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ÆNEID.

BOOK II.

The Destruction of Troy related to Dido by Æneas.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction, 1—18. Entrance of the Wooden Horse and treachery of Sinon, 19—286. Fate of Læocœon and his sons, 287—326. Descent of the Greeks from the Horse, and attack upon the City, 327—375. Æneas is warned of the danger by the Ghost of Hector, 376—476. Æneas, Panthus, and others engage in the conflict, 477—617. Events at the palace and death of Priam, 618—792. Æneas left alone, is returning to his own house, when he observes Helen concealed near the altar; he is urged by various motives to slay her, but is prevented by his mother, who appears to him and conducts him home, 793—904. Anchises at first refuses to accompany his son in flight, but finally, being encouraged by a miracle, he consents. They take to flight; Creusa is missing on their arrival at the place appointed, 905—1059. Æneas returns in search of her, when her ghost appears to him, and advises him to depart. He returns to his friends, and again, taking his father on his shoulders, seeks refuge in the mountains, 1060—1145.

'Twas silence all; no voice the stillness broke,
Then, from his lofty couch, the sage Æneas spoke :
"Untold the grief, fair Queen! that springs anew,
Within my breast, when ordered to review,
Those scenes in which by Greeks were Trojans slain,
And Ilium sacked, and levelled with the plain;
Terrific sights, which these sad eyes have seen,
A hapless actor, too, ah! would I had not been!
What cruel Myrmidon the tale could hear,
And to our mournful fate refuse a tear?
The fierce Dolopian would forget his ire,
And e'en Ulysses pity would inspire.
The humid night, too, flies to ocean's deep,
And setting stars invite to needful sleep ;
Yet, if you so desire, I will relate,
Troy's fall, its struggles, and its final fate.
Although my heart the bitter task bewails,
And memory shudders at the dread details.

Weary of war, and oft repulsed by fate,
The long protracted siege the Grecians hate.
A monstrous horse by Pallas' art divine,
They build, with breast of oak, and ribs of pine ;
A vow for their return with art they feign,
Their cunning tales a fatal credit gain.
Then, casting lots, their bravest men they hide,
Within the darkness of its boarded side,
Who in the dismal belly silent stand,
And fill its cavern with their armed band.
There is an island—Tenedos by name—
In sight of Troy, of once conspicuous fame ;
While Priam reigned, of wealth and great resort,
But now a dangerous and deserted port.

Borne hither by the breeze and pliant oar,
They hide their vessels on the lonely shore.
We, foolish, think for Greece they had made sail,
And sought Mycenæ with the favoring gale.
Therefore, all Troy dispels its lengthened grief,
Pours through the gates and hails the glad relief.
The Grecian camp with pleasure they survey,
The shores deserted and the silent bay :
'Here the Dolopian troops their leisure spent,
And here the fierce Achilles pitched his tent ;
Their fleet was moored within this circling bight,
And here, in battle, they were wont to fight.'
Upon Minerva's fatal gift some gazed,
And at the horse's size were much amazed.
Thymetes, first, aloud with ardour calls,
To have it brought within the city walls ;
Whether by fraud, and as a traitor hired.
Or thus the fates of Troy had now required.
Capys, and all within whose sober mind,
Reflection dwelt, and knowledge of mankind,
The treacherous gift would plunge into the deep,
Or render in the flames a smouldering heap ;
Or, at the least, the swelling sides would bore,
And all its hidden cavities explore.
These adverse views the wayward crowd divide,
Who, as caprice directs, take either side.
Here, Læocœon, with a crowded train,
The fortress leaves, and foremost seeks the plain ;
Then cries aloud : 'What madness, townsmen say ?
Think you our wily foes are gone away ?
Are favors void of guile by Argives shown ?
Is thus Ulysses and his cunning known ?
Or, Grecians lurk within this engine tall,
Or else, it has been framed against our wall,
Our sacred homes and city to command ;
Some latent danger surely is at hand.
Trust not the horse, with art it now beguiles,
I fear the Greeks, and their insidious wiles,
E'en most, when offering gifts, and robed in smiles."
He said, and all his mighty strength applied,
And hurled his spear against the curving side ;
It quivering stands, the echoing belly groans,
And from its caverns issue dismal moans.
Ah! had the Gods our fate not preordained,
Or had our minds but common sense retained,
We had been led with blood its womb to stain,
Troy, now, might stand, and Priam's house still reign.
Behold! with clamour great some shepherds bring
A youth fast pinioned to the aged king,
Who, with design this very part to play,
Had cast himself unknown into their way,
That his deep plot he may with art employ,
And open to the Greeks ill-fated Troy ;
Self poised and bold, for either lot prepared,
Death, or the object that his valour dared.
Around the Trojans rush to view the sight,
Insult the captive, and enjoy his plight.
Now, hearken while the Grecian wiles I trace,
And from one sample learn to know the race.
When in the crowd he stood, unarmed, dismayed,
And with a timid glance our troops surveyed ;
"Alas" he said, "can I for country weep ?
Would I might find a home within the deep!

often in boyhood on the level Lincolnshire flats, and has now reproduced in his poetry.

