

## CHARLIES VS. CHALEY.

### A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

In London, policemen, as Charlies are known,  
And here, we should follow the rule,  
For scarce a "blue bottle" we have, but has shown  
Himself equal to Charley, our fool.  
Yet Charley, poor fellow, must beg for his bread,  
While the Charlies can *batten* on beef;  
Then give him a *baton*, appoint him instead  
Of Sam, the commander in chief.

### A LEADER from the "LEADER," on PROTECTION.

And if the Devil come and roar for it, he shan't get it.—  
*Shakespeare amended.*

Protection is a humbug; and those who advocate it, are as devoid of common sense as a tanned sole is of hair. This we take to be an incontrovertible fact, needing no proof. Let our readers turn their eyes but for one moment at the class of individuals who advocate, in the nineteenth century, this exploded theory—this resurrection of the darkest ages of the Goths and Vandals—this illegitimate offspring of non-inductive science, and he will see evidence to convince the most sceptical that Protection, as we said before, is a humbug. Look at Grimjaw, for instance, he goes in—to use a vulgar phrase—for Protection; but why does he ask for 30 additional per cents on the importation of honest men into the country? Why, because he is a lawyer. That accounts for the milk in Grimjaw's cocoa nut. Then Snipes wants 50 per cent. to be placed on the manufacture of babies—no, we are wrong—baby linen. Now who does not know that the manufacture of the aforesaid article—the linen, not the babies—affords profitable employment for the whole family of Snipeses at present cumbering the Canadian earth; and yet Snipes, forsooth, would lay up rivals of inconvenience for infantile posterity under the mask of Protection. Next, Smuggings, M.P.P. jumps like a cat on a rat at 30 per cent on beer; and this too, mind you, with the fact staring him in the countenance, that cramps and convulsions are likely to follow even moderate imbibitions of *aqua vitæ*—hear it, holy St. Crispin—furnished by our corporation, in return for a tax, the weight of which brings the "bare bodkin" ultimatum, into consideration; and the payment of which is enforced at a risk, which cause the hair of our mustachios to stand erect. And after all, what is the disinterested Smuggings? He is a brewer of vile ale, and abominable schemes. But we need not go on with the disgusting list. Tagrag is a Protectionist because, being a editor, he has nothing else to write about. Jinkins is a ditto, because being a clergyman, he is afraid that the importation of religious works might enable the people to see as far through a mill stone as himself. Catverry is persuaded of the advantages of the proposed scheme, because he wants to enjoy the entire remuneration flowing from the transformation of deceased ornaments of the feline species into appetizing sausages. Drench, is a doctor, and although at present doing a killing business, does not like foreign competition. We flatter ourselves that even the *Colonist* could not make as good a joke on an equally grave subject. That rough being a sailor, of course expects to make a fortune by smuggling the moment the measure becomes law. And to finish the list, Stubbs is the only man in the

country who is a protectionist from conviction.—But he, poor man, lost his wits years ago. Thus we have proved to the satisfaction, not only of ourselves, but also of the whole civilized world, that Protection is a humbug. *En passant*, as they say in France, Adam Smith—who, by the way, must not be confounded with the Speaker—was always opposed to Protection.

### A LEADER from the COLONIST on PROTECTION.

All men are liars except us.—*Well-known fact.*

Adam Smith is a humbug; that is, he was, when on the upper crust of this earth in *propria persona*; but now that he is down among the deceased, far be it from us to leave the beaten track of respectable journalism to attack a quintessence of unsubstanciality—for such we take him now to be—therefore we will simply proceed to maintain the postulate we have assumed by such perspicuity of argument and cogent reasoning that our definitions shall bear the indelible impress of truth, and become the standard from which succeeding generations shall draw conclusive corollaries and found indubitable axioms. We do not mean to deny that the man Smith was clever: all men are clever—even Postmaster Smith is clever.—Heaven forgive us for saying so. But all his cleverness—the so-called political economist's, not bugs'—was of a pernicious order, and his doctrines have long since met a deserved fate in being kicked to unfathomable perdition. It is quite true that the anti-Protectionists—who, to speak plainly, are no better than a race of anti-Christ's—have slipshod statements ever on the tips of their tongues, and abound with disingenuous nonsense, so that it is a matter of wonder to all of us that they are not choked like the herd of pigs we read of; and, therefore, it is that we desire to put the public on their guard against their pseudo-arguments: let not the intelligence of our community be led as a calf to the shambles,—let not our readers be hood-winked,—let them keep their eyes skinned, as Homer says, and avoid being flattered by the non-flaminius engenderations of misguided minds and disorganized animal systems.

