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# THE S A W

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

L. P. NORMAND & F. 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, 25<sup>TH</sup> NOV., 1863.

### THE DISCOVERY.

"Disaster always waits on early wit."

The triumphant air of the pretended discoverers, of the persons connected with the Editorship of the *Saw*, was somewhat taken aback, by the information communicated to them in Mr. Normand's letter of the eighteenth of the present month. It is useless for these gentlemen to attempt a discovery it has already cost them three dollars to secure the services of one who has entirely led them astray, and Cri-Cri informs us that on receiving the names of the persons, whom they published, one of the gentlemen stood a bottle of champagne; while we respect his hospitable nature we are reminded of the fact, that such characters are unfortunately for themselves very gullible. Why so fretful? and have dame *saw's* teeth, shewn up the weak side of your nature—be not fretful for perishness is the vice of narrow minds, except when it proceeds from the misery and anguish which breaks resolution. Yours cannot be broken for it must have received additional force from that exquisite *Lac d'or* which christened *La Lime*. As charity is the virtue of Kings now that we have shewn ourselves your

master,—we will shew you the remedy against trifles. Never resign your peace to little casualties nor fill your minds with an unreasonable persuasion of the importance of trifles. Consider the dignity of human nature, and the folly of trying to be what you are not, and rely upon it your prudence will not forsake you in some future crisis.

Mr. Cri-Cri is sorry that he should have retarded the publication of *La Lime*, by possessing himself of your copy (sly way that he is) but now that you have nearly altered in your present number, all that you had set up in the form from which his proof copy was struck he thinks that he has done a good turn for truly as you intended to appear, *La Lime* would have been unworthy of you.

### Pleasantries of the Winter.

To walk along John Street, meet a cariole, and be obliged to jump for your life to give it room to pass, and in your jump to slip, and an avalanche of snow from a neighbouring roof to land gently on your head.

To turn a corner suddenly and find yourself among a crowd of playful urchins, who insist upon having a snow ball match, making you the target.—

To come down the hill by the Jesuit Barracks or even Mountain Hill, and when you are in the most dangerous part, find a boy coming behind you, at lightning speed.—(The feeling in this case is remarkably pleasant.—Ed.-Saw.)

To save enough money to hire a horse and cariole for a nice drive and just as you start to have the horse

run away, smash the cariole, and leave you head foremost deep in a snow-bank. (The pleasant part of this is paying for the damage.)

To receive an invitation to a friend's house, mistake the date, and go a week later, in full dress, and find no one at home.

Kingston, Nov. 14th 1863.

My dear *Saw*,

Perhaps your readers are not aware of the fact that two ex-Quebecers have become famed as actors, and appeared here during the Fair in this City. The Posters about the Streets were loud in their praises of Mr. St. Maur, and Mr. Fredericks, the latter of these two gentlemen will be remembered as the great comic singer, the former however was I believe a portrait painter in your city.—

The first night of these two brilliant disciples of Thespis, was one worthy of record in your columns, Charles the II was the first piece, and by dint of great prompting it was got over, but then came the comic song, by our friend "Fred," who made his appearance, wiping his mouth, and then after bowing to the audience, commenced his ditty. He got through the first verse, but the second verse puzzled him, as he could get no further than the first line.—It was something after this style "He threw his legs across his back! Hem!! He threw his leg—He thir"—a voice "where did he throw it to?"—I have said the deep voice of manager "Dash it, say you're sick." So our poor Fred

informed the audience of his sudden attack and retired, amid hisses. Then Mr. St. Maur came to the relief of our sickly friend and sang a song in his head.

And so ended the first and last night of your late Quebecer—

Yours &c.,  
PALMERSTON.

PERSONAL.

We are authorised by the Hon. Mr. Cartier, to contradict the rumor prevalent in Montreal, that he delivered a lecture in Quebec on Music. We beg to inform our readers that it was Mr. Henry Carter who performed the feat.

THOMPSON.—We beg leave to inform you, kind Sir, that your communication is not in our line. We have no desire to meddle with private characters, except when something *ridiculous* shows itself, until your pen has dropped its gall we must decline inserting your communications.

