

The GROWLER

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.

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THE GROWLER

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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 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 tay."

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.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.

At ten o'clock one sultry night—
A dog-day night I should have said—
I doggedly put out the light,
And staggered helplessly to bed.

Abhorring blanket, sheet or quilt,
I courted sleep outside the clothes;
And on this slight foundation built
My hopes of quiet and repose.

No wifely Candle-ism grated,
Or feline sounds discordant fell,
Upon an ear already sated
With rumbling cart and fire-bell.

A bachelor has one delight,
Which fate denies to those who wed;
He can enjoy some peace at night,
He reigns solo monarch of his bed.

N'importe. Upon my bed I lay,
Bathed in a flood of perspiration;
Twisting and turning every way,
Swearing at times, in desperation.

Thus hours ran by, 'till, O delight!
I dozed, I really dozed; I'll swear;
My vagrant thoughts had ta'en to flight,
And sleep sat brooding on my hair.

Hark!—Heaven forgive that naughty word!
I started up in dread dismay;
And stared around me—No! absurd,
'Twas nothing but a fly at play.

Then sinking back I closed my eyes,
And summoned up a mimic snore;
Yes!—Ah!—Again! It can't be flies,
It's but the creaking of the door.

Once more I turned upon my side,
Anticipating pleasant sleep;
When, Oh!—Let those who will, deride,
I certainly felt something creep.

Stung to the quick, I quickly jumped
Down from the couch fierce war to wage;
Beat the thin air and wildly thumped
Around and everywhere in rage.

Like maniac grasping at a mote;
Like dervish frenzily inclined;
I hunted something that was not,
And savagely "I went it blind."

Now here, now there, those piercing tones,
Those soft, shrill, irritating whir-r-r-s;
A spirit without flesh or bones,
It must be surely—ah! it stirs.

A whirr—a spring—a frantic grasp;
Thou monster-r-r! *facit bis quis cito*;
Ho! ho! thou'st drawn thy final gasp,
Thou Ghoul—thou villainous Mousourro.

An Awful State of Affairs.

— We are informed that Captain Carter has turned out of the Military School a large number of efficient officers. He should be attended to at once.

The National Circus.

— This "Sensation Show," (being a combination of the "leading" *artistes* and *acrobats* of the Constitutional and Look-to-Washington troupes,) is now undergoing a regular *overhauling*, prior to the opening of the coming season. A new farce is advertised by them as being in preparation for the opening night, styled: "Old faces and new characters." Great fun is anticipated.

Political Lessons in Words of one Syllable.

I was in some thought to have told you of a big boy too, who was called Mac Gee, but I will tell you of him now, so it will be the same thing; as I know you like to hear what big lads, like these chaps, do. Well, you see, this Mac Gee was born in a place called the Green Isle, and it is a fine nice place. Oh! so green, and such nice shade, and all the men there are fond of the harp. The old airs are play-ed this day that were play-ed thrice ten score years since; and Mac Gee, who was a most smart boy, was such a harp boy. He played it back and forth, and side ways, and top turn-ed down; and did naught else, I do think, but speak; (for he was a first class speech lad, too,) and write. Well, his pen did not go so straight once in a while, and his friends would say:—"Look out, my boy, there's cross old Jack will blow you up soon, you are too much harp for the old boy." "He be hang-ed," says Mac Gee. But bye and bye old Jack did just what they said he would, got in a rage, and says he, "Let me catch that cuss of a harp son of a sea cook, and I'll cook his—goose." For I grieve to say the old chap was a red hot old coal when poked up too much, and would use such foul words as one would not think of. Oh! dear! what sad oaths I have heard him swear to be sure. Now Mac Gee used to play him sad tricks. He would go to his house, or near bye, when old Jack was in a deep snooze, and there would play; and he would laugh and say:—"He is my bass," (he meant *base* you know,) and old Jack would jump out, and Mac Gee was off, I don't know where. Well, at last Mac Gee was forc-ed to bolt, and off he went to old Sam. Sam was a coz by blood to old Jack, but there was not much love lost. "How air you Mac?" says old Sam, "How is old Jack?" "By turf," says Mac Gee, "I am well, but he is bad I hope." "Darn," says old Sam, "hev he a riled ye bad?" "Bad?" says Mac Gee, "not a fut, but still"—"Yer made *tracks*, that's so I heern," says old Sam with a wink. So down sits Mac Gee quiet on old Sam's farm. Well, you lads know well there are times for hoops, and times for tops, and just then, some how, Mac Gee was a *bird* boy. The pet he made of a great brute of a hawk was a sight to see. "Sweet bird," he would say, while the great hawk was stuffed with some thing not at all nice, "How he eats—look at his bold look, and his tail—there's a tail!" Well, he kept on, but some how, it did not pay. And all at once he left the old hawk and old Sam to take care of their-selves, and came to us here, and here he has been since. But I can not tell you all now, for the tale would be too long. So I must put it off 'till next time, and then you shall hear the rest of Mac Gee's tale.

