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T H E S A W

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

NORMAND & 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, 16TH DEC., 1863.

Christopher Columbus felt no greater pride in discovering America, than did a few *non-entities* who thought they had placed their fingers on the Editor of the *Saw*. Fools and knaves united in their sublime efforts to drag the thief to light but all in vain, their attempt to discover was as impotent, as their efforts to crush by means of *La Lime* proved to be ridiculous and humiliating. In the comparatively insignificant struggle which took place between the *sawyers* and the *sawed*, many phases of character were developed, and indicated by the means resorted to, by persons desirous of ascertaining who were the Editors of the *Saw*, that the deepest villany lurks under the blandest appearance. It would be well for those unfortunate young men in whom few can place any confidence, but who are perpetually seeking an ear into which they can pour their slander on some character, to leave a city where their conduct has forfeited the esteem of decent society. We shrink from bitterness in our remarks, but unless the slanderer bristles his tongue, we shall limn the scoundrel's feature, with all the light and shade, which forms the history of his life. We shall leave no story coupled with his name untold, and warn

society of the molecule festering in its bosom. Let no one imagine that it is from fear that the Editor of *La Scie*, conceals his name, for there is nothing in this paper which is insulting, nothing but a ridicule which has made itself felt judging from the attempts to put it down. The most dangerous men in a community are those who having no characters, seek to drag down to a level with themselves natures above their own, you may see the scamps as a crow picking at the carnesous parts of a carrion, nibbling at the respectable traits of those whom they seek to devour. This article is not meant exclusively for those of French origin who have debased themselves to the standard of revilers but applies perhaps with more force to some ridiculous English speaking fellows, whose minds are as narrow, as their characters and judgments are weak. We would not have devoted so much space to such an unworthy class of citizens, were it not that we desire to be just, and before proceeding to extremes to warn knaves and fools of the danger of the course they are taking. We pity but let it be perfectly understood, we do not fear the miserable creature whose highest ambition is to become a perfect pimp. Whatever talents or ability such a person may possess, will in the end turn to his disadvantage, and sink him deeper in the mire, where the remains of intellect, will only serve to heighten the misery of his condition. Little squabbles serve some times as a warning, and in this instance the worst features of man's nature have been brought to light; we have traced the reviler through his track

of slime, and unless he be guarded, we shall hold him up as the incarnation of villany and deceit.

DRAMATIC.

It is the intention, we believe, of some of the Opposition party, to form themselves into a Theatrical company and travel throughout the Province; the following gentlemen compose the company.

Hon. G. E. Cartier—Leading juvenile.
 Hon. J. A. Macdonald—Light comedy.
 George Benjamin, Esquire—Heavy business.
 Paul Denis Esquire—Low comedy.
 J. LeBoutillier Esquire—Walking gentleman.
 Mr. Jones of Grenville—General Utility.
 T. C. Street, Esquire—Old men
 Hon. Miss Hillyard Cameron—Leading lady.
 Miss Harwood—Singing Chambermaid.
 Miss Dunkin—Heavy business.
 Hon. Miss Rose—Walking lady.
 No one—General utility.
 Editor of the *Chronicle*—Old women.
 Prompter—Hem!—Hem!
 Managers—The House.

They are also in negotiation with the world renowned juggler, Mr. O'Halloran,—Whose late feat in that line was so much spoken of.

It is their intention we believe to repeat the farce of "Non-confidence," performed by them so repeatedly during their last season in Quebec.

It is not yet known when they intend commencing their tour but the sooner the better. The evening performances will invariably conclude with:

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

New Interpretation of Shakespears.

Cri-Cri being at a dinner given at the Stadacona club; on the conversation turning upon the *value* of Shakespears works said.

"Yes my dear friend there is one line alone, which is undoubtedly worth two shillings,

"*Tis true tis pity, and pity tis, tis true*"

Now you see there are four *tis*'s in it, and *four lizzies*, according to the best authority amount to *two* shillings.

What relations are John Sandfield and John A to each other?

Answer.—Cozens (cousins)

For the satisfaction of our numerous readers we give the name of the organ of John Sandfield's "White washed population."—It is *La Lime*.

