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The GROWLER

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OUR CARTOON.

The difference between word painting and pictorial illustrations is of a character so marked as to strike the most casual observer. The graphic eloquence of the most gifted pen, or the loftiest flight of the most finished oratory, has never been able to transcend the powers of the pencil. The canvas of Michael Angelo or the marble of Phidias, are beyond adequate description. A disquisition upon the beauty of either or both, must fall far short of their real merits; and mislead the reader or listener to some extent at least. An appeal to the understanding, through the external senses, is always more effective and forcible, than if made in a more metaphysical manner. In this relation the outer man



DAME FORTUNE.—WHY, GEORGY, MY BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
G. B.—C-A-A-N'T E-A-T THE L-A-A-S-T P-IE-C-E OF P-U-D-D-I-N-G YOU,-YOU,-G-A-V-E ME.
DAME FORTUNE.—CAN'T EAT YOUR PUDDING, THEN PUT IT IN YOUR POCKET, MY DEAR.
G. B.—MY POCKETS ARE FULL ALREADY, DAME!

is the most powerful agent that can be brought to bear upon the inner; or, in other words, the eyes are the surest and readiest passage to the soul. While labouring under this conviction, how naturally we turn to the fine cartoon, which we present to our readers in this number of the

Growler; and which depicts so humorously and so graphically the present plethora of the President of the Council. There is no mistaking the man or the circumstances. There he sits in the presence of Dame Fortune, who has already crammed his pockets with gigantic sugar plums in the shape of daily and weekly *Globes*, agricultural

mirably, and enter into a humorous conspiracy against Mr. Brown not easily outdone. The engraving, it will be noticed, is particularly well executed, and is the work of an artist of undoubted genius. It is our intention to present weekly to our readers cartoons of this description, and hope to be encouraged accordingly.

journals and Bothwell Or Springs; and who now attempts to cram him with a huge and unmanageable wedge of plum pudding, representing an industrial position and the good things likely to accrue from it. While some of his colleagues are pitching ravenously into the glorious heap before them, he, with tears in his eyes deplores the narrowness of his really capacious gullet and the additional circumstance of all his pockets being already stuffed to their utmost capacity. Our artist has caught the existing political crisis admirably; and, with a few happy dashes of his pencil, has quite outstripped the newspaper literature of the day in relation to it. Here the designer and the engraver blend their genius most ad-