into their old state of disorder. When Mr. Gordon Hunter took charge of that library it was in a state of chaos, if one may use the term in this connection, for what is more chaotic than a collection of law books in disorder? After a deal of time and endless trouble, added to which was no small amount of patience and skill, he resurrected the collection, and issued a very complete and concise catalogue. Since then, scarcely anything worthy the name has been done to keep up or improve what Mr. Hunter was at such an expenditure of time and trouble to accomplish.

PERE GRINATOR.

### MURDER IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL.

SIR—An article appeared a few days ago back in the *Colonist* in which, quoting from an American paper, it was stated that 6,724, or thereabouts, murders had been committed in the United States during one year, and the figures were the largest yet, as the gruesome list is on the increase every year. The journal quoted further stated that it was ready to vouch for the fact that not 2,000 in the same period were convicted in all Europe. I am not here as the reformer of public morals in the United States, nor am I over and above opposed to American institutions. I do admire American ingenuity, go-aheadness and pluck in not understanding that any obstacle exists to their wishes. But I do not approve of their animus against British men and British goods, the unfailing hostile attitude assumed when anything British—more especially Canadian—is mooted. I do not approve of their grasping and unscrupulous conduct as exhibited in Behring's Sea and Atlantic coast matters. I never did approve of slavery in the South, and predicted a dismal catastrophe, which appeared in due course. And then, by the law of the strongest—not that innate love of justice which would have paid for the slave and prevented the war—the slave was emancipated "as a war measure." Love of the black did not do it. Most Northern men would as soon have travelled with a bear in a car as with a colored man. And at the end of this war and all through the years, a thread of poison has been running in the veins—this black catalogue of murder. The days of the rough miner of '49 in California, we all thought, would pass and be succeeded by days of peaceful civilization. But this murder list is an outrage on American dignity and manhood. Where is fair play with this unlimited use of the revolver? What a reflection on civilization this hateful lynching. It is a mere mockery to talk of a law-abiding people, a hybrid term, purely American. The carrying of lethal weapons must be prohibited under fine or imprisonment. Law must be respected by the private individual at all times. The States must support Federal power at the risk of centralization. Individuals must combine, not to carry out Lynch Law, but to convict the criminal. Justice must not be

bought. If not, I take it, the threat is applicable to nations as to individuals: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." A. B.

### BAD RHYME, GOOD REASON.

#### THE TRAGEDY OF TWO VICTORIA TOMCATS.

Two tomcats, in a quarrelsome mood,  
At midnight sat on Miss T—'s wood,  
And with harmonic powers combined  
Discours'd sweet music of its kind.

Again and still again they came,  
As if in search of vocal fame;  
And through the long and dismal night  
They cat-er-wauled with all their might.

Poor Miss T— could not stand the strain,  
Their hideous discord caused her pain,  
And driven to a last resort  
Asked W. R. to cut it short.

With war-like preparations, he,  
Next morning rose quite hurriedly,  
And with his loaded gun in hand  
Courageously he took his stand.

Beside that wood-pile, there to wait  
And send those tomcats to their fate;  
Because, as you are well aware,  
Those tomcats had no business there.

Meanwhile, Miss S. T., in her fright,  
When she beheld a gun in sight,  
Ran to her room and hid her head  
Beneath the blankets of her bed,

And pictured in her tortured mind,  
The death those cats were sure to find,  
And while her heart beat slow, then fast,  
She prayed she would not hear the blast.

Her mother, though, more sense displayed—  
Secluded, in her parlor, stayed,  
And closed the doors, lest one should ask,  
Who was it that performed the task.

Our hero had not long to wait,  
Those cats seemed not to dread their fate,  
For soon o'er fence and wood and shed  
Those frisky, playful creatures sped.

And W—, anxious for the fray,  
Took steady aim and fired away,  
Until his stock of ammunition  
Diminished to a sad condition.

Compelling him thus to retreat  
Without that coveted cat-meat,  
Until he could more bullets find  
With which to penetrate their "mind."

Successful at the very last,  
His fowling-piece again he grasp'd,  
And, with a look I can't describe,  
Discharged it at the feline tribe.

O, cursed be that dreadful day,  
For when the smoke had rolled away,  
Those two tomcats with short'ning breath,  
Lay fighting that grim monster—Death.

They fought, until the vital spark  
Departing, left them stiff and stark,  
And our young hero, good and brave,  
Out of pure kindness dug a grave.

And now, I warn ye, tomcats all,  
At one another never waul  
At midnight, be ye black or white,  
Lest ye disturb Miss T— at night,

And have that lady's vengeance fall  
Upon ye, like a big stone wall,  
And hurie ye to that other sphere  
From whence no cat doth reappear.

#### I WONDER.

I wonder if the moralists—  
Those worthies of renown—  
When venturing out at eventide  
To "do" Victoria town,

Frequent the gilded gin-shops,  
With their polished walnut bars,  
I wonder if they get their jag  
On whiskey or cigars.

Just ask a member of the Moral Reform  
Association, when you meet one.

I wonder if the man who sent  
That sensational report  
About the death of Davis  
At a fashionable resort,  
Conceived the heap o' trouble  
His little joke would bring  
Between a sergeant of the force  
And Chief—almost a king.

Just ask a policeman, when you meet  
one.

I wonder if the men who sang  
Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay  
Knew how much they pleased a man—  
(A hashier, by the way,)—  
While supporting Katie Putnam  
In a theatre up town;  
I wonder would they smile a grin  
Or would they smile a frown.

Just ask that hashier, when you meet  
him.

I wonder if the Colonel,  
Who spoke the other day  
Upon the labor question,  
Really thought what he would say  
Would blind the weary toilers  
(Who work like busy bees)  
To legislation's laxity  
Regarding the Chinese.

Just ask Col. Baker, when you meet  
him.

I wonder if the lady fair  
Would tell the reason why  
When sitting in the theatre  
She kept a wistful eye  
Upon a group of "tin-horn gams"  
Up in the balcony—  
Perhaps she thought no other eye  
That saintly smile did see.

Just ask that lady, when you meet  
her.

I wonder if the lovers young  
When sparking on the green  
Have sense enough to keep away  
From "that there" magazine.  
For should they get too near,  
While spooning in the park,  
They're liable to blow it up  
By just one little spark.

Just ask Policeman Carter, when you  
meet him.

I wonder why the tramway line  
Lies covered deep with snow,  
And why are all the electric cars  
Down in the shed below?  
A little elbow grease, perhaps,  
Applied there, good and strong,  
Would bring about a welcome change,  
And help the cars along.

Just ask the superintendent, when you  
meet him.

I wonder if the one who wrote  
This tangled little muss  
Will get himself in trouble,  
Or be called a dirty cuss,  
Because he took the liberty  
To insert people's names?  
I wonder if they'll open him  
And try to find his brains?

Just give me a pointer, if you hear it.  
Guff.

HE (at midnight)—Dearest, how can I  
leave you?  
PAPA (up stairs)—What's the matter  
with the door?