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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, thro' 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 ministerial 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-

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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 intruding 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 downwards 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 some 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 connection; 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 Hands 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 Jelliny Lind's best shakes.

ONE MORE.

When Fortune's all right, and we've riches in store,
What a crowd of bright faces flock in through our
And when we're surrounded by fully a score,
And each room is filled up, then there drops in one
more.

But should Fortune, the jade, prove less kind than
before,

Till we're stripped of the plumes that we previously
wore,

Then how soon does the crowd disappear from our
floor,

Till at last of its number there's not left one more.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

Quebec, Aug. 8, 1864.

SARÉ, MR. GROWLER:—I have de pleasures
to receive your most excellent papers of de
GROWLER. De have de fin verve mouch and
will have some more ven de peoples säll know.
I tanks you for de consideration and säll my
duty make to do all vat you desire in de
reques. His Excellency säll be apprise of de
advent. Vid consideration,

Your esteem friend,
JACQUES CARTER.

EDWARD STREET,
Aug. 12, 1864.

TO DE EDITOR OR DE GROWLER:—

SARÉ:—Sen dis chile you papa. He is ole,
but he am something above de common. Nuffin
lo about dis chile, and he will hab fun, sure, at
any cos. Nuff sed. Golly! I mus hab it.

Consistodiously Yours,
SAMBO LIVELY.

Black Hall Office.

... We have just heard, on credible au-
thority, that it is the intention of the Govern-
ment to establish in connexion with the Customs
an office under the above name; and that the
management is to be given to Mr. Thomas
Worthington, the present able and impartial
Assistant Commissioner of Customs and Excise.
We are not yet in possession of full particulars,
but are quite sensible that there is no man on
this side of the Atlantic more competent to
perform the duties of such an office, than the
educated official in question.

Query.

... If one of our fashionable Merchant Tailors
in this city was an Irishman, would he be a *bill*
Finch? or would he in case, Grant fails, be able to
mend the breeches of the Union?

How to Manage Him.

... Talkative men without brains are the
mere pedlars of words and ideas, with the manu-
facture of which they are not in any degree con-
versant. Although it is generally difficult to
bring one of this class to a dead halt, yet the
thing may be managed if you are at all adroit.
If he should happen to be a stranger to you, in-
form him that after having graduated at Oxford,
you have just returned from China and the Holy
Land by the way of Russia; and if this does not
settle him nothing will.

THE WEATHER.

Ninety-eight in the shade! To gods and little
fishes, what is to become of us? What a time for
shirt collars and bouices. Look at that rubeant;
elderly gentleman there, who weighs sixteen stone
if he weighs an ounce, and say if the lantern-jawed
republican who is squinting tobacco juice on the
other side of the way, has not the advantage of him
ten to one. Ladies, may heaven grant you a light
scarf and a pair of wings until the dog-days are
over; for over they certainly are not yet. At this
present moment you are absolutely nothing but beau-
tiful jellies. When gazing on you then, is it any
wonder that we should become spoony? Oh! it is
really very warm; and were it not for the prejudices
of society, we should be very much inclined to adopt
the airy costume of the New Zealander, which con-
sists, we believe, in simply a shirt collar and a pair of
apars. Ah! frail Eve, why did you eat that apple?
Why did you originate society, Stultz and Demo-
crat? Beautiful, paughty mother of the whole human
race, like many others of your sex you have upset us
terribly. We shall forgive you, nevertheless, if you
persuade the angel of the rain to send us a few cool
refreshing showers to clear this dull heavy atmos-
phere of ours and straighten up the poor handy-legged
flowers. Let us have one reviving bath that shall
recoit all our energies and make the dusty desert
blossom like the rose, and then we shall go on our
way, not perspiring as at present, but tolerably dry
and rejoicing.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP.

