

informed the audience of his sudden attack and retired, amid hisses. Then Mr. St. Maur came to the relief of our sickly friend and sang a song in his head.

And so ended the first and last night of your late Quebecer—

Yours &c.,
PALMERSTON.

PERSONAL.

We are authorised by the Hon. Mr. Cartier, to contradict the rumor prevalent in Montreal, that he delivered a lecture in Quebec on Music. We beg to inform our readers that it was Mr. Henry Carter who performed the feat.

THOMPSON.—We beg leave to inform you, kind Sir, that your communication is not in our line. We have no desire to meddle with private characters, except when something *ridiculous* shows itself, until your pen has dropped its gall we must decline inserting your communications.

A CONUNDRUM.

Cri-Cri, who has lately become a violent "Secesher," gave vent to his feelings the other evening in the following manner, on seeing a young lady knitting:—

"Why are the Yankees such good stocking-makers?"

Answer.—Because they can heel, tow and foot it like darnation.

Master Cri-Cri begs to inform his readers that the above is entirely original.

MUSIC.

The following elegant compositions may be procured at the store of T. Casey, St. John Street.

"The piper that played before Moses" by Honble J. D. McGee.

"If I had but 1200 a year" a song written by Honble M. Foley.

"How d'ye do George Brown" Music by McDougall.

"A long time a coming" by the Editor of the Chronicle.

"I silently sit and lock on" Hon. Walbridge.

"Fill the Bumper high" by the Bacchanalian four.

A SENTIMENT BY THE HONBLE. SANDFIELD.

May the Schemes of John A— meet with the reception from the public, that 'Snow meets from a hot coal.

NEW BOOKS.

PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE, by James O'Halloran.

This is a book which we cannot recommend to new Members, but we dare say that the author has been well paid for his work.—Ed. Saw.

THE FATAL PROMISE,—a tale of the Quebec Election, by the Hon. J. Thibcaudeau.

THE LOVERS, by J. S. McD— and T. D. McC.—This a very touching tale, and will no doubt have a large circulation Ed. Saw.

MY FATHERLAND A POEM—by the Hon. J. Sandfield McD.—

THE DEATHS OF EMIGRATION, by the Hon Mr. de la Terrière.

POWER AND ITS EFFECT ON THE mind, by Onontio.—This is a new work by the Hon. G. B.—n and has no doubt received much attention.—Ed. Saw.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.—This is a collection of articles from the *Chronicle* to show what nonsense men in their dotage will write.—Ed. Saw.

"THE HORN or blowing without injury to the lungs" by J. P. R.

Quebec, 12th Nov, 1863.

To the Editor of the *Saw*.

This morning as I was passing through St. Jehn Street in this City I happened to pick up the following lines written in a female hand. I read them, and thought your readers ought to have the benefit of them they are as follows.

To my dear William Desbarats the law er,—

O, Billy Billy Desbarats
Have you seen the *Saw* to day
And read that little funny sheet
With its stories and puns so gay

Are the sawyers really jealous
Of my Billy Billy dear
Of his names and reputation
Which like crystal is so clear.

Or is it that they're furious
When they think of your good lool
Which seem to me more elegant
Than I read of yet in books.

Do they envy your fine figure
And your gentlemanly air,
Which none but a finished actor
Can ever hope to wear.

Do those velvety moustaches
Without which you'd look so silly
Haunt them in their nightly dreams,
My own, my dearest Billy.

Are these loving curly whiskers
To be made the jest and Jibe
Of every barefaced lawyer
Of every hierling scribe.

The whiskers of Dundreary
May be very neat and fine
But the world has never yet seen
Such whiskers dear as time.

They hint, your client are but few
And this I do delive
But so much the better true love
For less you will deceive.

Therefore dear Billy pine not
Your equal can't be found.
Your law's as good as their's love,
And your brains are quite as sound.

Tis said that lawers are barefaced
And can (what others can't) see
If that should ee'r be said of you
J'would much astonish me

But why do they slyly invite
Young widow and orphelines,
Oh! do not mind them Billy
There are other ways and means.

I know you're feelings dear love
For the softer sex is strong
But beware of all young widow
With their doleful-mornful song.

O' Billy beware of widows
If this heart you would not beak
Slum all such dangorous clients
And a fortune you will make.

Your clients like any angels visits
May be few and far between
But lawers yet may envy the son
Of a PRINTER TO THE QUEEN.

Your own Lucy.

P. S. You will please return the manuscript to your

On the Lookout.

Quebec, 11th Nov. 1863.

L. P. NORMAND & F. BARBEAU,
No. 59, Des Fossés Street, St. Roch's.