

THE S.A.W.

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

PROPRIETOR.

THE "SAW."

Persons desiring to subscribe to the *Saw* can do so, by leaving their names at the Printers, 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. Advertisements will be received at a moderate price by the publisher.

QUEBEC, 29th OCTOBER 1863.

"OUR POLICY."

Fools are our theme,
Let satire be our song.

In the publication of the *Saw*, which by the way will speak the two languages of this Country, we are not carried away by the fond illusion that our ability in the department of literature, peculiar to publications of its class, is at all superior to that of others. The difference between papers of this nature is scarcely perceptible, and the only advantage which one can claim over the other, is that of viewing things through different lenses. Should we fail of reaching even the standard of mediocrity, we will still have made a point; by rendering more appreciable those *feuilletons* which from comparison prove to be abler and more racy than our own. And should we, in reality, or merely in the opinion of a connoisseur reader, fail in our writings to take a view sufficiently comprehensive of those things which fall under our notice, let it be attributed to our ignorance; rather than that one of our patrons should feel for one moment the indignant pain, arising from his own obtuseness in failing to see the point. The moralist, whose whole life is spent in ascertaining the causes of human weakness rarely if ever, indicates a process by which those evils can be avoided, and much of his speculations are rendered futile, unless a mind, practical and equally great, earnestly goes about correcting the abuses of men. Perhaps the satirist, who censures and holds up to public shame intentional viciousness, and ridicules; that which is ridiculous from a slothfulness in doing better is the most important auxiliary, the philan-

thropist can have, in correcting the evils of our nature, which are susceptible of correction. Men are rarely ridiculous but from some cause, which it is in their power by a very little attention to master, and it is all the more important that those inattentions on the part of those high up on the social ladder should be corrected, as they are the models copied by those occupying a lower position. A stream clear at its fountain, may be muddled at some of its windings, but the pellucid waters flowing from the fountain head will quickly wash away its abnormal filth, but if muddy at its fountain certain it is to be impure throughout all its ramifications to its end. We are not pryers into private secrets, nor wilful maligners of reputations; but we shall not shrink from translating into the columns of the *Saw* well grounded rumors which we deem worthy of an insertion; we shall never be intentionally offensive. Should any person upon whom our hits fall hard exhibit any peevishness, and abuse as unwarrantable our witticism; him shall we deem conquered, and flatter ourselves, that—by causing him to blush at the recital of his folly—we shall have done much towards its correction. Our remarks may sometimes prove sharp, for the whetstone of wit gives a keen edge, but they will never be found inecororous; we do not write to please narrow minds or queasy dispectics, fellows whose grin would be as ominous and black as the opening of a coffin lid; if we can excite a merry laugh from an honest good natured heart, or amuse those who are not, from constitution, inclined to see malice in every thing they read, we shall consider ourselves highly repaid for our efforts. We are not known to the community nor shall we ever be known to them, but the community is known to us and little is going on in this city with which we are not acquainted. Sometimes we get knowledge of a nature which we neither seek nor want, of such knowledge we shall never make use, for we believe it untimely and dictated by malice in nine cases out of ten. We must now conclude by hoping that this our first number will afford you some compensation or equivalent for the time expended in its perusal. Good bye!

IN PRESS.

THE VALUE OF VOTES, by JAS. O'HANLORAN, M. P. P., published at the *Gazette* Office; Montréal—half calf, 50¢.
THREE HUNDRED A YEAR, by the Hon. M. H. FOLEY, ex-Postmaster General.—No connection with "Ten thousand a year POLITICS IN DORCHESTER, by H. T. TASCHEREAU.

AN EXPLANATION.

Some doubts having been entertained about the Hon. McDougall sudden departure from town the following will clear up the matter:—

"My DEAR *Saw*,—Having heard that you were shortly to make your appearance, and desiring to give publicity to the cause of my sudden departure for the West by inserting the following lines you will much oblige—

"Your Friend,
W. McDUGAL,
Com. C. L.

LYNES TO THE HON. J. S. MACDONALD BY A

Farewell my Johnny, Johnny Dear,
I'm suffering now from the bad beer,
You gave me, when you did invite
Me, to your Shine the other night.
Oh! curse the fatal moment when
I stuck my Fork in that old Hen—
And, did my lean, lank, jaws unlock
To eat and drink of yours all cock.
Your wretched port and horrid sherry,
O'er which I foolishly got merry—
Has filled my sickened hearth with woe
Which drives me now to Toronto.
But should I ever come back again
Relieved of this infernal pain—
I'll take my oath never to dine
On your old hens and horrid wine.

It will be easily seen by the above what W. McDougall's complaint is. What a mark to put it on Sandfield's Sherry.