

THE THIEVES CONVENTION,

OR A REPORT OF A MEETING WHICH DID NOT TAKE PLACE IN NEW YORK, NOV. 1ST, 1858.

From our own Correspondent.

I reached this town, my grumbling friend,
Three or four days ago;
Since which the time has gone the rounds,
Believe me, wasn't slow.
As last night turned out rather showery,
I thought I'd look in at the "Drovers";
When the Bar Tender whom I knew
To be a covey stunner and a true—
His name is Will—
Out of his pocket pull'd this bill:

**THIEVES, BURGLARS, PIMPS,
ATTENTION!!!**

To-night at Five Point Jakes is held
A GRAND CONVENTION!

Then asked me if I'd like to go.
The way I thanked him was not slow,
So off we started,
Through many a lane and alley darted,
And reached full soon
Black Jakes's cellar or saloon;
Within its soot-stained walls there sat
A motley crew,
As Hogarth in his "Frontico rakes"
Distinctly drew.
My friend at once called on the "rinks,
Exchanged around some knowing winks,
When one, who had of grog his share,
Proposed his "pal" should take the chair.

All owned it right,
When he immediately arose
To open the business of the night:
"Since last we met in this ere spot,
I've seen a sight or two;
So by jingo, boys, a tale I've got,
Which I'm bound to tell you;
Tired of hum, I thought I'd try
A trip to a furin nation;
To raise of "blunt" a fresh supply
By active speculation.

We laid a plan to raise the dimes
Three or four weeks therafter,
But missed the game and all got "lagged,"
I own we should be smarter.
I thought our dough as good as baked,
But the Chief of "Charles's" thro
Turned out to be a famous trump,
And let us off, I swear,
To make him then some slight return,
We called this here convention;
The Chairman said it should be done—
Do you think it a good suggestion?"
Then up there jumped a rummy cove,
Who wore a hieadud bonnet,
And said "ho'd got a hint to go
Upon it.

As doo like this should be preventit,
As some gu'de gift is weel deservit,
In mony a country I ha been,
Prigged mony a "wife" in Lunnon town
And Glasgow green.

Felt I for one had naice would rove
To ha a stoup was sic a cove;
I vote to send a ram's horn mull—
Of gu'de Scotch snuff let it be full—
[A voice.] "Or Irish blackguard!"
"Oo aye the thees a scap' in,
And mair in keepin'."

At this stood up a full built swell,
A regular out and outer;
Looked round with a lifeliftin air,
And said, "at sit naice you shout.
"Glow a gemman for to speak,
Wot knows a thing or two;
Can teach you how to bluff a "beak"
Or fool a "Blue."
"Dead Rabbits" "Drovers Boys," and "prigs,"
Hators of stone-jugs and "big wigs,"
Lead me your cars.

First—Sawney's proposition
Is worthy ansers;
For if you send a snuff-box to him,
Why every joker round that knew him
Would say, "I was sent him by some rough"
To him he wasn't "up to snuff";
No doubt you'll all admit, by gum,
I know the ropes am pumpkins sum,
For each detective in the nation
Hangs up my picture in his station."
Thus havin got some notoriety,
As President of the Thieves Society;
This very night, the first November,
I propose Sam as Honorary member.

With eager yells the crowd assented,
Shook hands and laughed as if demonted;
Kept up the night with drink and song,
And many a round of whiskey strong,
Till naught but struggling through the pao
Gave warning day was come again;
Then one by one they all
Sneak homeward to their beds of straw,
And I stole back with aching head,
A burning tongue and eyes like lead,
Swallowed another dose of dram,
And sent off this by telegram.

HILDEBRAND HARDOASE.

THE BOWLEG CORRESPONDENCE.

LIVERPOOL, Oct. 7.