Shelley seems to have been our author's first admiration, but his genius was too original to follow in the footsteps of any master, however great. His admiration of the author of "Cenci" and the "Lost Adonais" is rather traceable from an occasional coincidence in the mode of handling, than through any imitation. In truth Tennyson's beauties and deformities are *sui generis*, and free from all imputation of being borrowed. Shelley could no more have written that antique gem, "Ulysses," than the nonsense of "airy, fairy Lillian."

Tennyson is a singular mixture of sublime aspiration and indolent repose. In a divine fervor he will straightway pen some "Locksley Hall," in which the hopes of progress and the destiny of man are weighed. Then his dream is—

"In some good cause, not in my own,
To perish wept for, honoured, known,
And like a warrior overthrown,

"Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,
While soiled with noble dust he hears
His country's war-song thrill his ears."

But the fury of inspiration is over, the fire gone out, the glowing brands but whitened ashes, and Tennyson the hero gives place to Tennyson the dreamer. The beautiful leaves are waving above his head, the cloud shadows flying before his engorged eye like steeds, over hill and valley and meadow—the winds are cooling his brow, the bright stream rippling in the sunlight, and the lark, "an unseen song," pouring his melody from the heights of heaven. Why should he toil when these beautiful things beckon to him?

But gifted with such powers as he indubitably does possess, Tennyson's life is that existence so scoffed at in "Ulysses"—existence where the spirit "rusts unburnished" as "though to breathe were life." A man's gifts are not in his own hand for his own good. The writer who has struck so rude a blow at haughty pride as the ballad "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," should not pass his life in an idle dream of green meadows, magical flowers, and far away wave-lapped coasts, even though these dreams cast for us a golden light upon the men and deeds of the antique day. Tennyson has seized attention and commanded respect from the cultivated minds of England, and this influence should be turned to account. A noble poem from his pen would do more to mould the opinions of men than a thousand petitions of the destitute, and we look impatiently, now that he is married and settled near his beloved Windermere, for a lyric which shall be a greater than the "Song of the Shirt" that moan of agony which will live a heritage of shame to England's latest posterity.

E. C.

DANTE IN EXILE.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

"The prior perceived one day a man coming into the monastery whom none of its inmates knew. He asked him what he wanted, but the stranger making no reply and continuing to gaze on the building as though contemplating its architecture, the question was put a second time, upon which, looking round on his interrogator, he answered—'Peace!'"—Turnbull's "Genius of Italy."

Peace for the exile banished from his home,
His kindred and his country?—for the man
Whose very birthplace roots him from her soil
In jealous rage, as though he were a weed
Of noxious influence, and flings him forth
To wither all uncared for,—peace for him?
Yea,—even for him,—if indignation just
Against oppression and foul wrong can yield
A nutriment, though bitter, strong enough
To still the cravings that his nature feels;—
But not for thee, oh! Poet, with thy soul
Of organism tender, delicate,
Stern, yet with woman's gentlest sweetnesses
Tempering its loftiness,—its every chord
Thrilling with an unutterable love
To thine unworthy Florence,—with thy heart,
Thy high, heroic, melancholy heart,
In its refinement of ecstatic pain,
Quivering beneath its sorrow evermore!

No peace for thee! Thy sadden'd gaze could rest
Upon no other sky that wore a hue
Resplendent as thine own Etrurian heavens;
No stream that flashed in sunshine could awake
The joyousness that thy young years had known
By silvery Arno, and no city seem
So queenly in its proud magnificence,
As beautiful Florence lying lovingly
Within the arms of her encircling hills.
Yet she could fling thee from her;—she could bear
To bind thy sensitive spirit to the rack
Of an ingenious torture, till thy life
Should wear in broken-heartedness away!
And thou couldst tame thy fiery nature down,
And love her still with an unselfish love,
That thought could quench, even in thy deepest wrong,
Throughout thy years of lingering martyrdom!

She could not take thine all: though sore athirst
For the sweet sympathies that once refreshed
Thy Tuscan home,—thou hadst a hidden spring,
Pure, cooling, inexhausted, whence thy mind
Drew strength and solace midst its harshest woes;
And even in thy severest poverty
Of hope and comfort,—thou, with lavish hand,
Didst pour from out that precious fount of Song,
Delicious waters that should ever yield
Divine refreshment.

But the living stream,
So clear and full and flowing, and so fraught
With rare delight to others,—could not cure
Thy long home-sickness,—could not satisfy
Thy painful human yearnings. And the peace
Which thou hadst sought through many wanderings,—
Through years of weary banishment, in vain,—
Thine aching heart found only in the grave!