

## TOBY'S LETTER TO PUNCH.

Punch should in due course have received the following letter a long time ago. He will not impute wilful neglect to the Radical Postmaster of Woodstock, where it was put into the letter box early in the month, but he has strong suspicions.

For the benefit of the Inspector-General and the Alderman, Punch has annexed to each word and sentence of Toby's *dog Latin* a literal translation, which he found a very difficult task to perform; and he was often obliged to have recourse to the Yankee idiom. Both the original and translation will, no doubt, be carefully preserved in the historical archives of Canada. Punch rejoices to say that Toby has returned home in excellent health and spirits.

## AD PUNCHUM—TO PUNCH.

Magister carissime—master most dear,  
Tibi opto novannum felicem—I wish you a happy new year.  
Conseribo—I write—*Latino canino*—  
In *dog Latin*—hunc scimus—this both you and I know—  
Ut a te mandatus—as order'd by you.  
Novellas quæsi— I've sought for things new,  
Et quodcumque vidi—and all that I've seen  
Est rite notatum—duly noted has been.  
Ad prandium Pretii—at the dinner of Price,  
(Non mi fuit offula—I got not a slice.)  
Latens sub mensa—hid under the table,  
Omne audivi—to hear all I was able.  
“Pretio salus!”—Price's health—nit—cries Baldwinus;  
(Ejus est arida nutrix—he's his dry nurse!)  
Tum, horride ringens—then, frightfully grinning,  
Hinc surgit—Hincks rises—et primo—and in the beginning,  
Ululat ut hyæna—like a hyæna howls;  
Quæsitorem—th' Examiner—foedat—he fouls;  
Ait Lindsay mentiris—says Lindsay, “You lie!  
Tuum sperno livorem—your spite I defy!”  
Tunc Fuscus conclamat—then Brown loudly bellows,  
“Hos rudos expelle!—turn out the rude fellows!”  
Hic ait “mentiris”—this says “You lie”—ille “Tu quoque”—that  
says “You too lie.”  
Semel vere dixerunt—for once they spoke truly.  
Fuscus est maxime mendax—Brown lies most—supplet—he supplies  
Totum Globum mendacis—the whole globe with lies.  
Strepetosi jam fiunt—all now become noisy;  
Fuit Malcolm pudicus teterrima causa—  
Malcolm the Modest was dire cause of the snobbery!  
Quod furit conventu—which raged in the snobbery!  
Cum improbi pugrant est bonum honestis—  
When bad men contend, it for honest men best is.  
Ad Woodstock vagatus sum—to Woodstock I've wander'd.  
Hic—here—Vansittart—et—and—Gamble—rodebantur—were slander'd.  
Anni die primo—the first day of the year,  
Venit Hyæna—the Hyæna thought fit to appear,  
Secum et garrulus sutor—and with him the chattering cobbler,  
Cui galli numidici vox est—who speaks like a gobbler.  
Conabantur decipere—they endeavor'd to humbug the town;  
Non fuit itus—'twas no go—ceciderunt—both of them broke down.  
Nunc plenus livoris—now brimful of spite,  
Hincks turpe tentabat—Hincks shamefully tried—postubare—to indict  
Vansittart—frustra—in vain—deduore tectus—wrapp'd in disgrace,  
Cubiculo reposit—he sneak'd to his room—os abdere vile—to hide his  
vile face;  
Sperans opem—hoping aid—Fusci penna servile—from Brown's servile  
pen,  
Antro fecit vestigia—he made tracks to his den,  
Et luget Toronto—and sore grieves Toronto—hunc rursus habere—to  
have him again.  
Ut canis perpendam—I'll now make a few canine reflections.  
Nec curo quis Radical objicit—nor care I what Radical offers objections.  
Quam variant canes!—how puppy dogs vary!  
Sunt quos curiculi pulverem agitare  
Juvat—some little curs love to kick up a dust,  
Est pressimus Harry John—Harry John is the worst;  
Aut hamis aut uncis—by Hooks or by Crooks,  
Nummum captat he cash hooks—tenet que—and keeps what he hooks.  
Perite with skill—a cu tangit—he nicks it,  
Quoquomodo figas—“any how you can fix it.”  
Hic Judex vult esse—a Judge he'd fain be,  
Talibus non egemus—we want not such judges as he;  
Tristes sunt plurimi canes—there's a great many sad dogs,  
Astute et rabidi—cunning and mad dogs,  
Ad Kingston—at Kingston. Unus suofurore—one in his frenzy,  
Laudabat balatronem—praised that rascal Mackenzie;