Con.

— Why is John Carr, City Clerk, like a postage stamp? Give it up? Because, like all other schoolboys, he requires *licking* to make him stick to his letters.

THE MAIDEN AND THE STAR.

An inky sky, and a tearless eye,
And a merciless river's brink;
And a strange, strange beam, in eyes that gleam—
And of *what* does that maiden think?

She thinks that the world is a stern, cold world,
And tears start in her heavy eye;
And, oh! is there rest for a weary breast,
In the river that rushes by?

The river runs fast, and the river runs deep,
When, lo! from the rifted night,
Sprang out from the heavy firmament,
One of Heaven's diamonds bright.

And the radiance shone on those waters wild,
And lighted that gloomy wave;
And the dark cloud passed from the maiden's breast,
And her foot from the rushing grave.

TERRY FINNEGAN.

We perceive that this able writer is again out in a capital and most humorous letter in our contemporary of the *Grumbler*. It would be well for Terry were he less honest, manly, and whole-souled than he is. Had he been so, he would have been still among the Government loaves and fishes.

Con.

— When is hat not a hat? When it becomes a pretty girl.

Why we Advertised for Board, what came of it, and our reflections thereon.

DEAR GROWLER,—Little thought we, two short months since, that we should ever trouble you with a subject like this, for we *then*, in conjunction with a friend, rented a house, as we fondly hoped, for twelve months; but, alas! we have had to leave, a second Adam and Eve, our house and little garden (of Eden?) Ah! well do we recollect those tender young tomato plants, which we brought home at dewy eve! How carefully we planted them; how, at early morn, we re-visited them, to find the fragile ones prone on the earth in an abandonment of tomatoish grief, and, as in many a fair young face in this weary world, still may be noted in their yet crisped leaves the early suffering not wholly passed away. We sadden at the thought that other hands must tend, other mouths enjoy their autumnal gratitude. But the fiat of Galen has gone forth. The house is unhealthy; your little ones will suffer; and hence the long cogitation with our "dearest gihl;" the sums put down for furniture to be purchased, should we keep house; the shrinking from the risk of so much loss, should we be obliged to leave Toronto; the final determination to advertise for board; the advertisement; the answers. "Well, dear, how many?" "Fifteen!" "Let us see them." Three in mourning, ominous-looking, deeply bordered with woe. We open them. Well, really, *this* looks promising; and what a pretty name our correspondent has, as pretty as Fanny Fern's, or Grace Greenwood's, or any other of those gifted, pen-stricken, States' ladies, who thus delight to ornament their effusions. What can she be like? How old? We think about thirty; pretty, grace-

ful, agreeable. We give way to imagination, seize our pencil, and portray her thus:—



In due time we call; the surroundings are not inviting, nor is the house itself. The old adage respecting appearances rises to our mind. We gather courage and ring the bell; the door is opened by a small and dirty girl, who ushers us into the parlor. We wait just time enough for the lady to change her dress; the door opens; the picture fancy wove fades away, and gives place to—the dread reality:—



