

# THE S A W

CASIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....?

PROPRIETOR.....C. C. BOAR.

## W I M S E W P

Persons desiring to subscribe to the *Saw* can do so by leaving their names at the Printers, and at the same time paying the sum of \$1, price of yearly subscription. Subscriptions for the half years will also be received. The *Saw* will appear on the Wednesday of each week.

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QUEBEC, 18<sup>TH</sup> NOV., 1863.

## DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.

We beg leave to announce to our Readers the arrival in the city *in cog* of the Ambassador of our illustrious contemporary "*Punch*" in the person of Mr. Briggs, who bears letters of congratulation from that mighty Potentate to ourselves.

The object of Mr. Briggs' visit is to get a glimpse into Canadian Politics, in order that *Punch* may have material for a few months. He paid a long visit, in company with Cri-Cri to Mrs. Bilton, and was enchanted with her refined conversation. It is the intention of Mrs. Bilton to entertain him at a dinner, before he leaves for the Upper Province.

## AMERICAN.

An English Officer, writing an account of the Campaign in Pennsylvania—tells us that the Southerners call the Northerners (Paradise the expression, ladies) *Bluebellies*. Now, we would like to know, is this meant in contradistinction to *Greenbacks*, or is it from their *blowing* propensities, that they have now become blue? Will the American Consul be kind enough to favor us with a solution of the above?

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We beg to thank the *Grumbler*, the *British Whig*, the *Mercury* and the *Daily News*, for noticing our humble efforts to please the public.—We also beg leave to thank the *Chronicle*, for not noticing us, we are sorry that we cannot do the same.

## A CONTRADICTION.

The Proprietor of the Music Hall, requests us to state that he has not, nor had he ever, the slightest intention of giving the use of the Hall free for the concert of the two military bands in garrison here.

His reason is that he is unable to afford it at present, but he offers to show his desire to assist the undertaking by not asking his five free tickets for that evening.

## A POEM.

The following lines were suggested to the mind of a dismissed extra official, on seeing John Sandfield pass down the market square with a *bonnet rouge* there by endeavoring to court popularity with the habitant.

### I.

To the devil bidding  
That shadowy thing  
That fits by the market square;—  
With a muffled  
Around his small-head,  
And a look that seems strangely queer.

### II.

He struts along,  
And a little song  
He sings as he passes by;—  
And swears by his Lord,  
That a man from a board  
Shall ne'er on our Land live or die.

### III.

He talks of white wash,  
And of other such bosh,  
And looks grave as a mustard pot,  
But plainly I tell,  
He's an odd looking swell,  
And all that he mutters is rot.

### IV.

He's unknown to fame,  
But Johnny his name  
He's as thin as a whipping post  
O! the oddst of coves.

Is Johnny that roves  
Round to market square like a ghost.

### V.

He talks of a boy,  
Who comes from Fermoy,  
An Irish lad they call d'Arcy,  
And swears he'll ne'er halt,  
Till he licks Alex. Galt,  
And batters John A. and old Carty.

### VI.

The Lord bless him say I  
And give strength to his thigh,  
And a little more power to his arm,  
To batter that crew,  
He'll have something to do,  
O! may God step between and Harm.  
What dode next my dear Johnny?

## AN EPISTLE TO THE SNOBS OF QUEBEC.

### ILLUSTRIOUS CREW.

The mania which prompts you to sacrifice all honorable feeling, with the object of becoming dandys shews you up to be a set of fools, but the *hardies* with which you pass a creditor by and insultingly sneer at him as you pass, shews you up to be a parcel of knaves. It was only the other day most *numerous crew* that my eyes were open to the real extent of snobbery in this city, I had it is true frequently wondered how so many idle young men could live so fast and dress so well but a slight glance at the account books of several victims of misplaced confidence, has placed me in a position to judge of the means by which the snobs of Quebec live.

SNUBSNOBS, JR.

## THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

John A. accusing John S. of corruption!