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Gallop with a vigor and elasticity of step which kindled the fire of glory in the breast of many a slender youth. His manner was to offer the Quiver at this stage of the process...

FROM EUROPE.  
ENGLAND.—In the Commons, last night, Lord Derby engaged the House of Commons on the following...

# THE QUIVER.

BILL OF FARE:

VOL. 1, QUEBEC, THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1868.

## WANT SEEK AN

I'll seek a...  
Thro' all...  
And if I find...  
I'll surely knock him down...  
For when rogues are in high places...  
And citizens don't care...  
He has a right...  
To take...  
Ginger-bread and horse...  
I've seldom seen...  
With more than peace and health...  
While knives and swindlers of the poor...  
Roll in unbounded wealth...  
So to the...  
And at the...  
Come to my...  
Of consequence ye're no...  
The table...  
Grip me...  
Of India...  
I'll bet ye'll succeed...  
Who'er may be...  
But out from the...  
Who plods thro' all his life...  
O'er honest...  
For children and for wife...  
Shake your legs...  
So, I'll seek...  
Thro' all the...  
And if I find...  
I swear I'll knock him down.

## OPENING OF THE

The following...  
The opening...  
The pen of our...  
An immense...  
men lined the...  
of parliament...  
afternoon, where...  
drawn up to...  
and another man...  
to be the governor...  
is only a...  
the power...  
than the three...  
by Sir Nardise...  
left the Quiver...  
berline drawn...  
with nice tails...  
Hough a stables...  
They were escorted...  
of the Quebec...  
Captain Bull...  
The...  
I have been...  
the streets...  
tured and...  
al citizen...  
(as people...  
we are in a...  
only his shirt-tail...  
Another...  
crow," which...  
entered for a nest...  
A diminutive...  
The members here joined in the...

Wore a shawl which obscured the light of his martial countenance and almost hid his whole body from the piercing glance of our eagle eye. Another marched under a crowlless beaver, which was faintly set on the side of the head, and others smoked black clay pipes. 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, bry...  
The members here joined in the...

The Emperor emphatically stated that he was not acquainted with the Quiver.



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

## POSTSCRIPT

London, Wednesday evening...  
The earthquake...  
West Indies and the eruption of...  
Montreal has been caused by the...  
transpond calls on the government...  
to stank a terror for these...  
wrengas bio...  
and...  
the Sk...  
and would be a fruitful...  
trouble. You remind us of the Irishman who...  
Smashed the skulls of the men of...  
Leith...  
Just by the way of jolly.

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 city 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  
Swung 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;  
If 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 Lemcurier.

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

Gallop with a vigor and elasticity of step which kindled the fire of envy in the breast of many a slender youth. His partner was the Hog-Eye Girl.

At this stage of the proceedings supper was announced, and the heady rush which was made for the dining room spoke volumes for the appetites of the distinguished assemblage.

We imagine the unctious smacking of lips which will take place when our readers peruse the following

**BILL OF FARE:**

- Moccasin fricases, with roast cucumbers.
- Bears' grease, tallow, and fat pork.
- Raw potatoes, onions and salt.
- Plum-pudding (made in his excellency's night-cap, or bone-rouge.)
- Cow's head, liver and lights.
- Pea soup and molasses.
- Frogs and cod-liver oil.
- Salt herrings and iced tomy-cods.
- Gilted oysters.
- Baked tripes and boiled bones.
- Ginger-bread and horse-cakes.
- Desert—Sand-wiches, turnips and carrots.
- Drinks—Adam's ale, water-cock-tail, potato-soup and cabbage-brandy.

In the language of the penny-a-liners, "the table literally groaned with these good things of the season, and when the guests had supplied the wants of the inner man, they resumed the gay and festive dance."

Who! it's waltz the flure, Moses, you devil, you,  
Shake your legs, Cauchon, my hearty;  
Dance to ye'r partners, bad luck to ye,  
At the lieutenant-governor's party.

