

is no less parental than the former. From the shapeless nakedness of Todhunter, and from the fantastic trappings of Edgar Allan Poe good Lord deliver us.

The pun is one style of dress. As long as the body it covers is comely we tolerate the tailoring, but when the gown hides a deformity or, as we often see on clothes-lines, serves only as a refuge for senseless wind, it should be checked for the rag-barrel.

The pun is a picnic costumed. It is cut very closely after the style of Poetry, and on this account if on no other is worth preserving. Poets and punsters, and indeed all men juggle with words. Alliteration is a play on the beginnings of words, modern rhyme is a play on the ends. The more frolicsome pun plays with the whole dictionary regardless of length or position. If the two former are, as rhetoricians tell us, relics of barbarism, the latter is undoubtedly the child of civilization; but if the word "barbarism" is derived from *berba* (a beard) some puns may come within its application, notably those which stalk through our Academic halls with "whiskers on them."

Julius Cæsar with his tricky "Veni, Vidi, Vici" was no less a punster than Sir Chas. Napier who at the conclusion of the Scinde War telegraphed to the Queen the laconic message "Peccavi." History has absolved the former both for playing with the letter V and with the Senate and Roman People but on the latter there falls all the sacerdotal ire and threats of excommunication that this blind-dealing priest can hurl.

If we can be granted critical license for more sacred fields we shall find puns even in the Eternity-engraved Scriptures. Over one of these puns Nations have poured the critic-ink of blood, and to help define its meaning Luther and Crammer have faced devils and Santiago fallen. Read Matthew XVI, 18, and then contemplate to what divine dignity a pun has been raised. Paul also was a punster and in the Epistle to Philemon, that most polished and diplomatic of all letters, we find a play on the word "Onesimus," only to be recognized however when it is to be remembered that the word literally means "Profitable."

When one has sacred literature to support his contention it is needless to quote from other books. Suffice it to say that English Literature could ill-afford the loss of such names as Hood and Lowell, though no doubt to satisfy the exactness of the great Pun-dit of the unpunishable punishers of pungent punsters the name of such a miserable punster as William Shakspeare should be "razed from the book of fame."

Yet the punster must be tethered, We do not wish our accounts to be made out in verse nor to have puns on our tomb-stones. But in his place and at his time, and this may include Heaven and Eternity, the punster is welcome. Some must ever be finding fault. They will do so even with our method of defence. To them in the words of the Shilling, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" \$