

Immoderate Driving.

In the Toronto *Sun* we read:—

George Brown was charged with driving immoderately. A policeman stated that on the afternoon of the 25th ult. he saw the defendant driving at a very rapid rate.

The above meagre report is now extended from our Reporter's notes:—

FURIOUS DRIVING.

(Before JUSTICE GRIP.)

GEORGE BROWN, *alias* "Dictator," *alias* "The Ambassador," *alias* the "Great Impossibility," etc., was charged with furious driving, and bad language.

POLICEMAN X deposed that the defendant, who had many aliases, was a prominent member of the political swell mob, and a very troublesome and disorderly character. He frequented a noted flash house called the *Globe* Saloon, on King Street—the resort of sundry notable characters, among whom were the "North York Chicken," the "Highland Bishop" JOHNNY GORGAN, and one DAVIN, *alias* "DELUGE NICK." They were in the habit of driving furiously about with an old horse called *Grit*, which had been a fastish animal in by-gone days, but was now getting used up by overwork and poor feed. They also got up sham fights with other flash men, headed by "JOHNNY, the Kingston Nobbler." He saw the prisoner on the 25th ult. driving at a dangerous pace near King Street, when he stopped and cautioned him; the defendant used very bad language.

DEFENDANT (excitedly) You're a base and villainous hound, sir. It is one of my cardinal principles, as I can prove by hundreds of witnesses, always scrupulously to avoid bad language. (Laughter.)

Justice GRIP told defendant he must behave decently, and not interrupt the witnesses.

After some other evidence, the defendant being called upon for his defence, admitted he was driving very fast, as he had a right to do, and meant to do. His old horse needed constant exercise, and if it didn't get it would lose condition, having always been accustomed to go at 2.40 speed. He (defendant) had made this Dominion, and Province, and city what they were, and considered that, properly, everybody and everything belonged to him and must give way to his inclinations, as he was the greatest person in the land, and real King of the country. (Laughter.) If people got out of the road when they saw him coming, no harm would ensue. He had always had his own way, and intended to have it to the end of the chapter. Those who interfered with him must look out for squalls. The *Globe* was a highly respectable house. (Laughter.)

The MAGISTRATE said he was afraid prisoner had been drinking, or was not quite right in his head. Years ago when the Province was thinly settled, and Toronto a very small place, people might drive about furiously, or profess to arrogate the whole road to themselves, with little danger to those about. But things had greatly altered, there was no place now either for monopolists of street traffic, or dictators in public affairs. Defendant must learn to know his place, and not suppose he could impose his own headstrong will on a community, every member of which had equal rights with himself.

DEFENDANT.—You are the most contemptible duffer I ever saw; your language is quite treasonable; (laughter) as treasonable as that fellow SMITH'S. (Laughter.)

Mr. GRIP. Well, you're fined \$1.00 and costs, and mind you don't come here again.

The "Mail" to Mr. Blake.

Ah! EDWARD, wert thou but Conservative,
How should the *Mail* admire thee? As a man
Fit for a public model! Ah, how high
Thine aspirations. What nobility
Had in thine instincts shown! Impossible
That strictest scrutiny should find a flaw
In all thy deeds—thy public deeds, we mean,
Not those for clients drawn. Would'st thou cast off
Thy patriotic rubbish, and apply
Thy mighty mind to getting in SIR JOHN
(Or any one—Turk, Pagan, Greek, or Jew,
That needs a half-cracked organ, nearly new)
Think then how we should praise thee! Think, oh think
That if the fiery LUCIFER himself
Lent his red-hot assistance, we should paint
Him as an angel—what an angel, then,
We soon should make of thee. But now, ah! now,
(Not that we do believe it), we must swear
That thou began'st most ill, and did'st remain
Most infamous, and also did'st seduce
Poor E. B. WOOD, and him a justice made,
Which was an injustice; and now would'st bribe
With seven millions, Nova Scotia broad!
Deceiver! Briber! Rascal! Traitor! Wretch!
Most Horribly Dishonest EDWARD BLAKE!

