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# THE S.A.W.

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

PROPRIETOR.

## THE "SAW."

Persons desiring to subscribe to the *Saw* can do so, by leaving their names at the Printers, 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, 29<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER 1863.

## "OUR POLICY."

Fools are our theme,  
Let satire be our song.

In the publication of the *Saw*, which by the way will speak the two languages of this Country, we are not carried away by the fond illusion that our ability in the department of literature, peculiar to publications of its class, is at all superior to that of others. The difference between papers of this nature is scarcely perceptible, and the only advantage which one can claim over the other, is that of viewing things through different lenses. Should we fail of reaching even the standard of mediocrity, we will still have made a point; by rendering more appreciable those *feuilletons* which from comparison prove to be abler and more racy than our own. And should we, in reality, or merely in the opinion of a connoisseur reader, fail in our writings to take a view sufficiently comprehensive of those things which fall under our notice, let it be attributed to our ignorance; rather than that one of our patrons should feel for one moment the indignant pain, arising from his own obtuseness in failing to see the point. The moralist, whose whole life is spent in ascertaining the causes of human weakness rarely if ever, indicates a process by which those evils can be avoided, and much of his speculations are rendered futile, unless a mind, practical and equally great, earnestly goes about correcting the abuses of men. Perhaps the satirist, who censures and holds up to public shame intentional viciousness, and ridicules; that which is ridiculous from a slothfulness in doing better is the most important auxiliary, the philan-

thropist can have, in correcting the evils of our nature, which are susceptible of correction. Men are rarely ridiculous but from some cause, which it is in their power by a very little attention to master, and it is all the more important that those inattentions on the part of those high up on the social ladder should be corrected, as they are the models copied by those occupying a lower position. A stream clear at its fountain, may be muddled at some of its windings, but the pellucid waters flowing from the fountain head will quickly wash away its abnormal filth, but if muddy at its fountain certain it is to be impure throughout all its ramifications to its end. We are not pryers into private secrets, nor wilful maligners of reputations; but we shall not shrink from translating into the columns of the *Saw* well grounded rumors which we deem worthy of an insertion; we shall never be intentionally offensive. Should any person upon whom our hits fall hard exhibit any peevishness, and abuse as unwarrantable our witticism; him shall we deem conquered, and flatter ourselves, that—by causing him to blush at the recital of his folly—we shall have done much towards its correction. Our remarks may sometimes prove sharp, for the whetstone of wit gives a keen edge, but they will never be found inecororous; we do not write to please narrow minds or queasy dispectics, fellows whose grin would be as ominous and black as the opening of a coffin lid; if we can excite a merry laugh from an honest good natured heart, or amuse those who are not, from constitution, inclined to see malice in every thing they read, we shall consider ourselves highly repaid for our efforts. We are not known to the community nor shall we ever be known to them, but the community is known to us and little is going on in this city with which we are not acquainted. Sometimes we get knowledge of a nature which we neither seek nor want, of such knowledge we shall never make use, for we believe it untimely and dictated by malice in nine cases out of ten. We must now conclude by hoping that this our first number will afford you some compensation or equivalent for the time expended in its perusal. Good bye!

## IN PRESS.

THE VALUE OF VOTES, by JAS. O'HANLORAN, M. P. P., published at the *Gazette* Office; Montréal—half calf, 50¢.  
THREE HUNDRED A YEAR, by the Hon. M. H. FOLEY, ex-Postmaster General.—No connection with "Ten thousand a year POLITICS IN DORCHESTER, by H. T. TASCHEREAU.

## AN EXPLANATION.

Some doubts having been entertained about the Hon. McDougall sudden departure from town the following will clear up the matter:—

"My DEAR *Saw*,—Having heard that you were shortly to make your appearance, and desiring to give publicity to the cause of my sudden departure for the West by inserting the following lines you will much oblige—

"Your Friend,  
W. McDUGAL,  
Com. C. L.

LYNES TO THE HON. J. S. MACDONALD BY A

Farewell my Johnny, Johnny Dear,  
I'm suffering now from the bad beer,  
You gave me, when you did invite  
Me, to your Shine the other night.  
Oh! curse the fatal moment when  
I stuck my Fork in that old Hen—  
And, did my lean, lank, jaws unlock  
To eat and drink of yours all cock.  
Your wretched port and horrid sherry,  
O'er which I foolishly got merry—  
Has filled my sickened hearth with woe  
Which drives me now to Toronto.  
But should I ever come back again  
Relieved of this infernal pain—  
I'll take my oath never to dine  
On your old hens and horrid wine.

It will be easily seen by the above what W. McDougall's complaint is. What a mark to put it on Sandfield's Sherry.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

LONDON, 2 September.

ARRIVAL OF THE S. S. "WINKELREED."

Lord Palmerston has not been sober for three months.

