

We are in the midst of an awful crisis; the *Globe* office vaults are now replenished with ammunition. The Orange Society meets hourly to discuss the best method of opening the campaign; and a French gentleman who escaped from Cayenne is specially retained to superintend the construction of barricades in the city. We warn the Government to have an eye on the militia. Captain Smith has been closeted for hours with General Brown, and the fidelity of the Highland regiment is more than doubtful. The *Globe* has given them a fair warning that insurrection is impending, and if they pass their time in careless security it is not our fault.

Already an assassin has been assigned to each minister, and the *coup de main* will soon be struck. Mr. Brown tried to spare the Premier's life on condition that he should be condemned to the swamps of Bothwell, but Moodie was inexorable. The revolutionary army is to be commanded by General Brown in person; Moodie to be Commodore of the fleet (a flotilla of scows equipped with pop-guns). The Custom House is to be turned into a fort, poor Spence, having been previously spificated by flaxen suspension. Lemon John has collected a coloured regiment, the command of which is to be given to the Hon. Col. Prince in consideration of his kind appreciation of their merits. When the victory is gained the miscreants will be punished. Mr. Robinson is to be condemned to play cricket all his life without getting an innings. Sidney Smith, if he escapes the Gri O'rasin, is to spend the remainder of his days in reading his own speeches, and correcting them till they are perfect. Mr. Speaker is to be apprenticed to Smith the butcher, acting in the double capacity of slaughterer and bull-dog. Mr. Benjamin is to run twenty miles a day in four hours, till he weighs only 120 pounds. These and many other punishments have been arranged by the Vigilance Committee. Mr. Moodie was commissioned to draw up a Declaration of Independence, and was writing as we subjoin:—

"Whereas all boys are created free and equal, especially the Grits, and no one has any call to forbid them life, habits, and the pursuit of pap, any way whatsoever, wo, in the!"—Here Brown stopped him with the objection that it wasn't scriptural, and that a solemn religious crusade ought to begin in a proper Roundhead style, "To your tents, O-Israel;" and pointed out that allusions to Cardinal Beaton and the Inquisition were indispensable in the preamble. The document is therefore still unwritten; but we hear that Rev. Mr. Climie is to draw it up in good Cromwellian style, and when finished, we shall present it to our readers.

Ferros.

Ferros is minus a leg,
At least one of flesh, blood and bone;
Ferros is minus a head,
With more sense than a model of stone.
Ferros, if not quite a maff,
Belongs to the nincompoop school,
Which Johnson deduced to be worse
Nine times o'er than the vilest fool.

Cartier.

Sleeping, snapping, snoring,
"Blaring, ferret,"
"You ought to know," "and you should know,"
That "I won't go the Irish hog"
Grapes may be sour, and Montreal
Thought Carter the fact to his cost,
Perhaps he's yet to learn when he larks so loud,
"He dignifies himself the most."

"Richardson," says Budden, "I bet you \$2 you can't show me \$100 in half an hour!" "Done, and done enough between two thieves," says Richardson. Away went Richardson to get the money, and away went Budden to keep out of the way for three quarters of an hour. Richardson, in addition to being laughed at, lost his money and temper—for he never had any brains—and, in revenge, summoned the other. Mr. Gurnett, whom we always thought a wise man until now, "reprobated the trick," spoke of sending the ingenious Budden to break stones for a month, misapplied a bye-law of the City Council, made himself generally ridiculous, and sent the prisoner to take his trial for fraud at the Recorder's Court.—[Incident from the *Globe*.] Comment on the above is needless. It is quite clear that the case has not the remotest bearing of "fraud," and as to the "trick," the contemptible fellow who brought it up ought to be ducked in a horse-pond.

Ecco Signum.

—When will the blighting influence of party feeling cease to invade the domestic hearth, the sanctuaries of home affection, and the sacred rights of private property? Sometime last week, while rancour and animosity were still sustained at the highest point of ebullition, by the developments of election flagitiousness, made by the vigilant Senior member for Toronto, what did Mr. Fellowes, the Speaker of the House, and the Attorney General West do, but after having insidiously reduced the Mayor of the city to a beastly state of intoxication and brought in Mr. Rankin in the character of Satan, to work upon the disordered imagination of their victim, extort from him an order for the removal of the projecting sign in front of the *Globe* office! Armed with axes, the four conspirators took the *Globe* office by storm, and proceeded to demolish the venerable sign. In vain did Mr. Brown implore them to spare the darling ornament of his establishment! In vain did he rush to Terauley street for Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody could not stir till he had marshalled his Orange forces; and by the time he arrived at the *Globe* office, with colours flying, and the band playing the "Protestant Boys," the ruffians had pocketed the chips and disappeared round the corner.