On Boarding Out.

Mr. GRIP, Sir:—I want to know from you why it is a fellow can't get a rest. I have changed my quarters thirteen times since the first of the new year, and still, strange to say, I'm not satisfied. It appears to me the last one is worse than the second last.

The girl—the help—the bureau duster—or whatever else you may call her—bumps my trunk against all manner of things, until there are so many dinges in it as to make it look a hard case. I would not so much mind this, only she has red hair, and it takes an awful lot of oil to make it shine. The oil is mine. Even that would not be so bad, only when I meet her on the street with her fellow, (a store clerk,) she lifts her nose towards the constellation of the Great Bear and ignores my presence, because I am simply 'a cove wot works.' I wish she'd ignore my hair-brush as well, and I would not have so many long carrotty hairs to weed out every morning.

The mortar falls from the ceiling into my eyes and mouth, and sometimes in such quantities that I have to cart it away in my hat. The mistress is always a-praising of salt pork, and saying it is best for young men who work hard. I've seen a piece on the table eleven days in succession, and notwithstanding that to-day she puts one side up, another to-morrow, and lays it on its back the day following, I'd know it a mile off through my nose. When I grumble, she tells me I hadn't as good in the old country, and calls me a Sybarite, epicurian, and other hard names, whereas I am merely a Stoic.

On Sundays we have pickles. They leave the bottle uncorked during the week and flies and necessarily spiders find their way in. Spiders may be good insects enough in their way, and were no doubt created for some wise purpose; still, I don't think they're much when taken with preserved cauliflowers.

If you don't publish this, I'll put it in *The Leader* as an advertisement, and as a warning to lash manufacturers.

A CITY BOARDER.

The New (Mounted) Policeman.

Fording the rivers and tramping the plains,
Facing the north while its snowing and hailing,—
Scorched by the sun and soaked in the rains,—
Spurring his tired horse, whose strength is fast failing,—
Cleaning accoutrements after the march,
Drying his clothes wet in creek and swamp wading—
Completely washed out is his soldierly "starch,"
When the poor wretch "falls in" for his daily parading.

Hunting for Yankees with contraband goods,
(Villainous rum and forty-rod whiskey,)
Cachid in prairie or hid in the woods,
Business out there has always been risky—
But a generous country will give him his pay,
And when he returns he can live at his ease, man,
On what he's saved up on two shillings a day,
Pampered, luxurious Mounted Policemon!

Croaks and Pecks.

If you send a twenty-five cent note in a letter is that a *post script*?

Our Irish editor says that if he ever turns cannibal he would like to eat a coloured man and his children, because it would be *Hann an' nigs*.

COULD GEORGE BROWN be disqualified because of his Treatying?

Do you think oarsmen would make good kitchen maids because they are adapted to the *scullery*?

CASES FOR OCULISTS.—We know of a politician who has a fat office in his eye. We know a clergyman who has a nice church in his eye, and we know a dear young lady who has got a bank clerk in her eye.

A NEW theological question has arisen, as to whether man or woman was first created. Heretofore, the priority has been assigned to ADAM; but some of the boldest and most distinguished modern investigators unhesitatingly affirm that EVE was the first *maid*.

AMHERSTBURG is going to give \$15,000 bonus to manufactories established in that town and a native writes to us and says:—"Is it right to give a bonus and then *bone us* for the money?" Well, we wouldn't like to say whether it is right or left, but if the \$15,000 is left we have no bones about saying we would cheerfully be Buenos Ayres. (Bonus heirs.)

WHEN MILLS will have *cent* the Senate to the right about, won't such hard *dimes* make the Senators feel *dol(t)orous*?

ARITHMETICAL.—If ten mills make one cent, how many MILLS will it take to *un-make* one Sen(a)te?