Mr. Baillarge.

Will you be kind enough to tell us, where we will be likely to find a cariole or calèche when you remove the stands.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES (ROADS) Mr. James Beatty of the Toronto Leader.

JEFFREY HALE.—Yes, there is a Bowling Alley at the Marine Hospital for the Sunday amusement of the patients.

Quebec, 12 Dec. 1863.

To the Editor of The Saw.

I lately had the pleasure of reading a work, called "Notes sur les Registres de Notre-Dame de Québec" by the Abbé Ferland. It is an extremely well got up little volume, and reveals some secrets which people, who are ashamed of their real names, would much like to have buried in oblivion.—For instance, there happens to be in this city a-would-be ARISTOCRAT, one who is so highly bred and delicate, that he cannot allow any thing but silver to touch

his mouth, a man who, having been foisted upon us as a legislator, hesitates not, in the Parliament House, to call his betters, viz: those who differ from him in political opinion, Bulls and Cows, while he himself in order to prevent people from taking him to be what he really is, a *cochon*, calls himself *L'Honorable* Joseph Cauchon.—Now this little work reveals that, which any person, having any knowledge of human nature and of certain species of animals with an awkward, shuffling gait, might have divined before, viz: that the ancestors of the Honorable were *Cochons*, (they having been first heard of in Château Richer—and being registered as *cochons* in the Registers of Notre-Dame de Québec—where some specimens of that animal still exist), that consequently he himself is a *Cochon*, and that anything he has begotten or may hereafter beget, will in the ordinary course of nature be a *cochon* and not a Cauchon.—This being the case Mr. Editor, do'nt you think that the whole affair smells strongly of what they call in French *une vraie cochonnerie*.

Yours,

An Admirer of Abbé Ferland.

IMPORTANT

These lines are supposed to have been written by our friend Sandfield, and sung by him at one of Lord Monck's political dinners. Cri-Cri informs us that the expression on the Hon. Gentleman's face while singing was a happy mingling of the melancholy and jovial. We really think it must have been a rich sceue, to see the Premier with a generous effort of his muse pouring lorth his griefs into his Excellency's ear.

SONG OF THE PREMIER:

I.

Now Charley my dear
Since first I came here
We have never together got jolly;—
Says Jack with a wink,
Let take a wee drink,
T'will make us the better by golly.

II.

When the wine had gone down
Jack spoke like a clown

And seemed fretted at smothering or other,
Be gorra says he
There's a chap, dy'e see
Who gives me a great deal of bother.

III.

Then he loosened his tongue
From which words did run
That would shame Neddy Baxter the
I dont know says he [tinker,
What to do with McGee
He pricks, when he talks, like a splinter.

IV.

He spoils all my fun
With that murdering tongue
That's as long as from here till to-mor-
Then he gives me an ass [row.
By way of a Joke
O Charley h'ell kill me with sorrow.

V.

Whatever I say
He turns into play
With a playfulness not without guile;
And when ever I pass
You'd think me an ass
To see them an titter and smile.

VI.

Now Charley my dear
As I'm you're premier
I wish his bold tongue you would stop;
Or by every thing good
He'll suck out my life's blood
By the pipers he will every drop.

Quebec, 5th December 1863.

My dear Saw,

I really can stand it no longer. People malign me most unjustly, I wish you would inform your readers, that I am not of Scottish descent, it is only John A's family who came from Scotland. My Ancestor came originally from France, with Jacques Cartier and his name was Macrinus De Naldi—his comrades nick named him "Mac De Nukli," which has, I am sorry to say since been corrupted (for I detest corruption in any shape) into "MacDonald."

By giving this publicity you will remove a load from my breast.

Yours, &c.,

J. SANDFIELD MACDONALD.

Notice of New Works.

A TREATISE ON THE MISERY OF OWNING BANK STOCK, AND HAVING PLENTY OF MONEY TO LEND, by E. G. Cannon, Esq.

THE USES AND ABUSES OF A GOVERNMENT, by Bristow, Esq.