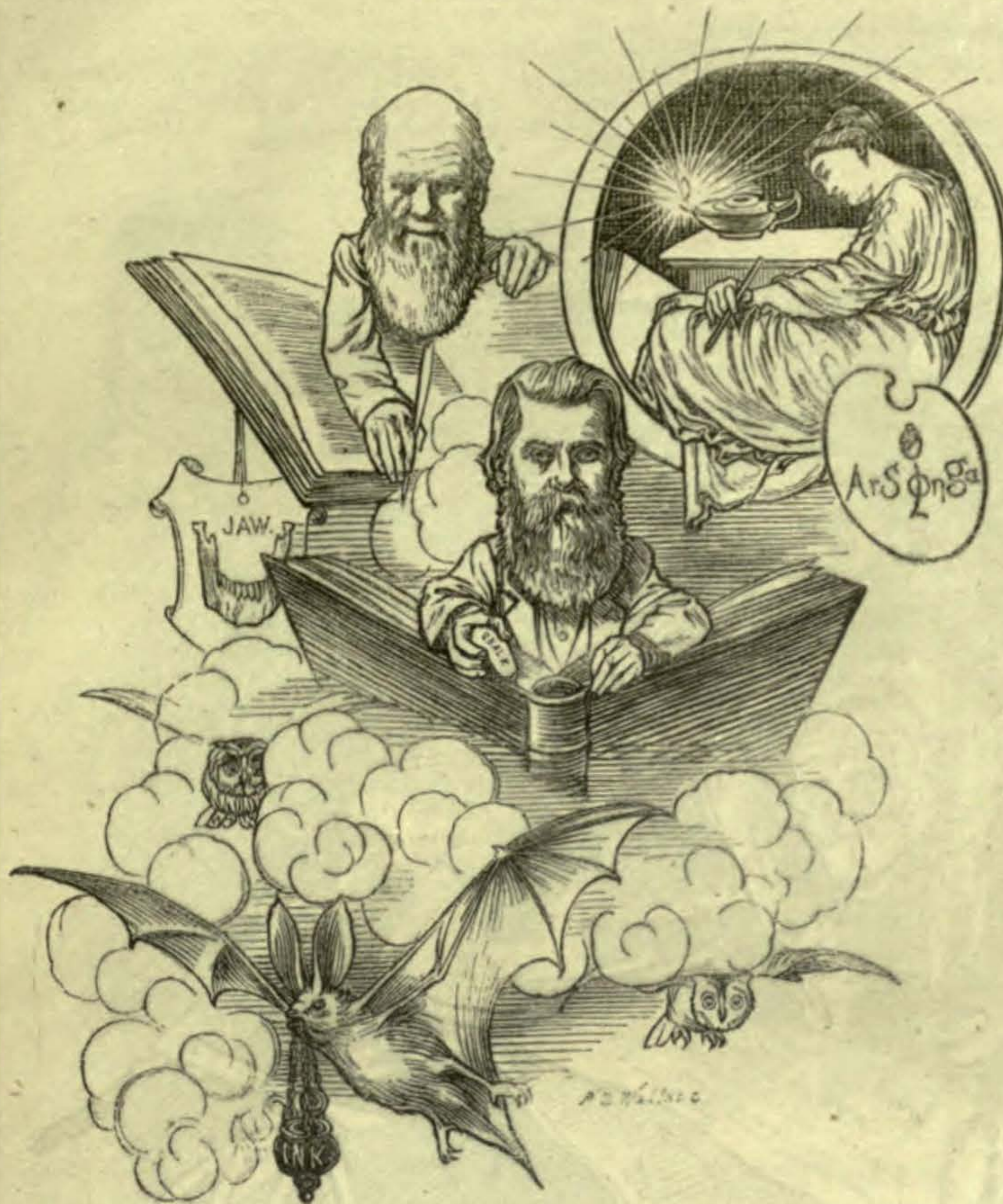


PUNCH TO DR. DARWIN.



So comes my DARWIN's turn of praise  
And the green honours of their bays  
The men who banned you offer;  
The smile, of such occasion born,  
Might well have had a touch of scorn,  
Could wisdom be a scoffer.

But only shallow smartness mocks  
The antics of the orthodox,  
The dogmatist's wild capers,  
Smile, but ne'er lift the heel to spurn;  
Trust Truth's *asbestos* to outburn  
Delusion's glimmering tapers.

Science should be the last to claim  
Infallibility's false fame,  
Which only Folly urges.

The truth to seek with patient quest  
Is hers, content to leave the rest  
To blatant *Boanerges*.

So have *you* done; the road you tread,  
As free from rashness as from dread,  
You follow without swerving.  
Fame meets you fairly on the way,  
And where's the duffer who to-day  
Dare question your deserving?

