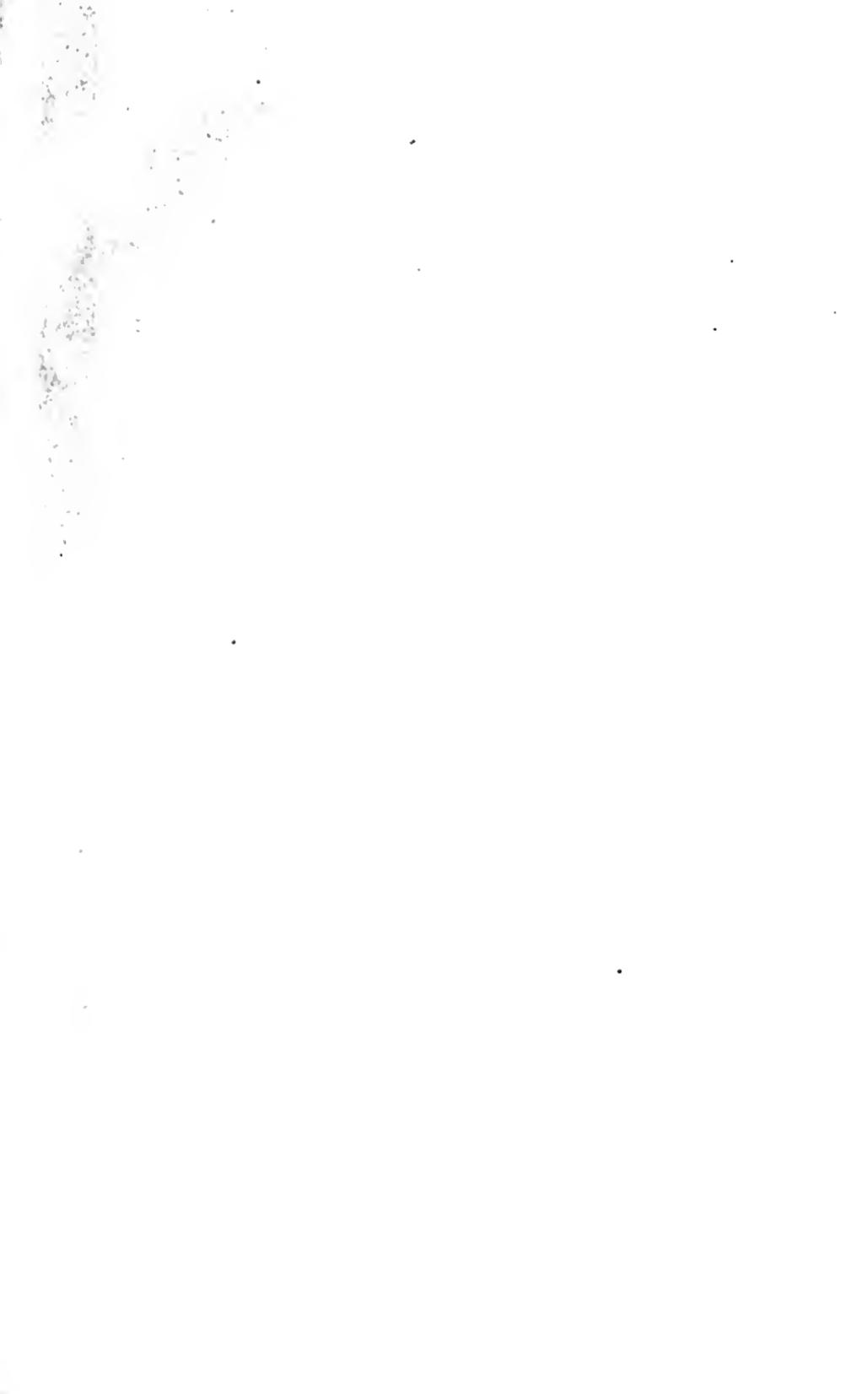
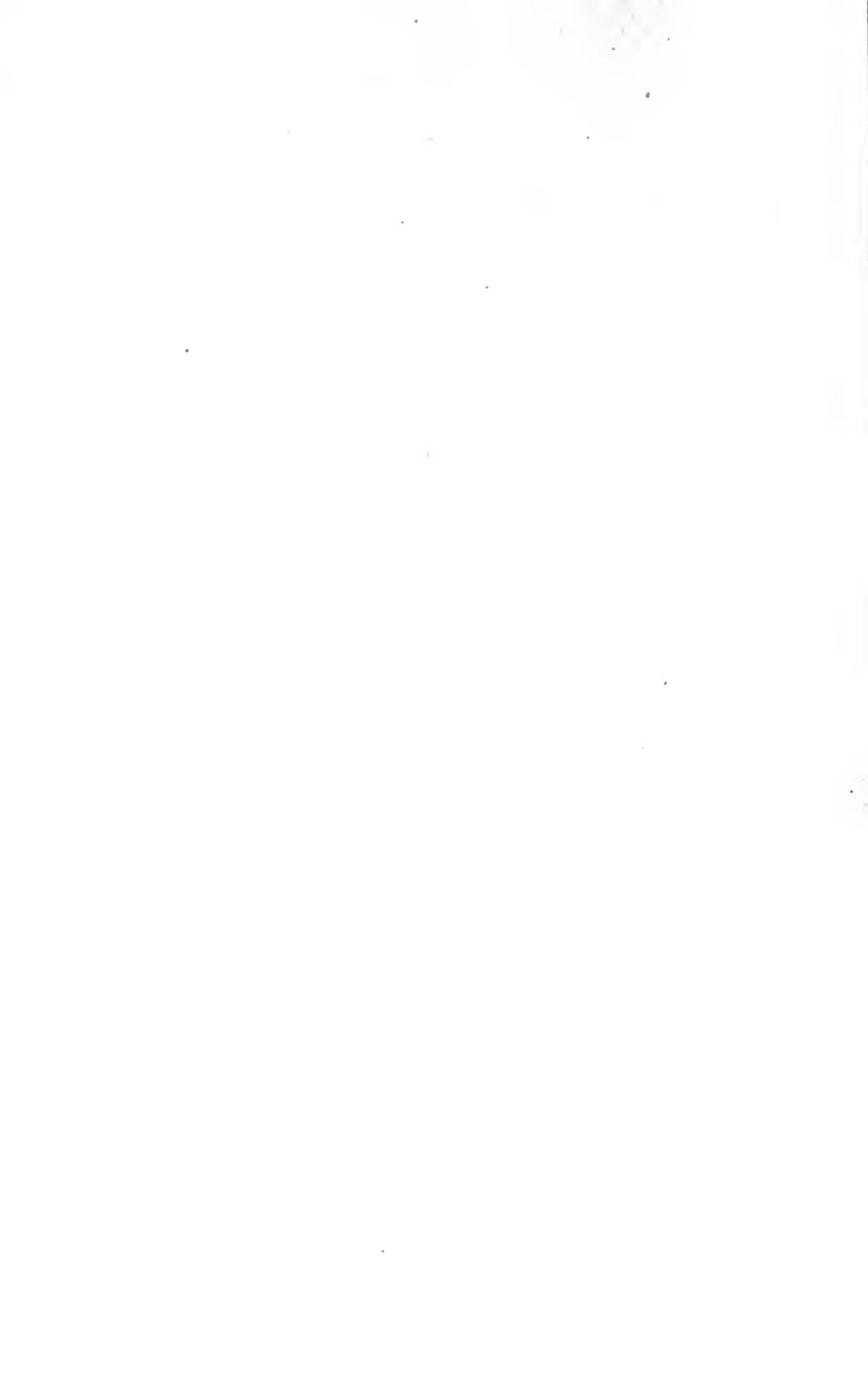


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THE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

By

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH

Prisca fides facta, sed fama perennis.



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P R E F A C E .

I N the translation of the great Roman epic here offered to the public, I have endeavored to fulfil two necessary requirements: first, to render the original Latin as literally and concisely into pure idiomatic English as could be consistent with a strict metrical form; and, secondly, to make it, as ably as I could, a poem, retaining somewhat of the spirit of the original. I have made an earnest attempt to do what I believe has not yet been successfully done,—a faithful rendering of the *Æneid* into fluent, poetic, yet compact and carefully constructed blank verse.

All the best poetical translations of it into English, hitherto, have been done chiefly in rhymed couplets; and all, whatever their other merits, have failed more or less in fidelity, for the simple reason that they are rhymed. One need only compare the best known version, Dryden's, with the Latin, to see the lamentable transformations the old Roman bard has suffered (even when piloted by a poet) at the hands of that seductive siren, Rhyme. Or, to come down to our own day, take the newest rhymed version, Professor Conington's, and, in spite of his infinitely greater

fidelity to the exact language of Virgil, there will still be found the inevitable failures marking the same despotism. The conscientious translator is called upon for surrenders and sacrifices that cannot be afforded. Is it not too much to expect, that any one mortal should have skill to mould the delicate and compact sentences of the Latin poet into a form so unbending in its verbal exactions? And these exactions are not only attended by perpetual lapses into incorrect or weak paraphrase; the incessantly recurrent rhyme gives an almost unavoidable appearance of antithesis, which disturbs the clear simplicity and directness of the original. Thus the very fashions which the school of Pope and Dryden thought fitting and beautiful and noble, and in which it loved to drape the old classic bards till it almost hid their forms from us, are seen to be quite inappropriate when tested by our modern demands and our juster principles of translation. The translator has only to try his hand at it, to see to what shifts he is reduced when fettered by these jingling chains; to find out to what frequent slurrings of delicate graces and meanings, to what grave omissions, additions, dilutions, and circumlocutions he is pledged. If it be true that

Rhymes the rudders are of verses,
By which, like ships, they steer their courses,

it is also true that they are rocks and shoals on which poetical translations, in spite of the adroitest steering, too often split. In a word, Translation becomes Transformation.

I am aware that there are classical scholars of poetic tastes, who, while dissatisfied with rhymed versions, yet would fain see some metrical forms attempted which they think would approach nearer to the rhythmical movement of the originals than do any of the established metres. For the Latin hexameter, it is suggested, why not adopt the English hexameter? Without wishing to enter upon this much-debated hexameter question, I would merely say that I think there are serious objections to the use of this metre for a translation of the *Æneid*, or, indeed, for any long epic poem. It is easy to write flowing hexameters of a certain sort. But, to say nothing of the greater advantage the Latin has in its winged and airy vowel-syllables, the trouble is to find in English pure spondaic words enough, without which the lines must be overloaded with dactyls; the result being an effect, in a poem of any length, as fatiguing and monotonous as an incessant swing or canter. This metre may be used with success, I think, in a brief eclogue, hardly in a lengthy epic. The impression conveyed by the movement of the verse in English must differ materially from that which the original metre conveyed to the ancients,—else it is difficult to imagine how it could ever have become with them the established form for the epic. To our ears, twelve long books of modern hexameters could hardly fail to be a portentous affair. For myself, I can seldom read more than a few pages even of the best English specimens of this

rhythm, without a lurking sense of something like verbal posing and posturing going on, which, even when graceful, has a perpetual tendency to the constrained and artificial. I am quite aware of the fascination there is in the composition of these quaint and trailing six-footers. But in spite of the Germans, and the theories and experiments of a few poet-scholars, I cannot but think that the hexameter belongs exclusively to the costume of the antique ages, and that the less the epic muse has to do with it, the better. Metres, like spoken languages, become obsolete and dead. They may or may not be revived. But, at any rate, popular and accepted metres are growths, and not transplantations from a remote past.

Besides, the difficulty of sustaining to the end, in hexameter, a poem so varied in thought and action as the *Æneid*, is a consideration which might well make the most gifted rhythmical artist shrink from the task; a task tenfold greater, if it be a main object with him to keep close to the literal phrasing of the text.

In choosing the form of blank verse in this translation, I feel as if I had better obeyed the inferential Scriptural suggestion of putting old wine into old skins, than if I had tried to pump it into any such antique jars. That the form I have chosen is comparatively modern is no objection. It is not a new, nor a transplanted form. Blank verse is a good old sound English growth, long ago adopted, and glo-

riously illumined by the greatest poets in our language. If it is deficient in movement, it must be the fault of the writer, not of the verse. I cannot think of a form more fitting for an epic, nor one, on the whole, better adapted to a worthy rendering of the sense and spirit of the *Æneid*. I could not help feeling, too, while engaged in my task, that the Latin lines lend themselves to the very requirements of blank verse, in the fact that their conciseness so often obliges an overlapping of one translated line into the next, and thus favors the variation of the pause, which in this metre is so essential to the avoidance of monotony and the sustaining of rhythmical effect.

I have not troubled myself greatly about consulting the various English translations of the *Æneid*. I should like to have compared my work with Dr. Trapp's, the only blank-verse version, I believe, of any note; but have not been able to obtain it. Dryden's and Conington's rhymed versions are the only two with which I have much acquaintance. The Earl of Surrey's version of the second and fourth Books I have only glanced at. It is noticeable as the earliest blank-verse essay in our literature. While somewhat too antiquated in style for the present day, it has, apparently, the merit of being literal. Thomas Phaer, in 1558, translated seven Books of the *Æneid* into rhymed couplets, of fourteen-syllable verse, if I remember. The remaining Books were done by Thomas Twine, and the

whole was published in 1584. It is as obsolete in much of its phraseology as Surrey's; but from a cursory examination, it seems to be better than its fame. Pitt's version I am unacquainted with. It is spoken of as very tame, and not faithful. Symmons's, which, like Pitt's and Dryden's, is in heroic rhyme, I have known only in parts, and since I completed my own. It seems more faithful than Dryden's; but then Symmons was not a poet, and Dryden was, though an unequal one. Professor Conington's, in the Scott's-Marmion octosyllabic metre, is ingenious, frequently poetic, and, as far as the translator's shackles would allow, faithful. But it is like Virgil in short-hand. Debarred by the frequently recurring rhyme from a literal rendering, yet desirous of slurring nothing, he merely touches and suggests, where he should linger; and, missing the graceful sweep of Virgil's lines, reads too much like a sort of classical Sir Walter.

I am far from pretending that my versification may not frequently fail to convey the movement of the Latin lines to the ear of those to whom they are familiar. What I have aimed at has been to render simply and concisely, without omission, addition, or periphrasis, and at the same time fluently, keeping in mind the best ideals of blank verse. The only departure made from this metre has been in two brief passages where it seemed to me the answers of the Oracle in pentameter rhyme might make an agreeable contrast.

The addition of many notes would have too much encumbered the book, besides being unnecessary where the classical dictionary is accessible. I have therefore added only a few, which may be convenient for the general reader.

I have followed mainly Professor Anthon's text, and must thank him for what benefit I have derived from his valuable notes and occasional renderings. I may be somewhat indebted, too, to Davidson's prose translation, with which I have compared portions of my own. And I wish, in conclusion, to express my obligation to my friend, Professor James Russell Lowell, for many good criticisms and suggestions in revising my manuscript.

C. P. C.

September, 1872.



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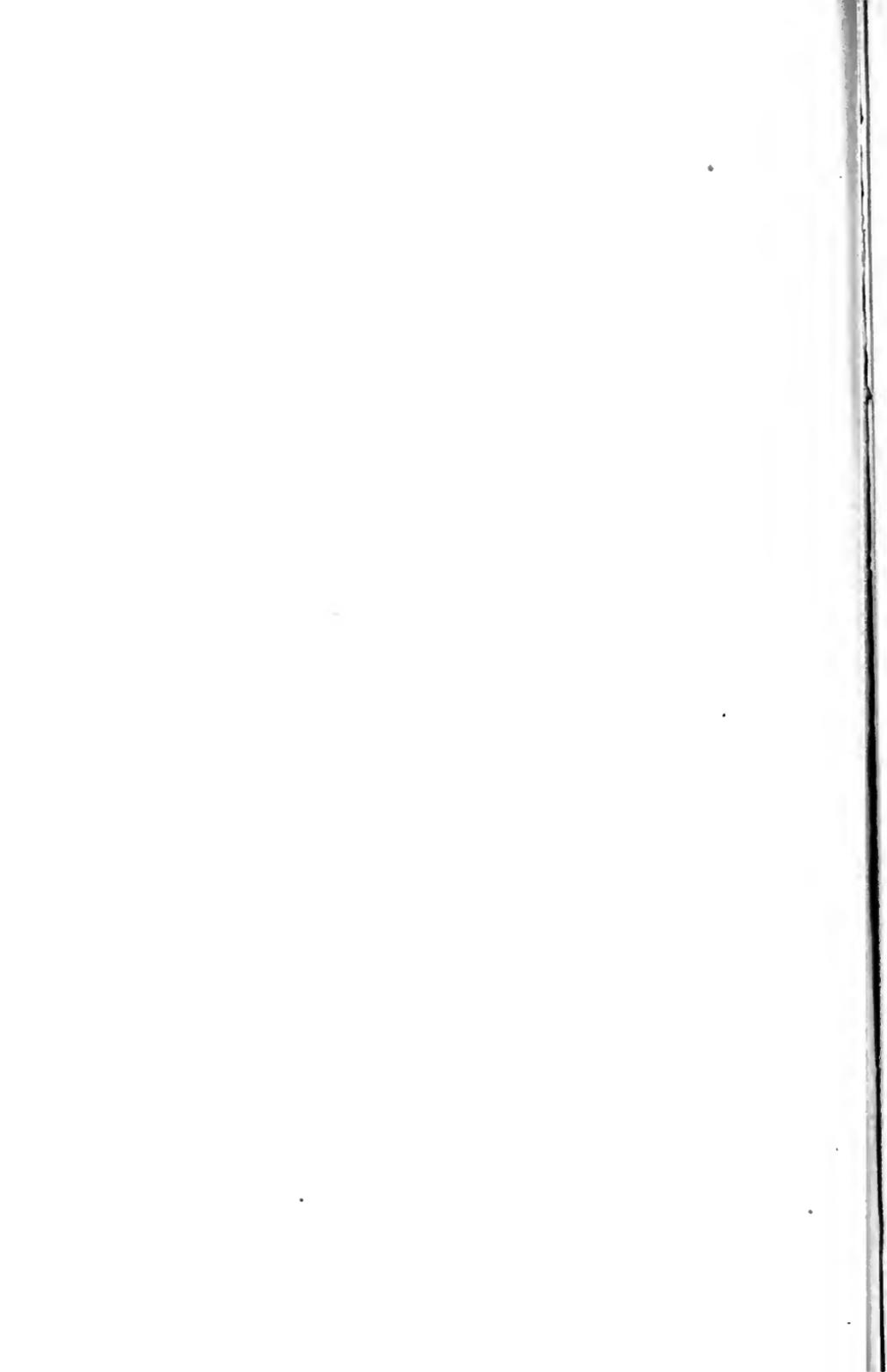
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THE ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

I SING of arms, and of the man who first
Came from the coasts of Troy to Italy
And the Lavinian shores, exiled by fate.
Much was he tossed about upon the lands
And on the ocean by supernal powers, 5
Because of cruel Juno's sleepless wrath.
Many things also suffered he in war,
Until he built a city, and his gods
Brought into Latium; whence the Latin race,
The Alban sires, and walls of lofty Rome. 10

O Muse, the causes tell, for what affront,
And why incensed, the queen of gods compelled
A hero for his piety renowned
To undergo such sufferings and such toils.
Is there such anger in celestial minds? 15

There was an ancient city, Carthage, held
 By Tyrian settlers, facing from afar
 Italia, and the distant Tiber's mouth ;

Rich in resources, fierce in war's pursuits :

And this one city, Juno, it was said,

20

Far more than every other land esteemed,

Samos itself being less. Here were her arms,

Her chariot here ; e'en then the goddess strives

With earnest hope to found a kingdom here

Of universal sway, should fate permit.

25

But of a race derived from Trojan blood

She had heard, who would o'erturn the Tyrian towers

One day, and that a people of wide rule,

And proud in war, descended thence, would come

For Lybia's doom. So did the Fates decree.

30

This fearing, mindful of the former war

She had led at Troy for her belovèd Greeks,

The causes of her ire and cruel griefs

Saturnia had not forgot, but still

Remembered, hoarded in her deepest thought,

35

The judgment given by Paris, and the affront

Of beauty scorned, — the hated Trojan race,

And honors granted to rapt Ganymede.

Inflamed by these, she drove from Latium far

The Trojan remnant that escaped the Greeks, 42
And fierce Achilles; and for many years
They wandered, driven by fate, round all the seas.
Such task it was to found the Roman state.

Scarce out of sight of Sicily, they spread
Their sails with joyous hearts, and o'er the sea 45
With brazen prows were plunging through the foam,
When Juno, the eternal wound still fresh
Within her breast, thus with herself communed:—
“Shall I who have begun desist, o'ercome,
Nor avert from Italy this Trojan king? 50
The Fates forbid, forsooth! Shall Pallas burn
The fleet of the Greeks, and drown them in the sea,
All for the crime and furious lust of one,—
Ajax, Oileus' son? She from the clouds
Snatched the swift fire of Jove, and hurling, smote' 55
The ships, and scattered them, and upturned all
The sea with winds;—and him, by whirlwinds seized,
And breathing flames from his transfixèd breast,
On a sharp rock impaled. But I, who move
Queen of the gods, Jove's sister and his spouse, 60
So many years with one sole race wage war.
And who henceforth will worship Juno's power,
Or suppliant at her altars lay his gifts?”

Such things revolving in her flaming heart,
 Unto Æolia, region of the clouds, 65
 Places that teemed with furious winds, she came.
 Here, in a cavern vast, King Æolus
 Over the struggling winds and sounding storms
 His empire holds, and binds them fast in chains.
 They, chafing, with great mountain murmurs roar 70
 Around their cloisters. On his lofty seat
 Sits Æolus, with sceptre, and their wrath
 Assuages, and their fury moderates.
 Else would they bear away, with rapid force,
 Sea, earth, and heaven, and sweep them through the air. 75
 But the omnipotent father, fearing this,
 Hid them in gloomy caves, and o'er them set
 The mass of lofty mountains; and a king
 Gave them, who, by a compact sure, might know
 When to restrain and when to loose the reins. 80
 To him then, suppliant, Juno spake these words: —
 “O Æolus, I know that unto thee,
 The father of the gods and king of men
 Grants to assuage^{relieve} and lift with winds the waves.
 A race now sails upon the Tyrrhene Sea 85
 Hostile to me, — Ilium to Italy
 Transporting, and their conquered household gods.

Strike force into thy winds, and sink their ships,
Or drive them wide asunder, and the waves
Strew with their corpses. Twice seven nymphs are mine ;
The fairest, Deïopea, will I give 91
To thee in wedlock firm, to be thine own,
And, for such service, pass her years with thee,
And make thee father of a lovely race.”

Æolus answered : “ Thine, O queen, whate’er 95
Thou choosest to require ; ’t is mine to obey.
Thou givest me whatever sovereignty
I hold, — my sceptre, and the favor of Jove,
And to recline at banquets of the gods,
And all the power I hold o’er clouds and storms.” 100

Thus having said, with his inverted spear
He smote the hollow mountain on the side.
Then forth the winds, like some great marching host,
Vent being given, rush turbulent, and blow
In whirling storm abroad upon the lands : 105
Down pressing on the sea from lowest depths
Upturned, Eurus and Notus all in one
Blowing, and Africus with rainy squalls,
Dense on the vast waves rolling to the shore.

Then follow clamoring shouts of men, and noise 110
 Of whistling cordage. On a sudden, clouds
 Snatch from the Trojans all the light of day
 And the great sky. Black night lies on the sea.
 The thunder rolls, the incessant lightnings flash ;
 And to the crews all bodes a present death. 115

Æneas' limbs relax with sudden cold ;
 Groaning, his hands he stretches to the stars.
 "O, thrice and four times happy they," he cries,
 "To whom befell beneath Troy's lofty walls
 To encounter death before their fathers' eyes! 120
 O Diomed, thou bravest of the Greeks,
 Why could I not have fallen on Ilium's fields,
 Pouring my warm life out beneath thy hand? —
 Where valiant Hector lies, by Achilles' spear
 Slain, and where tall Sarpedon was o'erthrown, — 125
 Where Simois rolls along, bearing away
 Beneath his waves so many shields and casques,
 So many corpses of brave heroes slain!"

Thus while he cried aloud, a roaring blast
 From out the north strikes full against the sails, 130
 And the waves touch the stars ; the oars are snapped ;
 The ship swings round, and gives to the waves its side.

A steep and watery mountain rolls apace :
 Some on its summit hang ; and some beneath
 Behold the earth between the yawning waves : 135
 Mingled with sand the boiling waters hiss.
 On hidden rocks three ships the south-wind hurls, —
 Rocks by the Italian sailors Altars called ;
 A vast ridge on a level with the sea.
 Three others by the east-wind from the deep 140
 Are driven upon the quicksands and the shoals, —
 Dreadful to see, — upon the shallows dashed,
 And girt around by drifting heaps of sand.
 One, that conveyed the Lycians, and that bore
 Faithful Orontes, there, before his eyes, 145
 A huge sea from above strikes on the stern,
 Dashing the pilot headlong on the waves.
 Three times the surges whirl the ship around,
 In the swift vortex of the sea ingulfed ;
 Then scattered swimmers in the vast abyss 150
 Are seen, and arms, and planks, and Trojan spoils.
 Now the strong ship of Ilioneus, now
 Of brave Achates, and the barks that bore
 Abas, and old Aletes, are o'erwhelmed,
 And all their yawning sides with loosened joints 155
 Drink in the bitter drench.

Meanwhile, below,

Neptune was conscious of the sea disturbed
 With loud uproar, and of the tempest sent,
 And the calm deeps convulsed. Profoundly moved,
 He gazes up, and lifts his placid head 160
 Above the waves; Æneas' scattered fleet
 O'er all the ocean sees; the Trojan hosts
 Oppressed with waves and the down-rushing sky.
 And not to Juno's brother were unknown
 Her arts and anger. Then to him he calls 165
 Eurus and Zephyrus, and thus he speaks:—
 "Can such reliance on your birth be yours,
 O Winds, that now, without authority
 Of mine, ye dare to mingle heaven and earth
 In discord, and such mountain waves upraise? 170
 Whom I— But best allay these angry seas.
 Not thus shall ye escape your next offence.
 Away!—say this unto your king: Not his
 The empire of the seas, the trident stern,
 But given to me, by fate. The savage rocks 175
 He holds, O Eurus, your abiding-place.
 Let Æolus boast his power within those halls,
 And reign in the pent prison of the winds!"

So spake the god : and swifter than his speech
He smooths the swelling waves, the gathered clouds 180
Disperses, and the sunshine brings again.

With him Cymothoë and Triton bend
With all their force, and from the jagged rocks
Push off the ships : with trident he himself
Upheaves them, and lays open the vast shoals, 185

And smooths the deep, as with light wheels he glides
Along the surface of the waves. As when
Sedition rises in a multitude,

And the base mob is raging with fierce minds,
And stones and firebrands fly, and fury lends 190

Arms to the populace, — then should some man
Of reverence and of worth appear, they stand
Silent, and listen with attentive ears :

He rules their minds with words, and calms their
breasts :

So all the clamor of the sea subsides, 195

When, looking forth, the father, borne along
Beneath the open sky, directs his steeds,
And flying, to his swift car gives the reins.

The weary Trojans aim to reach the shores

That nearest lie, and turn to the Lybian coasts. 200

Within a deep recess there is a place
 Where with its jutting sides an island forms
 A port, by which the rolling ocean waves
 Are broken, and divide in lesser curves.
 On either side vast rocks and twin-like cliffs 205
 Threaten the sky ; beneath whose towering tops
 The sea lies safe and tranquil all around.
 Above, a wall, with trembling foliage stands,
 O'ershadowed by a dark and gloomy grove ;
 And underneath the opposing front, a cave 210
 Amid the hanging cliffs is seen. Within
 Are pleasant springs, and seats of natural rock,
 A dwelling for the nymphs. No cable here,
 Nor any anchor holds with crooked fluke
 The weary ships. Hither Æneas brings 215
 Seven of the ships collected from his fleet.
 And here, with a great longing for the land,
 The Trojans disembark, and gain the beach
 Desired ; and drenched and dripping with the brine,
 They stretch their weary limbs upon the shore. 220
 And first, with flint, Achates struck a spark,
 And caught the fire in leaves ; and round about
 Dry fuel piled, and swiftly fanned the flame.
 They bring forth then their corn, by water spoiled,

And implements of Ceres, — with their toils 225
 Exhausted, — and prepare to scorch with fire
 Their rescued grain, and break it with a stone.

Meanwhile Æneas climbs upon a cliff,
 And far out on the ocean strains his eyes,
 If any one like Antheus he may espy, 230
 Tossed by the wind in any Phrygian bark ;
 Or Capys, or Caïcus, with his arms
 Upon the stern. No sail in sight. Three stags
 Upon the shore, straying about, he sees ;
 And following these the whole herd comes behind, 235
 And browses all along the valleys. Here
 He stopped and seized his bow and arrows swift,
 Which arms the trusty Achates bore. And first
 The leaders he strikes down, their lofty heads
 With branching antlers crowned ; and next he smites 240
 The vulgar herd, and drives them with his darts,
 Mixed in confusion through the leafy woods.
 Nor does the victor stop till he has felled
 Seven huge beasts, the number of his ships ;
 Then to the port returning, parts the prey 245
 Among his comrades. And the wines with which
 The good Acestes had filled full their casks,

On the Trinacrian shore, when leaving him,
 These he divides among them; and with words
 Of comfort thus consoles their sorrowing hearts: — 250

“O friends, who greater sufferings still have borne,
 (For not unknown to us are former griefs,)
 An end also to these the deity
 Will give. You have approached the furious rage
 Of Scylla, and her hoarse resounding cliffs. 255
 You the Cyclopean rocks have known full well.
 Recall your courage; banish gloomy fears.
 Some day perhaps the memory of these things
 Shall yield delight. Through various accidents,
 Through many a strait of fortune, we are bound 260
 For Latium, where our fates point out to us
 A quiet resting-place. There ’t is decreed
 Troy’s kingdom shall arise again. Be firm,
 And keep your hearts in hope of brighter days.”

Such were his words: yet sick with weighty cares, 265
 He in his features but dissembled hope,
 And pressed his heavy trouble down. But they
 Busy themselves about their captured game,
 And preparations for approaching feasts.

The skin from off the ribs they strip, lay bare 270
 The carcasses, and cut the meat apart,
 And fix the quivering limbs upon the spits.
 Others set brazen caldrons on the sand,
 And tend the fires beneath; then they refresh
 Their strength with food, and, stretched upon the grass, 275
 With the old wine and juicy meat are filled.
 Hunger appeased, and dishes then removed,
 In long discourse about their comrades lost
 They make conjectures, between hope and fear,
 Uncertain if they still may be alive, 280
 Or have suffered death, nor hear when they are called.
 Chiefly the good Æneas mourns the lot
 And cruel fate, now of Orontes brave,
 And now of Amycus, and Gyas strong,
 And strong Cloanthus.

Now there was an end 285

At length; when Jove from his ethereal heights
 Upon the sail-winged ocean looking down,
 And the wide lands, and shores, and nations spread
 Beneath, stood on the pinnacle of heaven,
 And on the realm of Lybia fixed his eyes. 290
 But him, revolving in his mind such cares,
 Venus, more sad than was her wont, addressed,

Her brilliant eyes suffused with tears: "O thou
 Who rulest over men and gods with sway
 Eternal, — terrible with lightnings! — what 295
 Offence so great has my Æneas done
 'Gainst thee, what have the Trojans done, that they,
 Suffering so many deaths, the earth entire,
 On Italy's account, is shut to them?
 For surely thou didst promise that one day 300
 In the revolving years, from these should spring
 The Romans, leaders from the Teucrian blood
 Restored, and hold the sea, and hold the land
 In sovereign sway. What new resolve has changed
 Thy mind, O sire? For I was wont with this- 305
 Myself to solace for Troy's overthrow,
 And its sad ruin, weighing adverse fates
 With fates. But now the same mischance pursues
 These men long driven by calamities.
 What end giv'st thou, great king, unto their toils? 310
 Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts
 Escaped, was able, safe, to penetrate
 The Illyrian bay, and see the interior realms
 Of the Liburni; and to pass beyond
 The source of the Timavus, issuing whence, 315
 With a vast mountain murmur from nine springs,

A bursting flood goes forth, and on the fields
Crowds with resounding waters. Yet he here
Founded the walls of Padua, and built
The Trojan seats, and to the people gave 320
A name, and there affixed the arms of Troy.
Now, laid at rest, he sleeps in placid peace.
But we, thy offspring, to whom thou dost give
The promise of the palaces of heaven, —
Our ships are lost, — ah bitter woe! — and we 325
Betrayed, to satisfy the wrath of one,
And driven far from the Italian shores.
Is this the reward of filial piety?
And dost thou thus restore our sceptred sway?"

Then with that countenance with which he calms 330
The stormy skies, the Sire of men and gods,
Smiling, his daughter fondly kissed, and spake: —
“Spare thy fears, Cytherea, for unmoved
Thy people’s fates remain for thee; and thou
Shalt see Lavinium and its promised walls, 335
And to the stars of heaven shalt bear sublime
The noble-souled Æneas; nor do I turn
From my intent. He (but to thee alone
I tell it, since these cares oppress thy mind;

The secrets of the Fates revolving far 340
 In future eras, I for thee will move), —
 He on Italia a great war shall wage,
 And shall subdue the fierce and hostile tribes,
 And give them laws, and manners, and walled towns,
 Till the third summer shall have seen him king 345
 In Latium, and three winters shall have passed
 After the Rutuli have been subdued.
 But the young boy Ascanius, unto whom
 The name Iulus now is added (he
 Ilus was called, while stood the Ilian realm), — 350
 Thirty great circles of revolving months
 Shall in his reign complete, and shall transfer
 The kingdom from Lavinium, and with strength
 Fortify Alba-Longa. Here shall reign
 Kings of Hectorean race, three hundred years, 355
 Till Ilia, a priestess and a queen,
 Pregnant by Mars, has given birth to twins.
 Then, in the tawny shelter of a wolf,
 His nurse, exulting, Romulus shall take
 The nation in his sway, and build the walls 360
 Of the Mavortian city, and his name
 Give to the Romans. Nor shall I to them
 Set bounds or seasons. Empire without end

I have given. Nay, harsh Juno, who disturbs
With fear the sea and land and sky, will change 365
Her counsels for the better, and with me
Cherish the Romans, masters of affairs,
The toga'd nation. Such is my decree.
An age is coming in the gliding years,
When the descendants of Assaracus 370
Phthia and famed Mycenæ shall subdue,
And conquered Argos. Of illustrious birth
The Trojan Cæsar shall be born, whose sway
The ocean, and whose fame the stars alone
Shall limit; — Julius called, — a name derived 375
From great Iulus. Free from all thy cares,
At length to heaven thou shalt receive him, rich
With Orient spoils, /invoked with prayers and vows.
Then shall the barbarous centuries grow mild,
Wars end, and gray-haired Faith and Vesta rule; 380
And Romulus with his brother Remus give
Laws to the land. The dreadful gates of war
Will then be shut with iron bolts and bars.
The wicked Furor on his cruel arms,
Bound with a hundred brazen knots behind, 385
Will sit within, and rage with bloody mouth."

He said ; and from on high sends down the son
 Of Maia, that the lands and new-built towers
 Of Carthage might be opened to receive
 As guests the Trojans ; lest in ignorance
 Of fate, Dido should drive them from her shores.
 Through the vast air with rowing wings he flies,
 And quickly alighted on the Lybian coasts.
 And now he executes his high commands ;
 And at his will the Carthaginians lay
 Aside their fierceness ; and the queen in chief
 Toward the Trojans turns with friendly thoughts.

390

395

But good Æneas, pondering many things
 All through the night, soon as the cheering dawn
 Of day should come, resolved to issue forth,
 And to explore this country all unknown ;
 Upon what shores the wind had driven him ;
 By whom inhabited, or men or beasts, —
 For all seemed wild, — and to his friends report
 What he might find. Beneath a hollow rock
 With overhanging woods he hid his fleet,
 Shut in around by trees and gloomy shades.
 Then forth he goes, accompanied alone
 By Achates ; in his hand two broad-tipped spear

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To him then, in the middle of a wood, 410
Appeared his mother, with a virgin's face
And robe, and weapons of a virgin too ;
Either of Spartan race, or like the fair
Thracian Harpalyce when she fatigues
Her steeds, more swift than Hebrus in his course. 415
For from the shoulders of the huntress hung
The ready bow, and to the winds she had given
Her loosened locks. Bare to the knee she stood.
Her flowing robe was gathered in a knot.
"Ho, warriors!" she cried; "tell me if ye 420
Any one of my sisters here have seen
Wandering, with quiver girt, and spotted hide
Of lynx; or pressing on the foaming boar
With clamorous cries." So Venus spoke; and thus
Her son: "None of thy sisters have I seen 425
Or heard; O Virgin! tell me by what name
Shall I address thee; for thy countenance,
Thy voice, are not a mortal's; surely then
A goddess, — Phœbus' sister, or a nymph.
O, be propitious! and, whoe'er thou art, 430
Relieve our sufferings; tell us in what clime,
On what shores, we are cast; for ignorant
Alike of men and places here we stray,

Driven hither by the winds and by the waves ;
 And on thy altars many victims slain 435
 We 'll offer thee !” Then Venus : “ I indeed
 Am all unworthy to receive such honor.
 It is the custom of the Tyrian maids
 To bear the quiver, and about the leg
 To bind the purple buskin. Tyrians here 440
 Thou seest, — Agenor’s city, and the realm
 Of Carthage, on the Lybian land, — a race
 Untamable in war. Dido from Tyre
 The kingdom rules, who from her brother fled.
 Long is the story of her wrongs, and long 445
 Its windings ; but the chief events I ’ll tell.
 Sychæus was her spouse, of all Phœnicians
 The wealthiest in lands, and greatly loved
 By her, unhappy. She was given to him
 A virgin by her father, and was wed 450
 With fairest omens. But Pygmalion,
 Her brother, ruled in Tyre ; a monster he
 Of crime. A feud arose between the two.
 Regardless of his sister’s wedded love,
 He, blind with lust of gold, in secrecy 455
 The unguarded husband at the altar slew.
 Long he concealed the crime, and wickedly

Inventing many a tale, the loving queen
Deceived with empty hope. But in her sleep
The ghost of her unburied husband came, 460
Lifting a visage marvellously pale;
And showed the cruel altars, and laid bare
The breast the dagger pierced, uncovering all
The hidden crimes of his detested house;
And counselled her to leave the land, and fly; 465
And, for her journey's aid, disclosed to her
Much ancient treasure hidden in the earth,
An unknown heap of silver and of gold.
Thus moved, Dido prepared for flight, and chose
Companions. All assembled who were led 470
By hatred of the tyrant or by fear.
They seized upon some ships, ready by chance,
And loaded them with treasure; and the wealth
Of covetous Pygmalion was conveyed
Away across the sea. A woman led 475
The enterprise. They reached the shores (where now
Soon thou shalt see the mighty battlements
And citadel of our new Carthage rise),
And purchased ground, called Byrsa, from the fact, —
As much as a bull's hide could compass round. 480
“But who are ye? From what shores do ye come?”

And whither are ye going?" With a sigh,
 And voice dragged from his deepest breast, he spoke: —
 "O goddess, if I should recount our woes
 From their first origin, and thou find time 485
 To hear, the evening star would lead the day
 To rest, and all the Olympian sky be shut!

"From ancient Troy, if thou perchance hast heard
 The name of Troy, we have been driven by storms
 O'er various seas, upon these Lybian coasts. 490
 I am called the good Æneas, known to fame
 Above the ether, who our household gods
 Snatched from our enemies, and in my fleet
 Convey. Italia, my ancestral land,
 And the race sprung from Jove supreme, I seek. 495
 With twice ten ships upon the Phrygian Sea,
 My divine mother showing me the way,
 I, following my destinies, embarked.
 Scarce seven of these, shattered by storms, are saved.
 And I, unknown and needy, traverse here 500
 The Lybian deserts, banished from the shores
 Of Europe, and of Asia —"

But no more

Did Venus suffer of her son's complaint,
 But in the middle of his grief, thus spoke: —

“Whoe’er thou art, not hated, I believe, 505
By the Celestials, dost thou breathe this air,
Since to the Tyrian city thou hast come.
Continue now thy course, and hence proceed
Toward the royal palace of the queen.
For I announce to thee thy friends returned, 510
Thy fleet brought back into a harbor safe,
The north-winds having changed; unless to me
My parents taught false augury, self-deceived.
See yon twelve swans rejoicing in a flock,
Which, but a moment since, Jove’s eagle scared, 515
And gliding from on high, drove through the air.
Now in long line either on earth they light,
Or, looking down, see their companions lit.
As they, returning, sport with whistling wings,
Clustered together with their joyful cries, 520
Just so thy ships and thy brave youths e’en now
Are either safe in port, or sailing in.
Go then, and, as thy path leads, bend thy steps.”

She said; and turning, gleamed with rosy neck,
And from her head divinest odors breathed 525
In her ambrosial hair. Around her feet
Floated her flowing robe; and in her gait

All the true goddess was revealed. But he,
 When now he knew his mother as she fled,
 Thus followed with his voice: "Ah, why so oft 530
 Dost thou deceive thy son, thou cruel too,
 With airy images? Why not join hand
 With hand, and real language hear and speak?"

Thus he reproaches her, and onward moves
 Toward the walls. But Venus with a mist 535
 Obscured them, walking, and around their forms
 Wove a thick veil, lest any should perceive
 Or harm them, or delay, or seek to know
 Why they had come. But she herself on high
 Her way to Paphos took, and saw again 540
 With joy her seats, and saw her temples, where
 A hundred altars stand, and glow with sweet
 Sabæan incense, and with fresh-culled flowers.

Following their pathway then they hastened or
 And now a hill ascended, which o'erlooked 545
 The city and its towers. Æneas there
 Admires the mass of buildings, once mere huts;
 Admires the gates, the bustle, and the streets.
 The ardent Tyrians urge their busy tasks;
 Some at the walls, some at the citadel 550

Toil, rolling up the stones. Some choose a spot
 For building, and a furrow trace around.
 And forms of law and magistrates they make,
 And choose a reverend senate. Others here
 Are scooping docks; and others still lay down 555
 The large foundations of a theatre,
 And cut huge columns from the quarried rocks,
 The lofty ornaments for future scenes.
 As in the early summer when the bees
 Toil in the sunshine through the flowery fields, 560
 And lead their full-grown offspring from their hives;
 Or pack their liquid honey into cells,
 Distending them with nectar sweet; or take
 The loads of those that come; or forming lines,
 Expel the lazy drones; the work grows warm, 565
 And all the honey smells of fragrant thyme.
 "O happy ye, whose walls are rising now!"
 Æneas says, as on their towers he looks;
 Then onward moves, surrounded by the cloud,
 And, wonderful to tell, amid the throng 570
 Mingles, and passes through, unseen by all.

There stood a grove within the city's midst,
 Delicious for its shade; where, when they came

First to this place, by waves and tempest tossed,
 The Carthaginians from the earth dug up 575
 An omen royal Juno had foretold
 That they should find, a noble horse's head ;
 Thus intimating that this race would shine,
 Famous in war, and furnished with supplies,
 For ages. Here the great Sidonian queen 580
 A temple built to Juno, rich in gifts,
 And in the presence of the goddess blessed.
 A brazen threshold rose above the steps,
 With brazen posts connecting, and the hinge
 Creaked upon brazen doors. / Within this grove 585
 A new thing they beheld, which their first fear
 Relieved ; and here Æneas first began
 To hope for safety, with a better trust
 In his afflicted state. / For while he waits
 The coming of the queen, and looks around 590
 At every object in the spacious temple,
 And on the city's fortune wondering,
 And skill and labor of the artisans,
 He sees the Trojan battles painted there
 In order, and the wars now known to fame 595
 Through the whole earth. The Atridæ there he sees,
 And Priam, and Achilles, foe to both.

Fixed to the spot he stood, and weeping, said :

“What place, Achates, and what land on earth

Is not replete with stories of our woes ?

600

See, Priam ! — Worthy deeds e'en here are praised,

And mortal sufferings move their thoughts and tears.

Banish all fear ! This fame some safety brings.”

So saying, he on the unreal picture fed

His mind, with heavy sighs, and streaming tears.

605

For now he saw how, battling around Troy,

Here fled the Greeks, and pressed the Trojan youths,

The Phrygians there, and crested Achilles urged

His chariot on. And next, with tears, he saw

The snow-white tents of Rhesus, which, betrayed

610

By the first sleep, the cruel Diomed

Laid waste with carnage, and into his camp

The fiery coursers turned, ere they should taste

Of Trojan pasture, or drink the Xanthian wave.

Here Troilus he sees, the unhappy youth

615

Flying, his shield lost, in unequal fight

Met by Achilles ; now by his horses whirled,

Still to his empty chariot, thrown to earth,

Grasping his reins, he clings ; his neck and hair

Along the earth are dragged, and through the dust

620

His pointed spear reversed makes idle tracks.

Meanwhile the Trojan women to the shrine
 Of unpropitious Pallas go, with hair
 Unbound, wearing the peplus, suppliant all
 And sad, and beat their breasts. The goddess still 625
 Averts her eyes fixed sternly on the ground.
 Three times Achilles round the walls of Troy
 Had dragged the lifeless Hector, and his corpse
 Was bartering for gold. Æneas here
 Groaned from his inmost breast, as he beheld 630
 The chariot, spoils, and his friend's corpse itself;
 And Priam stretching out his helpless arms.
 Also himself he saw, mixed with the chiefs
 Of Greece, and the Eastern forces, and the arms
 Of swarthy Memnon. Penthesilea next, 635
 Raging, led on the Amazonian bands,
 With crescent bucklers, eager in the fight;
 A golden girdle 'neath her naked breast;—
 A maiden warrior, daring to contend
 With men!

While thus Æneas wondering views 640
 These things, and stands with a bewildered gaze,
 Dido the queen in all her loveliness
 Has come into the temple, a great band
 Of warrior youths attending on her steps.

As on Eurota's banks, or on the tops
Of Cynthus, when Diana leads along
Her dancing choirs, a thousand mountain nymphs
Follow and cluster, right and left; but she,
Bearing the quiver on her shoulder, walks
Taller than all the goddesses around;
While silent rapture fills Latona's breast: —
Such Dido was, as radiantly she stood
Amid the throng, her ~~mind~~ bent on affairs,
And busy ~~with~~ her future sovereignty.

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Then in the temple's sacred gates, beneath
The vaulted roof, her armèd bands around,
And raised upon a lofty throne, she sat,
To administer the laws and rights to all,
And by division just to equalize
Their tasks, or else determine them by lot: —
When suddenly Æneas sees approach,
With a great multitude surrounding them,
Antheus, Sergestus, and the strong Cloanthus,
And other Trojans, whom the frowning storm
Had scattered on the sea, or carried off
To other coasts. Astonished he stood there,
As did Achates, struck with joy and fear.
Eager, they burned to grasp their comrades' hands;

660

665

But the uncertain issue troubled them.

So they refrain, and from their hollow cloud 670

Observe what chance may have befallen their friends ;

Upon what shore they left their fleet, and why

They came together ; for from every ship

They came, as though selected, and approached

The temple, loudly begging to be heard. 675

When they had entered, and full leave was given

To speak, their eldest, Ilioneus, thus

With tranquil tones began ! “ O queen, to whom

Jove has given power to found a city new,

And with just rule to curb the haughty tribes, 680

We, miserable Trojans, tossed about

By storms upon the seas, appeal to thee.

Defend our galleys from the dreadful flames ;

Spare a devout and unoffending race,

And take a nearer view of our affairs. 685

— We do not come with swords to desolate

The Lybian homes, or to the shores bear off

The plunder. No such hostile mind is ours ;

Nor can we, vanquished, entertain such pride.

There is a place, by Greeks Hesperia called ; 690

An ancient land it is, potent in arms,

And rich in fertile soil; by Ænotrian men
Once tilled. Now, their descendants, it is said,
Call it Italia, from their leader's name.

Hither our course was shaped, when suddenly, 695
Stormy Orion rising, on blind shoals

Swept us, the sport of insolent south-winds,
And overpowered by the drenching brine,
Across the sea, and over pathless rocks;
Hither we few have floated to your shores. 700

But what a race is this, — what barbarous land,
Permitting such a custom, — to refuse

Its sea-coast's barren hospitalities,
And stir up war on us, forbid to set
Our feet upon the first shore that we see! 705

If ye despise the human race, and arms
Of mortal men, yet must ye know the gods
Are mindful evermore of right and wrong.

Æneas was our king, than whom no man
More just in piety e'er lived, or great 710

In war and arms; whom if the Fates preserve, —

If still he breathes the ethereal air, not yet
A dweller in the cruel shades of death, —

We have no fear that thou wilt e'er repent
To have surpassed him in a generous deed. 715

In the Sicilian lands there are fields for us,
 And cities; and renowned Acestes there
 Derives his lineage from the Trojan blood.
 Suffer us but to draw on shore our fleet
 Shattered by winds, and from the woods to choose 720
 New timbers and new oars, if so we may,
 Holding our course to Italy, our friends
 And king restored, joyfully yet attain
 That land and Latium. ~~X~~ But if our chief hope
 Is gone, — if thee, best father of our race, 725
 The Lybian sea ingulfs, nor hope remains
 Of young Iulus, — we may seek at least
 The straits of Sicily, the seats prepared
 In King Acestes' realm, from which we came."
 Thus pleaded Ilioneus. With one voice 730
 The other Trojans murmured their consent.

Then briefly Dido spoke, with downcast eyes: —
 "Trojans, dismiss your fears, banish your cares.
 Experience hard, and my new kingdom's needs
 Force me to use such measures, and to guard 735
 My boundaries far and wide. But who knows not
 Æneas' race, and Troy, — her valorous deeds,
 Her men, and devastations of her war?

We Carthaginians bear not hearts so dull ;
Nor does the Sun his coursers yoke so far 740
From this our Tyrian city. Whether you
The great Hesperia and Saturnian fields
Desire, or land of Eryx, and the king
Acestes, I will send you safe away,
With help from my resources. Or if here 745
On equal terms with us ye would remain,
The city which I build is yours. Draw up
Your ships. Trojans and Tyrians from me
Shall no distinction know. And would to heaven
Your king himself, Æneas, hither borne 750
By those same winds, might come ! I to the coasts
Will send sure messengers, and give commands
To search the farthest parts of Lybia,
If, wrecked, he wanders in some wood or town."

Their minds excited by these words, long since 755
Æneas and Achates burned to break
Forth from the cloud. But first Achates urged
Æneas thus : " O thou of birth divine,
What wish is this that rises in thy mind ?
All now is safe, — our fleet, our friends restored ; — 760
One only absent, whom with our own eyes

We saw the sea ingulf; but all the rest
 Accords with what thy mother's words foretold."

Scarce had he spoken, when the veiling cloud
 Suddenly broke, dissolving into air.

765

There stood Æneas, shining in the light,
 With countenance and shoulders like a god.

For she herself, his mother, on her son
 Had breathed a glory in his locks, and light
 Of radiant youth, and splendor in his eyes.

770

So skill adds beauty to the ivory,
 Or gives the silver or the Parian stone
 Setting of yellow gold. Then to the queen,
 Sudden and unforeseen by all, he said: —

"Behold me here before you, — him you seek,
 Trojan Æneas, snatched from Lybian waves!

775

O thou who alone hast pitied our woes, —
 The unutterable sufferings of our Troy!

Who to us, a remnant from the Greeks, long tossed
 On sea and land, by much disaster worn,

780

And wanting everything, dost give a share
 Of city and home; — it is not in our power,

O Dido! nor in that of any men
 Of Trojan race, scattered about the world,

To give thee worthy thanks. If anywhere

785

The gods regard the good ; if anywhere
 Be justice, and a mind within itself
 Conscious of rectitude, — the gods shall give
 Deserved reward to thee. What times so blest
 As those that bear thee ? Or what parents boast 790
 Such offspring ? While the rivers to the sea
 Shall run, — while mountain shadows move around
 Their sides, — and while the heavens shall feed the stars,
 So long thy honor, and thy name and praise
 Shall last, whatever lands may call me hence.” 795
 This said, with his right hand he grasps the hand
 Of Ilioneus, Serestus with his left : —
 Then Gvas, and Cloanthus, and the rest.

Dumb with amazement at first sight of him
 And his hard lot, Sidonian Dido stood, 800
 And thus began : “ O thou of birth divine,
 What destiny pursues thee through a course
 Of so much peril ? On these savage coasts
 What power has thrown thee ? Art thou then indeed
 Æneas, whom the lovely Venus bore 805
 To Anchises by the Phrygian Simois' wave ?
 And I indeed recall that Teucer came
 To Sidon, from his native land expelled,

For a new kingdom seeking, with the help
 Of Belus: he, my father, at that time 810
 Was devastating Cyprus, which, subdued,
 He held; and from that day were known to me
 The Trojan city's fortunes, and thy name,
 And the Pelasgian kings. Thy enemy
 Himself the Trojan nation loudly praised, 815
 And deemed himself descended from their line.
 Come then, O warriors, enter our abodes!
 I also from calamities like yours
 Have suffered much, till here I set my feet.
 Not ignorant of trouble, I have learned 820
 To succor the distressed."

As thus she spoke,

She leads Æneas to the royal courts;
 And in the temples of the gods, commands
 A sacrifice. Meanwhile, with no less care,
 Down to the sea-shore twenty bulls she sends, 825
 A hundred bristly backs of full-grown swine,
 And of fat lambs a hundred, with their dams.
 Such were her gifts, for joyous feasts designed.
 But all the interior palace is arranged
 With splendor and with regal luxury, 830
 And banquets are prepared, and draperies

Of purple dye, elaborately wrought ;
And on the tables massive silver shines,
And records of ancestral deeds, engraved
In gold, in a long series of events 835
Traced step by step from ancient lineage down.

Æneas — for a father's love forbade
His mind repose — the swift Achates sends
Back to the ships, to bear to Ascanius
The tidings, and to lead him to the city. 840
In his Ascanius centres all his care.
Gifts too, that from the wreck of Troy were snatched,
He orders him to bring ; a mantle stiff
With figures and with gold ; also a veil
With saffron-hued acanthus broidered round ; — 845
The Grecian Helen's ornaments, the rare
And wondrous gifts her mother Leda gave,
And which her daughter from Mycenæ brought
To Troy, seeking illicit marriage rites.
Also the sceptre Ilione once had borne, 850
Eldest of Priam's daughters ; — and with these
A beaded necklace, and a diadem
Double with gems and gold. Hastening for these,
Achates to the ships pursued his way.

But Cytherea in her breast revolves 855
 New arts and new designs; that Cupid, changed
 In face and form, may pass for Ascanius,
 In flame with gifts the ardent queen, and send
 The fire of love through all her glowing limbs.
 For she the dubious faith and double tongues 860
 Of Tyrians fears. Fierce Juno vexes her;
 And with the night her troubled thoughts return.
 Then to the wingèd god of love she speaks:
 "O son, who art my strength, my mighty power;
 Son, who alone the dread Typhœan bolts 865
 Of the great father dost despise; to thee
 I fly, and suppliant demand thy aid.
 How by fell Juno's hate, on every coast
 Thy brother Æneas is driven about the seas,
 Thou knowest, and often sorrowest for our grief. 870
 Him the Phœnician Dido with sweet words
 Detains; and I have fears how it may fare
 With these Junonian hospitalities.
 At such a turning-point in these affairs
 She will not pause. Therefore I meditate 875
 How I beforehand may possess this queen,
 And gird her round with flames, lest she should change
 By influence of any deity,

But side with me in the great love she bears
 To Æneas. In what way thou canst do this, — 880
 Now listen to my scheme. The princely boy
 (This is my cherished plan) prepares to go
 To Carthage, at the summons of his sire,
 With gifts from seas and from the flames of Troy
 Rescued. ~~H~~im, having lulled in deepest sleep, 885
 I shall conceal on high Cythera's top,
 Or on Idalium, my sacred seat,
 Lest he should know our wiles, or thwart our schemes.
~~D~~o thou with guileful art assume his face
 Not longer than one night, and, boy thyself, 890
 Put on the well-known features of the boy.
 And when the joyous Dido takes thee up
 Upon her lap, amid the royal feast,
 When the Lyæan wine is foaming high ;
 When she embraces thee with kisses soft, — 895
 Then breathe into her heart thy hidden fire,
 Beguiling her with poison." Love obeys
 The charge of his dear mother, doffs his wings,
 And smiling imitates Iulus' gait.
 But Venus with a placid sleep bedews 900
 Ascanius' limbs, and fondly taking him
 Upon her bosom, bears him far away

To the high Idalian groves, where breathing soft,
 Sweet-marjoram beds with perfume and with shade
 Embrace him sleeping. And now Cupid went, 905
 Obeying her behest, the royal gifts
 Conveying to the Tyrians, and led on,
 Well pleased to have Achates for his guide.
 When he arrived, upon a golden couch
 With sumptuous tapestry, the queen reclined 910
 In state within the middle of the hall.

And now Æneas, now the Trojan youths
 Assemble, and on purple couches lie.
 Then water for their hands the servants bring,
 And bread from baskets, and around supply 915
 Towels with nap well shorn. Within are seen
 Fifty maid-servants, who in long array
 Attend the hearths, and with burnt sacrifice
 Enlarge the influence of the household gods;
 A hundred others too, of equal age, 920
 Who serve the dishes, and who fill the cups.
 And crowds of Tyrians also come, and throng
 The festive rooms, invited to recline
 Upon the embroidered couches. Much they admire
 The gifts Æneas brought; Iulus too, 925



The glowing beauty of the godlike face,
And simulated speech; the cloak, the veil
With saffron-hued acanthus broidered round.

But the Phœnician queen, all dedicate
To passion fraught with coming misery, 930
With soul insatiate burns, and gazes long,
Moved by the boy and by his gifts alike.

He, having hung about Æneas' neck,
Locked in a fond embrace, and the deep love
Of his false father satisfied, then seeks 935

The queen; she with her eyes and all her heart
Clings to him, fondles him upon her lap;—

Nor knows, unhappy one, how great the god
Who presses on her breast. He, mindful of
His Acidalian mother, by degrees 940

Begins to abolish all the memory
Of her Sychæus, and with living love
Preoccupy the mind long since unmoved,
And unaccustomed motions of her heart.

When in the feast there came a pause, the plates 945
Removed, large bowls are set, the wines are crowned;
The rooms are filled with noise; the spacious halls
Resound with voices. From the ceilings high

O'erlaid with gold, hang lighted lamps, and night
Is vanquished by the torches' blaze. And now 950

The queen demands a bowl heavy with gems
And gold, and fills it high with unmixed wine,
As Belus did, and his descendants all.