A CONUNDRUM.

Cri-Cri, who has lately become a violent "Secesher," gave vent to his feelings the other evening in the following manner, on seeing a young lady knitting:—

"Why are the Yankees such good stocking-makers?"

Answer.—Because they can heel, tow and foot it like darnation.

Master Cri-Cri begs to inform his readers that the above is entirely original.

MUSIC.

The following elegant compositions may be procured at the store of T. Casey, St. John Street.

"The piper that played before Moses" by Honble J. D. McGee.

"If I had but 1200 a year" a song written by Honble M. Foley.

"How d'ye do George Brown" Music by McDougall.

"A long time a coming" by the Editor of the Chronicle.

"I silently sit and lock on" Hon. Walbridge.

"Fill the Bumper high" by the Bacchanalian four.

A SENTIMENT BY THE HONBLE. SANDFIELD.

May the Schemes of John A— meet with the reception from the public, that 'Snow meets from a hot coal.

NEW BOOKS.

PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE, by James O'Halloran.

This is a book which we cannot recommend to new Members, but we dare say that the author has been well paid for his work.—Ed. Saw.

THE FATAL PROMISE,—a tale of the Quebec Election, by the Hon. J. Thibcaudeau.

THE LOVERS, by J. S. McD— and T. D. McC.—This a very touching tale, and will no doubt have a large circulation Ed. Saw.

MY FATHERLAND A POEM—by the Hon. J. Sandfield McD.—

THE BRASSIER OF EMIGRATION, by the Hon Mr. de la Terrière.

POWER AND ITS EFFECT ON THE mind, by Onontio.—This is a new work by the Hon. G. B.—n and has no doubt received much attention.—Ed. Saw.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.—This is a collection of articles from the *Chronicle* to show what nonsense men in their dotage will write.—Ed. Saw.

"THE HORN or blowing without injury to the lungs" by J. P. R.

Quebec, 12th Nov, 1863.

To the Editor of the *Saw*.

This morning as I was passing through St. Jehn Street in this City I happened to pick up the following lines written in a female hand. I read them, and thought your readers ought to have the benefit of them they are as follows.

To my dear William Desbarats the law er,—

O, Billy Billy Desbarats  
Have you seen the *Saw* to day  
And read that little funny sheet  
With its stories and puns so gay

Are the sawyers really jealous  
Of my Billy Billy dear  
Of his names and reputation  
Which like crystal is so clear.

Or is it that they're furious  
When they think of your good lool  
Which seem to me more elegant  
Than I read of yet in books.

Do they envy your fine figure  
And your gentlemanly air,  
Which none but a finished actor  
Can ever hope to wear.

Do those velvety moustaches  
Without which you'd look so silly  
Haunt them in their nightly dreams,  
My own, my dearest Billy.

Are these loving curly whiskers  
To be made the jest and Jibe  
Of every barefaced lawyer  
Of every hierling scribe.

The whiskers of Dundreary  
May be very neat and fine  
But the world has never yet seen  
Such whiskers dear as time.

They hint, your client are but few  
And this I do delive  
But so much the better true love  
For less you will deceive.

Therefore dear Billy pine not  
Your equal can't be found.  
Your law's as good as their's love,  
And your brains are quite as sound.

Tis said that lawers are barefaced  
And can (what others can't) see  
If that should ee'r be said of you  
J'would much astonish me

But why do they slyly invite  
Young widow and orphanines,  
Oh! do not mind them Billy  
There are other ways and means.

I know you're feelings dear love  
For the softer sex is strong  
But beware of all young widow  
With their doleful-mornful song.

O' Billy beware of widows  
If this heart you would not beak  
Slum all such dangorous clients  
And a fortune you will make.

Your clients like any angels visits  
May be few and far between  
But lawers yet may envy the son  
Of a PRINTER TO THE QUEEN.

Your own Lucy.

P. S. You will please return the manuscript to your

On the Lookout.

Quebec, 11th Nov. 1863.

L. P. NORMAND & F. BARBEAU,  
No. 59, Des Fossés Street, St. Roch's.