This celebrated cantatrice will make her first ap-
pearance this season in a grand promenade concert,
on Wednesday evening next, in the Horticultural
Gardens. There are but few singers now in exist-
ence, and none on this continent, more worthy a
large and educated audience. Madame Anna Bishop
has, from time to time, charmed the people of every
tongue and of every clime. Familiar with most lan-
guages, she possesses, in an eminent degree, the
faculty of wedding the music of one tongue to the
words of another; so as that the Russ or the
Italian, under her able treatment, can be made to
feel the pathetic beauties of the "Beggar Girl," or
the stirring sentiment of the "Dashing White Ser-
geant." Her versatility is truly wonderful. Whether
in the most elaborate operatic air, or in the simplest
ballad, she is equally at home. Her shake is as pure
and equal as a shake can be, while her treatment of
difficult and chromatic passages is of the first order.
We are happy to hear that the concert will be
conducted by our talented fellow citizen, Mr. J. D.
Humphreys, who combines so truly the ability of a
true *artiste* with the demeanour of a thorough gen-
tleman.

The Towel Movement.

... The white muslin mania which has recently
seized upon some of our young bloods and old backs
to the singular disfigurement of their hats, will doubt-
less result in the introduction of white umbrellas,
or *Chapeaux à la goutte*. However, although we are
inclined to believe that the inside of the head, rather
than the outside of the hat, requires looking after in
most of the cases which come under our notice.
Dear me! Why should we quarrel the children of
savage nations who are given to glass beads and all
such worthless trinkets, when we ourselves play
such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the
very angels weep?

LESSONS FOR SUCKING STATESMEN.

Politics, my children, are the cups and balls with
which adroit swindlers manage to cheat the public
and rise to distinction in the State. They originated
in the garden of Eden through the dread instrument-
ality of a personage of some distinction, and to whose
existence, solely, the established Church of Great
Britain and Ireland is indebted for the handsome
receipt of something like six millions sterling annu-
ally. In England, however, the game is conducted
in some degree upon principles of honour, from the
fact that those who play at it are generally men of
family and fortune, who are necessarily removed be-
yond the pale of absolute want, and who have some
pride in sustaining a fair character before the world.
In this country, however, and on this side of the At-
lantic, the case is widely different. Here the tod-
man of to-day may be the Premier of to-morrow,
and the beggar of yesterday, through some lucky job,
the millionaire of to-day. It must be observed, never-
theless, that these characters are generally distin-
guished (inimble) riggers, who have made the balls fly
with extraordinary ability in some of the private
lotteries of life, such as the jewing a man out of a
faith; the hasty foreclosing of a mortgage, or the
taking advantage of some trifling defect in a deed.
All these little points are generally used as stepping
stones to the loftier eminence, where the public chest
lies open and where the hand can be thrust into it
with impunity. In this connexion the safest card to
play is patriotism and the little bit of corruption
against all men who happen to be in power. This
is the most effective and the cheapest capital that you
can invest in any grand political undertaking; for in
adopting it you are absolutely conquering the
enemy. Never hit a little man in any of your en-
counters, but always aim at the Commander in Chief
of the party in power, or the next order to him in
importance. By this means you may be successful, if
you have the tact and pluck, to bring him to terms,
and induce him to offer you a *Bill* in. When ever
you write or speak, preach principles. Whenever
you act, be guided by expediency. Use all your
wits to be verbal. Remember *verba scripta manent*,
and avoid falling into the snare. Should you happen
to get into power, become near-sighted at once; so
as that you can plead the defect to your political
friends when on some occasion that you may again
need their services they accuse you of having passed
them in the street. Look into this, my children, and
study well the interesting features of the present co-
alition and no doubt some of you may rise (*) to a
position similar to that now occupied by the leading
politicians of the day.

NEW SONG.

High diddle diddle,
We'll play the Scotch diddle,
Or be knocked as high as the moon,
And George will laugh to see the poor,
When each of us acts like a spoon.

Can it be True.

... We have just been apprized that the Govern-
ment has recently discovered that all the land now
engrafted from this Province to the United States,
or for parts unknown. This matter will be the sub-
ject as it reminds a great smouldering spark under the
way of the coalition. Thank heavens that the Union
now is dead at last.

A KISS.

In the first kiss she gives away
She loses her own self in part;
And is another from that day
Though on a change come o'er her heart.

Through weal or wo, through sun or shade,
The sport of agony or bliss;
There stands the compact she has made,
For she can ne'er recall the kiss.

