

THE JUSTICE OF IT.

Injustice drove our fathers here from homes across
the sea ;
Injustice spurred their children on to fight for
liberty ;
Yet, in the midst of glorious dreams and after years
of toil,
Injustice has become at last a native of the soil,
Rearing for Anarchy a throne and paving day by day,
Under the flag of liberty, the path to sure decay.
When poor men have been injured and at law de-
mand relief,
They are mocked, through corrupt judges, by the
brazen moneyed thief,
Who claps his breeches pocket, saying with insulting
sneer,
“ Justice, don't deceive yourself, sir—I have judge
and jury here.”

