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# THE S A W

CASIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

NORMAND & BARBEAU, Proprietors.

## THE S A W ?

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.

### 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 31<sup>th</sup> 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

work, a nonsensical one. And why? Does he think it nonsensical because it unmasks a hypocrite? Does he think it nonsensical because it exposes to the public, the miserable expedient, adopted by a public impostor to impose upon the people, that of concealing and denying what he really is? Methinks my little work is *not near so nonsensical* as the stuff and trash with which the columns of that lying paper called the *Journal de Québec*, is weekly loaded, nor as the absurd speech made by its shuffling Editor a short time ago at a drunken opposition shime at Toronto.

He asserts in his letter that he sees nothing in me to admire. I really believe this Mr. Editor, for in the first place, he is not over blessed with good sight. His eyes are so crooked and he squints in such a fearful ugly manner that I am surprised that he sees at all. And in the next place, there is not much in me which a *cochon*, from his natural propensities, could admire. However, for my part, I would feel no pleasure in associating with *swine*. I am not therefore particularly anxious to be admired by a *cochon*. **SHADE OF VENUS! TO BE ADMIRER BY A COCHON!**

This political granter has even the audacity to deny that he is a *cochon*. All his denials however will be of no avail. It would require something more than a mere denial to prove, (to my satisfaction at least) that he is not a *cochon*. The "Régistres de Notre-Dame de Québec" brand him as one, and even if they did not, the characteristics of a Chateau Richer *cochon* are too well known to me at all event not to enable me to see through the reason, why he has such a horror of those who might inquire into his family name.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I have to say that I am now and always will be, while I live, a foe to imposition of every kind; and as I consider that the greatest imposition of which one can be guilty is that of assuming to be what one is not; is that of concealing and denying one's real name and consequently denying the name of one's father, I have thought proper to insert in my work, the pedigree of this animal which will be found at page 58; and whether it was a charitable act on my part or in keeping with my sacred character to call animals by their right names, in my work, I have done that for which every foe to imposition ought to thank me, I have exposed an impostor, while at the same time I have shewn that in this Canada of ours, people have such low ideas about honor and are so anxious to have a Canadian aristocracy, that they hesitate not to style even a *cochon* honorable. **O TEMPORA, O MORAES.**

I have the Honor to be  
Mr. Editor,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. B. A. FERLAND,  
Priest.

P. S.—As for the Holy Inquisition, if the Holy Inquisitors never did any thing worse than roasting a few *cochons*, I for one would never find fault with them, for according to the Holy Scriptures, God Almighty, himself, has a particular dislike to that animal.

### McDougalls Farewell.

We can state upon reliable authority that McDougall is going to cut John Sandfield and party, we cannot say exactly at what time, but we are sure, he will save himself by doing it at the proper time. The following lines written by him and discovered in his desk indicate pretty clearly the course that he intends to take.

#### I.

Farewell Farewell  
And must I tell,  
The hate that lingers in this heart,  
Repeate to all  
Both great and small  
The cause which dooms us now to part,

#### II.

To all I can  
Unveil the plan,  
Which you lank monster did invent;  
So bring me out  
And make me spout  
On things I now would fain repent.

#### III.

Would in that hour,  
The greatest power  
Which mortals here below can boast!—  
From me had flown  
To parts unknown  
And left thought withering on her cast.

#### IV.

Who could have dreamt,  
I would have lent  
My tongue to plead you're cause,  
Or to uphold  
With power bold  
The monster trampling on our laws.

#### V.

My Johnny dear  
It is quite clear  
You're all in all for you're own self,  
And Rep-by-Pop  
You send to pot  
Which I abandoned for you're pelf.

#### VI.

But see how Brown  
On me comes down  
And in the *Globe* foretells my fall;—  
So fare you well  
You lank scoundrel  
Aye, fare you well you sneakers all.

### Scenes from life.

"Did you hear the news ma," said the lovely Miss—to her mamma the other day, our poor dear friend the Captain has sprained his ancle.

Oh! gracious what a pity, bring me my "Inquire within" there is surely a receipt for sprained ancles. The good mamma turns up the receipt and has sent it with several others, and numerous shaps of Jelly to the unfortunate young man. We are enabled to state that thanks to the kind solicitude of the intended mama-in-law the sprained ancle is disappearing.

How kind of madame and so disinterested.

### Latest Despatches.

(Reported for the *Saw*.)

JEFF DAVIS IN WASHINGTON IN DISGUISE  
RICHMOND DEMOLISHED.

Washington, monday.—A gentleman intimately acquainted with that Arch-rebel Davis reported to the military authorities, that he saw Jeff Davis in town yesterday. The matter has been inquired into, but as yet no traces have been found.

Army of the Potomac.—Richmond is taken, and will be brought to Washington without delay on the shoulders of our ever victorious troops. Nobody hurt, except General Meade's, A. D. C., who being accidentally intoxicated fell from his horse.

#### LATER.

Washington, Tuesday.—The man supposed to be Jeff Davis President C. S. A. turns out to be a negro boot-black.

The Richmond taken by our noble troops yesterday is not the Capital of Rebeldom, but a favorite horse of the General's.

### A DIALOGUE.

WILLIAM, (a literary sweep).—I say Tom who is the Editor of the *Daily News*?

THOMAS, (who is of a jocular turn).—I dunno who (*J. Donohoe*.)

The last we heard of Thomas was that owing to his wicked propensity for punning he has lost a lucrative situation of two dollars a month.

EDITOR OF THE CHRONICLE.—Your letter is too personal for our columns,

ENQUIRER.—No the Mayor of Quebec never was a *dentiste*.

QUERCUS.—It is not true that the Governor paid Mr. Bilton a visit on new years day.—But it is true that he was a little squiffy on that day, and received his guest in a shooting Jacket and top boots.