

# THE S A W

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

L. P. NORMAND & F. BARBEAU, PROPRIETORS.

## THE SAW?

Persons desiring to subscribe to the *Saw* can do so by leaving their names at the Printers, and 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, 25<sup>TH</sup> NOV., 1863.

### THE DISCOVERY.

"Disaster always waits on early wit."

The triumphant air of the pretended discoverers, of the persons connected with the Editorship of the *Saw*, was somewhat taken aback, by the information communicated to them in Mr. Normand's letter of the eighteenth of the present month. It is useless for these gentlemen to attempt a discovery it has already cost them three dollars to secure the services of one who has entirely led them astray, and Cri-Cri informs us that on receiving the names of the persons, whom they published, one of the gentlemen stood a bottle of champagne; while we respect his hospitable nature we are reminded of the fact, that such characters are unfortunately for themselves very gullible. Why so fretful? and have dame *saw's* teeth, shewn up the weak side of your nature—be not fretful for perishness is the vice of narrow minds, except when it proceeds from the misery and anguish which breaks resolution. Yours cannot be broken for it must have received additional force from that exquisite *Lac d'or* which christened *La Lime*. As charity is the virtue of Kings now that we have shewn ourselves your

master,—we will shew you the remedy against trifles. Never resign your peace to little casualties nor fill your minds with an unreasonable persuasion of the importance of trifles. Consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of trying to be what you are not, and rely upon it your prudence will not forsake you in some future crisis.

Mr. Cri-Cri is sorry that he should have retarded the publication of *La Lime*, by possessing himself of your copy (sly way that he is) but now that you have nearly altered in your present number, all that you had set up in the form from which his proof copy was struck he thinks that he has done a good turn for truly as you intended to appear, *La Lime* would have been unworthy of you.

### Pleasantries of the Winter.

To walk along John Street, meet a cariole, and be obliged to jump for your life to give it room to pass, and in your jump to slip, and an avalanche of snow from a neighbouring roof to land gently on your head.

To turn a corner suddenly and find yourself among a crowd of playful urchins, who insist upon having a snow ball match, making you the target.—

To come down the hill by the Jesuit Barracks or even Mountain Hill, and when you are in the most dangerous part, find a boy coming behind you, at lightning speed.—(The feeling in this case is remarkably pleasant.—Ed.-Saw.)

To save enough money to hire a horse and cariole for a nice drive and just as you start to have the horse

run away, smash the cariole, and leave you head foremost deep in a snow-bank. (The pleasant part of this is paying for the damage.)

To receive an invitation to a friend's house, mistake the date, and go a week later, in full dress, and find no one at home.

Kingston, Nov. 14th 1863.

My dear *Saw*,

Perhaps your readers are not aware of the fact that two ex-Quebecers have become famed as actors, and appeared here during the Fair in this City. The Posters about the Streets were loud in their praises of Mr. St. Maur, and Mr. Fredericks, the latter of these two gentlemen will be remembered as the great comic singer, the former however was I believe a portrait painter in your city.—

The first night of these two brilliant disciples of Thespis, was one worthy of record in your columns, Charles the II was the first piece, and by dint of great prompting it was got over, but then came the comic song, by our friend "Fred," who made his appearance, wiping his mouth, and then after bowing to the audience, commenced his ditty. He got through the first verse, but the second verse puzzled him, as he could get no further than the first line.—It was something after this style "He threw his legs across his back! Hem!! He threw his leg—He thir"—a voice "where did he throw it to?"—I have said the deep voice of manager "Dash it, say you're sick." So our poor Fred