

individual, they did all in their power to justify their act by convicting and fining Mr. Manning \$2.

We understand the Police case of Mr. Davidson is, for the present, in obedience, but that it will come up in the proper time and the proper place.

#### HONOURS TO REBELS.

The notorious William Smith O'Brien who rebelled against his Sovereign, and was found in arms in widow MacCormick's cabbage garden, has had quite an ovation paid him from certain parties in Toronto. This renowned individual who was tried by a jury of his countrymen and found guilty of high treason, sentenced to be hanged and finally transported to the penal colonies, it would appear, has some admirers in this city also. In the *Spectator* of yesterday we find it reported that an address headed by his Worship the Mayor was taken to the sister city and presented to him by a Mr. Eager. On making inquiry, however, we find this extraordinary mark of respect to a returned convict was only a thing concocted and got up in Council: Nolan's Stable, with Gen. Brock (of Gen. Brock inn notoriety) in the Chair, and the representative for Freedom to the Buffalo Convention acting as Secretary.—Mr. Eager, the person appointed to present this remarkable document we do not know at all as a citizen—his name does not appear in our city Directory. That the Mayor had any thing to do with the business, we believe to be altogether untrue. The whole thing turns out to be a hoax; and the *Spectator* has been sold,—“Sold by Thunder,” as Porter said to Barnum. We have a higher opinion of both our Mayor and citizens generally, than to consider that they would implicate themselves by extending the hand of friendship to such an unhangd villain as O'Brien. We have a supreme contempt for those possessing a good education, natural ability, & sufficient low cunning to escape themselves from the snares they lead their more ignorant & confiding fellow countrymen in to.—Such an one is William Smith O'Brien, such he proved himself to be when after seducing his fellow countrymen from their proper avocations, and leading them into all the wily snares of the outbreak of '48 he deserted them; and beat a retreat in “double quick time” out of Mother McCormack's cabbage garden. Such an one was D'Arcy McGee, when on the recital of bloody and brutal outrages of the Indian Mutiny—the unrobing and outraging of heroic, virtuous women, and the stragling and shooting down of courageous men—he thanked his God, he had seen the day when the harlot of nations (England), was chastised. And such is George Brown.—Such scoundrels we detest, despise—curse to their country, a disgrace to humanity, and fit subjects for—South Carolina. From such men good Lord deliver us.

The best thing to take for a bad cold is a silk handkerchief. If very bad take two.

THE *Times* with its usual virulence and impartiality again attacks Mr. Austin, the Licence Inspector, and charges him with non-performance of his duties in no measured terms. Considerable, but not unusual egotism is exhibited by our contemporary in setting up his opinion in opposition to that of the Licence Committee, who are, we apprehend the responsible parties in these matters. Mr. Austin, simply carrying out their instructions, without option; the *Times* says “the Inspector has issued several Temperance Licences, under which persons are permitted to sell lager beer, and yet the Committee has decided that beverage to be a fermented liquor.” Now if the ostensible proprietor of that journal happened at the present time to be in his former occupation, he would know that every License undergoes the Supervision, and receives the signature of the Licence Committee or its Chairman, but having taken to *imbibing* instead of *selling* liquors, he is probably ignorant of that fact: in addition we may say that “Lager” yet remains an open question, as many “Sons” to our certain knowledge yet imbibe it, and consider themselves “good Templars.” Another attack is made upon Mr. Austin because he was not the prosecutor in the cases when parties were fined, and much virtuous indignation and high dudgeon is exhibited because the police were the prosecutors. What in the name of all that is good are the duties of the police, unless to carry out the Law, and prevent its infraction? Supposing the Inspector to be the proper person to prosecute, is he ubiquitous? Can he be every where? and is it not intended by the existing *By-Laws*, than any infringement or its *Acts*, should be recognized by and duly punished through the medium of the police? It is well known that the power they have always possessed and exercised when they thought proper has been sufficient to produce the result shewn by last Monday's proceedings, and instead of attacking the existing obnoxious Law, the *Times* has brought to bear its “hollow thunder” upon an inoffensive and respected citizen, who has enjoyed the respect and esteem of the inhabitants of this City to such an extent, as the Major can never hope to arrive at.

