

THE GROWLER

Is published every FRIDAY MORNING, in time for the early Trains. It may be obtained of all respectable News-vendors throughout Canada. Subscription, by the year, \$1, sent post free to any part of Canada. Single copies, 2 cents.

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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, AUGUST 12, 1864.

KATE ROONEY.

There's not an angel wings the skies
Possesses such a pair of eyes

As yours, Kate Rooney;
And as I'm lookin at them now,
Starrin the heavens of your brow,
I feel quite spooney.

And travelin down towards to your lips,
It makes my own as dry as chips,

Jest wid warm thinkin,
That I would like to taste their dew,
Wid no one by but me and you,
To watch the drinkin.

THE COALITION.

Poverty makes strange bed-fellows; and certainly a more graphic illustration of the fact we could not possibly have than that presented to the admiring inhabitants of this Province, by the two gentlemen who originated the recent amalgamation of parties on the floor of the House of Assembly. Certainly both the heroes of this important move may be said to have been politically out at the elbows. Neither one had a sufficient number of followers at his back to render success against the other probable in even a remote degree; and yet we hardly think that both were moved in the premises by feelings thoroughly patriotic. Now we all know that, good fellow and all as John A. is, it was impossible for him to stand forever the martyrdom to which he was constantly subjected by some of his own supporters—men who stuck to him with the importunity of leeches whenever anything could be drawn out of him, and who really were the curse of his life. In like manner Mr. Brown was the victim of the ingratitude and selfishness of those whom he was instrumental in bringing into public notice, and who, were it not for his generous advocacy of them in the columns of the GLOBE newspaper, would now be lost among the ordinary masses that surround us. This being the case, John and George put their heads together, the one to get rid of his troublesome friends—the other to get shut of his insidious enemies. And most

effectually has the work been performed. John Sandfield is no more; and two or three political bores, or earwigs as Hincks used to call them, have got their quivers in a manner the most adroit. The question now is, "will the combinations recently entered into survive the accomplishment of the ends which call them into existence?" We are of the opinion, they will; and we found that opinion upon the fact that it is next to impossible for any two men brought together under such circumstances of mutual sacrifices as it is termed, without seeing something in each other to admire; and without absolutely becoming friends. The compact, therefore, may be looked upon as lasting, and we would consequently advise all expectant politicians to trim their sails accordingly.

WAR.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, war is a normal condition of the animal kingdom throughout. All the doctrines that have ever been propounded and all the projects ever indulged in with a view to proving the reverse have failed. And besides, there is scarcely an act of the great family to which we belong, but is identified directly or indirectly with aggression. The moment one nation becomes powerful, it sets about devouring another, and this has been for time immemorial. Shall we not be taught by the past? Is not the mighty gap which yawns between the days of Cain and those of Mr. Abraham Lincoln filled with human gore? Pure as the Bible and Christianity are, they have fallen far short of being a remedy in this connexion; for it has been long ascertained that the people will not practice what is preached, or what they read from the book of books. Where then are all your peace visionaries? Where Bright Cobden and all of that school who would make the hungry lion lie down with the lamb? "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," is our motto; and in this respect we think Old England is just about doing the right thing in perfecting her defences and starting the echoes along her shores with the thunders of an occasional "Big Will." We, too, on this side of the Atlantic, should be up and doing. Let us not be led astray by the doctrine that "the best defence for Canada is no defence at all." Now-a-days, a nation is respected according to the number of its bayonets and its iron-clads, only. Your peace doctrines are all bosh! They are like a sieve—they won't hold water. Why then should we permit this morbid feeling of ours to run counter to experience and common sense. Henry Beecher Stowe when he preached revolvers and bowie-knives in New York, knew precisely where the shoe pinched the North, and that prayers and fasting would be quite unavailable, however necessary under some circumstances. God works by means, and a Collect has no chance in the present war, with a bayonet.

How the thunders of the pulpit are inaudible when in the presence of those that roll in fire from the mouths of a thousand pieces of ordnance; and the orders of the commander-in-chief are deemed of more importance than the Christian injunctions of some dignitary of the Church. Let us govern ourselves accordingly; and if we would enjoy the undoubted blessings of peace, let us not be fools enough to suppose we shall be able to realize them through the good feeling of any nation towards us solely. Look at Tom King and Heenan. If Tom had not been possessed of pluck and muscle, the Benicia Boy would have soon arranged his funeral for him. And so it is with peoples. Those who possess, in a eminent degree, the power of aggression, or the means of defence, will always lead the age and the course of events. Bring on your gunpowder and Minie rifles, then, we say, and let us teach them to our children; but teach them in that spirit which is influenced by those moral and christian obligations, without the observance of which, in some degree, at least, no nation can be great or powerful.

THE COMET.

Professor Hinds has, we are informed, discovered a new comet in some remote part of the heavens, and which has made its appearance unexpectedly. What the stranger portends it is as yet impossible to say; but should we happen to pass through its tail we trust that it may lay it heavily upon the back of more than one man in Canada, and that instead of one tail it may be possessed of nine. For offenders of a certain grade the ordinary punishment inflicted by the newspaper press does not at all meet the exigencies of the case, as you might as well be whipping a rhinoceros with a yard of piping cord as be laying a two column editorial about them. Consequently we look forward with some degree of interest to the course to be pursued by our present visitor, believing as we do that if heaven is just some of our leading politicians are about to be roasted or flayed alive.

DOGS.

Can there be no more seemly and effective way of disposing of those suspicious customers who, to the great danger of the public parade our streets so constantly, than that of poisoning them? There is a degree of meanness and cowardice in throwing, with a demoniacal smile, a treacherous piece of meat to a fine Newfoundland, who comes up wagging his tail to kiss your hand. It is really cruel; although the tragedy is not unaccompanied by something ridiculous, for it does savour of the ludicrous to see the animal after he has disposed of the deceitful bait, take a side step along the street, and come to a dead halt in the gutter, while his legs imitate, in pantomime, one of Jellin Lind's best shakes.