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### The Big Banditti.

OUR Canada has in her day  
Had swarms of dirty jobbers ;  
But ne'er till now such an array  
Of Ministerial robbers,  
And just to grace the godless gang,  
Behold the pious Beatty !  
The solemn shave, the holy knave,  
Adorns the Big Banditti.

With greedy hands they've seized the lands  
God meant for toiling men ;  
Why in His might did He not smite  
The swindlers in their den ?  
O righteous wrath ! why art thou dumb ?  
Hast thou let fall thy besom ?  
And stand'st astounded at the scum  
Of utter scoundrelism.

Where ev'ry one has bent the knee  
To his beloved Mammon,  
Scribe and M P. that ought to be  
Hung up as high as Haman.  
When public men can't feel disgrace,  
And utterly are vile,  
And Parliament is but a place  
Where thieves divide the spoil.

Then surely has the multitude  
Sunk in a drunken sleep,  
From which 'twill wake when it's too late,  
And waken but to weep.  
A people who have laurels gained  
Now tamely bow the knee ;  
Allow themselves to be enchained  
By an old debauchee.

Woe to the people in the land  
Where love of freedom's perished !  
Forgetting the traditions grand  
That all our fathers cherished.  
Since honesty these halls forsook,  
Oppressed by the disgrace,  
Scarce a true man has nerve to look  
The oppressor in the face.

Dejected many have retired,  
As from a hopeless strife ;  
But still there are a few inspired,  
As by the Spartan sife.  
Oh, for another Oliver !  
To send the thieves adrift,  
Stripped of the prey of infamy,  
The spoil of public thrift.

No hired scribe e'en for his bribe,  
Can their dark deeds efface ;  
A nation's rage on history's page,  
Shall brand them with disgrace.  
How long, like dumb blocks, 'neath such wrongs  
Will ye insensate stand ?  
Which might arouse e'en stocks and stones,  
To sweep them from the land.

May ev'ry honest man they meet,  
(God guide such, for they're few !)  
Proudly disdain to even greet  
Or countenance the crew.  
Let prayers ascend from ev'ry hearth,  
That Justice may arise,  
And rid the place, which they disgrace,  
Of those incarnate lies.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

### THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. II.

"GENTLEMEN," continued the President, "with your permission and that of the individual himself, I propose Mr. Algernon Caddleby as one of those who shall bring honor and renown to the Junior Pickwick Club ; the gentleman has already contributed to the literature of his country and his 'Cabbage Stalks as a Marketable Commodity,' and 'Life in a Toll Gate House,' are works which would do credit to an author far better known than he : I feel confident that no gentleman could be selected better fitted to note his impressions of scenes in distant climes," (hear, hear) "and to bring an account of such things to our Club : what does the gentleman say ?"

The gentleman however saying nothing, being in fact in the middle of a most abstruse calculation as to whether Mr. Caddleby, Senior, would see the intended expedition in the same light as the worthy president and himself (for he was anxious to go).

Mr. Simmers continued, "I see that Mr. Caddleby's innate modesty prevents him from expressing the compli-  
ance with our wishes, for I know, gentlemen, you are with me in this nomination, which he desires to—to—" ("Try back, Simmers," from little Speckleby). "No, gentlemen, I will *not* try back : The motto of a Junior Pickwickian should ever be 'forward,' and the member of this association who has the hardihood, I may say the effrontery, to suggest such a thing as 'trying back,' not only insults me but heaps insult upon our glorious Club : I trust the gentleman who suggested the propriety of my 'trying back' feels the magnitude of the error into which he has plunged."



Little Speckleby sprang to his feet and said as rapidly as the excited state of his feelings would allow : "No, sir, I do *not* see that I have plunged into any error: When I see a man, a fellow member of this Club, humming and hawing and evidently at a loss for a word, I wish to aid that man, and it was with this intention that I told you to try back. I didn't come here to be sat upon and what's more I won't be." He then sat down abruptly and put his lips into shape for emitting a whistle which, however, never came. Consternation, even awe, sat upon the features of most of those present. The President fumbled nervously with his watch chain, and appeared somewhat at a loss what to do, whilst the other members sat silently awaiting further developments. A deathly stillness pervaded the apartment.

Such an occurrence as an open rupture between the members of the Junior Pickwick Club had never taken place before, and the feelings of those who had been unwilling witnesses to the foregoing scene may be imagined, hardly described.

Matters were in this most unsatisfactory condition when Mr. Caddleby rose and said : "Gentlemen, I feel that I am the cause of this horrible outrage." (Oh ! oh ! and no, no.) "If it had not been for me it would never have taken place, but it has taken place and I am to blame. I am a man of few words. Before consenting to act as, I may say, a delegate from this association, I would ask Mr. Speckleby if he will not withdraw his expression—'try back,' and either substitute another or

THE most difficult lock to pick.—Wedlock.—*Ex.* If the husband uses too much whis-key, his wife will find a divorce-ity of ways to pick it.