POETRY AND THE PRESS.

There is no accounting for tastes. The deosculatory standard of three thousand years ago—as evidenced by the heavy, voluptuous lips of the Sphinx—is not that of to-day—the miscegenation doctrines of our republican neighbours to the contrary notwithstanding. “One man’s meat is another man’s poison.” Even the occasional luxury of saline food indulged in by the ordinary barn-yard fowl in this part of the world, is certain death to cocks and hens on the other side of the Atlantic. And so it is with Poetry. Brown swallows a dose that would drive Jones or Robinson absolutely out of his senses. No matter how elaborately advertised, labelled and gilded the pill, neither can gulp it. The article, in their opinion is not genuine. It is the production of a quack; and there’s an end of it.

For one judge of all that is exquisitely hidden in true poetry, there are a hundred thousand individuals to whom it is a “dead secret.” A hundred thousand to one! Rather serious odds, we should say, if carried into the every day relations of life. A man may be born to a throne—may be accomplished and versed in every subject known to the schools—may be a lover of all that is beautiful in nature and art—may be sensitive, pathetic, and a wit, and yet be a stranger to the “florid and mysterious logic” of genuine poetry. He may catch the jingle and the sense; but the beautiful costume, the original grouping, and the exquisite proportions of the figures are all lost to him. He may comprehend their identity, but they invariably pass before him in the dull, heavy marching order of prose; and not under the power of that superb baton which marshals them in gorgeous array, and bids them defile in the presence of the favoured few, clothed in all the varied splendours of the imagination.

There is a usage of the press, in connection with this subject, which is, in our opinion, frightfully antagonistic to the muse, and destructive of those delicate fingers which sometimes strike the lyre with fear and trembling, although fired by the most transcendent genius. This usage demands that all poetic or literary prose articles for publication shall be accompanied by the name of the author or authoress, as the case may be. A more damning rule has never obtained in relation to letters. It is a premium upon impertinence and presumption; for it opens a door of access to the world to a class of coarse and barefaced huxters, who label their wares with the most unblushing effrontery, and crowd them upon the market with a flourish of trumpets; while it dashes the pure aspirations of those finely strung natures, who, fearful of the fiery finger of hostile criticism, would sooner consign their brightest gems to oblivion than make their names known to the world, or any human being in existence. In the early stages of their career, some of the greatest lights that have ever beamed upon the darkness of any age have refused to identify themselves with their effusions; and are there not, at this hour, tens of thousands in a similar position? Who shall say how many exqui-

site gems are now lying in silent nooks and corners, that might have been given to the world, were it not that the author conceives that their publication cannot take place unless accompanied by his name? Surely, this vile usage ought to be discontinued, and articles of a literary character, where no personal responsibility is involved, be published by the press solely on their individual merits, irrespective of the names of those who have written them. Once remove this ban, and we shall have a new and improved spirit pervading the newspaper literature of the day, which shall purify it, and drive the shameless lazars who now, for the most part, monopolize it, outside the gates of the city.

“Down among the Dead Men.”

... John Sandfield, we are informed, plays the fiddle—so did Nero—and that for the last few months he has adopted the above air as a sort of evening hymn. William Macdougall was, it is said, very nearly learning the accompaniment, and had he done so, what a duo we should have had. We are not aware of the extent of Mr. Macdougall’s musical capacity; but, from his melancholy aspect, should be inclined to believe that, if he indulged in an occasional ditty, it would be in the *minor* key. Poor Sandfield, when you tried your popgun against your namesake, and the editor of the *Globe*, you made a sad job of it, indeed. Having fallen back into your native insignificance, you shall now, each succeeding day, become small by degrees, and beautifully less; until, at last, you dry up and blow away into some barren region, where your unworthy dust shall strew the wayside with thistles.

On the Bay.

... We recommend a daily turn about the Bay to all young ladies and gentlemen who are desirous of keeping clear of the heat, the dust and din of our city for a few hours. A couple in a small boat we have found to be quite sufficient—the gentleman at the oars and the fair one at the tiller. Sitting thus *vis-a-vis*, with the cool breezes gently fanning your brow, the prospect of a quiet bit of lunch, and an odd snatch of some sweet melody, is not to be sneezed at. Such delightful little parties may be improved, too, in a thousand ways likely to make a young couple happy for the remainder of their days.