Then silence hushed the rooms, while thus the queen : —
“ O Jove, — for thou, 't is said, dost give the laws 955

Of guests and hosts alike, — be it thy will,
That this may be a joyful day to all,

Tyrians and Trojans, in remembrance held
By our descendants. Bacchus, giver of joy,
Be present ; and, propitious Juno, smile ! 960

And you, O Tyrians, favoring, celebrate
The meeting ! ” With these words she poured upon
The table a libation of the wine ;

And what was left touched lightly to her lips,
And, with a bantering tone, to Bitias gave. 965

He, not unwilling, drained the foaming bowl,
And from the full gold drenched himself with wine.

Then followed other guests of lordly rank.

Long-haired Iopas with his golden lyre
Pours out with ringing voice what Atlas taught. 970

He sings the wandering moon, and of the sun
The laboring eclipses ; and of men,

And cattle, and of showers, and fires of heaven ;
Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades ;
And the two constellations of the Bears ; 975
And why the winter suns make haste to dip
In ocean, and what causes the delay
Of slowly moving nights, } The Tyrians shout,
Redoubling their applause ; the Trojans join.

Thus did the unhappy queen prolong the night 980
With varied converse, drinking in the while
Long draughts of love : and much of Priam asked
And much of Hector ; how equipped in arms
Aurora's son had come ; how looked the steeds
Of Diomed ; how large Achilles stood. 985
“Come now, my guest,” she said ; “and from the first
Relate to us the Grecian stratagems,
And all thy people's sad mishaps, and all
Thy voyages ; for now the seventh year
Bears thee still wandering over land and sea.” 990

BOOK II.

ALL silent sat, with looks intent; when thus
Æneas from his lofty couch began.

O queen, thou dost command me to renew
A grief unutterable; how the Greeks
O'erturned the power and lamentable realm 5
Of Troy: the afflicting scenes that I myself
Beheld, and a great part of which I was.
Who of the Myrmidons or Dolopes,
Or of the hard Ulysses' soldiery,
Can, speaking of such things, refrain from tears? 10
Now too the humid night from heaven descends,
And all the sinking stars persuade to sleep.
Still, if there be such earnest wish to hear
Our sad disasters, and in brief to know
The last expiring sufferings of Troy, 15
Though my soul shudders at the memory,
And in its grief shrinks back, I will begin.

Broken by war, and baffled by the fates
Through such a lapse of years, the Grecian chiefs
Construct a horse, by Pallas' art divine,
Huge as a mountain, and enlaced and ribbed
With beams of fir. This they pretend to be
A votive offering for their safe return.

20

So went the rumor. But they secretly
To its blind sides conveyed a chosen band
Of warriors, and so filled the caverns vast
Of the dark womb with armed soldiery.

25

The isle of Tenedos lies full in sight,
Well known to fame, and in resources rich,
While Priam's empire stood; but now it holds
Merely a bay, a faithless port for ships.
And here our foes upon the desert coast
Conceal themselves, while we suppose them gone,
Returning to Mycenæ with the wind.

30

Therefore all Troy her long grief throws aside;
The gates stand open; and we go to see
With joy the Doric camps, the abandoned posts,
And the deserted shore. The Dolopes
Were here, and here the fierce Achilles camped;
Here lay their fleet; and here were battles fought.

35

40

Some at the virgin Pallas' fatal gift
 Astonished stare, and the huge horse's size
 Admire. And first Thymætes gives advice
 To carry it within the city's walls,
 And place it in the citadel, — thus moved 45
 By treacherous design; or else the fates
 Of Troy so ordered it. But Capys urged
 (With those who wisest in opinion stood)
 That we should either throw into the sea
 The Greeks' insidious snare and gift suspect, 50
 And burn it, setting fire beneath; or else
 Bore through it, and its secret caves explore.
 So the uncertain crowd divided stood
 With views conflicting.

First, in front of all,
 Attended by a numerous throng of men, 55
 Laocoön from the citadel runs down,
 Impetuously, and from a distance cries:
 "O wretched men! What madness, citizens,
 Is this? Believe ye then our foes are gone?
 Do ye suppose that any Grecian gifts 60
 Are lacking in deceit? Or is it thus
 Ulysses has been known? Either the Greeks
 Within this wooden fabric are concealed,

Or it is framed to bear against our walls,
And overlook our houses, and descend 65
Upon our city; or some other guile
Is lurking. Trojans, do not trust this horse.
Whatever it may be, I fear the Greeks,
Even when they bring us gifts." As thus he spoke,
With all his strength he hurled a mighty spear 70
Against its side and belly rounded firm
With jointed timbers. Quivering 'neath the blow
It stood, and all the caverns of its womb
Resounded with a roar. ¶ And if the fates
Divine had favored, and a serious mind been ours, 75
He would have then impelled us to destroy
With arms the hiding-places of the Greeks;
And Troy would now be standing, and thou saved,
O lofty citadel of Priam!

Lo,

Meanwhile the Trojan shepherds with loud cries 80
Dragged to the king a young man tightly bound
With hands behind his back, who, quite unknown
To them, surrendered of his own accord;
(With the design to open to the Greeks
The gates of Troy, and, resolute of will, 85
Either to use deceit, or encounter death.)

Eager to see, from every quarter rush,
 In a tumultuous throng, the Trojan youths,
 And vie in insults on the captive. Now
 Hear what the treachery of the Grecians was, 90
 And from one crime learn all. For while he stood,
 Troubled, defenceless, in the sight of all,
 And gazed around upon the Trojan bands ;
 " Alas," he said, " what land now, or what sea
 Can harbor me? Or what remains for me, 95
 Unhappy wretch, for whom there is no place
 Among the Greeks, and upon whom besides
 The vengeful Trojans seek a bloody death !"
 At this lamenting groan our minds are changed,
 And every violent impulse checked at once. 100
 We ask him then to tell us of what race
 He comes, and what he has to say ; how far
 We may put faith in him, a captive. He,
 Fear at length laid aside, addressed us thus : —

" To thee, O king, whatever the result 105
 May be, I will confess the truth entire ;
 Nor shall deny I am by birth a Greek.
 This first. For if Sinon has been wretched made
 By fortune hard, not therefore was he made

Faithless and false. In conversation thou 110
Perchance hast heard the name and famous deeds
Of Palamedes, of the line of Belus ;
Whom, innocent, accused of treachery,
And by false witnesses, the Greeks condemned
To death, because he had opposed the war. 115
But now they mourn for him, his light being gone.
My father, who was poor, and near of kin,
Sent me as his companion to the war
To attend him, from the earliest years of youth.
As long as he stood firm in princely power, 120
And flourished in the councils of the kings,
I too somewhat of name and honor bore.
But afterward, — I speak of things well known, —
When by the plausible Ulysses' hate,
He from these upper realms of earth went down, 125
In gloom and grief I dragged my life along,
Afflicted and indignant at the fate
Of him, my guiltless friend. Nor did I hold
My peace, fool that I was, but vowed revenge,
If chance in any way should favor me, 130
And to my native Argos I should e'er
Return victorious ; and with words I stirred
Fierce hatred. Hence came ruin's first plague-spot.

For from this time, with accusations new
 Ulysses ever sought to frighten me, 135
 And spread ambiguous rumors through the crowd;
 And, conscious of his guilt, sought armed defence.
 Nor did he rest, until by Calchas' means —
 But why should I recall these painful themes
 In vain? or why detain you, if you deem 140
 That all the Greeks are fashioned in one mould,
 And to hear this is proof enough for you?
 Now then at once inflict your punishment.
 Ulysses wishes this, and Atreus' sons
 Will well reward it."

We then eagerly, 145

With many questions, seek to know the grounds
 Of his assertions, unaware of all
 His villany and Grecian artifice.
 He tremblingly went on, with words of guile: —
 " Full oft the Greeks sought to contrive their flight, 150
 And, weary of long war, abandon Troy.
 Would that they had! Oft did the tempest rough
 Upon the sea prevent, and southern winds
 Deter them going; and especially
 When now this horse stood there, with wooden beams 155
 Constructed, — then through all the sky the clouds

Pealed with their thunders. In suspense, we sent
Eurypylus to consult the oracle
Of Phoebus; he from its recesses brought
For answer these sad words: 'O Greeks, when first 160
Ye came unto these shores, ye pacified
The winds with blood, and with a virgin slain.
Even so through blood must your return be sought,
Propitiating heaven with Grecian life.'
When to the people's ears this answer came, 165
All were struck dumb, and through our limbs there ran
A tremor cold, thinking to whom this thing
Might come, and whom Apollo might demand.
Forth then Ulysses drags into the midst,
With loud uproar, Calchas the priest, and asks 170
What in such case the deities might will.
And many persons now presaged to me
This artful schemer's cruel wickedness,
And quietly foresaw the event to come.
The priest for ten days held his peace, and still 175
Refused, dissembling, to name any one,
As doomed to death. At length reluctantly
Driven by the clamors of the Ithacan,
He breaks his silence, and, as was agreed,
He destines me to the altar. All assent. 18

And what each one was fearing for himself,
 Turned to the ruin of one wretched man,
 They patiently endure. And now had come
 The dreadful day, the sacred rites prepared,
 The salted meal, the fillets round my brows : — 185
 I broke away from death ; I snapped my chains ;
 And in a miry swamp I lay all night
 Hidden, and screened from view by long marsh grass,
 'Till they should spread (if haply so they should)
 Their sails unto the wind. But now for me 190
 There is no hope to see my native land,
 Nor my sweet children, nor my father dear,
 Whom they will yet, perhaps, for my escape,
 Demand for punishment, and this offence
 Of mine will expiate by the death of those 195
 Unhappy ones. Therefore I thee entreat,
 By the supernal powers, and deities
 Conscious of truth, — by unviolated faith, —
 If such there be remaining still with man, —
 Pity these woes of mine, — pity a soul 200
 Deserving not such sufferings as these."

Moved by his tears, we granted him his life,
 And freely pitied him. Priam himself

First of all gave commands to take away
His fetters, and remove the knotted cords, 215
And said in friendly tones: "Whoe'er thou art,
Henceforth forget the Greeks whom thou hast lost;
Be one of us; and truly tell the things
That I shall ask of thee. With what design
Have they constructed this gigantic horse? 219
Who its inventor? What do they intend?
Is it religious in its aim, or is't
An engine framed for war?" He said. The man,
Skilled in deceit and Grecian artifice,
Raised his unfettered hands toward the stars. 215
"Witness," he cried, "eternal fires of heaven,
In your inviolable divinity!
And you, ye altars, and ye dreadful knives,—
Ye sacred fillets I, a victim, wore,—
Be it right for me to break the hallowed ties 220
That bound me to the Greeks! — Be it right for me
To hate these men, and bring their crimes to light,
If any they conceal! Nor am I now
Bound by my country's laws. Only do thou
Remain true to thy promise, and, Troy saved, 225
Keep faith with me, if I disclose the truth,
And largely pay thee back what thou hast done.

The whole hope of the Greeks, and confidence
 I' the war commenced, stood always on the aid
 Of Pallas. From the time when Diomed 230
 With impious hand, and the author of these crimes,
 Ulysses, — for 't was they who did the deed, —
 Having determined to remove by force
 Her fatal image, the Palladium,
 Out from the hallowed temple, — having slain 235
 The guardians of the lofty citadel,
 They snatched away the sacred effigy,
 And with their bloody hands presumed to touch
 The virgin fillets of the goddess: — then,
 E'en from that time, the Greeks began to lose 240
 Their hopes, which, slipping backward, flowed away, —
 Their strength all broken, and the deity
 Averse. Nor did Tritonia indicate
 These things by doubtful prodigies; for scarce
 Had they deposited within their camp 245
 The image, when from her wide-open eyes
 Flashed gleaming flames, and through her limbs salt
 sweat
 Exuded; and three times from off the ground —
 Wonderful to relate! — she leapt, with shield
 And quivering spear. Calchas forthwith announced 250

That we should seek the sea in flight ; nor could
The Grecian forces conquer Troy, unless
At Argos they renewed the auspices,
And brought the goddess back, now borne away
By them, in their curved ships, across the sea.

255

And now that to Mycenæ they are bound,
Arms they prepare to bring, and guardian gods ;
And, the sea crossed again, will soon be here.

Thus Calchas read the omens ; and so warned,
They built in place of the Palladium,

260

And of the violated deity,

This image, to atone for their foul crime.

'T was Calchas who commanded them to raise
This mass enormous, with strong timbers laced,
And build it of a towering height, too large

265

To be received into your city's gates,

And so protect you with the ancient faith.

For if your hands should ever violate

Minerva's offering, ruin immense would come

(Which omen may the gods first turn upon

270

The seer himself!) to Priam's realm, and all

The Phrygians ; but if by your hands this horse

Should mount into your city, Asia then,

Unchallenged, would advance to Pelops' walls

In mighty war, and our posterity
Experience these fates." 275

With treachery

Like this, and artful perjury, the tale
Of the false Sinon was believed by us, —
Caught by his wiles, and by the tears he forced, —
Whom neither Diomed, nor Larissa's chief, 280
Achilles, nor ten years, nor a thousand ships
Could conquer.

Here another dire event

More dreadful far befalls, disturbing us,
Wretched and unprepared, with gloomy thoughts.
Laocoön, chosen Neptune's priest by lot, 285
A huge bull at the solemn altars there
Was sacrificing, when behold, two snakes —
I shudder as I tell — from Tenedos
Come gliding on the deep, with rings immense,
Pressing upon the sea, and side by side 290
Toward the shore they move with necks erect,
And bloody crests that tower above the waves;
Their other parts behind sweeping the sea,
With huge backs winding on in sinuous folds.
A noise of foaming brine is heard. And now 295
They reach the shores, their burning eyes suffused

With blood and fire, and lick their hissing mouths
 With quivering tongues. We, pale with terror, fly.
 But they with steady pace Laocoön seek.

First the two bodies of his little sons 300

Each serpent twines about, with tightening folds,
 And bites into their miserable limbs.

Then him, as he with help and weapons comes,
 They seize, and bind him in their mighty spires;
 Twice round the middle, twice around his neck, 305

Twisting, with scaly backs, they raise on high
 Their heads and lofty necks. He with his hands
 Strains to untwine the knots, his fillets wet
 With gore and poison black. His dreadful shrieks

Rise to the stars: — such groans as when a bull 310
 Flies from the altar wounded, and shakes free

His forehead from the ill-aimed axe. But they,
 The dragons, slip away to the lofty shrine
 And citadel of cruel Pallas. There,

Beneath the goddess' feet and orbèd shield, 315
 They hide. Then verily a new fear creeps

Into the trembling hearts of all. They said

Laocoön paid the penalty deserved

Of crime, for having with his steel profaned

The sacred wood, when he had hurled his spear 320

Against the horse. And now all cry aloud
To take the image to its rightful seat,
And supplicate the goddess. We divide
The walls, and open lay the battlements.
All for the work prepare. Beneath the feet 325
We lay smooth rollers, and around the neck
Strain hempen ropes. The terrible machine
Passes the walls, filled full with armèd men.
Around, the youths and the unwedded maids
Sing sacred songs, rejoicing when they touch 330
Their hands against the ropes. Onward it moves,
And threatening glides into the city's midst.
Alas, my country! Ilium, home of gods!
Dardanian battlements renowned in war!
Four times, e'en at the threshold of the gate, 335
It stopped: four times we heard the noise of arms
Ring from the depths within. Yet on we press,
Thoughtless of omens, blind with furious zeal,
And in the sacred citadel we lodge
The fatal monster. And now Cassandra opes 340
Her lips, — that by the deity's command
Should never be believed by Trojan ears, —
And prophesies to us our future fates.
We, miserable, unto whom this day

Was doomed to be our last, hang on our shrines, 345
Throughout the city, wreaths of festive leaves.
Meanwhile, with changing sky night comes apace
Upon the ocean, wrapping with wide shade
Earth, sky, and crafty wiles of Myrmidons.
The Trojans, scattered through the town, are still, 350
For sleep embraces every weary frame.

And now the Grecian hosts were moving on
From Tenedos, their ships in order ranged,
Beneath the friendly silence of the moon,
Toward the well-known shores, soon as appeared 355
The blazing signal from the royal ship.
Defended by the adverse deities,
Sinon unbars the wooden prison doors,
And secretly lets loose the hidden Greeks.
The horse stands open wide, and to the air 360
Restores them. Joyful from the hollow wood
They leap, — Tisandrus, Sthenelus, their chiefs,
And fierce Ulysses, sliding down a rope.
And with them Acamas and Thoas come,
And Peleus' offspring, Neoptolemus, 365
Machaon leading; Menelaus too,
And e'en Epeus, inventor of the fraud.

They invade the city sunk in sleep and wine.
 The guards are slain ; their comrades they receive
 With opened gates, and join the expectant bands. 370

It was the hour when first their sleep begins
 For wretched mortals, and most gratefully
 Creeps over them, by bounty of the gods.
 Then in my dreams, behold, Hector appeared,
 Distinctly present ; very sad he was, 375

And weeping floods of tears. So once he looked,
 Dragged by the chariot wheels, and black with dust
 And blood, his swollen feet pierced through with thongs.
 Ah me, that face ! How changed he was from him,
 The Hector who returned clothed in the spoils 380

Won from Achilles, or when he had hurled
 The Phrygian fires against the Grecian ships!
 But now the squalid beard he wore, and hair
 Matted with blood, and the wounds he took when dragged
 Around the city's walls. Weeping myself, 385

I seemed to address him of my own accord,
 And to draw out these melancholy words : —
 “ O light of Troy ! the Trojans' surest hope !
 Why hast thou stayed so long ? And from what shores,
 O long-expected Hector, dost thou come ? 390

That now again, after so many deaths
Among thy countrymen, and sufferings borne
So varied, we, exhausted with the war,
Behold thee here? What undeservèd cause
Distorts thy face serene? And why these wounds?" 395
But he made no reply, and took no heed
Of idle questions, but with a heavy groan
Fetched from the bottom of his breast: — "Ah, fly,
Thou goddess-born," he said, "fly from these flames!
The enemy holds the walls. Troy rushes down 400
From her high pinnacle. Enough is done
For Priam and our country. If right hand
Could have defended Troy, mine 't would have been
That so defended. Troy to thee commends
Her sacred rites and household gods. These take, 405
Companions of thy fates. With these go seek
The mighty city thou one day shalt find
At last, after thy wanderings o'er the sea."
He said; and from their secret inner crypts
Great Vesta's fillets and her statue brought, 410
And the undying fire from out her shrines.

Meanwhile, with many a lamentable cry
The city is confused. And more and more,

Although my sire Anchises' house stood far
Away, hid and secluded 'mid the trees, 415
The noise grew loud, and all the horrible clang
Of arms increased. Starting from sleep, I gain
With swift ascent the house-top's loftiest verge,
And stand and listen with arrected ears.
As when the flames are raging through the corn, 420
Driven by the furious winds; — or a mountain stream,
Swollen to a rapid torrent, floods the fields,
And desolates the smiling crops, and all
The labors of the oxen, and drags down
The forests; and the unconscious shepherd stands 425
Listening upon the peak of some high rock,
Bewildered by the rushing noise below.
Then verily the false faith of the Greeks
Is manifest, — their treacherous arts revealed.
Down falls the palace of Deiphobus 430
Amid the conquering flames; Ucalegon
Next burns. The broad Sigeon waves reflect
The fiery glow. And shouts of men are heard,
And blare of trumpets. Wildly I seize my arms; —
Although for arms there seemed but little use. 435
But still I burned to gather a small band,
And with my comrades to the citadel

Rush on; for rage and fury hurried me.
 A glorious thing it seemed to me to die
 In arms.

But now, behold, Panthus, escaped 440
 From Grecian spears, — Panthus Othryades,
 Priest of Apollo in the citadel,
 Comes hurrying by, and bearing in his hands
 The sacred vessels and the vanquished gods;
 He leads his little grandson by the hand, 445
 And wildly to my threshold bends his steps.
 “What fortune, Panthus? On what citadel
 Do we now seize?” I scarce had said the words,
 When, groaning deeply, he this answer made: —
 “Our last day comes, — the inevitable hour 450
 Of Troy. Trojans no more are we. Gone now
 Is Troý, and all our glory! Cruel Jove
 To Argos now transfers the imperial rule.
 O'er all the burning town the Greeks hold sway.
 The towering horse stands in the city's midst, 455
 And pours out armèd men. Sinon himself,
 Exulting, spreads the flames. And others throug
 The open gates; as many thousands come
 As e'er from mighty Greece. Others oppose
 Our ranks, and barricade the narrow streets. 460

The gleaming swords are drawn, for death's dread work
 Prepared. The foremost wardens of the gates
 Scarce risk a contest, with resistance blind."
 Fired by his words, and by a power divine,
 Through flames and arms I am borne along, where'er 465
 The sad Erinnys points, where'er the din
 Of battle and the ascending clamor calls.
 Rhipeus then, and Epytus, in arms
 Excelling, join us, by the moonlight seen;
 And Hypanis and Dymas on our side 470
 Gather, and young Coræbus, Mygdon's son.
 He in those latter days to Troy had come,
 Wooing Cassandra with delirious love,
 Hoping to bring a future son-in-law
 To Priam, and assistance bear to him 475
 And to the Trojans; but who, hapless youth,
 Regarded not the warnings of his bride
 Inspired. Whom when I saw in order ranged,
 Ready for battle, thus to them I spoke: —
 "O warriors, gallant hearts, who dare in vain! 480
 If yours the strong desire to follow me
 Venturing extremest things, — ye see how stands
 The fortune of affairs; for all the gods
 By whom our empire stood have gone from us,

Their secret places and their altars left. 485
You help a burning city. Let us die,
And plunge into the middle of the fight.
The only safety of the vanquished is
To hope for none." Thus were the warriors' hearts
Kindled with added rage. As ravenous wolves 490
In cloudy darkness driven by hunger fierce,
Leaving their whelps behind, with dry throats seek
Their prey; so through the javelins and the foes
We rush to no uncertain death, and hold
Our way into the city's midst. Black night 495
Hovers around us with her hollow shade.
Who can describe the carnage of that night?
Down falls the ancient city, having ruled
So many years; and everywhere struck down
Lay many an unresisting corpse along 500
The streets, and through the houses, and beside
The sacred thresholds of the deities.
Nor do the Trojans only suffer death.
Courage returns e'en to our vanquished hearts,
And in their turn the conquering Greeks are slain. 505
And everywhere are sounds of bitter grief,
And terror everywhere, and shapes of death.

And first, attended by a numerous band
 Of Greeks, Androgeus meets us, thinking we
 Are of his side, and thus with friendly words 510
 Salutes us: "Hasten, men! What sluggishness
 Is this? While others plunder blazing Troy,
 Are you just coming from our ships?" He said;
 And all at once, — for we no answer made
 Which he could trust, — he saw that he had fallen 515
 Among his foes. Dumb with astonishment,
 His footsteps and his voice he alike repressed.
 As when a man who walks through tangled paths
 Treads on a hidden snake, and trembling flies
 Back from the reptile lifting up its head 520
 In anger, and its blue and swelling neck;
 Even so Androgeus, starting, backward shrinks.
 Forward we rush, and pour around, and charge
 In dense array upon them, ignorant
 Of all the ground, and overcome by fear, 525
 And strike them down. At this first work achieved,
 The breath of fortune favors us. But here
 Coræbus, all exultant with success
 And courage, cries: "O comrades, where so soon
 Fortune the way of safety points, and where 530
 She shews herself propitious, let us follow.

Let us change shields, and wear upon ourselves
 The Grecian badges. Whether we make use
 Of stratagem or valor, who inquires,
 In dealing with an enemy? They themselves 535
 Supply these arms." And having said these words,
 He donned the long-haired helmet, and the shield
 Wondrous for beauty, that Androgeus wore ;
 And at his side he hung the Grecian sword.
 So likewise did Rhipeus, Dymas too, 540
 And all the youths, right gayly ; every one
 Arming himself with recent spoils. And thus,
 Mixed with the Greeks we go, 'neath auspices
 Not ours ; and meeting with the foe, we engage
 In many battles through the dark blind night, 545
 And to the lower world send many a Greek.
 Some to their ships escape, and trusty shores ;
 And others scale again the lofty horse,
 Smit with base fear. Alas, one ought
 To trust in nothing, when the gods oppose. 550
 Lo, Priam's virgin daughter, borne along,
 Cassandra, with her hair unbound, and dragged
 From Pallas' temple, and her inmost shrines,
 Raises to heaven her burning eyes in vain : —
 Her eyes, — for they have bound her tender hands. 555

This sight Coræbus could not bear, but, wild
 And maddened, throws himself, resolved to die,
 Into the middle of the hostile band.

We follow all, and charge in close array.

Here from the temple's lofty roof at first 560

We are o'erpowered by weapons of our men ;

And dreadful slaughter follows the mistake

Caused by our armor and our Grecian crests.

Also the Greeks, groaning with rage to see

The virgin snatched away, from all sides throng 565

To attack us, — terrible Ajax, the two sons

Of Atreus, and the Dolopes with all

Their army. As when opposing winds conflict

In rushing hurricane, Zephyrus, Notus rush,

And Eurus, jubilant with his Eastern steeds, — 570

The forests groan, and foaming Nereus raves,

And with his trident lashes all the sea

From lowest depths ; so they — whom in the dark

We by our stratagems had put to flight,

And driven through all the town — appear. They first 575

Our shields and our false weapons recognize ;

And next they note our difference of speech.

At once we are overwhelmed ; — Coræbus first,

By Peneleus' hand laid low, before

The altar of the warrior goddess ; next
580 Rhipeus, of all Trojans most upright
And just : — such was the pleasure of the gods !
And Hypanis and Dymas die, pierced through
By their own friends ; nor thee, O Panthus, did
Thy piety nor sacred mitre shield
585 From death. Ye Trojan ashes, and ye last
Expiring flames of my own countrymen !
Witness that when you fell, I neither shunned
The weapons of the Greeks, nor any risks
Of conflict ; and if fate had so decreed
590 That I had fallen, I should have merited
My doom, for what I did ! Thence we are forced
Away and scattered. Iphitus with me
And Pelias remain ; but Iphitus
Enfeebled by his age, and Pelias
595 Retarded by a wound Ulysses dealt.
Far off, we are summoned by the clamorous cries
To Priam's palace. Here a battle raged
So fierce, it seemed as if no other war
Were waged, nor through the city any deaths
600 Were known elsewhere ; so furious a fight
We see, — the Greeks against the palace rushing, —
The threshold by a roof of shields besieged, —

The scaling ladders clinging to the walls.
 Beneath the very portals they ascend 605
 Upon the steps ; with their left hands oppose
 Their shields against the missiles from above,
 While with their right they grasp the battlements.
 On the other hand the Trojans, tearing up
 The turrets and the roofs, with these prepare 610
 A last defence, since now they see that death
 Is imminent. The gilded rafters down
 They roll, and all the lofty ornaments
 Of ancient sires ; while others with drawn swords
 Block up and guard the doors, in phalanx close. 615
 Courage restored, we hasten to defend
 The palace of the king, and by our aid
 Relieve with added strength our men o'erpowered.

There was an entrance and a private door
 Giving free passage between Priam's walls, — 620
 A postern gate, that stood neglected there,
 Through which oftentimes the sad Andromache
 Was wont to go, when she her husband's sire
 And mother visited, and led along
 With her her boy Astyanax. Through this 625
 I gain the summit of the roof, from which

The wretched Trojans hurled their useless shafts.

Here a steep turret rising from the roof,

And towering in the starlight, whence all Troy

Was seen, and all the well-known Grecian ships

630

And the Achaian camps, — around its walls

With iron implements we work, just where

The highest flooring offers loosening joints,

And wrench it from its ancient base, and push,

Till, slipping suddenly, with thundering crash

635

And ruin downward dragged, upon the bands

Of Greeks it falls, with desolation wide.

But others come beneath. Nor do we cease

To hurl down stones and missiles of all sorts. (

And now before the vestibule itself,

640

And at the outer door, Pyrrhus exults,

Flashing with weapons and the brazen light

Of armor. So in the sun a serpent gleams,

Which having fed on noxious herbs, and lain

Swollen in the earth, protected by the frost,

645

Now casting off its slough, and bright with youth,

Lifts up its head, and rolls with slippery back

Toward the sun, with quivering three-forked tongue.

With him huge Periphas, and Automedon

His armor-bearer, of Achilles' steeds

650

Once charioteer ; and all the Scyran youth
 Throng to the palace, hurling to the roof
 Their brands. Pyrrhus himself, among the first,
 Seizing an axe, breaks through the stubborn door,
 And tears the brazen pillars from the hinge ; 655
 And cutting through the panels and the beams,
 Hollows an opening like a window large ;
 And all the inner house is seen, and all
 The extended halls laid bare, and inmost rooms
 Of Priam and the ancient kings ; and there 660
 Armed men are standing at the very door.

But all the interior rooms with sounds confused
 Of groans and dreadful tumult rang. Within
 The hollow halls resounded with the shrieks
 Of women ; and the wailing seemed to strike 665
 The golden stars. Then through the palace wide
 Went trembling matrons wandering, while they clasped
 And kissed the door-posts. With his father's strength
 Pyrrhus comes pressing on. Nor bars avail,
 Nor guards, against him. With his battering-ram 670
 By frequent blows the trembling doors give way,
 And from the hinges jarred, down fall the posts.
 A breach is made. In rush the Greeks, and slay

The first they meet ; and all the halls are filled
 With soldiery. So a foaming river bursts 675
 Away from its embankments, sweeping down
 With turbulent vortex the opposing mounds,
 And raging through the fields, drags down the herds
 With all their stalls. With mine own eyes I saw,
 Furious for slaughter, Neoptolemus 685
 And the Atridæ twain before the gate.
 And Hecuba I saw, and the hundred wives
 Wed to her sons ; and Priam, soiled with blood,
 Before the altars he himself had blessed.
 Also those fifty nuptial chambers, — hope 685
 Of future offspring ; and the pillars rich
 With spoils and with barbaric gold, o'erthrown.
 And the Greeks held whate'er the flames had spared.

Perhaps thou wilt inquire of Priam's fate.
 Soon as he saw the captured city's doom, 690
 His palace-gates torn down, the enemy
 Within his inmost rooms, the aged king
 Puts on his armor long disused, in vain
 Casing his trembling limbs ; his useless sword
 Girt at his side ; and goes to meet his foes, 695
 Resolved to die. Within the palace court,

Beneath the bare sky stood an altar large,
Near which an ancient laurel overhung
And sheltered the Penates with its shade.

Here, round about the altars, Hecuba 700

Sat with her daughters, like a flock of doves

By a dark tempest driven swift to earth, —

Crowding together, all in vain, — and held

In their embrace the statues of their gods.

But when she saw Priam himself arrayed 705

In youthful arms, “What dire intent,” she said,

“Unhappy husband, bids thee take these arms?

And whither dost thou rush? No help like this,

Nor such defenders doth the time require.

Even were my Hector here, he could do naught. 710

Yield now to me, and hither come; for here,

This altar will protect us all, or else

We all will die together!” Saying this,

She drew the aged monarch to herself,

And placed him there upon the sacred seat. 715

But lo! escaped from Pyrrhus' murderous hand,

Polites, one of Priam's sons, has fled

Through the long galleries, past the spears and foes,

And, wounded, traverses the empty halls.

Him, Pyrrhus pressing in hot haste pursues 722
With deadly weapon ; now, even now his hand
Holds him within his grasp, and with his spear
Presses upon him, till he comes before
His parents' eyes, then falls, and bleeding fast,
Pours out his life. But Priam now, although 725
An instant death impends, did not refrain,
Nor spared he voice or anger. "May the gods,"
He cries, "if there be justice in the heavens
That cares for such things, make thee fit return
And deal thee thy deserts, for this thy foul 730
And daring crime, — thou who hast made me see
Before my face the slaughter of my son,
And hast defiled with death a father's sight!
But not the Achilles, from whom thou dost say
Falsely that thou art sprung, though Priam's foe, 735
Was such as thou art ; for he blushed to think
Of violating faith and common rights,
At my petition, but the lifeless corpse
Of Hector did restore for burial,
And sent me safely to my kingdom back." 740
Saying this, the old king hurled a feeble spear
That made no wound, but from the sounding brass
Repelled, hung harmless from the buckler's boss.

But Pyrrhus cried: "Be thou the messenger,
 And this to Peleus' son deliver. Him 745
 Tell of degenerate Neoptolemus,
 And all the cruel deeds he did. Now die!"
 Saying this, he dragged him to the altar's foot,
 Staggering and slipping 'mid the blood his son
 Had shed. Twisting his left hand in his hair, 750
 He raised his sword in his right, and to the hilt
 Buried it in his side. Such was the end
 Of Priam's destinies; such was his death
 Ordained by fate, whilst Troy he saw in flames
 And desolation, — who to many a land 755
 And people, once, Asia's proud ruler stood.
 Now on the shore his mighty corpse is thrown,
 And lies a headless trunk without a name.

Then, for the first time, a dread horror fell,
 And compassed me around. I stood aghast; 760
 And my dear father's image came to me,
 When I beheld the king, as old as he,
 Breathing his life out 'neath a cruel wound;
 Creüsa too deserted, and my home
 Ravaged, and young Iulus' hapless lot, 765
 Came to my mind. I looked around to note

What forces might remain ; and saw that all
Had left, exhausted, — either having thrown
Their wretched bodies, leaping, down to earth,
Or given them to the flames.

So I alone

770

Remained ; — when, keeping close within the door
Of Vesta's temple, in a secret place
Close hiding, Tyndarus' daughter I espy.

The bright flames light my wandering steps, as round

I glance at all things. She, the common scourge

775

Of Troy, and her own country, fearing now

The Trojans' vengeance at Troy's overthrow,

And punishment the Greeks might deal, and all

The anger her deserted husband bore,

Had hid herself, and at the altars sat,

780

A hated object. Fire raged in my heart,

And through me ran an impulse to revenge

My falling country, and inflict on her

The penalty deserved. Shall she, forsooth,

In safety see her Sparta, and the lands

785

Of Greece, and move like a triumphant queen ?

Shall she her husband, parents, home and sons

Behold, attended by a Trojan troop

And Phrygian slaves ? Shall Priam fall by the sword ?

Shall Troy be burned, and all her shores distil 790
 Dardanian blood? Not so. For though there be
 No glory in a woman's punishment,
 Nor any praise in such a victory,
 Yet shall I be commended to have quenched
 Such crime; and it will please me to have wreaked 795
 My vengeance, and the ashes thus appease
 Of slaughtered countrymen. Such were the thoughts
 My mind revolved, transported by my rage.
 When to my sight, never before so clear,
 My gracious mother appeared, and, in the dark, 800
 A goddess all confessed, with such light shone,
 As when to the celestials she is wont
 To show herself. She held my hand, and spake
 With roseate lips these words: "O son, what grief
 Such untamed wrath arouses in thy breast? 805
 What rage is this? Where has thy reverence gone
 For us? Look rather where thou mayst have left
 Thy sire Anchises, cumbered with old age;
 Whether thy wife Creüsa be alive;
 Ascanius too, thy son, — whom on all sides 810
 The Grecian troops surround; and whom, unless
 My care of them oppose, the flames will now
 Have swept away, and hostile swords have slain.

'T is not the Spartan Helen's hated face,
 Nor faulty Paris, but the inclement gods, — 815
 The gods, I say, — who overthrow this power,
 And from its lofty summit lay Troy low.
 See, — I will break the cloud which, now o'erdrawn,
 Obscures thy mortal vision with dark mists.
 Nor fear thou to obey thy parent's will, 820
 Nor slight her precepts. Here, where ruined piles,
 And stones from stones uptorn thou dost behold,
 And waving clouds of mingled smoke and dust,
 'T is Neptune jars the walls, and with the might
 Of his great trident the foundations shakes, 825
 That the whole city topples from its base.
 Here fiercely cruel Juno, first of all,
 The Scæan gate doth hold, and girt with steel,
 Summons, in wrath, her allies from the ships.
 Now look, where the Tritonian Pallas sits 830
 Above the highest citadels, and gleams
 With cruel Gorgon's head, amid the cloud.
 The Sire himself supplies the Greeks with strength
 And conquering courage; he himself stirs up
 The deities against the Trojan arms. 835
 Fly, O my son, and end thy woes and toils!
 Never will I be absent, but will set

Thee on the threshold of thy father, safe."
 She said, and in the thickest shades of night
 Concealed herself. The appalling Forms appear, 840
 And the great deities who hated Troy.

Then verily all Ilium seemed to sink
 In flames, and from her base Neptunian Troy
 To be o'erturned. As when an ancient ash
 Upon the mountain-top, by axes hewed 845
 With frequent blows, the peasants all contend,
 Eager to overthrow it; all the while
 With each concussion of its top, it nods,
 Threatening, and trembling through its leafy hair,
 Till vanquished by degrees, with many a wound, 850
 It groans its last, and crashing down the cliff,
 Drags ruin in its fall. Descending now,
 Led by the goddess, through the enemies
 And through the flames I am borne, while all around
 The weapons yield a place, the fires recede. 855

But when I reached my old paternal home,
 My father, whom I wished to bear away
 To the high mountains, and whom first of all
 I sought, refused to lengthen out his life,

And suffer exile, now that Troy was lost. 86
“O ye,” he said, “whose blood is full of life,
Whose solid strength in youthful vigor stands, —
Plan ye your flight! But if the heavenly powers
Had destined me to live, they would have kept
For me these seats. Enough, more than enough, 865
That one destruction I have seen, and I
Survive the captured city. Go ye then,
Bidding my body farewell; thus, O thus
Extended on the earth! — I shall find death
From some hand. Merciful the foe will be, 870
And seek for spoils. The loss of burial slight
Will be. Long have I lingered out my years,
Useless, and hated by the deities,
Since the great sire of gods and king of men
Breathed on me with his storms and thunderbolts.” 875
Thus saying, he remained with purpose fixed.
Then we, Creüsa and Ascanius,
And all the household, weeping, begged that he
Would not thus ruin all our hopes, and urge
The impending doom. But he refused, and kept 880
Unmoved and firm in what he had resolved.
Back to my arms I fly, — so sick at heart,
I long for death. For what expedient now,

What chance remains? "O father, dost thou think
That I can go and leave thee here alone? 885

Comes such bad counsel from my father's lips?

If 't is the pleasure of the gods that naught

From the whole city should be left, and this

Is thy determined thought and wish, to add

To perishing Troy thyself and all thy kin, — 890

The gate lies open for that death desired.

Pyrrhus will soon be here, fresh from the blood

Of Priam, — he who before a father's face

Butchers his son, and stabs the father next

Before the altars. Was it then for this, 895

Mother benign, that thou didst snatch me forth

From weapons and from flames, that I should see

Within our inmost home the enemy? —

And see Ascanius, and my agèd sire,

And, by their side, Creüsa, sacrificed 900

All, in each other's blood? My armor then, —

Give me my arms! 'T is the last hour that calls

Upon the vanquished! Give me to the Greeks; —

Let me renew the battles I began.

To-day we shall not all die unavenged!" 905

Forthwith I gird myself anew in steel,

And, my left hand inserting in my shield,
Began to put it on, and forth was going.
But lo! upon the threshold stood my wife,
And hung upon me, and embraced my feet, 910
And held the young Iulus to his sire.
“If forth thou goest, resolved to die,” she said,
“Take us along with thee, to share all fates.
But if, from trial, thou hast hope in arms,
Protect this household first. To whom dost thou 915
Abandon little Iulus, and thy sire,
Or her whom once thou call’st thy wife?”

So she

Complaining filled the house; when suddenly
A prodigy most wonderful appeared.
For in the midst of our embracing arms, 920
And faces of his sorrowing parents, lo!
Upon Iulus’ head a luminous flame
With lambent flashes shone, and played about
His soft hair with a harmless touch, and round
His temples hovered. We with trembling fear 925
Sought to brush off the blaze, and ran to quench
The sacred fire with water from the fount.
But Father Anchises lifted to the stars
His eyes with joy, and raised his hands to heaven,

Exclaiming, "Jupiter omnipotent!
 If thou wilt yield to any prayers of ours,
 Look upon us, this once; and if we aught
 Deserve by any piety, give help,
 O Father, and these omens now confirm!"

930

Scarce had my agèd father said these words,
 When, with a sudden peal, upon the left
 It thundered, and down gliding from the skies,
 A star, that drew a fiery train behind,
 Streamed through the darkness with resplendent light.

935

We saw it glide above the highest roofs,
 And plunge into the Idæan woods, and mark
 Our course. The shining furrow all along
 Its track gave light, and sulphurous fumes around.
 And now, convinced, my father lifts himself;
 Speaks to the gods, — adores the sacred star.

940

945

"Now, now," he cries, "for us no more delay!
 I follow; and wherever ye may lead,
 Gods of my country, I will go! Guard ye
 My family, my little grandson guard.
 This augury is yours; and yours the power
 That watches Troy. And now, my son, I yield,
 Nor will refuse to go along with thee."

950

And now through all the city we can hear
The roaring flames, which nearer roll their heat
“Come then, dear father! On my shoulders I 955
Will bear thee, nor will think the task severe.
Whatever lot awaits us, there shall be
One danger and one safety for us both.
Little Iulus my companion be;
And at a distance let my wife observe 960
Our footsteps. You, my servants, take good heed
Of what I say. Beyond the city stands
Upon a rising ground a temple old
Of the deserted Ceres, and near by
An ancient cypress-tree, for many years 965
By the religion of our sires preserved.
To this, by different ways, we all will come
Together. And do thou, my father, here
Take in thy hands our country’s guardian gods,
And our Penates. I, who have just come forth 970
From war and recent slaughter, may not touch
Such sacred things, till in some flowing stream
I wash.” This said, a tawny lion’s skin
On my broad shoulders and my stooping neck
I throw, and take my burthen. At my side 975
Little Iulus links his hand in mine,

Following his father with unequal steps.
 Behind us steps my wife. Through paths obscure
 We wend; and I, who but a moment since
 Dreaded no flying weapons of the Greeks, 980
 Nor dense battalions of the adverse hosts,
 Now start in terror at each rustling breeze,
 And every common sound, held in suspense
 With equal fears for those attending me,
 And for the burthen that I bore along. 985

And now I approached the city gates, and seemed
 Thus far to have accomplished all our course;
 When suddenly we heard a trampling sound
 Of footsteps, and my father, peering through
 The darkness, cries: "Fly, fly, my son! they come! 990
 I see their blazing shields and brazen arms!"

Here I know not what influence malign
 Bewildered me. For while along my way
 I traced my course through unfrequented paths,
 And shunned the beaten track, — ah, woe is me! 995
 Whether, delayed by some unhappy fate,
 Creüsa stopped, or wandered from the road,
 Or sat down weary, is unknown to me.

I saw her not again; nor did I note
 That she was lost, nor fix my mind on her, 1000
 Until unto the mound and sacred shrine
 Of Ceres we had come. Together met
 At last, here, she alone was absent: — she
 Escaped the sight of husband, son, and friends.
 Distracted, whom did I not then accuse, 1005
 Of men and gods? or what more cruel loss
 Had met through all the city's overthrow?
 To my companions I commend my son
 Ascanius, and my father, and the gods
 Of Troy, and in a winding valley hide them safe; — 1010
 Back to the city go, and gird myself
 With shining armor, firmly bent to renew
 All risks, and through all Troy retrace my steps,
 Exposed to every peril. First the walls,
 And the dark gateway whence I had issued forth, 1015
 I seek; and every track seen through the night
 I follow backward, and observe with care.
 Everywhere horror fills my soul, and even
 The silence terrifies. Thence to my home
 I go, — if she — ah, if she should, perchance, 1020
 Have thither gone! The Greeks had broken in,
 And the whole house they held. Devouring fire

Rolled in the wind, and reached the lofty roof.
 Onward I move, and see again the house
 Of Priam, and the citadel. And now 1025
 In the deserted porticos, within
 Juno's asylum, stood the chosen guards,
 Phœnix and fierce Ulysses, keeping watch
 Over their spoils. Here from all sides heaped up
 Lay Trojan treasure, snatched from burning crypts; 1030
 And tables of the gods, and robes, and cups
 Of solid gold. And in a long array
 Stood youths, and trembling matrons round about.
 And yet I dared to raise my voice across
 The shades, and filled the streets with fruitless cries, 1035
 And called upon Creüsa, in my grief,
 Again and yet again. Then as I went
 Searching from house to house, distraught and wild,
 I saw, before my eyes, the spectre sad,
 The shadowy image, of Creüsa stand, 1040
 Larger than life. Aghast I stood, with hair
 Erect: my voice clung to my throat. But she
 Thus spoke, and with these words allayed my pain: —
 "Sweet husband, what avails it to indulge
 This grief insane? These things do not occur 1045
 Without Divine consent. 'T was not ordained

That thou shouldst bear away Creüsa hence

As thy companion, nor does the Arbiter

Of high Olympus will it. Exile long

Must be thy lot, the vast expanse of sea

1250

Be ploughed; and thou shalt see the Hesperian land,

Where Lydian Tiber flows with gentle course

Between the fertile fields where heroes dwell.

Prosperity, a kingdom, and a spouse

Of royal rank are there obtained for thee.

1255

For thy beloved Creüsa cease thy tears.

The Myrmidons' and Dolopes' proud seats

I shall not see: nor shall I go away

A slave to Grecian matrons,— I who come

From Dardanus, and am the daughter-in-law

1260

Of divine Venus. But upon these shores

The mighty mother of the gods detains me.

And now farewell, and cherish with thy love

Thy son and mine!" Saying this, she left me there

Weeping, and wishing many things to say;

1265

And, fading in the thin air, left my sight.

Thrice round her neck I strove to throw my arms;

And thrice her image from my hands escaped,

That sought, but all in vain, to grasp her form,

Borne like a wingèd dream along the winds.

1270

Thus finally, the night being worn away,
I saw my friends again. But here, surprised,
I found a multitude of new-arrived
Companions, who had flocked into this place, —
Matrons, and men, and youths, to exile doomed : 1075
A wretched crowd : they from all sides collect,
Prepared, with courage and resource, to go
To whatsoever lands across the seas
I might desire to carry them. And now
The star of morning, o'er the mountain-tops 1080
Of lofty Ida rising, led the day.
The Greeks still held the closely guarded gates ;
Nor was there any further hope of aid.
I yielded to my fate, and, bearing still
My sire, toward the mountains took my way. 1085

BOOK III.

WHEN by the mandate of the gods the power
Of Asia and Priam's race was overthrown,
Deserving better fate; when Ilium fell,
And all Neptunian Troy upon the ground
Lay smoking; we by auguries divine 5
In distant and deserted lands were driven
To seek an exile. 'Neath Antandros' walls,
And Phrygian Ida's slopes, we built a fleet,
Uncertain whither fate should carry us,
And where our course should end. We summon all 10
Our men. The early summer scarce begun,
My sire Anchises bids us give our sails
Unto the fates. Weeping, I leave behind
My native shores, the harbors, and the fields
Where Troy once stood, — an exile borne away 15
Upon the deep: with me my friends, my son,
And household gods, and those of mightier power.

Not far away there lies a peopled land,

Sacred to Mars, with spreading fields, and tilled
 By Thracians (stern Lycurgus ruled it once); 20
 Of old in hospitable league with Troy,
 And with our household gods, while fortune smiled.
 Here, landing, on the winding shore I laid
 The first foundations of a town, — the fates
 Against me, — and from my own name I called 25
 The spot Æneades.

A sacrifice

To my Dionean mother, and the gods
 Favoring my works commenced, I here began
 To offer, and to Heaven's supernal king
 Was slaughtering on the shore a snow-white bull. 30
 It chanced there was a mound hard by, on which
 Some twigs of cornel grew, and myrtles thick,
 With spear-like shoots. Approaching, I essayed
 To pull a leafy sapling from the ground,
 That I might deck the altars with the leaves, 35
 When, dreadful to relate, a marvellous thing
 I witnessed. For the first plant that I plucked,
 Dark oozing blood dripped from its broken roots,
 And specked the ground with gore. A shudder cold
 Shook all my limbs, and froze my blood with fear. 40
 Seeking to penetrate the mystery,

I pulled again another pliant shoot ;
 Again the black blood oozes from the bark.
 Disturbed in mind, I prayed the woodland nymphs,
 And Father Mars, who o'er the fields of Thrace 45
 Presides, that they would bless this vision strange,
 And make the omen light. But when again,
 The third time, with a tighter clutch I seized
 A twig, and, with my knees against the ground,
 Pulled, — shall I say it, or be mute? — a groan 50
 Grievous to hear came from beneath the mound,
 And a voice spoke : “ Æneas, why dost thou
 Thus tear my wretched limbs? Spare now my tomb!
 Forbear polluting thy pure hands ; for I
 Am Trojan, and not alien to thy race ; 55
 Nor flows this blood from wood. Ah, leave, and fly
 These cruel lands, these avaricious shores :
 For I am Polydore ; and these were spears
 That pierced me, now sprung up, an iron crop
 Of javelins.” Then aghast and all perplexed 60
 I stood, with hair erect and palsied tongue.
 This Polydore with a great sum of gold
 By the unhappy Priam had been sent
 In secret to the Thracian monarch's care,
 When first he doubted the success of Troy 65

Beleaguered by the Greeks. But he, when now
 The Trojan power and fortune had declined,
 Followed the conquering arms of Agamemnon, —
 Broke through all faith, and murdered Polydore,
 And seized his treasure. Cursèd thirst for gold, 70
 What crimes dost thou not prompt in mortal breasts!

Soon as this fear had left me, I announced
 These portents of the gods to our chosen chiefs,
 And to my father first, and asked of them
 Their counsel. All with one accord advise 75
 To leave this land, by violated laws
 Of hospitality accursed, and sail
 Away. Then funeral rites for Polydore
 We celebrate, and heap a mound of earth;
 And altars to his shade are built, and hung 80
 With fillets blue, and sombre cypress boughs.
 And round about the Trojan women go,
 As they are wont, with loosely flowing hair.
 And bowls of warm frothed milk are placed around,
 And cups of sacred blood; while in the tomb 85
 We lay his ghost, with invocations loud.

Then, when the sea first smiled, and when the breeze
 Played lightly on the waves, and south-winds c

With gentle murmuring to the deep, our crews
Draw down the ships, and occupy the shores. 90
From port we sail, and towns and lands recede.

Amid the sea there lies a lovely isle,
Sacred to Doris, mother of the nymphs
Of ocean, and Ægean Neptune. This,
Once floating round the shores, Apollo bound 95
Fast to Gyaros and to Myconos,
And bade it stay unmoved, and scorn the winds,
Hither I sail. This pleasant isle receives
Within its port the weary voyagers.
Landing, we hail with praise Apollo's seat. 100
King Anius, Phœbus' priest and king in one,
His temples bound with fillets and with bays,
Meets us, and knows Anchises his old friend.
Then hands are grasped, with hospitable cheer,
Under his roof. And honors due I paid 105
The ancient temple stones. "Grant us," I cried,
"Thymbraean Apollo, grant these weary ones
A home to call our own, with families,
And walls; a city where we may remain.
Preserve this newer Pergamus of Troy, 110
Saved from the fierce Achilles and the Greeks.

Whom shall we follow? Whither dost thou will
That we shall go? And where abide? Grant now,
Father, some sign, and glide into our souls!"

Scarce had I spoken, when everything around 115
Suddenly trembled, all the sacred doors,
And laurels of the god. The mountain heaved,
And from the deep recess the tripod moaned.

With reverent submission on the earth
We fall; and thus a voice strikes on our ears: 120

"Brave Dardan men, that land from which you trace
Your birth and first beginnings of your race
Shall take you back unto its joyful breast.

Go seek your ancient mother, and there rest.
There shall all shores Æneas' rule obey, 125
And a long line of sons hold sovereign sway."

So Phœbus spoke. A great tumultuous joy
Arose among us. All, inquiring, ask
What city this may be: whither this voice
Directs us, and commands us to return. 130

My father then, revolving in his mind
The legends of the olden time, thus spake: —
"Hear me, O chiefs, and learn what you may hope.

The isle of Crete, the land of mighty Jove
Lies in mid-ocean : an Idaean mount 135
Is there, and there the cradle of our race.
There stand a hundred peopled cities, — realms
Most fertile, — whence our great progenitor,
Teucer, if I remember well the things
I've heard, passed over to the Rhætean shores, 140
And for a kingdom chose a place. Not yet.
Had Ilium and its citadels arisen :
The inhabitants in lowly valleys dwelt.
Thence came the mother goddess, Cybele,
The Corybantian cymbals, and the grove 145
Idæan ; thence the faithful secrecy
Of sacred rites ; and thence the lions yoked
Beneath the chariot of the queen divine.
Come then, and follow where the gods direct.
Let us propitiate the winds, and seek 150
The Gnosian shores. Nor are they distant far.
If Jupiter but aid us, the third day
Shall land our ships upon the Cretan coast."
So saying, he sacrificed the victims due :
A bull to Neptune, and a bull to thee, 155
O bright Apollo ; a black sheep to the Storm ;
A white one to the favoring Western Winds.

A rumor ran that King Idomeneus,
 Expelled from his paternal realms, had ceased
 To reign, and that the shores of Crete were left 160
 Deserted, — houses void, and settlements
 Abandoned. Passing by the Ortygian port,
 By Naxos' Bacchanalian heights we sail ;
 By green Donysa and Olearos ;
 By snow-white Paros, and the Cyclades 165
 Scattered along the sea, and channels thick
 With islands ; and the shouting mariners
 Pull at the oars with spirits emulous,
 And upon Crete and our forefathers call.
 A rising wind comes blowing on our stern, 170
 And follows, till at length we glide along
 The ancient shores of the Curetan race.

Here eagerly I choose the site, and raise
 Walls of a wished-for city, which I call 175
 Pergamia, and exhort my people, proud
 Of such a name, to watch with loving care
 Their hearths, and guard them with a citadel.

Now hauled upon the dry shore stand the ships.
 Our youths employ their time in choosing wives,

And tilling the new fields ; laws I began 180
To give, and dwellings ; — when the air is filled
With sudden blight, a slow-consuming plague
Dreadful and dire, that falls upon the limbs
Of men, and on the trees, and on the crops.
A fatal year it proved. Either they left 185
Their pleasant lives, or their sick bodies dragged
About ; the dog-star parched the sterile fields ;
And all the grass was dry ; the sickly crops
Refused their grain. Once more across the sea
To the Ortygian oracle, my sire 190
Advises us to send, and supplicate
Apollo, and implore his grace, and ask
What end may be to our distressed affairs ;
Where turn for help, and whither bend our course.

'T was night ; and all the living things of earth 195
Were sleeping ; when the sacred images,
The Phrygian household gods that I had brought
From Troy, borne through the city's flames, I saw
Standing before me as I slept, — distinct
In the broad moonlight pouring full and clear 200
Through the inserted windows. Then they spoke,
And with their words relieved my anxious fears : —

“That which Apollo would announce to thee
 Going to Ortygia, here, unsought, through us
 He brings to thy own doors. We, who, since Troy 205
 Was burned, have followed thee, and helped thine
 arms,

And in thy ships have crossed the swelling seas, —
 We thy descendants also will exalt
 Unto the stars, and to thy city give
 Imperial power. Do thou then build thy walls 210

Of ample size, fitting a noble race,
 Nor grow disheartened in thy wanderings.
 Change your abiding-place. Not on these shores
 Of Crete did Delian Apollo bid

The Trojans fix their seats. There is a place, 215
 An ancient country, called among the Greeks
 Hesperia, of a fertile soil, and strong

In arms, once settled by Ænotrian men;
 Now, from their leader's name, called Italy.

That is our destined home. There Dardanus 220
 Was born, — Iasius too, — and from this chief
 Our race. Rise then, and to thy aged sire
 Rejoicing bear this news, which none may doubt.

Seek for Cortona and the Ausonian lands,
 For Jove denies to thee these Cretan fields.” 225

Astonished at the vision, and the voice
Divine (for it was not deep sleep; I seemed
To know their countenances and veiled locks,
And forms distinct), a cold sweat bathed my limbs;
Leaping from bed, I raised my hands and voice 237
To heaven, and on the altar-fires of home,
With fitting rites, poured offerings undefiled.
This sacrifice completed, I with joy
Inform Anchises of the whole event.
At once he saw the double ancestry 235
And line, and how by error of new names
He was deceived about the ancient spots.
“My son,” he said, “by Trojan fates still held!
Cassandra alone foretold to me such things.
Now I remember how she prophesied 240
This destiny for us; and oft she spoke
About Hesperia and the Italian realms.
But who believed the Trojans e'er should come
To the Hesperian shores? or who did e'er
To prophetess Cassandra give belief? 245
To Phœbus let us yield, and, warned by him,
Seek better fortune.” Thus he spoke; we all
With joy obey. This place we also quit,
Leaving a few behind; and setting sail

In our hollow barks we skim along the sea. 250

Our ships kept to the open main. No more
 We saw the land; on all sides sky and sea.
 Then overhead there stood a cloud that scowled
 With night and storm, and in the gathering gloom
 The waves grew rough, and all at once the wind 255
 Swept over them, and surging billows rose.

On the vast roaring deep dispersed, we are thrown.
 The day is wrapped in clouds, and the wet night
 Snatches away the heavens. From bursting clouds
 Redoubling thunders crash. Driven from our course, 260
 We wander through the blind and misty waves.

Even Palinurus owns he cannot now
 Distinguish night from day, nor recollect
 His course. For three uncertain days we grope
 In the thick fog, and as many starless nights. 265

On the fourth day at length the land appears,
 And distant mountains rise, and curling smoke.
 Our sails are lowered. Upon our oars we bend,
 And dash the spray, and sweep the waters blue.

Safe from the waves, I landed on the shores 270
 And islands of the Strophades (so called
 In Greece); amid the great Ionian sea
 They lie. And here the fell Celæno dwelt,

And the other Harpies, after Phineus' house
Was closed upon them, forced by fear to quit 275
The tables where they once had banqueted.
So dire a monster and so foul a pest
And scourge, sent by the gods, never arose
From Stygian waters; wingèd like the birds,
And with a virgin's face; a foul discharge 280
Comes from their bodies; crooked claws for hands;
And faces with perpetual hunger pale.

