

Naked, with nothing to shelter  
Against the hot sun's ray;  
Hungering, wasting, starving,  
Dying a hundred a day.  
Horrors no tongue can utter,  
Horrors of which could boast  
No Black Hole of Calcutta,  
No pen on the African coast.

Oh! you who have brought us to it,  
And left us in our despair,  
(No hope of exchange or succour.)  
As you sit in your cushioned chair,  
Think what will be your portion  
In the future—not one of bliss!  
To-morrow I'll cross the "dead line"  
And make an end to this.

(The Stockade Prison, Andersonville, Georgia.)

#### VISIT TO THE ASYLUM FOR AGED AND DECAYED PUNSTERS.

Having just returned from a visit to this admirable Institution in company with a friend who is one of the Directors, we propose giving a short account of what we saw and heard. The great success of the Asylum for Idiots and Feeble-minded Youth, several of the scholars from which have reached considerable distinction, one of them being connected with a leading Daily Paper in this city, and others having served in the States and National Legislatures, was the motive which led to the foundation of this excellent Charity. Our late distinguished townsman, Noah Dow, Esquire, as is well known, bequeathed a large portion of his fortune to this establishment,—"being thereto moved," as his will expressed it, "by the desire of N. Dow's some publick Institution for the benefit of Mankind." Being consulted as to the Rules of the Institution and the selection of a Superintendent, he replied, that all Boards must construct their own Platform of operation. Let them select *anyhow* and he should be pleased." N. E. Howe, Esq., was chosen in compliance with this delicate suggestion.

The Charter provided for the support of "One hundred aged and decayed Gentlemen-Punsters." On inquiry if there was no provision for females, my friend called my attention to this remarkable psychological fact, namely THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A FEMALE PUNSTER.

This remark struck me forcibly, and on reflection I found that I never knew nor heard of one, though I have once or twice heard a woman make a *st glotched pun*, as I have known a hen to crow.

On arriving at the south gate of the Asylum grounds, I was about to ring, but my friend held my arm and begged me to rap with my stick, which I did. An old man with a very comical face presently opened the gate and put out his head.

"So you prefer *Claw to A Doll*, do you?" he said,—and began chuckling and coughing at a great rate.

My friend winking at me.  
"You're here still, Old Joe, I see," he said to the old man.  
"Yes, yes,—and it's very odd, considering how often I've lodged, nights." He then threw open the double gates for us to ride through.

"Now," said the old man, as he pulled the gates after us, "you've had a long journey."  
"Why how is that, Old Joe?" said my friend.  
"Don't you see?" he answered; "there's the *East hinges* on one side of the gate, and there's the *West hinges* on t'other side,—haw! haw! haw!"

We had no sooner got into the yard than a feeble little gentleman, with a remarkably bright eye, came up to us, looking very seriously, as if something had happened.

"The town has entered a complaint against the Asylum as a gambling establishment," he said to my friend, the Director.

"What do you mean?" said my friend.  
"Why, they complain that there's a *lot 'o eye* on the premises," he answered, pointing to a field of that grain,—and hobbled away, his shoulders shaking with laughter, as he went.

On entering the main building, we saw the Rules and regulations of the Asylum conspicuously posted up. I made a few extracts which may be interesting.

#### SECT. I. OF VERBIE EXERCISES.

5. Each Inmate shall be permitted to make Puns freely from eight in the morning until ten at night, except during Service in the Chapel and Grace before Meals.

6. At ten o'clock the gas will be turned off, and no further Puns, Conundrums, or other play on words, will be allowed to be uttered, or uttered aloud.

9. Inmates who have lost their faculties and cannot any longer make Puns shall be permitted to repeat such as may be selected for them by the Chaplain out of the work of Mr. Joseph Miller.

10. Violent and unmanageable Punsters, who interrupt others when engaged in conversation, with Puns or attempts at the same, shall be deprived of their Joseph Millers, and, if necessary, placed in solitary confinement.

#### SECT. III. OF DEPARTMENT AT MEALS.

4. No Inmate shall make any Pun, or attempt at the same, until the Blessing has been asked and the company are decently seated.

7. Certain Puns having been placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Institution, no Inmate shall be allowed to utter them, on pain of being deprived the perusal of *Punch* and *Vanity Fair*, and, if repeated, deprived of his Joseph Miller.

Among these are the following:—

Allusions to *Atie salt*, when asked to pass the salt-cellar.

Remarks on the Inmates being *mustered*, etc., etc.

Personal allusions in connection with *carrots* and *turnips*.

Attempts upon the word *tomato*, etc., etc.

The following are also prohibited, excepting to such Inmates as may have lost their faculties, and cannot any longer make Puns of their own:—

"—your own *hair* or a wig"; "it will be *long enough*," etc., etc.; "little of its age," etc., etc.;—also, playing upon the following words:

*hospital*; *mayor*; *pun*; *pitied*; *broad*; *saucer*, *sole*, etc., etc., etc. See *INDEX EXPURGATORIS*, printed for use of Inmates.

The Superintendent, who went round with us, had been a noted punster in his time, and well-known in the business-world, but lost his customers by making too free with their names,—as in the famous story he set afloat in '29 of *fogpines* attaching to the names of a noted Judge, an eminent Lawyer, the Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, and the well-known Landlord at Springfield. One of the *four Jerris*, he added, was of gigantic magnitude.