With regard to the minor consideration of going into the merits of the rival systems, we will simply inquire—and we would certainly like to see the man who can contradict us—what did England do in the days before Cassirelaunus, in order to foster her trade and invigorate her juvenile commerce. The question admits of but one answer: She adopted Protection. It was her meat and drink,—that is when the stock of prisoners had given in. And why should not we do the same? As that great seion of the English pearrage immortalized himself by saying,—

"Let learning, law, and manners die,  
But give us back our old nobiliti!"

Give us, then, Protection. For we have shown by incontrovertible arguments that it will be mother's milk to the country, to use a homely expression. Then, why hang fire? With Protection we shall be O. K. in a year; without it, we shall be y. O. in half that time. Those, however, who see a joke in what we advance, may enjoy it to their heart's content. To conclude, then, we have proved, in the most conclusive manner, that Adam Smith was a humbug.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- T. O. S.—"Too much of one thing," &c., &c. Try some other line.
- VERITAS, PEG-TOES, SKOOKS, AND P. B.—Too personal. How can you suppose we would be guilty of meddling with private affairs.
- SAMUEL—The bankrupt law as it now exists is a most ridiculous affair, affording protection for none but the rogue. It will probably be amended this session.
- ONE OF THE AFFLICTED.—Too long for this number, and indeed for any other. There are several good points which we may use. Shall be glad to hear from you again. Be brief, however.
- AMBERSTUNG.—Your paper never reached us,—have endeavored to get one but failed. Are not sufficiently acquainted with the facts to make a point of it. Should be glad to hear from you more fully.
- ANDY.—The best way to amuse the ladies would be to buy them a stereoscope at Maclear's, near the Post office. Another good plan would be to procure the MAGICIANS OWN BOOK at Thompson & Co's and learn the various tricks of slight of hand, with which you might astonish the fair maids. Your object is certainly commendable.
- AMICUS.—Dr. Mackay (pronounced Mackye,) was born at Perth in 1812, and is therefore 46 years old. His first volume of poems was published in 1834. He has been connected with the London *Illustrated News* since 1850. His last production is fifteen verses, entitled "Down the Mississipp," to be had at all the News Depots.
- HUMBUG.—Referring to the fact that Dr. Ryerson, in the late discussion with Mr. Geekie, casts it up to the latter gentleman that he is a "Reverend dropped," says he has it on undoubted authority, that when the Rev. Superintendent of Schools was travelling in Europe, he had his passports written, and his baggage labeled, with the *Hon. Egerton Ryerson!* Is this true?
- FRANK.—You are only wasting time,—most precious time in your position. If you are over seventeen and as good a scholar as you represent, apprentice yourself immediately to some good trade, and stick to it until you have acquired a thorough knowledge of its branches. You can have no better school, and this practical kind of life will be the best thing to sharpen your intellect.
- FASHION.—The vertical stripes have become so common that they are now not much worn by the leaders of the *ton*. Two flounces, with a new style of four point waists (most odious countenances) are the novelties now announced. The tight jackets you refer to were exceedingly neat, but are not very generally worn, probably because a good figure only looks well in them. Take our word for it the bcnnets will grow bigger before the summer is over. Your enquiries are very pleasantly rendered, and we should like to hear from you again.
- CANADENSIS—Directs attention to the habitual violation of the Game Laws by the adventurous Nimrods in this vicinity, in shooting every thing in the shape of wild fowl at the present season of the year. The law provides for the punishment of such,—a fine not exceeding five pounds, and imprisonment in default. If one or two examples were made, the effect would be salutary, and we know of no better way than for C. himself, to institute proceedings against some well-known offender.

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