

The GROWLER

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THE GROWLER

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THE GROWLER

"We growl, but bite not, save with fullest cause,
Some strange departure from all social laws.
Some erring planet travelled from its sphere,
Grossly infringing that which all hold dear."

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1864.

THE QUILL.

Before all pens of steel or gold,
Give me a grey goose quill;
Ready to move, easy to hold,
And pliant to your will.
Tis a nimble, light and airy thing,
Plucked from a downy pinion;
And quilled well afar to wing,
Truth, fact, and sage opinion.
Over the page it swiftly goes,
From side to side in a trice;
Fleet as a sleigh or beaten snow,
Or a skater on the ice.
It never runs against a snag,
Like pens of metal made;
And throws them all, white or their drag,
Completely in the shade.
Give pens of steel to business clerks,
And secretaries trim;
Who with abjuring twists and quirks,
In letters stiff and prim.
Give pens of gold to love-lorn swains,
And sentimental misses;
Dapperly things to note their pains,
And register their biases.
But give to me, hoarse or uncouth,
A good old-fashioned quill;
My trusty friend in early youth,
And loved companion still.

We see that a stout lad is wanted at the Globe porter's office. If he is wanted as porter, no doubt he will be doubly welcome, if extra stout.

INTRODUCTORY.

Shall we apologise for the fierce aspect of our dog? Our peculiar GROWLER? That would be to criticise our artist, and he, in turn, might easily criticise us. Shall we not, rather, assure our respected Public, that he is by no manner of means the ferocious dog he looks; that he is even an amiable dog, and will bark as Smugg's lion roared; "as gently as any sucking dove." His name is not in strict accordance with euphony; but, like Milton's "Tetrachordon," is capable of defence. The peculiar development of his facial muscles, have, at least, the claim of antiquity, for David expressly says:—"Grin like a dog, and go about the city," which would almost impress us with the idea that there were Growlers in those days, as giants in the old days before.

But it is not of antiquity we would talk. Antique Port is good; but your true lover of the antique limits his desires in that way, pretty much to that tasteful Trinity, port, china, and statuary. A mutilated Phidian Venus; a vase dynasty, which dates from about the time Noah with Chang Fien monsters, coeval with the Chang carved the figure-head of the Ark; and Port of the year 1836. These are dear to his soul; but antique jokes no man loveth. We sigh and say there is nothing new under the sun, and the light of our harem points to the smoking matutinal roll, the light coat we have on, just released from the thralldom of the tailor. Unwise remarks like overwhelm her with an avalanche of disquisitions, and she learns that the roll was haply nourished by the refuse of the ash bin; the coat, the blind of a sewer; are all jests to be now then? Heaven forbid! If that were a necessary condition, our faithful GROWLER and ourselves, might as well, like the dying swan, sing our own dirges in the words of the genial old catch.

"And when I die, as needs must happen,
Their bury me under the good ale tap;
Cheek by jowl there let us lie,
Both together, my dog and I."

All jests should be as new as we in a world six thousand years old, can make them. Truly a witticism that has never been said before, is to say we know all that has been said. The nearly

thought might have graced the fair mouth of Cleopatra, and Antony's applause echoed adown the Cydnus long centuries ago. But we must leave old memories and rambling, and stick to business. We, the indefinite, the Editorial, the monarchical, the all-comprehensive. We beg, in all graceful humility, to present our publication to a discerning public. The phrase, "a discerning public," is an old flattery—it may be so; but the public, in spite of the assertion, are discerning after all; or how did poor Thackeray, win his way up, and Miss Braddon make \$40,000 say! Anon's Floyd? But we are again wandering. We had, for a long time, thought that the domain of wit and humour, like the ocean, was fresh to any keel; and that if we could launch a ship-shaped little bark, well-manned and round, we might drive a fair trade; and so we have embarked with a gallant crew and a good commander, one who was well clear of rude personalities on the one hand, of gross and unseemly jesting on the other. To amusevert on an impropriety, in terms which in themselves are a public offence, is surely no way to prevent future wrong doing. To hold up those who are guilty merely of a passing folly to ridicule, would be not only indecorous, but tacitly to ridicule nineteenth century manners, ourselves included. For the heartless, for those persistent only in evil, we have at all times a growl; eye, eye, perhaps, arise. But we have said enough, and we take our leave, hopeful of a bright future in which we trust, we shall find our kind friends and patrons, that may be joyfully remembered, those being joyously malicious, be witty, without necessarily generating into a polished buffoonery, a semi-special private line. One word more.
We see an advertisement of a Brough lost in the Government's office. It is wise to look the misfortune boldly in the face, as the lady seems to have done. By broaching her loss she possibly avoids the loss of her brooch; whilst, she once and for all, has her own good grounds (the Government) for broaching the loss. We regret to see her name in the middle. Her name may well be in the middle, as it is necessary to her loss.