

The GROWLER

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.

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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, AUGUST 5, 1864.

A REVERIE.

No, no! let voins distended with never stagnant streams,
And sides that shake with laughter, to the prejudice of seams,

Enjoy, with keonest relish, the luxury of living
For joy, how'er so wayward, need ask for no forgiving.

We've misanthropes in plenty, we've Cynics, aye, in crowds;

We've, also, many living in a Paradise of clouds;
But heaven never sent us to spend a life of years

In grieving, groaning, growling, in this so-called vale of tears.

No, no! let hearts beat happy when Cynicism is rife,
'T will fortify our being 'gainst the wear and tear of life;
For youth, with all its freshness, steals rapidly away,
Leaving a dull December instead of blithesome May.

Let coolness sneer at laughter, or crabbed age deride,
E'en they have, did you know it, a merrier, brighter side;
I vow, in the driest Cynic, had you but the proper chart,
You could find a myriad traces of what was once a heart!

Strategic Movement of Troops.

The military authorities, with an appreciation of the situation which does them credit; have determined to concentrate at Quebec the troops sent out to protect the Province; in order that in case of war, at least the troops may be safe, and the Province, more especially the Western section, may be rendered secure against attack. We congratulate the authorities on their new and patent theory of defence, and Western Canadians on the glory that awaits them should there be an invasion.

FATAL INJUSTICE.

In the first moment of our editorial existence, and when the public should, we think, be fully aware of our advent, and the wide and important sphere through which we intend to move, we feel that we have been sadly neglected by some parties who have undertaken to issue complimentary tickets to the Press for the grand trip to the Lower Provinces. Judging from the list of our contemporaries who have been cared for in this relation, just published in the *Leader*, we are inclined to the supposition that the fortunate gentlemen were drawn by ballot, and that an extraordinary run of ill luck set in against those concerned in the success of the scheme. Most assuredly, had all the editors and subs, who are now assembled at the brilliant scene of those festivities, been boiled down into one representative of the Fourth Estate, even then the press would be but inadequately represented. This would be an inevitable consequence upon our absence, from the fact that, without being egotistical, we fancy ourselves conversant with our mother tongue, at least, and competent to hold an intelligent conversation upon any subject that could possibly be introduced during our stay among the "Blue Noses." Can this be said of any one gentleman belonging to the fraternity, who has jumped at this invitation like a cock at a blackberry? Look at the style of these interlopers, through the organs they grind. Con it from that of the essayist of the *Leader*, down to the unintelligible jargon of the *Watchman*, and say if such specimens of humanity, as these persons, are fit to commingle with even the inhabitants of Central Africa—that is, with the Bosjesmen. We are surprised, beyond measure, at the laxness which has characterized the Hon. Mr. McGee in connection with the issuing of those tickets; for it was to be presumed that he, at least, was well informed as to the sort of material that the press is composed of in this Province. And he should have been on the *qui vive* as to the parties to be invited, and as to what important accessions had recently taken place to the confraternity in question. The result of such carelessness must now inevitably give a character to Upper Canada, at least, from which the in-

habitants shall be unable to recover for many a long day to come. In neglecting the Editor in Chief of the GROWLER, the Minister of Agriculture has struck a heavy blow at the interests of the Province generally. Certainly, at the close of the present festivities, its status, in a literary point of view, will be absolutely ruined. We have summed up the names of all the votaries of the Scissors now on the batter, and find that without a single exception they are a set of superficial coxcombs, who have gathered up detached scraps of information at parish schools, or begun life at the small end of the horn. Not so the Editor of the GROWLER. He is a man of parts, who can handle Homer and Horace without mittens, and can sing a song and crack a joke with any man in either hemispheres. But let the disaster of his absence fall upon the heads of those who have thus invoked it; and let posterity point the finger of scorn at an age or country which has so far forgotten its duty towards the best interests of the human family, in permitting a great man to remain, at a period so important, in comparative obscurity.

INTERESTING MARRIAGE.

A SA LEADER.

At the White Chapel near the cross-roads, at the small village of New Enniskillen, Mr. Murtagh Maguire, of this City, Cordwainer to Biddietta, youngest daughter of Terrence O'Toole, of Clare Town, and grand daughter of Phelim O'Toole, Esq., of Killalish, Kings' County, Ireland; a lineal descendant of the ancient Kings of Erin. The ceremony was performed by Father Dougherty, with suitable assistance.

There were upwards of sixty couples of guests, and, after the happy twain were made one flesh, the wedding party returned to the house of the brides' father, where a sumptuous *dejeuner* awaited them.

"There was plenty av aitin' an drink for the ladies, Praties an cake—bacon an tny."

We might mention that amongst the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Finnegan, Mr., Mrs., and the Miss Callaghans; Mr. and Miss Tracy, Mr. and the Misses Flaherty's; Mr. O'Donoghue; Mr. and the Misses Driscoll, and others too numerous to mention.