Here, entering the port, behold, we see
Fair herds of cattle grazing in the fields,
And flocks of goats, without a keeper, browse 285
Amid the grass. We with our weapons rush
Upon them; and invoke the gods and Jove
Himself to share our booty. Next we spread
Our couches on the winding shore, and fall
To feasting; when with swift terrific flight 290
The Harpies from the mountains flock, and shake
Their clanging wings, and snatch away our food,
Defiling everything with contact foul;
And, 'mid the hideous stench, a dreadful voice
Is heard. Again, in a remote retreat, 295
Under a hollow rock, shut in by shade
Of arching trees, we set our tables forth,

And on the altars we replace the fire.
 Again, from a different quarter of the sky,
 And secret hiding-places, hovering round, 300
 The noisy troop with crooked claws alight,
 And with their mouths defile our food. I then
 Bid my companions take their arms, and fight
 Against this cursèd race. So charged, they hide
 Their swords and shining shields beneath the grass. 305
 So, when we heard again their clattering wings
 Flying along the shore, Misenus gives
 A signal from his brazen trumpet, perched
 Upon a height. My comrades rush to try
 This novel war, and maim these fell sea-birds; 310
 But neither in their feathers nor their flesh
 Do they receive a wound. Swiftly they cleave
 The air, and leave their filthy tracks behind
 On the half-eaten banquet. All but one, —
 Celæno. She, the gloomy prophetess, 315
 On a high rock alighting, thus broke forth
 In words: “Is ’t war ye wage on us, — yea, war,
 Sons of Laomedon, for these beeves you ’ve slain,
 Our slaughtered steers, — from our own land to drive
 The unoffending Harpies? Hear ye then 320
 My words, and fix this presage in your minds,

Which Jove foretold to Phœbus, he to me, —

And I, the eldest of the Furies, tell

To you. Ye hold your course to Italy ;

Your Italy ye shall find, with winds invoked,

325

And sail into her ports. But ere ye gird

Your city with its walls, by famine dire,

For this your outrage, ye shall be compelled

To gnaw the very boards on which you eat.”

She said ; and, borne upon her wings, she fled

330

Into the wood. But sudden fear congealed

My comrades' blood ; their courage fell ; no more

By arms, but with our vows and prayers, they wish

To ask for peace ; whether these creatures be

Of rank divine, or birds obscene and dire.

335

And Father Anchises from the shore spreads forth

His hands, invoking the great deities ;

And offerings due commands : “ Ye gods, forefend

Those threats ! Ye gods, avert such hard mishap !

And kindly save your pious votaries.”

340

Then he commands to tear our ships from shore,

And to uncoil the ropes, and cast them loose.

The south-winds stretch our sails : through foaming waves

We are borne, where'er the winds and pilot point.

Now looms in sight Zacynthus, crowned with woods ;

345

Dulichium, Same, and steep Neritus ;
 And past the rocks of Ithaca we fly,
 Laertes' kingdom, while we curse the land
 That reared the cruel Ulysses. Soon appear
 The cloud-capped mountain-tops of Leucate, 350
 And Phœbus' temple, feared by mariners.
 Weary, we make for this, and now approach
 The little city. From the prow we cast
 The anchor, and draw up our ships on shore.

Thus having gained the unexpected coast, 355
 We sacrifice to Jove, and light the fires
 Of votive offerings ; then make Actium famed
 With Trojan games. My comrades, naked, smear
 Their limbs with slippery oil, for wrestling-bouts,
 As in their native land. And much delight 360
 It gave to have passed so many Grecian towns
 Unharm'd, and held our passage through our foes.

Meanwhile, the great sun rolls around the year,
 And icy winter with his northern winds
 Roughens the waves. A shield of hollow brass 365
 Once worn by mighty Abas I affix
 Upon the door-posts, and this verse inscribe
 Thereon, commemorative of the event :
 THESE ARMS ÆNEAS TOOK FROM CONQUERING GREEKS.

Then I command to quit these ports, and take 370
Our oars. So, rowing, o'er the waves we sweep.
Phæacia's summits of aerial hue
Are hid behind us, and we coast along
Epirus, entering the Chaonian ports,
And toward Buthrotum's lofty city sail. 375

Here an incredible report we hear :
How Helenus, the son of Priam, reigns
O'er Grecian cities ; of the spouse and throne
Of Pyrrhus now possessed ; and thus again
Andromache was given as the wife 380
Of one from her own native land. Amazed
I heard it, and my heart was all aflame
With marvellous desire to meet the man
And hear his story. From the port I go,
Leaving my ships upon the shore. It chanced 385
Andromache that day, outside the walls,
Within a grove by a mimic Simois stream,
Was making solemn feast, and offering there
Her sad libations on a mound she called
Her Hector's, green with turf, where she invoked 390
His shade ; also two altars she with tears
Had consecrated. As she saw me approach,

And knew our Trojan arms, in wild amaze
 And terror at this wondrous prodigy,
 She stiffened as she gazed; her color fled; 395
 Fainting she falls; and after a long pause
 Can scarcely speak. "And art thou real?" she said;
 "A real and living messenger to me,
 O goddess-born! Or if the light of life
 Hath left thee, — tell me, where is Hector then!" 400
 Saying this, her tears fell fast; her cries of grief
 Filled all the place. To her wild words I scarce
 Can frame a brief reply; but deeply moved,
 With parted lips and interrupted speech,
 I cry: "I am indeed alive: through all 405
 Extremes I drag my days. Doubt not; 't is real
 All that thou seest. But ah, what fate is thine,
 Deprived of such a husband? Or what lot
 Worthy of thee hath fallen to thee again?
 Hector's Andromache, art thou the wife 410
 Of Pyrrhus?" She with downcast looks, and voice
 Lowered, replied: "O, happier than all others
 Was Priam's virgin daughter, when condemned
 To die upon a hostile mound, beneath
 The walls of Troy; no casting of lots she bore, 415
 Nor was led captive to a conqueror's bed!

While we, — our country burned, o'er many seas
 Conveyed, having in servitude brought forth
 Our children, — we were forced to bear the pride
 And contumely of the Achillean race, 420
 And of a haughty youth, who seeking then
 Hermione in Spartan nuptial bonds,
 Transferred me, slave to him, to be possessed
 By Helenus, who also was his slave.
 But, fired with love excessive for his bride 425
 Snatched from him, and by Furies goaded on,
 Orestes takes this Pyrrhus in an hour
 Unguarded, and beside his altar fires
 Slays him. At Pyrrhus' death, to Helenus
 A portion of his kingdom fell, which he 430
 Called the Chaonian land, from Chaon's name,
 Of Troy; and on these hills a citadel
 Has built, — a second Pergamus. But thou, —
 What winds, what fates have hither shaped thy course?
 Or what divinity has driven thee here 435
 Upon our shores, unknowing of what has passed?
 What of thy boy Ascanius? Lives he yet?
 And does he miss the mother he has lost?
 And does his sire Æneas — Hector too,
 His uncle — kindle somewhat in his breast 440

The olden virtues, and the manly glow
 Of courage?" So she poured her feelings out,
 Weeping, with long and fruitless floods of tears:
 When from the city, with a numerous train,
 Brave Helenus the son of Priam comes, 445
 And knows his friends, and gladly them conducts
 Into his palace; and between each word
 Weeps many a tear. Then moving on, I see
 A little Troy, a mimic Pergamus,
 A scanty stream of Xanthus, and embrace 450
 The threshold of another Scæan gate
 My Trojans too the hospitality
 Enjoy, the king receiving them within
 His ample galleries. In the palace halls
 They pour the wine. The feast is served in gold. 455

And now a day and yet another day
 Had passed. The breezes call; the south-wind swell^d
 Our sails. Then thus to our prophet host I spake:—
 "Thou of true Trojan birth, interpreter
 Of things divine, who knowest Apollo's will, 460
 The tripods, and the laurels of the god;—
 Who know'st the stars, the language of the birds,
 And omens of their flight; tell me, I pray,—

Since favoring religious auguries
Have pointed my whole course, and all the gods 465
Persuade toward Italy, and lands remote
(Celaeno the fell Harpy, she alone
Foretells a strange and dreadful prodigy,
And threatens vengeful wrath and famine dire), —
Tell me what dangers I must chiefly avoid, 470
Or by what guidance I may overtop
My many trials." Then with sacrifice
Of oxen duly offered, Helenus
Entreats the favor of the gods, unbinds
The fillets from his consecrated head, 475
And leads us to Apollo's temple, awed
To reverence by the presence of the god;
Then from his sacred lips thus prophesies.

"Son of a goddess, certain is my faith
That thou with auspices of highest mark 480
Art sailing on the deep; (the king of gods
Distributes thus the fates, and rolls around
The order of events, even now going on.)
Of many things a few I will declare,
How thou mayst safer cross the friendly seas, 485
And reach the Ausonian port. For other things

The Destinies forbid that thou shouldst know,
 Or Juno wills not that I utter them.
 And first, thou knowest not that Italy,
 That seems so near, within an easy sail, 490
 With neighboring ports, is distant far, by sea,
 And by untrodden paths and tracts of land.
 And first in the Trinacrian waves your oars
 Must bend, and you must cross the Ausonian sea,
 The infernal lake, and Ææan Circe's isle, 495
 Ere in safe lands thy city must be built.
 The signs I'll give thee; bear them well in mind.
 When, as thou musest anxiously beside
 A hidden river, on the shores thou seest
 A huge sow lying 'neath the ilex-trees, 500
 White, on the ground, with thirty sucking young
 Of the same color clustered round her teats, —
 There shall thy city be, there rest be found
 From toil. Nor fear that prophecy that ye
 Shall eat your tables. Fate shall find a way; 505
 Apollo, when invoked, will be your aid.
 But for those nearer lands of Italy
 Washed by our tides, avoid them; all their towns
 Are inhabited by evil-minded Greeks.
 Here the Narycian Locri built their walls; 510

And here Idomeneus of Crete has filled
With soldiery the Sallentinian plains.
And Philoctetes, Melibœan chief,
Defends the small Petilia with his walls.
Moreover, when your fleet has crossed the seas, 515
And, building altars on the shore, you pay
Your vows, shroud with a purple veil thy head,
Lest 'mid the sacred fires and rites divine
Some hostile presence should present itself,
And so disturb the omens. Keep this rule 520
Of worship, thou and thy companions all,
And thy descendants. But when near the coasts
Of Sicily, Pelorus' narrow straits
Open to view, then take the land to the left,
And the left sea, with a wide circuit round, 525
And shun the shore and sea upon the right.
Those lands, 't is said, by vast convulsions once
Were torn asunder (such the changes wrought
By time), when both united stood as one.
Between them rushed the sea, and with its waves 530
Cut off the Italian side from Sicily,
And now between their fields and cities flows
With narrow tide. There Scylla guards the right,
Charybdis the implacable the left ;

And thrice its whirlpool sucks the vast waves down 535
 Into the lowest depths of its abyss,
 And spouts them forth into the air again,
 Lashing the stars with waves. But Scylla lurks
 Within the blind recesses of a cave,
 Stretching her open jaws, and dragging down 540
 The ships upon the rocks. Foremost, a face,
 Human, with comely virgin's breast, she seems,
 E'en to the middle; but her lower parts
 A hideous monster of the sea, the tails
 Of dolphins mingling with the womb of wolves. 545
 Better to voyage, though delaying long,
 Around Pachyna's cape, with circuit wide,
 Than once the shapeless Scylla to behold
 Under her caverns vast, and hear those rocks
 Resounding with her dark blue ocean hounds. 550
 And now besides, if aught of wisdom be
 In Helenus, or credit as a seer, —
 If with true lore Apollo fills his mind,
 One thing before all others I enjoin,
 One admonition urge and urge again. 555
 First of all, supplicate great Juno's power;
 To Juno pay thy vows with willing mind;
 O'erpower the mighty queen with gifts and prayers.

So, finally, Trinacria left behind,
Victorious thou shalt reach the Italian lands. 560
Thence, when Cumaa's city thou hast found,
And sounding forests of the Avernian lake,
Here the mad Sibyl thou wilt see, who sits
Beneath a rock, announcing human fates,
And to her leaves commits her oracles. 565
What mystic lines the virgin writes, she lays
Arranged, and leaves them shut within her cave;
Unmoved they lie, nor is their order changed.
But should the door upon its hinges turn,
And some light breeze disturb the delicate leaves, 570
And scatter them about the hollow cave,
She never cares to arrest them, or renew
Their order, and connect her oracles;
And they who came to her, uncounselled go,
Hating the Sibyl's seat. Here, do not grudge 575
Delay and loss of time too much, although
Thy comrades chide thee, and the voyage tempts
Thy sails, with prospect of auspicious winds;
But to the Sibyl go, entreating her
That she herself will tell her oracles, 580
And open willingly her voice and lips.
She will unfold to thee the Italian tribes,

Thy coming wars, and how thou mayst avoid,
 How bear thy sufferings. Reverently approached,
 She will direct thee on a prosperous course. 585
 So far it is permitted I may speak
 To thee admonitory words. Now go,
 And with thy deeds bear Troy to heights divine."

When thus the prophet had with friendly speech
 Addressed me, to our ships he sends rich gifts 590
 Of gold, of ivory, and of silver plate,
 And Dodonæan caldrons; and with these
 A corselet woven of triple links of gold,
 And a proud helmet with a flowing crest
 Of hair, the arms of Neoptolemus; 595
 Gifts for my father also; horses too,
 And guides, and bands of rowers he supplies;
 And furnishes, withal, our crews with arms.

Meanwhile, Anchises bids us hoist our sails,
 Lest by delay we miss the rising wind. 600
 Then him Apollo's priest addresses thus,
 With reverent mien: "Thou, who wert worthy deemed
 Of Venus' proud espousals, — by heaven's care
 Twice rescued from Troy's ruins, — lo, the land

Ausonian is before thee! With thy ships 605
 Go take it. Yet thou needs must pass it by
 Upon this sea. Far distant is that part
 Of Italy Apollo opes to thee.

Go, happy in the filial piety
 Of this thy son! Why further speech from me? 610
 Or why with words delay the rising winds?"

Grieved too at taking leave, Andromache
 Brings for Ascanius broidered garments wrought
 With golden thread; also a Phrygian cloak,
 An offering not unworthy, — loading him 615

With gifts of woven stuffs; while thus she speaks: —
 "Accept these too, my boy, and let them be
 Memorials of my handiwork, and show

The love unfading of Andromache,
 Once Hector's wife; thy kindred's parting gifts; — 620
 O sole surviving image of my boy

Astyanax! Such eyes, such hands had he,
 Such features; and his budding youth would just
 Have equalled thine in years." Departing now,
 With gushing tears I said: "Happy be ye, 625

Whose fortune is achieved. For us, we are called
 From one fate to another; but for you
 Rest is secure: no ploughing of the deep,

No fields of distant Italy to seek,
 Forever vanishing before your eyes. 630
 An image of the Xanthus and of Troy
 Ye have before you, by your own hands made,
 With better auspices, I hope, and less
 Exposed to hostile Greeks. If I should ever
 Enter the Tiber, and the adjacent fields 635
 Of Tiber, and behold the cities given
 Unto my people,— then, our kindred towns
 And neighboring populations shall one day —
 Epirus and Hesperia (having both
 One founder, Dardanus, one fortune too) — 640
 Make a united Troy in our regard.
 Be this the care of our posterity.”

Close to the neighboring Ceraunia now
 We sail, whence lies our way to Italy,
 The shortest course by sea. Meanwhile the sun 645
 Goes down; the shadowy mountains hide in night.
 On the earth's welcome lap we throw ourselves,
 Beside the waves, the watch being set on board,
 And here and there along the sandy beach
 Refresh ourselves with food. Our weary limbs 650
 Are bathed in sleep. Not yet the night had reached

Her middle course, when Palinurus leaves
His bed, — no sluggard he, — and all the winds
Essays, listening to catch their sounds ; and notes
In the still sky the softly gliding stars, 655
Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades,
And the two Bears, and armed Orion bright
With gold. And when he sees that all is still
Amid the heavens serene, he from the stern
Gives the clear signal. Then we strike our tents, 660
And try the voyage, with our wingèd sails
And now Aurora reddens in the east ;
The stars had vanished ; when, far off, we see
The dusky mountains and the long low shore
Of Italy. And ITALY rings first 665
Achates' voice, and Italy with shouts
Of joy my comrades greet. My father then
Wreathes a great cup, and fills it up with wine,
And, standing in the stern, invokes the gods : —
“ Ye potent deities of sea and land, 670
And of the storms, grant us a passage safe,
And favoring breezes.” Soon the wished-for winds
Freshen, and wider grows the harbor now ;
Minerva's temple on a height appears ;
We furl the sails, and turn our prows to land. 675

Hollowed by eastern tides the harbor lies,
And hidden by the jutting rocks, on which
The salt waves dash. The cliffs, high-turreted,
Stretch out with double walls; the temple stands
Back from the shore. Here, our first augury, 680
We see four snow-white horses grazing free
Amid the grass. "Ah, hospitable land,"
My father cries, "for us thou bringest war!
For war these steeds portend. Yet since they have known
The chariot, and the peaceful yoke and reins, 685
They also promise peace." The sacred power
Of Pallas with the ringing armor then
We supplicate, who first received us, glad
To gain the shore; and at the altars throw
The Phrygian veil about our heads; and then, 690
As Helenus prescribed, due offerings burn
To Argive Juno.

Now, without delay,
Our vows performed, we turn our sails, and leave
The dwellings and suspected lands of men
Of Grecian race. And next Tarentum's bay, 695
Named, if report be true, from Hercules,
Is seen; and opposite lifts up her head
The goddess of Lacinia; and the heights

Appear of Caulon, and the dangerous rocks
Of Sylaceum. Then far off we see 700
Trinacrian Ætna rising from the waves ;
And now we hear the ocean's awful roar,
The breakers dashing on the rocks, the moan
Of broken voices on the shore. The deeps
Leap up, and sand is mixed with boiling foam. 705
"Charybdis!" cries Anchises; "lo, the cliffs,
The dreadful rocks that Helenus foretold!
Save us, — bear off, my men! With equal stroke
Bend on your oars!" No sooner said than done.
With groaning rudder Palinurus turns 710
The prow to the left, and the whole cohort strain
With oar and sail, and seek a southern course.
The curving wave one moment lifts us up
Skyward, then sinks us down as in the shades
Of death. Three times amid their hollow caves 715
The cliffs resound; three times we saw the foam
Dashed, — that the stars hung dripping wet with dew.
Meanwhile, abandoned by the wind and sun,
Weary, and ignorant of our course, we are thrown
Upon the Cyclops' shore.

The port is large, 720
And sheltered from the winds. But Ætna near,

With frightful desolation roars, at times
 Sending up bursts of black clouds in the air,
 With rolling smoke of pitch, and flashing sparks,
 And globes of flame that lick the very stars. 725
 Then, from the bowels of the mountain torn,
 Huge stones are hurled, and melted rocks heaped up,
 A roaring flood of fire. 'T is said that here
 Enceladus, half blasted by the bolts
 Of heaven, was thrust beneath the mountainous mass ; 730
 And mighty Ætna, piled above, sends forth
 His fiery breathings from the broken flues ;
 And every time he turns his weary sides,
 All Sicily groans and trembles, and the sky
 Is wreathed in smoke. Sheltered by woods that night, 735
 Strange sounds affright us, nor can we detect
 Their cause ; for in the sky no stars appeared,
 And all the heavens were black with murky clouds,
 And the moon shrouded by the untimely night.

- At length the early dawn arose. The day 740
 Had drawn away the damp shades from the sky ;
 When suddenly a figure from the woods,
 An unknown man with pale and wasted looks
 And miserably clad, appeared, and stretched

His hands in supplication toward the shore. 745
Closely we scan him, filthy, with long beard,
And garment pinned with thorns; in all besides,
A Greek, as once he had been sent to fight
With Grecian arms 'gainst Troy. He, when he saw
From far our Trojan garments, and our arms, 750
Awhile in terror paused, and then went on;
Then rushing headlong to the shore he ran,
With tears and supplications: "By the stars,
The gods, the respirable air and light, —
Take me away, O Trojans, — wheresoe'er 755
Ye go! 'T will be enough for me. I own
That I am one of those who from the fleets
Of Greece made war upon your household gods.
For which, if my offence be deemed too great,
Tear me in pieces, — throw me in the sea; 760
At least I then shall die by human hands!"
So saying, he embraced our knees, and rolled
Upon the ground, still clinging. Urgently
We ask his name, his family, and what
Hard lot pursues him. And my sire himself 765
At once presents his right hand to the youth,
And reassures his courage with that pledge.
Then, laying by his fears, he thus began: —

"From Ithaca I came, my native land ;
 My name is Achemenides ; I was 770
 Companion of Ulysses, hapless chief !
 My father, Adamastus, being poor,
 I went to Troy. (Would that my state remained
 As once it was!) My comrades left me here,
 Unmindful, in the Cyclops' cavern vast, — 775
 When from this cruel shore they fled in fear, —
 A huge and gloomy den defiled with gore
 And bloody feasts. He, towering, strikes the stars.
 (Ye gods, remove such scourges from the earth!)
 Not to be seen or heard without a thrill 780
 Of horror, — on the entrails and the blood
 Of miserable men he feeds. I myself saw,
 When, with his huge hand seizing two of us,
 Back bending in the middle of his cave,
 He broke their bones upon a rock, and all 785
 The threshold, spattered, swam with human blood.
 I saw him when he chewed their limbs, that dripped
 Dark blood, the warm flesh quivering in his teeth ; —
 Not unrevenged ; — nor did Ulysses bear
 Such things ; nor was the chief of Ithaca 790
 Forgetful of himself in such an hour.
 For when, full of his food, and sunk in wine,

He threw his length immense upon the floor,
Belching the gore and gobbets in his sleep,
Mingled with wine, we, praying to the gods, 795
And casting lots, surround him on all sides,
And with a weapon sharp the eyeball pierced,
That huge and single 'neath his scowling brow
Glared, like a Grecian shield, or Phœbus' lamp.
And so at last we joyfully avenged 800
The shades of our companions. But fly, fly,
Unhappy men! Loose from the shore your ropes.
For vast as stands this Polyphemus there,
Penning his woolly sheep, or milking them
In his dark cave, a hundred more there are 805
Who haunt these winding shores, or wander high
Among the mountains. Now three moons have filled
Their horns since I have dragged my life along
In forests, and in desert haunts of beasts;
And the huge Cyclops from the rocks I see, 810
And tremble at their voices and their steps.
A wretched food the branches have supplied;
Berries and stony cornels, and the roots
Of plants torn from the earth, have fed me long.
Looking around on all sides, I at length 815
Descried your fleet, as it approached these shores.

Whate'er it might be, I resolved to yield
Myself to it. Enough that I've escaped
That dreadful race; rather take ye my life,
By whatsoever death ye choose to ordain."

820

Scarce had he spoken, when on a mountain-top
We saw the shepherd Polypheme himself,
With his vast bulk, stalking among his sheep, —
An awful monster, huge, misshaped, and blind. -
Down to his well-known shores he came. His hand 825
A pine-trunk held, and steadied thus his feet.
His woolly sheep accompanied his steps,
His sole delight and solace in his woes.
When to the deep sea he had come, he bathed
The gory socket where his eye had been, 830
Gnashing his teeth with groans. Then through the waves
He wades; the billows scarcely reach his sides.
Trembling, we haste to fly; and take away
With us the stranger, as he well deserved;
Silently cut the ropes, and bending, row, 835
And sweep the sea with our contending oars.
He hears a voice, and toward the sound he turns.
But when he cannot reach us with his hands,
Nor dare the depths of the Ionian seas

In his pursuit, with outcry terrible 845
 He clamors, that the ocean and its waves
 Tremble with fear; affrighted Italy
 Shudders; and Ætna with its hollow caves
 Reverberates the roar. But from the woods
 And mountains rush the uproused Cyclop tribe, 845
 Swarming upon the shore. We see them stand,
 The Ætnean brothers, each with glaring eye,
 Powerless for harm, their lofty heads high raised,
 A dread assembly; as on some high hill
 Stand windy oaks, or cone-clad cypress-trees, 850
 Jove's lofty forests, or Diana's groves.
 Sharp fear impels us to unreef our sails
 With speed, and take whatever winds may blow
 To favor us. Still, Helenus' commands
 We bear in mind, that warned us not to steer 855
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis, each the way
 Of death, with little choice. Backward we tend;
 When lo, a north-wind from Pelorus sent
 Came blowing; and we passed Pantagia's mouth
 Of rock, the bay of Megara, and coast 860
 Of Thapsa, lying low; so all these shores
 Did Achemenides, Ulysses' mate,
 Point out, retracing his own wandering course.

Stretching in front of the Sicanian bay,
 And opposite wave-washed Plemmyrium, lies 865
 An isle, to which the ancients gave the name
 Ortygia. Hither, so the legends say,
 Alpheus, Elis' river, underneath
 The ocean found a secret way, and now
 Mingles with Arethusa's stream, and flows 870
 With the Sicilian waves. Here, as prescribed,
 We adore the deities who rule the place.
 Thence, passing the fat soil and stagnant stream
 Of the Helorus, by Pachynus' crags
 Of tall and jagged rock, we coast along; 875
 And Camarina, which the fates forbade
 That they should ever drain, is seen afar;
 And Gela, with its city, fields, and stream.
 Steep Agrigentum shows her stately walls,
 Once famed for mettled steeds. We leave behind 880
 Palmy Selinus, and the dangerous shoals
 And rocks of Lilybeum. Then the port
 Of Drepanum receives me, — joyless shore! —
 For here, so long by tempests driven, at last,
 Alas, I lose Anchises, honored sire, 885
 Who was the solace of my cares and griefs.
 Here, best of fathers, thou didst leave me, sad

And worn ; thou, from so many perils snatched,
Alas, now all in vain ! Nor had the seer
Helenus, when so many dread events
In vision he foretold, predicted grief
Like this to me ; nor said Celæno aught.
This was my latest suffering, this the close
My long, long wanderings found. Thence borne away,
Some deity has brought me to your shores.

890

895

Thus while they listened all, Æneas told
His tale of fates divine, and all his course ;
At length he rested, having made an end.

BOOK IV.

BUT pierced with grievous pangs long since, the queen
Feeds in her veins the wound, by secret fire
Consumed. The hero's many virtues oft
Recur to her mind, and glories of his race.
Within her heart his looks, his words are fixed; 5
Her troubled soul allows her limbs no rest.

Now Morn with Phœbus' torch illumed the earth,
Driving the dewy shadows from the sky;
When with mind ill at ease, she thus addressed
Her loving sister: "Anna, sister dear, 10
What dreams affright and fill me with suspense!
What wondrous guest into our courts has come?
What bearing in his mien! How brave he seems
In spirit and in arms! I do believe
(No groundless faith) his lineage is divine. 15
Fear shows degenerate souls. Ah, by what fates
Has he been buffeted, — what weary wars!

If in my mind the purpose were not fixed,
To ally myself with none in nuptial chains,
Since my first love was baffled by false death ; 20
If marriage bed and bridal torch were not
A weary thought, — perhaps I might succumb
To this one fault. For I confess to thee,
Anna, that since Sychæus' wretched fate,
When by a brother's crime our household gods 25
Were stained with blood, this one alone has stirred
My feelings, and impressed my wavering mind.
I see the traces of my earlier flame.
But I would rather that the steadfast earth
Should yawn beneath me, from its lowest depths, 30
Or the Omnipotent Father hurl me down
With thunder to the shades, the pallid shades
Of Erebus, and night profound, ere thee,
O sacred shame, I violate, or break
Thy laws. He who first joined me to himself 35
Took away all my love. Let him still hold
And guard it in his sepulchre." She said ;
And bathed her breast with tears she could not check.

Anna replied: "O, dearer than the light
Unto thy sister! Wilt thou waste away, 40

Lonely and sad, thy bloom of youth, nor know
 Of children sweet, nor the rewards of love?
 Or dost thou think the ashes of the dead,
 Or that the buried ghosts will care for this?
 Grant that, while grief was fresh, no suitor gained 45
 Thy heart, of Lybia, or before, of Tyre;
 Iarbas slighted, and the leaders all
 Whom Africa, replete with triumphs, bore;
 Yet wilt thou fight against congenial love?
 Dost thou remember whose the fields whereon 50
 Thou art seated? Here Gætulian cities stand,
 And gird thee round, — the unconquerable race, —
 Unreined Numidian bands, — and they who haunt
 The inhospitable Syrtes; there a tract
 Of thirsty desert, and the raging tribes 55
 Of Barca. Why of wars that loom in Tyre
 Need that I speak, or of thy brother's threats?
 By auspices divine, I must believe,
 And Juno's favor 't was, the Trojan ships
 Were driven hither. What a city thine 60
 Will be! What kingdoms from such union spring!
 With Teucrian forces joined to ours, to what
 A height of power will Punic glory rise!
 Only do thou ask favor of the gods,

With all due rites, and hospitality 65
 Accord, devising reasons for delay,
 While on the sea the stormy winter raves,
 And watery Orion, and his ships
 Are shattered, and the inclement sky still frowns."
 With words like these she fanned the flame of love 70
 Within her soul; gave hope to her doubting mind,
 And freed her from the scruples for her fame.

First to the shrines they go, and pray for peace
 Before the altars. Choice sheep two years old,
 As rule prescribed, to Ceres, giver of laws, 75
 Phœbus, and Bacchus, there they sacrifice;
 And above all, to Juno, who hath care
 Of marriage ties. Herself fair Dido holds
 And pours the cup between the white cow's horns;
 Or, at the unctuous altars, to and fro 80
 She moves, before the presence of the gods;
 Renews the gifts all day; and bending o'er
 The victims' opened breasts, with parted lips
 Of eager hope, consults the entrails still
 Breathing with life. Alas, the ignorance 85
 Of all prophetic lore! What vows, what shrines
 Can help her raging love? The soft flame burns,
 Meanwhile, the marrow of her life; the wound

Lives silently, and rankles 'neath her breast.
 The unhappy Dido through the city roams 90
 With burning bosom ; as a heedless deer
 Wandering far off amid the Cretan woods,
 Struck by the random arrow of some swain,
 Who sends his flying dart, nor knows the while
 Where it has sped : but she through woods and wilds 95
 Roams, the fell shaft still sticking in her side.

Now she conducts Æneas through the midst
 Of walls and battlements, and shows her wealth
 Sidonian, as if all were built for him :
 Begins to speak, and half-way checks her voice ; 100
 At eve, impatient waits the banquet hour,
 And asks again to hear his Trojan tale
 Of sorrows, and infatuated hangs
 Upon the speaker's lips. And now when all
 Have gone, and the dim moon withdraws her light, 105
 And the declining stars invite to rest,
 Alone through all the empty house she sighs,
 And on the banquet couch he left reclines ;
 And hears and sees him though he is not near.
 Or in her lap Ascanius she detains, 110
 Snared by the father's image in the son,
 If haply thus she may but cheat her love

Unutterable. Towers that were begun
Now cease to rise. The warrior youths no more
Engage in martial exercise ; nor ports 115
Nor bulwarks are prepared for war. All works
Hang interrupted, both the ramparts huge,
And scaffoldings that climbed toward the sky.

When Juno saw that such a subtle pest
Possessed the queen, regardless of her fame 120
In her mad passion, she to Venus thus
Addressed her speech : “ Rare praise, and ample spoils
Thou bring'st indeed, — thou, and that son of thine.
A great and memorable act of power,
When by the guile of two divinities 125
One woman is o'ercome ! Nor have I failed
To see that thou hast feared our city's walls,
Suspicious of our Carthaginian rule.
What limit will there be to this ? Or why
Such contests ? Why not rather bring about 130
Eternal peace, and binding marriage rites ?
What thou didst seek with all thy mind, thou hast.
Ardently Dido loves ; through all her limbs
Her passion beats. Then let us henceforth rule
With equal auspices this people : she 135

To serve a Phrygian husband, he to accept
From thee her Tyrians as a marriage dower."

Then Venus answered (for she saw her deep
Dissembling mind, whose scheming would avert
Italia's kingdom to the Lybian shores) : — 140
"Who is so void of sense he can refuse
Such terms, or who would strive with thee in war?
If only what thou say'st might prove success
When done. But I am uncertain what the fates
Decree, whether it be the will of Jove 145
That Tyrians and Trojans here should dwell
In the same city, mixing race with race,
And joining hands as allies. Thou 'rt his spouse.
For thee 't is lawful with thy prayers to sound
His deep intent. Go on. I follow thee." 150

Then thus the royal Juno : "Be it mine
That task. And now my reasons, and the affair
Most urgent, can be briefly said. Attend,
And I will tell thee. When to-morrow's sun
Shall light the world, the unhappy Dido goes, 155
Attended by Æneas, to the woods,
Prepared for hunting. While the plumage bright

Is fluttering in the wind, and they surround
The thicket with their nets, I from above
Will thunder through the heavens, and on them pour 160
A dark storm mixed with hail. The attendants all
By different ways will fly, covered by clouds
And darkness. Dido and the Trojan prince
To the same cave for shelter will repair.
I will be there, and, if thy will be mine, 165
Will join them in firm wedlock, and declare
Their union. There the nuptial rites shall be."

Not adverse, Cytherea nods assent
To her request, and smiles at the open fraud.

Meanwhile Aurora from the ocean wakes; 170
And with the risen morning star come bands
Of chosen youths forth from the city gates,
With nets and snares, and broad-tipped hunting-spears,
Massylian riders and keen-scented hounds.
At the palace doors the Punic lords await 175
The queen within her chamber tarrying long.
Splendid in gold and purple stands her steed,
And fiercely champs upon his foaming bit.
At length she issues forth, with all her train.
A rich Sidonian scarf with brodered hem 180

She wears ; her quiver is of gold ; her hair
 In golden knots is bound ; a golden clasp
 Confines her robe of purple at the waist.
 Also the Phrygian knights come moving on ;
 Joyous Iulus too. Most beautiful

185

Among them all, Æneas comes, and joins
 The troop. As when Apollo leaves behind
 The wintry Lycia, and the Xanthian waves,
 And to his native Delos turns again ;

There he renews the dances, and around
 The altars Cretans, mixed with Dryops, shout,
 And painted Agathyrsi ; he himself
 Moves on the top of Cynthus, and adjusts

190

His flowing hair, binding it round with leaves
 Fastened with gold ; upon his shoulders ring

195

His arrows. So, no slower in his pace,
 Æneas moves. So in his countenance
 The radiant beauty shines.

Now they had gained
 The mountains steep, and pathless haunts of beasts.
 Lo, here the wild goats, from the topmost rocks
 Dislodged, run down the ridges ; there the deer
 Huddle in dusty squadrons. But the boy
 Ascanius through the valleys bounds along

200

Rejoicing, on his mettled steed ; and now
This way pursues, now that, — and much desires 205
That 'mid the timid herds he might pursue
A foaming boar, or see a lion come,
With tawny skin, down from the mountain-sides.

Meanwhile the sky begins to be disturbed
With muttering thunder ; and a storm ensues 210
Of mingled rain and hail. The Tyrian knights
The Trojan youths, and young Ascanius, all
In fear seek different shelter here and there
About the fields. The swollen streams rush down
The mountains. Dido and the Trojan prince 215
In the same cave find refuge. Tellus then,
And Juno, goddess of the nuptial ties,
Give signal. Lightnings flash around. The sky
Is witness of the hymeneal rites ;
And from the mountain summits shriek the nymphs. 220
That day first proved the source of death ; that first
The origin of woes. For neither now
By seeming or good fame is Dido moved ;
Nor does she meditate clandestine love.
She calls it marriage ; and beneath this name 225
Conceals her fault.

Then through the cities wide
 Of Lybia, all at once flies Rumor forth, —
 Rumor, than whom no evil is more swift.
 She grows by motion, gathers strength by flight.
 Small at the first, through fear, soon to the skies 230
 She lifts herself. She walks upon the ground,
 And hides her head in clouds. Her parent Earth,
 Wroth, so they say, at the anger of the gods,
 Gave birth to her, her latest progeny,
 Sister to Cæus and Enceladus ; 235
 With nimble feet, and swift persistent wings,
 A monster huge and terrible is she.
 As many feathers as her body bears,
 So many watchful eyes beneath them lurk,
 So many tongues and mouths, and ears erect. 240
 By night 'twixt heaven and earth she flies, through shades,
 With rushing wings, nor shuts her eyes in sleep.
 By day she watches from the roofs or towers ;
 And the great cities fills with haunting fears ;
 As prone to crime and falsehood as to truth, 245
 She with her gossip multifold now filled
 The people's ears, rejoicing, — fiction and fact
 Alike proclaiming ; now that Æneas, born
 Of Trojan blood, had come, whom Dido thought

Worthy her hand in marriage; now that they 250
Were passing the long winter in delight
Of luxury, unmindful of their realms,
Captive to low desires. The goddess base
Pours here and there into the mouths of men
Such things; then far off turns her course, and flies 255
To King Iarbas, and inflames his mind
With sayings, and his anger aggravates.

He, sprung from Ammon, and the forced embrace
Of a Garamantian nymph, to Jove had built
A hundred altars and a hundred fanes 260
In his broad realms, and consecrated there
The eternal watch and vigil fires divine;
And all the ground was fat with blood of flocks:
And the doors decked with wreaths of various hue.
He, furious, it is said, and in his soul 265
Inflamed by bitter Rumor, prayed to Jove
Before the altars and the sacred shrines,
Suppliant, with earnest words and lifted hands: —
“O Jove Omnipotent, to whom the race
Maurusian, feasting on embroidered couches, 270
Lenaean honors pours, see'st thou these things?
When thou dost hurl on us thy flaming bolts,

O Father, shall we feel no fear of thee?
And are thy lightnings blind, that in the clouds
Affright us, and their thunder empty noise? 275

A wandering woman, who in our domains
Has built a paltry city for a price,
To whom we gave a piece of land to till
And rule with laws, now spurns our suit, and takes
Æneas to her kingdom for her lord. 280

And now this Paris, with effeminate crew,
Tying his Lydian cap beneath his chin,
His hair all moist with perfume, can possess
The prize he snatches, while to thy temples we
Forsooth bring gifts, and nurse an empty fame." 285

So praying, holding fast the altar's horns,
The omnipotent father heard, and turned his eyes
Toward the royal city, and the pair,
Forgetting in their love their better fame.
To Mercury then he spoke and gave commands: 290

"Go hasten now, my son, and call to thee
The Zephyrs, and upon their pinions glide;
And to the Trojan leader speak, who now
Lingers in Tyrian Carthage, nor regards
The future cities given him by the fates; 295

And swiftly bear this message through the skies ;
Not such an one his fairest mother gave
To us in promise, and so shielded twice
From Grecian swords : but that he should be one
To rule Italia, freighted with the weight 320
Of empire, fierce in war, and prove his race
To be of Teucer's lofty lineage,
And make the whole world subject to his laws.
If of such deeds no glory kindles him,
And for his own renown he meditates 325
No great emprise, yet does the father grudge
Ascanius the Roman citadels ?
What plan does he pursue ? Or with what hope
Does he delay among a hostile race,
Nor think of his Ausonian progeny, 330
And the Lavinian fields ? No, let him sail !
Such our decree. Our messenger be thou !”

The mighty father's great command the god
Prepares to obey. And first upon his feet
He binds his golden sandals, with their wings 335
That bear him high aloft o'er sea and land,
Rapidly as the blast. His wand he takes ;
With this he calls the pale ghosts from the shades,

And others sends to gloomy Tartarus ;
 Gives sleep, and takes, and opens once again 320
 The eyes of the dead. With this he drives the winds,
 And swims across the murky clouds. And now,
 Flying, he sees the summit and steep sides
 Of rugged Atlas, bearing up the sky ;—
 Atlas, whose piny head is bound about 325
 Forever with black clouds, — by winds and rains
 Beaten, — his shoulders veiled in drifted snow ;
 And down his aged chin dash waterfalls,
 And all his bristly beard is stiff with ice.
 Here first Cyllenius lit with balanced wings ; 330
 And hence he plunges headlong toward the waves,
 Like to a bird which round about the shores
 And fishy rocks flies low, close to the sea ;
 So between earth and sky he flew, and skimmed
 The sandy beach and cut the Lybian winds.* 335
 When with his wingèd feet, among the huts
 Of the new city he alights, he sees
 Æneas founding towers and houses new, —
 His sword-hilt starred with yellow jasper stones ;

* I have intentionally omitted the line “Materno veniens ab avo Cyllenia proles,” for three reason: 1. It is superfluous; 2. It is awkward and out of place; 3. It belongs to a passage whose authenticity is suspected. — TR.

And from his shoulders hung a Tyrian cloak 342
Of brilliant hues, the sumptuous Dido's gift,
And wrought by her with slender threads of gold.
Forthwith he addresses him : " Is this a time
To lay the stones of Carthage, and build up,
Obedient to thy dame, the lofty walls 345
Of her fair city? Alas, forgetting all
Thy own affairs and kingdom! From the clear
Olympian heights, the Ruler of the gods,
By whose great will the heavens and earth revolve,
Hath sent me down to thee, and this command 350
I bring. What plan art thou pursuing here?
Or with what hope dost thou consume thy time
In Lybian lands? If glory of great deeds
Kindles thee not, if for thine own renown
Thou meditat'st no great emprise, at least 355
Regard Ascanius' hopes, — thy rising heir,
To whom are due the realms of Italy
And Rome." Thus having said, Cyllenius left,
Even as he spoke, the sphere of mortal sight,
And in the thin air vanished far away. 360

Dumb and bewildered at the vision then
Æneas stood, with hair erect with fear,

And gasping voice. He burned to fly and leave
 These pleasant regions, stunned by such command
 And warning of the gods. And yet, alas! 365
 What shall he do? With what speech shall he now
 Dare to appease the raging queen? How first
 Begin to speak? And now his rapid thoughts
 Fly this way and now that, in various ways
 Impelled, but wide of all decision still; 370
 Till to his dubious mind one course seems best.
 Mnestheus and Sergestus then he calls,
 And strong Serestus, bidding them equip
 With silent speed the fleet; and to the shore
 Urge their companions, and prepare their arms, 375
 Dissembling the design of this new change.
 Meanwhile, since generous Dido, ignorant
 Of all, dreams not of broken ties of love,
 He will attempt means of approach, and find
 The hour most soft, the time most fit, for speech. 380
 Then all prepare to obey with joyful speed,
 And execute his orders.

But the queen

(Who can deceive a lover?) soon foreknew
 His wiles, and saw at once his future plans,
 Fearing e'en what was safe. Her excited ears 385

Heard that same wicked Rumor bring report
Of the fleet arming, and the voyage planned.
Distracted, through the city then she raves,
As when a Bacchante by the opening rites
Is roused, that celebrate the festival,
When the triennial orgies fire her soul,
And all around the name of Bacchus rings,
Echoed from Mount Cithæron through the night.

390

At length Æneas she encounters thus: —

“ And didst thou hope, perfidious one, to hide,
Dissembling, thy base deed, and steal away
Secretly from my land? Cannot my love
For thee, cannot this hand once given as thine,
Nor Dido ready here to die for thee

395

A cruel death, detain thee? Ay, in haste

400

To equip thy fleet beneath a wintry star,

And sail the deep by bitter north-winds driven?

Cruel! Why even if ancient Troy still stood,

And thou wert thither bound, — not to strange lands

And unknown homes, — thou wouldst not trust thy ships

On such a stormy sea! Fly'st thou from me?

406

Ah, by these tears, and by this hand of thine

(Since to me, wretched, nothing else is left),

By our marriage tie, our nuptial rites begun,
If any favor I deserved of thee, 410
Or if in anything I have been sweet
And dear to thee, pity this falling house!
I do beseech thee, if there yet be room
For entreaty, change, ah, change that fixed intent!_
For thee I braved the Lybian people's hate; 415
For thee, the tyrants of Numidia spurned;
The Tyrians I have angered. For thy sake
My honor has been lost, and that fair name
I held in earlier days, by which alone
I was ascending to the very stars. 420
To whom dost thou relinquish me, who soon
Must perish, — O my guest? — since this sole name
Remains instead of husband. Why do I wait?
To see Pygmalion my brother lay
My walls in dust, or the Gætulian chief 425
Iarbas lead me captive? If at least,
Before thou leavest me, I might have had
Some offspring of our love, some little Æneas
Playing about my halls, who would recall
Only thy features, then I would not seem 430
So utterly deserted and deceived.”

She paused. But he by Jove's monitions held
Immovable his eyes, and, struggling hard,
Suppressed the anguish rising in his heart.
At length he briefly spoke: "Never will I 435
Deny, my queen, that thou hast heaped on me
Abundant favors, which thou canst recount
In speaking. Never while my memory lasts,
And while the breath of life directs these limbs,
Shall I forget my Elissa. Let me now 440
Speak briefly of this matter. Think not I
Expected this departure to conceal
By secret plans. Nor did I e'er pretend
A marriage bond, or compact such as this.
Had fate permitted I should lead my life 445
Under my own direction, and put off
My burdens at my will, I should have first
Had care for Troy, and for the dear remains
Of my own people. Priam's lofty roofs
Would have remained, and Pergamus again, 450
Rebuilt by me, take back our conquered race.
But now Grynæan Apollo points the way
To Italy. To Italy commands
The word of the Lycæan oracle.
This is my love, my country this. If thee, 455

Phœnician born, the Lybian lands detain,
 Why envy that we Trojans seek to fix
 Upon Ausonian ground? It is but just
 We look for foreign kingdoms. Many a time
 When night lies on the earth with shadows moist, 460
 And fiery stars are rising in the east,
 My sire Anchises' troubled ghost affrights
 My dreams, and warns me. And then too my boy
 Ascanius, and the injury I've done
 To this dear head, — defrauding him of that 465
 Hesperian kingdom and those destined lands.
 Now too the messenger of the gods, sent down
 By Jove himself (I swear it by thy life
 And mine), has brought his mandate through the air.
 I myself saw the god in open light 470
 Enter the walls, and with these ears I heard
 His voice. Cease then with thy complaints to inflame
 Me and thyself. Not of my own accord
 Do I seek Italia."

While he spoke these words,
 For a long time she looked at him askance, 475
 With eyes that darted here and there, and scanned
 His form with silent gaze; then, flaming, spoke: —
 "No goddess ever bore thee, traitor; no,

Nor Dardanus was founder of thy race!
Rough Caucasus on flinty rocks gave birth 480
To thee; — Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
For why should I dissemble? Or what wrongs
Greater can I await? — Did he once sigh
When I was weeping? — Once bend eyes on me?
Give way to tears, or pity show for her 485
Who loved him? What first shall I say, what last?
Now, yea, even now, the mighty Juno turns
Away, nor does Saturnian Jove regard
These things with equal and impartial eyes.
Faith lives no more. Cast on my shores, in need, 490
I took him in, and, fool, gave him a part
Of my own kingdom, and his scattered fleet
Restored, and brought his comrades back from death.
Ah, I am whirled by maddening furies! Now
Prophet Apollo, now the Lycian fates, 495
And now, sent from above by Jove himself,
The messenger divine bears through the skies
His terrible commands. A labor this,
Forsooth, for those supernal ones! Such care
Ruffles their calm repose! I keep thee not 500
From going, nor shall I refute thy words.
Go! find your Italy, and with the winds

Seek for thy kingdoms. Verily I do hope,
 If the just gods have any power, that thou
 Wilt drain e'en to the dregs thy punishment 505
 Amid the rocks of ocean, calling oft
 Upon the name of Dido! Though far off,
 With gloomy fires I shall pursue thy steps,
 And when cold death shall separate my limbs
 From breath of life, my ghost shall follow thee 510
 Where'er thou goest. Wretch! thou shalt render full
 Atonement, and the fame of it shall come
 To me, amid the lowest shades of death!"

So saying, abruptly she breaks off her speech,
 And sick at heart, flies from the light, and shuns 515
 His eyes, and leaves him hesitating much
 In fear, with many things he wished to say.
 Her maids receive and bear her fainting form
 Back to her marble chamber and her bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desires 520
 To calm and to console her in her grief
 With soothing words, groans bitterly, his heart
 Shaken by love for her; — but none the less
 Prepares to execute the god's command,

And to his fleet returns. The Trojans now 525
Bend to their work, and all along the shore
Draw their tall vessels down, till the tarred keels
Are floating. Then they bring their leafy oars,
And unwrought timber fresh cut from the woods,
Eager for flight. You might have seen them move, 530
Hastening from every quarter; as the ants,
When, mindful of the winter, a great heap
Of corn they plunder, piling it away.
Across the fields the long black phalanx moves,
And through a narrow pathway in the grass 535
They bear their spoils: some of them pushing hard,
Thrust on the ponderous grain; and some drive on
The stragglers, and the loiterers chastise:
And all the pathway glows with fervent toil.

What were thy thoughts, O Dido, seeing this? 540
What groans were thine, when from a tower's high top,
Thou sawest the shores alive with bustling crowds,
And the whole sea confused with clamorous cries!
Accursèd power of love, what mortal hearts
Dost thou not force to obey thee! Once again 545
In tears the queen must go, and once again
Try him with prayers, and, suppliant, submit

Her anger to her love, lest dying in vain,
She should leave aught untried.

“Anna,” she said,

“Seest thou how they are hastening on the shore, 550

Crowding from all sides! Now their canvas woos

The breeze; the joyful sailors hang the sterns

With garlands. Since I could foresee this grief,

O sister, I can bear it. Yet for me

This one thing do: for this perfidious man 555

Was in thy confidence, his inmost thoughts

Disclosed to thee; and thou alone dost know

The soft approaches, and the seasons best

For touching him. Go, sister, speak to him,

This haughty enemy, with suppliant words. 560

I took no oath at Aulis with the Greeks,

To ruin the Trojans; sent no fleet to Troy;

Nor did I desecrate Anchises' tomb,

Or vex his ghost. Why does he turn deaf ears

To all my words? Whither now does he go? 565

To his unhappy lover let him grant

Only this one last favor, — that he wait

Till flight be easy, and the winds propitious.

Not for the former marriage bond, which he

Forswore, do I entreat him now, — nor yet 570

That he forego fair Latium and his realm.
I only ask a little empty time
Of respite and of space, that I may calm
This wild delirium, and may teach my heart,
Conquered and crushed, the lesson how to grieve. 575
For this last boon I beg, which, granted me,
I will pay back, requited by my death."

So she entreats. Her message fraught with tears,
Again and yet again her sister takes.
No weeping moves him, nor can he be turned 580
Aside by any prayers. The fates oppose ;
And by the gods the man's compliant ears
Are shut. As when the Alpine winds contend
Against an oak, strong with the strength of years,
They strive to uproot it, now this side, now that, 585
With furious blasts ; with roaring noise on high,
The scattered leaves from off the boughs are stripped ;
But to the rocks it clings, and to the skies
Reaches its top, as with its roots it tends
Toward Tartarus : so by their ceaseless prayers 590
The hero is assailed on every side.
Pain wrings his mighty breast ; his mind remains
Unmoved, and all in vain their tears are shed.

Then, terrified by her fates, the unhappy queen
Prays for death, weary of the o'erarching skies. 595
Then, as she seeks how best she may pursue
That purpose, and may quit this light of life, —
When on the incense-burning altars laid
Her offerings she would give, she sees a sight
Of horror: for the sacred liquors change 600
To black, and the outpoured wine is turned to blood
Impure. This by no other eye was seen,
Nor told e'en to her sister. Then, besides,
There was a marble chapel in her house,
In memory of her former spouse: by her 605
Cherished with reverence great, and hung around
With snow-white fleeces and with festal wreaths.
Here were distinctly heard the voice, the words
Of her dead husband, in the shadowy night.
And from the roof the lonely owl prolonged 610
The sad complainings of her funeral notes.
Many things also prophesied of old
By pious seers, with dreadful warnings fright
Her soul. The cruel Æneas himself pursues
Her footsteps in the ravings of her dreams. 615
And ever unattended and alone
She seems, travelling along some lengthening road,

Seeking her Tyrians in a desert land.

As the crazed Pentheus sees the Eumenides,

And two twin solar orbs display themselves,

620

And double images of Thebes; or as when

Orestes, son of Agamemnon, runs

Excited on the stage, and maddened, flies

His mother armed with torches and with snakes;

And at the door the avenging Scourges sit.

625

So, when she took the Furies to her breast,

O'ermastered by her grief, resolved on death,

The time and mode within her mind she weighs;

And thus her sorrowing sister she addressed,

Veiling her purpose with her countenance,

630

Smoothing her brow with semblance of a hope: —

“I have found a way, my sister, (give me joy,)

Which will restore him to me, or dissolve

My love for him. There is a place hard by

The ocean's boundary and the setting sun,

635

The farthest spot of Ethiopia 't is;

Where mighty Atlas on his shoulder turns

The axis of the sky with burning stars

Adorned. A priestess of Massylian race

Coming from thence is known to me, who kept

640

The temple of the Hesperides, and gave
 The dragon's meals, and guarded on the tree
 The sacred branches, sprinkling them with dew
 Of honey moist, and soporiferous juice
 Of poppies. She with incantations weird 645
 Can free what minds she wills, and cruel cares
 On others send; can stop the rivers' flow,
 And backward turn the stars, and call pale ghosts
 By night; and ye shall hear the earth beneath
 Your feet mutter and moan, and see the trees 650
 Descend the mountain-sides. I call the gods
 To witness, and thee too, my sister dear,
 And thy belovèd life, not willingly
 Do I employ these arts of sorcery.
 Do thou erect beneath the open sky, 655
 In the interior court, with secret care,
 A lofty pile, and on it place the arms
 The traitor in my chamber hung, and all
 The garments he hath left, and the bridal bed
 That was my doom. The priestess gives commands 660
 That all memorials of this treacherous man
 Shall be destroyed." This said, she paused. Her face
 Was deadly pale. Nor yet does Anna dream
 Her sister hid the obsequies of death

Beneath these novel rites ; nor understands
The frenzy of her soul ; nor apprehends
A deeper woe than when Sychæus died.
Therefore her bidding she prepares to do.

665

But in the inner court, beneath the sky,
A lofty pile being built, of tarry pine
And ilex split, the queen hangs garlands round,
And crowns the pyre with funeral leaves, and lays
Thereon the robes and sword ; and on the couch
His effigy, — well knowing what should come.
Around the altars stand. Then, with her hair
Unbound, the priestess thrice a hundred gods
Invokes, and Erebus, and Chaos old,
And triple Hecate, — Dian's threefold face ;
Then sprinkles the feigned waters of the fount
Avernian ; and they search for full-grown plants
With brazen sickles in the moonlight cut,
Swollen with the milk of poison black. Also
The mother's-love is sought and snatched away,
Torn from the forehead of a new-born colt.
Then she herself, before the altars bent,
Holding with reverent hands the sacred meal, —
One foot bare of its sandal, and her robe

670

675

680

685

Unbound, — ere dying, calls upon the gods,
 And the stars shining conscious of her fate.
 Then — if there be a deity both just
 And provident, who cares for those who love
 Unequally — to him she lifts her prayer.

690

'T was night ; when every weary frame was sunk
 In placid sleep ; when woods and seas were still ;
 When in their middle courses rolled the stars ;
 When every field was hushed, and all the flocks,
 And all the gay-winged birds, whether they fly
 Abroad o'er liquid lakes, or haunt the fields
 With bushes rough, in night and sleep reposed.
 Cares were smoothed down, and hearts forgot their woes.
 But not the unhappy queen. She finds no rest ;
 Nor with her eyes or heart receives the night.
 With double weight her cares increase. Love wakes
 Again, and rages, on the swelling tide
 Of anger fluctuating ; and her thoughts
 Thus roll within : “ Behold, what shall I do !
 Try once again my former suitors, scorned
 Of them ? Or, suppliant, seek a marriage bond
 With the Numidian, whom so oft I spurned ?
 Or shall I follow the Dardanian fleet,

695

701

705

710

Subjected to the Trojans' strict commands, —
Because it pleases them to have been relieved
By me, and gratitude must last with those
Remembering former favors? And yet who,
Though I might so desire, on their proud ships 715
Would take me, whom they hate? Ah, know'st thou not,
Lost one, the treachery of Laomedon's
False race? What then! Shall I accompany,
Alone, this crew, triumphant in their flight?
Or with my Tyrians be borne along, 720
Surrounded by my subjects, and compel
Those whom from Tyre I scarce could tear away,
To hoist their sails and try the sea again?
Die rather, as thou well deserv'st, — and end
Thy anguish with the sword! Thou, sister, thou, 725
Moved by my tears, thou wast the first to bring
These woes on me, and throw me to the foe.
Ah, had I been allowed to pass a life
Blameless, unfettered by the marriage tie,
Like the wild beasts, avoiding cares like these! 730
Or that the promise had been kept I made
To the ashes of Sychaus!" Such the plaint
That burst from Dido's heart.

Æneas now,

Resolved on his departure, in his ship,
 All preparation made, lay wrapped in sleep. 735
 When in his dreams the god's returning form,
 With the same features, seemed again to warn him, —
 In every aspect like to Mercury,
 In voice, in color, and the golden hair,
 And in the youthful beauty of his limbs. 740
 "O goddess-born, canst thou here waste thy hours
 In sleep, at such a crisis, — foolish man!
 Nor see the perils that environ thee?
 Dost thou not hear the favoring Zephyrs blow?
 She in her breast is plotting wiles and crime, 745
 Resolved on death, and on the varying tide
 Of passions fluctuates; and wilt thou not,
 While there is time, precipitate thy flight?
 Soon shalt thou see the waves disturbed with ships,
 And the fierce torches blaze, and all the shore 750
 Grow hot with flames, if morning sees thee still
 A loiterer on these lands. Away! Pause not!
 A woman is a fickle, changeful thing!"
 He said, and mingled with the shades of night.

 Then, frightened by the sudden gloom that fell, 755
 Æneas leaps from sleep, and stirs his crew: —

“Awake, my men, and quickly! Take your oars!
Unfurl your sails! A god was sent to me
From the high heaven to hasten our flight,
And cut our twisted ropes. Behold, again 760
He urges us! We follow thee, O thou
Divine and holy one, whoe’er thou art,
And thy commands rejoicing will obey.
Be with us, kindly aid, and with thee bring
Propitious stars!” So saying, from its sheath 765
He draws his flaming sword, and cuts the lines.
The same zeal fires them all, while round they fly
With busy hands and feet. The shores are left.
Beneath their keels the sea is hid. Their oars
Turn the white foam, as o’er the waves they sweep. 770

And now Aurora, from the saffron couch
Of Tithon rising, shed her early rays
Upon the earth. At the first dawn of day
The queen looks from her palace towers, and sees
The fleet, with sails all spread, move on its way; 775
And not a bark upon the empty shore,
Or in the port. Thrice and four times she beats
Her lovely breast, and tears her golden hair.
“O Jupiter!” she cries, “and shall he go,

This stranger, — shall he mock our queenly power? 780

Will not some one bring arms, and give him chase?

