

A STANDING NUISANCE.

WITH shouting and bawling
And evil names calling,
With language disgraceful and actions obscene,
Oh nuisance prodigious!
They make the night hideous,
And chew vile tobacco and against the walls lean.
It is a great sin
That they don't run them in,
The bobbies, I mean, who upon that beat stand.
Why don't they follow them,
Handcuff or collar them,
The hoodlums who loaf round the doors of the Grand!

Q.

THE HON. JUSTICE NETTLESOME JAUNDICE.

HIS LUCID, BRILLIANT AND UNPREJUDICED CHARGE ON
THE GREAT LIBEL SUIT.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY,—

THE case before you is one in which Goodman Grabber, plff., claims damages from the *Daily Enterprise* Printing Co., defts., for an alleged libel published in their newspaper, to wit, a paragraph in the news items, reading thus:—"A young man named Goodman Grabber, from Mossbackville, was arrested this morning on a charge of stealing a poor widow woman's marriage license, and pawning it for a drink." Now, gentlemen, you have heard all the evidence, which clearly establishes that the defts. were mistaken as to the place of residence of the subject of this item, which happens to be Waybackville instead of Mossbackville. And yet a mistake is no extenuation. It has been proven most conclusively that the defts. did not associate the name of the plff. with this first-named village willingly and maliciously. But still the fact remains undisputed that the name *was* associated with this village—a village in which the plff. has managed to live for many years, being a newspaper publisher himself, and to enjoy great popularity and public confidence, which all country journalists really do not deserve to enjoy, I may tell you frankly. He is the only one of that name in that village, and hence he naturally had a shrewd suspicion that the paragraph referred somewhat to him. That idea dawning on him, he wrote and promptly secured a correction of the damaging item, after a visit to the office of the defts. Going home it dawned on him more forcibly, either that a simple correction was not sufficient solatium, or else that the elevator boy who probably did not think him *distingué* enough for the cage, and made him walk up-stairs, or the sub-editor, who did not address him with an angelic smile as "Colonel," had failed to show him due deference—I am not positively certain which. But at all events he proceeded to intimate to the *Enterprise* Printing Co., the defts., that he fancied a \$10,000 action for libel was what his religion demanded and suffering family clamored for. But later, under eminent legal advice, he was moved to suggest, without prejudice, \$500 and a self-written apology. He got neither, I may say here. But, at the same time, I need scarcely mention what sort of amicable adjustment the defts. proposed—you can imagine that for yourselves. I simply present the facts, showing that it was an unintentional blunder on the part of defts., who have paid into court the amount of plff.'s expenses on the occasion of his visit to them, and say that is all he should receive. Furthermore, they aver they kept the supposed fact of this criminal being a newspaper man out of the item, in kindness to the plff., who, you will observe, is not a young man at all, but a person of middle-age, and possibly a grandfather.

But, gentlemen, let me caution you to remember that newspapers are not *all* infallible. Quite a few give news which contains most glaring typographical errors, and occasionally an error as to name and place. It is only judges that never commit wrong, I may remark *en passant*. Newspapers ought to be more than simply careful of what they print. They ought to be able to substantiate by affidavit and reliable witnesses the correctness and *bona fides* of every piece they insert, not excepting recipes for colic and mince-pie. The power of the press on the reputation of individuals is simply incalculable; and if you find that this plff., by the error of associating a larcenous namesake with him, notwithstanding that no one who knows him would believe him to be the party mentioned in the alleged libel, has suffered damages, it is your duty to bring in a verdict that will satisfy the ends of justice and give his counsel a show for something. I leave the case altogether in your hands. I am afraid to give you my candid opinion of newspapers, for fear it would be thought I had any bias or animus. But the facts in this great suit point very strongly to your duty, and I trust and believe you will do it without faltering. It is not absolutely necessary to award a large or burdensome sum to the plff.—by which I mean a sum that would be burdensome to the defts., for I fancy the plff. and his able counsel would not be indisposed to return with a load. You can signally mark your disapproval of newspaper mistakes in a becoming way, if it be your decision to do so. But, as I have said, I wish simply to place the bare facts before you, and let you form your own opinion. If I have forgotten anything, the address of the plff.'s counsel must yet be fresh in your minds. Now, gentlemen, you will retire and we'll take the next case."

ESTEEMED EXCHANGES.

Texas Siftings comes to our table in greatly improved form, and is more welcome than ever.

Tid-Bits, of New York, has taken its place amongst the regular comics, and supplies original matter almost exclusively. The quality of its paper has been improved and the price raised to 5 cents per copy.

CHICAGO has now a first-class illustrated journal. It is called the *Graphic-News*, and is in size and form after the pattern of *Harper's Weekly*. The pictures are generally most creditable specimens of art, and include references to the principal events of the week, far and near. The editorial pen is evidently in the hand of a thoroughly trained journalist.

MR. CHAS. M. RYAN has snatched enough time from his journalistic labors to write a very catching set of waltzes, which he has named the *Bric-a-Brac*. The music is exceedingly dancy, which is a good point about a *valse*, and no doubt Charles will soon hear the melody wafted from many a parlor window as he goes nosing around for *News* items. Messrs. Nordheimer are the publishers.

MRS. F. J. MOORE (F. J. Hatton) kindly sends us her latest musical compositions, two sacred songs, *Morning* and *Evening*, and a ballad, *The Sleeping Child*. In these works Mrs. Moore sustains the Hatton reputation for ability in the production of vocal music, and we have no doubt the pieces will shortly find their way into the *repertoires* of our leading concert singers.