Do you wish to insult me by calling your dog by my name? O, no Sir, not at all, I only meant to insult the dog!—*Wasp.*

We take the above from our *stinging* friend, who is fast improving, and who has our best wishes for his success.—We see his friends are praising him, let them also support him.

ANOTHER RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.—We have received a number of the *Weavel*, published at Cobourg, it possesses all the elements of success, and we trust the same may be accorded it. The *Field of Literature* is a very extended one and much room yet remains unoccupied. May the “dry rot” never extinguish the *Weavel*.

Do make yourselves at home, ladies, said a female to her visitors one day. I'm at home myself, and wish you all were.

A correspondent says “Major Grey appeared on Sunday last in his old color.—How was it?”

We don't know unless it is because Sunday is regarded in Law as a “*dies non.*”

“Father,” said a young disciple of old Isaac, “they say trout bite now.” “Well, well,” was the reply, “mind your work and they won't bite you.”

#### Our Valley City Correspondence.

LETTER NO. II.

DUNDAS, May 4th, 1859.

(To the Editor of the *Chronicles.*)

Sir,—It will be equally gratifying to you, as it is to me, to know that my last communication met here, in the City of the Valley, with much favor; and “Our Valley City Correspondent” is likely to prove, to some extent, “an angel dropped from the skies,”—for the spirit with which I desire to sprinkle my jotting of Bo-Paxer's remarks about Tom, is admitted, on all sides, to be healthy, and the intention fore shadowed acknowledged to be the right one. I am fully aware, Sir, of the seriousness and importance of the contract of furnishing you news, into which I have entered; and those of your readers not residing in Dundas must excuse me, and grant unto you pardon, if my correspondence is, comparatively viewed, lengthy. But the increase of your circulation here fully warrants a fair share of your paper being devoted to Dundas matters. This morning my remarks shall be directed towards the Town-ass, Mr. J—s S—w M—th, whose character I delineated in my last. This “arrangement”—this J—m M—th—is notorious, most particularly, for three things, viz: the ridiculous figure he “cuts;” his proneness to meddle with the affairs,—private, public and social—of other people; and of neglecting age, disowning a sister—a young lady, accomplished, industrious and respected by those who hold the inhuman brother in contempt. A more accomplished Merry-Andrew than this Mr. M—th, is not to be found either in Sloat & Shepherd's, nor in Dan Rice's corps of renowned performers. The duties he goes through, are of the most interesting and varied character. Strangers, not unfrequently, take him for an idiot—or for a partially cured occupant of the Insane Asylum; but the streaks of knaving now and then exhibited, does away with this idea, and at once forces the inference that he is simply an artificially constructed ass. His “clack,” like unto the gander's, has no end; and in conversation you either find him committed to egotism, or dealing in the privacies of his neighbors. As a meddler he is a most detestable nuisance; but being a perfect personification of arrogant presumption, audacious impudence, and most startling want of intelligence, (which latter thing is somewhat clouded by the two former traits,) it is by no means miraculous that he backs up his tom-foolery and side shows of mimicry by gab about the business matters of towns-people, which has now shaped itself into a perpetuity. However, Mr. Editor, I have just to tell Mr. M—th that his traffic as a busy-body has caused to be put into pickle for him something which will be administered in a very short time, and in such doses that will make him bitterly repent of his having ever stuck his nose into the business of those who are the kind of Tartars not to be played upon. But worst of all this Mr. M—th knows not his own sister; he meet her daily, (she lives in sight of his own eyes,) but he owes her not. No, this wretch would see the skin come off the hands of his sister by hard work, and though he lives in the affluence afforded to him by the yearly income of his mother-in-law, he would not give her that aid which any pauper would receive.