And others tear my vessels from their docks?

Quick, bring your torches, hoist your sails, ply oars! —

What am I saying? Where am I? What mad

Delirium is this? Ah, wretched Dido, now 785

His base deeds touch thee! Thus they should have done,

When thou didst yield thy sceptre to his hands.

Behold the right hand and the faith of him

Who takes with him, they say, his household gods;

Who on his shoulders bore his aged sire! 790

And could I not have torn him limb from limb,

And thrown him to the waves? And could I not

Have killed his comrades, and Ascanius

Himself, and on the tables of his sire

Served for a banquet? Doubtful, say, the chance 795

Of war had been; — grant that it had been so!

Whom should I fear, who am about to die?

I might have fired their camps, or filled their ships

With flames, destroying sire and son, with all

Their race; — then sacrificed myself with them. 800

Thou Sun, who shin'st on all the works of earth!

And thou, O Juno, the interpreter

And witness of these woes! Thou, Hecate, howled

At night through cities where three cross-ways meet!
And you, ye avenging Furies, and ye gods 805
Of dying Elissa, hear me! Toward my wrongs
Turn your deservèd aid, and hear our prayers!
If it must be this wretch shall reach the port
And lands he seeks, and thus the fates of Jove
Demand that there his wanderings shall end, 810
Then, vexed by wars of an audacious people,
Exiled, and torn away from his son's embrace,
Let him implore for aid, and see his friends
Slain shamefully; — nor, when he shall submit
To the conditions of unworthy peace, 815
May he enjoy his kingdom or his life,
But fall before his time, and in the sands
Unburied lie! These things I pray; — and this
My dying voice, I pour out with my blood!
And ye, O Tyrians, follow with your hate 820
His seed, and all his future race! Be this
Your offering on my tomb! No love, no league
Between you! O, may some avenger rise
From out my ashes, who with fire and sword
Shall chase these Dardan settlers, now, and in 825
The coming time, wherever strength is given;
Shores with shores fighting, waves with waves, and arms

With arms, — they and their last posterity !”

So saying, on all sides her thoughts were turned,
How soonest from the hated light to break. 830

To Barce then she spoke, Sychæus' nurse
(Her own long since had died in ancient Tyre) : —

“ Dear nurse, my sister Anna bring to me.

Bid her make haste to sprinkle all her limbs
With running water, and to bring with her 835

The victims, and the offerings required.

Thou too around thy brows a fillet bind.

My purpose is to make a sacrifice,

Which duly I 've prepared, to Stygian Jove ;

And end my griefs by giving to the flames 840

This Trojan's image, on his funeral pile.”

The aged nurse quickens her feeble steps.

But Dido, trembling, wild with brooding o'er

Her dread design, rolling her blood-shot eyes,

Her quivering cheeks suffused with spots, bursts through

The inner threshold of the house, and mounts 846

With frantic mien the lofty funeral pile,

Unsheathes the Trojan's sword, — a gift not sought

For use like this ; — then, having gazed upon

The Ilian garments and the well-known bed, 850

She paused a little, full of tears and thoughts, —
 Threw herself on the couch, and these last words
 Escaped: “Sweet relics, — dear to me when fate
 And heaven were kind! Receive this life-blood now,
 And free me from these sorrows! I have lived, 855
 And have achieved the course that fortune gave.
 And now of me the queenly shade shall pass
 Beneath the earth. A city of high renown
 I have founded, and have seen my walls ascend;
 Avenged my husband, — for my brother’s crime 860
 Requitall seen; — happy, too happy alas,
 Had the Dardanian fleet ne’er touched my shores!”
 With that she pressed her face upon the couch;
 “I shall die unavenged; — yet, let me die!
 Thus, thus ’t is joy to seek the shades below. 865
 These flames the cruel Trojan on the sea
 Shall drink in with his eyes, and bear away
 Along with him the omens of my death!”

While thus she spoke, the attendants saw her fall
 Upon the steel, and the sword frothed with blood, 870
 That sputred on her hands. Loud clamor fills
 The lofty halls. The rumor of the deed
 Raves through the shaken city. Every house

Resounds with grief, and groans, and women's shrieks ;
 And all the air is filled with wailing tones ; 875
 As though all Carthage or the ancient Tyre
 Were toppling down before their invading foes,
 And over roofs and temples of the gods
 The flames were rolling.

Breathless, terrified,
 With trembling steps, her sister hears, and through 880
 The crowd she rushes ; with her nails she rends
 Her face, and with her hands she beats her breast,
 And calls upon the dying queen by name : —
 “ Was this thy meaning, sister ? Hast thou thus
 Deceived me ? Was it this, that funeral pile, 885
 And this, those altar-fires prepared for me ?
 Deserted now, what first shall I deplore ?
 Didst spurn a sister near thee in thy death ?
 Hadst thou but summoned me to share this fate,
 One grief, one hour should here have stabbed us both ! 890
 Yea, with these hands I built this pile, and called
 Upon our country's gods, that thou mightst lie
 Thereon, — and I, ah cruel, not be there !
 Myself and thee, O sister, thou hast slain,
 Thy people, and the Tyrian fathers all, 895
 And thy proud city. Give me — let me bathe

Her wounds with water, and if any breath
Yet flickers, I will catch it with my lips!"

So saying, she ascended the high steps,
And clasped her dying sister in her arms, 900
And moaning, fondled her upon her breast,
And sought to stanch the black blood with her robe.
The queen her heavy eyelids tried to raise,
And backward fell. The wound beneath her breast
Gurgled with blood. Three times she raised herself, 905
Upon her elbow leaning; and three times
She sank upon the couch, — her wandering eyes
Turned to the blue sky, seeking for the light, —
And when she found it, groaned.

Great Juno, then,
Pitying her lingering agony and death, 910
Sent Iris from Olympus down, to free
The struggling soul, and loose its mortal tie.
For since by fate she perished not, nor death
Deserved, but was made wretched ere her time,
And by a sudden madness fired, not yet 915
Proserpina had shorn the golden lock
From off her head, nor to the Stygian gloom
Condemned her. Therefore Iris, dewy soft,

Upon her saffron-colored pinions borne,
And flashing with a thousand varied hues 920
Caught from the opposing sun, flew down, and stood
Above her head, and said: "This lock I bear
Away, sacred to Dis; such my command, —
And free thee from that body." Saying this,
She cuts the ringlet. And the vital heat 925
Exhales, and in the winds life floats away.

BOOK V.

ÆNEAS with his fleet was sailing on
Meanwhile, in course direct, and with the wind
Cutting the darkened waves; and looking back,
He saw the city glaring with the flames
Of the unhappy Dido. What had lit
This fire, they knew not; but the cruel pangs
From outraged love, and what a woman's rage
Could do, they know; and through the Trojans' thoughts
Pass sad forebodings of the truth.

The ships

Sailed on. The land no longer now was seen;
But on all sides the ocean and the sky;
When overhead there stood a dark gray cloud
With night and tempest fraught. The waves grew rough
Amid the gloom; and from his lofty stern,
Even Palinurus, helmsman of the ship,
Exclaimed: "Why have such clouds begirt the skies?
O Father Neptune, what hast thou in store?"

So saying, he bids them make all fast, and bend
 Upon their sturdy oars; and to the wind
 He slants the sail. "Noble Æneas," he said, 20
 "Though Jupiter himself should pledge his word,
 I could not hope beneath a sky like this
 To touch the Italian shores. The winds are changed,
 And from the black west blowing, roar athwart
 Our course. The air is thickened into mist; 25
 Nor can we strive against it, nor proceed.
 Since Fortune conquers, let us follow her;
 And where she calls, thither bend we our way.
 Not far the faithful and fraternal shores,
 I judge, of Eryx, the Sicilian ports, 30
 If stars observed have not deceived my eyes."
 Then good Æneas: "Long since I have seen
 The winds' demand, and that in vain thou striv'st.
 Turn then thy course. What shores more sweet to me,
 Or whither would I bring my weary ships 35
 More gladly, than to the land where I shall greet
 Trojan Acestes, and the earth that holds
 Within its lap my sire Anchises' bones?"
 This said, they seek the harbor, and their sails
 The favoring west-winds fill. Swiftly across 40
 The gulf the fleet is borne, until at length

With joy they touch upon the well-known sands.

But from a mountain-top Acestes sees
 With wonder from afar the friendly ships
 Approach, and comes to meet them, bristling o'er 45
 With javelins, and in Lybian bear-skin dressed.
 A Trojan he, upon his mother's side ;
 His sire the stream Crimisis. He had not
 Forgetful been of ancient parentage ;
 And now he greets the voyagers returned, 50
 And with his rustic riches entertains them
 Gladly, and with his friendly aid consoles
 Their weary frames.

Then when the brightening dawn
 Had chased away the stars, Æneas called
 His comrades all together from the shores, 55
 And from a rising ground addressed them thus : —
 “ Brave Dardans, race of lineage divine,
 A year with its revolving months has passed
 Since in the earth my noble sire's remains
 We laid, and consecrated to his name 60
 Our mournful altars. Now that day has come
 Which I shall ever hold to be a day
 Of sorrow, yet of honored memory.
 So the gods willed it. Were I exiled far

'Mid the Gætulian sands, or Grecian sea, 65
 Or in Mycenæ, still would I perform
 My annual vows, and celebrate this day
 With solemn pomp, and heap the altars high
 With gifts. Now, of our own accord, we are here,
 Near to my father's ashes and his bones ; 70
 Not, I believe, without divine intent,
 And presence of the gods, to friendly ports
 Conducted. Come then, let us render all
 A joyous celebration to his name,
 Praying for prosperous winds, and that he may 75
 Accept such offerings annually given,
 When I have built my city, in temples reared
 And dedicated to his name. Two beeves
 Trojan Acestes gives to every ship.
 Invite to our feasts our home-and-country's gods, 80
 And those our host Acestes venerates.
 Moreover, if the morning sun shall bring,
 Nine days from this, a fair and radiant day,
 First, for the Trojan fleet I will appoint
 A naval race ; and see who best prevails 85
 In speed of foot, and who in manly strength,
 Either to throw the spear, or wing the shaft,
 Or with the raw-hide gauntlet try the fight.

Let all be present, and expect the prize
 Deserved. Keep a religious silence all, 95
 And bind your brows with wreaths." Thus having said,
 He with his mother's myrtle crowns his brows;
 And so did Helymus, old Acestes too,
 And young Ascanius, and the other youths.
 Then from the assembly toward the tomb he went, 95
 Surrounded by a mighty multitude
 Attending him. Here, offered in due form,
 He pours upon the ground two cups of wine,
 Two of new milk, and two of sacred blood,
 And scatters purple flowers, while thus he speaks: — 100
 "Hail, sacred parent, — hail, ye ashes snatched
 From Troy in vain, — paternal soul and shade!
 'T was not permitted me to see the shores,
 The fated fields of Italy, with thee;
 Nor seek the Ausonian Tiber, wheresoe'er 105
 It be." Then from the bottom of the shrine
 A serpent huge with seven voluminous coils
 Peacefully glided round the tomb, and slipped
 Between the altars; azure blue its back,
 And spotty splendor lit its scales with gold; 110
 As when the rainbow with a thousand tints
 Gleams in the opposing sun. Æneas stood

Astonished at the vision ; while the snake
Wound its long trail between the bowls and cups,
And sipped the food, and harmlessly retired 115
Into the bottom of the tomb. He then
More zealously renews the rites commenced.
Whether this be the Genius of the place,
Or some attendant spirit of his sire,
Æneas knows not. Two young sheep, two swine, 120
And two black steers, he sacrifices then,
Pours out the sacred wine, and calls upon
The soul of great Anchises, and the shade
Released from Acheron. His companions too,
According to their means, their offerings bring 125
With willing minds, the altars load with gifts,
And slay their steers ; others in order place
Caldrons of brass, and, stretched upon the turf,
Lay coals beneath the spits, and roast the flesh.

At length the expected time had come. The steeds 130
Of morning brought the ninth day clear and bright.
Acestes' fame and great renown had called
The neighboring people. Joyous groups filled all
The shores, coming to view the Trojan men,
And some expecting to contend. And first 135

The gifts were placed within the middle ring :
 The sacred tripods, and the crowns of green,
 And palms, the victors' prize, and arms, and robes
 Of purple, gold and silver talents too.
 And from a mound a trumpet rings, to tell 142
 The games commenced.

And first, four well-matched ships
 Chosen from all the fleet, with sturdy oars,
 Enter the lists. The rapid Sea-wolf first
 Comes, urged by Mnestheus, with his rowers strong ;
 Mnestheus, Italian soon in his renown ; 145
 From whom the line of Memmius is derived.
 The huge Chimæra with its stately bulk
 Next comes, a floating city, Gyas' charge,
 By Dardan youths impelled, with triple banks
 Of oars ascending. Then Sergestus, he 150
 From whom the Sergian family is named,
 Borne in the mighty Centaur. Last, the chief
 Cloanthus, in the dark blue Scylla comes ;
 From him, O Rome's Cluentius, thy descent.

Far in the sea there is a rock that fronts 155
 The foaming coast, at times by swelling waves
 Submerged and buffeted, when winter winds

Obscure the stars. When skies are calm, it lifts
 A level plain above the tranquil waves,
 A pleasant haunt where sea-birds love to bask. 160
 And here Æneas plants an ilex-tree,
 A goal and signal green, to tell the crews
 When to turn back upon their winding course.
 Their places then are given to each by lot,
 And the commanders, standing in the sterns, 165
 Shine in proud robes of crimson and of gold.
 The rest with leafy poplar wreath their brows,
 Their naked shoulders smeared with shining oil.
 Upon their rowing-benches, side by side,
 They sit, their arms extended to their oars; 170
 Intent they wait the signal, and with hearts
 Beating with mingled fear and love of praise.

Then, when the trumpet sounds, they bound away
 Swift from their barriers, all; the sailors' shouts
 Resound; the frothy waves are turned beneath 175
 Their sinewy arms; and keeping time, they cleave
 The furrows of the yawning ocean deeps
 Surging before their oars and trident-beaks.
 Less swiftly start the chariots and their steeds
 In the contesting race, across the field; 180
 Less eagerly the charioteers shake loose

The waving reins upon the coursers' necks,
And bending forward, hang upon the lash.
Then, with the shouts and plaudits of the crowd,
And urging cries of friends, the woods resound. 185
The shores, shut in, roll on the loud acclaim,
Re-echoed from the hills. First, before all,
Amid the crowd and noise, flies Gyas past
Upon the waves. Cloanthus follows next,
With better oars, but lags from heavier weight. 190
Behind, at equal distance, in close strife
The Sea-wolf and the Centaur come; and now
The Sea-wolf gains, and now the Centaur huge
Passes her; now together both join fronts,
Ploughing long briny furrows with their keels. 195

And now they neared the rock, and almost touched
The goal, when Gyas, foremost on the waves,
Calls to Menœtes, helmsman of his ship: —
“Why to the right so far? Here lies thy course!
Keep close to shore, and let the oar-blades graze 200
The rocks upon the left. Let others keep
The open main.” But, fearing the blind rocks,
Toward the sea Menœtes turns his prow.
“Why steer so wide? Make for the rocks again,

Mencætes!" Gyas shouted; and behold, 205
He looks, and sees Cloanthus close behind
And gaining on him. He, between the ship
Of Gyas and the rocks, glides grazing by
Upon the left, and suddenly outstrips
Him who was first, and passes by the goal; 210
And, turning, holds his safe course o'er the deep.
Then grief and rage burned in the warrior's breast,
Nor did his cheeks lack tears. Forgetting then
His pride, reckless of safety for his crew,
He hurled the slow Mencætes from the stern 215
Into the sea, and takes the helm himself,
Pilot and master both, and cheers his men,
While to the shore he turns. But heavily built
And old, with difficulty struggling up,
Mencætes, dripping wet, climbs up the rock, 220
And on its dry top sits. The Trojans laughed
To see him fall, and laughed to see him swim,
And laugh again to see him spewing forth
The salt sea-brine. Now flames a joyful hope
In Mnestheus and Sergestus, the two last, 225
To pass the lagging Gyas. First to gain
The space between, Sergestus nears the rock,
Not with his ship's whole length, for close behind

The Sea-wolf presses on him with her beak.
 But pacing through his galley, Mnestheus cheers 230
 His comrades : " Now, now bend upon your oars,
 Ye friends of Hector, whom in Troy's last hours
 I chose for my companions ! Now put forth
 Your strength, your courage, on Gatulian shoals
 Once tried, and on the Ionian sea, and through 235
 The close-pursuing waves of Malea.

'T is not that Mnestheus hopes to gain the prize ; —
 Though, let those conquer, Neptune, whom thou wilt.
 But shame if we are last ! Be this your thought,
 And win at least by shunning a disgrace ! " 240

They ply their oars with utmost rivalry ; —
 The brazen galley trembles as they pull
 With long-drawn strokes. Beneath them flies the sea ;
 With panting breasts, parched mouths, and sweating limbs
 They row. And now mere chance gives to the crew 245
 The honor and success so hotly sought.
 For while Sergestus, wild with furious haste,
 Urges his vessel on the inner track
 Toward the shore, a space too narrow far,
 On the projecting crags he hapless struck. 250
 Loud crash the struggling oars, and on a rock
 The prow hangs fixed. Up rise the mariners,

And, shouting, strive to force the vessel back,
And ply their stakes with iron shod, and poles
With sharpened points, and from the flood collect 255
Their broken oars. But Mnestheus, full of joy,
And animated more by this success,
With rapid march of oars, and winds to aid,
Runs on the smooth waves and the open sea.
As when a dove, whose home and darling nest 260
Are in some secret rock, from out her cave
Suddenly startled, toward the fields she flies
Affrighted, with loud flapping of her wings;
Then, gliding through the quiet air, she skims
Along her liquid path, nor moves her wings; — 265
So Mnestheus, — so his ship the outer seas
Cuts in her flight, by her own impulse borne.
And first he leaves behind upon the rock
Sergestus, struggling in the shallow flats,
Calling for help in vain, and striving hard 270
To row with shattered oars. Then Gyas next,
In the Chimæra huge, he overtakes
And passes, he his helmsman having lost.
Cloanthus now alone has nearly won,
Whom he pursues, straining with all his strength. 275
The clamor then redoubles; with their shouts

All cheer him on. And thus they might have shared,
 Perchance, with equal prows, the expected prize ;
 When to the sea Cloanthus stretched his hands
 In prayer, and called upon the deities : — 280
 “Ye gods, whose empire is the watery main,
 Whose waves I stem, to you I joyfully
 Will place upon your altars, on the shore,
 A snow-white bull, bound to fulfil my vow,
 And throw the entrails in the sea, and pour 285
 An offering of wine.” He said ; and all
 The band of Nereids and of Phorcus heard,
 And virgin Panopea, from the depths
 Of ocean ; and himself Portunus pushed
 With his great hands the ship, which swifter flew 290
 Than wind, or flying dart, and reached the land,
 And hid itself within the ample port.

Then, all being summoned, as the custom was,
 Æneas by a herald's voice proclaims
 Cloanthus victor, and with laurel green 295
 He wreathes his brows. And to the ships he gives
 Three steers for each, by choice, and also wines,
 And a great silver talent. On the chiefs
 Distinguished honors he confers ; a cloak

He gives the victor, wrought with work of gold 300
 And Melibœan purple running round
 In double windings. Woven through the cloth
 The tale of Ganymede, as when he chased,
 Eager, with panting breath, the flying stag
 With javelins, on the leafy Ida's top;— 305
 Or by the thunder-bearing eagle snatched,
 While the old guardians stretch their hands in vain
 To heaven, 'mid furious barking of the dogs.
 Then next, to him who held the second place
 In honor, a coat of mail with polished rings 310
 In golden tissue triple-wrought, he gives, —
 Which from Demoleos he himself had won
 In battle by the Simois, under Troy.
 For ornament and for defence alike
 He gives it. The two servants Sagaris 315
 And Phegeus scarcely can sustain its weight
 Upon their shoulders; and yet, clothed in this,
 Demoleos once the scattered Trojans chased.
 The third gifts were two caldrons made of brass,
 And silver bowls embossed with chasings rich. 320

The honors now conferred, the rivals all,
 Proud of their sumptuous gifts, were moving on,

With scarlet ribbons bound about their brows,
 When, with his ship saved from the cruel rock
 With difficulty and great skill, his oars 325
 Lost, and disabled by one tier entire,
 Sergestus slowly brought his vessel in,
 Jeered and unhonored. As when on a road
 A serpent by a wheel is crushed, or blow
 Dealt by some traveller with a heavy stone, 330
 And left half dead and wounded, all in vain
 Seeking escape, it writhes, its foremost part
 With flaming eyes defiant, and its head
 Raised, hissing; but the other portion, maimed
 By its wound, retards it, twisting into knots, 335
 And doubling on itself; — so moved the ship
 With slow and crippled oars, yet set its sails,
 And so steered into port. But none the less
 Æneas to Sergestus gives a gift
 As promised, glad to know his ship is saved, 340
 And crew brought back. To him a female slave
 Of Cretan race, called Pholoe, he gives,
 Expert to weave, with twins upon her breast.

The contest ended, to a grassy field
 Æneas then repairs, by winding hills 345

With woods enclosed : in the middle of a vale
 Shaped like a theatre, a race-course ran ;
 To which the chief with many thousands went,
 And sat amid them on a lofty seat.

Here, all who would contend in speed of foot 350
 He invites, with offered prizes and rewards.

From all sides Trojans and Sicanians mixed
 Assemble ; Nisus and Euryalus

First among these, — Euryalus, for youth 355
 And beauty eminent ; Nisus, for love of him.

Royal Diores next, of Priam's race ;
 And Salius, and Patron, one of whom

Was Acarnanian, and the other born
 In Arcady, and of Tegæan blood.

Then Helymus and Panopes, two youths 360

Trinacrian by birth, to sylvan sports
 Well trained, attendants of Acestes old ;
 With many more hid by obscurer fame.

To whom Æneas, in the midst, thus spoke :

“ Hear now my words, and yield me willing minds ; 365
 None hence shall go without a gift from me.

Two Cretan darts of polished steel I give,
 Also a battle-axe in silver chased.

For all alike these presents. The first three

Who win, due prizes shall receive, and wreaths 310
 Of olive deck their brows. A steed adorned
 With trappings shall be given to the first ;
 An Amazonian quiver to the next,
 With Thracian arrows filled, and broad gold belt
 Fastened with jewelled clasp ; and to the third 375
 This Grecian helmet."

Having said these words,
 They take their places, and, the signal given,
 Dash from the starting-point upon their course,
 As when a storm-cloud pours. Their eyes are fixed
 Upon the goal. First, before all the rest, 330
 Flies Nisus, darting swifter than the wind,
 Or wingèd thunderbolt. Then Salius next
 Follows, but far behind ; Euryalus
 The third in speed. Him follows Helymus.
 Now close behind, behold, Diorea flies, 385
 Toe touching heel, and hangs upon his rear ;
 And had more space remained, he would have passed,
 Or left the contest doubtful. Almost now
 The last stage was completed, and they neared
 With weary feet the goal, when Nisus slides 39
 Unhappily amid some slippery blood
 Of heifers slain, that, poured upon the ground,

Had wet the grass. Pressing exultant on,
 The youth his foothold lost, and prone he falls
 Amid the sacred blood and filth impure. 395
 Yet not forgetful of Euryalus,
 And of their loves, he in the slippery place
 Rising, obstructs the way of Salius,
 Who, falling o'er him, sprawls upon the ground.
 On flies Euryalus, and, through his friend, 400
 Holds the first place, as 'mid the applauding shouts
 He runs. Then Helymus comes in, and next
 Diores, for the third. Here Salius fills
 All the wide hollow of the assembled crowd,
 And front seats of the fathers, with his cries, 405
 Demanding that the prize should be restored,
 Snatched from him by a trick. But favor smiles
 For Euryalus, and his becoming tears ;
 And worth seems worthier in a lovely form.
 Diores seconds him, and with loud voice 410
 Declares that he in vain had striven to win
 The last prize, if to Salius falls the first.
 Then spoke Æneas: "Youths, your prizes all
 Remain to you assured. No one may change
 The order of the palm. But let me still 415
 Pity a friend whose ill-luck merits not

Misfortune." Saying this, to Salius then
He gives a huge Gattulian lion's skin
Heavy with rough hair, and with gilded claws.
Here Nisus spoke: "If such the prizes given 420
To those who lose, and falls win pity thus,
What boon worthy of Nisus wilt thou give?
I who deserved the first crown, had not chance
To me, as well as Salius, proved unkind."
And as he spoke, he showed his face and limbs 425
Smeared with the mud and filth. The good sire smiled,
And bade a shield be brought, the skilful work
Of Didymaon, taken by the Greeks
From Neptune's sacred door; this signal gift
Æneas to the worthy youth presents. 430

The race being ended, and the prizes given: —
"Now whosoe'er has courage and a mind
Cool and collected, let him show himself,
And raise his arms, his hands with gauntlets bound."
So spoke the chief; and for the combat then 435
Proposed a double prize; a bullock decked
With gold and ribbons, for the one who wins;
And, to console the vanquished one, a sword
And splendid helmet. Then without delay,

Dares displays his mighty limbs and strength, 440
 And lifts his head amid the murmuring crowd;—
 He who alone with Paris could contend;
 The same who at the tomb where Hector lies
 Struck down the champion Butes, vast of bulk
 (Boasting to have come of the Bebrycian race 445
 Of Amycus), and stretched him on the sand,
 Dying. So Dares rears his head aloft,
 First in the lists, and shows his shoulders broad,
 Throwing his arms out, with alternate blows
 Beating the air. A rival then is sought; 450
 But no one ventures from the crowd to approach
 The champion, and to bind the cestus on.
 He therefore, overbold, supposing all
 Declined the prize, before Æneas' feet
 His station takes; and without more delay 455
 On the bull's horn his left hand lays, and speaks:—
 "Hero of birth divine, if none dare trust
 Himself in combat, why then stand I here?
 And how long must I wait? Command that I
 Shall lead away the prize." The Trojans all 460
 Shout their assent, and wish the promised gift
 Bestowed.

Then grave Acestes thus rebukes

Entellus, lying by him on the grass : —

“ Entellus, once the bravest of the brave,

But to what end, if patiently thou seest

465

Such prizes without contest borne away ?

Where now is he, Eryx, that god of ours

Whom thou didst call thy master, yet in vain ?

Where is thy fame through all Trinacria ?

And where those spoils that deck thy house's walls ? ” 470

Then he : “ Not love of praise or fame departs

From me, driven out by fear, but the cold blood

Of age moves slowly, and the limbs lack strength.

Had I but that which once I had, — the youth

Yon braggart boasts with such exulting taunt, —

475

Not for rewards, not for a comely steer

Would I come hither, nor expect a gift.”

So saying, a pair of gauntlets in the midst

He threw, of weight enormous, with which once

The impetuous Eryx clothed his hands in combat,

480

And with the tough thongs bound his wrists about.

All were amazed ; for seven great hides of bulls

Stiffened their bulk, with iron and with lead

Sewed in. Dares himself astonished stands,

And drawing back, declines to try the fight.

485

Æneas tests the gauntlets' weight and size,

And to and fro he turns their ponderous folds.
 Then said the veteran: "What if ye had seen
 The cestus and the arms of Hercules
 Himself, and watched the battle as it raged 490
 Upon this very shore? These gloves were once
 Worn by thy brother Eryx (even now
 The soil of brains and blood thou mayst perceive).
 With these he against the great Alcides stood;
 With these I once was wont to fight, when youth 495
 And strength were mine, nor envious age
 Had bleached my brows. But if these arms of ours
 The Trojan Dares here declines to test;
 And if Æneas gives consent, and he
 Who prompts the fight, Acestes, let us make 500
 The battle even. I withdraw the hides
 Of Eryx, fear not; and thy Trojan gloves
 Do thou put off." So saying, he threw aside
 His robe, and showed his mighty limbs, and stood
 In the arena's midst with towering form. 505

Æneas then two equal pairs provides
 Of gauntlets, and so both alike are armed.
 Each stands on tiptoe; fearless they extend
 Their arms, with heads thrown back, to avoid the blows:

Hands crossing hands, provoking to the fight : 510
 The one, of more elastic foot, and full
 Of confidence in youth ; the other strong
 In weight and heavy limbs, but tottering
 And feeble in his knees, with panting breath
 That shakes his mighty joints. And many a blow 515
 Is aimed in vain, upon their hollow sides
 And chests resounding ; round their ears and brows
 The strokes fly thick and fast ; beneath the shocks
 Their jawbones seem to crack. But firmly stands
 Entellus, from his posture still unmoved ; 520
 And with his body and his watchful eyes
 Alone avoids the blows. Dares, as one
 Who with his engines 'gainst a lofty town
 Leads the attack, or lays his siege around
 A mountain citadel, now here, now there 525
 Seeks entrance, trying with his art each place,
 Urging his various assaults in vain.
 Entellus, rising, his right hand thrusts out ;
 The other swift foresees the coming blow,
 Adroitly steps aside, and all the strength 530
 Of the huge veteran spends itself in air ;
 And heavily down with his vast weight he falls :
 As when, uprooted, falls a hollow pine

On Erymanthus, or Mount Ida's side.
 Then rise the Trojan and Trinacrian youths 535
 With eager impulse, and a mighty shout.
 And first Acestes runs and raises up
 His friend of equal years, with pitying aid.
 But the old hero, by his sudden fall
 Neither intimidated nor delayed, 540
 Fiercer returns, while anger lends him strength,
 And shame and conscious valor stimulate
 His spirit. And impetuous now he drives
 Dares across the lists, redoubling blow
 On blow, now with his right hand, now his left ; 545
 No respite or delay. As when the clouds
 Pour rattling hailstones thick upon the roofs,
 So with his frequent blows the hero beats
 And drives his adversary with both hands.
 But here Æneas suffered not their wrath 550
 Further to go, or rage with fiercer heat,
 But to the combat put an end, and saved
 The exhausted Dares, speaking soothing words : —
 "Unhappy man," he said, "what folly so
 Possessed thy mind? Dost thou not here perceive 555
 An alien strength, the gods against thee turned?
 Yield now to heaven." So saying, he stayed the fight.

Dragging his feeble knees, with head that drooped
 This way and that, blood issuing from his mouth,
 Mingled with loosened teeth, Dares is led 560
 Away by his trusty comrades to the ships.

Then summoned, they receive the promised sword
 And helmet; while the palm and bull are left
 To Entellus. Proud and elated with his prize,
 "Now know, O goddess-born," he said, "and you, 565
 Ye Trojans, what my youthful strength once was,
 And from what death your Dares has been saved."

He said; and standing opposite the bull,
 The victor's prize, drew back his arm, and aimed
 Between the horns the gauntlet's blow, and dashed 570
 The bones sheer through the shattered skull. Down fell
 With quivering limbs upon the ground the bull.

"Eryx," he said, "this better sacrifice
 I make to thee, instead of Dares' death.
 Victorious, I the gauntlet here renounce." 575

Then all who would contend in archery
 Æneas next invites, with prizes fixed.
 And with his strong hand he erects a mast
 Brought from Serestus' ship. Upon its top
 A dove is fastened as a mark. The men 580

Assemble, and a brazen helmet holds
 The lots thrown in. And first Hippocöon's name
 Comes forth, the son of Hyrtacus; and next
 Mnestheus, crowned victor in the naval race.
 Third came Eurytion's name, brother of thee, 585
 O famous Pandarus, who, commanded, hurled
 Among the Greeks the spear that broke the truce.
 Last in the helmet came Acestes' name;
 He too would try the task of younger hands.

Then, taking arrows from their quivers, each 590
 Bends his lithe bow with all his strength and skill.
 And first Hippocöon's shaft with twanging string
 Cleaves the light air, and strikes the mast, and sticks.
 The tall pole trembles, and the frightened bird
 Flutters her wings. Around the plaudits ring. 595
 Then boldly Mnestheus, with his bow full drawn,
 Stands, aiming high, with eye and weapon fixed
 He, hapless, fails to strike the bird, yet cuts
 The knotted cord by which she hung. Aloft
 Toward the clouds, and through the air she speeds. 600
 Then, swift, with shaft already on the string,
 Eurytion with his vows invoked his brother.
 Fixing his eye upon the joyful dove,

As through the empty air she flapped her wings,
 He pierced her underneath the shadowing cloud. 605
 Down dead she dropped, and left amid the stars
 Her life, and fallen, brings the arrow back,
 Fixed in her side. The prize thus lost to him,
 Acestes was the only archer left.
 Nathless, his arrow shooting in the air, 610
 The sire displays his skill and sounding bow.
 But here a sudden prodigy is shown,
 An omen of the future, by events
 Thereafter manifest; too late the sign
 By awe-inspiring prophets was revealed. 615
 For, flying through the humid clouds, the shaft
 Signalled its flight by flames, and disappeared,
 Consumed amid thin air; as when from heaven
 Unfixed, glide shooting stars with trailing light.
 Trinacrians and Trojans stood amazed, 620
 Calling upon the gods. Æneas sees
 The omen, and the glad Acestes greets
 With an embrace, and loads him with large gifts.
 "Take, sire," he said; "the mighty Olympian king,
 From auspices like these, for thee intends 625
 Distinguished honors. This gift thou shalt have,
 A bowl Anchises once himself possessed,

Embossed with figures, which my father once
 Received from Thracian Cisseus, to be kept,
 A pledge and a memorial of his love." 630

This said, he wreathes his brows with laurel green,
 And names Acestes victor over all.

Nor does the good Eurytion grudge the praise
 That stood before his own, though he alone
 Had brought the bird down from the upper air. 635
 His gift came next, whose arrow cut the cords ;
 His last, whose wingèd shaft had pierced the mast.

But ere the contest closed, Æneas calls
 To him Epytides, — the guardian he
 Of young Iulus, and companion, — 640
 And thus his trusty ear addressed : " Go now,
 And tell Ascanius, if his band of boys
 Be ready, and the movements of their steeds
 Arranged in order, to bring up his troop
 Of cavalry, to show themselves in arms, 645
 In honor of his grandsire, and his day."
 He then commands the crowd to leave the course,
 And clear the open field. The boys advance ;
 With glittering arms and well-reined steeds they shine
 In equal ranks before their parents' eyes ; 650

And as they move, the admiring hosts of Troy
And of Trinacria shout in loud applause.
All have their hair confined by crowns of leaves ;
Each bears two cornel spears with heads of steel.
Some on their shoulders carry quivers light ; 655
And round their necks, and falling on their breasts,
Circles of soft and twisted gold are worn.
Three bands of riders, with three leaders, go
Coursing upon the plain, twelve boys in each ;
And each division has a guide : one band 660
Led by a little Priam, named from him,
His famous grandsire, and Polites' son,
Destined one day to increase the Italian race.
On a white-dappled Thracian steed he rode,
His forefeet white, and white his forehead held 665
Aloft in pride. Atys came next, from whom
The house of Latin Atii is derived ;
The little Atys, by Iulus loved.
And last, more beautiful than all the rest,
Iulus, borne on a Sidonian horse, 670
Fair Dido's gift, memorial of her love.
The rest rode on the king's Trinacrian steeds.

The Trojans greet them thrilling with the applause,

And gaze with pleasure, noting on each face
 Their parents' features. When the joyous train 675
 Had passed upon their steeds before the throng,
 And their proud fathers' eyes, Epytides
 Gave from afar a signal by a shout,
 And cracked his whip. They equally divide
 By threes, in separate bands. Then at command 680
 They wheel, and charge each other with fixed spears,
 With many a forward movement and retreat
 Opposing, circles within circles mixed,
 Through all the mimic battle's changes borne.
 And now they turn and fly, now aim their darts 685
 Each at the other; and now, peace restored,
 They ride abreast; as once the labyrinth
 In lofty Crete is said to have had a path
 With blind walls through a thousand ways inwoven
 Of doubt and artifice, which whosoe'er 690
 By guiding marks endeavored to explore,
 Error unconscious, irretraceable
 Deceived his steps. Even so the Trojan youths
 Their courses interweave, of sportive flight
 And battle; as when dolphins swimming cleave 695
 The Lybian and Carpathian seas, and sport
 Amid the waves. These movements and these jousts

Ascanius afterwards revived, when he
The walls of Alba-Longa built, and taught
The ancient Latin race to celebrate 700
The sports which he and Trojan youths with him
Had learned; the Albans taught them to their sons;
And mighty Rome adopted and preserved
Her fathers' honored custom, now called 'Troy';
The youths performing it, 'the Trojan band.' 705

Thus far, in memory of a sacred sire,
His day was kept, with contests and with games.

Here, changing Fortune showed an altered face.
For while about the tomb a holiday
They kept, with various games and solemn rites, 710
Saturnian Juno from the skies sent down
Iris her messenger to the Trojan fleet,
And breathed the winds upon her as she went.
Revolving many a scheme, the goddess kept
Her ancient enmity still unappeased. 715
The virgin down her bow of thousand tints
Glides softly on her way, unseen by all.
She notes the mighty concourse, and surveys
The shores, and sees the harbor and the ships

Deserted. On a lonely shore, afar, 720
 The Trojan women mourned Anchises dead,
 And weeping sat and gazed upon the deep.
 "Alas, how many shoals, how many seas,"
 They cried, "our weary hearts must still endure!"
 Such the complaint they uttered, one and all. 725
 They pray for a city and a resting-place,
 And hate the thought of further sufferings
 Upon the sea. Then in the midst of them,
 Iris, her face and robes divine laid by,
 Not inexpert in mischief, throws herself 730
 In Beroë's form, Doryclus' aged wife,
 Who rank and name and family once had;
 And thus the Trojan matrons she addressed: —
 "Unhappy women, by no Grecian hands
 Dragged to your death beneath your city's walls! 735
 O ill-starred race! To what disastrous end
 Doth Fortune now reserve you, one and all?
 The seventh summer now is passing by,
 Since Troy was doomed, and still upon the seas
 We are borne away, and traverse every land, 740
 Over so many inhospitable rocks,
 Beneath so many stars, still rolling on
 The billows, following an Italy

That flies before. Here the fraternal shores
 Of Eryx stand; Acestes is our host. 745
 Who hinders us from building here our walls,
 A city and a home? O fatherland,
 And household gods snatched from the foe in vain!
 Shall never walls again be named from Troy?
 And shall I never the Hectorian streams, 750
 Xanthus and Simois, again behold?
 Come then, and burn with me these luckless ships.
 For as I slept, methought Cassandra's ghost
 Brought to me burning torches, crying aloud,
 'Here seek your Troy! Here find your house and home!'
 The time now prompts the deed. No more delay, 755
 With omens such as these. Four altars, see,
 To Neptune. He himself, the god, supplies
 The torches, and the courage for the attempt."

Saying this, she snatched a brand, and drawing back 760
 Her arm, hurled it afar, with all her strength.
 Excited and bewildered stood the dames
 Of Troy. Then from the throng, eldest in years,
 Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's many sons,
 Exclaimed: "Matrons, no Beroë is this, 765
 No matron of Rhœteum, nor the wife

Of our Doryclus. Do ye not discern
 The glorious signs of deity, how flame
 Her sparkling eyes? what majesty is hers?
 And what a countenance, and voice, and gait?
 Beroe I myself but now have left,
 Sick, and in grief that she alone must miss
 The sacred rites, and honors that we pay
 To Anchises.”

770

But the matrons, doubtful first,
 Began to scan the ships with eyes of hate,
 Uncertain, 'twixt their yearning for this land
 And that which called them with the voice of fate.
 When upon balanced wings the goddess rose,
 And flying tracked her pathway with an arc
 Immense, — a gleaming rainbow on the clouds.
 Then they, astonished at this strange portent,
 And maddened, shout; and from the inmost hearths
 They snatch the burning coals; and some despoil
 The altars, and throw branches, leaves, and brands.
 Unchecked the fire now rages all across
 The benches, oars, and sterns of painted fir.

775

780

785

Eumelus to the tomb and theatre
 Brings news of the blazing ships. They all look back

And see the sparks and see the rolling smoke.
And first Ascanius, leading joyously 790
The equestrian band, e'en as he was, breaks off,
And to the excited camp in hot haste rides ;
Nor can his breathless guardians stay his flight.
“What fury strange is this! What is 't ye do,
O wretched countrywomen?” he exclaims ; 795
“What means this deed? No enemy, or camp
Of hostile Greeks, but your own hopes ye burn.
Lo, I am your Ascanius!” At their feet
He casts the empty helmet he had worn
In mimic battle. Here came hurrying on 800
Æneas and the Trojan bands. But now,
The women, struck with fear, fly here and there
About the shores, and seek the woods and caves
With stealthy steps, ruing the deed commenced,
And loathing the bright day. Changed now, they see 805
And recognize their friends, and Juno's power
Is shaken from their breasts. But none the less
The flames rage on still fierce and unsubdued.
Beneath the wet planks still the smouldering tow
Burns with dull smoke ; the lingering heat devours 810
The ships, and down through all their framework
creeps ;

Nor human strength avails, nor streaming floods.

Then good Æneas rends his robes, and calls
Upon the gods for aid, with outstretched hands:—

“ O Jove Omnipotent, if thou our race 815

Not yet dost altogether hate; if now

Thy pity, shown of old, on human woes

Still looks with tenderness, then save our fleet

From the devouring flames! Now, father, snatch

The Trojans' slender fortunes from this death. 820

Or, if I so deserve, with thy right hand

Blast with thy thunders all that yet remains.”

Scarce had he spoken, when a storm of rain

Darkened the sky, and poured with fury down,

With thunder-peals that shook the hills and plains. 825

From the whole heavens, black gusts and windy floods

Down-rushing, drenched the ships. The half-charred
beams

Are soaked; the flames are quenched; the vessels all,

Save four, are rescued from the fiery pest.

Æneas, by this grave disaster shocked, 830

Turned o'er and o'er his heavy cares, in doubt

Whether on these Sicilian fields to stay,

Forgetful of the fates, or try once more

To reach the Italian shores. Then Nautes, old
And wise, by Pallas taught, a sage renowned 835
For wisdom, thus his counsel gave, and showed
Both what the anger of the gods portends,
And what the order of the fates demands ;
And with these words he cheers Æneas' thoughts : —
“Wherever Fate may lead us, whether on 840
Or backward, let us follow. Whatso'er
Betides, all fortune must be overcome
By endurance. Here thou hast Acestes, born
Of race divine, and Trojan. Take then him
Into thy counsels, ready to assist. 845
All those who, now these ships are lost, may prove
Superfluous, and all those who have grown tired
Of thy great enterprise and plan, — whoe'er
Is unavailable, or shrinks from fear
Of danger, — these select, and leave with him. 850
Here let them settle, in a city built
For them, with his consent, called by his name.”

Roused by such counsels from his aged friend,
He ponders still, his mind distraught with cares.
And now black Night, upon her chariot borne, 855
Held all the sky : when, gliding down, he sees

A vision of Anchises' face, and hears
These words: "My son, more dear to me than life,
While life remained! — son, still by Trojan fates
Long tried, — I come to thee by Jove's command, 860
Who saved thy ships from fire, and from on high
Looked with compassion. Follow thou the advice
So excellent, the aged Nautes gives.
The chosen youths, the bravest hearts, take thou
To Italy. A rough and hardy race 865
Must be subdued in Latium. But seek first
The lower realms of Dis, and through the deep
Avernus, O my son, go meet thy sire.
For not in wicked Tartarus I dwell,
With sorrowing ghosts, but 'mid the companies 870
Of upright souls, in blest Elysium.
Hither, with offered blood of black sheep slain,
The virgin Sibyl will conduct thy steps.
And what thy future race shall be, and what
The cities to be given thee, thou shalt learn. 875
And now farewell: the dewy Night hath passed
Her high meridian, and the cruel Dawn
Is breathing on me with her panting steeds."
He said; and faded into air, like smoke.
"Ah, whither dost thou go?" Æneas cried; 880

“Why hasten thus away? Whom fliest thou?
 Or who constrains thee from thy son's embrace?”
 With that, the slumbering embers he revives;
 Suppliant, adores his Trojan household god,
 And venerable Vesta, with the meal 885
 Of sacrifice, and with the censer full.

Forthwith he calls Acestes, and his friends;
 And the commands of Jove and of his sire
 Declares, and how his own intent now stands.
 His plans are not opposed. Acestes yields 890
 Assent to his demands. The matrons first
 For the new city they enroll; then all
 Who are willing, set apart, — the souls who need
 No loud applause of fame. The rowers' seats
 They then replace, repair the timbers burned, 895
 And fit the oars and ropes. A little band
 They are, but valorous, and fresh for war.

Meanwhile Æneas with a plough marks out
 The city's boundaries, and by lot assigns
 The dwelling-places, — Ilium here, here Troy, 900
 As he determines. Pleased, Acestes views
 The place he is to rule, the forum's code

Declares, and gives the assembled fathers laws.

Then, near the stars, upon Mount Eryx' top,

To Venus of Idalium they erect

995

A temple: and to Anchises' tomb they give

A ministering priest, and sacred grove.

Now all had held their nine days' festival,

With offerings due upon the altars laid.

The waves are smoothed: the south-wind freshening

blows

910

With breezy invitation to the deep.

Then all along the shore rise tones of grief;

And last embraces night and day retard.

Nay, even the mothers — they to whom erewhile

The face of Ocean was a bitter thing

915

And an intolerable name — would now

Depart, and dare all hardships of the deep.

With friendly words Æneas comforts them;

And to his countryman Acestes he

With tears commends them. Three young heifers

then

920

To Eryx he commands that they shall slay;

And to the Storms a lamb. The cables loosed,

He stands upon the prow, his temples wreathed

With olive-leaves, and holds a cup, and throws
 The entrails on the waves, and pours the wine. 925
 A wind arising, follows as they sail;
 And rival crews ply oars, and sweep the sea.

But Venus, full of cares and fears, meanwhile
 Pours out her complaints to Neptune: "Juno's wrath
 And hate insatiable compel me now, 930
 O Neptune, to abase myself in prayers.
 Nor lapse of time, nor any piety
 Can mitigate her rage; nor doth she rest,
 Baffled by Jove's decree, and by the fates.
 'T is not enough for her to have devoured 935
 The Phrygian city with her wicked hate;
 Nor to have dragged through every penal pain
 The wretched remnants of the Trojan race:
 The very ashes and the bones of Troy
 Ruined, she still pursues. What causes prompt 940
 Such rage, she best can tell. Thou sawest thyself
 What storms she raised, of late, amid the waves
 Of Lybia; mingling all the sea and sky,
 Vainly enforced with her Æolian blasts,
 She dared to invade thy realms. And now, behold! 4
 Maddening the Trojan mothers, she basely burns

Their ships, and drives the crews to lands unknown.
 For what remains, I do entreat that thou
 Wilt grant a voyage safe across the seas,
 That so Laurentian Tiber they may reach ; 950
 If what I ask be so allowed by Jove,
 And fate may grant the cities which they seek.”

To whom the Saturnian ruler of the deep : —
 “ ’T is right, O Cytherea, thou shouldst trust
 My realms, from whence thy life was born. I too 955
 Deserve this confidence, — oft having curbed
 The rage of seas and skies. Nor less on land
 (Let Simois and Xanthus testify)
 Has thy Æneas been my charge. What time
 Achilles chased the breathless troops of Troy, 960
 And pressed them hard against the city’s walls,
 When thousands fell, and the choked rivers groaned
 With corpses, nor could Xanthus find a way,
 Or roll his waters to the ocean ; then
 Æneas, having met Achilles there, 965
 Ill-matched in strength, and aid from powers divine,
 I snatched away, and hid him in a cloud :
 Though I desired to overthrow the work
 Of my own hands, the walls of perjured Troy.

Now still my friendly purpose holds. Dismiss 972
 Thy fears. He safe will reach the Ausonian ports
 Desired by thee. One only shall he miss,
 Lost in the waves, — one life for many given.”

Thus having soothed and filled her heart with joy,
 The father harnesses his steeds in gold, 975
 With foaming bits, and all his reins shakes loose
 And in his sea-blue car glides o'er the waves.
 The waves subside, the swelling plain is smooth
 Beneath his thundering wheels; the clouds are driven
 From the vast sky. Then thronging come the forms 980
 Of his attendants, monsters of the deep: —
 The train of Glaucus, and Palæmon, son
 Of Ino, and the Tritons swift; the bands
 Of Phorcus; with them Thetis, Melite,
 Nesæe, and the virgin Panope, 985
 Spio, Thalia, and Cymodoce.

Now joy in turn pervades Æneas' soul,
 Late in suspense. He orders all the masts
 To be erected, and the canvas spread.
 The ships all move as one. Now to the left, 990
 Now to the right they tack, and loose the sails,

Or turn and turn again their peaked tops
 Together. Favoring winds bear on the fleet;
 And Palinurus leads the squadron on.
 The rest all follow as the pilot bids.

995

And now moist Night had touched her goal midway
 In heaven. Beneath their oars the sailors lie,
 'Mid their hard benches, lapped in sweet repose.
 When, dropping from the stars, the god of sleep
 Glides down the darkness and dispels the shades 1000
 Bringing sad dreams into thy guileless soul,
 O Palinurus! On the lofty stern
 He lights in Phorbas' shape, and pours these words
 Into his ear: "The waves themselves bear on
 Our fleet: the full breeze blows astern: this hour 1005
 For sleep is meet. O Palinurus, rest
 Thy head, and close thine eyes o'ertasked with toil.
 I myself for a while will take thy place."
 But Palinurus scarcely raised his eyes,
 And answered: "Dost thou bid me to forget 1010
 The Ocean's placid face, — these quiet waves?
 And to confide in such a wondrous calm?
 How to the treacherous south-winds can I trust
 Æneas, by such skies serene so oft

Deceived?" He said; and, clinging to the helm, 1015
Held fast, and fixed his eyes upon the stars.
But lo! the god shakes o'er his brows a branch
Dripping with Lethean dew and drowsy spells
Of Stygian strength, and seals his swimming eyes,
That strive to lift their lids. The untimely rest 1020
Had scarce relaxed his limbs, when, pressing hard
Upon his frame, the demon hurls him down
Prone on the waves, a fragment of the stern
And the whole rudder in his clutch, torn off;
And leaves him calling to his friends in vain: 1025
Then spreads his wings, and vanishes in air.
Yet onward sails the fleet, in safety borne
Unterrified, by Neptune's promised aid.
And now they near the Sirens' rocks, of old
A perilous shore, and white with many bones; 1030
Where the perpetual dashing of the waves
Hoarsely resounds from far. Æneas now
Perceives the unsteady wavering of his ship,
Its pilot being lost. Then he himself
Steers through the billows dark, with many a groan, 1035
Grieved to the heart to know his friend is lost.
"O Palinurus, who didst trust too far
The skies and seas serene, a naked corpse
Thou now wilt lie, upon some unknown sands!"

BOOK VI.

WEEPING he spoke, then gave his fleet the reins,
Until at length Eubœan Cumæ's shores
They reach. Seaward the prows are turned; the ships
Fast anchored, and the curved sterns fringe the beach.
On the Hesperian shore the warriors leap 5
With eager haste. Some seek the seminal flame
Hid in the veins of flint; some rob the woods,
The dense abode of beasts, and rivulets
Discover. But the good Æneas seeks
The heights o'er which the great Apollo rules, 10
And the dread cavern where the Sibyl dwells,
Revered afar, whose soul the Delian god
Inspires with thought and passion, and to her
Reveals the future. And now Dian's groves
They enter, and the temple roofed with gold. 15

Stephen's name sake

The story goes, that Dædalus, who fled
From Minos, dared to trust himself with wings

Upon the air, and sailed in untried flight
 Toward the frigid Arctic, till at length
 He hovered over the Cumæan towers. 20

Here first restored to earth, he gave to thee,
 Phœbus, his oar-like wings, a sacred gift,
 And built a spacious temple to thy name.

Upon the doors Androgeos' death was carved :
 Then Cecrops' wretched sons, who year by year 25
 Were doomed to yield their children up by sevens,
 To atone for their misdeed. There stands the urn,

The lots drawn out. Opposite, raised above
 The sea, the isle of Crete ; the amour base
 Of Pasiphaë, and the Minotaur, 30

The biformed offspring of unhallowed lust.

Here stands the labor of the labyrinth

And its inextricable winding maze.

But Dædalus, who pitied the great love
 Of Ariadne, the blind, tortuous ways 35

Himself unriddled, guiding with a thread

The steps of Theseus. Thou too, Icarus,

Had grief permitted, wouldst have had great part

In such a work. Twice he essayed to mould
 Thy fate in gold : twice dropped the father's hands. 40

And further they would have perused each work,

Had not Achates, sent before, appeared ;
 With him Deiphobe, the priestess she
 Of Phæbus and Diana, who thus spoke : —
 “ No time is this to gaze at idle shows. 45
 Best now, from out an untouched herd, to take
 Seven steers, and offer as a sacrifice ;
 Also as many chosen two-year ewes.”

This to Æneas said, without delay
 They haste to execute her high commands. 50
 The priestess summons then the Trojan chiefs
 To her high temple, a vast cavern hewn
 From the Eubæan rock. A hundred doors
 And avenues are there, whence rushing come
 As many voices of prophetic power, 55
 The Sibyl's answers. At the threshold now,
 “ T is time,” the virgin said, “ to ask with prayers
 Thy destiny : — the god ! behold, the god ! ”
 As thus before the gates she speaks, her face
 And color suddenly change ; — unkempt her hair ; — 60
 Her panting breast and wild heart madly heaves ;
 Larger she seems : unearthly rings her voice,
 As nearer breathed the presence of the god.
 “ What, art thou then so sluggish in thy vows,

Trojan Æneas, and so slow to pray? 65
 Haste, for not else these awe-struck doors will ope!"
 She ceased. A shudder through the Trojans ran;
 And from his inmost soul the chief thus prays:
 "Apollo, who the sufferings of Troy
 Hast ever pitied: thou who didst direct 70
 The hand and shaft of Paris when it struck
 Achilles, — led by thee, so many seas
 Circling so many realms, I have explored,
 And distant dwellings of Massylian tribes,
 And lands beyond the Syrtes. Now at length 75
 We grasp the Italy that seemed so long
 A flying vision. Though thus far we have come,
 Pursued by a Trojan fortune, yet for you,
 Ye gods and goddesses, to whom the name
 And fame of Troy have proved an obstacle, 80
 'Tis just that ye should spare our nation now.
 And thou, most sacred prophetess, whose eye
 Foresees the future, grant (I do not ask
 A kingdom which my fates have never owed)
 That I in Latium may establish all 85
 My Trojans, and Troy's outcast household gods
 Long tossed upon the seas. Then will I build
 A marble temple sacred to the praise

Of Phœbus and Diana, and ordain
 Great festal days called by Apollo's name. 90
 A spacious sanctuary too for thee
 Shall stand. There will I place thy oracles,
 And secret fates delivered to my race,
 And consecrate, O seer benign, to thee
 A chosen priesthood! Only do not write 95
 Thy prophecies on leaves, lest blown about
 They fly, the sport of fitful winds. Thyself
 Utter thy oracles."

The prophetess,
 Impatient of the overpowering god,
 Here raves in a wild frenzy through her cave, 100
 And strives from off her breast to shake the spell
 Divine. But all the more the deity
 Fatigues her foaming lips, and, pressing down,
 Subdues her fiery heart. But now, behold,
 The hundred doors fly open of their own 105
 Accord, and bear this answer through the air :

“O thou who hast passed the perils of the sea!
 A heavier lot on land remains for thee.
 Thy Trojans the Lavinian realm shall find.
 Dismiss this doubt and trouble from thy mind. 110

Yet will they rue their coming. Dreadful war,
 And Tiber frothed with blood, I see from far.
 No Simois there nor Xanthus shalt thou lack,
 Nor Grecian camps to threaten and attack.
 Another Achilles there shall cross thy path, 115
 Born of a goddess, and dire Juno's wrath
 Never be absent. Desolate and poor,
 What cities shalt thou not for aid implore!
 Again a Trojan guest, a foreign wife
 In Latium shall renew the bloody strife. 120
 Yet yield not thou, but go more boldly on,
 Where Fortune leads, till victory be won.
 Thy safety first shall come when thou, cast down,
 Shalt least expect it, from a Grecian town."

Thus from her cave the Cumaean Sibyl pours 125
 Her dread and mystic utterance, moaning low,
 Involving in obscurity her truths.
 And while she raves, Apollo seems to shake
 His reins above her, and still turns his goad
 Beneath her breast. Soon as the fury ceased, 130
 And the wild lips were still, Æneas spoke:—
 "None of these trials comes, O virgin seer,
 With new and unexpected face to me.

All was foreseen and pondered in my mind.
 / One thing I ask of thee, — since here, 't is said 135
 The gateway opens to the lower world,
 And that dim shadowy lake, the o'erflowing tide
 Of Acheron, — that I may, face to face,
 Meet my dear father. Show me then the way;
 Open the sacred portals. Him, through flames 140
 And through a thousand flying javelins,
 I bore upon these shoulders, from our foes
 So rescued. He through all the dreary seas
 Was my companion, and all threatenings bore
 Of ocean and of sky, feeble and old, 145
 Yet with a strength beyond the lot of age.
 Yea, he it was whose prayer and whose command
 Sent me a suppliant to thy doors. I pray,
 O virgin blest, that thou wilt pity us,
 Father and son; for all things thou canst do; 150
 Nor was 't in vain that Hecate set thee o'er
 The Avernian groves. If Orpheus could call back
 His wife, confiding in his Thracian lyre
 And ringing chords; if Pollux could redeem
 His brother by alternate death, and goes 155
 And comes so oft this way, (why need I speak
 Of Theseus, or of mighty Hercules?)

I too, like them, derive my birth from Jove.”
Thus he besought, and on the altar held.
“Son of Anchises, born of blood divine,” 160
The priestess thus began, “easy the way
Down to Avernus; night and day the gates
Of Dis stand open. But to retrace thy steps
And reach the upper air, — here lies the task,
The difficulty here. A few by Jove 165
Beloved, or to ethereal heights upborne
By virtue’s glowing force, sons of the gods,
The labor have achieved. Midway thick woods
The passage bar, and, winding all about,
Cocytus’ black and sinuous river glides. 170
But if such strong desire be thine, to float
Twice o’er the Stygian lake; if the mad task
Delights thee, twice to see the gloomy realms
Of Tartarus; — learn what must first be done.
Hid in the leafy darkness of a tree, 175
There is a golden bough, the leaves and stem
Also of gold, and sacred to the queen
Of the infernal realm. The grove around
Hides it from view; the shades of valleys dim
Close in and darken all the place. But none 180
The deep recesses of the under-world

Can venture down, till he has plucked that spray
 With golden tresses. Fair Proserpina
 Demands this gift as hers alone. When plucked,
 Another shoot fails not, but buds again 185
 With the same golden foliage and stalk.