We control ourself, mention our errand, are shown up stairs, which are covered with well-worn oil-cloth, but the hall leading to the apartment we now entered was utterly bare. We take a seat, and are requested to note the ample dimensions of the room, the cheerful prospect—namely, a large factory, surrounded by waste land, where refuse of every kind holds high carnival. We glance around the room; the bed is worn and dispirited, and, like a dirty penitent, clad in a white quilt of domestic manufacture, tells us, as plainly as words could, "I have been slept in for years, and never have been thoroughly made up," a dilapidated old wasbstand, and four elderly chairs. "Is there a bureau of any kind?" we modestly enquired. "No," said our would-be landlady, "no bureau, just a wardrobe." We glance at that anomalous incongruity desperately striving to support itself upon three legs, with the aid of a brick where the fourth should have been; a rickety table in the centre of the room, upon a shred of carpet (a dreary St. Helena, surrounded by an Atlantic Ocean of flooring.) We are assured we shall find all the comforts of a home in this blissful abode, for the insignificant

stipend of \$12.00 per week, paid regularly every Saturday—the lady was particular about the last clause, and, we thought, justly so, being, as she had previously informed us, the mother of twelve children.

Our next effort brought us before an undertaker's. Shocked, but not discouraged, we rang the bell of the private door. The lady (a widow with nine children, some grown and aiding in the business) was pleasing in personal appearance and manners, and her terms were moderate; but we thought of the horrors of all sorts we should swallow with our daily bread. We even looked into a possible future, and saw our little ones—like those of Mould, the undertaker, in "Martin Chuzzlewit,"—familiarized with the dreary objects around them, at play in this wise:



We now, as a relief, sought the abode of the writer of a letter we had pronounced to be *charming*. The locality she described, the love of nature she evinced, with its charming little reference to the trees surrounding her dwelling, her faultless English, well-turned phrases, couched in modest terms withal, raised our hopes. The house was large, a perfect barrack; our entrance effected, we again waited the full time necessary for the lady of the house to render herself presentable. We saw a number of unfurnished rooms, and were a little disappointed at finding that of the trees she mentioned we could only overlook the tops. "Had they any other boarders?" we enquired. "But a few young gentlemen now, in the fall that number would be increased to twenty," was the reply. Reflecting upon our possible existence in this household, we recoiled from the roar heralding the approach of those forty feet, their continuously echoing reverberations on their way to their respective chambers; we felt the shock of their forty eyes upon us at table, saw the sharp stab of their forty knives and forks into their twenty plates, saw the mountainous joint dwindle to an underdone and shapeless mole-hill, we thought of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and trembled. We recalled an incident which occurred in the States, where a lady similarly situated, and "prodigal enough to unmask her beauties to the moon," had ventured, *sac de nuit* thrown aside, one summer's night to the open window to inhale the cool air and scent the odors exhaling from the grateful earth, when, glancing at a large tree within a few feet, how was she

shocked at seeing many eyes glowering at her from out its foliage. But this was in the States,



and it were unjust, perhaps, to suppose Canadian students capable of acts like these.

But Eureka! grateful, thankful in the extreme, should we be that, at last, we have obtained two comfortably furnished rooms, and, seemingly, desirable attendance, in a really respectable portion of the city, with, to all appearances, respectable people.

Our search is over! And we sit down and muse, and we wonder, dreamily and lazily, as we gaze on these ladylike missives we have received; and Latakian dreams, born of our beloved meerschau, float around, and take us back many a long, long year to the old boarding school at Edmonton, where, shut out from home, and longing for something, we know not what, we feel again the young tendrils of our heart creeping over the adjoining pew to another in that village church, and nesting under the mantilla of yon blue-eyed girl, sitting among her companions in that ladies' school. Can it be possible that any of these sorrow laden correspondents of ours were once as these? Might it not be within the range of probability they are from out that sweet *parterre*? Think of this awhile, fair girl, gossamer of to-day, and be careful how you, too, risk the possibility of such trial, for there is much warning to be deducted from our experience. We call your attention to this, as preparatory to our reflections in a forthcoming number: "the Woman of all Work." Meanwhile we rejoice that Toronto has been spared the following humiliating spectacle, which it had surely witnessed had we been unsuccessful in our advertisement for



TITULAR.

