



The Late Fracas at the "QUEEN'S."

Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds.
Harvey.

We may perhaps be rather behind time with our notice of the villainous article which appeared in the TELEGRAPH lately, by which J. R. Robertson, the ostensible proprietor of that paper, to revenge himself on Mr. Hodder, prostituted the liberties of the press, and excited the indignation of our entire community.

But we have our reasons for doing so now.—First, because it is our province to notice public abuses and nuisances, and what greater nuisance can we have in our midst, than a paper whose columns are occasionally filled with the most atrocious lies, and filthy abuse, of private parties, for the purpose of satisfying the spleen of the proprietor.

Secondly—because none of the other Toronto papers could, consistently with the tactics they have always pursued towards the TELEGRAPH, notice directly the disgusting editorial we have referred to. There is no doubt that the policy of the senior proprietor is "Notoriety at any price," and well has he adhered to it, but he must surely measure the minds and social status of the readers of his paper by his own standard, when he publishes such beastly, sickening details as those connected with the Newmarket and Georgetown horrors, and devotes nearly a column to the slander of a gentleman holding a position in the best society. Knowing the above to be his policy, however, the Toronto journals have studiously avoided acknowledging the existence of the TELEGRAPH since its birth, and very properly too.

A hotel keeper in the city said to us the other day "I take the paper because the other hotels do, but I can't let it go among my family, and if my wife wants to see it I have to read it through first, to see if it is fit for her to look at."

Perhaps now we may as well give a few of the particulars connected with the case in point. About two months ago an article appeared in the TELEGRAPH, describing how a gentleman of this City had had an adulterous connection with some woman, who had seduced him, but brought her husband

with her, and how the said husband then administered a thrashing to the aforesaid gentleman, who was described in such a way that it undoubtedly pointed to Mr. Hodder, and they have since publicly acknowledged that it was intended for him. Unfortunately for the truth of the article, Mr. Hodder was, at the time indicated, some hundreds of miles from Toronto. A few weeks ago Mr. Hodder was again held up to public notice by the same enterprising journal, because forsooth in driving tandem on King Street, his leader balked, and Mr. H. having (to Robertson), the additional odium of being a gentleman by birth and position, it was again attempted to make him the subject of public ridicule. Naturally incensed by these anonymous attacks, and having no other means of redress, Mr. Hodder foolishly took the law into his own hands, and horse-whipped Robertson in the "Queen's Hotel," and the next morning there appeared in the TELEGRAPH the most vicious, cowardly, and personal attack that ever disgraced the columns of a newspaper, not only reflecting on the gentleman himself, but also on his family; and every one, high and low, expressed their disgust at this miserable exhibition of cowardice and malice on the part of what is supposed to be a respectable journal.

Perhaps of all men in the city, Robertson least of all can afford to notice the holes in other men's coats, and we think he would hardly like to see his own biography published, embellished by little incidents only known to those who have been his associates. Born of most respectable parents, he neglected his opportunities, and though enterprising, through bad associates, reduced his mind to the low standard which is reflected in the paper he conducts, and, naturally snubbed by gentlemen, he has formed an antipathy to the class, which he exhibits in the despicable way we have referred to. Should we require any further examples, we have but to refer to his repeated attacks on Captain Prince and others too numerous to mention, but enough, the truth will all come out in the trial for criminal slander now pending, and we advise him for the future to cease personal attacks and remember that it is "ignorance of ourselves that makes us libellers of others."

A jolly row within view of the Royal Arms



(N.B.—The indulgent reader is requested for the nonce to substitute the Lion and the Unicorn for the Ghost in Hamlet.)

HAMLET.—"What! looked they frowningly?"
HOBART.—"A look more in sorrow than in anger."
(New reading.)

As late one night, I chanced to pass
The Assembly's house, from whence alas!

The Royal Arms look down,
My ears were startled with a noise,
Apparently from o'ergrown boys,
Let loose upon the town.

Loud and more loud the voices grew,
As choice the epithets they threw,
More choice than Billingsgate;
Till in their ecstasy of rage,
They sought each other to engage,
And pummel in their hate!

With out-stretch'd arms and doubl'd hands,
A blow was dealt by C——d,
That fell like any hammer!
The Butcher's boy, (of years long past),
Now sprawled with blood shot eyes aghast!
And scarce a word could stammer.

He who had often felled an ox,
Lay pale and shivering in his socks,
The picture of despair!
While laughing Myrmidons stood by,
Out came the Speaker on the sly,
To see the fight was fair.

Now quick the plot began to thicken,
The Boy was getting such a lickin,
The sponge was tossed in the air!
While all acknowledg'd they'd ne'er seen,
Or at such a bloody fight had been,
Since Dounybrooks fam'd fair!

—MORAL—

Oh! Grown up boobies! why such quarrels!
Go, seek in other halls your laurels,
Than where you gathered those;
Two august bodies you disgrace,
In neither should you have a place,
If you had us to please!

The Ruling Passion.

"Anything new in ties?"—as the swell on the sea-ford said to the langman.