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T H E S A W

CASPIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

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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.

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THE ADVENTURES

OF A

MONTREALER

OR EIGHT DAYS IN QUEBEC.

The Chief Manager took his seat amid the most profound silence, and in a voice denoting extreme nervousness (for he seemed to have some idea of what would follow) cried out, *Pétitions! Pétitions!* The effect was electric, the iron safe in the lower part of the building clattered furiously, the wall seemed to shake it's very base, as if visited by an earthquake, and amid the great uproar and confusion, in rushed the "Petitioners" from all parts of the building, completely crushing in their attack a few of the company who were seated at the upper part of the horseshoe, on the right of the Chief Manager, and who could offer but a feeble resistance to such overwhelming numbers.

After order was somewhat restored, one of the petitioners nearest the Chief, thus spoke. Worshipful Sir, "I, and my friend here, (pointing in the direction of that individual) are Codificators, Consolidators and Amplifiers; We have by extraordinary labor and untiring industry mended your nets, filled up your blanks, left no loop-hole through which the common or uncommon fry, who come within your gates, can by any possibility escape, therefore Sir, since we have conferred such immense benefits upon you, since we have assisted in making you the great company you are now noto-

riously acknowledged to be, grant, oh grant us some return for our favors, give us that which we stipulated for and which your worship must admit we have justly earned, for your Committee have declared it," here he paused, and the chief broke the silence by saying, "Gentlemen, I have consulted the high priest of our corporate, and now consolidated, though unfortunately disunited body, he informs me, that although the "bargain" was a "bad" one, still it must be made "good." You are to receive five hundred pounds as a return for your services," (here there was a great outcry among some of the members of the company at the liberality of their chief,) but to no purpose, the mandate had gone forth.

The next who presented himself was a man of medium height, dark complexioned, apparently about forty-five years of age, dressed in a suit of black, he thus introduced himself to the chief. "Illustrious Sir, I am Inspector of the dark apertures, through which the smoke from the hearths of the members of your company and your company's people, issues, behold me now, even as I present myself sooty and dirty from the various regions of darkness, through which I have wandered," hear his eloquent appeal, and dark designs upon the pocket of the chief, were interrupted by one or two of the members, one in particular stating that this petitioner, did not merit the increase of salary prayed for, for two reasons, first, because he did not attend to the duties of his office, and secondly, by reason of his not being fudable at any time when required, (this interruption got over, the petitioner with a glance of dark meaning at the last speaker,) continued, "I have increased the revenue of your company twofold by my vigilance, I have discovered chimnies and pipe-holes where my predecessors did not consider any existed, and in fact (here he lowered his voice) where they did not really exist, I have done." The chief interpreting the favorable looks of the majority of his company answered,—"Knight of Erebus,"—Thy prayer is granted, the increase you must have, here he con-

cluded with a quotation from "Milton's Paradise Lost."

"Though our City to Hell should go
Still musts we satten such as you Can-
[pean.]"

The next petitioner evidently a mere youth, drawing himself up to his full height, thus set forth his claim,—Worthy chief,—"Although my appearance would denote that I am of tender years, and that worldly cares have not yet had time to furrow my brow, yet Sir, are my troubles overwhelming, what, Sir, between the labor of filling up, arranging, placing and laying down, in it's aotted and proper position, the snuff-box, belonging to your Surveyor or of Lanes, Alleys and By-Ways, combined Sir, with the laborious duty of cleaning the aforesaid gentleman's spectacles every morning with a canvass map of your City, drawn in the year 1870, upon which there are so many streets laid down, that the map is completely covered with dirt and mud, together with my being compelled by the arbitrary laws which govern society to support a better half amid all my trials, can you arrive at any other conclusion, if you take all I have mentioned into consideration than that my services are worth one dollar and fifty cents per day? *Je ne pense pas*, carried.

Finding that all the demands were so successful, I thought I would get up a petition, before this generous assembly dispersed for the night, so vacating the seat I had occupied during the evening I made my way with much difficulty to the front rank, of the petitioners, and immediately taking advantage of the general stillness caused by my approach, with a low bow, there addressed the chief, "May it please your Worship,—I arrived here from Montreal about eight days ago, and having a large quantity of goods which I purpose bringing down during the coming winter or early in the spring and feeling desirous of conferring a benefit upon your City, by pointing out a necessary improvement and also in order to facilitate the landing of my merchandize, I would most humbly beg your Honor and the honorable members of your company to cause a

"*crane*" or elevator to the erected upon
 "one of your wharves in the Lower
 Town, the cost of which will not
 amount to more than ninety or one
 hundred dollars;" no sooner had I
 uttered the last sentence, than I was
 seized violently by several of the com-
 pany, and most unceremoniously ex-
 pelled the building, amid the most hor-
 rid cries, yells and exclamations of "No
 funds!" No more improvements, &c.,
 and without waiting to hear any more, I
 fled down the street, in the direction of
 my hotel, cursing my misfortune on the
 one hand that I did not belong to the
 "Sturdy Beggar Tribe," but consoling
 myself on the other, with the satisfac-
 tory reflexion that my name did not fig-
 ure in "Cherrier's Dictionary."

