

THE S A W

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

NORMAND & BARBEAU, Proprietors.

THE SAW

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QUEBEC, 23TH DEC., 1863.

Merry Christmas.

We wish you a happy Christmas fair and unfair readers, even to you editors of *La Time*, we wish the compliments of the season, and hope that the collar from whence flowed the exquisite champagne which christened that paper will not be held back, at this season of festivities. For gentlemen it is fitting that at this season you should drink a silent draught over the form of you defunct organ; if a ear should arise in your eye at the recollection of your defeat, drink on and the most golden dreams will succeed your sorrow; champagne is the panac for all mental afflictions.

Curiosities of Literature.

A rumor is going the rounds that some gentleman intends shortly to publish a volume of Curiosities of Canadian Literature, among which, will be found—"Mr. Judah's Report on the Chaudière Gold Mines."

Mr. Aschers "VOICES FROM THE HEARTH," and Editorials from the various Journals throughout the Province. We have seen the manuscript, and it is very well written. To relieve the Editors of the *Toronto Leader* and *Montreal Gazette* of any

nervousness, we will state that the greatest curiosities of Newspaper writings are not theirs, but those of the *Quebec Chronicle*, and *Aylmer* times.

Howlands Lament.

Written after losing his stick, on falling while going down Mountain Hill.

What is the matter Howland dear
Why do you shed that sorrowing tear

Why such your thum

And look so glum

Oh, answer, please, do, answer quick:—
Then tis because I've lost my stick,
Then tis because I've lost my stick,
An losing it fell on my thum,
An losing it fell on my... mum!

A Penial.

We insert with pleasure the following letter from M. Cochon in which he denies that he is a cochon. We fear however that his denial,—however flat it may be, will not convince people that he is not a cochon.

Quebec, 17th December 1863.

To the Editor of the *Saw*,

SIR,

I see by a letter which appeared in the last number of your miserable paper from one who styles himself, "An admirer of the Abbé Ferland" that that ecclesiastical rooster into old musty Registers and documents, that officious, meddling creature of an Abbé has been insinuating, in a nonsensical work which he has lately compiled, that my ancestors were cochons, and that they were registered as such in the Registers of Notre Dame de Quebec. Now I beg to tell this pompous little abbé, that my ancestors were no more cochons than I am myself a cochon. I deny that

they were registered as such in the Registers of Notre Dame de Quebec; and I deny totally that I am a cochon. It is exceedingly annoying to me that I should be constantly put down as a cochon. It is far from being a charitable act on the part of Ferland to hint in his work, that those from whom I had my being, were cochons; and it is not at all in keeping with his sacred character to call men, cochons.

As to this "Admirer of Abbé Ferland," I have only to say that he and I do not see men and things in the same light, for I cannot for the life of me see anything to admire in the abbé particularly as I have always had a horror of those who were continually looking into the ancestry of individuals for their correct family names. I deny once and for ever that I am, or ever have been a cochon, and I trust that this denial will be taken notice of by those who are under the impression that I am one.

Your Obedient servant,

Jos. C.

P. S. When this Abbé pays his next visit to the old Registers of Notre Dame de Quebec, perhaps, he will condescend to inform us whether he has come across any old documents appertaining to that highly religious tribunal called THE HOLY INQUISITION.

J. C.

'Tis Hunkey.

By the author of "TIS WELL," "TIS BAD," "BE GAY," "BE SAD," "THE SAILOR'S SEA-SICK SONG," "A WELCOME TO WINTER."

Accompanying the following poem was the Dr's' Card we must say that his style is much improved; for his other poems, were what the Kamchatkan's or any other civilised