*Punch* cracks his jokes at you *sans* ruth;  
His honest fun wars not with Truth,  
But rather serves to test her;  
And, serious now, he bows respect,  
Sure that the Sage will not reject  
The tribute of the Jester.

OUR world's stage footlights  
flare and fume,  
While the clear light  
that shall illumine  
The Future's far-  
thest ages,  
In quiet sanctums few  
descry,  
Still trimmed and tended  
patiently  
By unobtrusive  
sages.

And when that light  
begins to show  
Its keen but unfamiliar  
glow  
To poor be-muddled  
mortals,  
The dullards blink, the  
quidnuncs croak,  
The zealots fain would  
Heaven invoke  
To bar those perilous  
portals.

In vain; that clear and  
conquering light  
Wins as it widens, calms  
affright,  
Dull souls from  
dread delivers;  
Till they who came to  
curse make shift  
To give a welcome to the  
gift  
And honour to the  
givers.

months. The prisoner, who seemed overwhelmed at the severity of the sentence, was removed from the dock in a fainting condition.

PENNY A. LYNER, twenty-seven, described as a journalist, was charged with repeated offences of the same kind. Mr. TOBY, Q.C., remarked that the prosecution relied upon one sentence, which, with the Court's permission, he would read. He must state that during last summer a chimney took fire one evening in the house of one JONES, a corn-chandler, while the family was at tea. This was the prisoner's account:—"Yesterday afternoon our worthy fellow-citizen Mr. JONES, whose mission in life is to purvey the golden grain to the humble households of the poor, was enjoying the repose of his own vine and fig-tree in the bosom of his family. The urn was hissing on the hospitable board, and the fragrant odour diffused through the apartment clearly indicated the presence of the cup that cheers but not inebriates, when suddenly the devouring element"—The Judge peremptorily stopped the case, and asked the prisoner if he had anything to say. P. A. LYNER replied that he had to live, and that he was paid by the length of his copy. Chief Justice PUNCH said that was no business of his. He must put the prisoner on short allowance of flimsy, for some time at least, by sentencing him to describe all fires, accidents, murders, and such other events as came under his notice for the ensuing five years in as short and simple language as possible. The prisoner was taken out of Court, begging hard for a shorter term.

ÆOLUS GLENDOWER WITCH SPHYNX AURORA, thirty-three, described as a sporting prophet, was charged with a similar offence. The Counsel for the prosecution said that this was an appalling case of crime. The prisoner was in the habit of calling a good horse a "clinker"; he would express his favourable opinion of a man by terming him a "flyer"; his unfavourable opinion by terming him a "mug." When a person had lost his money the prisoner would call him "broke"; an act of cheating he called a "ramp." Of the enormities of such phrases as "fly flats," "standing on velvet," and "real jam," he would not speak. Chief Justice PUNCH said this was a very bad case, and he felt it his duty to make an example, however painful it might be. The prisoner would be bound over to follow his business throughout the entire of the next racing season, and to invest his money on his own prophecies. The prisoner was removed yelling, "I am ruined, my Lord, I am ruined!"

This case concluded the business of the sitting—but a long list of similar cases, we regret to say, remains to be disposed of.

THE TWO DIFFICULTIES OF THE DAY.—MACMAHON'S to get a Ministry, and St. Andrew's to get a Lord-Rector.

IN CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH'S COURT OF FINAL REVIEW.

(With Chief Justice PUNCH's compliments to Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.)

CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH, on taking his seat, remarked that it was with sorrow he perceived such increasing ill-usage of the Queen's English. He was glad to see that his friend Mr. BRYANT was trying to put a stop to this sort of crime on the other side of the Atlantic, and he was determined, if he could, to crush it on this side. Without further preface he would now take the first case on the day's list.

Miss LAVINIA JENKINSON, forty-four, described as a novelist, was charged with repeated attacks on her own language. For the prosecution it was proved that the prisoner at the bar had frequently used such expressions as the following:—(1) "Her luxurious masses of golden hair glistened in the moonbeams like an aureole around the brows of a mediæval saint"; (2) "A swift sudden light broke from her lurid eyes like the lightning from a summer sky"; (3) "A dark shadow, which marked his Italian blood, mantled over the clean cut features"; (4) "The tawny moustache drooped heavily on the cold, cruel lips, whose honey-poison had lured"—Chief Justice PUNCH would not trouble Mr. TOBY, Q.C., to proceed. Had the prisoner anything to say for herself? The prisoner said the public liked her style. Chief Justice PUNCH was sorry for the public, but he considered such a plea as in fact an aggravation of the crime. If the public liked poison, that would not excuse the BRINVILLIERS and BORGAS. Despite the prisoner's sex, he felt it a duty to inflict as heavy a punishment as the law permitted. The sentence was that the prisoner be sentenced to the hard labour of reading her own novels for the space of three calendar