The news from Canada, of the establishment of the *Saw* has caused an alteration in the Ministerial Policy of Great Britain.

The rent caused in Her Majesty's dress, from her fall, from the carriage has been repaired without much injury to the Skirt.

Lord John Russell has become an inveterate sniffer.

The Prince of Wales has taken to corduroys and top Boots.

All is quite in England except cold hoese.

PARIS, 2 September.

ARRIVAL OF THE S. S. "WINKELREED."

The *Monitor* States as a fact that Napoleon has shaved off his mustachios.

The zouaves are on a jolly burst with Plomb-plomb at their head at the Café Tortoni; the last reports from them were that Plomb-plomb was tight, and denouncing Italy.

The Bourse has closed with nothing in it.

French Finances are going to the d.... All quiet.

AMERICAN DESPATCHES.

(By Telegraph.)

Reported for *The Saw*.

Washington, October.

M. Lincoln has resigned (the idea of taking Canada).

SQUASHY TALE.—Lieut. Josiah Bangs of the Thompsons will Squashers made a gallant charge with two men on three pigs and an old nigger woman. Private Jones deserves great credit for the daring manner in which he placed the rope on the pigs legs. In the affray there was only one wounded. Killed none.

WASHINGTON.—There is no truth in the reports that Mr. Mercier has demanded his papers on account of the arrest of his cook for drunkenness. Mrs. Lincoln however feels bad about the matter (that is to say about the arrest of the cook) poor dear, Mrs. Lincoln. What sympathy!

PUBLICUS.—Neither the Hon. J. S. McDonald, or the Hon. Mr. Cartier have any connection with this sheet.

What is the Glorious Republic of the United States dying of?

A broken-down Constitution.

Cri-Cri cannot for the life of him understand why the illustrious Joe is perpetually gazing at people through that eye glass of his. He is quite as good looking with out it.

TOO BAD.

It is really too bad, that some sort of decorum is not kept in our Council Hall, for we think Quebec is about the only place where Councillors are permitted to have Bowl(e)s in the Council Room.

Where ignorance is bliss, (it's folly (Foley) to be wise.—Note by the Editor.—We must request the gentleman who sent us the above to beware, for we are not to be trifled with.

A LARK.

What a strong smell of scent," said the witty Miss S... to Napoléon C... who was dancing with her the other evening. "Oh! ya-as," responded swell "it's from my hair". Is it indeed why I thought your head could never retain scents (sense). He could not see the point.

INFORMATION WANTED.

As to the whereabouts of the political consistency of the Hon. Mr. Foley, supposed to have been lost on or about the 10th of September last. Any information leading to its discovery will be thankfully received at the office of Mr. Todd, Parliamentary Librarian.

A CORRECTION.

It is not true that the well known René K... of musical renown, invited Mr. Bilton to sing at one of his late réunions. At least our friend Cri-Cri told us so.

CARTIER-MACDONALD.

Why did the Cartier-MacDonald ministry make more noise than the present one? Because they were inclined to bellow. (Belleau).

MR. CRI-CRI'S OPINION ABOUT THINGS GENERALLY.

Cri-Cric, thinks that the Ministry ought to resign. He also thinks the Governor General a very fine fellow, having dined at Cataract the other evening he was regaled with Excellent Spruce Beer. Cri-Cri feels quite Spruce about the matter.

SAFE.

Sir E. B. Lytton remarks that a "Safe English Politician should be many sided, not one sided." What a number of Safe Politicians, Canada is blessed with.

RELIGIOUS.

Mr. Cardinal of the Legislative Assembly is not we believe related to Mr. Pope of Compton.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.—Mr. Cauchon is not a descendant of Hogg the Etrick Shepherd.

QUESTION.

M. CRI-CRI is at a loss to know why the ladies of this City are so fond of singing I would I were with Dixie.

A JOKE.

Why is the late Proprietor of the *Chronicle* (S. B. F. we mean) to be considered a very sbrewd man?

On account of his great amount of gumption.

EX-MINSTER.—John Sandfield MacDonal as far as we know, has never been a barber although he has been known to shave.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The House was pro-rogue-d yesterday.—*Mercury* of the 17th.

JOKES OF THE DAY.

Under the above heading the *Mercury* favors its readers with outbursts of wit, and from which valuable collection we cull the following choice specimen, but, as yet although we have devoted much time thereto we have not found out where the wit lies; and we would consider it a piece of charity for some kind friend to tell us "where the laugh comes in." "The avaricious man is like the barren sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dew with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others."

LOCAL APPLICATION OF AN OLD JOKE.

Why is John S. McDonald the laziest man in parliament?—Because he lays longest in Bed.

NOW.

CRI-CRI.—Says that the American government, in exchange for the stars she has lost from her flag—has received many stripes.

Mr. John Sanfield Macdonald and Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee were not seen walking arm-in-arm in Montreal last week.