"I've wandered by the hut side" with "Mary of the Glen."
 In the "Sweet summer even's," hear "The little chitty wren;"
 "Tell mother I die happy," "Down by the river side,"
 "She is waiting for us there," since "The day my mother died;"
 See "Yonder gal in blue," and "Sweet Marian Lee,"
 Along with "Old Bob Ridley," "Going out for a spree;"
 "Do they think of me at home,"—"I should really like to know,"
 "Is it any body's business if a gal has got a beau?"
 "She wore a wreath of roses," the night "When first we met,"
 In the "Valley of Chamourie,"—"I never can forget;"
 "'Tis but a little faded flower," "Oh! dear me, what a bore,"
 "I won her heart in autumn," with "The ring my mother wore,"
 "I know a pretty widow," they call "Widow Machree,"
 "I left my love in England," "In the cottage by the sea;"
 "I'm not myself at all," "Or any other man,"
 "The first dear thing that e'er I love'd," was "Black currant jam;"
 "When this cruel war is over," "No Irish need apply,"
 "My pretty Jane," "My dearest Jane," "Why do you look so shy?"
 "Oft in the stilly night," "We are marching along,"
 "When Richmond is taken," "Sing me an English song."

Answers to Correspondents.

No. 26.—Much obliged; we shall be happy to hear from you again.

VIRGILIS, QUEBEC.—You are too personal; we must decline inserting, with thanks.

X. Z., HAMILTON.—Many thanks; let us hear from you again soon.

G. A., TORONTO.—Too late for this week.

LISHTE.—We are polite dogs, and never bark at ladies.

T. J. R., KINGSTON.—Received \$10, will do as you desire.

TO CONTRIBUTORS IN GENERAL.—We would respectfully inform our readers that we will ever be happy to receive contributions *not* of a personal character; such contributions to be subject, however to the Editorial prerogative as to fitness for insertion or rejection.

THE "CULLED" BALL.

The great event is over. The 1st of August and its annual ball, "where colour reigns supreme," are of the things that were. It is needless for us to say that it was attended by the *elite* of the profession. Gentlemen of the long robe, we ask pardon, we do not mean you, we refer to the "ceiling artists." Owing to the bad ventilation the ball-room was very close. Jockey Club—de real Cologne—Florida water—and head-balts—loaded the air with odiferous perfumes. "Ha! Ha! Ha! Sambo, did you see me?" "No! what I see you for?" growled a barberous son of Ham near our elbow. "Eh! Didn't ye say me polkerin wif Miss Squash? Golly! Guess we cut a shine. Miss Peppermint, de extreme honah of de next galop wid you?"—Fearful of a "faint" taking place, we immediately left in search of medical assistance.

PUBLIC NOTICE.



The Public are hereby notified that the Honourable William McDougall is again at large. Any Constituency desiring his services will please make known their wishes at once. The Conservative party will support William as if he were their best friend; and it is only necessary that his name be announced to enlist their hearty sympathies and cordial co-operation.

(Signed,) J. A. McDONALD,
 G. BROWN,
 G. E. CARTIER.

Quebec, July, 1864.

ROYAL LYCEUM.