Furious Driving.

... If a cabman or a farmer be caught driving at a dangerous pace through our streets, he is instantly and properly taken up, and punished by the Police Magistrate; but, strange to say, we have engine driving along the esplanade, sometimes at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, and not one sentence do we hear about it. Now, from morning to night, the esplanade is used as a busy and common thoroughfare, and it is not right that trains should be driven along it at such a rate, to the imminent peril of life and limb.

How Absurd!

... The representative of the *Leader* now in the Lower Provinces, in a recent correspondence to that journal, complains that he could not procure on his way to Portland, a berth in a sleeping car belonging to the Grand Trunk Railway, although he had paid and got a ticket for one. Now we don’t know of any gentleman belonging to the press likely to suffer less from an inconvenience of this description; for to our certain knowledge he has not been wide awake for the last four or five years, at least. How unreasonable some persons are, even where their interests are but remotely involved.

FRIGHTFUL!

We understand that the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, is studying the “black art” and that he commenced practicing it in the female department of the Model School in this city on Monday last. We are not, however, prepared to say how far this new accession to the Doctor’s varied acquirements will meet the views of our citizens, generally; or to what extent the poor innocent child of Ham, whom he has betrayed into the department in question, shall suffer through his incautiousness or want of proper discrimination. This cheap method of displaying his Christian Charity thus publicly may be all very well; but has he prepared society to meet his miscegenation tendencies in this connexion? Have the white and coloured races become so suddenly and thoroughly amalgamated that the only distinction existing between them lies in colour alone? They have not; and it is, consequently, cruel on the part of any public functionary to throw the latter into relations which, under existing circumstances, must be hateful to them, from the fact, that the former will not meet them on anything approaching terms of equality. This is to be lamented; but we must deal with the case as we find it; and should the Doctor be desirous of remedying it, he must begin more cautiously and at the first rung of the ladder.

ONTARIO DINING HALL.

This splendid establishment kept on Church Street, directly opposite St. James’ Cathedral, near King Street, is, we understand, an object of especial dislike to Mr. William McDougall since his recent defeat by Mr. Cameron. Some wag informed him that it was called the *North Ontario* dining saloon—a name at which he chafed immediately, for reasons that need not now be mentioned. Mr. John Smith however, appears to survive very comfortably this hostility on the part of the Provincial Secretary; and still continues to pamper his numerous guests with the good things of this life. We recently met him on one of the street railway cars and enquired of him how it was that he did not, like other saloon keepers, exhibit in his large windows specimens of salmon, choice joints, lobsters, &c. “Mr. Growler,” he returned “I exhibit my wares on the dining table, and have no desire to give them up to the flies and sun for ten or twelve hours previously.” Verily John Smith knows a thing or two.

Let Virgil sing the praises of Augustus, genius celebrate merit, and flattery extol the talents of the great; let the puritanical denizens of this mundane sphere pursue the even tenor of their way; but allow us, intelligent reader, to invite your sole and undivided attention to the News Depot of that prince of News Dealers, Mr. A. S. IRVING. As well might we attempt to paint the lily, or gild refined gold, as to give anything like an adequate description of the immense stock of Stationery, Magazines, Periodicals, Newspapers, Books, and Novels, that grace the shelves and counters of this gentleman’s establishment. We can only say that he is the *no plus ultra* of a Bookseller, and his stock the very best in the city, and ask for him the patronage of a discerning, appreciative, and generous public.

To thee, O THOMPSON, be accorded the highest meed of praise that can be given to thy craft. Thy stock surpasseth in richness that of all thy brethren; thy counter fairly groaneth beneath the weight of News imposed on them which is soon to go to enlighten the natives, who were it not for thee, should remain in blissful ignorance of the doing at home and abroad. Go on, O Thompson! in the beaten path which thou hast made, and we predict for thee that reward which always attends perseverance: such as thine.