

NEW PUBLICATION.

THE GROWLER.—This is the title of a new weekly sheet started in this city, the first number of which will appear to-day. We suppress the names of the publishers and proprietors, from the same charitable motives that would prompt us to hide the faults of an erring friend, and we thank them for their courtesy in sending us an advanced copy of their bantling, that we might have the opportunity of chronicling its birth at least one week before its death. The *Growler* is to be the channel through which the contributions rejected by the *Chronicles* will be inflicted on a long suffering public, and while we rejoice that a sluice has been opened to carry off the stream of dullness hitherto poured into our basket, we extend to the unfortunate patrons of the *Growler* our most earnest sympathies, and point to its pages as an evidence of the toils we have endured in saving the public from the dreary trash squeezed from "hard bound brains," and hitherto sent to our box to be rejected, but will now be thankfully received by our *new born* contemporary.

FALSEHOOD INSTEAD OF WIT.

Sheridan perpetrated his best witticism when he accused a Parliamentary debater of drawing on his memory for his wit, and on his imagination for his facts. The infant *Growler* who, this morning, sees the light for the first time, having no *past* in its history, has no stores in memory from which to draw, and hence we presume follows the lack of wit, but being endowed with a modicum of imagination—shall we say intimately connected with "the fancy,"—it has drawn therefrom a mis-statement, for the especial benefit of the *fancy* aforesaid, and perpetrates a slanderous charge against one of the city Aldermen whose name it does not mention, and in whose misfortune its petty malice seems to gloat. We shall only say that it is not true that the Alderman referred to raised his hand, or gave any provocation whatever, for the murderous assault of which he was the victim. We cannot be humorous when we speak of this affair. We invoke the stern old maxim *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*—"let justice be done though the heavens should rage,"—and we shall smite with unmeasured severity, the fingers which are cunningly at work to weave a web of sympathy in which to hide a deed that the keen eye of justice may be deceived as to its character. It is more than premised that the *Growler's* lie was penned at the instigation of some whose position at the council board should deter them from interfering. We would overstep our duty if we went into details previous to judicial investigation, and shall only say that though every man whose conduct brings him under the penalties of the law may, and indeed should receive that share of pity to which humanity in misfortune is always entitled, it is not the part of a good citizen to attempt to impede the stream of justice in its course, nor to reserve his sympathy for him who neither respects law nor person.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL IN AID OF THE ST. MARTY'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The seventh of these charitable assemblies came off on Wednesday evening last, in the Mechanics' Hall. It was the largest assemblage of people of the season, and composed of persons of all religious creeds. The programme was varied and highly interesting. First came an address from the orphans, delivered by an intelligent-looking girl of ten years of age. Second, the speeches, and herein flourished our city Member, his Worship the Mayor, and others. Third, the Concert, and here the singing of St. Mary's choir as well as that of professional and amateur parties, was well sustained and rapturously applauded. Fourth and fifth, the supper and the dance. Now, all this was surely enough to engross one evening's amusement; but, it seems, one person thought otherwise. A railroad bully, by the name of Daniel Hayes, made a violent assault on our much-esteemed friend, Alderman Devany, with a glass custard pot, striking him on both sides of the face, inflicting two frightful gashes, from which Mr. D. is at present severely suffering, and from which he will carry to his grave the marks. Hayes is in custody, but how matters will eventually turn out, we will not at present venture to give an opinion.

A PARODY ON "HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER."

Twice twenty summers have I seen
The fields in flower, the forest green;
And through them all have mighty been,
And full of gule;
But now my power begins to wane,
L—d help the while.

Thou knowest my sins of scarlet hue,
My craft, my theft, my lying too,
My oaths, my curses not a few,
My perjured votes—
Hold them not up to public view,
Nor search my thoughts,

Thou knowest that when my arm was strong,
My prayers were few, my speeches long,
Port Dover Harbour was my song,
The chorus, buy it!
Keen conscience tells me I was wrong,
I can't deny it.

Thou knowest in Halton I was once
Of Grits the Head, the Chief, the Prince,
Now they begin to look askance,
And shake the head.
Their very looks bespeak no chance,
Of further speed,

Thou knowest that many years have fled,
Since I've been to the gouging bred,
And many a scheme in vain's been laid.
To stop my career;
But now that Branigan's caught the thread,
L—d, I fear, I fear.

For Mr. Brown I mixed a dose,
(Which proves the cap stone of my woe,)
That cursed clique, my dreaded foes,
Did analyse it,
And broadcast both in rhyme and prose,
Make folk despise it.

That novel vender, and some more,
And he who set up types of yore,
And that big Scott of rotten core;
L—d blast their name—
E'en curse their basket and their store:
Credit and fame.

At Nassagaweya they did prevent me,
At Williamsburgh they did torment me,
At Hornby, with other gentry,
Cried once, twice, thrice,
John the Immaculate of Double Entry,
At any price.

Yet keep me here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample,
Keep me a pillar in this temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a bulker, an example,
To my own flock.

And bless my few friends in this place,
Though few, they are a chosen race,
The Mayor, the News-boy, Hairy-lace,
Alias Bunkum,
S—, of the investigation case,
Heaven thank him.

And hasten once again the time,
That in Halton I may shine,
(I spite of eodfish all in brine;)
White by name,
And then the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen!

For Branigan's Chronicles.

THE SKYLARK.

This bird is common in all European climates. It is very small, but extremely hardy and often warbles in a snow storm. The female is very prolific, sometimes laying as many as sixteen eggs at a time. Unlike the generality of song-birds, the lark does not require to be placed in a particular situation ere he emits his notes, but does so either among the grass, or on the wing mounting heavenward. It reposes on the ground at night, and is in season from about the middle of spring to the end of June.

But what would unassisted vision do?
What but recall where most it would pursue;
His earnest gaze but closes with a sigh,
When music waking speaks the sky-lark nigh;
Just starting from the sod, he cheerly sings,
And beats with conscious pride his downy wings,
Then louder thrills, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and bids the rustic mark his way;
Close to his eyes, his hat he instant brings,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the lessening bird before his sight—
That oft beneath a light cloud sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours his varied song.
The eye still follows, and the cloud moves by,
Again the warbler stretches up the sky;
His form, his motion, undistinguished quite,
Save when he wheels direct from shade to light,
And then the songster, a mere spec became,
Gliding like fancy bubbles in a dream.

Con.—Why is a glutton like a horse?
Ans. Because he generally has a bit in his mouth.

A fresh imported Irishman on his first shooting excursion, shot a bird, and seeing something fall, went to the foot of the tree where he picked up a frog, (supposing it to be the bird) and put it in his pocket. The frog kept up such a continual kicking, that his companion asked him what made the bird kick so? "Och!" said Pat "I shot all the feathers, and the poor thing is cold."

A man sent a note to a rich neighbour he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ox for a few hours. The worthy old man being no scholar, and happening to have a guest sitting with him at the time that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note and pretending to read it; after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, "Very good," said he "tell your master I'll come myself presently."