Therefore look high among the leaves, and seize
 The branch, when found. 'T will give itself to thee
 With ready will, if fate shall favor thee.

If otherwise, no strength nor sharpened steel 190
 Can sever it. But now — thou know'st it not,
 Alas! — a friend of thine lies dead: his corpse
 Pollutes the entire fleet, while here thou stay'st
 Seeking our counsel, lingering at our doors.

First, bear him to his fitting burial-place, 195
 Offering black cattle, thy first sacrifice
 Of expiation. So shalt thou at last
 Behold the Stygian groves, by living souls
 Untrod." She ceased to speak, with lips compressed.

Sad, and with downcast eyes, Æneas leaves 200
 The Sibyl's cave, revolving in his mind
 These mysteries. Trusty Achates too
 Attending him, the same deep cares oppress.
 Of many things they talked upon the way,

And wondered who the friend might be whose death 223
 The prophetess announced, — what lifeless form
 Demanding burial rites. But when they arrived,
 Behold, Misenus stretched upon the shore
 They see, — snatched by unworthy death away ; —
 Misenus, son of Æolus, than whom 210
 None blew the trumpet with more skill, to call
 The warriors and inflame to martial deeds.
 The mighty Hector's comrade he had been,
 With clarion and with spear alike renowned.
 By Hector's side he had often fought ; but when 215
 Victorious Achilles slew this chief,
 He-joined Æneas, no inferior choice.
 But now, when thoughtlessly with hollow shell
 He made the seas resound, — as though he called
 The gods to match his strains, — Triton, if so 220
 The tale may be believed, with jealous rage
 Seized him among the rocks, and plunged him deep
 Within the foaming waves. So, round his corpse,
 With loud lamenting cries they gathered all,
 Æneas grieving most. With tearful eyes 225
 They hasten then, as by the Sibyl bid,
 To build a funeral pile, and heap it high
 With wood. Into the ancient forest then,

The lair of savage beasts, they go. Down fall
 The pitch-trees, and the ilex trunks resound 230
 Beneath their axes; roan and oak are split,
 And from the mountain ash-trees huge are rolled.
 Æneas, chief amid these labors, cheers
 His comrades at their work, and wields the axe
 With them. But gazing at the forest depths 235
 Immense, from his sad heart escapes this prayer: —
 “Ah, if within this wood that golden bough
 Would now but show itself! (For all comes true
 The prophetess hath told, — too true of thee,
 Misenus!” Scarcely had he said these words, 240
 When from the sky two doves before him flew,
 And lit upon the grass. The hero knows
 His mother’s birds, and joyfully he prays:
 “Be ye my guides! O, if there be a way,
 Direct me where that rich bough ’mid the trees 245
 Shadows the fertile soil! And fail not thou,
 Mother divine, in this my doubtful quest.”
 So saying, he checked his steps, observing all
 Their motions and their course. They, here and there
 Feeding along their track, no farther flew 250
 Than could be followed by the eye. At length
 They reached the place where dark Avernus breathes

Its noisome fumes; then upward took their flight,
 And, gliding through the yielding air, they perch
 Upon the tree, their place of rest desired, 255
 Where, with contrasted hue, the golden bough
 Gleamed through the leaves. As in the frosty woods
 The mistletoe, which springs not from the tree
 On which it grows, puts forth a foliage new,
 And rings the smooth round trunks with saffron tufts, 260
 So on the dark tree shone the leafy gold
 And tinkled in the breeze. With eager hand
Æneas grasps and breaks the lingering branch,
And to the Sibyl's dwelling bears it off.

Meanwhile upon the shore the Trojans mourned 265
 Misenus dead, and the last funeral rites
 Paid to his unresponsive ashes. First
 A lofty pile, split oak and unctuous pine,
 They build, and twine the sides with sombre boughs,
 And place the funeral cypresses in front, 270
 And deck the pyre with shining armor. Some
The bubbling caldrons heat, bathe and anoint
The frigid corpse, with groans: upon a couch
 Lay the lamented limbs, and o'er them throw
 The well-known garments and the purple robes; 275

Some on their shoulders lift the bier, — sad task! —
 And, as the custom was, apply the torch
 With heads averted. Offerings are burned
Of incense, sacrificial flesh, and oil.
The ashes having fallen, and the flame 280
Burned out, the smouldering remains are steeped
In wine; and Corynæus then collects
The bones, and stores them in a brazen urn.
Thrice round the friends, with fertile olive-bran
 He sprinkles water in a dewy shower 285
Of purifying drops; the last farewell
 Then speaks. But good Æneas heaps a tomb
 Of spacious size, and lays the implements
 Thereon his friend was wont to use, — the oar
 And trumpet, under the aerial mount 290
 Which now from him the name Misenus bears
 And evermore will bear.

These things being done,

He hastens to perform the Sibyl's charge.
 There was a cavern deep with yawning jaws
 Enormous, stony, screened by a gloomy lake 295
 And shadowy woods: no wingèd thing could fly
Unscathed above it, such the baleful breath
 That from the opening rose to the upper air:

(The place thence called Aornos by the Greeks.)

Here first the priestess placing four black steers, 300

Upon their foreheads pours the sacred wine,

And plucks the topmost hairs between the horns,

And lays them, the first offerings, on the flames,

Invoking Hecate, strong in heaven and hell.

The knives perform their work : the tepid blood 305

Is caught in bowls. Himself Æneas slays

To Night the mother of the Eumenides,

And to her mighty sister, a black lamb ;

Also a barren cow, Proserpina,

To thee. Next to the Stygian king he builds 310

Nocturnal altars, and whole carcasses

Of bulls he burns, and on the holocaust

Pours out the unctuous oil amid the flames.

When lo, as the first sunbeams lit the place,

The earth beneath began to rumble, and tops 315

Of wooded hills to move ; and through the shades

They seemed to hear the yelling of the hounds

Of hell, that told the coming goddess near.

“ Away, unhallowed ones ! ” the Sibyl cries ;

“ And leave the whole grove clear. But thou press on,

And draw thy sword : for now, Æneas, now, 320

Firm and undaunted thou must prove.” She said,

And madly plunged into the open cave.
 He with no timid step keeps pace with her.

Ye deities, whose empire is of souls!
 Ye silent Shades, — Chaos and Phlegethon!
 Ye wide dumb spaces stretching through the night!
 Be it lawful that I speak what I have heard,
 And by your will divine unfold the things
 Buried in gloomy depths of deepest earth!

325

330

Through shadows, through the lonely night they went,
 Through the blank halls and empty realms of Dis:
 As when by the uncertain moon one walks
 Beneath a light malign, amid the woods,
 When all the sky is overcast, and night
 Robs all things of their color. In the throat
 Of Hell, before the very vestibule
 Of opening Orcus, sit Remorse and Grief,
 And pale Disease, and sad Old Age, and Fear,
 And Hunger that persuades to crime, and Want: —
 Forms terrible to see. Suffering and Death
 Inhabit here, and Death's own brother, Sleep;
 And the mind's evil Lusts, and deadly War
 Lie at the threshold, and the iron beds

335

340

Of the Eumenides ; and Discord wild, 345
Her viper-locks with bloody fillets bound.

Here in the midst, a huge and shadowy elm
Spreads out its aged boughs, — the seat, 't is said,
Of empty dreams, that cling beneath the leaves.
And here besides are many savage shapes 350
Of monstrous phantoms, — Centaurs, in their stalls ;
Scyllas of double form ; and Briareus
The hundred-handed ; and the hissing snake
Of Lerna ; the Chimæra armed with flames ;
And Gorgons, Harpies, and the triple shade 355
Of Geryon. Here with sudden tremor seized,
Æneas draws his sword, the keen bare edge
Opposing as they come. And had not then
His wise companion warned him that these forms
Were but a flitting swarm of bodiless 360
And unsubstantial ghosts, he would have rushed
Among them, cleaving but the empty air.

Hence downward leads the way to Tartarus
And Acheron. A gulf of turbid mire
Here foams with vortex vast, and belches forth 365
Into Cocytus all its floods of sand.

By these dread rivers waits the ferryman
 Squalid and grim, Charon, his grisly beard
 Uncombed and thick; his eyes are flaming lamps;
 A filthy garment from his shoulders hangs. 370
 He tends his sails, and with his pole propels
 His barge of dusky iron hue, that bears
 The dead across the river. Old he seems,
 But with a green old age. Down to the bank
 Comes rushing the whole crowd, matrons and men, 375
 Great heroes, boys, unwedded girls, and youths
 Their parents saw stretched on their funeral pile;
 Thick as the clustering leaves that fall amid
 The forests in the first autumnal chill,
 Or as the flocks of birds that from the sea 380
 Fly landward, by the frigid season sent
 Across the main, to seek a sunnier clime. ♪
 They, praying to be first to cross the stream,
 Were standing, longing for the farther shore,
 With outstretched arms. But the stern ferryman 385
 Now these, now those, receives into his boat,
 But drives afar the others from the beach.

Moved by the tumult, and with wonder filled,
 Æneas cries: "O virgin, tell me what

This crowd may mean that to the river moves. 393
 What do these spirits seek? What difference
 Of fate leaves these behind, while those are rowed
 Across the livid waves?" Then answered thus
 The aged Sibyl: "Great Anchises' son,
 Thou seest Cocytus, and the Stygian lake, 395
 By which the gods do fear falsely to swear;
 This crowd, the needy and unburied dead;
 Yon ferryman is Charon. Those he bears
 Across had burial rites. No one may pass
 Those dreadful waves, until his bones repose 400
 Within a quiet grave. A hundred years
 They wander, flitting all around these shores,
 Until at last they cross the wished-for lake."

Absorbed in thought, Æneas paused and stood,
 Pitying their cruel lot. And now he sees, 405
 Sad, and without their needed burial rites,
 Leucaspis and Orontes who had led
 The Lycian fleet, and both of whom, from Troy
 Together driven across the stormy deeps,
 The south-wind struck, and ship and crew o'erwhelmed.
 Lo, Palinurus too, his pilot, comes; 411
 Who, while upon his Lybian course he watched

The stars, of late, down from the stern had fallen
 Into the sea. His sad face in the gloom
 Æneas scarcely knew. "Which of the gods," 415
 He said, "O Palinurus, snatched thy form
 Away from us, and plunged thee in the waves?
 Tell me, I pray; for great Apollo ne'er
 Deceived me, till this one response he gave,
 That thou shouldst safely pass the sea, and reach 420
 The Ausonian shores. Lo, thus he keeps his word!"
 Then he: "Neither did Phœbus' oracle
 Deceive, nor me did any god immerse
 In the deep sea: for falling headlong down,
 I dragged with me the helm, by chance torn off, 425
 To which I clung, being set to guard it there,
 And guide our course. By the rough seas I swear,
 That for myself I had no fear so great,
 As that thy ship, her rudder torn away,
 Her pilot lost, might sink amid such waves. 430
 Three wintry nights across the ocean wastes
 The stormy south-wind drifted me along,
 Till on the fourth day, from the billow's top,
 Italia I descried; and by degrees
 Swam to the shore, where safe I should have been, 435
 Had not a barbarous horde attacked me there

With swords (my heavy garments dripping wet,
 And clinging to the rocks with claw-like clutch),
 Hoping for plunder in their ignorance.

The waves and winds now toss me about the shore. 410

Therefore I pray thee, by the precious light
And air of heaven, the memory of thy sire,
And by the hopes thy young Iulus brings,
O thou unconquered, snatch me from these woes!

And either heap the earth upon my bones, — 415

For thou canst do it, seeking Velia's port, —
 Or, if there be some way, — some way made known
 By thy great goddess-mother unto thee

(For I must think that not without consent
 Divine, thou art prepared to float across 420

The Stygian lake), — then give thy hand to me
Wretched, and take me with thee through the waves;
So I at least in death may find a place

Of rest." To whom the prophetess replied: —

"O Palinurus, whence this wild desire? 425

Canst thou unburied cross the Stygian waves,
 And see the Eumenides' forbidding stream,
 And reach yon bank unsummoned? Cease to hope
 By prayers to bend the destinies divine.

Yet take these words to mind, to cheer thy lot. 430

For be assured, the people of that coast,
 And through their cities far and wide, impelled
 By omens from on high, shall expiate
 Thy death with fitting rites, and build a tomb
 With annual offerings given; and by the name 465
 Of Palinurus shall the place be called
 Forevermore." These words a little while
 Dispelled his grief, while he rejoiced to know
 There was a land destined to bear his name.

So on their way they go, and near the stream : 470
 When now the boatman from the Stygian wave
 Espied them moving through the silent woods,
 And drawing near the bank, with chiding words
 He thus accosts them : " Whosoe'er thou art
 That drawest near our river thus, all armed, 475
 Say why thou comest. Stop there where thou art!
 This is the realm of Shadows and of Sleep,
 And drowsy Night. None living are allowed
 To cross the river in the Stygian boat.
 In sooth I was not pleased to have received 480
 Alcides, Theseus, nor Pirithoüs,
 Albeit divine and of unconquered strength.
 The first of these with his own hand bound fast

The sentinel of Tartarus in chains,
 And dragged him trembling from our king's own throne.
 The others strove to bear away our queen 486
 From Pluto's bridal-chamber." Briefly then
 The Amphrysian prophetess replied: "No plots
 Like those are here. Be not alarmed. This sword
 No violence intends. Let Cerberus, 490
 Forever barking in his cave, affright
 These bloodless ghosts; let chaste Proserpina
 Still keep within her uncle's doors, unharmed.
 Trojan Æneas, well renowned for arms
And filial reverence, to these lower shades 495
 Of Erebus descends to meet his sire.
 If by such piety thou art not moved,
 At least this branch thou wilt acknowledge." Here
 She showed the branch concealed within her robe.
 At once his anger fell, nor more he spake; 500
 But gazed, admiring, at the fated bough,
 The offering revered, so long a time
 Unseen; and toward them turns around his barge
 Of dusky hue, and brings it to the shore.
 The ghosts that all along its benches sat, 505
 He hurries out, and clears the boat; then place
 To great Æneas gives. Beneath his weight

The hide-patched vessel groans ; its leaky sides
 Drink in the marshy water ; till at length
 The priestess and the hero, safe across 510
 The river, land upon the slimy mud
 And weeds of dingy green. [Here Cerberus,
 Whose triple-throated barking echoes through
 These realms, lies stretched immense across his den,
 Confronting their approach. The prophetess, 515
 Seeing his neck now bristling thick with snakes,
 Throws him a cake of medicated seeds
 With soporiferous honey moistened. He
 With rabid hunger, opening his three throats,
 Snaps up the offered sop ; and on the ground 520
 His hideous limbs relaxing, sprawls, and lies
 Huge, and extended all along the cave.
 The sentinel thus sunk in lethargy,
 Æneas gains the entrance, hastening on
 Beyond the stream whence there is no return. 525

Then as they entered, voices wild were heard,
 Shrieking and wailing, — souls of infants robbed
 Of all their share of life, snatched from the breast,
 And sunk by gloomy fate in cruel death.
 Then next were those by accusations false

Condemned to suffer death. Nor were their lots
Assigned without a trial and a judge.

Minos presiding, shakes the urn : he calls
The silent multitude, and learns from each
The story of his life and crimes. Next come 535

The places where the sad and guiltless souls
Were seen, who, hating the warm light of day,
Wrought their own death and threw away their lives.

How willingly they now in the upper air
Their poverty and sufferings would endure! 540

But this Heaven's law forbids: the hateful lake
With its sad waves imprisons them, and Styx
Flowing between, nine times encircling, binds.

Not far from this the Fields of Mourning lie
Extended wide: by this name they are called. 545

Here those whom tyrannous love with cruel blight
Has wasted, in secluded paths are hid,
And sheltered round about by myrtle groves.
Not even in death their cares are left behind.

Here Phædra and here Procris he espies, 550

And Eriphyle sad, who shows the wounds
Made by her cruel son; Evadne too,
And Pasiphaë; and along with these

Laodamia goes, and Cænis, once
 A man, now woman, to her former sex 555
 Returned by fate. Phœnician Dido here,
 Her wound still fresh, was wandering in the woods;
 Whom, as the Trojan hero nearer came,
 And knew amid the shadows dim, as one
 Who sees, or thinks he sees, amid the clouds, 560
 The young moon rising, — tears fell from his eyes,
 And thus with tones of tender love he spoke:
 “Ah, Dido, was it true then, the report
 That told thy death, and slain by thine own hands?
 Alas! was I the cause? Now by the stars 565
 I swear, and by the gods above, and all
 There is of faith and truth below the earth,
 Not willingly, O queen, I left thy shore.
 It was the gods, whose mandate sends me now
 To journey here through gloom and shade profound, 570
 And places rank with hideous mould, who then
 Forced me by their decree. Nor did I know
 That my departure such a grief to thee
 Would bring. Stay then thy steps, nor turn away
 From me. Ah, wherefore dost thou shun me thus? 575
 ’T is the last word fate suffers me to speak!”
 So did Æneas strive to soothe her soul

Inflamed, and aspect stern, while still he wept.
 She turned away, her eyes fixed on the ground ;
 Nor, as he pleaded, was her face more moved 580
 Than if she stood there, a hard block of flint,
 Or cold Marpesian marble. Then away
 She hurried, with defiance in her mien,
 And hid amid the shadows of the woods.
 There, with Sychæus, her first spouse, she finds 585
 Responsive sympathy and equal love.
 But none the less, wrung by this cruel chance,
 Æneas follows her with tearful eyes
 And pitying heart.

Then on his way he toils ;
 And now they reached the farthest fields, a place 590
 Apart, by those frequented who in war
 Were famous. Tydeus here he meets, and here
 Parthenopæus, well renowned in arms ;
 And the pale spectre of Adrastus: there,
 Trojans in battle slain, lamented much 595
 In upper earth, whom with a sigh he sees
 In long array. Glaucus and Medon there
 Appear ; Thersilochus ; Antenor's sons ;
 And Polyphætès, consecrated priest
 To Ceres ; and Idæus, holding still 600

His chariot and his arms. To right and left
 The spirits crowd about him, not content
 Merely to see him, but they needs must wait
 And hover round his steps, and know what cause
 Has brought him hither. But the Grecian chiefs 605
 And hosts of Agamemnon, when they see
 The hero and his glittering arms that flash
 Across the shadows, tremble with great fear.
 Some turn and fly, as to their ships of old
 They fled; some raise thin voices, and their shouts 610
 Die without sound within their gasping throats.

Here Priam's son Deiphobus he sees,
 Mangled, with lacerated face and hands,
 Ears severed from his head, and nostrils gashed
 With shameful wounds. Scarce does the hero know 615
 His form, as cowering he essays to hide
 His cruel punishment. Him then with voice
 Well known he addressed: "Valiant Deiphobus,
 Of Teucer's noble race, what enemy
 Has wrought on thee this cruel chastisement? 620
 To whom was this permitted? I was told
 That thou on Troy's last night, worn out, and tired
 Of Grecian slaughter, hadst sunk down 'mid heaps

Of confused carnage. Then an empty mound
I raised to thee upon the Rhætean shore, 625
Thrice calling on thy shade. Thy name and arms
Still keep the place. But thee, O friend, I sought
In vain; nor could, departing, lay thy limbs
Within our country's earth." To whom replied
The son of Priam: "Nothing, O my friend, 630
Was left undone by thee: thou didst fulfil
All rites of burial for Deiphobus.
My fate it was, and her pernicious crime —
That Spartan — that immersed me in these woes.
'T was she who left these traces of herself. 635
For how in illusive pleasures that last night
Of Troy was passed too well thou canst recall,
When o'er the steep walls leapt the fatal horse,
Filled with armed men. Feigning a sacred dance,
She led the Phrygian women round about, 640
With Bacchic cries and orgies, and herself
Held a great torch, and from the citadel
Summoned the Greeks. Me, wearied out with cares,
And sunk in sleep, my unhappy chamber held.
Rest, sweet and deep, pressed on me as I lay, — 645
Deep as the calm of death. But she meanwhile,
My incomparable spouse, from out the house

Removed all weapons, and my faithful sword
 Took from beneath my head, and summons in
 Her Menelaus, and opes wide the doors; 650
 Hoping, forsooth, to give her amorous lord
 A prize of value, and to cancel thus
 The infamy of all her old misdeeds.
 Why need I linger? — Through my chamber door
 They burst; with them they bring Æolides, 655
 The inciter of the crime. — Ye gods, pay back
 Unto the Greeks such deeds, if I demand
 With pious lips the punishment! But thou, —
 Tell me what fortune brings thee here, alive?
 Comest thou driven by wanderings o'er the seas, 660
 Or by the mandate of the gods? What chance
 Pursues thee, that to these sad sunless realms
 Of turbid gloom thou com'st?" While thus they talked,
 Aurora's car had passed the middle arch
 Of heaven; and they perchance had lingered out 665
 The allotted time. But with brief warning spoke
 The Sibyl: "Night, Æneas, rushes on,
 While we in lamentation spend the hours.
 Here is the place where into two divides
Our path: one leading to the right, beneath 670
The walls of mighty Dis, — the way for us

Into Elysium ; while the left way sends
 The wicked to their punishment, and leads
 To Tartarus." Then said Deiphobus : —
 "Great priestess, be not angry : I depart, 675
 And will complete the number of the shades,
 Returning to the darkness. Thou, our pride
 And glory, pass, pass on, — to destinies
 More bright than mine!" Saying this, he turned and fled.

Then suddenly Æneas looking back, 680
 Beneath a cliff upon the left beholds
 A prison vast with triple ramparts girt,
 Round which Tartarean Phlegethon, with surge
 Of foaming torrents, raves, and thundering whirl
 Of rocks. A gateway huge in front is seen, 685
 With columns of the solid adamant.
 No strength of man, or even of gods, avails
 Against it. Rising in the air a tower
 Of iron appears : there sits Tisiphone,
 Tucked in her blood-stained robes, and night and day 690
 Guarding the entrance with her sleepless eyes.
 Groans from within were heard ; the cruel lash,
 Then clank of iron, and of dragging chains.
 Æneas stopped, and listened to the din,

Struck with dismay. "What forms of crime," he said,
 "What punishments are these, O virgin, say? 696
 What wailings that assail the skies?"

Then she: —

"O Trojan chief, pure souls can never pass
 Those gates accursèd. Yet when Hecate gave
 To me the keeping of the Avernian groves, 700
 Herself she showed me all these penalties
 Divine, and led me through them all. Here 't is
 That Rhadamanthus holds his sway severe;
 He hears and punishes each secret fraud,
 Forcing confession from the souls who once 705
 Rejoicing in their self-deceiving guilt
 Put off the atonement to the hour of death.
 Armed with her whip, the avenging Fury comes
 Scourging the guilty, with insulting taunts;
 In her left hand she holds her angry snakes, 710
 And calls her cruel sisters. Then at last
 The accursèd portals open wide, with noise
 Of grating horror, on their hinges turned.
 Seest thou what guard is seated at the gates?
 Within, a Hydra sits, more terrible, 715
 With fifty yawning mouths immense and black.
 Then Tartarus itself sheer downward opes,

And stretches through the darkness twice as far
As upward heaven's Olympian heights are seen.
'T is there Earth's ancient race, the Titan brood, 720
Hurled down and blasted by the thunderbolts,
Roll in the lowest gulf. There have I seen
The twin sons of Aloeus, with their limbs
Immense, who strove the mighty heavens to spoil,
And from his realms supernal tear Jove down. 725
Salmoneus too I saw in cruel pains,
For having dared to imitate the fires
Of Jove, and the Olympian thunder: him
Who, drawn by four steeds, brandishing a torch,
Drove through the streets of Elis, 'mid the crowd 730
Of Greeks, exulting, claiming for himself
The honors of the gods. Madman! to dream
That din of brass and trampling hoofs of steeds
Could counterfeit the inimitable crash
Of storms and thunder. But the Omnipotent 735
Amid the dense clouds hurled a blazing bolt
(No torches his, nor smoky fires of pitch),
And in the tempest smote him headlong down.
Here too was Tityos seen, the foster-child
Of the all-nurturing Earth; his body stretched 740
Across nine acres lies; a vulture huge

With crooked beak upon his liver gnaws,
 Which never dies, and entrails still alive
 With pain, and feeds and dwells forever there
 Beneath his heart ; nor finds he any rest, 745
 The fibres still renewed. Why need I name
 Pirithoüs, Ixion, or the race
 Of Lapithæ? Or those above whose heads
 A threatening rock seems ever about to fall,
 Or falling? Sumptuous couches near them shine 750
 With feet of gold, and banquets rich are spread
 In royal luxury. But beside them sits
 The queen of Furies, and forbids to touch
 The food, and shrieking waves aloft her torch.
 Here those who cherished hatred, during life, 755
 Toward their brothers ; or who lifted hands
 Of violence against their parents ; those
 Who 'gainst their clients schemed and practised fraud ;
 Or those who brooded o'er their hoarded wealth,
 Selfish and solitary, nor dispensed 760
 A portion to their kin, — the largest crowd
 These formed ; or those who for adulterous crimes
 Were slain ; or fought in wars unjust, nor feared
 To violate allegiance to their lords :
 These all await their doom. Seek not to know 765

What doom, or what the form of punishment
 Allotted, into which they sink. Some roll
 Enormous rocks, or on the spokes of wheels
 Hang stretched and bound. Unhappy Theseus there
 Sits, and will sit forever. Phlegyas too, 770

Most wretched, speaks to all with warning words,
 And with a loud voice calls amid the gloom: —

‘Take heed, learn justice, nor despise the gods!’

Here one is seen, who for a golden bribe
 His country sold, and fixed a despot’s throne; 775

And for a price made laws, and then unmade:

There one who invaded his own daughter’s bed

In a forbidden marriage. All had dared

Some dreadful crime, succeeding where they dared.

Not if I had a hundred tongues, a voice 780

Of iron, could I tell thee all the forms

Of guilt, or number all their penalties.”

So spoke the aged priestess. “But come now,”

She cries, “let us resume our way with speed,

And finish the great task we have begun. -85

I see the walls by Cyclops’ forges built;

The gateway with its arch confronts our view,

Where by command we place our offering.”

She said; and through the paths obscure they stepped
 Together, passed the midway space, and neared 790
 The gate. Æneas at the entrance stands,
 Fresh lustral water sprinkles o'er his limbs,
 And hangs upon the door the golden bough.

These rites performed, the gift the goddess asks
 Being duly made, they reach the pleasant realms 795
 Of verdant green, the blessed groves of peace.
 A larger sky here robes with rosy light
 The fields, lit by a sun and stars, their own.
 Some on the grassy plots pursue their games
 Of manly strength, and wrestle on the sand. 800
 Some in the dance beat time, and chant their hymns.
 The Thracian priest with loosely flowing robes
 Responds in numbers to his seven-toned lyre,
 And now with fingers, now with ivory quill,
 He strikes the chords. Here dwells the ancient race 805
 Of Teucer's line, a noble progeny,
 The great-souled heroes born in better years,
 Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus,
 Who founded Troy. Æneas wondering sees
 Their arms and shadowy chariots from afar, 810
 The spears fixed in the ground, the horses loose

Feeding about the fields. Whatever love
 The living had for chariots or for arms,
 Or care of pasturing their shining steeds,
 Goes with them, though their bodies lie entombed. 815
 Others he sees upon the right and left
 Feasting about the sward, while pæans glad
 They sing in choral bands, amid a grove
 Of fragrant laurel; whence Eridanus,
 The abundant river, flowing from above, 820
 Rolls through the woodlands. Here the bands are seen,
 Of those who for their country fought and bled;
 The chaste and holy priests; the reverent bards
 Whose words were worthy of Apollo; those
 Who enriched life with fine inventive arts; 825
 And all who by deserving deeds had made
 Their names remembered. These wore garlands all
 Of snowy white upon their brows. To them,
 Scattered in groups about, the Sibyl spoke;
 And chiefly to Musæus; in the midst 830
 He stood, and with his lofty shoulders towered
 Above them all, admiring. "Happy souls,"
 She said, "and thou, O best of poets, say
 What region and what spot Anchises makes
 His home. For him we have come to seek, and crossed

The rivers wide of Erebus." Then answered 836
 Briefly the noble bard: "No fixed abode
 Is ours; we dwell amid the shady groves;
 The river-banks our couches; — and we haunt
 The meadows fresh with running rivulets. 840
 But you, if such be your desire, pass o'er
 This hill. I will point out an easy path."
 He said; and leading on, he from above
 Showed them the shining fields. They from the top
 Move downward on their way.

Anchises there, 845
 Down in a valley green, was noting all
 The souls shut in, destined one day to pass
 Into the upper light, and rapt in thought
 He mused thereon. It chanced, his future race
 He was reviewing there, descendants dear, 850
 And all their line, — their fates and fortunes all, —
 Their characters, their future deeds, unborn.
 He, when he saw Æneas o'er the grass
 Coming to meet him, stretched his eager hands,
 His cheeks bedewed with tears, and from his lips 855
 These accents fell: "And art thou come at last?
 That filial love I counted on so long,
 Has it now overcome the arduous road?"

My son, is 't granted me to see thy face,
 And hear thy well-known voice, and answer thee? 860
 Thus in my mind I hoped and guessed, indeed,
 And numbered o'er the intervening times.
 Nor have my anxious wishes been deceived.
 What lands, what seas thou hast traversed, O my son!
 Amid what dangers thou wert tossed about! 865
 What harm from Lybian realms I feared for thee!"
 Æneas then: "O father, many a time
 Thy shade, thy sad-eyed shade, has met my gaze,
 And urged me to this place to bend my steps.
 Within the Tyrrhene sea my fleet is moored. 870
 Grasp now my hand, my father, grasp my hand
 In thine; withdraw not from thy son's embrace!"
 So speaking, down his face the great tears streamed.
 Thrice round his neck he strove to throw his arms;
 And thrice the shadow flitted from his grasp, 875
 And vanished like a wingèd dream away.

[Meanwhile Æneas in a valley deep
 Sees a secluded grove, with rustling leaves
 And branches; there the river Lethe glides
 Past many a tranquil home; and round about 880
 Innumerable tribes and nations flit.

As in the meadows in the summer-time
 The bees besiege the various flowers, and swarm
 About the snow-white lilies; and the field
 Is filled with murmurings soft. The sudden view 885
 Startles him, and he asks what this may mean;
 What rivers those may be that flow beyond;
 And who this multitude that crowds the banks.
 Anchises then replies: "These souls, by fate
 Destined for other bodies, drink safe draughts 890
 At Lethe's waters, and oblivion deep
And lasting. Long since have I wished, in truth,
To speak of them to thee, and show thee all
This line of my descendants, so thou mayst
Rejoice with me, now Italy is reached." 895
 "O father, can we think that from this place
 Any exalted souls to upper skies
 Return to enter sluggish frames again?
 Why so intensely do these hapless ones
Long for the light?" "My son," Anchises said, 900
 "No further will I hold thee in suspense,
 But tell thee all." Then thus in order due
 He to his mind unfolds each mystery: —

"Know first, the heavens, the earth, the flowing sea,

The moon's bright globe, and the Titanian stars 905
By one interior spirit are sustained :
Through all their members interfused, a mind
Quickens the mass entire, and mingling stirs
The mighty frame. Thence springs the life of men,
 And grazing flocks, and flying birds, and all 910
 The strange shapes in the deep and shining sea.
 A fiery vigor animates these germs,
 And a celestial origin, so far
 As our gross bodies clog them not, nor weight
 Of perishable limbs impedes the soul. 915
 Hence they desire and fear, rejoice and grieve;
 And, shut in prisons dark, they look not back
 Upon the skies. Nor e'en when life's last ray
 Has fled, does every ill depart, nor all
 Corporeal taints quite leave their unhappy frames. 920
 And needs must be that many a hardened fault
 Inheres in wondrous ways. // Therefore the pains
Of punishment they undergo, for sins
Of former times. Some in the winds are hung
Suspended and exposed. Others beneath 925
A waste of waters from their guilt are cleansed,
Or purified by fire. We all endure
 Our ghostly retribution. Thence, a few

Attain the free Elysium's happy fields,
 Till Time's great cycle of long years complete, 930
 Clears the fixed taint, and leaves the ethereal sense
 Pure, a bright flame of unmixed heavenly air.
 All these, when for a thousand years the wheel
 Of fate has turned, the Deity calls forth
 To Lethe's stream, a mighty multitude; 935
 That they, forgetful of the past, may see
 Once more the vaulted sky, and may begin
 To wish return into corporeal frames."
 Thus spoke Anchises; and leads on his son,
 Together with the Sibyl, through the throng 940
 Of murmuring spirits. On a rising ground
 He stands, whence, opposite, in long array,
 He may discern each face as it approached.

"Hear now what fame henceforward shall attend
 The Dardan race, and what posterity 945
 From Italy shall come, illustrious souls,
 And who they are succeeding to our name;
 This will I show, and thy own fates foretell.
 Seest thou that youth who on a headless spear
 Is leaning? Nearest to the light he stands, 950
By fate; the first to ascend to upper air,

Born of Italian blood commixed with ours,
 Thy last-born child, Silvius, an Alban name,
 Whom to thee late in life Lavinia
 Thy spouse shall bear, amid the sylvan shades ; 955
 A king, and parent too of kings, — from whom
 Our race shall rule in Alba Longa. Next
 Comes Procas, glory of the Trojan race ;
 And Capys next, and Numitor, and he,
 Silvius Æneas, who restores thy name, 960
 In piety and arms alike renowned,
 If e'er he reigns o'er Alba. See, what youths !
 What strength they show ! But they whose brows are
 shaded
 With civic oak, those shall for thee build up
 Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidena's walls ; 965
 These found Collatia's mountain citadels,
 Pometia, and the camp of Inuus,
 Bela, and Cora ; so they shall be called,
Now lands without a name. } Then next appears
 Mavortian Romulus, who joins the cause 970
 Of his grandsire, — the son of Ilia, born
 Of Trojan blood. Seest thou the double crest
 Upon his head, the sign his father gives
 Of his celestial destiny ? Behold,

My son, beneath his auspices shall Rome 975
 Match her great empire with the expanse of earth,
 Her genius with Olympian heights. Alone
 She will engird her seven hills with a wall,
 Blest with a progeny of valiant men.
 So doth the Berecynthian Mother ride 980
 Upon her car through Phrygian cities, crowned
 With turrets, joyful in the birth of gods,
 Circling a hundred grandsons with her arms,
 All gods, all tenants of the upper realms.

“Now turn thine eyes, and look upon this race, 985
 Thy Romans. This is Cæsar, this the line
 Born of Iulus, destined to appear
 Beneath the arch of heaven. This, this is he,
 Whom thou hast heard foretold and promised oft,
 Augustus Cæsar, of a race divine. 990
 The golden age in Latium he shall bring
 Again, to fields where Saturn reigned of old.
 O'er Garamantian climes and realms of Ind
 His empire shall extend. Beyond the stars
 His land shall reach, beyond the solar ways, 995
 Where heaven-bearing Atlas on his shoulder turns
 The constellated axis of the sky.

E'en now, before his coming, the far realms
Of Caspia and Maotia shuddering hear
The oracles divine, and Nile's seven mouths 1000
Are troubled. Nor indeed did Hercules
Traverse such lengths of land, although he chased
And pierced the brazen-footed hind, and calmed
The Erymanthian woods, and Lerna quailed
Before his deadly bow. Nor farther rode 1005
Bacchus in victory, who from the top
Of Nysa urged his tigers and his car,
His reins with vine-leaves wreathed. And shall we doubt
To extend our glory by our deeds? or fear
To plant ourselves upon the Ausonian land? 1010

“But who is he, far off, with olive crown
Distinguished, bearing in his hands the signs
Of priesthood? Now I can discern the locks
And hoary beard of him, the Roman king
Who first shall give the city 'stablished laws, 1015
From Cures' petty state and humble land
Sent to a mighty empire. Next comes he, —
Disturber of his country's long repose,
Tullus, who shall arouse to warlike deeds
His slothful subjects, and the troops unused 1020

To triumphs. Following him, comes boastful Ancus,
 E'en now too glad to court the crowd's applause.
 And wouldst thou look upon the Tarquin kings,
 And the avenger Brutus' haughty soul,
 And the recovered fasces? He the first, 1025
 The rights of consular command shall take,
 And the relentless axe and rods assume ;—
 And his own sons conspiring in fresh wars,
 He, for their treason to fair liberty,
 Shall summon to their death ; unhappy sire! 1030
 However after times shall view these deeds,
 His love of country and his large desire
 Of praise shall conquer. At a distance now
 The Decii come, and Drusus and his line ;
 And stern Torquatus with his axe, behold ; 1035
 Camillus too, the standards bearing back.
 But those who shining now in equal arms
 Thou seest, accordant souls, while in these shades
 They dwell, — alas, what wars between the two,
 Should they attain to life, — what carnage dire ! 1040
 The father-in-law descending from the Alps
 And from Monæcus' tower ; the son-in-law
 Furnished with forces from the Eastern lands,
 Opposing comes. O sons, indulge not minds

For wars like these, nor 'gainst your country's life 1045
 Direct such valor; and thou first forbear, —
 Thou who thy lineage from Olympus hast —
 My own blood, — cast the weapons from thy hand!

One up the lofty Capitol shall drive
 His car in triumph from Corinthian wars 1050
 And Grecians slain; the other shall o'erthrow
 Mycenæ, pride of Agamemnon's race,
 And e'en Æacides himself, a son
 Of great Achilles' line, avenging thus
 His Trojan sires, and Pallas' shrines profaned. 1055

“Who, mighty Cato, leaves thy name unsaid;
 Or thee, O Cossus? Who the Gracchi slights?
 Or the two Scipios, thunderbolts of war,
 And Lybia's scourge? Fabricius, powerful
 With slender means? Serranus, bending o'er 1060
 His furrow? And ye Fabii, say how far
 Will ye transport my weary feet? Thou art
 Our Maximus, who alone restor'st to us
 Our fortunes by delay. Others, I ween,
 Shall mould, more delicately, forms of bronze, 1065
 Lifelike, and shape the human face in stone;
 Plead causes with more skill, describe the paths
 Of heavenly orbs, and note the rising stars.

But thou, O Roman, bend thy mind to rule
 With strength thy people. This shall be thy art ; 1070
 And to impose the terms and rules of peace ;
 To spare the vanquished, and subdue the proud."

So spoke Anchises, while they wondering stood ;
 And then resumes : " See where Marcellus moves,
 Glorious with his triumphal spoils, and towers 1075
 O'er all, a victor. He the Roman state
 Shall keep from tottering, in tumultuous days.
 He, armed and horsed, shall overthrow the power
 Of Carthagina and rebellious Gaul ;
 And the third captured trophy shall hang up, 1080
 An offering to his father Romulus."

But here Æneas spoke : for now he saw
 Beside the hero, clad in glittering arms,
 A youth in form and face exceeding fair ;
 But sad his brow, with joyless eyes cast down ; — 1085
 " O father, who is he who there attends
 The hero's steps ? His son, or some one else
 Of his illustrious line descended ? Hark,
 What murmuring sounds surround him as he moves !
 How noble is his mien ! But gloomy Night 1090

With shadows sad is hovering round his head."

To whom Anchises, weeping floods of tears,
 Made answer: "O my son, seek not to know
 The heavy sorrows of thy race! This youth
 The Fates will only show a little while
 On earth, nor will permit a longer stay.
 Too potent would the Roman race have seemed
 To you, ye gods, had such gifts been our own.

1095

What groans of heroes from that field shall rise,
 Near Mars, his mighty city! or what gloom
 Of funeral pomp shalt thou, O Tiber, see,
 When gliding by his new-raised mound of death!
 No youth of Ilian race shall ever lift
 To such great heights of hope the Latian sires;
 Nor Rome shall boast henceforth so dear a child.
 Alas for virtue and the ancient faith!

1100

1105

Alas, the strong hands unsubdued in war!

No enemy could ever have opposed
 His sword unscathed, whether on foot he charged,
 Or spurred his foaming steed against the foe.
 Ah, dear lamented boy, canst thou but break
 The stern decrees of fate, then wilt thou be
 Our own Marcellus! — Give me lilies, brought
 In heaping handfuls. Let me scatter here

1110

Dark purple flowers; these offerings at least 1115
 To my descendant's shade I fain would pay,
 Though now, alas, an unavailing rite."

Through the whole region thus they roam along
 Amid wide fields of unsubstantial air,
 Surveying all. And when Anchises thus 1120
 Had led his son through each, and had inflamed
 His mind with strong desire of future fame,
 He tells him of the wars that would be waged;
 The city of Latinus, and the lands
 Of the Laurentian tribes; and how to bear, 1125
 How shun, the hardships of his future lot.

Sleep hath two gates: one, said to be of horn,
 To real visions easy exit gives;
 The other, of white polished ivory,
 Through which the Manes send false dreams to earth.
 Anchises, having thus addressed his son, 1131
 Together with the Sibyl, leads them on,
 And through the ivory gate dismisses them.
 Back to his ships the chief pursues his way;
 Again beholds his comrades; then sets sail 1135
 Toward Caieta's port. The anchors now
 Hang from the prows: the sterns stand on the beach.

BOOK VII.

THOU also to our shores, Æneas' nurse,
Caieta, dying, gav'st eternal fame ;
And still even now thy honored memory keeps
Its fixed abode ; thy name still marks the spot
Where great Hesperia wraps thy bones, — if aught 5
Of glory that may be. Æneas now,
All obsequies performed, the funeral mound
Heaped up, when seas grew calm, sets sail and leaves
The port. As night comes on, the breeze blows fresh,
Nor does the clear white Moon oppose his course, 10
Flashing with tremulous splendor on the sea.

They skirt the nearest shores to Circe's land,
Where she, the sumptuous daughter of the Sun,
Fills her secluded forests with the sounds
Of her assiduous singing, while within 15
Her palace proud the fragrant cedar burns,
Her nightly torch ; and through her gauzy web

The whistling shuttle runs. Here, late at night,
The roar of angry lions in the dark
Chafing against their prison bars, was heard ; 20
And bristly boars and raging bears, pent up,
And howling wolves of size immense. All these,
From human shapes, by means of potent herbs,
The cruel goddess Circe had transformed
To faces and to bodies of wild beasts. 25
Then, lest the pious Trojans should endure
Such monstrous fate, when brought into the port,
Nor touch a coast so dreadful, Neptune filled
Their sails with favoring winds, to aid their flight,
And wafted them beyond the boiling shoals. 30

The sea was flushing in the morning's rays,
And from the ethereal heights Aurora's car
With rose and saffron gleamed ; when suddenly
The winds were stilled, and every breath of air,
And the oars struggled through the sluggish sea. 35
And here Æneas from the deep describes
A spacious grove. Through this the Tiber pours
His smiling waves along, with rapid whirls,
And yellow sand, and bursts into the sea.
And all around and overhead were birds 40

Of various hues, accustomed to the banks
 And river-bed; from tree to tree they flew,
 Soothing the air with songs. Then to the land
 He bids the crews direct the vessels' prows,
 And joyfully the shadowy river gains.

45

Come now, O Erato, while I relate
 Who were the kings, what posture of affairs,
 And what the state of ancient Latium was,
 When first the stranger army brought the fleet
 To the Ausonian shores; and the first feuds
 Recall. Thou, goddess, now instruct thy bard.
 Of direful wars and battles I shall sing;
 Of kings by anger spurred to bloody deaths;
 And of the Tuscan warriors, and of all
 Hesperia roused to arms. A loftier range
 Of great events, a weightier task is mine.

50

55

Latinus, now an aged king, was reigning
 With long and peaceful sway, o'er fields and towns;
 Said to be born of Faunus and the nymph
 Laurentian, Marica. Faunus' sire
 Was Picus, who from Saturn traced his birth,

60

Remotest author of his race. No son
 Was his, so fate decreed. In early youth,
 Just budding into life, this progeny
 Was snatched away. / One daughter only kept 65
 His line alive, heir to his ample realms;
 Mature for marriage now, in maiden bloom.
 From Latium and from all the Ausonian lands
 Many had sought her; comelier far than all,
 Turnus, for noble ancestors renowned; 70
 Whom the queen sought with zealous love to make
 Her son-in-law; but portents of the gods,
 With various omens of great dread, opposed.

Deeply secluded in the palace court
 There stood a laurel-tree with sacred crest, 75
 Preserved for many a year with pious awe,
 Found, it was said, when first Latinus built
 His citadels, and consecrated then
 To Phœbus; whence the inhabitants derived
 Their name Laurentes. To its top — strange sight — 80
 There flew a dense and sudden swarm of bees
 With loud and humming noise across the air,
 And, clinging each to each, hung from the boughs.
 “A foreign hero comes,” the seer exclaimed;
 “A host from yon same quarter whence these bees, 85

And seeking the same place, whence they will rule
Our topmost citadel."

Then as beside

Her sire the maid Lavinia, standing, feeds
The altars with the consecrated brands, —
Dread omen, her long tresses seemed to catch 90
The blaze, and all her robes with crackling flames
To kindle, through her regal hair, and crown
Splendid with jewels, — then involved in smoke
And glare to spread the fire through all the house.
A terrible and wondrous sight 't was deemed ; 95
For she herself, they prophesied, would prove
Illustrious in her fame and in her fates,
While to the people it portended war.

Alarmed at prodigies like these, the king
To the oracle of his prophetic sire 100
Faunus repairs, and there consults the groves
That lie below the deep Albunea,
Which, greatest of the forest streams, resounds
With sacred fountain, darkly hid, and breathes
Mephitic fumes. Hither the Italian tribes 105
And all the Ænotrian land responses seek
Amid their doubts ; here, when the priest has brought

His offerings, and beneath the silent night
 On woolly skins of sheep reclined, hath sought
 For sleep, he many a wondrous phantasm sees 110
 Flitting about, and many a voice he hears,
 And talks with shapes divine, and converse holds
 With Acheron, in the deep Avernian shades.
 And here the sire Latinus, when he seeks
 An answer, slays a hundred fleecy lambs, 115
 And on their wool lies stretched. Sudden, a voice
 From the deep grove he hears: "O son, seek not
 To wed thy daughter to a Latian prince,
 Nor trust in bridal chambers all prepared.
 A foreigner comes, thy future son-in-law, 120
 Whose blood shall lift our name unto the stars;
 Whose progeny shall see beneath their feet
 All lands subdued and governed, wheresoe'er
 The ocean greets the risen or setting sun."
 These answers of his sire, and warnings given 125
 In the still night, Latinus does not hide;
 But Rumor now flying far and wide around
 Among the Ausonian cities bore the words,
 When to the Tiber's grassy river-bank
 The sons of Troy had moored their fleet.

Æneas, fair Iulus, and the chiefs
Under the branches of a tall tree stretched
Their limbs, arranged the banquet, and beneath
Their viands, on the grass, placed wheaten cakes
(Jove so disposed their thought), and on this base 135
Of Ceres' gifts, wild fruits were heaped. It chanced,
All else being eaten, here their scant supply
Forced them upon their slender biscuit store
To turn their appetites, and violate
With daring hand and hungry tooth the disks 140
Of fated bread, nor spare their ample squares.
"What! are we eating up our tables too?"
Iulus cried, nor further led the jest.
That word dispelled their cares. His father caught
The meaning from the speaker's lips, amazed 145
At its divine significance, and mused
Awhile thereon; then suddenly exclaimed: —
"Hail, land for me predestined by the fates!
And you, ye true Penates of our Troy,
Hail! Here our home, and here our country lies. 150
For now I do recall to mind, my sire
Anchises told this secret of the fates:
'When, O my son, driven upon unknown shores,
Your food exhausted, ye are forced to eat

Your tables in your hunger, weary and worn, 155
 Remember then to hope a steadfast home,
 And found your walls, and build a rampart round.
 This was that hunger ; this remained, the last,
 Ending our sufferings. Come then, and blithe
 Of heart, soon as to-morrow's sun shall rise, 160
 Let us find out by different ways what men
 Inhabit here, and where their cities stand.
 Now pour your cups to Jove, and call upon
 Anchises, and replace the festal wine."

Thus having spoken, with a leafy branch 165
 He wreathes his brows, the Genius of the place
 Invokes, and Tellus, first of gods, — the Nymphs
 And Rivers yet unknown ; then Night, and all
 Night's orient stars, Idæan Jove, and next
 The Phrygian Mother, and his parents twain 170
 In heaven, and in the shades of Erebus.
 Here the Omnipotent Father in the heights
 Thrice thundered, and displayed a cloud that burned
 With light and gold, and waved it in his hand
 Before them. Suddenly the rumor spread 175
 Among the Trojan bands, that now the day
 Had come when they should found their destined walls.

With emulation they renew the feast,
 Rejoicing in the mighty omen given,
 And set the bowls, and crown the wine with flowers. 185

Soon as the early morning lit the earth,
 The city and the confines and the coast
 By different ways they explore, discovering here
 The waters of Numicius' spring, and here
 The river Tiber, and the towns where dwelt 185
 The hardy Latins. Then Æneas sends
 A hundred envoys, chosen from all ranks,
 To the king's city, — bearing in their hands
 Branches of Pallas' olive-tree, enwreathed
 With fillets, — charged with gifts, and overtures 190
 Of peace. Without delay they haste to do
 Their errand, with fleet steps; while he himself
 Marks out a rude trench where a wall shall be,
 And builds upon the spot, and girds about
 His first seat on these shores, with palisade 195
 And rampart, in the fashion of a camp.

And now, their journey o'er, the warriors see
 The Latins' lofty houses and their towers,
 And pass beneath the wall. Before the gates

Were boys and youths in the first flower of life, 200
 Riding their steeds, or taming them to draw
 The chariot on the dusty course ; and some
 Were bending the stout bow, or hurling spears,
 Or challenging each other to the race
 Or cestus : when a mounted messenger 205
 Appears, who to the aged king brings word
 That men of mighty stature and strange garb
 Approach. The king commands them to be called
 Into his palace, and there takes his seat
 On his ancestral throne.

An edifice 210

Of stately form and spacious size there stood,
 Upon the city's summit, lifting up
 A hundred columns, once the royal seat
 Of Picus, shadowed round with solemn trees,
 And the religion of ancestral times. 215
 Here, to receive the sceptre and to raise
 The first signs of their royal sway, was deemed
 By kings an omen that betokened good.
 This was their senate house ; here sacred feasts
 Were held, when, having sacrificed a ram, 220
 The fathers at the extended tables sat.
 Here statues of their ancestors were ranged,

Of ancient cedar carved ; here Italus,
Father Sabinus, planter of the vine,
With crooked pruning-knife, and Saturn old, 225
And Janus, double-faced, — all stood within
The vestibule ; and other kings of old,
Who, fighting for their country, suffered wounds.
And here, upon the sacred pillars hung
Armor and captive chariots, and the keen 230
Curved battle-axe, and flowing helmet-crests,
And mighty bars of city gates, and spears
And shields, and beaks of ships, torn off.
Here too, his augur's wand held in his hand,
And girt with scanty garment of the seer, 235
A shield upon his arm, Picus himself,
Tamer of horses, sat ; whom Circe once,
Enamored, changed, with touch of golden wand
And charms of magic herbs, into a bird,
And sprinkled colors on his wings.

Within 240

This sacred place Latinus takes his seat
On his forefathers' throne, and summons in
The Trojans ; and they, having entered, thus
With tranquil mien he speaks : “ Say, Dardan chiefs,
For you to us are not unknown, — your race, 245

Your city, and your voyage o'er the deep, —
 What seek ye here? What cause, what urgent need
 Across such breadths of azure seas has borne
 Your ships, and brought you to the Ausonian shores?
 If by some error in your course, or driven 250
 By tempests, such as sailors oft endure
 Upon the ocean, ye have entered here
 Our river-banks, to settle in our ports,
 Then do not shun our hospitality,
 But know the Latins to be Saturn's race, 255
 Not by constraint of bonds or laws kept just,
 But in the fashion of the ancient god
 Holding their faith and honor by free will.
 And I indeed a legend do recall 260
 To mind, obscured somewhat by lapse of years,
 Told by Auruncans old, that from these lands
 Came Dardanus, and the Idæan cities reached
 Of Phrygia, and the Thracian Samos, now
 Called Samothrace. He, leaving Corythus,
 Now in the starry courts of heaven is throned, 265
 And adds another altar to the gods."

He said; and Ilioneus thus replied: —

“O king, of Faunus the illustrious son,

We come not to your shores by tempests driven,
Nor from our course direct has any star 272
Nor any coast misled us. We have all,
With purpose fixed, and of our own free will,
Come to your city, driven out from realms
The mightiest once the sun in all his course
Beheld. From Jove our origin; in Jove 275
Their ancestor the Dardan youth rejoice.
Our king himself, Trojan Æneas, born
Of that high race, has sent us to your gates.
How great a storm, outpoured by ruthless Greeks
On the Idaean plains, — by what fates driven, 280
Europe and Asia clashed, e'en he has heard
(If such there be) who in the extremest lands
Of earth, by circling ocean sundered far
From all his kind, or in the midmost heats
Of scorching suns, is shut from other zones. 285
Swept by that deluge over seas so vast,
Some small abode for our country's gods we ask,
Some inoffensive shore, and what stands free
To all, the waves and air. We shall not bring
Dishonor to your realm; nor lightly esteemed 290
Shall be your fame, nor for such favor done
Our grateful feelings ever be effaced.

Nor shall the Ausonians ever grieve that Troy
 Was taken to their lap. By Æneas' fates
 I swear, and by his strong right hand, in faith 295
 Of friendship, and in arms alike approved, —
 Many a nation (nay, despise us not
 That thus of our free will, with suppliant speech,
 We come bearing these fillets in our hands)
 Has sought to join us to itself; but fate 300
 Divine commanded us to seek these lands
 Of yours. Here Dardanus was born, and here
 Apollo calls us back with urgent voice
 To Tuscan Tiber and the sacred wave
 Of the Numician fount. Gifts too we bring, 305
 Small remnants of our former fortunes, snatched
 From burning Troy. Out of this golden bowl
 My sire Anchises poured the sacred wine.
 And these were Priam's, when he sat, and gave
 The assembled people laws; this sceptre his, 310
 And this tiara; and these robes were wrought
 By Trojan women."

While he spoke, the king
 Sat motionless, his looks fixed on the ground,
 And rolled his eyes in thought. Nor broidery
 Of purple wrought, nor Priam's sceptre moved 315

The monarch, as the marriage of his child
Absorbs his mind, revolving in his breast
The oracle of Faunus : — this is he,
Come from a foreign land, by fates foretold
To be his son-in-law, and called to rule 320
The realm with auspices that equalled his ;
Whose future race for valorous deeds renowned,
Should by its prowess dominate the world.
At length with joy he speaks : “ May the great gods
Speed their own augury and our design ! 325
Trojan, we grant what thou dost ask, nor spurn
Thy gifts. While I am king, you shall not want
A fertile soil, or wealth like that of Troy.
But let Æneas come himself, if such
Desire be his to ally himself with us ; 330
Let him not shun our friendly countenance.
Part of our peaceful league ’t will be to have touched
Your king’s right hand. Now bear this message back
To him : I have a daughter, whom to unite
In marriage with a prince of our own race, 335
The fateful voices from my father’s shrine
And many a warning sign from heaven forbid.
From foreign shores a son-in-law should come
(This fate, they say, for Latium is in store),

Who, mingling race with ours, shall lift our name 340
 To starry heights. That this is he the fates
 Require, I must believe; and if my mind
 Foreshadows aught of truth, him I desire.”

He said; and to each Trojan gives a steed
 (Within his royal stalls three hundred stood, 345
 With glossy skins); to every one in turn
 A swift wing-footed courser overspread
 With housings of embroidered purple cloth;
 And golden chains are hung upon their breasts;
 And, decked with gold, on golden bits they champ. 350
 A chariot to the absent prince he gives,
 Also a pair of harnessed steeds of blood
 Ethereal, from their nostrils breathing flame, —
 Born of that spurious race which Circe bred
 By stealth, without the knowledge of her sire. 355
 With gifts and words like these, the sons of Troy
 Upon their steeds return with peaceful news.

But lo, relentless Juno, journeying now
 Back from Inachian Argos in her car
 Borne through the fields of air, from distant heights 360
 Looks from Sicilian Pachynus down,

And sees Æneas joyous, and his fleet.
 There at his walls he plans, and trusts the soil,
 And leaves his ships. With sharp grief pierced, she stood;
 Then shook her head, and bitter words outpoured: — 363
 “Ah, hated race! Ah, Phrygian fates that cross
 And baffle ours! And so they did not fall
 On the Sigean plains, nor captive met
 The captive's doom, nor burned with burning Troy,
 But found their way through battle and through flames.
 My power, forsooth, at length exhausted lies; 371
 Or I have rested, satiate, from my hate!
 And yet I dared to chase them through the deep,
 These exiles from their land, opposing them
 O'er all the sea, the forces of the sky 375
 And waves consumed in vain. Of what avail
 To me the Syrtes, — Scylla, — what the vast
 Charybdis? In the harbor they desired,
 The Tiber hides them, careless of the sea
 And me. Yet Mars was able to destroy 380
 The Lapithæ's gigantic race: the sire
 Of gods himself yielded to Dian's wrath
 The ancient Calydon. What punishment
 So great did Calydon or Lapithæ
 Deserve? But I, the royal spouse of Jove, 385

Who, wretched, could endure to leave untried
 No plan, attempting all, am overcome
 By Æneas. But if not enough my power,
 I shall not pause to ask what aid I may.
 And if I cannot bend the gods above, 390
 Then Acheron I'll move. What though his course
 Into his Latian realms I cannot bar,
 And by unalterable fate he takes
 Lavinia for his wife? Yet I may oppose
 Delay thereto, and hindrance; yea, destroy 395
 The people of both kings. So at this price
 Of lives let son-in-law and father form
 Alliance. With the blood of Rutuli
 And Trojans, thou, O virgin, shalt be dowered.
 Bellona at thy nuptials shall attend. 400
 Not Hecuba alone conceived and bore
 The hymeneal torch, — but Venus too
 Shall see her son another Paris prove,
 And a new firebrand light another Troy!"

Thus having said, the dreadful deity 405
 Flies earthward. From the infernal shadows forth
 She summons dark Allecto from the cells
 Of her dire sisters; in whose bosom burn
 Fell war, and wrath, and treachery, and crimes, —

A monster, hated by her sire himself, 410
Pluto, and hated by her sister fiends ;
Into so many direful shapes she turns,
From her dark head so many vipers sprout.