Sherwood! Spare the Clock.

—We are glad to see that the by-law regarding signs and awnings has at length been carried into execution. We desire, however, to suggest to the Corporation, the propriety of sparing the public clock which Mr. Carnegie's public spirit has placed at the disposal of the community. It would be a great loss to the public, especially in the evening, if this were removed under the by-law. If the Council is prepared to place an illuminated clock in a central position, all very good; but we put it to them, if they will serve the public interests by removing this one, which is a real benefit, and causes no inconvenience.

Blood will Tell.

—The Hon. M. Cameron, in a late debate in Parliament, proclaimed that there was no Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins. A wag from the opposition benches suggested the probability of the hon. gentleman's title descending through the royal African branch of his family.

STAPPA.—We fail to appreciate your points. W. R. C.—Is nonsensical. A Plum is beyond our comprehension.

A FRIEND.—Your production is of too trifling a character for insertion.

UNCLE TOM.—We thank you for your compliments but cannot grant a personal interview.

SENEX.—Must excuse the rejection of his communication; the point aimed at is too obscure.

C. D.—We sympathise with the object of your communication, and will give it attention in an early issue.

OBSERVER must be excessively stupid to send us three large pages on a matter that we have already dealt with. Seek some other medium for your scrawls. We can't afford time to read it.

OBSERVER.—Eels, like men, although repugnant to being skinned, are nevertheless capable of sustaining their vitality after such an infliction. Possibly you may live long enough to illustrate it to your own satisfaction.

JOHN D.—The case you mention to us is we are inclined to think one of official delinquency. The keeper of the weigh-house had weighed two cattle for our correspondent, giving the usual certificate therefor; not being satisfied with it, however, he sent the cattle with another party to get re-weighed, when the second certificate showed a difference of nearly 10 cwt. The official on being shown the discrepancy, of course, got into a blaze, as all men of Straw do, when made aware of their short-comings. Perhaps he will get over his stupidity.

BUSINESS NOTICES.—\$1 EACH.

Luckily, in our City of Toronto, we are not driven to the desperation of a Richard, who vainly cried—"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," for that convenience is always at hand at MITCHELL'S LEVRY STABLES, in rear of the great "Apollo." Mr. MITCHELL has as choice a selection of no less steeds as ever pranced in military pomp, or manoeuvred at royal tournament, or coursed to the spurs of a knight errant. The GRUMBLER has selected from his stalls when officially called to inspect Mr. Beaty's roads, and can testify to their being trained in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired in Rarey's system. Easy and fashionable vehicles he has, too, in abundance; and a beautiful and commodious "hack" suitable for the conveyance of families to their distant city or country friends.

The Rossin House is the special resort of the great men of the times. Some may be aware, but everybody should know, that Mr. CORNWELL, the accomplished CARO WHITE, is a guest in that establishment; and if no other attraction existed there than the beautiful display of PEXMASHIP executed by Mr. Cornwell, it is sufficient to command the admiration of all lovers of art. Visiting cards of every description are executed with a chasteness and elegance that cannot be attained by a merely mechanical process. His terms are less than moderate.

The GRUMBLER has ceased to grumble at Railway travelling since taking a trip in RUTMAN'S VENTILATED CAR. With his system in operation, Railway carriages are no longer hot air boxes filled with dust, and all kinds of abominable smells, but sea-side balconies, sweet and clean, invigorating with a cool breeze, bracing air. Success to him! Our best wishes for the success of his laudable enterprise.

By all means we advise everybody to embrace the opportunity afforded by the presence in this city of J. McMILLAN, with a large and varied stock of choice Books, which are being sold for a mere nominal price at Auction, held nightly at the Leather, we beg pardon, we mean *Leader Buildings*, opposite Toronto St. The trade can take the hint also.

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