

THE QUIVER will be published every Saturday, and sold throughout the city between the hours of 10, a.m., and 7, p.m. Terms to our subscribers, One Dollar per annum; to any subscribers, who require the paper delivered at place of residence, One Dollar and Fifty-Cents will be charged. Single copies, Five cents.

THE QUIVER.

With the sprite, whose QUIVER is light
A thousand arrows squandered.

— Moore.

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1868.

SONG.

Alas! Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching.

High upon the gallows tree
Swing the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stocken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face
With the spirit of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.

God save Ireland! said the heroes,
God save Ireland! said they all;
Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field, we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

Out around with cruel lies,
Still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them, far
and near;

Of the millions, true and brave,
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear,
God save Ireland! said they proudly,
God save Ireland! said they all;
Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field, we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

Climbed they up the ragged stair,
Kung their voices out in prayer,
Then with England's fatal cold around them
cast,

Close beneath the gallows tree
Kissed like brothers, lovingly,
True to home, and faith, and free-om to the last.
God save Ireland! prayed they loudly,
God save Ireland! said they all;
Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field, we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

Never will the latest day
Shall the mean parting way
Of the gallant lives that given for our land;
Be of the cause most so,
A child's joy or weal or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
God save Ireland! say we proudly,
God save Ireland! say we all;
Whether on the scaffold high,
Or the battle field, we die,
Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!

We beg to remind our readers of the masquerade ball which takes place this evening, at 8 o'clock, at Savage & Chevalier's New Dominion Room, St. Paul street. This rink is covered and is about the best in the city. A band of music will be in attendance, and the proprietors will be prepared to receive their patrons at half-past seven.

The peoples of Ireland and England were becoming united in a common cause and friendly sentiments were daily interchanged between them. The aristocratic government saw it, and looked on with fear and trembling. At length the rulers devise a diabolical plot, whereby they may set the great masses of both nations at each others' throats. Their spies are set to work to blow up prisons and powder mills, in the course of which they sacrifice numbers of innocent lives. These inhuman crimes are then thrown upon the shoulders of Irishmen, and Ireland is called the mother of a sinners. Ah! noble lords, and dukes, and earls, you will soon drown in the blood which you are shedding, and there will be a glorious resurrection for the nation you have crucified.

The renowned Josh Billings, who is a personal friend of ours, has consented to send us a weekly contribution. Next week we will print a racy letter from. We have many talented friends in Quebec who have not yet sent us a line. We hope they will follow the example of the famous Yankee humorist, who is known and appreciated in Europe as in America.

The City Council is afflicted with a nuisance in the shape of a fellow named Henry; and though the same City Council has been afflicted for many years with a goodly number of nuisances, we question whether any of them have been more offensive than the present one. This sanctimonious individual should have lived in the days of old Noll Cromwell, the regicide, wholesale murderer, and pious blasphemer; for, whenever we see the puritanical councillor, our mind wanders back to that holy and enlightened age, when the men whose memory he holds in such veneration dealt death and damnation all round them for the love of God. We understand councillor Henry constantly carries a bible in his pocket, from which his narrow mind extracts nothing but intolerance and bigotry, as a chemist might extract deadly poison from the most beautiful flower. Will some person or persons, get the councillor appointed to a mission in the cannibal islands. We are sure the natives would not eat him, as his sour looks would convulse their fastidious stomachs.

THE BALL.

The public need never hope to learn the truth from the columns of our city dailies; the editors will pull anything sky-high for a glass of wine. Consequently we are compelled to give the following reliable report of his excellency's ball on new year's eve:

Shortly after 9 o'clock his excellency drove up to the music hall in a good-sized hand-basket, which was securely fastened on a traicau drawn by six gray tom-cats. Next came an organ grinder, playing "There was a little man, and he had a little soul." Then followed two policemen bearing his excellency's cross, which was an owl holding a morsel in its beak, and the national motto, "I drink." When the party arrived at the hall, Sir Narcisse was carried to the stage by the amiable and gentlemanly organ-grinder, who was received with the smiles of ladies. The brilliant throng being now assembled, the organ was ordered to perform a "come all ye," which was received with rapturous applause.

Among the guests we noticed the following well-known citizens:—Jean Baptiste Belleau, moccasin-maker; J. B. Crapeau, ball-pilot; Louis Fosh, cod-fish butcher; Moses the Second, prophet and future king of Canada; Johnny Sutherland, and John Lemecurier.

The following is the

PROGRAMME:

1. Habitant Jig, with variations.
2. Jacques Cartier Cotillon.
3. Bonny-Rouge Scotishe,
4. The Pea-Soup Valses.
5. Moccasin Quick Step.
6. St. Sauveur Galop.
7. The Flunkey Walk-Round.
8. Gentle Blood Break Down.
9. The Granny-dears March.
10. L'Enfant du Sol Quadrilles.
11. Scottish Jig—The sheep are a' blithesome together.
12. The cat's galop thro' the ashes.

The Hog-Eye Man led off in the first dance, but, instead of following the programme, danced the "Essence of ole Virginny," to the tune of "Root, Hog, or Die." The second dance was performed to the entire satisfaction of the guests, by Mr. Evantarel and three milkmen, with lady partners. The third and fourth were danced by the entire company, to the evident delight of the ladies; and when they were pleased, what right have we to complain? The fifth dance was one in which Mr. Cauchon proved himself a real brick, having tired out six partners. Dr. Rowan went through the