Whom Juno stimulates with words like these : —

“ Grant me, O virgin daughter of the Night, 415
This service, thy peculiar task, lest now
Our honor and our broken fame give way,
And Trojan craft succeed to circumvent
Latinus with this marriage, or obtain
Possession of the lands of Italy. 420

Thou canst array in battle kindred souls
Of brothers, and embroil the peace of homes
In bitter hate ; and in their households bring
Scourges and funeral torches. Unto thee
A thousand names belong, a thousand ways 425
Of harm. Ransack thy teeming bosom. Break
This formed alliance. Sow the seeds of strife ;
And let the youthful warriors with one will
Demand and seize their weapons for the war ! ”

Forthwith, in fell Gorgonian venom steeped, 4
Allecto seeks the realms and lofty halls
Of the Laurentian king, and lays her siege

Before Amata's silent chamber door ;
 Who, brooding o'er the coming of these guests
 From Troy, and Turnus' baffled nuptials, sits, 435
 Burning with woman's rage and restless cares.
 At her the goddess flings a serpent plucked
 Out of her dark-blue hairs, and thrusts it through
 The inmost heart and bosom of the queen,
 That, wrought to fury by the monster, she 440
 May embroil the household. In the serpent glides
 Unfelt, illusive, 'twixt her robe and breast,
 With viperous breath ; about her neck becomes
 A golden collar, forms the fillet round
 Her head, with drooping length, and binds her hair, 445
 And slips around her limbs. So while the first
 Contagion with its humid poison glides,
 Encroaching on each sense, and wreathes her limbs
 With fire, — nor yet the flame is wholly felt
 Through all her breast, — gently, the mother's way, 450
 She speaks, weeping upon her daughter's fate
 And Phrygian nuptials : “ Shall Lavinia then,
 O father, be a Trojan exile's bride ?
 No pity for thy child, nor for thyself,
 Nor for her mother, from whose arms the first 455
 North-wind that blows will see this robber chief

Perfidious bear our maiden o'er the seas?
 Is it not thus the Phrygian shepherd makes
 His way to Lacedæmon, and bears off
 Ledaean Helen to the Trojan walls? 460
 Where is thy plighted faith? Where the regard
 Thou hadst for us so long? And where the hand
 Of friendship and of kindred blood, so oft
 To Turnus given? If for a son-in-law
 Of foreign birth thou seek'st, to share our rule, 465
 And such thy fixed intent, such the command
 Urged by thy sire, I hold that every land
 Which, free, disowns our rule, is foreign land;
 And that the gods so mean. And if the birth
 Of Turnus and his house be sought and traced, 470
 Inachus and Acrisius were his sires,
 And they who dwelt in far Mycenæ's midst."

But when with words like these she tries in vain
 To move Latinus, and the snake has crept
 With raging venom deep into her heart, 475
 And through her frame, then, wretched, goaded on
 By vast phantasmal images, she raves
 Delirious, up and down the city streets;
 As when a top, whirling beneath the whip,

Spins through some empty court, lashed round by boys 480
 Intent upon their play. In circling curves
 It moves: the youthful groups look down amazed,
 And at the flying box-wood stare, and lend
 Their souls to every stroke. So swift, the queen
 Flies through the city, and the brutal crowds. 485
 Nay, worse her lawless course: with fury wild
 She feigns to worship Bacchus; to the woods
 She flies, and hides her daughter in the shades
 Of leafy mountains, so she may evade
 This Trojan marriage, and delay the rites. 490
 "Hail, Bacchus!" now she shrieks; "worthy alone
 Art thou of this fair virgin: she for thee
 Assumes the thyrsus, round thee leads the dance,
 And cherishes her sacred locks for thee!"

The rumor flies and spreads. With one accord, 495
 Fired by the fury's torch, the matrons all
 Desert their homes and seek the new abodes,
 And spread their necks and tresses to the winds.
 And others fill the air with tremulous shrieks,
 All clad in fawn-skins, bearing vine-wreathed spears. 500
 The queen herself a burning pine-wood torch
 Lifts in the midst, and sings the nuptial chant

For Turnus and her daughter, while she rolls
 Her bloodshot eyes; then frowning suddenly:—
 “Ho! dames of Latium, wheresoe'er ye be, 583
 If in your reverent hearts there yet remains
 For sad Amata any loyal love,
 If any pain for a wronged mother's rights,
 Then loose the fillets from your hair: with me
 Begin these orgies.” So through woods and through
 The desert haunts of beasts Allecto drives 584
 The queen, beset and stung on every side
 By goads of Bacchus.

Then when she perceives
 How keenly she had whetted these first stings
 Of rage, and in confusion thrown the house 585
 And counsel of the king, hence borne away
 On dusky wings the sombre goddess flies
 To Turnus' city (built by Danaë,
 'T is said, who with her Argive train was wrecked
 Upon this shore, and called in olden days 586
 Ardea; which great name still lives, though all
 Her glory has departed). Turnus there
 At midnight in his palace chamber slept.
 Allecto lays aside her threatening face
 And shape infernal, changed to an aged crone; 587

Her grim face ploughed with wrinkles, her white
hair

With fillet bound, and wreathed with olive leaves :

Changed into Calybe, a priestess old

Of Juno's temple, she appears before

The youthful warrior, and accosts him thus: —

530

“Canst thou, O Turnus, see these toils of thine

Lavished in vain, thy sceptre pass away

To Dardan colonists? The king denies

To thee thy bride, and dowry bought with blood,

And for his kingdom seeks a foreign heir.

535

Go now, and brave the dangers that can reap

No thanks, but only scorn! Go, and smite down

The Tuscan bands. Protect the Latin race

With peace. The omnipotent Saturnia gives

Command that I this message bear to thee

540

In the still night. Rise then, and, light of heart,

Prepare to arm the youths, and bid them march

Forth from the gates; and slay the Phrygian chiefs

That sit on your fair river-banks, and burn

Their painted ships. Celestial powers command.

545

And let the Latin king, should he refuse

Thy bride, nor keep his promise, know at length

By proof the might of Turnus roused to arms.”

With scornful smile the youth made answer thus : —
“Think not the tidings have escaped my ears, 550
That to the Tiber’s waves a fleet has come ;
Nor feign such terrors: Juno forgets us not.
But thou, good mother, dulled by mould of years,
Worn out in mind and body, thy old age
Broods to no purpose over groundless cares, 555
And ’mid the warlike armaments of kings
Mocks thy prophetic vision with false fears.
’T is thine to tend the images and fanes :
Let men, whose province ’t is, make peace and war.”

These words inflamed Allecto’s soul with wrath. 560
While yet he spoke, a sudden trembling seized
His limbs. His eyes were fixed. So many snakes
Hissed from the Fury’s head, so terrible
Her form appeared. Then, as he strove to rise
And speak, she thrusts him back, rolling her eyes 565
Of glaring flame ; and, lifted from her hair,
Two serpents rear their necks. Her sounding lash
She cracks, and adds these words, with raving lips : —
“Behold me then — me, feeble and outworn
With mould of years — amid the wars of kings 570
Mocked by old age with false and groundless fears !

Look well on me : from my fell sisters' home
I am here, — and war and death are in my hand !”

This said, against the warrior's breast she hurls
Her torch ; with lurid glare it burns and smokes, 575
Fixed in his heart. A dreadful terror breaks
His sleep : great drops of sweat bathe all his limbs.
Wildly he calls for arms ; for arms he seeks
About his chamber, and through all the house,
Maddened with thirst for war, and rage insane. 580
As when beneath a bubbling caldron's ribs
The flames of crackling twigs roar round the sides,
The water swells and leaps with fervid heat,
Till unrestrained it steams above the rim,
And the dense vapor rolls into the air. 585
So, the alliance broken, to his chiefs
He points the way to King Latinus' throne,
And bids them arm, protect the Italian land,
And thrust the invaders out ; that he himself
A match for Trojans and for Latins both, 590
Will come. This said, he calls upon the gods ;
With rival zeal for war the troops are stirred ;
These by their chieftain's youth and beauty moved,
Those by his ancestry or famous deeds.

While Turnus thus with daring courage fills 595
 The Rutuli, upon her Stygian wings
 Allecto moves against the Trojan camp.
 With arts of new device, she espies a place
 Where beautiful Iulus by the shore
 Was hunting the wild beasts with snares and steeds. 600
 A sudden madness on the hounds she cast,
 And touched their nostrils with the well-known scent,
 And fired them with the rage to chase a stag.
 This the first cause of troubles proved, and lit
 The flames of war within the peasants' hearts. 605

This stag was of a lovely form, with large
 Fair antlers; from its mother's udders snatched,
 And reared by Tyrrheus' children, and their sire
 Himself, the keeper of the royal herds,
 And guardian of the fields that stretched around. 610
 His daughter Silvia was wont to deck
 The creature's horns (accustomed to her sway)
 With woven wreaths, and comb its hairy sides,
 And wash it in the stream. Patient beneath
 Her hand, familiar at the household meals, 615
 It roamed the woods, and to the well-known door
 Returned at night, how late soe'er the hour.

Far from its home, Iulus' rabid hounds
 Give chase, as down the grateful stream it floats,
 Or cools its heat upon the verdant bank. 620

Ascanius, kindled with the love of praise,
 Aims from his bow an arrow, and the fates
 Prompt his uncertain hand. With whizzing sound,
 Through flank and bowels flies the shaft. The beast,
 Wounded and bleeding, in the well-known stalls 625

Takes refuge, and as if imploring aid,
 Fills all the house with piteous moans. And first
 Silvia calls loud for help, and claps her hands,
 To summon the rude peasants. Swift they come
 (For hidden in the woods the Fury lurks). 630

One with a charred and sharpened brand is armed,
 One with a knotty club; whate'er they find,
 Rage turns into a weapon. Tyrrheus leaves
 The oaken log which, cleaving into four,
 His driving wedges split, and calls his men, 635
 And, breathing hard, snatches his rustic axe.

The Fury from her watching-places finds
 The hour most fit for mischief. Perched upon
 The summit of the cottage roof, she sounds
 The shepherd's call, and through her crooked horn 640

Pours her Tartarean voice. The woods around
Tremble with fear, and all the forest depths
Resound: far off, the lake of Trivia hears,
And the white waters of the sulphurous Nar,
And fountains of Velinus; while with awe 645
Pale mothers press their children to their breasts.

Then, at the signal of the dreadful horn,
The untamed peasants snatch on every side
Their arms, and rush together; and the youths
Of Troy forth from their open camp pour out 650
To help Ascanius. Battle lines are formed.
Not now with rustic contest of rude clubs
And sharpened stakes the war is waged, but fought
With two-edged steel; and far and wide around
Bristles a deadly crop of naked swords; 655
And brazen armor flashes in the sun,
And glimmers on the clouds: as when the sea
Begins to whiten in the rising wind,
Swells by degrees, and higher still and higher
Mounts from its lowest depths into the sky. 660

Here in the foremost ranks young Almo falls,
The eldest of the sons of Tyrrheus, pierced

By a whizzing arrow. In his throat the wound
 Chokes his soft voice and slender life with blood.
 Many a hero's corpse around there fell : 665
 E'en old Galæsus, striving to make peace ;
 Most just he was, and in Ausonian fields
 Most wealthy once. Five flocks of sheep were his ;
 Five herds of cattle back from pasture came ;
 And with a hundred ploughs he turned his soil. 670

While yet with equal arms the war is waged,
 The Fury, having done her promised task,
 And with the opening battle steeped the field
 Of war in blood and slaughter, leaves behind
 Hesperia, and victorious turns her course 675
 Through ether, and addresses Juno thus,
 With haughty voice: "Behold, thy work achieved
 For thee, in discord and disastrous war!
 Now bid them join in friendly truce and league,
 While with Ausonian blood the Trojans reek! 680
 This also will I add; if such thy will,
 With rumors I will rouse the neighboring towns,
 And fill their souls with maddening thirst for war,
 So they may flock from every side with aid.
 I'll strew their fields with arms." Then Juno thus 685

Replied: "Enough of terrors and of frauds.
 The causes of the war stand firmly fixed.
 Now hand to hand they fight. The arms which first
 By chance were given, are steeped in fresh blood now.
 Such be the bridals, such the nuptial rites 693
 That they shall celebrate, — this wondrous son
 Of Venus, and the Latin king. But thou, —
 The Olympian Ruler wills no farther flight
 Of thine through these ethereal regions. Hence!
 I, if the future brings more tasks, will guide 695
 The affairs myself." Thus spoke Saturnia.
 The fiend then spread her hissing serpent wings,
 And left the skies, and sought the infernal shades.

Midway in Italy there is a place
 Beneath high mountains, famed in many lands, 700
 The valley of Amsanctus, girt around
 With shadowy woods. A torrent in the midst
 With crooked course brawls o'er the sounding rocks.
 Here frowns an awful cave, the breathing hole
 Of Dis, a gulf that opes pestiferous jaws, 705
 And yawns on Acheron abrupt. Here down
 The Fury plunges, and relieves the heavens and earth
 Of her detested presence. ✓

None the less

Meanwhile, Saturnia completes the war
Begun. The peasants from the battle-field 710
Into the city rush, and bear the dead;
Young Almo, and the gashed and bloody face
Of old Galæsus. They implore the gods,
And call the king to witness. ✕ Turnus comes,
And in the midst of the accusing crowd 715
Doubles their dread of slaughter and of flames;
Cries that the Trojans, mixing Phrygian blood
With theirs, are called to lord it, — he thrust out.
Then they whose mothers, fired by Bacchus, leap
And dance through pathless woods (Amata's name 720
Is no slight spell), assemble from all sides,
Importunate for war. These all forthwith,
Spite of all omens and the fates divine,
Demand this dreadful war, and crowd around
The palace of the king. He, like a rock 725
That stands unmoved amid the sea, resists;
Like a sea-rock amid the loud uproar
Of barking waves around, the surging foam
And sea-weed slipping from its rugged sides.
But when no power avails to overcome 730
Blind counsels, and all moves at Juno's nod,
The royal father having called full oft

The gods to witness, and the empty winds ;
 "Alas," he cries, "we are broken by the fates,
 And driven by the storm. O wretched men !
 With your own sacrilegious blood, these deeds
 Shall be atoned. For thee, O Turnus, thee,
 The impious cause of war, dire punishment
 Remains in store. Too late unto the gods
 Thy prayers and vows shall rise. For me, my rest
 Is all prepared. My haven is at hand ;
 Robbed only of a calm and happy death."
 He said no more, but shut himself within
 His house, and left all guidance of the state.

Hesperian Latium had a custom, long
 Held sacred by the Albans, and by Rome,
 The mistress of the world, adopted now,
 Whene'er they move to war : whether against
 The Getæ they press on in battle grim,
 Or the Arabs, or Hyrcanians, or pursue
 Their way toward India and the morning star,
 To win their standards back from Parthian hordes.
 There are two gates of War, so called of old,
 Sacred by long religious awe, and fear
 Of Mars ; shut with a hundred brazen bolts,

And iron bars of ever-during strength.
Janus their keeper ne'er deserts his post.
Here, when the sentence of the chiefs is war,
The consul, robed in state, in Gabine mode,
Himself unlocks the grating gates, and calls 760
To arms; the warriors all repeat the cry,
And brazen horns mingle with hoarse assent.
Even so they urged Latinus to proclaim
War 'gainst the Trojans, and the dreadful gates
Unbar. But from this touch he shrank averse, 765
And shunned the hated task, and hid himself
In darkness. Then the queen of gods, herself
Descending from the skies, the unwilling gates
Pushed with her hand, and turned the hinges back,
And open burst the iron gates of war. 770

Now all Ausonia burns, that slept before
Calm and unmoved. Some take the field afoot;
Some, mounted on tall steeds, through clouds of dust
Spur by in furious haste. All seek for arms.
Others their bucklers and their javelins cleanse 775
With unctuous lard, and grind the battle-axe,
And take delight to see the standards spread,
And hear the trumpet's blare. Five cities large

Their anvils bring, and whet their steel anew, —
 Atina, Ardea, and Tibur proud, 785
 Crustumium, and Antemnæ turret-crowned.
 Some forge strong helmets, and bend willow wands
 For shields; while others hammer corselets out
 Of brass, or silver greaves. To this must yield
 All love and honor of the plough and scythe; 785
 And e'en their fathers' swords are wrought anew.
 And now the trumpet sounds, the password runs;
 One snatches down his helmet from his walls;
 Another harnesses his restive steeds,
 And dons his shield and triple-twisted mail, 795
 And girds his faithful sword upon his side.

Now, Muses, open wide your Helicon,
 And wake the song, — what kings were roused to war;
 Who led, who followed to the battle-field;
 What heroes in those early days gave fame 795
 To Italy, and with what arms is blazed.
 For you, O goddesses, remember all,
 And can recount. Feebly the breath of fame
 From those far days comes whispering in our ears.

First to the war from Tyrrhene shores goes forth 805

Mezentius, fierce contemner of the gods,
His bands arrayed in arms. Next Lausus goes,
His son, for manly beauty unsurpassed
By all save Turnus; Lausus, who could tame
The mettled steed, and fell the forest beast,
Down from the city of Agylla leads
In vain a thousand warriors. Happier he
Had been beneath paternal rule more just,
Or had Mezentius never been his sire.

805

Fair Aventinus next, Alcides' son,
Drives o'er the field his car that won the palm,
And his victorious steeds: Upon his shield
The emblem of his mighty sire he bears,
A Hydra cinctured with a hundred snakes.
'T was he the priestess Rhea in the woods
Of Aventine brought forth in secret birth, —
The woman mingling with the god; what time
The great Tiryntian conqueror touched the shores
Of Latium, Geryon being slain, and bathed
In Tyrrhene waters his Iberian herds.
For arms, his soldiers bear long pikes and spears
And tapering swords and Sabine darts; while he
Himself, on foot, clothed in a lion's skin

810

815

820

With grim and shaggy fur, the white teeth worn
About his head, strides through his royal halls 825
In the rough garb of Hercules his sire.

Then two twin brothers come from Tibur's walls
(Named from Tiburtus, brother to these twain), —
Catillus and bold Coras, Argive youths ;
In the front ranks and through the thick-set spears 830
They sweep : as when from the high mountain-tops
Of Homole or snowy Othrys rush
Two cloud-born Centaurs with impetuous leaps ;
And as they thunder down, the dense woods yield,
And the loud-crashing underwoods give way. 835

Nor did Præneste's founder fail to come,
Cæculus, held by every age to be
The kingly son of Vulcan, born among
The rural herds, and found amid the fire.
A band of rustics from around attend 840
His steps ; they who in steep Præneste dwell,
Or Gabian Juno's fields, or on the banks
Of the cool Anio, or the spray-wet rocks
Of Hernic streams ; and they whose pasturage
Fertile Anagnia yields, or Amasene. 845
Not all are armed ; nor shields nor rattling cars

Are theirs : but some sling balls of lead, and some
 Carry two spears ; and tawny wolf-skin caps
 They wear : the left foot naked on the ground,
 And on the right a sandal of raw hide.

850

Messapus next, steed-tamer, Neptune's son,
 Invincible by fire or steel, calls forth
 His sluggish tribes and bands unused to war,
 And draws his sword again. With him appear
 Fescennian and Faliscan troops, and those
 Who hold Soracte's steps, and dwell amid
 Flavianian fields, or on Ciminus' mount
 And lake, and in Capena's woods. These all
 Move on in equal ranks, and praise their king
 With songs : as when a flock of snowy swans,
 Winging their way through clouds, returning home
 From seeking food, sonorous strains are heard
 From their long throats ; the river echoes back,
 And far and wide the Asian marshes ring.
 None would have thought that from a troop like
 theirs
 Could cluster these battalions clad in brass ;
 But rather that some airy cloud of cranes
 With clamors hoarse were flying from the sea.

855

860

865

Lo, Clausus, born of ancient Sabine blood,
Leads on a mighty host, himself a host ; 875
From whom the Claudian family derived
Its name, diffused through Latium, since the state
Of Rome was shared with Sabines. Leagued with
him

A mighty Amiternian cohort comes,
And they of ancient Cures : bands that hold 875
Eretum, and Mutusca's olive groves ;
All those who in Nomentum's city dwell,
Or on Velinus' dewy fields ; and they
From Tetrica's rough rocks, and from the sides
Of Mount Severus, and Casperia, 885
And Foruli, and from Himella's stream ;
They who the Tiber drink, and Fabaris ;
Whom frigid Nursia, and whom Horta sends ;
And tribes from Latium ; also those who dwell
Where Allia's ill-omened waves divide 885
Their lands. All these come thronging thick and fast
As rolling waves of Lybian seas, what time
The fierce Orion in the wintry floods
Has set, or as the dense and bearded crops
That burn in summer suns upon the plains 890
Of Hermus, or the yellow Lycian fields.

With ringing shields they march. Beneath their tread
The earth is startled.

Next Halesus comes,

Of Agamemnon's line, a foe to all
Of Trojan name. He to his chariot yokes 895
His steeds, and hurries on for Turnus' aid
A thousand men of aspects fierce and rough;
They who the fertile Massic soil upturn,
And plant with vines; and those who from their hills
The Auruncan fathers sent, and neighboring fields 900
Of Sidicina; those who Cales left;
And dwellers by Volturnus' shallow stream;
And rough Saticulan and Oscan bands:
These carry tapering darts, with pliant straps
Defly adjoined; the left arm bears a shield; 905
Their swords are crooked, for close combat shaped.

Nor, Œbalus, shalt thou depart unsung,
Whom a Sebethian nymph to Telon bore,
'T is said, when he the Teleboan isle
Caprea ruled, an aged king. His son 910
Disdained his father's land, and wide around
Extended o'er Sarrastes' tribes his sway,
And shores by Sarnus watered; they who hold

Batulum, Rufraë, and Celenna's fields;
And they on whom Abella's fruit-trees look. 915
These in Teutonic fashion hurl their spears,
With caps of cork-tree bark upon their heads,
And shine with brazen shields and brazen swords.

Thee too the mountain steeps of Nursæ sent
To battle, Ufens, fortunate and famed 920
In arms, born of the rugged Æquian race,
Who hunt through woods, and clothed in armor, till
The stubborn glebe, and whose delight it is
To live by plunder and perpetual spoil.

Then came a priest of the Marruvian race, — 925
A wreath of fertile olive decked his helm, —
Strong Umbro, sent by King Archippus; he
With hand and voice knew how to lull to sleep
The serpent tribe, the poison-breathing snakes,
And soothed their rage, and cured with skill their bite. 930
But not against the Dardan spear that pierced
His breast did all his medicines avail;
Nor did his sleepy incantations help
His wounds, nor herbs culled on the Marsian hills.
For thee the Anguitian woods shall mourn; for thee 935
The Fucine wave, and all the liquid lakes.

Next Virbius came, Hippolytus' fair son,
 Whom, famed for arms, his mother Aricia sent ;
 Reared in Egeria's grove, and marshy shores,
 Where Dian's rich and easy altar stands. 940
 For, as the legend goes, Hippolytus,
 By his step-mother's artifices slain,
 Dragged by his frightened steeds, to appease the wrath
 Of his own father, to the upper air
 And the ethereal stars came back once more, 945
 Revived by Pæon's herbs and Dian's love.
 Then the almighty father, wroth that one
 Of mortal mould should rise again to life,
 Hurl'd the divine inventor of such art
 Medicinal down with lightnings to the gloom 950
 Of Stygian shades. But tender Trivia hid
 Hippolytus, and to the Egerian nymph
 Confided him, to pass his humble life
 Amid the lonely woods of Italy,
 And change his name to Virbius. Thence it comes, 955
 That from Diana's temple and her groves
 They drive away the horn-hoofed horses, since
 They, frightened by the monsters of the sea,
 Dashed on the shore the chariot and the youth.
 But none the less, his son trains for the field 960
 His mettled steeds, and drives them to the war.

With noble form, o'ertopping by a head
The rest, comes 'Turnus, armed, among the first:
His lofty helmet crowned with triple crest
Bears a Chimæra breathing from its jaws 965
Ætnean fire; more baleful rage the flames
The more the battle waxes hot, and blood
Is poured. In glittering gold upon his shield —
A memorable theme — is wrought the form
Of Io, now a heifer, overgrown 970
With bristly hair, and with her horns erect,
And Argus watching her, and Inachus
Pouring a river from his sculptured urn.

Then comes a cloud of followers on foot;
And over all the plain the bucklered hosts 975
Grow thick; the Argive youths, the Auruncan bands,
Rutulians, and Sicanian veterans,
And armed Sacranians, and Labici come,
With painted shields; all those who till thy fields,
O Tiber, and Numicius' sacred shore, 980
Or drive the ploughshare through Rutulian hills,
And the Circean promontory; those
Whose meadows Jupiter of Anxur guards,
Whose verdant groves Feronia consecrates,

Where spreads the gloomy marsh of Satura,
And the cool Ufens through the valleys seeks
Its winding course, and pours into the sea.

985

Last comes Camilla, of the Volscian race,
Leading a band of riders to the field
In brazen armor clad, a warrior queen :
Her hands unused to ply Minerva's work
Of spindle and of household broidery ;
A virgin she, inured to toils of war,
And could outstrip the fleet winds in their course ;
Could fly above the fields of grain, and leave
The stalks untouched, nor harm the tender ears ;
Or skim the swelling billows of the sea,
Her rapid feet unwet. Forth from their homes
And fields the warrior youths and matrons crowd
In wondering amaze to see her move ;
To see how royally the purple veils
Her polished shoulders, how with golden clasp
Her hair is bound, her Lycian quiver borne,
And, tipped with steel, her pastoral myrtle spear.

990

995

1000

BOOK VIII.

AS soon as Turnus from Laurentum's tower
Had raised aloft the signal for the war,
And the hoarse horns had blown; when he had roused
The mettled steeds, and urged the troops to arms;
Sudden, with one accord, all Latium joins 5
Tumultuous, and the youths with fury rage.
Messapus, Ufens, and Mezentius too,
Contemner of the gods, lead on their hosts,
And levy troops, and strip the broad fields bare
Of laborers. Also Venulus is sent 10
To Diomedes' city, seeking help,
And telling how the Trojans gain firm hold
In Latium, with Æneas and his fleet
And household gods, demanding to be called
Their king by fate's decree, while many tribes 15
Flock to the Dardan hero, whose renown
Is spreading far and wide through all the land.
What in these plans he aims at, what event

Of war desires, should fortune favor him,
More manifest appears to Diomed 20
Than to Prince Turnus, or the Latin king.

So pass affairs in Latium. These events
The Trojan hero sees, and fluctuates
On a great tide of anxious cares; now here,
Now there dividing his swift thoughts; his mind 25
Whirled to and fro, in everything unfixed;
As when within a vase with brazen rims
The tremulous light upon the water falls,
Caught from the sun, or from the radiant moon,
Glancing around on every place, and now 30
Darts upward, and the fretted ceiling strikes.

'T was night: on all the weary life of earth,
On man, and birds, and flocks, deep sleep had fallen;
When on the river-bank Æneas throws
His limbs, beneath the cool and open sky, 35
His breast disturbed with gloomy thoughts of war,
As slowly o'er his frame his late rest steals.
Then, through the poplar leaves, the god who ruled
The spot, old Tiberinus, from his calm
And pleasant river-bed was seen to rise. 40

A sea-green vapory robe his figure veiled,
And shadowy reeds were woven round his hair.
He with these words dispelled the hero's cares : —

“Son of a race divine, who bringest back
To us the Trojan city, from the midst 45
Of foes, and guardest the eternal name
Of Pergamus ; O long-expected here
On the Laurentian soil and Latin fields !
Thy home, thy household gods are here assured.
Desist not thou, nor fear the threats of war. 50
The anger of the gods has passed away.
Even now, lest to thy mind these things should seem
Sleep's idle fancies, on the shore thou 'lt find
A huge sow underneath the ilex-trees,
White, on the ground, with thirty sucking young 55
Of the same color, clustered round her teats.
Here shall thy city be, thy rest from toils.
Thence, when the rounds of thirty years are full,
Ascanius shall the illustrious city found
Of Alba. No uncertain thing is this 60
I prophesy. Now in what way thou mayst
Achieve victoriously what presses most,
Briefly I will unfold. Upon these shores

The Arcadians, a race from Pallas born,
 Followers of King Evander, chose a spot, 65
 And built a city on a rising hill,
 Called Pallanteum, from their ancestor.
 These with the Latin race wage ceaseless war.
 Take them for friends, and make a league with them.
 I, by my channel and my river-banks, 70
 Will lead thee on, that thou mayst glide along
 Against the opposing current with thine oars.
 Up then, O goddess-born! and while the stars
 Of early dawn are setting, offer prayers
 To Juno; overcome her wrath and threats 75
 With suppliant vows. To me, when victory smiles,
 Thou shalt give honors due. 'T is I whom thou
 Behold'st, laving the banks with swelling flood,
 And flowing through the fertile harvest fields, —
 Cerulean Tiber, river most beloved 80
 By heaven. My spacious home is here; and here
 The crown of lofty cities shall arise."

He said; and in the deepest river-bed
 Sank down and hid: while from Æneas' eyes
 Night and sleep vanished. Up he rose, and saw 85
 The Orient splendor of the heavenly Sun;

And scooped the water in his hollowed hands,
 With due observance: then poured forth these words: —

“Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, from whom the
 streams

Are born; and thou, O father Tiber, known 90

In these thy sacred waters; O receive
 Æneas, and at last from perils guard him.

In whatsoever fount thy waters hold
 Thy presence, pitying this hard lot of ours,

From whatsoever spot thou issuest forth 95

In beauty, thee with honors and with gifts
 I will forever praise. O hornèd River,

Thou sovereign ruler of Hesperian waves,
 Be near, and seal the promise thou hast given!”

So saying, two ships with double tiers, and oars 100

Well fitted, he selects, and arms the crews.

But lo! a sudden marvel greets their eyes.

A sow, surrounded by her young, all white,
 Stretched on the shore, is seen, among the trees.

Æneas to the altar takes them all, 105

A sacrifice, great Juno, even to thee.

All through that night the Tiber calmed his flood,

And, ebbing backward, stood with tranquil waves,
 Smoothing its surface like a placid lake,
 That without struggling oars the ships might glide. 110
 So on their way they speed with joyous shouts.
 Along the waters slip the well-tarred keels;
 The waves with wonder gaze, and from afar
 The woods, unused to such a sight, admire
 Upon the stream the heroes' glittering shields 115
 And painted vessels. Night and day their oars
 They ply, pass the long bending river's curves;
 And through green shades of overhanging trees
 They pierce, along the tranquil waters borne.
 The fiery sun had reached his noonday height, 120
 When from afar they see a citadel,
 And walls, and scattered houses here and there;
 Which now Rome matches with the skies, but then
 Evander's small and humble town. Then swift
 They turn their prows, and near the city's walls. 125

By chance, upon that day, the Arcadian king
 Was offering solemn rites of sacrifice
 To great Amphitryon's son, and to the gods,
 Before the city, in a sacred grove:
 Pallas, his son, with him, and all the youths 130

Of rank, and senators of humble state;
 With fumes of incense, and with tepid blood
 Of sacrifice, the altars smoked. But when
 They saw the tall ships through the shadowy trees
 Approach with gliding pace and silent oars, 135
 The sudden vision startles them: they rise
 And leave the feast. Bold Pallas then forbids
 That they should thus break off their solemn feast;
 And snatching up a javelin, he flies
 To meet the strangers. On a rising ground 140
 He stands, and from a distance hails them thus: —
 “Ho, warriors! What cause has brought you here
 On ways untried? And whither do ye go?
 Your race? Your country? Bring ye peace or war?”
 Æneas then, a peaceful olive-branch 145
 Extending, thus made answer from his ship: —
 “Trojans thou seest, with arms that war against
 The Latins. Driven out by them, in war,
 To Evander we have come. Deliver this,
 And say to him, the chosen Dardan chiefs 150
 Have come to ask a friendly league in arms.”
 Amazed stood Pallas at so great a name.
 “Whoever you may be, O come,” he cries;
 “And with my father speak; and be our guests

Beside our household gods." With cordial grasp 155
 He took the hero's hand, and both advanced,
 Leaving the river, and wended through the grove.

Then to the king Æneas speaks, with words
 Of friendly tone: "Best of the Grecian race,
 Whom fortune bids me supplicate for aid, 160
 With peaceful olive-branches fillet-wreathed:
 I had no fears, indeed, because thou wast
 Arcadian, and a leader of the Greeks,
 And by thy birth allied to Atreus' sons.
 But my own conscious worth, and oracles 165
 Divine, our ancestors akin by blood,
 And thy wide fame, have moved me to ally
 Myself with thee, urged by the fates to come,
 Yet of myself so willed. For Dardanus,
 Founder and father of the Ilian state, 170
 Son of Electra, — so the Grecians say, —
 Came to the Trojan people: she was born
 Of mighty Atlas, who sustains the orbs
 Of heaven upon his shoulders. Mercury
 Your father is, whom the white Maia bore 175
 On cold Cyllene's top. But Maia too,
 If we may credit what we hear, was born

Of that same Atlas who supports the stars.
Thus from one blood the race of each divides.
With this reliance, no ambassadors 180
I have sent, nor tried thee first with cunning arts.
I, I myself have risked my life, and come
With my petition to thy royal court.
This Daunian race that wages war on thee,
If us they expel, believe that naught they lack, 185
But all Hesperia falls beneath their yoke,
And all the upper and the lower sea.
Then let us give and take in friendly faith.
Strong hearts we have for war, courageous souls,
And warriors tried in action."

Thus he spoke. 190

The king had long scanned well the speaker's face,
His eyes, and his whole form : then thus replied : —
"How joyfully do I receive and greet thee,
Bravest of Trojans ; and how I recall
Thy sire Anchises' words, and tones, and face ! 195
For I remember that when Priam came
Seeking his sister's realm, and Salamis,
He journeyed to Arcadia's frigid bounds.
With the first down of youth my cheeks then bloomed ;
I gazed, admiring, on the Trojan chiefs ;

On Priam gazed, Laomedon's great son ;
 But loftier than them all, Anchises stood.
 My youthful heart was all aflame with zeal
 To meet the hero, and to grasp his hand.
 I approached him, and we met ; and eagerly 205
 To Pheneus I brought him. He to me,
 When leaving, gave a wondrous quiver, filled
 With Lycian arrows, and a cloak with gold
 Inwoven, and a pair of golden reins,
 Which now my Pallas keeps. So then, the hand 210
 Thou seek'st, of friendly league, I give ; and when
 To-morrow's sun shall rise, thou shalt depart
 Gladdened with aid of warriors and supplies.
 Meanwhile, since ye have hither come as friends,
 Celebrate now with us these annual rites 215
 Of ours, we are forbidden to defer,
 And to our tables come as welcome guests."

This said, he bids the interrupted feast
 Be served again, and cups replaced. Himself
 He leads the heroes to their grassy seats : 220
 And first, Æneas to a maple throne
 Invites, with shaggy lion's skin o'erspread.
 With rival zeal the attendants and the priest

Bring roasted flesh of bulls, and baskets heaped
With bread, and pour the wine. Æneas then, 235
And all the Trojans, feast upon the chine
And entrails of the sacrificial ox.

—
Their hunger now appeased, Evander speaks : —
“ These solemn forms, this customary feast,
This sacred altar, are on us imposed 237
By no vain superstition, ignorant
Of the ancient gods. O Trojan guest, these rites
We observe, because preserved from dangers dire,
Renewing thus the honors that are due.
First look upon yon craggy pile, on stones 239
Suspended ; scattered far and wide, the rocks
Are strewn ; how lonely and deserted stands
That mountain-fortress ; with what ruin wild
The cliffs are dragged and toppled from above !
That was the cave hewn in a vast recess 241
Where dwelt the terrible half-human form
Of Cacus ; where no sunbeams found their way ;
And ever with fresh slaughter smoked the ground.
On the proud portals fixed hung heads of men,
Pallid and ghastly in their clotted gore. 243
This monster’s sire was Vulcan ; his the flames

And smoke that issued from his mouth. His boast
Was in his mighty bulk. But time at length
Brought aid long wished, and the advent of a god.
Alcides came, the great avenger, proud 250
From triple Geryon's slaughter and his spoils,
And hither drove his captured bulls, which filled
The river and the vale. But Cacus, fired
With fury, left untried no stratagem
Or crime; took from their stalls four comely bulls, 255
And heifers four, of beauty unsurpassed;
And, lest their hoof-prints should betray the theft,
He dragged them backwards, with the tracks reversed,
And hid them in his gloomy cave. No signs
The seeker found to lead him to the place. 260
Meanwhile, when now Amphitryon's son prepared
To move his full-fed herd, and to depart,
The cattle, as they left, began to low,
And filled the woods and hills with their complaints.
When, from the cave, one of the cows returned 265
The sound; and thus, though guarded close, betrayed
The hope of Cacus. Burning then with rage,
Alcides seized his arms and knotted club,
And gained the mountain's summit. Cacus then
For the first time was seen to shrink and quail, 270

With troubled eyes ; and swifter than the wind
He fled to his cave. Fear to his feet gave wings.
Then, having entered his retreat, he broke
The chains, and dropped the enormous stone that hung
Suspended by his father's skill in iron, 275
And with the heavy mass his doorway blocked.
But lo! the enraged Tiryinthian god was there ;
His eye searched all about through every part
To find an entrance, while he gnashed his teeth
With rage. Thrice round the Aventine he searched, 285
With burning wrath. Thrice he essayed the door
Of rock in vain, and thrice sat down to rest.
There stood a sharp crag on the cavern's ridge,
With steep-cut sides and towering height, the abode
Of fierce, ill-omened birds. This, as it hung 285
Above the river, bearing full against
Its sides, he shook, and loosed it from its base.
With sudden crash it falls, and the wide air
Resounds ; the river-banks asunder leap ;
Back rush the frightened waters : and the cave 295
Of Cacus stands revealed, with all its vast
And gloomy rooms. As though by some great shock
The earth should to its very centre yawn,
And all the infernal world and pallid realms

Hateful to gods disclosed, and from above 295
The drear abyss unbared, within whose deeps
The trembling ghosts shrink from the light let in ;
So, caught amid the unexpected glare
Of sudden daylight, prisoned in his cave,
With strange and hideous voice the monster roars. 300
Alcides from above comes pressing on
With all his arms, and with huge stones and clubs
Assails him fast. But, wonderful to tell,
He, seeing no escape, pours from his throat
Great clouds of smoke, that naught can be discerned, 305
And from the bottom of the cave rolls up
A smoky night of mingled gloom and fire.
But this Alcides suffered not ; enraged,
With headlong leap he plunges through the flames,
There where the smoke ascends in thickest waves, 310
And the huge cave with blackest vapor boils.
Here Cacus in the darkness breathing fires
In vain, he seizes, grasping like a knot
His limbs, and clinging, throttles him, until
His eyes start from their sockets, and his throat 315
Is drained of blood. Then open wide, the doors
Wrenched off, the gloomy den is seen, and shows
The stolen kine and plunder he forswore.

Forth by the feet the hideous corpse is dragged.
The peasants gaze insatiate on the face 329
And dreadful eyes, and on the hairy breast,
And the fell throat with its extinguished fires.
Since then, we pay the hero honors due,
And joyfully observe this sacred day ;
Potitius first, and the Pinarian line, 331
The guardian of these rites of Hercules,
Built in the grove this altar, which we call
Our Greatest, and this name shall ever bear.
Wherefore, O warriors, wreath your hair with leaves,
In honor of this deed ; reach forth your cups ; 337
Invoke the god, whose name both you and we
Revere, and willingly pour out the wine.”
Thus having spoken, with the sacred leaves
Of double-tinted poplar he enwreathed
His hair, from which the hanging garlands drooped ; 338
And in his right hand grasped the sacred cup.
Then joyfully the warriors pour the wine
Upon the table, and adore the gods.

Meanwhile the sinking sun brought evening near.
And now the priests, Potitius leading them, 34
Came clad in customary garb of skins,

And bearing torches, and prepare to lay
 The grateful offerings of the evening feast,
 And heap the altars with the loaded plates.
 And round about the sacrificial fires 345
 The Salians sing, their brows with poplar crowned ;
 One band of youths, another of old men ;
 The praises and the deeds of Hercules
 They chant : — how when a babe he grasped and crushed
 The serpents his step-mother Juno sent ; 350
 How he in war great cities overthrew,
 Troy, and Æchalia ; how a thousand tasks
 Of stern emprise, by King Eurystheus'
 Command, and hostile Juno's, he achieved.
 "Thou, O unconquered one, thou didst subdue 355
 The cloud-born Centaur shapes, the double-formed,
 Hylæus and Pholus ; and the Cretan boar ;
 And the huge lion 'neath the Nemean rocks.
 Before thee shuddering shrank the Stygian lake.
 At thy approach the keeper of the gates 360
 Of Orcus trembled, crouching o'er his heaps
 Of half-gnawed bones within his bloody den.
 No dreadful shapes appalled thee : not Typhæus
 Himself, of towering height, and wielding arms.
 Nor could the Hydra's swarm of serpent heads 365

Surprise thee unprepared. Hail, thou true son
Of Jove, who addest glory to the gods!
Be with us, and thy favoring presence deign!"
So with their hymns they sing and celebrate
The hero's deeds; and Cacus breathing fire, 372
And his grim cave, they add. The wood resounds
And the hills echo back the ringing notes.

And now their sacred rites performed, they all
Turn to the city. Burdened with old age
The king moves onward, keeping at his side 375
Æneas, and his son, and cheers the way
With various discourse; while all around
The hero, admiring, turns his mobile eyes,
And, pleased, inquires, and hears the records told
Of each memorial of the men of old. 380

Evander then, Rome's earliest founder, spoke: —
"These groves were once by native Fauns and Nymphs
Inhabited, and men who took their birth
From tough oak-trunks. No settled mode of life
Had they, nor culture; nor knew how to yoke 385
Their steers, or heap up wealth, or use their stores
With frugal hands; but the rough chase supplied
Their food, or boughs of trees. Then Saturn came

From high Olympus, fleeing before Jove,
 An exile from the kingdoms he had lost. 390
 This stubborn race through mountain wilds dispersed
 He brought together, and to them gave laws ;
 And called the region Latium, since he had lurked
 In safety on its shores. Beneath his reign
 The golden age, so called, was seen. In peace 395
 He ruled his people ; till by gradual steps
 There came a faded and degenerate age,
 And love of war succeeded, and of gain.
 Then came Ausonians and Sicilians ;
 And oft the name Saturnia was changed. 400
 Then kings succeeded, and the form immense
 Of rugged Thybris, from whom came the name
 Tiber ; while that of Albula was lost.
 Me, from my country driven to lands remote,
 Chance and inevitable fate have placed 405
 Upon these shores ; the nymph Carmentis too,
 My mother, urging me with warnings dread,
 And great Apollo who first prompted me."

Then moving onward, he an altar shows,
 And gate, which now the name Carmental bears 410
 In Rome ; an old revered memorial

Of the prophetic nymph who first foretold
The future heroes of Æneas' line,
And noble Pallanteum; next, the grove
Points out, which Romulus the Asylum named; 415
Then the Lupercal cool beneath the rocks,
Named after Pan, by old Arcadian wont;
And Argiletum's grove he shows, and tells
Of Argus' death, his guest; and calls the spot
To witness, he was guiltless of the deed. 420
Then on to the Tarpeian rock he leads
The way, and to the Capitol, now decked
With gold, then rough with bushes wild.
E'en then the dark religion of the place
Haunted the timorous peasants with vague fears. 425
"Within this grove, upon this wooded hill,"
He said, "some deity his dwelling made;
But who or what, none knows. The Arcadians
Think they have seen great Jove himself, when oft
With his right hand he shook his darkening shield, 430
And called his clouds around him. Yon two towns
With ruined walls thou seest, the relics old
And monuments of ancient days: this one
Was reared by Janus, that by Saturn built;
Saturnia and Janiculum their names." 435

With such discourse they approached the dwelling-place
 Of poor Evander : here and there his herds
 Were lowing in the places where now stand
 The Roman Forum, and Carinæ's pride.

Reaching the house, — “ Alcides once,” he said, 440
 “ Fresh from his conquests, passed into these halls.

Thou also, O my guest, dare to despise
 The pomp of wealth, and make thy soul's desires
 Worthy of such high deity ; nor come
 Disdaining our small means and humble state.” 445

Saying this, beneath his narrow roof he led
 The great Æneas, and upon a couch
 Of leaves, with Lybian bearskin overspread,
 He placed his guest. The night comes on apace,
 And folds the earth around with dusky wings. 450

/

But Venus, her maternal love alarmed
 By the Laurentian threats and tumult wild,
 To Vulcan, in their golden chamber, speaks,
 And in her utterance breathes a love divine : —
 “ While Grecian kings were devastating Troy, 455
 Whose falling towers were doomed by fate to flames,
 I asked for those unhappy ones no help
 From thee, nor armor of thy skill and power ;

Nor thee, dear husband, did I wish to employ
In fruitless labors, though I owed so much 460
To Priam's sons, and often wept to see
The cruel sufferings of Æneas. Now,
On the Rutulian shores, by Jove's command,
He plants his feet. Therefore I suppliant come,
And of thy power divine, which I revere, 465
I ask for arms, — a mother for a son.
Thou to Nereus' daughter once didst yield,
And thee Tithonus' spouse with tears did move.
Behold, what tribes combine, what strong-barred gates
And ramparts frown against me, to destroy 470
My chosen ones!" So saying, her snow-white arms
She winds about her hesitating lord,
And fondles him with soft embrace. He soon
Melts in the well-known flame, and through his nerves
And limbs the penetrating passion thrills: 475
As when the fiery rifts of lightning run
With thunder-peals across the gleaming clouds.
She, conscious of her charms, perceives with joy
The spell her beauty and her wiles have wrought.
Enthralled by his undying love, the sire 480
Then speaks: "Why seek so far thy argument?
Why should thy faith in me, O queen divine,

Grow less? Had such been thy desire, e'en Troy
 I might have helped with arms; nor mighty Jove
 Nor fate forbidding her proud walls to stand; 485
 And ten more years to Priam's life have given.
 And now, if thou preparest war, — thy will
 So fixed, — whatever lies within my art,
 Of labor or of skill, in molten gold
 And silver, or in steel, through fire, and breath 490
 Of winds, I promise thee. Cease then by prayers
 To put thy strength in doubt." He said, and pressed
 With fond embrace his spouse, and sank to sleep.

Then, when the night had passed her middle course,
 And sleep given way to rest, what time the wife, 495
 Compelled to labor at the meagre loom
 And distaff, to sustain her life, revives
 The smouldering coals and ashes on her hearth,
 And adds the night unto her daily toil;
 And by the firelight sets her maids their tasks; 500
 So she may keep a chaste bed for her spouse,
 And rear her little ones: so at that hour
 The potent fire-god, not less slack, awakes
 From his soft couch, and plies his wonted work.

Near Sicily and Æolian Lipari ✓

505

An island rises steep, with smoking rocks.

Beneath, by huge Cyclopean forges scooped

And eaten out, the vast Ætnean caves

Thunder, and mighty anvil strokes are heard ;

And all the caverns roar and hiss, with blasts

510

Of fiery steel, from panting furnaces.

The abode of Vulcan this, lending its name

To the surrounding soil. Here from on high

The fire-god lights. Below, the Cyclops toil

Over their forges ; Brontes, Steropes,

515

And naked-limbed Pyracmon. In their hands

A thunderbolt, half polished, half unshaped

(Many of these the father sends from heaven

Upon the earth) : three shafts they had added now,

Of hail, three of dark rainy cloud, three more

520

Of flashing-fire, and three of stormy wind.

Now with their work they mingled noise and fear,

And fierce terrific glare, and wrath, with wild

Pursuing flames. Elsewhere with urgent hands

They forge for Mars the car and flying wheels

525

With which he rouses men and towns to war.

Also the angry Pallas' arms are wrought ;

The terrible Ægis bright with serpent scales

And gold; the Gorgon worn upon her breast,
 With twisted snakes, and head lopped off, whose eyes 530
 Still turn and glare. "Away with all of this,"
 He cries, "Ætnean Cyclops! Lay aside
 These tasks begun, and hither turn your thoughts.
 Arms for a valiant hero must be made.
 Your strength, your swift hands, and your finest art 535
 Are needed now. Haste then!" No more he said.
 They all bend swiftly to their work, and share
 Their tasks alike. The copper and the gold
 Then flow in streams; and in the furnace melts
 The deadly steel. A mighty shield they forge, 540
 Proof in itself against all Latium's darts.
 With orbèd plates on plates in sevenfold strength
 They weld it. Some at the windy bellows work;
 Some plunge the hissing copper in the trough.
 The cavern groans with anvils. Up and down 545
 With ringing blows and measured time they strike,
 And turn the masses with the pincers' grip.

While 'mid the Æolian rocks the Lemnian sire
 Thus speeds his work, the tender light of dawn
 And songs of early birds beneath the roof 550
 Waken Evander from his humble couch.

Up rises the old king, and dons his robe,
 And binds the Tuscan sandals on his feet,
 And girds about him his Arcadian sword.
 From his left shoulder hangs a leopard's skin. 555

Two watch-dogs from the threshold run before
 Their master's steps. He, mindful of his words
 And promise, seeks the chamber of his guest,
 For private conference. Æneas too
 Rose at an early hour. Pallas his son 560

Comes with the king, Achates with the chief.
 They meet, join hands, and, sitting down, they talk
 In unrestrained discourse. And first the king: —

“Great leader of the Trojans, who being safe,
 Troy never can be utterly o'erthrown; 565

Small is our strength proportioned to our name
 To aid this war. The Tuscan river here
 Hems us about. There, pressing round our walls,
 Rutulian arms resound. But I intend

To make a league with thee, of powerful tribes,
 And armaments of wealthy kingdoms. Chance 570

Unlooked for shows a way of safety near.
 By fate's requirement thou hast come to us.
 Not far from hence the ancient city stands,

Agylla, where the Lydian race, renowned 575
 In war, once settled on the Etruscan hills.
 At last, when it had flourished many years,
 Mezentius with a proud and cruel sway
 Held it. Why need I tell this tyrant's deeds
 Of murder that no language can describe? 580
 The gods requite such crimes on him and his!
 A wretch, who bound the living to the dead, —
 Bound hands to hands, faces to faces chained, —
 And left them tortured in a loathed embrace
 Of pest and blood, to die slow, cruel deaths. 585
 But wearied out at last by these mad crimes,
 The citizens rose up in arms 'gainst him
 And all his house, and slew his friends, and fired
 His palace roof. He, fleeing thence, amid
 The slaughter of the Rutuli, escaped, 590
 And sought the friendly shelter and defence
 Of Turnus. Wherefore all Etruria rose
 Inflamed with righteous wrath, demanding war
 Immediate, and the tyrant's punishment.
 These hosts I give thee, thou their leader be. 595
 For all along the shore their galleys crowd
 With warlike cries, entreating to advance.
 An aged soothsayer restrains their zeal

With fateful words: 'Ye brave Maonians,
 The flower and strength of old heroic times, 60
 By righteous indignation 'gainst your foes
 Impelled, and kindled by Mezentius' crimes;
 No chief of Italy must lead this host.
 Choose ye a foreign leader.' Terrified
 By such divine commands, the Etruscan troops 65
 On yonder field encamp. Tarchon himself
 Has sent ambassadors, who offer me
 The crown and sceptre, and each royal badge,
 If I will join their camp, and be their king.
 But envious old age with slow chilled blood 70
 And strength worn down, too late for war's emprise,
 Denies this rule to me. I would exhort
 My son to take it, were it not that he,
 Born of a Sabine mother, and mixed race,
 Drew from this land a portion of his blood. 75
 Thou, favored by thy years and foreign birth,
 And whom the deities demand, — take thou
 This place, brave leader of the united hosts
 Of Troy and Italy. I give, besides,
 My Pallas, hope and solace of my age.
 Under thy master hand my boy shall learn
 To endure the hard and heavy tasks of war;

And while still young, know thee, and see thy deeds.
 Two hundred norsemen, choice Arcadian youths,
 I send with him. Pallas himself will add
 As many of his own.”

625

Scarce had he spoken
 (Æneas and Achates with fixed eyes
 Sat musing gloomily on many things)
 When from the clear sky Cytherea gave
 A sign, — a sudden flash, a sudden peal
 Of thunder, and a shock that seemed to hurl
 All things together. Through the ether rang
 The Tyrrhene trumpets; up they looked: again
 And yet again the fearful thunder crashed.
 Then in the heavens serene, amid the clouds,
 Arms are seen gleaming, and their clang is heard.
 The others stand amazed. Æneas knew
 The sound, and promise that his mother gave.
 “Seek not, my host,” he says, “seek not to know
 The event these prodigies portend: ’t is I
 The heavens demand. This is the promised sign
 My goddess mother gives, should war impend,
 That she would aid me, bringing through the skies
 Vulcanian arms. But ah, what carnage dire
 Must fall upon Laurentum’s wretched sons!

630

635

640

645

What penalties, O Turnus, must thou pay!
What shields and helmets and brave forms wilt thou,
O father Tiber, roll beneath thy waves!
Now raise your battle cry, and break your leagues!"

He said, and from his throne arose; and first 650
Stirs on the altars the Herculean fires
That smouldering lay, and, light of heart, draws near
The household gods adored the day before.
Due sacrifice they make of chosen sheep,
Evander and the Trojans all alike; 655
Then to his ships and to his friends returns.
From them he chooses those who best excel
In valorous deeds, to follow to the war;
The rest float down the river, and convey
Tidings to young Ascanius of his sire 660
And of his fortunes. Horses then are given
To those whose course is o'er the Tuscan fields.
A nobler steed is led forth for their chief,
O'erspread with lion's skin and gilded claws.

Soon through the little town the rumor spreads 665
That to the shores of the Etrurian king
A band of horsemen rapidly advances.

Then matrons in their fear renew their vows.

Terror treads closer upon Danger's steps,

And Mars's image towers a larger shape.

670

Evander, as his son prepares to go,

Grasping his hand, clings with a close embrace,

And, weeping unrelieving tears, thus speaks:—

“ Ah, would that Jove would only bring again

To me my vanished years, as once I was,

675

When underneath Præneste's walls I fought

And conquered; when I burned whole piles of shields,

And with this hand sent Herilus to death;

To whom Feronia his mother gave

Three lives, and weapons thrice in battle used!

680

Three deaths it took to slay him. Yet so oft

I slew him, and so oft despoiled of arms.

Then from thy dear embrace I should not thus,

Dear child, be torn; nor had Mezentius ever,

Insulting o'er a neighbor-chief, thus brought

685

Such deaths and devastations on our towns.

But you, O gods! and thou, supremest Jove!

Pity, I pray, this king of Arcady,

And hear a father's prayers. If your decree—

If fate preserve my Pallas to me, safe,

690

And I shall live to meet him once again,

Then life I ask, whatever lot I endure.
 But if perchance some dread disaster frowns,
 Now, now release me from this cruel life,
 While hope is vague, and cares hang in suspense, — 695
 While still I clasp thee to my heart, dear boy,
 My latest and my sole delight, — lest news
 Too heavy to be borne assail my ears!”

Such this last parting of the sire and son.
 Then, faint and overpowered, they bear him home. 700

And now the riders through the open gates
 Had passed; Æneas with the foremost goes,
 And trusty Achates; then the other chiefs
 Of Troy. Pallas himself rode in the midst,
 Conspicuous with his scarf, and shield adorned 705
 With painted emblems. Like the Morning Star, —
 By Venus more beloved than all the fires
 Of heaven, — when wet from Ocean's wave he lifts
 His sacred light, and melts the shades away.
 The timid mothers stand upon the walls, 71
 And follow with their eyes the dusty cloud
 And glittering squadrons. They through bushes scour,
 The nearest way. Shouts ring. The line is formed.
 Their galloping hoof-beats shake the crumbling plain.

Near Cære's river cold a spacious grove 715
 There is, to all around a sacred place
 In the ancestral faith, enclosed about
 By hills and gloomy firs. 'T is said that there
 Silvanus, god of fields and flocks, received
 Due sacrifice and festal rites among 720
 The old Pelasgians, who first held the land.
 Hard by, the Tuscan bands with Tarchon lay
 Encamped secure ; their legions might be seen
 From the hill-top, far stretching o'er the fields.
 Æneas and his warriors to this spot 725
 Repair, and rest their limbs, and tend their steeds.

But Venus, the bright goddess, mid the clouds
 Had now drawn near, bearing her gifts. Far off
 She saw her son deep in a vale, alone
 By the cold river, and appearing, spake : 730
 " See, O my son, the promised work complete,
 Wrought by my husband's skill ; nor fear thou now
 To challenge to the fight the haughty sons
 Of Latium, or fierce Turnus to confront."
 This saying, she approached, embraced her son, 735
 And placed the radiant arms beneath an oak.
 He, with such honors and such gifts elate,

Glances insatiate over every part ;
Gazes in wonder, turning in his hands
The terrible helmet with its flaming crest, 740
The fateful sword of death, the corselet huge
Of bronzy bloody hue, as when a cloud
Burns in the sunbeams shining from afar ;
Also the polished greaves of fine-wrought gold ;
The spear ; and then the shield, whose workmanship 745
No tongue can tell.

The fire-god, not unskilled
In prophet-lore, and of the times to come,
Had wrought the Roman triumphs here, the events
Of Italy ; there all Ascanius' line
To come, and all the wars in order ranged. 750
Here lay the she-wolf in the cave of Mars,
And hanging round her udders the two babes
Were playing, fearless, while she gave them suck,
Or bending back her neck, caressed by turns
And shaped them with her tongue. Near by were seen
The walls of Rome ; the Sabine women seized 755
'Mid the Circensian games, with lawless hands ;
And the new war that sudden rose, between
The men of Romulus, and Tatius old,
With his rough Cures. Then, when war is o'er, 760

Before Jove's altars stood the armèd kings,
And held the sacred goblets, while with blood
Of slaughtered swine they join in friendly league.
Not far from this, was Mettus torn apart
By chariots twain, four horses yoked to each 765
(Alban, thou shouldst have kept thy plighted faith) ;
And Tullus, who the traitor's bleeding flesh
Dragged through the thickets, till the briers dripped blood ;
Also Porsenna, threatening Rome with siege,
Commands that banished Tarquin be received. 770
The Æneadæ were rushing to their arms,
For liberty, while he, as with a threat,
Indignant stood, that Cocles dares destroy
The bridge, and Clælia with her broken chains
Has swum the river. On the upper part 775
The guard of the Tarpæan citadel,
Manlius, stood firm, and held the Capitol.
The royal house of Romulus was seen,
Rough with its new-thatched roof of bristling straw.
Here, flying through the gilded porticos, 780
A silver goose announced the Gauls were near :
They through the thickets had approached, and held
The citadel, by night and darkness screened :
Their garments and their hair were wrought in gold :

In short striped cloaks they shone : their milk-white necks
Were ringed with gold : each shook two Alpine spears, 786
And wore a long shield to protect his limbs.