Ommino insanit—he's stark mad,—magis nonpotest—he cannot be  
starker;

Ne time—fear not,—est solum latrator—he's only a Barker.

Sunt pauperes multe—there's many a needy dog,

Et unus quem scio est vorax—and one that I know is a greedy dog.

Care domine, vale—dear master, farewell,

Plus dicere non est—there's no more to tell;

A te absit dolor—from you absent may woe be,

Sic orat—thus prays—tuus canis fidelis—your faithful dog

TOBY.

Jan. 4, 1850.

## IMPORTANT FROM THE NORTH POLE.

We cut the following interesting bit of intelligence from the *St. Catherines Constitutional*:—

“The clerk of one of the ships recently returned from the unsuccessful expedition in search of Sir John Franklin has brought with him a Cherokee Indian youth, purchased by him for two blankets of his parents, who were desirous that he should have an English education.”

On perusing the above paragraph a question naturally suggests itself to the mind of the reader, as to whether the blankets referred to as the price of the “Cherokee Indian youth” were originally the property of the parents of that young gentleman, or of the father and mother of the enterprising “clerk” by whom his purchase was effected. If the former supposition be correct, the “clerk” must be a swindler of great promise and likelihood, for he must first have abstracted the blankets from the wigwam of the fond parents of the “Cherokee Indian youth,” and then diddled the too-confiding old muffs, by presenting them with their own blankets in exchange for the young Astyanax of their ancient and respectable wigwam. If, on the other hand, the blanket currency issued by the speculating clerk was obtained by him at the expense of his paternal and maternal relations, then his criminality takes a deeper dye, for what language is sufficiently forcible to stigmatize as he deserves, the miscreant who would wander about the purlieus of the North Pole, until he could find an opportunity of filching away the blankets from his fond parents?

Again, it is stated that the “two blankets of his parents were desirous that he (the Cherokee youth) should have an English education.” Here we have a great field for speculation thrown open to us. On the one hand, the blankets, if assumed to be the property of the ancient Cherokee residents, might, from long and unpleasant contact with the dirty old denizens enveloped by them, have arrived at a strong impression in favour of an “English education,” of which cleanliness is one of the essential elements. On the other hand, if the woollen articles in question had once formed a portion of the paternal furniture of the “clerk's” ancestral halls, it is probable that with the fleas of their infancy they had contracted a lively idea of progress in its most popular form, progress such as an English education alone is capable of developing to its greatest extent.

View the question as we may, however, it is evident that when the “Cherokee Indian youth” was bought somebody was sold; and we are inclined to think that the result will be a war between England and the Cherokee nation,—though how any Cherokees came to be settlers in the neighbourhood of the North Pole, is to us a greater puzzle even than the mysterious blankets, for which it appears they may be purchased.

## RUMOURS.

We hear that there is a very disagreeable row in the District Council of Cooksville.

Messrs. Baldwin Hincks and Price go to England as members of the Imperial Cabinet. This will cause great chopping and changing in the “strong Government.” Prince Albert comes to Canada as President of the Council, Lord Brougham as Attorney-General West, and Louis Philippe as Receiver-General. It is thought the last appointment will be highly satisfactory to the Lower Canadians.

Why is Mr. Henry Sherwood like a lemon?

Answer—Because he is often cut up in “Punch.”