

New Interpretation of Shakespeare.

Cri-Cri being at a dinner given at the Stadacona club; on the conversation turning upon the *value* of Shakespeare's works said.

"Yes my dear friend there is one line alone, which is undoubtedly worth two shillings,

"*Tis true tis pity, and pity tis, tis true*"

Now you see there are four *tis*'s in it, and *four tizzies*, according to the best authority amount to *two* shillings.

What relations are John Sandfield and John A to each other?

Answer.—Cozens (cousins)

For the satisfaction of our numerous readers we give the name of the organ of John Sandfield's "White washed population."—It is *La Lime*.

Mr. Baillarge.

Will you be kind enough to tell us, where we will be likely to find a cariole or calèche when you remove the stands.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES (ROADS) Mr. James Beatty of the Toronto Leader.

JEFFREY HALE.—Yes, there is a Bowling Alley at the Marine Hospital for the Sunday amusement of the patients.

Quebec, 12 Dec. 1863.

To the Editor of The Saw.

I lately had the pleasure of reading a work, called "Notes sur les Registres de Notre-Dame de Québec" by the Abbé Ferland. It is an extremely well got up little volume, and reveals some secrets which people, who are ashamed of their real names, would much like to have buried in oblivion.—For instance, there happens to be in this city a-would-be ARISTOCRAT, one who is so highly bred and delicate, that he cannot allow any thing but silver to touch

his mouth, a man who, having been foisted upon us as a legislator, hesitates not, in the Parliament House, to call his betters, viz: those who differ from him in political opinion, Bulls and Cows, while he himself in order to prevent people from taking him to be what he really is, a *cochon*, calls himself *L'Honorable* Joseph Cauchon.—Now this little work reveals that, which any person, having any knowledge of human nature and of certain species of animals with an awkward, shuffling gait, might have divined before, viz: that the ancestors of the Honorable were *Cochons*, (they having been first heard of in Château Richer—and being registered as *cochons* in the Registers of Notre-Dame de Québec—where some specimens of that animal still exist), that consequently he himself is a *Cochon*, and that anything he has begotten or may hereafter beget, will in the ordinary course of nature be a *cochon* and not a Cauchon.—This being the case Mr. Editor, do'nt you think that the whole affair smells strongly of what they call in French *une vraie cochonnerie*.

Yours,

An Admirer of Abbé Ferland.

IMPORTANT

These lines are supposed to have been written by our friend Sandfield, and sung by him at one of Lord Monck's political dinners. Cri-Cri informs us that the expression on the Hon. Gentleman's face while singing was a happy mingling of the melancholy and jovial. We really think it must have been a rich scene, to see the Premier with a generous effort of his muse pouring forth his griefs into his Excellency's ear.

SONG OF THE PREMIER:

I.

Now Charley my dear
Since first I came here
We have never together got jolly;
Says Jack with a wink,
Let take a wee drink,
'Twill make us the better by golly.

II.

When the wine had gone down
Jack spoke like a clown

And seemed fretted at smothering or other,
Be gorra says he
There's a chap, dy'e see
Who gives me a great deal of bother.

III.

Then he loosened his tongue
From which words did run
That would shame Neddy Baxter the
I dont know says he [tinker,
What to do with McGee
He pricks, when he talks, like a splinter.

IV.

He spoils all my fun
With that murdering tongue
That's as long as from here till to-mor-
Then he gives me a poke [row.
By way of a Joke
O Charley h'e'll kill me with sorrow.

V.

Whatever I say
He turns into play
With a playfulness not without guile;
And when ever I pass
You'd think me an ass
To see them an titter and smile.

VI.

Now Charley my dear
As I'm you're premier
I wish his bold tongue you would stop;
Or by every thing good
He'll suck out my life's blood
By the pipers he will every drop.

Quebec, 5th December 1863.

My dear Saw,

I really can stand it no longer. People malign me most unjustly, I wish you would inform your readers, that I am not of Scottish descent, it is only John A's family who came from Scotland. My Ancestor came originally from France, with Jacques Cartier and his name was Macrinus De Naldi—his comrades nick named him "Mac De Nukli," which has, I am sorry to say since been corrupted (for I detest corruption in any shape) into "MacDonald."

By giving this publicity you will remove a load from my breast.

Yours, &c.,

J. SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

Notice of New Works.

A TREATISE ON THE MISERY OF OWNING BANK STOCK, AND HAVING PLENTY OF MONEY TO LEND, by E. G. Cannon, Esq.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF A GOVERNMENT, by Bristow, Esq.