The Superintendent showed some of his old tendencies as he went round with us.

"Do you know?"—he broke out all at once—"why they don't take steps in Tartary for establishing Insane Hospitals!"

We both confessed ignorance.  
"Because there are no *mad* people to be found there," he said, with a dignified smile.

He proceeded to introduce us to different Inmates. The first was a middle-aged, scholarly man, who was seated at a table with a Webster's Dictionary and a sheet of paper before him.

"Well, what luck to-day, Mr. Mowzer!" said the Superintendent.

He turned to his notes and read:—

"Don't you see Webster *erz* in the words center and theater?"

"If he spells *lether*, and a feather *father*, is n't there danger that he'll give us a *lead spell of weather*?"

"Besides, Webster is a resurrectionist; he does not allow u to rest quietly in the mould."

"And again, because Mr. Worcester inserts an illustration in his text, is that any reason why Mr. Webster's publishers should hitch one on in their word-books?—Aid you, Sir?"

"Why is his way of spelling like the floor of an oven? Because it is under bread."

"Mowzer!" said the Superintendent,— "that word is on the Index!"

"I forgot," said Mr. Mowzer:—"please don't deprive me of *Vanity Fair*, this one time, Sir."

"These are all, this morning. Good day, Gentlemen. Then to the Superintendent,—Aid you, Sir?"

At this time a plausible-looking, bald-headed man joined us, evidently waiting to take a part in the conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Riggles," said the Superintendent. "Anything fresh this morning? Any Conundrum?"

"Nothing of any account," he answered. "We had *hasty-pudding* yesterday."

"What has that got to do with conundrums?" asked the Superintendent.

"I asked the Inmates why it was like the Prince."  
"O! because it comes attended by its *sweet*," said the Superintendent.  
"No," said Mr. Riggles, "it is because the *lasses* runs after it."

"Riggles is failing," said the Superintendent, as we moved on.  
The next Inmate looked as if he might have been a sailor formerly.

"Ask him what his calling was," said the Superintendent.  
"I knowed the sea," he replied. "The question put by one of us.

"Went as mate in a fishing-schooner."  
"Why did you give it up?"

"Because I didn't like working for *two-masters*," he replied.  
Presently we came upon a group of elderly persons, gathered about a venerable gentleman with flowing locks, who was propounding questions to a row of Inmates.

"Can any Inmate give me a motto for M. Berger" (the great billiard player) he said.

Nobody responded for two or three minutes. At last one old man, whom I at once recognized as a Graduate of our University, (Anno 1800,) held up his hand.

"Recn a *one tetig* it."  
"Go to the head of the Class, Josselyn," said the venerable Patriarch.

The successful Inmate did as he was told, but in a very rough way, pushing against two or three of the Class.

"How is this?" said the Patriarch.  
"You told me to go up *jollia*," he replied.

The old gentleman who had been shoved aloud enjoyed the Pun too much to be angry.

Presently the Patriarch asked again,—  
"Why was M. Berger authorized to go to the dances given to the Prince?"

The Class had to give up this, and he answered it himself.—  
"Because every one of his carmons was a *tick-it to the bell*."

"Who collects the money to defray the expenses of the last campaign in Italy?" asked the Patriarch.

Here again the Class failed.  
"The war-cloud's rolling *Dun*," he answered.

"And what is muller wine made with?"  
Three or four voices exclaimed at once,—  
"*Sizzig* Madeira!"

Here a servant entered, and said "Luncheon-time." The old gentlemen, who have excellent appetites, dispersed at once, one of them politely asking us if we would not stop and have a bit of bread and a little mite of cheese.

"There is one thing I have forgotten to show you," said the Superintendent,— "the cell for the confinement of violent and unmanageable Punsters."

We were very curious to see it, particularly with reference to the alleged absence of every object upon which a play of words could possibly be made.

The Superintendent led us up some dark stairs to a corridor, then along a narrow passage, then down a broad flight of steps into another passage-way, and opened a large door which looked out on the main entrance.

"We have not seen the cell for the confinement of violent and unmanageable Punsters," we both exclaimed.

"This is the *cell*!" he exclaimed, pointing to the outside prospect.  
My friend, the Director, looked me in the face so good-naturedly that I had to laugh.

"We like to humor the Inmates," he said. "It has a bad effect, we find, on their health and spirits to disappoint them of their little pleasantries. Some of the jests to which we have listened are not

new to me.  
The same  
vantage, it  
agreeable." I

"We had  
where our  
deceitful  
on his face

"Look"  
The ant  
seemed to

"Sarva  
Give it up  
He smil

"One I  
lost his a  
his whole

"We too  
hoping to  
excellent"

HOUS

G

Need neve  
powder to  
lightest an

Paddings,  
short spa  
That eve  
sample par

Have alw

BB  
Gentleme  
Clothing.

M.

SHI

MANUF

JE

I

100 Bu

4 Cas

Meers

receive

TEND

FRIDAY

TH

SEVER

SIXTH

The W

miles co

the who

accept I

Specifi

ing cont

Truro an

The w

names of

the Cont

ed.

Railw

The peri

is EXT

nocw, w

I

U

Books

ving, C

and An

to order

Farce

Boston