

THE SAW

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

NORMAND & BARBEAU, Proprietors.

THE SAW?

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THE ADVENTURES

OF A

MONTREALER

OR EIGHT DAYS IN QUEBEC.

I am a native of Montreal, and for the first time a visitor to your justly famous City. I came here, partly on business, being the agent of a Mercantile firm, and partly with a strong desire to witness the many and vast improvements which I *heard* had taken place and which *entre nous* struck terror into the hearts of our mercantile community, and Western grain dealers generally. To be brief, I have come; I have seen; I have conquered; that is to say,—I have conquered any former prejudice I might have entertained against your citizens as non-progressive and nothing now remains but astonishment at all I have seen, and in order to give vent to that feeling and as a slight tribute of respect to the energy of your people generally, I furnish you with a brief account of my observations and adventures, humbly beseeching for its, a place in your reform-working journal.

For the benefit of those who have never visited this wonderful City, I must begin by stating that it is surrounded by walls and fortifications of sufficient strength to resist the heaviest Cor-

poration Artillery, the *two guns* on the Terrace included. The gates or tunnels are capable of admitting four horses abreast, of the species driven by the world renowned "Gen. Tom Thumb." A sentry is stationed at each gate, to whom citizens and strangers passing through, are *bound* to stop and give the pass-word, together with the fact, that it has within a few years, been completely *undermined* by the civic authorities, some idea may be formed of the general feeling of security pervading all ranks within it's walls.

Street Railways monopolize almost all the internal traffic of this North American Gibraltar. Deckyards have been built of sufficient size to contain the largest vessel of war belonging to Government, the "Gulnare." Elevators there are innumerable. Ferry steamers of unlimited horse power, speed and accommodation for cattle. A steam dredge of sufficient size to contain the results of the debates of the Board of Trade.

An immense wharf, in which is deposited, the proceeds of the sales of Harbor Debentures, and finally, a Pier sunk in the middle of the river, for the purpose of assisting Jack Frost, in the formation of an ice-bridge, which I understand, holds until the last day of April, having for effect the lengthening of the beautiful season of winter.

After having spent upwards of a week in fruitless attempts to see all the improvements, I have briefly enumerated, (but which nevertheless exist) I was about to take my leave and return home, but by the request of a friend (very unfortunately) delayed my departure for one day longer, that (as he said) I might have an opportunity of witnessing the displays of a celebrated Company, in the Municipal Theatre, or City Hall, who gave free performances,

one night in each week. My curiosity being once more excited, (for in my utter simplicity I fancied I had left nothing unseen, consented and between seven and eight o'clock on Friday evening, set forth from my hotel. Meeting with no more serious accident than an occasional stumble, which I attributed to the unsound state of the planking, and flickering of the gas in the street lamps, (reminding me very much of revolving lights on a dangerous coast) at length discovered the building I was in search of.

I do not here feel myself called upon to give a description of the interior, any further; than that the stage (but this word is hardly applicable, since the actors do not occupy a more *elevated* position, than the public; for whom cross-bruches are placed at the front part of the Hall,) is in the shape of a horseshoe at the open part of which is seated the Secretary and at a desk somewhat higher up the Chief-Manager. Within the interior, or hollow part, formed by the horseshoe, a table is placed for the accommodation of the Reporters for the different journals.

The night's proceedings began upon the arrival of a gentleman, somewhat below the common height, with dark whiskers "*à l'Anglais*," sharp face and dark piercing eyes, he was dressed in an elegant suit of white silk, which I understand was presented to him, by a large majority of his troupe, not only as an emblem of his *innocence* but chiefly to denote his impartiality in conducting the proceedings, without favor to any party or *clique*, a person who sat beside me, remarked that "*red*" would have been a more becoming color, but for what reason, I cannot determine. He took his seat amid the most profound silence, and after viewing his horse-shoe, through the bottom of anler empty tumbler, which