A very fair Company, selected principally from the New York Theatres, and under the management of C. M. Walcot, Junr., has been performing at this place of amusement, opening on Monday evening with Bourcicault's fine Comedy of "London Assurance," following it on Tuesday with the "School for Scandal," and on Wednesday with "The Ticket of Leave Man." This last piece, from the pen of the well known Mr. Tom Taylor, has earned for itself—as much from its faithful portrayal of nature as from the absorbing interest felt in the unfortunate class of beings from whom it takes its name—a wonderful run wherever it has been produced. In the Olympic Theatre of London, for instance, where it was first brought out, now considerably more than a year ago, it still keeps the boards—the best commentary on its merits. Robert Brierly, a Lancashire lad, and the "ticket man," is played very creditably by Mr. Walcot, while the James Dalton of Mr. Metkiff, the Hawkshaw of Mr. Maeder and the Green Jones of Mr. Sol. Smith, Junr., are all well rendered. Perhaps, the best played character in the piece is Melder Moss, an old Jew sharper and money lender, admirably sustained by Mr. Mark Smith. This gentleman has proved himself a finished actor in every thing he has undertaken. It is not often we have witnessed a finer than his rendition of Sir Peter Teazle, on the second night. Possessed of a splendid stage appearance, face capable of great expression, and a thorough knowledge of what is technically termed "stage business," Sheridan himself would have been proud of the representation of this, his greatest dramatic portrait. Of the ladies, Mrs. Mariow and Mrs. Walcot are decidedly improved since, as the Misses Virginia and Isabella Nickinson, they were members of the Company under the management of their late father, "glorious old John." Of Miss Plunkett and Mrs. Grattan, we have seen too little to be able to give a critical opinion as to their abilities.

The houses have been excellent, with a gradual increase on each preceding one, proving incontrovertibly the fact, that the more is seen of this company, the more are their efforts appreciated.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A printer is a slave, a very galley slave! and as his case is thus hard, it very often, though not necessarily, follows that he is a *hard case*. Frequently in a state of *comma* (coma), he is yet tolerably wide awake; yet are his ideas of colonization frequently foggy, although no one is more thoroughly posted on the *colon* question. It must be remarked that, with him, a *semicolon* never means a partial embrace. When hard at work, he screws his coinage to the *sticking* point, even at the risk of getting screwed himself; but he has one great fault, he *punctuates* without mercy the work of his best friend, and, if in a pamphlet form, does not hesitate an instant in *sawing* him up. In dress he is rather particular, prefers a *diamond* edition of a shirt pin to any other; but is not choice as to his food or drink, save that, in warm weather, he prefers lemonade in *quarto*.

Fair Warning.

Geo. Brown should know that the Conservatives are a tricky lot. They intend to oppose the election of every Grit, (although they will profess to assist in his return,) in order that should the present coalition fall through, the great Conservative, or devil-may-care party may have a majority at their back next session.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

That extensive News Dealer, Mr. A. S. Irving, is always in full blast, corner of King and Jordan Streets, where he keeps constantly on hand a large supply of Stationery, and any quantity of Novels and general reading matter. Mr. Irving has become a general favourite here, and deserves all the patronage that can be accorded to him.

GRANTHAM.—The above dealer in Coal Oil and Lamps has a large supply of the same at his establishment, 170 Yonge Street, where he is prepared to meet customers on the most liberal terms and with articles of a superior quality. Call upon Grantham and you will be satisfied of the truth of this brief paragraph.

We beg to call the attention of our "million" readers to the News Depot of Messrs. Rogers & Clayton, King Street West, where may be found all the Magazines, Periodicals, Newspapers and Novels of the day, not omitting to mention our little sheet, the GROWLER. The gentlemanly manner in which the place is conducted is worthy of the highest praise, and goes far to show how an establishment may be made to pay by the management thereof.

"The Shades of evening are deepening and the thin mists are rising in the valley." They are, are they? But what, we would like to know, have they to do with the delightful "Shades" we have to speak about? Nothing, whatever. They are two separate and distinct things, and though coolness permeates both, the latter is far superior to the former. Think not, dear reader, that we are in ignorance, for we have experienced the delights of both; but have to declare our choice solely and permanently fixed on the "Shades" saloon, for what with the iced liquor, the fragrant cigar, and other et ceteras attached to the place, who can wonder at our choice, and reprove us for being partial to that delightful retreat, the "Shades" King Street West.