

The GROWLER

VOL. I, NO. 4.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1864.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

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.

Gentlemen wishing for a notice in the columns of the GROWLER, will please enclose their cards and \$1.

Correspondents will remember that all MSS. should be written on one side of the paper only, if intended as a literary communication.

All Communications must be addressed, "The Editor of the GROWLER, P. O., Toronto." As a matter of course, they will be prepaid.

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 19, 1864.

PEELER, SPARE THAT DOG!

Peeler, spare that dog,
Nor stop his "how-wow-wow!"
With that deceitful prog
That you're preparing now,
'Twas my poor father's hand
That brought him to my cot,
Then, Peeler, let him stand,
Thy bait shall harm him not!

That old, familiar dog
Is known through all the town,
Whenever I go for grog,
Then wouldst thou strike him down.
Peeler, forbear that stroke,
For if you snap those ties,
Were you as tough as oak
I'll knock you to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
We sported in this shade
In all our simple joy,
Here, too, his sisters played,
His mother licked him here,
He licked my father's hand;
Forgive the foolish tear,
But let poor Towser stand.

My heart strings firmly cling
To thy clear bark, old friend!
Still shalt thou bound and spring,
And wag thy tail and bend.
Old dog, this man you'll brave,
So, Peeler, leave the spot!
While I've a hand to save,
That beef shall harm him not.

"IDEM VELLE ATQUE IDEM NOLLE."

Yes; and we say, aye, damned folly on the part of any newspaper writer to be shoving in his scraps of Latin here and there, in the most commonplace articles, with a view to astonishing the natives, we suppose. Now, we are, as a mass, simply an English speaking people; and, therefore, we, in our editorial capacity, have arrived at the conclusion that the metaphysical essayist of the St. George's pic-nic, in the *Leader* of Tuesday last, has rather overdone the thing, when treating of the spread in the pleasant groves of Mimico. For the life of us we can not make out what he is at. How did the magnificent pic-nic go off? He informs us that there were about twelve hundred persons present; and that there were a tent and tables to accommodate about seventy or eighty, only, with comfort, provided that that number could have obtained knives and forks. Glorious arrangements, we should say, and such as must reflect the highest credit upon the ability and energy of the officers, and the executive committee of the Society, who were on the ground at seven in the morning, "to make the necessary preparations incident upon such an event." Touching which preparations, we are informed, that it would be "no exaggeration to say they would have been formidable if failure had been the penalty of the fancy of the projectors." We shall leave this announcement to the able manipulations of the Davenport Brothers, for we confess it totally beyond our comprehension, as we do the introduction of "*Idem velle idem nolle*," in connection with the subject. But some persons will be learned and metaphysical, despite of nature and the stars. If, however, we could keep them out of the newspaper press, things might go on smoothly enough. Here the difficulty lies; and we fear that the Fourth Estate in this colony will not, for many a long day, be sufficiently out of the gristle to meet the requirements of common sense in this connection to the fullest, or even a reasonable, extent.

Human Nature

Is the great fact that philosophers of every age have been trying to contradict, or subvert; To take it literally and in the light in which it is

really presented to us, is to ensure the reprobation of no inconsiderable portion of the race to which we belong. When dished up in its plain, simple and unsophisticated excellence, it is regarded by the pupils of a certain school as disgusting in the extreme. You must add to it the condiments of fiction or metaphysics before they even venture to taste it. Sublime truths are always simple! and this is why that placemen like to mystify them; for if the fountain of all true knowledge were left open in the market-place, without any authenticated guardians, the multitude would drink freely without money and without price, and the occupation of the few, like that of Othello, would be gone. Hence all this confusion and mystery. Some people will not call things by their proper names. When shall we outgrow our mental pinafores? "That is the question?"

Removal.

— We understand that the office of a certain semi-monthly newspaper in this city is to be removed immediately, to a convenient building at the western terminus of the Queen Street rail-cars. The location, it is said, is quite congenial, in an editorial point of view, as much of the inspiration of the journal in question is, we believe, drawn from that quarter. It is, moreover, desirable further, we are informed, from the fact that any number of editors of the required stamp can be procured there at a moment's notice, when the chief quill is out on an expedition in search of his wig.

Information Wanted.

— An embryo Statesman is anxious to know what side of politics the *Leader* is now on. For our part we are unable to enlighten him on the subject, and we fear that any application to the Editors or the Proprietor of that journal would not afford him any clearer view of the case. As a rule, however, the course pursued by that daily may be considered with safety as the one diametrically opposed to that taken by Mr. Brown of the *Globe*, no matter what that may be.

New Baker's Motto.

— "*Sit tibi et lux fut.*"—Instructions said to be given by Mr. Nasmyth to his foreman; "Let there be light, and light was." But on its being found too light on one occasion, it was taken in charge; it is said, by Mr. Fisher, who sent a portion of it to the different charities of our city.