Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

Co. K.

There's a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered, and blue,
Of very slight value,
It may be, to you;
But a crown, jewel-studded,
Could not buy it to-day,
With its letters of honor,
Brave "Co. K."

The head that it sheltered
Needs shelter no more!
Dead heroes make holy
The relics they wore!
So, like chaplet of honor,
Of laurel and bay,
Seems the cap of the soldier,
Marked "Co. K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly
Its visor beneath,
O'er the work of the reaper,
Grim Harvester, Death!
Let the muster-roll, meagre,
So mournfully say,
How foremost in danger
Went "Co. K!"

Whose footsteps unbroken
Came up to the town,
Where rampart and bastion
Looked threateningly down?
Who, closing up breaches,
Still kept on their way,
Till guns, downward pointed,
Faced "Co. K?"

Like cameras awful,
Stood cannon aloof,
Till signal was given,
To strike off a proof
Of the soul of the soldier,
To send up to Him,
(Pray God that he knows it,
Though bloody and dim.)

Who faltered, or shivered?
Who shunned battle-stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain?
Whose battle-line broke?
Go, ask it of History,
Years from to-day,
And the record shall tell you,
Not "Co. K."

Though my darling is sleeping
To-day with the dead,
And daisies and clover
Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
As I lay it away,
The battle-worn cap,
Lettered "Co. K."

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND REOPENING.—As we announced yesterday, the grand summer reopening of Grover's New Chesnut Street Theatre will take place on Monday evening, on which occasion there will be produced, for the first time in this city for six years, the famous old dramatic pageant of *Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp.* This drama has been three months in preparation, and is presented at a cost of $6300.

For years past, it has been a general theatrical favorite, on account of the display scenes; and on the occasion of its first exhibition at Grover's, the gorgeous pageantry of the Imperial Court and the supernatural effects will recall to the memory of old theatre goers all the memories of the famous "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." In scenery, mechanical effects, properties, and superb costumes, we are satisfied that Grover's *Aladdin* will bear away the palm from all similar exhibitions ever given in the cities of the old world, and that it is destined to have a run of many weeks before our citizens tire of its representation. Miss Effie Germon will sustain the character of "Aladdin," Miss Lizzie Price that of "Princess Budrulbadoun," while to other favorite actors and actresses will be entrusted those characters whose proper rendition contributes so much to the success of this great spectacular drama. On Monday evening next, therefore, *Aladdin* will be produced, and we advise our readers to present themselves *en masse* on that occasion.

MAD LITERATURE.

From the Round Table.

The writings of the insane possess a peculiar interest aside from the idea, that

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,"

—an idea upon the correctness of which philosophers are divided. A French physician, E. Moreau, has recently gone so far as to advance the novel theory that the pre-eminence of the intellectual faculties has for its organic condition a "special state of disease of the nervous centres." It may be permitted here to observe, however, that despite the nearness of the alliance of great wits to madness, it may be quite possible that genius and insanity are as unlike as black and white. Laughter and tears are nearly allied, but yet are they not opposite? Almost invariably, the greatest masters of *pathos* are equally masters of wit and humor, as in Dickens, Hood, and others. This article aims merely to present to the reader several specimens of the writings of different lunatics—not lunatics in a sort of figurative sense, but lunatics who, at the time they wrote, were under treatment in insane hospitals.

There was a time when it was deemed necessary, in order to render effective the system of treatment in asylums for the insane, to proscribe the use of the pen by patients altogether. This fallacy has few supporters in our day. The treatment of mental disease has greatly improved since the time when Christopher Smart scratched his lengthy poem of "David," with a door-key, on the panels of his cell. Now, the lunatic who is possessed of the *cacoethes scribendi* is provided, under proper regulations, with facilities for scribbling. Pens and ink are no longer deemed the insignia of irrationality.

The mad comic muse was so much a stranger in famous Bedlam, that when one of the inmates of that "house of horror" produced the following rhyme wherein he express her sentiments on the subject of polygamy, it was hailed as a marvel:—

"If John marry Mary, and Mary alone,
It is good enough between Mary and Molly;
But if John marry more wives—what blows and what scratches!
'Tis no longer a match, but a bundle of matches."

A grey-haired bachelor, who had walked the halls of the New York State Lunatic Asylum for years with "a bee in his bonnet," got off the following rhyme:—

"If I've no wife to cheer me, no darling to pet,
I've no babies to cry, and no vixen to fret;
If my linen and stockings are out of repair,
And look like their owner, much worse for the wear,
I'm as free as the birds to work or to play—
I can read a good book, and so drive care away.
Should time leave its traces on cheek, brow, and chin,
I've got a clear conscience, and sunshine within."

The same "crazy-head," in a poem on tobacco-chewing, thus illustrates the rejoicings "inside" of the man who quit the use of the weed:—

"The nerves seem to falter up to the brain!
We are not to be tempted and tortured at again.
And the brain sent the message straight back to the heart:
'Beat freely and fully—we've got a new start!'"

"The following fragment," the writer says, "was ground out of a machine," for an accurate description of which, see the spiritualists." The subject is "Enchanted Land," a domain which lunatics are commonly supposed continually to occupy:—

"There a gentle summer breeze
Blows from the myrtle and roses,
And sighs through the silvery trees,
The silvery leaves sighs and responds,
And all those rocks and woods
Give forth a solemn sound,
Tinkling low is heard the Silver Bell—
(*Coming to the Demons.*)
As they merrily dance and sing,
(*Which shows their floating fangs down under the rocks.*)
I hose spirit eyes
Are fixed on a prize
That one false step may bring.
(*Rousing up their organs.*)
Mid the dance and din
Sub deeper within,
The cavern gives smothered groans,
Then mightily they chant
In the cavern haunt
Of the man *that left his bones.*
The Silver Bell,
The Silver Bell,
Still tinkling low
In the well below
Is heard the Silver Bell."

This is quite as well constructed verse as that of many a "poet" who claims to be sane, and whom newspapers harbor and abet, while in the pools of grotesque fancy it is somewhat impressive. We have a better built verse below, a fragment of a poem on "The Drooping Willows":—

"Though the poplar and sycamore reach to the sky,
Neither those nor the oak with the willow can vie."

* * Of a different sort are the productions of another lunatic, grey-haired, tall, and coarse of physique, whose writings are as frolicsome as the endeavors of a kitten in pursuit of her caudal appendage. For example:—

"Who that sees the tail of a rat so skeptical as to ignore the existence of rats somewhere—the seam of absurdity, 'Not much if a hatchet and up I go, up a pair of stairs (four ceilings, two cellars), and back again with the rascals—here he goes! We must not forget to write down we laugh, discover, we laugh, we laugh, we laugh! Ha! ha! ha!