Here were depicted dancing Salii,
Naked Luperci, and the wool-tipped caps
Of flamens, and the shields that fell from heaven. 790

And through the streets in easy carriages
Chaste matrons a devout procession led.
Far off were seen the deep Tartarean realms
Of Dis ; the penalties of crime ; and thee,
O Cataline, upon a frowning cliff 795

Hanging in dread suspense, aghast with fear
Before the Furies : then, the pious souls
Apart, and Cato giving laws to them.

Midway, a picture of the sea, in gold,
With foaming waves of silver, was inwrought ; 800
Bright silvery dolphins through the waters swept
In circling course, and cut the frothy tide.

And in the middle of the sea appeared
The fight of Actium, and the brass-clad fleets ;
And all Leucate you might see in arms, 805
And the waves blazing in the golden sheen.

And here Augustus Cæsar led to war
His people, and the fathers, and their gods.

He stands upon the lofty stern ; two flames
 Play round his brows ; the star that led his sire 810
 Shines o'er his head. Agrippa marshals there
 His hosts, impetuous, with propitious winds
 And auspices ; upon the conqueror's brows
 A golden naval crown with shining beaks.
 There, with barbaric allies, and with arms 815
 Of fashion multiform, comes Antony,
 Victorious from the East, and Indian shores ;
 Egypt, and forces of the Orient lands
 He brings, and distant Bactra ; and behind
 Follows his course — O shame ! — the Egyptian wife. 820
 Onward they come together, and the waves
 Are tossed in foam beneath their long-drawn oars
 And trident beaks : as though the Cyclades
 Uptorn were floating ; or as mountains struck
 Together ; such a weight of tower-crowned ships 825
 Was urged along. They hurl the blazing tow,
 The flying steel propel ; the watery fields
 Redden with carnage of the fight begun.
 The queen with ringing sistrum calls to arms,
 Nor sees behind her yet the serpents twain. 830
 The dog Anubis, and all monstrous shapes
 Of demigods, with weapons drawn oppose

Neptune, and Venus, and Minerva's power.
Mars cased in steel is raging in the midst ;
The Furies fell are there ; and Discord moves 835
Rejoicing, with her mantle rent. Behind
Bellona follows with her bloody scourge.
Actian Apollo from above beholds,
And bends his bow. Then, with that terror smit,
Egypt and India and Arabia all 840
Turn back and fly. The queen herself was seen
Loosening the ropes, and hoisting sails to catch
The wind. Here had the fire-god shown how she,
Pale with the thought of coming death, was borne
Amid the slaughter on, with waves and winds ; 845
While sorrowing Nilus opened wide his breast
And ample robes, and called them to his arms,
And hid the vanquished in his secret waves
Of sheltering blue. But Cæsar, borne along 850
In triple triumph to the Roman walls,
Here to the gods of Italy devotes
Three hundred shrines. With games and joyous shouts
The streets are ringing ; choirs of matrons throng
The temples ; at the altars victims bleed.
He at Apollo's shining gateway sits, 855
Reviews the gifts of nations, and hangs up

The spoils upon the lofty temple gates.
The conquered tribes in long procession march,
With various tongues, and various garbs, and arms :
Uncinctured Africans and Nomads wild, 860
And Carians, and Gelonians armed with bows,
And Leleges.* Euphrates' waters flow
With gentler course. The far-off Morini
Are seen ; the two-horned Rhine ; the Dahæ fierce ;
And the Araxes' stream that spurned his bridge. 865

Such things on Vulcan's shield, his mother's gift,
Æneas scanned in wonder ; ignorant
Of all, yet with the imagery moved
To joy, upon his shoulders he uplifts
The fame and fates of his posterity. 870

BOOK IX.

WHILE these events in other places passed,

Iris is sent by Juno from the skies
To valiant Turnus. He within a grove
By chance was sitting, once his ancestor's,
Pilumnus, in a consecrated glen.

5

To whom, with rosy lips, Thaumantias spoke : —
“Turnus, what none of all the gods would dare
To grant, if thou shouldst ask it, now, behold,
Revolving time brings of its own accord.

His city, fleet, and friends Æneas leaves,
And seeks Evander's kingdom and his court.

10

Nor is this yet enough : he penetrates
Cortona's farthest bounds ; the Lydian bands
He arms, and peasants gathered from the fields.
Why lingerest thou ? Now is the time to call
For chariots and for steeds. No more delay !
But seize upon thy foe's disordered camp.”

15

She said, and toward the skies she spread her wings,
And, flying, traced her rainbow on the clouds.
The youth knew then the goddess, and his hands 20
Uplifted, and his voice thus followed her : —
“ Iris, thou glory of the sky, who sent
To me thy radiant form, so swift impelled
Through clouds? Whence comes this sudden burst of
light ?

I see the heavens break open in the midst, 25
And stars go wandering in the firmament.
Such omens I obey, whoe'er thou art
Who callest me to arms.” Then to the stream
He goes, and scoops the water with his hands,
Invokes the gods, and loads the air with vows. 30

And now his army moves across the plains,
Sumptuous with steeds and gold-embroidered robes
Messapus leads the van, and Tyrrheus' sons
Support the rear ; and in the centre rides
Their leader, Turnus, towering in his arms. 35
So with its seven peaceful channels swells
The deep and silent Ganges, or the Nile,
Back from the fields with fertilizing wave
Flowing, then shrinking to its wonted course.

The Trojans now behold a sudden cloud 40
Of dust arise, and darken all the fields.
And first Caicus from the mound in front,
Exclaims: "What means this black and rolling mass?
Quick, — bring your swords, your spears, and mount the
walls!

Behold, the enemy!" Then with a shout 45
The Trojans enter, and bar up the gates,
And man the ramparts. Such was the command
Æneas, skilled in arms, departing, gave,
That should such chance occur, they must not dare
A battle in the open field, but keep 50
Within their camp and mounded walls, secure.
So though disposed by anger and by shame
To meet the foe in conflict, they obey
His wise commands, and making fast their gates,
Within their towers, well armed, they await the attack. 55

Turnus, who sped with flying pace before
His tardy troops, a chosen band with him
Of twenty horsemen, unforeseen approached.
On a white-spotted Thracian steed he rode;
His helmet is of gold, with flaming crest. 60
"And which of you, O youths," he cries, "with me

Will first attack the foe? Behold!" With that
He hurled a javelin through the air; and thus
Began the battle; then across the field
He gallops. With a shout his comrades join, 65
And follow him with fearful battle-cries;
And wonder at the Trojans' timid hearts,
Who will not take the field in open fight,
But cling to their encampment. Round the walls,
Now here, now there, the chieftain rides, and seeks 70
An entrance; like a wolf that raging prowls
About the folds, exposed to winds and rains
At midnight, while the bleating lambs lie safe
Beneath their mothers, and, enraged and fierce,
Snarls at the prey he cannot reach, impelled 75
By long mad hunger that drains dry his throat.
So the Rutulian, gazing at the walls
And camp, his anger burns through all his limbs.
How find an entrance, how dislodge his foes
Intrenched behind their ramparts, forcing them 80
To fight on equal terms? The fleet that lay
Concealed beside the camp, girt round with banks
And channels, he determines to assail.
To his exulting comrades then he calls
For fire, and grasps a flaming pine-wood torch. 85

Then to their work, by Turnus' presence urged,
 They go, all armed with brands: they rob the hearths;
 The smoking torches glare with pitchy flames,
 And to the stars ascend the fiery sparks.

Ye Muses, say what god averted then 92
 Such dreadful burning from the Trojan ships.
 Though ancient the belief in this event,
 The fame thereof forever shall endure.

When upon Phrygian Ida Æneas first 95
 His fleet was building, with intent to sail,
 The Berecynthian mother of the gods,
 'T is said, thus made appeal to mighty Jove: —
 "Grant now, my son, a boon thy parent dear
 Demands of thee, the ruler of the skies.
 A grove of pines, cherished for many years, 100
 Was mine, on Ida's summit, where to me
 Offerings and sacred rites were paid; a place
 Darkened by fir-trees and by maple boughs.
 These to the Dardan warrior in his need
 I gladly gave, wherewith to build his fleet. 105
 But now my heart is sad with anxious fears.
 Do thou dispel them: grant this to my prayers;

That by their voyage they may ne'er be shaken,
Or overwhelmed by any stormy wind.

Let it avail, that on our mount they grew." 110

To whom her son who rolls the heavenly orbs
Made answer: "Whither dost thou call the fates,
O mother? What demandest thou for these,
Thy ships? Can they, by hands of mortals built,
Enjoy immortal rights? And shall Æneas, 115

Certain to win, pass through uncertain straits
Of danger? To what god was ever power
Like this allowed? Nay, rather, when their course
Is ended, and they reach the Ausonian ports,

What vessels shall escape the storms, and bear 120
The Trojan leader to the Italian shores,

Their mortal forms I then will change to shapes
Of sea-nymphs, cleaving with their breasts the waves
Like Doto, or like Galatea." Thus

He spoke, and sealed his promise by appeal 125

To his dread brother's Stygian streams of fire;
The torrents, and black gulfs of whirling pitch.
And as he nodded, all Olympus thrilled.

So now the promised day at length had come, —
The destined time completed by the fates; 130

When the assault of Turnus on the ships
Warned the great mother to defend from flames
Their consecrated wood. And first a flash
Dazzled their eyes with unaccustomed light ;
And from the east a great cloud streamed across 135
The heavens, and the Idæan bands appeared ;
And through the air there rang an awful voice
That filled both armies : “ Trojans, make no haste
To seize your weapons and defend your ships.
Turnus shall burn the seas before his hand 140
Can touch my sacred pines. Go forth, released
And free, as goddesses of ocean go !
It is the mother of the gods commands ! ”
Then all at once the vessels snap their cords,
And with their plunging beaks like dolphins dive 145
Beneath the waves ; thence, wondrous prodigy,
As many virgin forms arise to view
And swim upon the surface of the sea,
As on the beach, before, stood brazen prows.

Amazement seized the Rutuli ; and e'en 150
Messapus, with his rearing horses, quailed.
The Tiber, hoarsely sounding, checked his waves,
And backward from the deep retraced his course.

But Turnus fears not, confident and bold.
 Yet more, he lifts their courage with his words, 155
 Yea, even chides. "These prodigies," he cries,
 "Are for the Trojans meant; and Jove himself
 Snatches away their wonted means of help.
 They wait not for Rutulian fires and swords,
 These ships of theirs. So now the seas for them 160
 Are pathless, for their hopes of flight are gone.
 One half of their success is lost to them:
 The land is in our hands. The Italian tribes
 Bring their armed thousands. They affright me not,
 These answers of the gods, whate'er they be, 165
 The Phrygians boast. Enough that it was given
 To Venus and the Fates, that they should reach
 The Ausonian shores. - I also have my fate
 Allotted, to destroy the accursed race,
 Now that my bride is torn from me. That grief 170
 Touches not Atreus' sons alone, nor Greeks
 Alone for such a cause appeal to arms.
 Yet to have perished once should be enough:
 Enough to have committed once the offence
 That should have made them loathe all woman-kind. 175
 And these the men whose courage is sustained
 By rampart interposed, and baffling trench,

Their slight partition between them and death.
 And yet have they not seen their walls of Troy,
 Though built by Neptune's hands, sink down in flames?
 But you, O chosen warriors, which of you 184
 Will rend their palisades, and dare with me
 To invade their trembling camp? No armor wrought
 By Vulcan, nor a countless fleet, I need
 Against these Trojans. Let Etruria send 185
 All her strong allies, Ay, they need not fear
 The darkness, the Palladium's coward theft,
 The keepers of the citadel struck down:
 Nor that within the hollow of a horse
 We hide. In open daylight we resolve 19
 To ring their ramparts round about with fire.
 Soon shall I make them think, that not with Greeks
 And raw Pelasgian youths they have to deal,
 Such as their Hector foiled for ten long years.
 And now, since the best portion of the day 19
 Is passed, give the remaining hours to rest,
 O warriors, well content that all succeeds.
 To-morrow morn stand ready for the battle." 4

Meanwhile the charge to place the sentinels
 About the gates, and watch-fires round the walls, 2

Is given to Messapus. He selects
 Twice seven Rutulian men to guard the fort ;
 And following each there come a hundred youths
 With purple crests, and glittering with gold.
 They shift their places, and relieve the guard ; 205
 And scattered o'er the sward, their wine-cups drain.
 The camp-fires blaze around ; the sleepless night
 Is given up to revelry and sport.

All this the Trojans from their ramparts see,
 And man their walls ; with fear they test their gates, 210
 And bridge the space 'twixt outwork, walls, and tower,
 And bring supplies of weapons for defence.
 Mnestheus and brave Serestus urge the work.
 To them, should adverse fortune so require,
 Æneas had intrusted the command 215
 Of all affairs. The band entire keeps watch
 Along the walls, the common danger shares ;
 Each takes his turn, where'er defence they need.

Nisus was keeper of the gate, the son
 Of Hyrtacus, — a valiant youth in war, 220
 And swift with javelin and with flying arrows ; —
 Sent by the huntress Ida to attend

Æneas. At his side Euryalus,
Than whom no youth more beautiful was seen
Among the Trojans, bearing Trojan arms : 225
As yet a beardless boy. These two were bound
In closest ties of love, and side by side
Had rushed together to the battle-field ;
Now at the gate they held one equal post.
Then Nisus said : “ Is it the gods who give 230
This ardor to our minds, Euryalus ?
And must our strong desires be deemed divine ?
Either to battle or some great emprise
My soul is urging me, and will not rest.
Thou seest what confidence possesses all 235
The Rutuli ; their camp-fires here and there
Are feebly glimmering. Sunk in sleep and wine
They lie ; and far and wide their posts are hushed.
Hear now the thought that rises in my mind.
Our leaders and our ranks with one accord 240
Ask for Æneas’ presence, and that men
Be sent, who shall report to him the truth.
If now they promise what I ask for thee,
(For me the glory of the deed is all
I seek), I think that I can find a way 245
’Neath yonder hill to Pallanteum’s walls.”

Amazement seized upon Euryalus,
 Struck with the love of praise that fired his friend.
 Then thus he answered: "Canst thou then refuse
 To suffer me in enterprise so great 250
 To attend thee? Shall I let thee risk alone
 Perils like these? It was not thus my sire
 Opheltes, long inured to toils of war,
 Taught me amid the Grecian terrors reared,
 And sufferings of Troy; nor have I ever, 255
 Following the great Æneas and his fates
 Extreme, so borne myself, when in thy sight.
 Here in my breast there is a soul whose aim
 Despises life, and deems its sacrifice
 Small payment for that glory which thou seek'st." 260

Nisus replied: "Nay, not to thee, indeed,
 Would I impute such thoughts. It were unjust.
 So may great Jove, or whosoever looks
 Upon our actions with impartial eyes,
 Bring me in triumph back again to thee. 265
 But if, — for, in a crisis such as this,
 Thou knowest well there must be many a risk, —
 If any adverse fortune or the gods
 Should intervene, I would have thee survive

Thy friend : thy years are worthier of life. 270

Let there be one to lay me in my grave,
Snatched from the battle, or by ransom won.

But if, as she is wont, Fortune forbids
This favor, let him to my absent corpse
Give funeral rites and fitting sepulchre. 275

Nor let me be the cause of bitter grief,
My boy, to a wretched mother, who alone,
Of many mothers, dared to go with thee,
Nor cared to stay in great Acestes' home."

But he replied : " In vain these useless knots 280
Of argument. My purpose does not yield.
Come, let us hasten ! " And with that he wakes
The sentinels, who take their turn on guard.
Then both together go to seek the prince.

All other living creatures lay relaxed 285
In sleep, forgetting sufferings and cares.

But the chief leaders and the chosen youths
Of Troy were holding counsel on affairs
Of moment ; how they should proceed, and who
The messenger should be to seek Æneas. 290

Within the camp they stood, holding their shields,
And leaning on their spears. Together then

Come Nisus and Euryalus, and ask
 Admittance eagerly,—the matter grave,
 Repaying the delay it would demand. 295
 Iulus meets the excited youths, and bids
 The elder speak. Then Nisus thus begins:—
 “Hear with impartial minds, O Trojan chiefs,
 And judge not by our years what we propose.
 The Rutuli lie sunk in sleep and wine. 300
 We have found a place fit for our secret plan,
 Upon the double road beyond the gates
 Lying nearest to the sea. Their smoking fires
 Burn low. If you permit us now to use
 This chance, we ’ll seek Æneas, and the walls 305
 Of Pallanteum. Soon we shall return
 With spoils, a mighty slaughter being wrought.
 We cannot miss the way, for we have seen
 While hunting oft the outskirts of the town
 Gleam through the shady valleys, and we know 310
 The river-shore entire.” Aletes then,
 Old and mature in thought, made answer thus:—
 “Ye gods, in whose protecting presence Troy
 Has ever been, not altogether doomed
 To ruin is our Trojan race, while such 315
 The valiant souls, the hearts assured ye send!”

So saying, he threw his arms around their necks,
 And grasped their hands, while tears streamed down his
 face.

“And what rewards, O warrior youths,” he cried,
 “What gifts for such brave deeds can we requite? 310

The gods and your own virtues will bestow
 The best and fairest. But Æneas soon
 Will give the rest; and young Ascanius too
 Will ne'er forget such high desert as yours.”

“Nay, never,” here Ascanius took the word; 325

“I whose sole hope is in my sire's return;
 Nisus, by all our country's household gods,
 The Lares of Assaracus, the shrines
 Of venerable Vesta, I appeal

To you; whate'er my fortune and my hope, 330
 I lay it in your faithful breasts. Bring back
 My sire; then nothing can be sad to me.

Two fine-wrought silver goblets richly chased
 With figures, which my father took as spoils,
 When he subdued Arisba, I will give; 335

Also a pair of tripods, and of gold
 Two weighty talents, and an antique cup,
 Sidonian Dido's gift. And if we take
 Italia, and the sceptre of the realm,

And distribution make of spoils, — ye have seen 340
 The steed that Turnus rode, his armor bright
 With gold; that steed, that shield, that flaming crest,
 Nisus, I set apart for thy reward.

Besides, twelve chosen female slaves my sire
 Will give, twelve captives with their arms, and add 345
 To these whatever lands Latinus owns.

But thou, O youth worthy of worship, thou
 Whose years are nearer mine, with my whole heart
 I take thee, and embrace thee, through all change
 Of fortune my companion. Without thee 350
 No glory will I seek in peace or war;
 Such trust I place in thee and in thy words.”

To this Euryalus made answer thus: —
 “No coming day shall ever prove me averse
 To daring deeds like this: I promise this, 355
 Let Fortune smile or frown. But above all,
 One boon I beg. I have a mother, born
 Of Priam’s ancient race, who came with me
 To Italy. Troy could not hold her back,
 Nor King Acestes’ walls. I leave her now, 360
 Without one farewell kiss, and knowing naught
 Of this my dangerous venture. By the night,
 And by this hand I grasp, I could not bear

A mother's tears. But thou, I beg, do thou
 Console her in her need, and succor her 365
 Bereft of me. This hope let me indulge.
 So shall I face more bravely every peril."

The Dardan warriors all were moved to tears,
 Iulus more than all: his heart was wrung
 By such strong filial love. Then thus he spoke: — 370
 "Be sure of all thy brave attempt deserves.
 Thy mother shall be mine, and only lack
 Creüsa's name. Nor slight our thanks to her
 For such a son. Whate'er befalls, I swear,
 Here by this head, the oath my father swore, — 375
 That if thou comest back, and with success,
 That which I promise thee shall be alike
 Bestowed upon thy mother and thy kin."
 Weeping he spoke; and from his shoulder loosed
 A gilded sword, Lycaon's wondrous art 380
 Had wrought, and fitted in an ivory sheath.
 To Nisus Mnestheus gives a lion's skin
 With shaggy hair. Aletes makes exchange
 Of helmets. Thus equipped, forthwith they go;
 While to the gates the leaders, young and old, 385
 Attend their steps with wishes and with prayers.
 Iulus with a mind and manly thought

Beyond his years, gives many messages
 Sent to his father, but in vain : the winds
 Dispersed them all and gave them to the clouds. 390

They cross the trenches, and through shades of night
 Toward the hostile camp pursue their way,
 Fatal to many ere their own fate came.
 Scattered about they see their enemies
 Stretched on the grass, o'ercome with sleep and wine. 395

Along the shore stood chariots with their poles
 Upturned. Between the harness and the wheels
 Lay men, and armor, mixed with jars of wine.
 Then Nisus whispered: "Now, Euryalus,
 The deed calls on us for a daring hand. 400

Here lies our way. Thou, lest some foe behind
 Should strike, watch close, look well afar, while I
 Lay waste, and open a wide path for thee."

With voice suppressed he spoke. Then with his sword
 Strikes at proud Rhamnes, stretched upon a pile 405
 Of carpets, breathing heavily in sleep.

A prince he was, and Turnus' favorite seer.
 But not with augury could he ward off
 The fatal blow. Near him three slaves, who lay
 Confusedly amid their arms, he slays : 410

The armor-bearer and the charioteer
 Of Remus next, beneath his horse's feet;
 His head he severs from his drooping neck;
 His master's then he bears away, and leaves
 The trunk that heaves and gurgles with its blood. 415
 The earth is warm with black and bloody gore,
 And all the couches drip. Then Lamyrus,
 And Lamus, and the young Serranus fell, —
 The handsome youth, who long and heavily
 Had played that night, and, overcome by wine 420
 And sleep, was lying; happy had he then
 Prolonged his play until the morning light.
 Such carnage fell, as when a lion, mad
 With hunger, spreads wild terror through the sheep
 Amid the crowded fold, and bites and tears 425
 With bloody jaws the tender flocks, all dumb
 With fear. Nor less Euryalus, inflamed,
 Deals death around amid the nameless crowd.
 Fadus, Herbesus, Abaris, meet their fate,
 Unconscious: Rhætus too, who, wide awake, 430
 Sees all, but trembling hides behind the bowls.
 Thence, as he rises, deep within his breast
 The sword is plunged, and, steeped in death, withdrawn.
 Out pours the crimson life-blood mixed with wine.

The other presses on, warm with his work 435
Of stealthy slaughter, toward Messapus' bands,
Where he observes the fires are burning low,
And tethered horses browsing in the grass.
Then briefly Nisus spoke: for he perceived
How their desire to kill was bearing them 440
Too far: "Let us desist. The dawn is near,
Unfriendly to our purpose. Deaths enough
Are dealt. A way is opened through our foes."
Full many a piece of solid silver wrought
They leave behind, and bowls, and armor bright, 445
And sumptuous carpets. Here, the trappings rich
Of Rhamnes, and his golden-studded belt,
Euryalus puts on; a gift once sent
By Cædicus to Remulus, when he
Made league with him through hospitable rites. 450
After his death, the Rutuli in war
Obtained it. These Euryalus now takes,
And round his shoulders binds the spoils, in vain:
Puts on Messapus' helmet rich with plumes;
Then from the camp to a safe place they go. 455

Meanwhile a mounted troop was moving on
From Latium's city, a detachment sent

From the main legion lingering on the plains,
Bearing a message to Prince Turnus. These,
Three hundred horsemen, Volscens at their head, 365
All armed with shields, were drawing nigh the camp.
When far off they espy the pair, who turned
Upon the left; for glimmering in the night
The helmet of Euryalus betrayed
The unconscious youth, and gleamed against the moon,
Not idly unobserved. "Stand!" Volscens shouts; 370
"What men are ye? Why come ye here in arms?
And whither are ye going?" No reply
They made; but swiftly toward the woods they fled,
Trusting the friendly night. The horsemen haste 375
To block their passage on the well-known paths,
And on both sides guard every avenue
Against escape. There was a forest dark,
Rough with wild bushes and black ilex-trees
And tangled underbrush. At intervals 380
A pathway dimly seen ran through the wood.
The darkness and the heavy spoils he bore
Impede Euryalus, and in his fear
He now mistakes his way. Nisus flies on,
Not taking thought, and past his enemy 385
Had sped, and reached the groves that since were called

The Alban,— then they were the lofty stalls
For King Latinus' herds. Soon as he stopped,
And backward looked, in vain, to find his friend,
“Euryalus!” he cries; “ah, woe is me, 485
Where have I left thee? How shall I retrace
The windings of the dark deceptive wood?”
Then back on his remembered steps he treads,
And, wandering through the silent bushes, hears
The tramp of horses, and the noise of men 490
Pursuing; in a little while, a shout;
And sees Euryalus, whom now, deceived
By darkness and the place, the entire brigade
Surrounds and seizes, with a sudden rush,
And drags him on, while struggling hard in vain. 495
What shall he do? With what force shall he dare
To rescue him? Rush in among their swords,
And so precipitate a glorious death?
Quick, brandishing a javelin, to the Moon
Above he lifts his eyes, while thus he prays: — 500
“Thou, goddess, thou, the glory of the stars,
Latonian guardian of the woods, be near,
And to my arm give now propitious aid!
If ever on thy altars Hyrtacus
My sire laid gifts for me, if I myself 505

Have added anything brought from the chase,
Hung 'neath thy vaulted ceiling, or affixed
Upon thy sacred pediment, direct
My weapon, that I may disperse this band!"

He said, and with the strength of all his frame 510
He hurled his steel. Swift through the dark it sped,
And pierced the back of Sulmo, and there snapped,
The broken javelin passing to his heart.

He falls, the warm blood rushes from his breast,
And his sides heave with long convulsive sobs. 515

On every side they look; when lo! again
Another spear drawn back, then whizzing flies;
And through both temples smitten, Tagus falls,
The glowing weapon buried in his brain.

Fierce Volscens rages, nor can he detect 520
The enemy, nor know on whom to turn.

"Thou then," he cries, "with thy warm blood shalt pay
For both!" And on Euryalus he turns
With naked sword. But Nisus, terrified,
Beside himself with fear, no longer hides 525
In darkness, nor can bear a pang like this.

"Me, me; 't is I," he cries, "who did the deed!
On me direct your steel, O Rutuli!

The offence is mine alone. He did no harm,
 He could not! Yonder sky and conscious stars 530
 Bear witness that the words I speak are true.
 He only loved too much his hapless friend!"
 So Nisus spoke: too late; the sword was plunged
 Deep in the white breast of Euryalus.
 He writhes beneath his death-wound, and the blood 535
 Flows o'er his shapely limbs. Upon his breast
 His sinking head reclines. As when a plough
 Cuts down a purple flowret of the field,
 It languishes and dies; or beaten down
 By rain the poppies bend their weary heads. 540
 But Nisus rushes on his enemies.
 Volscens alone among them all he seeks.
 They, thronging close around him, thrust him back.
 But none the less he presses on, and whirls
 His flashing sword, till in the clamoring throat 545
 Of the Rutulian chief he plunged the steel,
 And, dying, dealt a death-blow to his foe.
 Then on the lifeless body of his friend
 He throws himself, pierced through with many a wound,
 And there, at last, in placid death he slept. 550
 Ay, happy pair! If aught my verse can do,
 No lapse of time shall ever dim your fame,

While on the Capitol's unshaken rock
 The house Æneas founded shall remain,
 And while the Roman father holds the state. X 555

The Rutuli, victorious, seize the spoils,
 And weeping bear their dead chief to the camp.
 Here too was mourning over Rhamnes slain,
 And young Serranus, and the rest, their first
 And noblest, by one slaughter all despatched. 56

They throng to see the dying and the dead, —
 The place still warm with carnage, and the streams
 Of blood. In turn they recognize the spoils;
 The glittering helmet of Messapus know,
 And trappings rich, recovered with such toil. 56

Now from Tithonus' saffron bed the Dawn
 Arose, and shed fresh light upon the earth,
 And pouring in his rays, the sun revealed
 All hidden things; when Turnus stirs to arms
 His warriors all, himself completely armed. 5

Each urges to the battle his mailed troops,
 Whetting their rage with various reports. ✖
 Yea, on their lifted spears, ah, woful sight!
 The heads of Nisus and Euryalus

Are fixed, while shouting crowds follow behind. 575
 The hardy sons of Troy confront their foes
 Upon the left side of their walls ; their right
 Is bounded by the river. Here they guard
 Their trenches broad, and stand with gloomy thoughts
 Upon their lofty towers ; and horror-struck 580
 Behold those lifted heads that drip with gore,
 Known but too well to their unhappy friends.

Rumor, meanwhile, the wingèd messenger,
 Flies through the trembling camp, and reaches now
 The mother of Euryalus. A chill 585
 Curdles her blood. The shuttle and the web
 Drop from her hands. Rending her hair she flies
 With wild shrieks to the walls and foremost line,
 Heedless of danger and of flying darts.
 Her wailing fills the air. " Euryalus, 590
 Do I behold thee thus! — thou the delight
 And solace of my old age, couldst thou thus
 Leave me alone, — ah, cruel! — and depart
 On such a perilous mission, and no word
 At parting to thy wretched mother speak? 595
 Ah, woe is me! On unknown earth thou liest,
 A prey to vultures and to Latian dogs ;

Nor could thy mother give thee funeral rites,
 Nor close thy dying eyes, nor wash thy wounds,
 Nor cover thee with the robe, which night and day 600
 I wove with urgent haste, and with my loom
 Lightened old age's lonely thoughts and cares.
 Where shall I seek thee now? Where find those limbs
 Dissevered, and that lacerated corpse?
 Is't this, my son, thou bringest back to me? 605
 Was it for this I followed thee o'er land
 And ocean? Pierce me through, ye Rutuli!
 If any filial pity ye would show.
 Me first! But thou, great father of the gods,
 In mercy thrust this hated life beneath 610
 The shades of Tartarus; since otherwise
 I cannot break the thread of cruel life!"

Her sad lament wrings every soul; deep groans
 Pass through the warrior's ranks. Their broken strength
 Grows torpid for the battle. Thus while she 615
 Adds grief to grief, Idæus and Actor come,
 By Ilioneus and Ascanius sent
 (Who weeps full sore), and bear her to her home.

But now the dreadful trumpet's brazen blare
 Is heard, and shouts resound. The Volscians haste 620

To form their ranks beneath a roof of shields,
And fill the moats, and storm the ramparts. Some
Seek for an entrance, and to scale the walls,
Where thinly shows the opposing battle-line,
And where the armèd ring less densely gleams. 625
The Trojans with strong poles thrust back their foes,
And shower their weapons down of every kind,
Taught by long warfare to defend their walls.
Stones also they roll down, of fearful weight,
To break, if so they can, their sheltered ranks. 630
But underneath their iron roof their foes
Can well endure all hardships. Yet their strength
Suffices not; for where the serried mass
Most threatened, a huge rock the Trojans rolled,
Which fell, and dashed asunder far and wide 635
The Rutuli, and crushed their shielded roof.
No longer do the bold assailants dare
Contend in warfare blind, but bend their strength
To drive their foes with missiles from the walls.
Mezentius at another point comes on, 640
In aspect terrible, and brandishes
A blazing Tuscan pine, and fills the place
With fire and smoke. Messapus too is there,
Tamer of steeds, and of Neptunian race,

And batters down and tears the palisade, 645
And calls for ladders to ascend the walls.

Ye Muses, and thou chief, Calliope!
Inspire me now to sing what deeds of death
Were done that day by Turnus; what brave souls
Were sent to Orcus; and unfold with me 650
The war's vast outlines. Ye, O goddesses,
Bear all in mind, and can rehearse them all.

Joined by high bridges to the walls, there stood
A lofty tower, which with their utmost strength
The Italians stormed, and strove to overturn. 655
The Trojans made defence with stones, and down
Through hollow loopholes showers of javelins hurled.
Then Turnus, foremost, flung a blazing torch,
Which struck, and burning clung against the sides.
Blown by the wind, it seizes on the boards 660
And on the beams with its devouring flames.
Dismayed, the Trojans try in vain to fly;
Then as they backward crowd upon the part
Free from the fiery pest, with all its weight
The tower gives way, and falls; the mighty crash 665
Thunders through all the sky. Down to the earth,

The huge mass following, they fall, half dead,
And on each other's spears impaled, or pierced
By splintered beams. Helenor only escaped,
And Lycus; young Helenor, whom the slave 670
Licymnia to a Lydian king had borne
In secret love, and whom she had sent to Troy
With arms forbidden; he with naked sword
Was lightly armed, and with inglorious shield
Without device. He when he saw himself 675
Hemmed in by Turnus' hosts, the Latian lines
Opposing to the right and to the left, —
As some wild beast, surrounded by a ring
Of hunters, rages 'gainst their spears, and bounds
Upon their points, and knows her doom is near, — 680
So the youth rushes on his foes, prepared
To die, and where the spears are thickest leaps.
But Lycus, swifter far, flies through the hosts,
And gains the walls, and strives to grasp the ridge,
And reach some friendly hand. Turnus pursues, 685
As swift of foot, as with his threatening spear.
“Fool!” he exclaims, “and didst thou hope to escape
Our hands?” Then seizing him as there he hangs,
A huge piece of the wall tears down with him.
As when Jove's eagle, swooping from above, 690

With crooked talons carries off a hare
 Or snow-white swan ; or as a raging wolf
 Snatches away a lamb from out the fold,
 Amid the piteous bleatings of its dam.
 Shouts rise on every side. They charge amain, 695
 They heap the trenches full with earth, and fling
 Their blazing torches to the battlements.

Then with a ponderous fragment from a cliff,
 Ilioneus fells Lucetius, as he comes
 Beneath the gate, a firebrand in his hand. 700
 Liger strikes down Emathion ; and, laid low
 By Asilas, Corynæus falls ; the one
 Skilled in the javelin, and the other swift
 With unsuspected arrow from afar.
 Cæneus slays Ortygius, Turnus him : 705
 Itys, and Clonius, and Dioxippus,
 And Promolus, and Sagaris, all fell
 By Turnus' hand, and Idas, as he stood
 Upon the turret's height ; and Capys slays
 Privernus, by Themilla's spear first grazed. 710
 He, thoughtless, threw aside his shield, and laid
 His hand upon the wound : an arrow flew
 And pierced his hand, and pinned it to his side,
 And through the deadly wound his soul's breath ebb'd.

In splendid armor Arcens' son appeared; 715
 A brodered cloak, Iberian purple, decked
 His noble form. He by his sire was sent
 Into the war, and in his mother's grove
 Was reared, beside Symæthus' stream, where stood
 Palicus' easy altar, fat with gifts. 720

His spears now laid aside, Mezentius whirls
 Thrice round his head his whizzing sling; the lead
 Pierces the temples of the youth, who falls,
 And on the sand lies stretched his lifeless form.

Then for the first time in the war, 't is said, 725
 Ascanius aimed his swift shaft at the foe, —
 Ere this accustomed only to pursue
 The wild beasts of the chase, — and with his hand
 Struck down the strong Numanus, whose surname
 Was Remulus; who lately had espoused 730
 The younger sister of Prince Turnus. He,
 Swelling with new-blown pride of royalty,
 Stalked in the foremost ranks, vociferous
 With boast and taunt, and towering with huge frame,
 Thus called aloud: “Are ye not then ashamed, 735
 Twice-captured Phrygians, to be shut once more
 Within your ramparts, interposing walls

'Twixt you and death? Lo, these are they who come
Claiming in war our brides! What god was it,
What madness brought you to the Italian shores? 74
No sons of Atreus shall you find in us;
No false, smooth-tongued Ulysses. From our birth
We are a hardy race. We plunge our babes
Into the river, soon as they are born,
And harden thus their frames to wintry cold. 75
Our boys are never weary of the chase.
They scour the woods. It is their sport to tame
Their steeds, and bend their bows, and wing their shafts.
Our youths, in labor patient, and inured
To humble fare, either subdue the earth 76
With harrows, or in battle shake the walls
Of towns. We pass our lives in handling steel:
We drive our oxen with inverted spears.
Age weakens not our strength; on our gray heads
We press the helmet; and 't is our delight 77
To seize fresh spoils, and on our plunder live.
You in your brodered vests of saffron hue
And glowing purple, indolently live;
Delighting in your dances, and your sleeves,
And caps, with lappets underneath your chins. 78
Yea, Phrygian women, verily, not men!

Hence to the summits of your Dindymus,
 Where breathes the flute in your accustomed ear
 Its two weak notes. The Berecynthian pipe
 And timbrels call you. Throw your weapons down! 765
 Leave arms to heroes of a sturdier stuff!"

This boaster's words, presaging evil thus,
 Ascanius could not bear. Confronting him,
 An arrow on his horsehair string he drew,
 And stood awhile with arms extended wide, 770
 And prayed to Jove: "All-powerful Jupiter,
 Aid now my daring venture! To thy shrines
 Will I bring solemn offerings, and will place
 Before thy altars a young bull, snow-white,
 With gilded horns, in size his mother's mate, 775
 And threatening head, and hoofs that paw the sand."

The Father heard, and from the sky serene
 Thundered upon the left. The fatal bow
 Twanged; and the dreadful arrow whistling flew,
 And the Rutulian's hollow temples pierced. 780
 "Go, mock at valor with thy haughty words.
 This answer your twice-captured Phrygians send
 Back to the Rutuli!" He said no more.

The Trojans second him with loud applause,
And to the stars, with shouts, extol his deed.

785

Bright-haired Apollo from the ethereal heights
By chance was then surveying from above
The Ausonian troops and city ; on a cloud
He sat, and thus addressed the victor youth : —

“ Go on, increase in early valor, boy ;

790

Such is the pathway to the starry heights,
Descendant and progenitor of gods !

All wars that are ordained by fate shall end

In justice, when Assaracus' great line

Shall rule, nor Troy be able to contain

795

Thy growth.” So saying, from the lofty sky,
Parting the breathing airs of heaven, he comes,
And seeks Ascanius, changed in features then

Into the likeness of old Butes' face,

Who once Anchises' armor-bearer was,

800

And faithful guardian at the gate, but now

Companion to Ascanius. So stepped forth

Apollo, in all things resembling him ;

In voice, in color, in his hoary locks,

And fiercely clanking armor. He then thus

805

Speaks to the ardent youth : “ Son of Æneas,

Let it suffice, that thou unharmed hast slain
 Numanus with thy shaft. Apollo gives
 This first praise unto thee, and envies not
 Feats that shall equal this. For what remains, 810
 Restrain thy hand from further deeds of war."

So saying, Apollo left his mortal shape,
 E'en as he spoke, and vanished in thin air.
 The Dardan chiefs then knew the deity,
 And knew his shafts divine, and as he fled 815
 His rattling quiver heard. So by command
 Of Phœbus, they restrain Ascanius now,
 Who thirsts to join the battle. They themselves
 Again renew the combat, and expose
 Their lives to open perils of the war. 820
 All round the battlements their clamor runs;
 They bend their bows, and with their thongs they whirl
 Their javelins: all the ground is strewn with darts.
 Their shields and hollow helmets clash and ring.
 The raging battle swells; as when a shower, 825
 Borne from the west beneath the rainy Kids,
 Lashes the ground, or, thick with hail, the clouds
 Rush down upon the waves, when Jupiter
 With fearful south-winds whirls the watery storm,
 And through the sky-wrack bursts the hollow clouds. 830

Bitias and Pandarus, from Alcanor sprung
Of Ida (whom Iarra, sylvan nymph,
Reared in the sacred grove of Jupiter ;
Tall youths who towered like their hills and firs),
Relying on their arms, ope wide the gate 835
Intrusted by their leader to their charge,
And from the ramparts challenge the attack ;
While they within stand at the right and left
Before the turrets, armed, their lofty heads
Flashing with plumes. So by some river's bank, 840
Whether the Po or pleasant Athesis,
Two breezy oaks lift up their unshorn heads,
And nod their lofty tops. The Rutuli,
Soon as they see an opened way, rush in.
Then Quercens and the fair Aquicolus, 845
And hasty Tmarus, and brave Hæmon, all
Either turned back, repulsed, with all their troops,
Or at the very gateway met their death.
Then fiercer grows the Trojans' hostile rage ;
And now they gather thick, and hand to hand 850
Contend, and dare to press beyond the walls.

While Turnus, in another quarter, storms
With fury, and confusion to his foes,

A message comes, that hot with havoc fresh,
The enemy had opened wide their gates. 855
Quitting his work begun, in towering wrath
He rushes to the Dardan gate, and seeks
Those haughty brothers. First, Antiphates,
Who foremost came, Sarpedon's bastard son,
Born of a Theban mother, he strikes down. 860
The cornel arrow cleaves the yielding air ;
Beneath the breast the weapon pierces deep ;
The life-blood spurts, and warms the buried steel.
Next Merops, Erymas, and Aphidnus fall ;
Then Bitias, with his burning eyes, and soul 865
Aflame ; not by a javelin : for no dart
Could ever have bereft that frame of life.
A ponderous phalaric spear it was
That whizzing flew, hurled like a thunderbolt ;
That neither two bulls' hides, nor trusty mail 870
With double scales of gold, sustained the shock.
Down dropped his giant limbs. The shaken earth
Groaned, and his huge shield rattled as he fell.
So sometimes on Eubœan Baiæ's shore
There falls a rocky pile, whose mighty mass 875
Stood built into the sea ; so toppling down
And dragging ruin in its fall, it lies

Dashed on the shallows, and the troubled sea
Is black with lifted sand. Steep Prochyta
Hears, trembling, and Inarime's hard bed
Piled on Typhoeus, by command of Jove.

885

Now Mars inspired the Latins with fresh strength
And courage, and more fiercely spurred them on;
While flight and terror on the Trojans' hearts
He threw. They crowd together from all sides,
Since now they see a timely chance is given
For battle, and the war-god fires their souls.

885

When Pandarus sees his brother's body stretched
Upon the earth, and how their fortune takes
An unexpected turn, with mighty strength
Pressing with shoulders broad against the gate,
He turns it on its hinges, and so leaves

890

Full many a comrade from the walls shut out
Amid the cruel fray; but others too,
As on they rush, he shuts in with himself:—

895

Infatuated man! who did not see
The prince of the Rutulians 'mid the troops
That entered, by his own rash hand shut in,—
Like a huge tiger 'mid a timorous flock.

For sudden from his eyes a strange light flashed;

900

His terrible armor rang; his blood-red crest
Trembled upon his head; and from his shield
Came gleams of lightning. Then the Trojans knew
The hated countenance, the form immense,
And stood dismayed. But mighty Pandarus, 905
Burning with anger for his brother's death,
Leaps forth: "No palace of Amata this,
Thy promised dower! No Ardea now holds
Turnus within his native walls! Thou seest
Thy enemies' camp, and thou art powerless now 910
To issue hence." Then Turnus, undisturbed,
Smiling replied: "Begin, if there be aught
Of valor in thy soul; and hand to hand
Meet me. Thou shalt tell Priam thou hast found
Another Achilles here!" Then Pandarus 915
Hurled at him with his utmost strength a spear
Rough with its knots and bark. Upon the air
Its force was wasted. Juno intervened,
And turned aside the weapon, and it stuck
Fast in the gate. Then Turnus cried aloud: — 920
"Not so shalt thou escape this steel which now
My strong arm wields; nor is the hand so weak,
That grasps the weapon, or that deals the blow!"
So saying, with his lifted sword he towers,

And smiting down, through brow and temples cleaves 925
The youthful warrior's head and beardless cheeks, —
A hideous wound; and as he falls, the earth
Shakes with a jarring sound. Dying he lay,
With stiffening limbs, and armor dashed with blood
And brains; while down from either shoulder hung 930
His cloven head. Hither and thither fly
The Trojans in confusion and dismay.
And had the victor then bethought himself
To unbar the gates and let his followers in,
That day had been the last day of the war 935
And of the Trojan race. But fury now
And a wild thirst for slaughter drove him on
Against the opposing foe. First Phaleris,
And Gyges, whom he had wounded in the ham,
He overtakes, and snatching up their spears, 940
He stabs them in the back. Juno supplies
Courage and strength. Halys their comrade too
He slays, and Phegeus, smitten through his shield;
Alcander, Halius, and Noëmon next,
And Prytanis, who unaware of all, 945
Stood at the walls, and urged the battle on.
Lynceus too, advancing on him there,
And summoning his comrades, he assails

Upon the rampart with his glittering sword,
 And closing on him with his utmost strength, 950
 Struck off his head and helmet at one blow,
 And scattered them afar. Then Amycus,
 Slayer of savage beasts, than whom none knew
 Better to tip with poison the sharp steel;
 And Clytius, son of Æolus, he slew; 955
 And Creteus, the Muses' faithful friend,
 Lover of poesy and the chorded lyre,
 Who framed sweet numbers to his strings, and sang
 Forever of brave heroes, steeds, and wars.

Then hearing of the slaughter in their ranks, 960
 Mnestheus at length and brave Serestus meet,
 And see their troops dispersed; the enemy
 With the camp. And, "Whither," Mnestheus cries,
 "Do ye now take your flight? What battlements,
 What other walls beyond, do ye possess? 965
 Shall one man, hemmed in here on every side
 By your own ramparts, deal throughout your camp
 Such work of death, unpunished, and send thus
 So many chosen warriors to the shades?
 O sluggish souls! no pity and no shame 970
 For your unhappy country do ye feel,

Nor for your gods, nor for the great Æneas?"
Fired by his words, they rally with new strength,
And stand in dense battalion. By degrees
Turnus retreats upon the side that joins 975
The river, and is bounded by its waves.
Shouting, the Trojans bear more fiercely down,
And mass their forces. So the hunters press
A raging lion with their darts and spears.
Dismayed, but glaring fiercely, he draws back; 985
His rage and courage both forbid to turn;
Nor can he spring upon them, though he would,
Powerless against the weapons and the men.
So Turnus, hesitating, backward moves,
With lingering steps, and boils with fruitless rage. 985
E'en then, he twice attacked the enemy
Full in their centre; twice along the walls
He chased them in confusion. But in haste,
Forth from the camp, the whole host now has joined
Against him single; nor does Juno dare 990
To give him strength enough; for Jupiter
Sends Iris down, bearing no soft commands,
Should Turnus not depart and leave the walls.
So neither with his shield nor strong right arm
The youth is able to sustain such force; 995

So thick the storm of darts that hails around.
With blow on blow the helmet on his brows
Is ringing, and the solid brass is riven
By flying stones, his plummy crest struck off;
His bossy shield no longer can endure 1000
The shocks of battle; while the Trojans press
On with redoubled spears, — Mnestheus himself
A thunderbolt. Then, dripping from his limbs
Black sweat-drops run in streams; nor can he breathe.
Exhausted, panting, heaves his weary frame. 1005
Until at last with a great bound he leapt,
With all his armor on, into the stream.
The yellow flood received, and bore him up
Upon its gentle waves, and washed away
The stains of slaughter from his limbs; and back, 1010
Rejoicing, to his friends restored the chief.

BOOK X.

MEANWHILE the omnipotent Olympian doors
Are opened, and the father of the gods
And sovereign of men a council holds
Within his starry courts, whence from above
He sees the spreading lands, the Trojan camp, 5
And Latian tribes. The double-folding gates
Receive the gods; they sit; then Jove thus speaks:—

“Celestial Powers, why is your purpose thus
Turned backward, and why with these hostile minds
Do ye contend? No token of assent 10
I gave, that Italy and the Trojan race
Should clash in war. Why this discordant strife
'Gainst my decree? What fears persuaded these
Or those to draw the sword and rush to arms?
The lawful time will come for war, — let none 15
Anticipate the day, — when on the towers
Of Rome, fierce Carthage through the opened Alps

Shall bring destruction. Then, for war and spoils
 Your hatred shall be free. But now forbear,
 And willingly conclude our destined league.”

20

Thus briefly Jupiter; but not so brief
 The words of golden Venus, who replied:—
 “O Father, O eternal power of men
 And their affairs! for whom is there beside
 That we can now implore? Dost thou not see 25
 How these Rutulians insult; how, borne
 Conspicuous on his steed amid the ranks,
 Flushed with success, Turnus is rushing on?
 Their guarded ramparts now protect no more
 The Trojans; but within their very gates 30
 And mounded walls the battle rages still;
 And with their blood the trenches overflow.
 Æneas, absent, nothing knows of this.
 And wilt thou never suffer that this siege
 Be raised? Once more their enemies now threat 35
 Their rising Troy, and with another host.
 Once more against the Trojans comes the son
 Of Tydeus, from Ætolian Arpi sent.
 For me, I verily believe, new wounds
 Are yet in store; and I, thy offspring, still 40

A contest must await with mortal arms.
 If without thy consent, 'gainst thy decree
 The Trojans come to Italy, for this
 Let them atone, nor give them aid ; but if,
 Obedient to so many answers given 45
 From the celestial and infernal realms,
 They came, how now can any one pervert
 Thy high commands, or frame the fates anew ?
 Why call to mind the burning of their fleet
 On the Sicilian shore ? — the furious winds 50
 Raised from Æolia by the king of storms ? —
 Or Iris, through the clouds despatched to earth ?
 Now e'en the forces of the Underworld
 She moves ; — this region yet remained untried ; —
 And, suddenly let loose on upper realms, 55
 Allecto through the Italian cities raves.
 I care no more for empire : this we hoped
 While Fortune stood our friend. Let those prevail
 Whom thou wilt have prevail. If upon earth
 There be no spot thy rigid spouse accords 60
 Unto the Trojans, then, O Sire divine,
 I do conjure thee, by the smoking ruins
 Of Troy demolished, let me send away
 Ascanius safe ; let my grandson survive.

Yea, let Æneas upon unknown seas 65
 Be tossed, and follow whatsoever course
 Fortune may grant ; but give me power to shield
 His son, and save him from the direful war.
 Amathus, Paphos, and Cythera are mine,
 And mine the mansion of Idalia. 70
 Here let him pass his life, and lay aside,
 Inglorious, his arms. Let Carthage rule
 Ausonia with oppressive sway. From him
 The Tyrian cities shall receive no check.
 What profit had Æneas to have 'scaped 75
 The pest of war, and through the Grecian flames
 To have fled, and on the ocean and the land
 Borne to the uttermost so many perils,
 While Latium and a Pergamus revived
 The Trojans seek ? Better for them to have built 80
 Upon their country's ashes, and the soil
 Where Troy once was. Give back, O Sire, I beg,
 To these unhappy ones their Simöis
 And Xanthus, and again let them endure
 The sufferings of Troy."

Then, stung with rage, 85

The royal Juno spake : " Wherefore dost thou
 Force me to break my silence deep, and thus

Proclaim in words my secret sorrow? Who
Of mortals, or of gods, ever constrained
Æneas to pursue these wars, and face 90
The Latian monarch as an enemy?
Led by the fates he came to Italy;
Be it so; Cassandra's raving prophecies
Impelled him. Was it we who counselled him
To leave his camp, and to the winds commit 95
His life? or to a boy entrust his walls,
And the chief conduct of the war? or seek
A Tuscan league? or stir up tribes at peace?
What god, what unrelenting power of mine,
Compelled him to this fraud? What part in this 100
Had Juno, or had Iris, sent from heaven?
A great indignity it is, forsooth,
That the Italians should surround with flames
Your new and rising Troy, and that their chief,
Turnus, should on his native land maintain 105
His own, whose ancestor Pylumus was,
Whose mother was the nymph Venilia.
What is it for the Trojans to assail
The Latins with their firebrands, and subdue
The alien fields, and bear away their spoils? 110
Choose their wives' fathers, and our plighted brides

Tear from our breasts? Sue with their hands for peace,
 Yet hang up arms upon their ships? Thy power
 May rescue Æneas from the Greeks, and show
 In place of a live man an empty cloud ; 115
 Or change his ships into so many nymphs.
 Is it a crime for us to have helped somewhat
 The Rutuli against him? Ignorant
 And absent, as thou say'st, Æneas is ; —
 Absent and ignorant then let him be. 120
 Thou hast thy Paphos, thy Idalium too,
 And lofty seat Cythera. Why then try
 These rugged hearts, a city big with wars?
 Do we attempt to overturn your loose
 Unstable Phrygian state? Is 't we, or he 125
 Who exposed the wretched Trojans to the Greeks?
 Who was the cause that Europe rose in arms
 With Asia, or who broke an ancient league
 By a perfidious theft? Did I command,
 When the Dardanian adulterer 130
 Did violence to Sparta? Or did I
 Supply him weapons, and foment the war
 By lust? Thou shouldst have then had fear for those
 Upon thy side ; but now too late thou bring'st
 Idle reproaches and unjust complaints." 135

So Juno pleaded ; and the immortals all
Murmured their various sentences ; as when
The rising breeze caught in the forest depths,
Muttering in smothered sighs and undertones,
Foretells to mariners the coming storm.

140

Then the Omnipotent Father, who o'errules
The universe, begins. And while he speaks,
The lofty palace of the gods is hushed,
The fixed earth trembles, and the heights of air
Are silent ; then the Zephyrs fold their wings,
And the great Ocean smooths his placid waves.
“ Hear then, and fix my words within your minds.

145

Since it is not permitted that a league
Between the Trojan and the Ausonian powers
Be made, and since your discord finds no end,
Whatever fortune falls to-day for each,
Whatever hope each one may build for himself,
Or Trojan, or Rutulian, he with me
Shall know no difference ; whether through the fates
The Latians hold the Trojan camp besieged,
Or through Troy's fatal error, and mistake
Of doubtful warnings. Nor do I exempt
The Rutuli. To each his enterprise

150

155

Will bring its weal or woe. Jove is the same
 To all alike. The Fates will find their way." 160
 By his Stygian brother's river-banks, the gulfs
 And torrents of black pitch, he sealed his vow,
 And bowed his head, and all Olympus shook.
 Here ended speech. Then from his golden throne
 Jove rose, and in the midst of all the gods 165
 Attending, through the Olympian portals passed.

Meanwhile the Rutuli round all the gates
 Pursue their havoc, and surround the walls
 With flames; while in their ramparts close besieged,
 The Trojans, hopeless of escape, are held. 170
 Forlorn they stand upon their lofty towers,
 In vain, and round the battlements oppose
 Their thin ring of defence; in front are seen
 Asius Imbrasides, Thymætes, son.
 Of Hicetaon, the two Assaraci, 175
 Castor, and aged Thymbris; and with these
 Sarpedon's brothers both; and Clarus too,
 And Themon, who from lofty Lycia came.
 Lyrnessian Acmon, strong as Clytius
 His sire, or as Mnestheus, his brother, comes, 180
 Lifting a rock immense, a mountain mass,

Evander, to the Etruscan camp he had gone,
And laid before the king his name and race, 205
What he desired of him, and what proposed ;
Unfolds what force Mezentius to himself
Prepares to win, and Turnus' violent mood :
Warns him what confidence may be reposed
In man ; and with his warnings mingles prayers. 210
Without delay Tarchon unites his force,
And strikes a league. The Lydians, disengaged
From fate's restraint, embark upon the fleet,
Placed by commandment of the gods beneath
A foreign leader. Then Æneas' ship 215
Leads on ; the Phrygian lions yoked are carved
Below the prow, while Ida towers above,
An emblem dear to Trojan exiles. Here
The great Æneas sits, and in his mind
The various vicissitudes of war 220
Revolves. Beside him Pallas, sitting close,
Inquires about the stars, and of their path
Amid the night ; and of the sufferings
That he has borne on ocean and on land.

Now open Helicon, ye goddesses, 225
And aid my song to tell what bands meanwhile

Attend Æneas from the Tuscan coasts,
And man his ships, transported o'er the sea.

First, in the brazen Tigris, Massicus ;
A thousand warriors under his command, 230
Who Cosæ and the walls of Clusium left ;
With bows, and arrows, and light quivers armed.
Grim Abas goes with him, his squadron all
With burnished weapons ; and upon his stern
A gilded image of Apollo shone. 235
His native city Populonia
Had given to him six hundred warriors tried
In war ; three hundred more from Ilva went,
An island rich and inexhaustible
In iron mines. Asilas came the third ; 240
Interpreter of gods and men was he,
To whom the victims' fibres, and the stars,
The languages of birds, and fiery bolts
Of the presaging lightning, all were known.
A thousand men he leads in close array, 245
With bristling spears ; all placed in his command
By Pisa, of Alphean origin,
Although a Tuscan city. Astur next,
A warrior of exceeding beauty, comes,

Confiding in his steed and motley arms. 250
Three hundred, with one purpose, follow him.
From Cære and from Minio's plains they come,
And Pyrgi, and Gravisca's sickly shores.
Nor can I pass thee by, most brave in war,
Cinyras, leader of Ligurian troops. 255
Nor thee, Cupavo, with thy slender band ; —
Thy crest the plumage of a swan, the sign
Of thy changed father's fate ; love was the cause
Of evil fortune unto thee and thine.
For, as they tell us, Cycnus, while in grief 260
For his belovèd Phaëton he sang
Among the poplar boughs, his sister's shade,
And with his music soothed his sorrowing love,
Brought on himself the semblance of old age,
A downy plumage ; and so left the earth, 265
And singing, soared away among the stars.
His son, attended by his troops, impels
The mighty Centaur with his oars, whose form
Towers o'er the waves, and threatening holds a rock,
And with his long keel furrows the deep sea. 270

Next, with a cohort from his native shores,
Comes Ocnus, of prophetic Manto born,

And of the Tuscan River, who to thee
 Gave walls, O Mantua, and his mother's name, —
 Mantua, a city rich in ancestors ; 275
 But not one lineage for all. Three lines
 Are hers, and to each line four tribes. Of these
 She the chief city is. From Tuscan blood
 Her strength is drawn. Hence too Mezentius arms
 Five hundred warriors sent against himself, 285
 Whom Mincius, rising from his parent-lake
 Benacus, veiled with sea-green reeds, conveyed
 Down to the sea in ships of hostile pine.

Heavy Aulestes, rising to the stroke,
 Lashing the billows with a hundred oars, 285
 Comes, turning up the foam. The Triton huge
 Conveys him, and with sounding conch affrights
 The dark blue waves, and as he sails presents
 A shaggy figure, human to the waist,
 The rest a scaly monster of the sea. 295
 Beneath his rough breast murmuring laps the surge.

So many chosen chiefs, in thrice ten ships,
 Sailed to help Troy, and with their brazen prows
 Ploughed through the briny plains.

