THE QUIVER.

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I'LL SEEK AN HONEST COUNCILLOR.

I'll seek an honest counsellor, or none,
Thro' all the wards in town;
And if I find the rollin ass molasses
I'll surely knock him down.
For when rogues are in high places,
And citizens don't care,
He has a right, when spoils go round,
To take an equal share.

I've seldom seen an honest man
With more than peace and health,
While knaves and swindlers o the poor,
Roll in unbounded wealth.
So, to the north I'll go, cabbage-head,
And to the honest sticks,
Come to my rear, ye scoundrels,
Of conscience ye're no ties.

Give me the man whose conscience
Of India rubber is made,
I'll bet you he'll succeed in life,
Whate'er may be his trade;
But out upon the queerish ass,
Who plods, thro' all his life,
O'er home truths to surround the fare,
For children and for wife.

So, I'll seek this honest Councillor
Thro' all the ward in town,
And if I find the rollin ass
I swear I'll knock him down.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The following graphic description of the opening of Parliament has been from the pen of our special reporter.

An immense mob of men and gentlemen lined the approaches to the house of parliament at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon, where a guard of honor was drawn up to receive Bryan O'Lynn, and another man who is supposed to be the governor, but who, we know, is only a man of straw. Bryan O'Lynn the power behind the throne, not yet than the throne itself. Bryan was met by Sir Nardisse and the other dockets left the Quiver office in a magnificent berline drawn by four horses with nice tails, which had been borrowed from Hough's stables for a consideration. They were escorted by a company of the Quebec Huzzalls, commanded by Captain Bullrun. The fifth volunteer battalion lined the streets in picturesque costume. One patriotic loyal citizen seized carried a flag or ferule (as people through) and from which we are in a position to state that it was only his shirt-tail which protruded. Another sported a yellerable "jim crow," which any crow might have envied for a nest. A diminutive brave, big snail coiled around me body, and the imps from below about me, wish me a happy new year. Oh, so is make me bad with a day nife, watch for to kill me. The editor of

Salt, Satan, Junr.

BILL OF FARE.

were a shadow which obscured the light of his smart countenance and almost hid his whole body from the piercing glance of our eagle eye. Another marched under a crowfeiless beaver, which was jauntily set on the side of his head, and on his smoked black clay pipe. The moment the state berline made its appearance, the air was rent with the jeers of the multitude, and his excellency rushed into the house, Bryan falling back, finding room for spectators, and preserving his dignity. We then entered the house, and took our seat on the reporters gallery where a thrilling scene exploded on our sight. His excellency was painted up like a noble Mohawk sachem, wearing grey-gays, and feathers, and a tomahawk hung from his belt. His coat was decorated with narrow stripes of a yellow pocket-handkerchief. When seated, he was presented with a gourd full of fire-water by the chief in use of the black rod, after which he called the wigwam to order, and stated that the chiefs and sachems then present had been called together for the purpose of holding a grand pow-wow, and to smoke the calumet with the chiefs of the Blue nose and Canadian tribes. He then rose up and brandishing his tomahawk and scalping-knife, returned to the bosom of his squaw.

After a speech from Slow Yoe, who counsel violence, Dun Kay, and others rose and pitched the Great Medicine into the chair. Ottawa Great Medicine then invited all the chiefs to fire-water and pipes of which they took freely.

The Huron war-dance was next performed, and the wigwam then adjourned.

HOG-EYE.

Great Medicine squatted down in the chair at three o'clock. Big Bucke Pig enquired after the members' scalps.

The Grand Sachem said they were there, and there was no danger of them so long as too much fire water was not indulged in.

Great Medicine—Ugh! ugh! white man belly bad. Me scalpee pale-face. Me cut him nose. Me gouge him daylights. Ugh! ugh!

The members here joined in the war-whoop and

The wigwam then adjourned.

WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION.—Geo. Carr, of the Mercury, as he appeared after supper at that ball.

POSTCRIPT.

London, Wednesday evening.—The Times declares, in its third edition to-day, that the earthquakes in the West Indies and the eruption of Mount Vesuvius have been caused by the Fenians and calls on the government to take terror for these fiendish outrages by sending ships from India to Europe. They intend to throw them upon England, and crush her out of existence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Skedaddle."—Too hard and fierce, and would be a fruitful source of future trouble. You remind us of the Irishman who

Smashed the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.

FROM EUROPE.

England.—In the Commons, last night, Lord Derby resigned.

The Court Journal says the following yesterday,

graciously con breakfast this

snored slightly last night.

her majesty's lap-dog has given birth to three royal pups.

make liberal allowances for gentle

Belgium.—The Emperor emphatically denies the statement put forth in the Paris papers, that he is the author of the Quebec Quiver over the signature of the Hog-Eye Medium. He further says that, as he is not accustomed to sign his literary productions he will not use his own imperial title when he contributes to the Quiver.

De Kuyper and still on intimate contrary not-

ming wealth, lease or leases, up, your money

thout danger

your hands, where ble it. you hold it across. as

DOUBLE

Wonderful Transformation.—Geo. Carr, of the Mercury, as he appeared after supper at that ball.