

KINGSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the *Yankee Puffer*, who, with such an exquisite nasal twang expatiates on the practice of physic in the University, was lately convicted of attempting to gull the public into the belief that he had successfully tied the eternal Iliac Artery, and did induce a Rowland to publish for an Oliver, a mendacious certificate to that effect.

And whereas this *Trickster*, did by his base duplicity, in 1860, cause a deep breach to be made between our Medical Faculty and the Board of Governors of the Kingston Hospital, and has been practising his low cunning deceit again, in hawking certain petitions about the country, and impugning parties to sign the same, with a view of giving his brother, the "Yankee Wheelwright," a position for which he is totally incompetent.

And whereas, by overdosing "Old Janus" with morphine, he hath sent him 'other side of Jordan, and hath attempted to conceal his infamy by putting forth absurd and untruthful reports of the post mortem appearances of his (Janus') heart and liver—from the former of which he asserts he extracted a "solid bone," (perhaps, it was a shark's tooth that had dropped out of the Professor's Yankee jaw?) and from the latter he extracted enough fat to make a gallon of soft soap.

And whereas, a laddie just out of his teens hath been appointed a Professor in a practical branch, who won't be pelted with fire-crackers and other kind of missiles, as *Jerry Snake* was last year, for the simple reason that there won't be any students to throw them.

And whereas, Obadiah Gull, of the Trust and Loan Company, who is the Orthodox Professor of sacred slang and sanctimonious cant in Queen's University, hath had his persecuting propensities curbed by that odious Court of Chancery, and hath with tearful eye communicated the sad tidings to that scandal monger, commonly known as Garulous Jenny, that in shuffling the cards at the Trustee Board, to his utter disgust that fellow Weir turned up a trump.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- RUSSELL.—Will insert next week.
- W. D., MONTREAL.—\$9.82.
- H. W., LONDON.—24 copies of last week's issue mailed.
- C. W., OSWAGA.—\$1.00.
- E. T.—Will cost you for insertion, \$5.00.

— A committee, consisting of the admirers of the witty and celebrated Joe Rymal, M.P.P., waited upon him in Quebec, a few days ago, and asked his consent to be allowed to erect, on Fiddler's Green, an equestrian statue, in honor of his past public services. After hearing them patiently, the modest member for South Wentworth replied, in a sonorous voice, which has been inaccurately compared to a horse laugh, "neigh, neigh," which the committee was obliged to construe into a denial.

THE MAN OF LETTERS.

"The Mayor said he was surprised at the worthy Alderman. He (the Mayor) had read as much English History as any man, and knew the statement made by the worthy Alderman was without foundation."—*Vide Proceedings of City Council.*

Ha! ha! really Mr. Mayor to hear you blow your own trumpet one would imagine you were one of those eminent *literati* to whose duty it falls to correct and enlighten the vulgar mind. Unfortunately we have, hitherto, failed to perceive the bright beams of educational knowledge sparkling from your brow; though, indeed, we would be exceedingly glad, for the credit of the Queen City, to find you making progress with Lindley Murray and Mavor. Such a boast as you make, sounds, to us, very like a verse we remember of the Irishman's letter to his lady-love:—

Though me skewer's a bad pen, ye may judge of me knowledge,

Mo penmanship, spellin', an' books that I read;  
I was brought up next door to grate Trinity College,  
And larn't mathematical Frinch an' the Creed.

If ye can't read this lother, the Parson will do it;  
Och! Commungoo yoo porty voo Madamoysale,  
I can fight like the devil, an' faith ye shall know it,  
If you will but marry poor Teddy O'Neal.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Toronto, June 3rd, 1864.

MY DEAR GRUMBLER:—

I am sorry you have got into the habit of deceiving people. You told us they had a pulpit extinguisher made for St. James' Cathedral and it was to run down in exactly 30 minutes. Thinking your information correct I went to St. James' last Sunday morning, but the extinguisher did not work and, I suppose, the parson got tired of waiting for it, for he finished in exactly 47½ minutes, being 17½ minutes longer than the time allowed, and the consequence was my dinner was done brown. I hope you will see that the sexton gets it properly wound up next Sunday, and do not deceive people any more. From your sogry,

BRASSIE.

Labor Vincit Omnia.

— We see, with pleasure, by an advertisement in the *Leader*, that Mr. McGord (no doubt ably assisted by his merry men) has succeeded in mastering enough arithmetic to make out a statement of the receipts and expenditure of the City of Toronto; and, from the jubilant way in which he calls attention to the fact, no doubt the statement is tolerably intelligible. We must say, the Chamberlain deserves credit, at his age, and possessing (as Lord Brougham would say) thus an unexampled *crassness* of intellect, to triumph over the untold mysteries of a *Dr.* and *Cr.* account, in something. We understand he intends to issue shortly a new edition of the multiplication table, with a short essay on *subtraction* and *detraction*.

— Why has Macdougall been assuming the duties of Prison Inspector, at the Reformatory Prison? Because he had been improving the condition of *guilty miners*.

R. M. A.-L-N'S SPEECH.

The illustrious representative of the Irish bar, with the aid of two *sup-porters*, surmounted a friendly chair, and assumed an attitude at once dignified (?), oratorical, and original, delivered a *highly spirited speech*, somewhat after the following manner:—

Ratepayers of Toronto (hic) I feel highly (hic) honoured at the *elevated pos* (hic) ition to which you have raised me (hic). You couldn't (frantic effort to walk on air) have made better choice (hic). Bishop Derry (hic) never need better boy nor Robert Allon (hic). Its few of yix could (hic) get such a character as that (hic). I'll abolish Division Courts (hic), and dismiss Duggan (hic). I'll encourage racing (hic) and fox hunts (hic), and show them (hic) a statesman of O'Connell stamp. (Here the orator lost his equilibrium, and wantonly struck the inoffensive chair with his back; feeling remorse at the act, he again, with help, regained the original position.) My friends (hic), I'll save the country (hic), and reduce the tax (hic) on malt liquors—(hear, hear.) Glasses of brandy (hic) won't hurt nobody. (Here the learned gentleman got so confused that, upon being lifted down and set on his legs on the floor, he suddenly took a Turkish position, and broke through a spittoon, where, no doubt, he concluded in dreamland his inauguration address as M.P.P. for East Toronto.

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