

THE S A W

CASIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

NORMAND & BARBEAU, Proprietors.

THE S A W ?

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The Dinner to Col. Sewell.

(Reported for the *Saw*.)

We are enabled to give a somewhat detailed account of the dinner given to Col. Sewell, by the officers of the active Volunteer force of this city, at Russells Hotel on the 31th of December last.

The hour allotted for the beginning of the repast has scarcely struck, before our militia officers who are somewhat of a hungry crowd were seated and already had commenced the soup, no occurrence of importance took place while the services of the meats were going on but the disposition to lish exhibited by all, indicated that rare scenes would occur on the removal of the cloth. The formal toasts having been got through the toast of the "gallant colonel" was bumpered. The gallant colonel in responding, said, Gentlemen, "When Alexander that great commander, had conquered what was then considered the whole world, he felt no prouder emotions than I now feel at the honor conferred upon me by my comrades in arms to night (hear *he-he-he-car*)." A pause of a few minutes ensued which was taken up by applause, but the colonel who was slightly overcome continued for a few minutes longer in the following strain, "Did not the greatest of ancient poets gentlem an consecrate (*hic*) no, that's not a the word? did he not take as his theme the *army* when he sang in his first aniad "Arma virumque cano." Dr. Blanchett, the commander of the Pointe Levi

Squashers having only caught the word *cano* imagining that an allusion was made to his canoe men was about to reflect upon the Col's speech, when the quotation was explained to him by Captain Burn's alias Col Hope.

The toast of the "Quebec Volunteers" was very appropriately responded to by Capt Burns of the Paul Street Bruisers "genthemin, said he "before such a multitude of people "and after ating such fine things and "drinking such fine grog, who if he "had but one word to say would not "out wid it like a man. It is true "I'm no great scholar but I have a "nateral and asy way of spaking on "things I know nothing about," here he took a bumper which rendered him so entirely oblivious; that in falling he smashed the chair on which he had been seated. This seemed to have been a signal for disorder for from that moment, no order could be maintained, in vain did the cry of "order" resound, people were all taking at random and several speakers vieing together went on in the most ridiculous way. Cri-Cri by way of amusement jotted down some of the words as they were caught by the ear "yes sir the militia" *comme disail judis Turenne* "from the heights of the alps" he wavers like the stunted sprig in a City park, "order, order," "politics" "war" "murder." "The widow protected." Innocence shielded "Sit own you *OMADHON*." Take your ut off my close av ye please said Burns rising from his fallen position and making himself heard notwithstanding all the noise "I appate "to the company if it is right to "trample a man when he's down, "look at me close you murdering "thief this was in allusion to his "friend who instead of drinking his "wine had thrown it over his should- "er and unfortunately it had fallen on "the prostrate Burns" "how dare "ye spoil the only decent military "shute I have, were you ever in "decent company" a song having

been called form Burn's pass'un subsided and Col. Boomer and Lieut. Carey sung "*en-duet*." "The wind that sharkes the barley." After which those who were still able to crawl home did so but numbers took a *stretch* on the deal flooring of the Dinning hall of Russells Hotel.

FISHY.

"What fish do the ladies of Quebec prefer in winter?"—was asked us by our junior devil on Christmas eve—and wishing to foster native talent we pondered over the answer and mentioned every fish but the right one, including—*Sun* fish, sole, sword fish (Allegorical of a certain species of animal infesting Quebec). Smelt (but our diabolical young friend coolly, informed us that there was no *sense* in that answer, so we gave it up—and to my great mortification discovered that it was *skates*. We have promoted our friend, as we thought this a *devilish* good joke.

Quebec, 29 Dec. 1863.

To the Editor of the *Saw*.

SIR,

It is not often that I trouble the papers of this city with my communications, nor would I trouble you nor with this one, if it were not that I have been attacked in a most wanton manner, in the last issue but one of your paper, by an animal of the *Cochon* species for having written and published a small work called "Notes sur les Registres de Noire-Dame de Québec".—This low bred animal in a letter which appeared in your paper has had the impudence to call me an ecclesiastical rooter. Really Mr. Editor, this comes well from one whose nature, whose animal propensity it is, to poke his nose into every thing mean and degrading. I would have him remember when he is tempted again to call me a rooter, that Providence has favored me in that respect, at least. I am not a *cochon* and can therefore, scarcely with propriety, be called a rooter. He has been pleased to call my little