In my last letter I promised to say a few words about Liverpool, but "there isn't no use in trying that ere on," as the people here say, when they mean to affirm anything, for barrin' the smoke and the beggars there is nothing in it—a remark made by Sir Charles Coldstream, while lighting his pipe at Vesuvius. The smoke is the awfulist concern I ever saw, and I feel convinced that if it could only be bottled and sent over to the pork-slaying district of Cincinnati, that community would enjoy a monopoly of the best smoked bacon in the world. What's the use in having all this smoke I cannot comprehend, unless it is to carry on manufacturing works, and even in this case there is no absolute necessity for it, especially as manufacturers cannot be expected to thrive without a protective tariff. Neither is there any use that I can see for the paupers, that are as numerous here as bugs in an antiquated bedstead. Several excellent plans have been, from time to time, proposed to get rid of this nuisance, and thus lower the poor-rates, the best of which, in my opinion, is, that the pauper parents should eat their own children. This has, I believe, been aggravatingly enough demurred against by these unreasonable beings; and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge has undertaken to meet the exigency of the case by sending out an army of Missionaries, who will disperse themselves through the border-districts of the city, bring all the beggars to convenient depots to be erected for the purpose, give them a dinner, expostulate with them on the evils of their life, read the burial service over them, and then slay them. From a calculation laid before the House of Commons, it appears, if this idea were carried out, that in three months there would not be a beggar in England. The same plan might be adopted with every prospect of success in Toronto; for it is painfully evident that, notwithstanding the urgent appeals made to them through the columns of the *Colonist*, on the evils they must entail on society, the pauper population is on the increase.

Before I proceeded on my journey, I visited all the places of public amusement and instruction. Of the former, there are several theatres, which could compare favorable even with Mr. Nickinson's Lyceum; but I understand there are some in London that beat it all to bits. The course of instruction is varied and extensive, but the people are so irreligious, that no attention is paid to a religious education. In some of the schools I have been told that the Koran and the "Whole Duty of Man," are taught in the same breath. It is well for Canada that she has two such men as D'Arcy McGee and George Brown to take care of the rising generations. For as both gentlemen hold the same religious views, and pull together with christian-like amity, their example must have such a beneficial effect on the community, that I would not wonder if, in a short time, the Churches were all closed, for want of something to do in their lae.

I had intended to say something regarding the shipping, but owing to the smoke and the fogs that brood over this melancholy place, I have not as yet seen anything worth mentioning. I spoke to several Captains whom I met relative to Captain

Moody of the *Fire Fly*; and it seems that he is well known here. The first person I addressed asked me was he not a son of old Moody's, and on my saying that I supposed he was, he assured me that he knew him very well. I told him the Captain was a candidate for the Mayorality of Toronto; and he said he was blowed if he wasn't glad to hear it. By the way, you will have to send me over some funds by the next steamer, for somehow or other I have not as much as would jingle on a tombstone. I had to pop my watch, as they say here, to raise the wind to pay my hotel bill. I had a good deal of the ready yesterday, but unfortunately I met a gentleman who said he had known me very well in Toronto, and insisted on me driving to visit a remarkable echo in the neighborhood. We stopped at a very romantic and lovely spot, and he proposed, as he did not exactly know the precise place where the echo lodged, that we should separate, and go in different directions, shouting until we found it. I went on hollering as loud as I could, raising my voice, until at last I heard a response in the distance, when I was sure that I had found it. But it turned out to be three or four men, who it appears were also looking for the echo. After some conversation one of them asked me what o'clock it was, and on my taking out my watch, he asked to look at it. After an attentive perusal, he said he was sure it belonged to his uncle, who lived up the Spout. I protested that I had never seen the gentleman, and did not know in what part of the country the Spout was. But he assured me that it was a very fashionable watering place, and that I must know it very well, and the old gentleman in the bargain. I was getting very angry, when another of the company asked me aside, and confidentially told me that I had fallen into the hands of thieves. In my distress at this intelligence, I readily agreed to his proposition, that he should take charge of my purse. He further assured me that the best thing I could do would be to go home, and leave him to recover my watch, which he said he would not fail to do. Accordingly he gave me his name and address, and I went home, but whether I took the directions down wrong, or he made a mistake in giving them, I cannot say; but certainly, although I called on him fifty times, I never could find him at home.

A Crumb of Electioneering Wisdom.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Hon. J. A. McDonald.)

Endorse the notes of your candidate at the Government bank, just before an election. Pay them if he is successful; but if not, let the fool smart for his pains. We leave the application of this profound maxim to the Conservative candidate for South Wellington, at the General election and to the County Treasurer.

Delinquency.

—We have sent out this week a number of bills to our friends in the country, many of whom have been frequently requested before to square their accounts. This is the last time of asking, and Tom Grumbler will make short work of those who do not "pony up" by next Saturday. They will obtain a notoriety they never dreamed of.