QUÉBEC, 9TH DEC., 1863.

St. Peter's Street,
 Quebec, 7 December 1863.

To the Editor of the *Saw*.

St. Peter's ward nomination has just taken
 place, and it's thought by the boys that a very
 tight race will in all probability likely be seen,
 Between a Johnny Crapaud and a child
 of the green. The Johnny Crapaud is called monsieur
 Bourget; the child of the Green, if I do not for-
 get is called Thomas Burns, a great Irish
 name. He's a cooper by trade and well known
 to fame.

The excitement Dear Sir, as you may
 suppose, was prodigiously great and fruitless
 God Knows; for a much greater brace of ignorant
 men than Bourget and Burns, never hand-
 led a pen.

'Tis said that their ignorance really is
 such, that the one cannot write now the other
 speak much. But for coolness and impudence, both
 without doubt can whip the Old Gentleman quite out
 and out.

St. Peter's ward, therefore, will be re-
 presented by a fool, unless some plan is quickly
 invented; and I think that in order to give them
 no bother, The Electors should vote for neither one
 nor the other.

Yours,
 A Free and Independent Elector.

POETRY.

The lines underneath written were
 found in the writing of the Premier, in
 Lewis street, and fully bear out the
 belief that we have always had, that
 he was a man of sentiment.

IMPRESSIONS MADE ON HEARING A
 PIPER PLAY A REEL.

A piper came in and he played a wee
 [tune,
 And the sheen of his kilts was as bright
 [as the moon
 And the tune that he played filled the
 [heart there with joy,
 So beauteous and free,
 Was that soft melody
 That methinks I still hear that pipin'g
 [boy.

'Tis true I forgot in that moment of
 [bliss
 All trouble, all woes, and thought only
 [of this;
 That a jolly good reel would again
 [make me feel
 How easy and free
 E'en a statesman can be
 When he trips to the piper a blowing, a
 [reel.

So I up with one leg and down with
 [the other
 And swore evey Scot that was there
 [was a brother,
 And I danced, for my heart was as light
 [as When I—
 E're political stripe,
 Engrossed my whole life
 Danced freely and gaily when I was a
 [boy.

O! Scotland how my heart bleeds for
 [thee.

PUNNING.

Why is St. John Street like an
 Anglers line?
 Be cause it has a *pik*e at the end
 of it.
 When is a man not a man?
 When he is *wors*ted of Course.

I accidentally over heard Cri-Cri
 and dame *Saw* arguing upon the
 morality of a race, course the other
 day.

"I persist my dear Cri-Cri in sta-
 ting that a race course is an infamous
 place.

"Tut Tut my dear Mrs *Saw*,
 they are the best places in the world,
 for improvement; for on them have we
 not seen man a *good* man become a
better."

Dame *Saw* was over powered by
 Cri-Cri's argument.

Cri-Cris Diary.

The Hon. J. S. was reeling at
 the St. Andrews lall.
 The Gov. Gen. was *not* at the ball.

COMMUNICATED.

To the *Saw*.

The following I hope will be con-
 sidered worthy of an insertion in your
 columns, it was found in Garden street
 by a friend of mine, but as neither of
 the gentlemen mentioned are English
 scholars,—the question is—who wrote
 the Rhyiming letter?

FROM B...d TO A...ph...40.

Alphonso my dear you'll be troubled to
 [hear
 That we have been caught in the man
 [we have bought.
 For the name of the lawyers, whom he
 [told us were sawyers
 Turns out to be false. 'Tis a parcel of
 [daubers
 As sure as a gun, who've been poking
 such fun;
 At our little characters, now going by
 [the run.
 Oh! *little* character is just what I mean,
 For *ours* you know is not worth a traw
 [c'en
 Mine, alas! has been gone since the ne-
 [morable night
 When I took up a pen in the J..... to
 [write;
 And yours has been fading Alphonso
 [my dear
 Excuse, oh! excuse this pitying tear
 For I feel for your fame, though I tell
 [all the while
 That your character's d..... since you
 [wrote for the file,
 O! I wish you could see me my patron
 [and host,
 From bother and shame I'm as pale as
 [a ghost
 And what nettles me worst, and is crack-
 [ing my brain
 I that you were let in for a *whack* of
 [champagne
 And twring your stick oh! dear what a
 [loon
 Danced over the *Saw* a neat rigadoun.
 May the sweet curse of Cromwell come
 [down on your head
 And visions of *Saws* and *files* run though
 [your head
 Is the cuse my dear Aubat. I give you
 [e'er we part
 Is the curse that I give from the
 [depths of my heart;—
 For trying to deceive with you horrible
 [plan
 So honest and decent and fine a you
 [man.