

not injured.

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

The Disputed Readings of Gen. Lytle's Celebrated Poem.

(To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.)
MULDRO FARMS, Ky., Feb. 27.—In your supplement of February 17 I find a letter from "Mahlstiek," in which, after he takes the Evening Post to task, tells where and who he heard speak Gen. Lytle's poem, "I am dying, Egypt, dying;" and after he speaks of its being "battered out of recognition," proceeds to give the "battered lines," and then the "correction" from the "Old Scrap-book." And even he has misquoted the second line, according to the copy which I have, and which was published in the Courier before it was hyphenated with the Journal. The poem I have kept in my scrap-book and is as follows:

"Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him who drunk with thy caresses
Madly flung a world away."

Mahlstiek has it:

"Ere his star shall lose its ray."

The poem I have was first cut from a Cincinnati paper, accompanied by a short sketch of Gen. Lytle's life by Hon. Nat. Wolfe, who called me in his office to hear him read it, and he was loud in its praise for its beauty and purity of thought. I begged him to let me have it, but he refused. I then asked him to let me show it to Mr. Halde-man and get him to publish it. He agreed to it, and it did appear in the Courier, with a headline as follows: "The following soul-stirring poem was written by Gen. Wm. H. Lytle, of Cincinnati, and has already been published in the Courier. We reproduce it by special request." This was but a few months previous to Mr. Wolfe's death. J. E. P.

A COPY FROM THE ORIGINAL.

Gen. Lytle's famous poem has been often misquoted by careless writers who trust to memory, but that it has legitimately different readings is due to himself, it appears. Mrs. S. E. A. Milton, of this city, who has some of Gen. Lytle's unpublished poems in her possession, has received a letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Lytle Broadwell, of Cincinnati, a sister of Gen. Lytle, who incloses a copy of "Antony and Cleopatra" from the original in her possession. In that copy the disputed line reads again differently from the quotation by our correspondent. "Yet," writes Mrs. Broadwell, "I know that he gave Congresshall the copy which he publishes in his 'Poets and Poetry of the West.' So you see that he wrote it both ways, as the fancy seized him." The copy from the original is as follows:

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY GEN. W. H. LYTLE.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ere the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark autumn shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me—
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

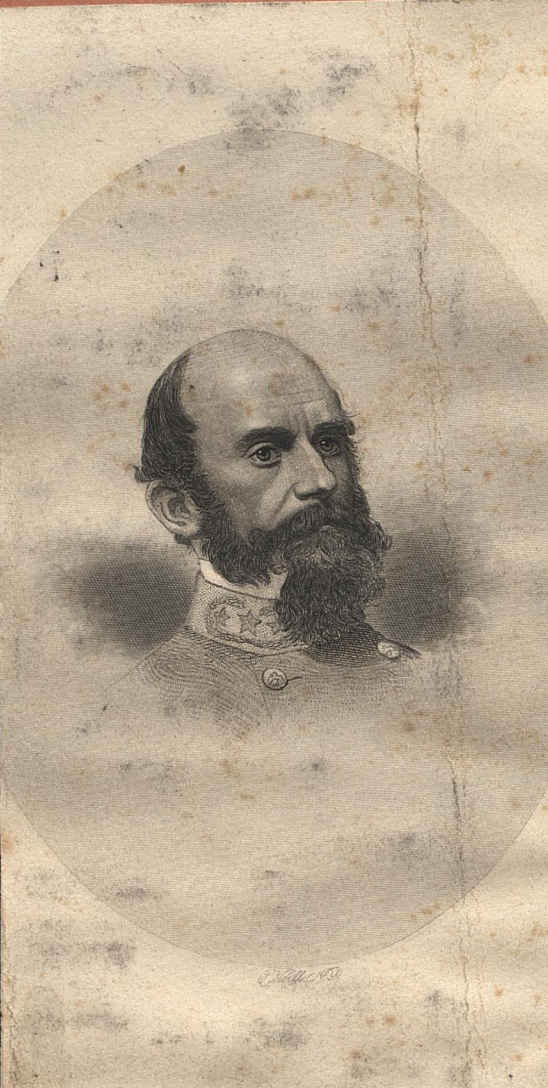
Though my scarred and veteran legions,
Bear their eagles hither no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Aecium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir's still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas his own arm that felled him—
'Twas his own hand that struck the blow;
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
When my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness—
Altars' auras, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine conjoined,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to stygian horrors
With the splendours of thy smile.
Give to Caesar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming! Quick, my faithful
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the cattle
Shall my heart exulting swell—
Its and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!



LT. GEN. R. S. EWELL.

Nile Mortis Nisi Verum.

[Lime-hill Club.]

"It am my painful dooty," said the President, as he opened the meeting, 'to inform you dat death has again invaded our circle. Brudder Slipback Burbanks, of Syracuse, N. Y., am no mo' on airth. He breathed his last three days ago, after an illness of sixteen days. What axshun will de club take in de matter?"