The after-supper dancing, though more laughable, was not so gracefully artistic as before midnight. Some of the gentlemen struck the floor with their heads in a sportive manner, others lay upon their backs and beat time to the music with their heels. Many of the pillars in the hall damaged themselves by coming in contact with men's noses. At five o'clock in the morning we left most of the party snoring on the floor.

There was a row also, a report of which we will give in our next.

P.S.—We have not yet fully recovered from the effects of the cabbage brandy and water-cock-tail.

**LETTER FROM THE HOG-EYE MAN.**

Zshock Cartyay, Saturday,

Sir,—I hav being in the De Lery-um trimbles since the nite of the bawl, and hav not yet recovered me e-willibrium. I'm layborin under a tempory abeyrashun uv mind. I'm writin now with a

big snait coiled arund me body, and ar the imps from below about me, wis in me a huppy new yere. Me Joe is under me bad with a long nife, watech in for to kill me. The editor of the Gazette is piting me with Meibos' st sermons. Moses the Second is preachin at me about the day uv trybul-tion, and—horror of horrors—Dr. Mac-din is here wantin me to swallow sum uv his cholera pills. Oh, no, jew! all the world wants for to bid me. The airth is wheedin around, and the sky is talkin on me. Me granfather, eam quack to the restrew uv yure sufferin son.

**THE HOG-EYE MAN.**

P. S.—Bad luck to th' De Lery-ous company and cabbage brandy. They hev martyred me.

**MY JOHNNY.**

Now that you've been elected Mare,  
And the public purse placed in your care,  
You musn't take too large a share,  
My Johnny.

For goo' men say that leavish ticks  
Will bring a man into a fix,  
And make, in time, his soul Old Nick's,  
My Johnny.

Money will make an an'mile go,  
Whether he has good legs or no—  
'T will make a goose a mayor, I know,  
My Johnny.

You know, for instance, in your case,  
You surely would have lost the race,  
Had brass and tin not quacked your pace,  
My Johnny.

I have a plan here in my brain,  
To haul you up to the chair again,  
And leave old Joe the civic ein,  
My Johnny.

But as I care not much for pelf,  
For I'm no Mammon-loving elf,  
I won't hurt you, nor trouble myself,  
My Johnny.

That is, if you will have a care,  
And do it kick much, because you're Mare,  
Or I'll lay on the whip, I swear,  
My Johnny.

**Very Latest per Flying Correspondent.**

Ottawa, Jan. 8.

The House is standing.

Montreal, Jan. 8.

The editor of the Gazette takes no notice of anonymous communications. Mr. McGee proposes to write a biography of his great prototype, Titus Bates. It is said the hon. gentleman claims to be descended in a direct line from Mr. Judas Iscariot, who is a celebrated historical character, and was a man of note in his time.

Toronto, 7th.

There is no truth in the report about Mr. Brown's nose.

**FROM EUROPE.**

ENGLAND.—In the Commons, last night, Lord Derby exhorted.

The Court Journal gives the following list of court gossip:

Joan Brown walked out yesterday, noon.

The Prince of Wales graciously condescended to take breakfast this morning.

Her Royal Highness snored slightly last night.

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

Government intends to make liberal allowances for canines of gentle blood.

FRANCE.—The Emperor emphatically contradicts the statement put forth in the Paris papers, that he is the person who writes for the Quebec Quiver over the signature of the Hog-Eye Man. He further says that, as he is not ashamed of his literary productions he will use his own imperial title when he writes for the Quiver.

HOLLAND.—John De Kuyper and Hon. T. D. McGee are still on intimate relations, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth,  
Better than banking, trade or leases,  
Take a bank note and fold it up,  
And then you will find your money  
in CREASES!

This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,  
Keeps your cash in your hands, where nothing can trouble it,  
And every time that you fold it across,  
'Tis as plain as the light of the day that you DOUBLE it.



Sir Narcisse at home.