"I move dat we send de widder a resolu-shun of sympathy," announced Judge Cadaver.

"I reckon dat we had better resolve dat de club has lost a shinin' light," timidly added Pickles Smith.

"De club will neither resolve nor for'd any resolu-shuns of sympathy," remarked the President. "De widder an' chill'en can't eat a resolu-shun, eben if written in blue ink. De Seckretary will mail her a ten-dollar greenback from de club funds, an' express de hope dat she am dooin' well under de circumstances.

"Dis club hast't lost no shinin' light by de death of Brudder Burbanks. He was no shiner. Fact am, he was a werry common sort of a hump-backed cull'd pusson, an' it took him as long to add seven an' eight to-gedder as it would some older men to aim two dollars. He was accomplished in nothin'; he excelled only in killin' time when at work by de day. He would be no better off if we pronounced forty lyin' eulogies on his character. He can be no worse off if we tell de honest truth. De usual emblem of sorrow will be hung to de knob of de inner doak fur de space of two weeks, an' we will remember Brudder Burbanks as extremely good-natured, even if extremely lazy."

"NUFFIN 'TALL TO DO!"

UNCLE NED'S DISCOURSE.

Now I states de preperstion, and I think 'tis very true,
Dat a man is in a dange'ous fix wid nuffin 'tall to do.
You nebber ketch ole Satan loafin' roun' de cotton row,

An' he habn't got no likin' for de handle ob de hoe;
But he fastens to de feller dat pe-rades aroun' de town

A-suckin' on de ole segars he picks up orf de groun.
An' struttin' 'long de pabement, wid a highfalutin' smile,

An' tryin' to make a libbin' on his figger an' his style.

Well, de Debbul comes er-cross him, wid his easy sort o' way,

An' he keeps him doin' nuffin' froo de pretty summer day;

Den he fools him wid his schemey tricks dat hardly ebber fall,

An' he 'lectioneers wid him till he lan's him in de jail.

Now, de thing dat boddered madder Ebe an' fadder Adam too,

Was habin' heap too sof' a time, wid nuffin' 'tall to do;

For Adam might a-growed to be a mighty solid man
Ef dey only had a showed him how to cultervate de lan';

An' den, instid o' bein' sich a good-fer-nuffin' chap,

You'd a seed him any summer day a weedin' out de crap,

Or grubbin' in de new groun's wid de pick-ax an' de hoe,

And pullin' up de mornin'-glories roun' de tater-row;

Den, he'd a kep' his sitation in de garden at de leas';

An' maybe he'd a ris' to be de Jestis ob de Peace.

Now, study 'bout de awful luck dat came to mudder Ebe

When dey chucked her froo de garden-gate an' ordered her to labe.

She wasn't fit for wu'in', cause dey nebber l'arnt her how,

And she couldn't make a westcut, an' she couldn't milk a cow;

But it r'aly was a pity how she passed her time away.

In huntin' arter chinky-pens an' slidin' on de hay;

An' dey mighty o' en stumbled on her paddlin' in de lake,

Or clammin' up de 'simmun-tree an' chattin' wid de snake.

But ef she had a-started in de safes' way to go,

An' studied up de knowledge dat a 'ooman ought to know,

She'd a-zrowed up wid de hab's ob a handy sort o' wife,

An' den she might a-counted on a mighty happy life.

Den when Adam came to supper at a closin' ob de day,

He'd a-foun' her in de kitchen wid de uben an' de tray,

Jes' a-slugin' roun' de skillet-tops an' makin' up de bread,

Wid her fingers full o' flour an' a towel on her head,

An' den you might a-see her little later in de night

Jes' as libely as a yaller-jacket flixin' for a flight.

An' hangin' roun' her husband's jis' as happy as de May.

An' talkin' 'bout de matiers dat had happened froo de day;

Or mixin' up de phys'ic for his headache or his korf,

An' sewin' on his gallus-buttons when dey busted orf.

But dey neber could be satisfied wid so much holi-day

Aldo dey had a easy time an' ob'ly thing was say;

Den dey started out a tryin' how much unschred dey could make,

Till dey tumbled to de racket ob de litte garter snake!

So I 'rise you to be keerful, as you journey 'long de way.

When you stumble on a passenger wid too much holi-day

STARVILLE, MIES. J. A. LACON.

Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, said in a speech in Nashville in 1844 of Andrew Jackson:

What a career was that of Andrew Jackson! A career of success by brutal self-will. No impediment stood in his way. If he saw and fancied a pretty woman, even though she was another man's wife, he took possession of her. If he entered a horse at a race he frightened or jockeyed his competitor. If he was opposed by any independent man he crushed him. He saw the country prosperous under the Bank of the United States, and he shattered it from turret to foundation stone. His rule has been ruin to this people, his counsel full of calamity. And now when he is approaching his last hours, when good men are praying that he may be punished for his many misdeeds, he turns Presbyterian and cheats the devil himself.