And now the day

From heaven had faded, and the tender moon 295
 Was journeying in her nightly car midway
 Through the Olympian sky. Æneas' cares
 Allow his limbs no rest. He sits and guides
 The helm himself, and manages the sails.
 When, in the middle of his course, behold, 300
 A choir of those who once attended him, —
 Sea-nymphs benignant Cybele had dowered
 With deity, and changed from ships to nymphs.
 With even pace they swim and cleave the waves,
 As many as the brazen ships that stood 305
 Upon the shore. Far off they know their king,
 And with their dancing motions circle him.
 Cymodocea, skilled above the rest
 In speech, her right hand lays upon the stern,
 And with her left rows gently through the waves. 310
 Him ignorant she then addresses thus: —
 “Wakest thou, Æneas, offspring of the gods?
 Awake, and give thy full sails to the wind.
 We are the pines of Ida's sacred top,
 Thy fleet, now Ocean-nymphs. When sorely pressed 315
 By the perfidious Rutulian prince
 With sword and fire, we were constrained to break
 Thy cables, and upon the deep we came

In quest of thee. The pitying Mother gave
 These shapes to us, and made us goddesses, 320
 Passing our days beneath the ocean's waves.
 But now behind the trenches and the walls,
 Thy boy Ascanius is shut in 'mid darts
 And martial terrors of the Latin hosts.
 Now the Arcadian cavalry have joined 325
 The valiant Tuscans, and have reached the place
 Appointed. Turnus with his troops resolves
 To oppose their march, lest they should join the camp.
 Rise then, and with the approaching dawn, array
 Thy men in arms, and take thy unconquered shield, 330
 The fire-god's gift, bordered with rims of gold.
 To-morrow's sun, unless my words seem vain,
 Vast heaps of slaughtered Rutuli shall see."
 She said; and with her right hand, not unskilled,
 Impelled the lofty ship, which through the waves 335
 Flew, swifter than an arrow that outstrips
 The winds. The others speed along their course.
 In ignorant amaze Æneas stands,
 Yet with the favoring omen cheers his crew.
 Then looking upward, in brief words he prays:— 340
 "Idæan Cybele, — Mother divine
 Of gods, — to whom thy Dindymus is dear,

Thy cities turret-crowned, thy lions yoked
 In pairs beneath thy reins, be now to me
 My leader in the battle; in due form
 Confirm the issue of this augury
 And help the Phrygians with propitious aid!"

345

Meanwhile night fled, and the broad day returned.
 Then first his comrades he enjoins to note
 The signal, and prepare their minds for war.
 And now, while standing on the lofty stern,
 The Trojans and their camp appear to view.
 On his left arm he lifts his blazing shield;
 When from their walls they raise a joyous shout.
 New hope revives their martial rage; they hurl
 Anew their darts: as when beneath dark clouds
 Strymonian cranes a signal give, and cleave
 The air with clamorous cries, and leave behind
 The southern breezes with their joyous notes.
 But the Rutulian prince and leaders all
 Are struck with wonder, till on looking back
 They see the fleet turned toward the shore, and all
 The surface of the sea alive with ships.
 Then burns Æneas' helmet and his crest;
 His golden shield pours out great flashing flames.

350

355

360

365

As when at night a blood-red comet glares ;
 Or blazing Sirius bringing pest and drouth
 On stricken mortals, in his rising sheds
 An ominous light, and saddens all the sky.

Yet Turnus his audacious confidence 370
 Bates not, resolved upon the shores to fling
 His forces, and drive back the coming foe.
 "What ye desired is come," he cries; "to crush
 The enemy in fair fight. Now Mars himself,
 O warriors, is in your power. Each now 375
 Bethink him of his wife and of his home,
 And call to mind the great deeds of his sires.
 Unchallenged let us meet them by the wave,
 While in disorder they attempt to land
 With slippery steps. (Fortune assists the bold." 380
 He said; and pondered whom he should lead on
 Against the foe, to whom entrust the siege.

Meanwhile from his tall ships Æneas lands
 His troops by bridges. Many watch the waves
 Retreating, and upon the shallows leap ; 385
 While others trust to oars. Tarchon surveys
 A portion of the strand where all is smooth,

And where the wavelets in unbroken curves
 Lap on the quiet beach, then turns his prow,
 And cries: "Now bend upon your sturdy oars, 390
 My chosen band, and urge your vessels on!
 Cleave with your beaks this hostile shore! Each keel
 Shall plough its furrow; nor shall I refuse
 To wreck my ship in such a port, if we
 But gain the shore!" This said, the crews at once 395
 Rise on their oars, and urge the foaming ships
 Upon the Latian strand, until their beaks
 Touch the dry land, and every ship unharmed;
 All, Tarchon, save thy own. For while she, dashed
 Upon the shallows, on the fatal ridge 400
 Hung, long suspended, in the laboring surge
 She breaks asunder, and amid the waves
 The crew are all exposed; the broken oars
 And floating benches clog and stop their way;
 While the receding tide drags back their feet. 405

No slow delay keeps Turnus back; but swift
 He hurries his whole army to the shore,
 And ranges them against the foe. The alarm
 Is sounded. First against the rustic ranks
 Æneas leads the attack; an omen this 410

Of coming slaughter 'mid the Latian hosts.
 Theron is slain, a warrior huge, who sought
 Of his own choice Æneas, who with sword,
 Through brazen shield, and corslet rough with gold,
 Pierces his side. Then Lichas next he smites, 415
 Who from his mother's womb was cut, and vowed
 To Phæbus, since in infancy he 'scaped
 The dangerous steel. A little farther on,
 Huge Gyas, and the hardy Cisseus fall,
 While they with clubs were striking down the troops. 420
 The arms of Hercules availed them naught;
 Nor their own strength of hand; nor that they had
 Melampus for their sire, Alcides' mate,
 While earth supplied his toils. At Pharus too,
 Full in his mouth, while clamoring boastful words, 425
 He hurls a spear. Thou, Cydon, too, while sad
 Following thy Clytius, thy new love, his cheeks
 Tinged with the yellow down of youth, hadst fallen
 Beneath the Trojan arm, a piteous sight,
 Oblivious of the love thou hadst for youths, 430
 Had not a band of brothers, seven in all,
 The sons of Phorcus, stood against the foe.
 Each threw a dart; some glance from helm and shield,
 While some, just grazing, Venus turns aside.

Æneas then to trusty Achates speaks :—

435

“Supply me now with javelins ; for not one
Of those which on the Trojan fields once pierced
The bodies of the Greeks, this hand shall hurl
In vain against the Rutuli.” With that,

He grasps and throws a mighty spear. It flies,
And through the brazen plates of Mæon’s shield
It pierces, cleaving corslet through and breast.

440

To him Alcanor flies, with his right hand
Sustains his dying brother ; but again

A spear is hurled, and passes through his arm,
And, reddened with his blood, flies on its course ;
And from his shoulder hangs the lifeless arm.

445

Then from his brother’s body Numitor
Plucks out the dart, and at Æneas aims

The weapon, but in vain ; for, turned aside
From him, it grazes great Achates’ thigh.

450

Clausus of Cures, trusting in his youth,
Now comes, and with his sharp spear driven deep
Stabs Dryops ’neath the chin, and through the throat,
While speaking, snatching at one thrust both voice
And life away ; his forehead strikes the earth ;

455

The blood flows from his mouth. Three Thracians
too,

Of lofty Borean family, and three
Their father Idas sent from Ismara
Their native land, he slays, with various fate. 460
Halesus, and Messapus with his steeds,
And the Auruncan cohorts, all come up.
Now on this side and now on that, they strive
To beat each other back. The battle-ground
Is on the very entrance of the land. 465

As in the sky's expanse, the warring winds
Are matched with equal force, and neither they,
Nor clouds, nor seas give way; on either side
Doubtful and long, all elements opposed;
So clash the Trojan and the Latian hosts; 470
Foot fixed to foot, and man confronting man.

But in another place, where, scattered wide,
A torrent had rolled down the rocks, and torn
The thickets from the banks, when Pallas saw
The Arcadians, unaccustomed to contend 475
On foot, flying before the Latian hosts, —
For o'er the rugged soil they could not urge
Their horses, — he, the sole expedient left
In this distress, inflames their warlike zeal,
Now with entreaties, now with bitter words. 480
“And whither do ye fly, my men?” he cries;

“By your own selves, and all your gallant deeds,
 By Evander’s name, your chief, and by the fields
 Ye have won, and by my rising hopes that now
 Grow emulous to gain my father’s praise, 485
 Trust not in flight. We with our swords must cut
 A passage through; there, where the densest mass
 Opposes, there your country calls both you
 And me your leader. No divinity
 Presses against us. Mortal men ourselves, 490
 We deal with none but mortal foes. We have
 As many souls, as many hands, as theirs.
 Behold! the mighty ocean hems us in.
 Land too we lack for flight. Is it the sea,
 Or Troy, to which our path shall be?” He said; 495
 And dashed into the thickest of the foes.

First, Lagus, led by inauspicious fates,
 Confronts him, coming with a ponderous stone.
 Whirling his lance, the youth transfixes him
 Between the spine and ribs, and backward draws 500
 His spear that in his body stuck. Meanwhile
 Hisbo attempts to strike him from above,
 But fails, against his hope. For as he comes
 Rushing, unguardedly, and mad with rage

At his companion's death, upon his sword 505
Pallas receives him ; in his swollen lungs
The steel is buried. Next on Sthenelus
He charges, and upon Anchemolus,
Of Rhætus' ancient race, who dared to invade
His step-dame's bed. Ye also on the field 510
Twin-brothers, ThyMBER and Larides fell,
The sons of Daucus, so alike that oft
The pleasing error in each form and face
Deceived your very parents and their kin.
But cruel marks of difference on both 515
Pallas affixed : for his Evandrian blade
Struck off thy head, O ThyMBER ; and from thee,
Was severed, O Larides, thy right hand,
Whose dying fingers twitch, and clutch the steel.

The Arcadians now by this success inflamed, 520
And by their hero's gallant deeds, are armed
With mingled rage and shame against their foes.
Then Rhætus, in his chariot flying by,
The spear of Pallas pierces, and gives space
To Ilus for a while to escape his death ; 525
For against Ilus he had hurled his lance,
Which Rhætus midway intercepts, as he,

Close pressed by Teuthras and by Tyres, flies.
 Rolled from his chariot, dying, on the field
 He falls. And as in summer, when the winds 530
 Wished for, arise, the shepherd scatters fire
 About the woods, the tracts that lie between
 Kindle and spread, till all the extended fields
 Blaze in one dreadful battle-line of flame ;
 He sitting, sees the fire's triumphant march ; — 535
 So the whole valor of thy troops combines
 In one, O Pallas, and assists thy strength.

But now Halesus, terrible in war,
 Bears down against them, covered with his shield.
 Ladon and Pheres and Demodocus 540
 He slays, and with his flashing sword strikes off
 The right hand of Strymonius, reaching out
 To clutch his throat ; then with a stone he smites
 The brow of Thoas, scattering splintered bones
 And bloody brains. His father in the woods 545
 Had hid Halesus ; his prophetic soul
 Presaged his fate. Soon as the aged sire
 His eyelids closed in death, the Destinies
 Laid on his son their hands, devoting him
 To the Evandrian spear. Him Pallas seeks ; 550
 But first he offers up this prayer : “ Grant now,

O father Tiber, to this steel I poise,
Successful flight through strong Halesus' breast.
So on thine oak his arms and spoils shall hang."
The god gave ear ; but while Halesus screened 555
His friend Imaon, hapless, he exposed
His breast defenceless to the Arcadian spear.

But Lausus, in himself a warlike host,
Suffers not that his troops should be dismayed
At the dire carnage by this warrior dealt. 560
First Abas, who confronts him, he strikes down,
The battle's knot and stay. Down fall the sons
Of Arcady, the Etruscan warriors fall ;
And you, ye Trojans, by the Greeks unscathed !
Their leaders and their forces matched, both hosts 565
Clash in the conflict. Those upon the rear
Press thick upon the front ; nor does the throng
Leave room to use their weapons or their hands.
Here Pallas presses on, there Lausus comes
Against him ; near alike they stand in age, 570
Distinguished both for beauty. But for them
Fortune had not ordained that they should see
Again their native land. Yet Heaven's great king
Suffered them not to meet in arms ; their fates

Await them soon from a superior foe.

575

Meanwhile as Turnus in his rapid car
 Cuts through the opposing ranks, his sister fair
 Warns him to haste to Lausus' aid. When he
 His comrades saw, "'T is time now to desist
 From battle," he exclaimed: "for I alone 580
 Must deal with Pallas; he is due to me
 Alone. Would that his father might be here
 To see us!" Saying this, at his command
 His followers quit the field. But wondering much
 At the Rutulians' retreat, and these commands 585
 Imperious, Pallas in amazement looks
 On Turnus, and with frowning glance aloof
 Surveys his mighty frame from head to foot.
 And moving forward, answers thus his words:—
 "Either for winning spoils of triumph now, 590
 Or for a glorious death, I shall be praised.
 For either lot my father is prepared.
 Away then with thy threats!" Saying this, he stepped
 Into the middle of the field. The blood
 Ran icy cold within the Arcadians' hearts. 595
 Down from his chariot Turnus leapt, prepared
 To meet him face to face. As from his lair

On high, a lion when he sees a bull
Stand meditating battle in a field,
And flies to meet him, so comes Turnus on. 600

As soon as Pallas trusted that his spear
Could reach his foe, he made the first advance ;
So Fortune, though with strength ill-matched with his,
Might speed his daring hand ; then to the heavens
Appealing, speaks : “ Alcides, hear my prayer ! 605

By my sire’s hospitality, the boards
Where thou, a stranger, didst partake with him,
Aid, I beseech, my daring deed begun.
May Turnus’ dying eyes behold me strip
His bloody armor from his limbs half dead, 610
And see me conqueror ! ” Alcides heard

The youth, and deep within his heart suppressed
A heavy groan, with unavailing tears.
Then with consoling words the Sire supreme
Addressed his son : “ To every one his day 615
Stands fixed by fate. The term of mortal life
Is brief, and irretrievable to all.

But to extend the period of its fame
By noble actions, this is virtue’s work.
Beneath Troy’s lofty walls what sons of gods 620
Have fallen : yea with them e’en Sarpedon fell,

My offspring ; Turnus also by the fates
Is called, and nears the verge of life." He said ;
And turned his eyes from the Rutulian fields.

But Pallas hurls a spear with strength immense, 625
And from his scabbard draws his gleaming sword.
The weapon on the shoulder's plating glanced,
And through the buckler's border forced its way,
And 'gainst the mighty frame of Turnus grazed.
But he, with aim deliberate poising long 630
A steel-tipped javelin, against Pallas hurled
The shaft, and cried : " See whether ours be not
The weapon that shall make the deeper wound !"
He said ; and through the middle of the shield,
With quivering blow the pointed javelin pierced ; 635
Through plates of steel and brass, through fold on fold
Of tough bull's hide, through barriers of wrought mail,
Till deep into his breast the weapon sinks.
The hot shaft from the wound he strives in vain
To draw ; from the same passage gushes out 640
His life-blood and his life. Down on his wound
He falls ; his armor clangs ; with bloody mouth
He bites the hostile earth in pangs of death.
But Turnus, striding over him, exclaims : —

“Ye men of Arcady, be sure to bear 645
These words of mine to Evander. In such plight
As he deserved, I send his Pallas back.
Whatever honor may be in a tomb,
Whatever solace lies in funeral rites,
I freely grant. His hospitality 650
Accorded to Æneas, no slight cost
Shall be to him.” With that, he pressed the corpse
With his left foot, and seized and tore away
The heavy belt (stamped with a tale of crime,
How in one nuptial night a band of youths 655
Were foully butchered, and their bridal beds
Drenched in their blood. Clonus Eurytides
Had wrought the story in a mass of gold).
Grasping this spoil, Turnus exults with joy.
Alas, how ignorant is man of fate; 660
Elated with success, how hard for him
To keep within his bounds! The time will come
When Turnus shall well wish that he had bought
At a dear price, that Pallas had been spared.
Then will he hate these spoils, and hate the day. 665
But Pallas stretched upon his shield is borne
Away by a group of friends, with groans and tears.
O grief and glory of thy sire, to whom

They bear thee back! This first day to the war
 Gave thee, and snatches thee away. Yet thou
 Didst leave vast heaps of the Rutulians slain.

670

And now, not rumor, but more certain word
 Of this disaster to Æneas flies:

That on the narrow edge of ruin dire
 His friends were driven; and the hour to help
 The flying Trojans, urgent. With his sword
 He mows his way amid the nearest ranks,
 His angry blade forcing a passage wide,
 Seeking for Turnus, who with pride exults

675

In his new victory. Before him now,
 Pallas, Evander, and the memories
 Of those first banquets where he sat a guest,
 And the right hands he grasped, all fill his eyes.

680

Four youths he seizes, sons of Sulmo; four
 Whom Ufens reared, an offering to the shade
 Of Pallas, destined with their captive's blood
 To drench the fires upon his funeral pile.

685

At Magus next he hurled his hostile spear;
 Who deftly stoops; the whizzing javelin flies
 Above his head. Embracing then his knees,

690

Magus thus pleads: "Ah, by thy father's shade,
 And by thy hopes of young Iulus, spare
 This life, for my sire's sake, and for my son's!
 I have a stately palace, and within
 Talents of graven silver buried lie; 695
 And weight of wrought and unwrought gold I own.
 'Tis not on me the Trojan victory turns;
 Nor can one life make such a difference."

To whom Æneas answered: "Keep thy gold,
 Thy silver talents for thy sons. All rules 700
 Of ransom and of interchange in war
 Were swept away by Turnus, when he took
 The life of Pallas. So Anchises' shade,
 And so Iulus deems." With that, he grasped
 With his left hand his helmet, and bent back 705
 His neck, and, as he begged for mercy, plunged
 The weapon to the hilt into his breast.

A little farther on, Hæmonides,
 The Priest of Phœbus and of Dian, stood;
 His brows with fillets and with mitre bound; 710
 In glistening armor and refulgent robes.
 Æneas meets him, and across the plain
 Pursues; and standing o'er him as he falls,

Devotes him to the gloomy shades of death.

Serestus gathers up and bears away

715

His arms, a trophy to the god of war.

Then Cæculus, of Vulcan's race derived,

And Umbro, coming from the Marsian hills,

Renew the fight. Raging against them moves

The Trojan chief. He with his blade smites off

720

Anxur's left hand, and shears his buckler's rim.

Some mighty spell, or boast he had pronounced,

And thought that in his words a virtue lay.

Perhaps to heaven itself his soul was raised,

Hoping to gain gray hairs, and length of years.

725

Next Tarquitus, whom Dryope the nymph

Had borne to sylvan Faunus, threw himself,

In gleaming armor, 'gainst the chief incensed;

Who hurls a spear, and makes of no avail

His breastplate and his heavy shield; then down

730

To earth he smites him, pleading sore, while much

He fain would say. Then rolling o'er the corpse

Still warm, thus speaks in wrath: "Thou dreaded foe,

Lie there! No mother dear shall lay thy head

In earth. No tomb within thy native land

735

Shall weigh upon thy limbs. Thou shalt be left
To birds of prey, or thrown into the waves,
Where hungry fish shall feast upon thy wounds!"

Next Lucas and Antæus he pursues,
Turnus' chief leaders; the strong Numa then, 740
And Camers with the yellow locks, the son
Of noble Volscens, wealthiest in land
Of all the Ausonian nation, and who ruled
Silent Amyclæ. As Ægeon once,
Wielding, 't is said, a hundred arms and hands, 745
And flashing flames from fifty mouths and breasts,
When 'gainst Jove's thunders, on so many shields
He clashed, and drew so many swords; e'en so
Victorious Æneas, when his blade
Grew warm, raged over all the field, yea, even 750
Against Niphæus with his four steeds, turned;
But when they saw him coming, from afar
In his dire wrath, in fear they turned and fled,
And rushing wildly overturned their chief,
And whirled along his chariot to the shore. 755

Two brothers, Lucagus and Liger, now
Come driving on, by two white horses drawn;

While Liger holds the reins, his brother swings
 A naked sword. Æneas could not brook
 This furious onset. With opposing spear 760
 He bears against them, towering in his might.
 Then Liger cries: "No steeds of Diomed,
 Nor chariot of Achilles, now thou seest,
 Nor Phrygian fields. Now, and upon this ground
 Shall end the war, and thy own life!" So flew 765
 The loud and raving words from Liger's lips.
 But not with words the hero answered him,
 But hurls his javelin. Then as Lucagus
 Bends o'er the lash, and with his sharp steel goads
 His coursers, and, his left foot forward thrown, 770
 Prepares for battle, through the lower rims
 Of his bright shield the weapon pierces deep
 To his left groin. Down from his chariot thrown,
 He writhes upon the ground in pangs of death.
 Then thus Æneas speaks, with bitter words: — 775
 "No fault of speed in thy swift horses' feet
 Betrayed thee, Lucagus: no shadows vain
 Affrighted them, to turn and fly. Thyself,
 Thou leavest thy chariot, leaping to the ground!"
 With that he seized the steeds. But slipping down 780
 From the same car, his wretched brother stretched

His hands, unarmed, beseeching: "By thyself,
And by the parents who begot such worth,
O Trojan hero, spare the life of one
Who begs for mercy!" But Æneas said, 785
As still he pleaded: "Not such were thy words
A moment since. Die! let not brother leave
A brother thus." Then deep within his breast,
The spirit's latent seat, he plunged his steel.

Such were the deaths the Dardan chieftain dealt, 790
While raging like a whirlwind or a flood
Around the fields; until at length the boy
Ascanius, and the warriors whom their foes
Besieged in vain, come issuing from their camp.

Jove of his own accord, meanwhile, addressed 795
His spouse: "My sister and my consort dear,
'T is Venus, as thou saidst, who doth sustain
The Trojan powers: thy judgment did not err.
These heroes have no swift right hands for war,
No courage stern, nor patience to endure." 800
To whom, submissive, Juno thus replied: —
"My spouse, most radiantly fair, why thus
Torment one who is sick at heart, and dreads

Thy stern commands? If what I once possessed
 Were mine, as mine it should have been, the power 805
 I had to move thy love, thou wouldst not now,
 Omnipotent, refuse me this request :
 That I may rescue Turnus from the strife,
 And to his father Daunus bring him safe.
 Now he must perish, and his pious blood 810
 Pour out to satisfy the Trojans' hate.
 Yet, from our race he draws his lineage
 (Pylumus in the fourth degree his sire).
 And oft with liberal hands and many a gift
 Has heaped thy courts." To whom the Olympian king
 Briefly replied : " If for this fated youth 816
 Time and reprieve from present death be sought,
 And 't is thy will that I should thus decree,
 Then snatch him from impending fate by flight.
 Thus far indulgence is allowed. But if 820
 Beneath these prayers of thine there lurks some boon
 Of deeper import, and thou think'st to shift
 And change the whole war, then an empty hope
 Is thine." But Juno, weeping : " What if thou
 Shouldst with thy will grant what thy words refuse, 825
 And Turnus' life remain assured? Yet now,
 A heavy doom awaits this guiltless one ;

Or else I wander wide of truth. But O,
 That I may rather be by groundless fears
 Deceived; and thou, who hast the power, reverse 830
 To better ends the course thou hast begun!"

Thus having spoken, from the lofty sky,
 Wrapped in a cloud, she sped, driving a storm
 Down through the air; and to the Trojan lines
 And the Laurentian camp pursued her way. 835

Then from thin mist, a wondrous sight to see,
 She shapes a phantom in Æneas' form,
 Arrayed in Trojan arms, and counterfeits
 His shield, and crest upon his head divine;
 Gives empty words, and soulless sounding voice, 840
 And imitated gait; e'en like the forms
 That flit about, 't is said, when death is passed,
 Or such as cheat the senses in our sleep.

The airy image in the battle's front
 Leaps with exultant step, and challenges 845
 The warrior with his darts and taunting words.

Turnus comes pressing on, and from afar
 He hurls a whizzing lance: the phantom turns
 Its back. Then Turnus, thinking that his foe
 Was yielding ground, with his retreating pace, 850

Swells with a vain and empty hope, and cries : —
 “ Æneas, whither now ? Do not desert
 Thy plighted nuptials ! This right hand of mine
 Shall give the land thou hast crossed the seas to seek ! ”
 So shouting he pursues, with brandished sword, 855
 Nor sees his dream of triumph fade in air.

By chance there was a vessel lying moored
 Beside a rock, with steps and bridge prepared,
 In which the King Osinius had been borne
 From Clusium's shores. Hither as if in fear 860
 The image of Æneas flies, and seeks
 A hiding-place. Turnus, as swift, pursues ;
 Passes all barriers, leaps across the bridge ;
 But scarce had reached the prow, when Juno breaks
 The cable, and upon the ebbing tide 865
 Hurries the ship away. The airy sprite
 Then cares to hide no further, but is borne
 Aloft, and mingles with a dusky cloud.
 Meanwhile Æneas seeks his absent foe
 For battle, sending many a hero down 870
 To death ; while Turnus o'er the sea is swept
 Before the gale. Backward he looks, nor knows,
 Thankless for safety, what the event may mean.

Then lifting both his hands to heaven, he cries : —
 “ Omnipotent Creator, didst thou judge 875
 That I deserved such dire disgrace as this ?
 And does thy will decree such punishment ?
 Whence do I come, and whither am I borne ?
 What flight is this, and what am I who fly ?
 Can I behold again the Latian walls 880
 Or camp ? What will that band of warriors say,
 My followers in arms, and whom I thus
 Basely abandon to a cruel death ?
 E'en now I see them scattered, and can hear
 The groans of those who fall. What can I do ? 885
 What earth can now yawn deep enough for me ?
 Pity me, rather, O ye stormy winds,
 And drive this ship, most heartily I pray,
 Upon the rocks and cliffs and sandy shoals,
 Where neither the Rutulians nor my fame 890
 Can follow me ! ” With words like these, his soul
 Hither and thither fluctuates and turns ;
 Whether, for such disgrace, to plunge his sword
 Into his frenzied breast, or throw himself
 Into the waves, and swimming seek the shores, 895
 And 'gainst the Trojans take the field again.
 Thrice he attempted either course ; and thrice

Did Juno, pitying him, restrain the youth.
 So, onward he was borne, with favoring tide,
 And reached at length his old paternal home.

900

But prompted now by Jove, with fiery zeal
 Mezentius takes the field, and leads the attack
 'Gainst the exulting Trojans. Then at once
 The Tuscan troops rush on him, him alone,
 With all their hoarded hate, and, pressing close,
 Assail the warrior with their showers of darts.
 He, like a rock that juts into the sea,
 Braving the fury of the winds and floods,
 And all the threats of heaven, stands fixed and firm.
 Hebrus the son of Dolichaon down
 To earth he strikes; and with him Latagus,
 And Palmus, as he flies; but Latagus
 First with a huge stone smites upon the face;
 Then Palmus, hamstrung, leaves upon the ground
 To roll, and gives his armor to his son
 Lausus, to wear, also his plummy crest.
 Phrygian Evanthès too he overthrows;
 And Mimas, Paris' mate, of equal years,
 Son of Theano and of Amycus,
 Born on the very night when Hecuba

905

910

915

920

Brought Paris forth, the firebrand of her dream.
 He in his native city buried lies ;
 But Mimas on Laurentian shores, unknown.

And, as from mountain heights pursued by hounds,
 A wild boar whom the piny Vesulus 925
 And the Laurentian marsh for many a year
 Has sheltered, and the reedy thickets fed,
 When caught amid the toils, he makes a stand,
 Furious, with bristling back, while none may dare
 Oppose, or venture near him, but with shouts 930
 And javelins at a distance hem him in ;
 But he, unterrified, on every side
 With a deliberate resistance turns,
 Gnashing his tusks, and shaking from his back
 The lances ; — so with those whom righteous wrath 935
 Against Mezentius fires ; not one who dares
 To meet him in close combat ; from afar
 They send their clamorous cries and galling shafts.

From ancient Corythus had come a Greek,
 Acron by name, who had left his marriage rites 940
 Unconsummated, and had joined the war.
 Far off Mezentius sees him plunging through
 The ranks confused, decked gayly in the plumes

And crimson favors of his plighted bride.
 Then, as an unfed lion, here and there 945
 Roaming about the lofty stalls, and driven
 By maddening hunger, if by chance he espies
 A timorous kid, or stag with stately horns,
 Exults, with open jaws and mane erect,
 And crouching, fastens on his prey, and laves 950
 His cruel mouth in gore, — so rushes on
 Mezentius through his enemies' thick ranks.
 Down falls the unhappy Acron to the ground,
 And dying, spurns the dark earth with his heels,
 And bathes his broken weapons with his blood. 955

The warrior now disdains to hurl his lance,
 And slay Orodes as he flies, with wound
 Unseen, but runs and meets him face to face
 In close encounter ; not in stratagem
 Superior, but in arms. Then with his foot 960
 Upon his fallen foe, and on his spear
 Leaning, exclaims : “ Behold, my men, here lies —
 No despicable portion of the war —
 The tall Orodes.” With a shout, his friends
 Repeat the exulting pæan. But the chief 965
 Utters these dying words : “ Whoe'er thou art,

Not long shalt thou, victorious, exult
O'er me, nor shall I now die unavenged.
A destiny like mine awaits thee too ;
And on these very fields shalt thou soon lie !” 970

To whom Mezentius with a bitter smile : —
“ Die then ! But as for me, the sire of gods
And sovereign of men will see to that.”
So saying, from his breast he drew the steel.
Then stern repose and iron-lidded sleep 975
Weighed down the eyes that closed in endless night.

Then Cædicus strikes off Alcathous' head ;
Sacrator fells Hydaspes ; Rapo's sword
Parthenius and the hardy Orses smites ;
Clonius and Ericetes fall before 980
Messapus' steel ; one from his restive steed
Thrown down, the other fighting foot to foot.
'Gainst him the Lycian Agis had stepped forth ;
But, in ancestral valor not untried,
Valerus overthrows him. Thronius next 985
Is slain by Salius, he by Nealces' hand,
Famed for his skill to wing the viewless shaft.

Stern Mars now held in equal poise the deaths

And bitter griefs on either side. Alike
The victors and the vanquished slew and fell. 990
Nor these, nor those know what it is to fly.
The gods above with pitying eyes behold
The fruitless rage of both, and grieve to see
Such woes for mortal men. Here Venus sees,
And there Saturnian Juno views the strife, 995
While through the hosts raves pale Tisiphone.

But, shaking his huge lance, Mezentius stalks,
Swelling with rage, across the field. So moves
Mighty Orion, when his footsteps come
Cleaving a passage through the ocean deeps, 1000
His shoulders towering high above the waves;
Or, bearing in his hand an aged ash
From the high mountains, walks upon the earth,
And hides his head amid the misty clouds.
So comes Mezentius in his armor huge. 1005
Æneas in the long battalion sees
His foe, and goes to meet him. Undismayed
He stands, firm in his large and massive frame,
And waits to meet his noble enemy.
Then measuring with his eyes what distance fits 1010
His javelin's force; "Now may this god of mine,"

He cries, "this right hand, and the spear I wield,
Aid me! Thou, Lausus, thou thyself, I swear,
Clothed in this robber's spoils shalt stand to-day,
A trophy of Æneas' fall!" He said, 1710
And hurled his whizzing spear. It flew and glanced
From off Æneas' shield, then pierced the side
Of the renowned Antores, him who was
Alcides' comrade, and from Argos came,
And joined Evander, settling in a town 1720
Of Italy. He hapless, by a wound
Meant for another, falls, and looks to heaven,
Remembering his dear Argos as he dies.
Then sped Æneas' spear; through concave orb
Of triple brass, through quilted linen folds, 1735
Through woven work of three bulls'-hides, it pierced,
Even to the groin; but it had spent its force.
Then swiftly from his side Æneas drew
His sword, exulting in the Tyrrhene blood
Thus drawn, and pressed upon his baffled foe. 1750
But Lausus saw, and heaved a bitter groan
Of filial love, while tears rolled down his cheeks.

And here, thou youth most worthy to be praised,
Thee, and the hard fate of thy piteous death,

And thy most noble deeds, I shall not pass 1035
 In silence, if an act so great as thine
 Shall be believed by any future age!

Encumbered, and disabled by his wound,
 Mezentius now drew back with faltering steps,
 Trailing the hostile spear that in his shield 1040
 Still hung. Then forward rushed his son, amid
 The armèd troops, beneath Æneas' sword
 Just raised to strike, and, keeping him at bay
 Awhile, sustained the shock. With ringing shouts
 His friends support him, till the sire withdrew, 1045
 Protected by the buckler of the son;
 And from a distance with their darts repel
 The foe. Beneath the cover of his shield,
 Æneas in his wrath confronts the attack.
 As when the clouds pour down a shower of hail, 1050
 The swains and ploughmen hurry from the fields,
 And in some safe retreat the traveller lurks,
 Or 'neath the river-banks, or in rocky clefts,
 While pours the rain, that when the sun returns
 They may pursue the labors of the day; 1055
 So, overwhelmed by darts on every side,
 Æneas bears against the storm of war,

Till it has spent its thunder. Chiding then,
 And threatening, he to Lausus calls aloud : —
 “Whither to death and ruin dost thou rush, 1060
 Daring to aim at things beyond thy strength?
 Thy filial love betrays thy heedless soul.”
 But he, infatuated, none the less
 Exults ; and now the Dardan chieftain’s wrath
 Higher and fiercer swells ; until the Fates 1065
 Collect the last threads of young Lausus’ life.
 For deep into his breast Æneas’ blade
 Is plunged, through buckler and through armor light,
 And tunic woven by a mother’s hands
 With threads of delicate gold. His breast is bathed 1070
 In blood. The sad soul left its mortal frame,
 And through the air fled to the realm of Shades.
 But when Anchises’ son beheld his face
 And dying looks, so wondrous pale, he groaned
 With pitying heart, and stretched his right hand forth,
 Touched by the picture of his filial love. 1075
 “What worthy recompense, lamented youth,”
 He said, “what honors can Æneas now
 Bestow on virtues such as thine? Thy arms,
 In which thou didst rejoice, retain them still. 1080
 And to the tomb and ashes of thy sires,

If aught of consolation that may be,
 I give thee back. This solace too thou hast,
 In thy unhappy death, that thou hast fallen
 By great Æneas' hand." With that he chides 1085
 His hesitating followers, and himself
 Lifts up the youth, his smooth locks smeared with blood.

Meanwhile the father on the Tiber's shore
 With water stanch'd his wounds; and eased his limbs,
 Reclining in the shade against a tree. 1090
 His brazen helmet hung upon a bough,
 And on the grass his heavy armor lay.
 His chosen youths around him stand, while he,
 Panting, and faint, relieves his burdened neck,
 His flowing beard spread out upon his breast. 1095
 Ofttimes of Lausus he inquires, and oft
 Sends messengers to call him from the field,
 Bearing commands from his afflicted sire.
 But Lausus' weeping friends were bearing him
 Away upon his shield, a lifeless corpse; 1100
 Great was his soul, and great the wound that slew him.
 His sire, foreboding sorrow, knew their groans
 Far off. Then on his hoary head he heaped
 The unsightly dust, and stretched his hands to heaven;

And clinging to the corpse, "My son!" he cried, 1105
 "Could such delight in life be mine, that I
 Could suffer him whom I begot to stand
 And take my place before the foeman's steel?
 And, by these wounds of thine, am I, thy sire
 Preserved, thus living by thy death? Alas! 1110
 Bitter at length is exile now to me,
 Wretched! Ay, now the wound is deeply driven!
 'T was I, my son, who stained thy name with crime,
 Expelled from sceptre and paternal throne
 For my detested deeds. As I deserved 1115
 My country's vengeance and my subjects' hate,
 I should have forfeited my guilty life
 By every kind of death; and still I live: —
 Nor men, nor life I leave, — yet leave I will."

With that, the warrior on his crippled thigh 1120
 Lifted himself, and though his grievous wound
 Retards him, not depressed, he bids his steed
 Be brought. his solace and his pride, on which
 Victorious he had come from every war.
 Then to the sorrowing beast he thus begins: — 1125

"Long, Rhæbus, have we lived, if aught be long
 With mortals. Either thou shalt bear away
 Victoriously, to-day, Æneas' head

And bloody spoils, and so avenge with me
 The death of Lausus; or, if we should fail, 1130
 We both will fall together. For, I ween,
 Never, my own brave steed, wilt thou e'er deign
 To obey a stranger, or a Trojan lord."

He, mounting then his steed, adjusts his limbs
 Upon the accustomed seat, and fills his hands 1135
 With javelins; and his brazen helmet gleams
 Upon his head, rough with its hairy crest;
 Then gallops to the middle of the field.

Deep shame, and mingled grief, and frantic rage,
 And love by maddening furies driven, and sense 1140
 Of conscious valor, boil within his breast.
 Then to Æneas thrice he called aloud.

Æneas knew him, and exulting, prayed:—
 "So may great Jove, and so Apollo prompt
 Thy hand! Begin the fight!" No more he said, 1145
 But bore against him with his threatening spear.

But he: "Why dost thou seek, thou barbarous man,
 To terrify me, now my son is slain?
 This was the only way thou couldst prevail
 Against me. But I have no fear of death, 1150
 Nor heed I any of your gods. Forbear!
 I come prepared to die, but first I bring

These gifts for thee!" He said, and hurled a shaft,
 And then another, and another still;
 While in a circuit wide he wheeled about. 1155
 The hero's golden shield sustains the shock.
 Thrice round Æneas, facing him, he rides
 In circles to the left, his hand, the while,
 Still hurling lances. Thrice upon his shield
 The Trojan hero bears about with him 1160
 A frightful grove of javelins, sticking fast.
 Till tired of dragging on such long delay,
 And plucking out so many barbèd spears,
 Hard pressed, contending in unequal fight,
 Revolving many stratagems, at length, 1165
 Forward he springs, and darts his weapon straight
 Between the temples of the warlike steed.
 Rearing, the horse beats with his hoofs the air;
 Then falls upon his rider closely pressed
 Beneath his shoulder's weight. Then ring the shouts 1170
 Of Trojans and of Latians to the skies.
 But swiftly Æneas leapt, and with his sword
 Snatched from the sheath, stood over him, and spoke:—
 "Where is the fierce Mezentius now, and all
 The wild impetuous force that filled his soul?" 1175
 To whom the Tuscan, when with eyes upraised

His breath returned, and his bewildered mind:—

“Thou bitter enemy, why dost thou taunt

And threaten me with death? It is no crime

For thee to slay me. Not for this came I

1180

To battle; nor did he, my Lausus, make

Such truce with thee for me. One boon alone

I ask, if to the vanquished any grace

Be given;—that in the earth my corpse may lie.

I know my subjects' enmity and hate

1185

Surround me. Save my body from their rage,

And bury me beside my son.” He said;

And knowing well his doom, gave to the sword

His throat. Then with his life his streaming blood

Rushed forth, and over all his armor poured.

1190

B O O K X I .

M E A N W H I L E the Morning from the Ocean rose.
Æneas, though his wishes strongly urge
To give a time of burial for his friends ;
And by the memory of their deaths his soul
Is overcast ; yet, with the early dawn, 5
Pays to the gods the vows a victor owes.
An oak-tree huge, its boughs on every side
Lopped off, he plants upon a rising ground ;
And on it hangs the shining arms, the spoils
Of King Mezentius ; — thine, O warrior-god, 10
The trophy. There, the crest that dripped with blood
He places, and the hero's shattered spears,
And breastplate twelve times dented and pierced through.
The brazen shield upon the left he binds,
And from the neck the ivory-hilted sword 15
Suspends. Then, while the chiefs around him crowd,
He thus addresses his exulting friends
With words of cheer : “ Warriors, our greatest work

Is done ; all lingering fear be banished now.
The spoils, the first-fruits of our victory, 20
Worn by that haughty tyrant, — they are here !
Here, by my hands Mezentius is laid low.
Now to the king and to the Latian walls
Our way is free. Prepare your arms ; with hope
And courage strong, anticipate the war, 25
Lest obstacles impede you unawares,
Or counsel born of fear, with motions slow
Delay you, when the deities give leave
To pull your standards up, and lead your youths
From camp. Meanwhile let us commit to earth 30
The unburied corpses of our friends ; for such
Is the sole honor known in Acheron.
Go then, and with your last sad offerings grace
Those souls of noble worth who with their blood
Have won for us this country. First of all, 35
To Evander's mourning city let us send
Brave Pallas, whom a day of darkness snatched
Away from us, and plunged in bitter death."

Weeping he spoke, and to the threshold went,
Where, by the corpse of Pallas on his bier 40
Stretched out, the old Acœtes watching sat.

He 't was who had been armor-bearer once
To Evander ; now, with sadder auspices,
Attendant on his own dear foster-son,
Gathered around the trains of servants stood, 45
And Trojan crowds ; while Trojan women came
Mourning, as they were wont, with tresses loose.

Soon as Æneas entered the high gates,
Beating their breasts they raise a long loud groan,
And the halls ring with grief. When he himself 50
Beheld the pillowed head and snow-white face
Of Pallas, and upon his fair smooth breast
The open wound the Ausonian spear had dealt,
With tears he could not check he thus began : —
“ Ah dear lamented boy, did Fortune then, 55
Just when she came with smiles, begrudge me thee,
Lest thou shouldst see the kingdom I should win,
And to thy home return with victory crowned?
Not this the parting promise that I gave
Thy sire, for thee, when with his last embrace 60
He sent me forth against a mighty realm,
And, fearful, gave me warning I should meet
Fierce foes, and battles with a hardy race.
And he, deluded by an empty hope,

Perhaps even now is offering up his vows, 65
 Heaping the altars with his gifts, while we,
 With grief and unavailing funeral pomp,
 Attend the lifeless youth, now owing naught
 To any powers above. Unhappy sire,
 Thou wilt behold the cruel obsequies 70
 Of thy own son! Is this our homeward march?
 Our looked-for triumph, our high confidence?
 But not, Evander, with disgraceful wounds
 Shalt thou behold thy warrior beaten back;
 Nor thou, O father, wish a fearful death 75
 For one so saved. Alas, how great a guard
 Hast thou, Ausonia, thou, Iulus, lost!"

Thus having wept, he bids them lift away
 The mournful corpse, and sends a thousand men,
 From the whole army chosen, to attend 80
 These last funereal rites, and bear a part
 In the parental tears; a solace small
 For that huge grief, yet due the unhappy sire.
 Others, no less alert, with twigs of oak
 And arbuté weave a soft and pliant bier, 85
 And shade the lifted bed with leafy boughs.
 High on this rustic couch they raise the youth;—

So lies a flower by a maiden's fingers plucked,
Some violet sweet, or languid hyacinth,
From which not yet the form and bloom have gone, 92
Though mother earth no strength nor nurture yields.
Two robes Æneas then brought forth, all stiff
With gold and crimson broidery, which once
Sidonian Dido, pleased to ply her task,
With her own hands had wrought for him, and striped 95
The tissue through with slender threads of gold.
With one of these, last honor to his friend,
He clothes the youth, and with the other veils
His hair, which soon the funeral flames must burn.
And many a prize from the Laurentian war 100
He heaps, besides, commanding them to lead
In long array the booty they had won.
To these he adds the weapons and the steeds
Of which he had despoiled the enemy ;
And those whose hands he had bound behind, to send 105
As victims to the hero's shade, condemned
To sprinkle with their blood the altar flames.
Also the leaders he commands to bear
The trunks of trees with hostile armor hung,
And to affix their enemies' names thereon. 110
Acætes, wretched and worn out with age,

Is led, who beats his breast and tears his cheeks,
 And throws his body prostrate on the earth.
 The chariots of the hero then are led,
 Dashed with Rutulian blood. His war-horse next, 115
 Æthon, his trappings laid aside, moves on,
 The big tears coursing down his sorrowing face.
 And others bear the helmet and the spear ;
 For all the rest victorious Turnus held.
 Then the sad phalanx comes, the Trojans all, 120
 And Tuscans, and Arcadians, following on
 With arms reversed. When all the train had passed
 In long array, Æneas paused, and thus
 With a deep groan resumed : “ War’s direful fates
 Now call us hence to other tears than these. 125
 Great Pallas, here I greet thee but to leave!
 Forever hail! forever fare thee well!”
 No more he said, but to the camp returned.

And now from King Latinus’ city came
 Ambassadors, who bore the olive-branch, 130
 And sued for grace ; that he would render back
 The bodies of their dead in battle slain,
 Strown o’er the fields, with leave to bury them ;
 That, with the vanquished and the dead, all strife

Must cease; that those once called his hosts 135
And kin by promised union, he would spare.
Whom, as their prayer was not a thing to spurn,
Æneas with a courteous grace receives,
And adds these words: "What undeservèd chance,
O Latians, hath involved you in such war, 140
That thus you have avoided us, your friends?
Is it for peace to those bereft of life,
And taken by the chance of war, ye sue?
Nay, I would grant it too to those who live.
Nor, unless destiny had here decreed 145
My place and settlement, would I have come.
Nor with this nation do I wage a war.
Your king renounced all hospitality
With us, and trusted Turnus' arms. More just
It would have been for Turnus his own life 150
To risk. If it be his design to end
With his own hand this war, and to expel
The Trojans, then with me he should have fought.
And he would have survived, whom power divine
Or his own strong right hand had given to live. 155
Now go, and for your dead build funeral fires."

So spoke Æneas. They astonished stood,

And silent, and upon each other turned
Their faces and their eyes, with looks intent.

Then agèd Drances, who in enmity 160
And accusations always hostile stood
To youthful Turnus, thus begins to speak : —
“O Trojan hero, mighty in thy fame,
And mightier still in arms, with what high praise
Shall I extol thy name? — which most admire, 165
Thy justice, or thy great emprise in war?
We truly shall with grateful hearts bear back
This answer to our city ; and if a way
By any chance should open, will unite
Thee to our king. Let Turnus for himself 170
Seek his alliances. Nay, we ourselves,
Well pleased, will build your fated city’s walls,
And on our shoulders bear the stones of Troy.”
He said, and all as one murmured assent.
A twelve days’ truce is settled ; and meanwhile 175
The Trojans and the Latins, freely mixed,
Roam through the forests on the hills, in peace.
Beneath the axe the rowan-tree resounds ;
The pines that skyward shoot are overturned ;
Nor do they cease to cleave the trunks of oak 180

And fragrant cedar, and to carry off
The mountain-ash trees in their groaning wains.

Now flying rumor, harbinger of grief
So great, comes to Evander's ears, and fills
His court and city; rumor which but now 185
Reported Pallas in the Latian fields
Victorious. To the gates the Arcadians rush,
And, as the ancient custom was, snatch up
Their funeral torches. In a long array
The road is bright with flames, that far and wide 190
Make visible the fields. The Phrygian bands,
Advancing, join the mourning multitude.
The matrons, when they see them near the walls,
Rouse the sad city with their cries of grief.
But nothing can restrain Evander then 195
From rushing through the middle of the throng.
The bier set down, the father prostrate falls
Upon the body of his son, with tears and groans
Close clinging to the corpse, until at length
The words, long stifled by his grief, escape: — 200
“Was this the promise, O my son, thou gav'st,
That in no rash encounter wouldst thou try
The risks of raging war? I knew full well

How far the fresh delight and fame of arms,
And the first battle's glory, all too sweet, 205
Might carry thee away. Ah, first-fruits dire
Of youth! Ah, hard novitiate in a war
So near at hand! and vows and prayers unheard
By any of the deities! And thou,
Most sacred consort, happy in thy death, 210
Nor for this grief reserved! while I am left
Still lingering, and outlive my destined days,
To stay behind my son, a childless sire!
'T was I who should have followed to the field
The allied arms of Troy, and fallen before 215
The lances of the Rutuli. This life
I should have given, and me, not Pallas, now,
This funeral pomp had homeward brought! Not you,
Ye Trojans, and your friendly league, wherein
You pledged your hands, do I accuse. This blow 220
Of fortune was but due to my old age.
And if untimely death has called my son,
Some solace 't is to know that leading on
The Trojans into Latium, he has fallen,
Thousands of Volscians having first been slain. 225
Nor other obsequies would I prepare
For thee, O Pallas, than Æneas gives,

With the great Phrygians and the Tuscan chiefs,
And all their host. Proud trophies won by thee
They bring, from those whom thy right hand hath slain.
Thou also wouldst have been among them here, 231
Turnus, a mighty trunk with armor decked,
Had Pallas been of equal years and strength
With thine. But why need I, unhappy, stay
The Trojans from the war? Go, bear in mind 235
These words, and take this message to your king: —
That if I linger out a hated life,
Now that my Pallas is no more, the cause
Is thy avenging hand, from which the life
Of Turnus to a father and a son 240
Thou see'st is due. This empty post awaits
Thee only, and the fortune of thy arms.
I seek not further joy, nor should I seek,
In life; but fain into the shades below
Would bear with me these tidings to my son." 245

Meanwhile the Morn to wretched mortals brought
The light benign, and the day's work and toil
Renewed. Æneas now, now Tarchon built
Along the winding shore the funeral piles.
Each hither brought the bodies of his friends, 250

According to the custom of his sires.

The mournful fires are lit beneath; the sky

Is hidden in the darkness and the smoke.

Thrice round the blazing piles they go, all clad

In glittering armor; thrice upon their steeds 255

Encompass the sad flames with doleful shrieks.

With tears the earth is wet, with tears their arms.

The blare of trumpets and the cries of men

Ascend to heaven. Some throw into the fire

The spoils they snatched away from Latians slain, — 260

Helmets and splendid swords, bridles and bits,

And glowing wheels; some throw their well-known gifts,

Their own shields, and their unsuccessful spears.

To Death they offer up a sacrifice

Of bulls and swine; and sheep from all the fields 265

Borne off they slay, and cast into the flames.

Then all along the shore their burning friends

They view, and watch the half-charred funeral piles;

Nor can they tear themselves away, till night

Inverts the sky, studded with blazing stars. 270

Nor with less sorrow do the Latians too,

In other quarters, build unnumbered pyres.

And many corpses of their warriors fallen

They bury in the earth ; and some they bear
 To neighboring fields, some to the city send. 275
 The rest, a vast promiscuous heap of slain
 Uncounted, and unmarked by separate rites,
 They burn. Then all around, the extended fields
 Blaze with their frequent fires, in rival zeal.
 The third day from the skies had driven the shades, 280
 When sadly on the funeral hearths they heaped
 The piles of ashes and the mingled bones,
 And a warm mound of earth above them threw.

But from Latinus' city and proud courts
 Comes the chief clamor and long wail of woe. 285
 Mothers, and mourning brides, and tender hearts
 Of sorrowing sisters, and young children robbed
 Of parents, execrate the direful war,
 And Turnus' nuptials ; and demand that he,
 Turnus himself, shall with his sword decide 290
 The contest, since for himself alone he claims
 The kingdom and the crown of Italy.
 All this the bitter Drances aggravates,
 And vows that Turnus is the only one
 Summoned and challenged to the combat now ; 295
 While differing voices all declare for him
 Protected by the queen's o'ershadowing name,
 And by his fame upheld, and trophies won.

Amid the tumult and commotion, come,
To add new griefs, the sad ambassadors 300
From Diomed's great city, who report
These answers: "That they had accomplished naught
By all their toil bestowed; that neither gifts,
Nor gold, nor supplications could avail.
That other armed alliance must be asked 305
By Latium; or that from the Trojan prince
Must peace be sought." At this the king himself
Sinks down, o'erpowered by his weight of grief.
The anger of the gods, the new-raised mounds
Before him, show that by a power divine 310
Æneas is borne on with fateful aim.
Therefore by his imperial decree
He summons his great council, and his peers,
Within the lofty courts. They flocking come,
And stream along the crowded avenues, 315
And fill the royal palace. In the midst,
Oldest in years and first in regal power,
With joyless brow Latinus takes his seat.
Here he commands the ambassadors, who late
From the Ætolian city had returned, 320
Their message to deliver, and relate
In order due each answer they had brought.

Then all in silence sat ; when Venulus,
 Commanded, speaks : “ We have seen, O citizens,
 The Argive camp, and Diomed himself ; 325
 The dangers of our weary road o’erpass’d,
 We touch’d that hand by which Troy’s kingdom fell.
 We found the chief, victorious, building there,
 On the Apulian plains, Argyripa,
 His city, from his native Argos named. 330
 Admitted, and permission given to speak,
 We first present our gifts ; then tell our name
 And country, and what foes made war on us ;
 And why to Arpi we had come. Then thus,
 Our message heard, he courteously replied : — 335
 ‘ O happy people, of Saturnian realms !
 Ancient Ausonians ! Say what fortune now
 Disturbs your peace, provoking wars untried.
 All those of us, who with the sword despoiled
 The Ilian fields (I make no note of stress 340
 Endured in battle ’neath the walls of Troy,
 Nor of the heroes in their Simois drowned) ;
 We all have borne unutterable woes
 In every place, and of our crimes have paid
 The penalties, — a band whom Priam even 345
 Would pity. Let Minerva’s baleful star

Bear witness, and the rough Eubæan rocks,
 And dire Caphereus. Ever since that war
 Have we on various coasts been tossed and driven;
 Here Menelaus, Atreus' son, exiled 350
 As far away as Proteus' columns; there,
 Ulysses the Ætnean Cyclops sees.
 Why name the realms of Neoptolemus?
 The home-gods of Idomeneus o'erthrown?
 The Locri dwelling on the Lybian shores? 355
 Mycenæ's chief himself who led the Greeks,
 Stabbed by the hand of his unnatural spouse,
 Upon his palace threshold, — Asia's lord
 By an adulterous enemy waylaid?
 Or need I tell how, envied by the gods, 360
 I could not to my native land return,
 And my beloved wife again behold,
 And lovely Calydon? Even now portents
 Of aspect terrible pursue my steps;
 My lost companions, into birds transformed, 365
 Have flown away into the fields of air,
 Or wander by the streams (ah, for my friends
 How hard a penalty!) and fill the rocks
 With wailing voices. And indeed such fate
 I might have well expected, since that time 370

When madly with my sword I dared to assail
 Celestial beings, wounding Venus' hand.
 Nay, verily, urge me not to wars like this.
 Not with the Trojans have I any feud,
 Now Troy is overthrown; nor do I think 375
 With joy upon their former sufferings.
 The gifts which from your land you bring to me,
 Transfer to Æneas. 'Gainst his bitter darts
 We have stood, and hand to hand encountered him.
 Trust one who has known how in his shield he towers,
 With what a mighty whirl he throws his lance. 381
 If two such men besides the Idæan land
 Had borne, the Dardan would have first advanced
 Upon the Inachian towns, and Greece have mourned
 Her fates reversed. Whatever obstacle 385
 Lay at Troy's stubborn walls, the Greeks' success
 By Hector's and Æneas' hand was balked,
 And to the tenth year of the siege delayed.
 Both alike famed for courage and for arms,
 This man is first in piety. In league 390
 Join hands with him, by whatsoever means;
 But of opposing him in arms, beware!'

Such are the answers, gracious sire, we bring,
 And such his counsel in this serious war."

Scarce had the legates spoken, when there ran 395
 Through the Ausonian crowd a noise confused
 Of agitated voices; as when rocks
 Obstruct a rapid stream, the flood confined
 Murmurs with fretting waves against the banks.
 Soon as their troubled minds and lips are stilled, 400
 From his high throne the king, first praying, speaks: —
 “It had been better, and I well could wish,
 O Latins, that ere now we had resolved
 Concerning these our chief affairs of state;
 And not convene a council when the foe 405
 Sits at our walls. An inauspicious war,
 O citizens, we wage, against a race
 Of gods, and men unconquered, unfatigued
 By battles, and who never drop the sword,
 Though routed! Lay aside what hope ye had 410
 In the Ætolian arms. Each one must be
 His own hope; but how small this is, ye know.
 For all the rest of our affairs, ye see
 And feel in what a ruin all is strewn.
 No one do I accuse. What the best strength 415
 Of valor could accomplish has been done.
 With our whole kingdom’s prowess we have fought.
 Now then I will declare and briefly show

What thoughts are in my doubting mind. Give heed.
Hard by the Tuscan river is a tract 420
Of ancient land I own; that to the west
Extends beyond the old Sicanian bounds.
There the Auruncans and Rutulians sow,
And with their ploughshares till the stubborn hills,
And pasture on their rugged slopes. Let this 425
And the high mountain's piny tract be given
In friendship to the Trojans. Equal terms
Of amity and peace let us declare,
Inviting them as allies to our realm.
There let them settle, and their cities build, 430
If such their wish. But if of other lands
They wish possession, and can leave our soil,
Then twice ten vessels of Italian oak,
Or more, if they can fill them, let us build.
The wood is lying all along the stream. 435
The number and the fashion of their ships
Let them determine. We to them will give
Money, and men, and fitting naval stores.
And let a hundred Latian men of birth
Go as ambassadors, and in their hands 440
Carrying the boughs of peace, and bearing gifts
Of gold and ivory, and a chair of state,

And royal robe, the emblems of our sway.
Advise for all, and help our cause distressed.”

Then that same Drances, filled with bitter stings 445
And envy all askant, at Turnus' fame, —
Large in his means, but larger yet in tongue ;
Frigid in war, yet deemed no trifling weight
In counsel, and in strife of faction strong ;
Dowered on his mother's side with noble blood, 450
But of uncertain birth upon his sire's, —
He rises, and on Turnus heaps reproach,
And with his words thus aggravates his wrath : —

“Thou seekest counsel, gracious sovereign,
In matters which to none of us are dark, 455
Nor needing our voices. All must own
They know what best concerns the public good,
But hesitate to speak. Let him allow
That liberty of speech, and moderate
His windy boast, whose ill-starred influence 460
And conduct sinister (nay, let me speak,
Though he should threaten me with arms and death)
Have caused so many of our chiefs to fall,
That the whole city sits in grief; while he,
Tempting the Trojan camp, trusting to flight, 465
Defies the heavens with arms. One gift beside,

One more, O best of kings, add thou to those
So largely to the Trojans sent. Nor thee
Let any violent hand intimidate ;
But give thy daughter, as a father may, 470
To an illustrious son-in-law, and seal
A union not unworthy, and confirm
This peace by making a perpetual league.
But if such terror of this chief pervades
Our minds and hearts, then him let us beseech, 475
Him supplicate for grace, that to his king
And country he may yield this right of his.
Why, O thou head and cause of all these woes
To Latium, why so often dost thou thrust
Into open danger these our citizens? 480
For us there is no safety in this war.
We all, O Turnus, sue to thee for peace,
And for that sole inviolable pledge
Which peace demands. Behold, I come, the first ; —
I, whom thou deem'st thy foe, — nor shall I stop 485
To say it is not so ; suppliant I beg
That thou wilt spare thy own. Lay by thy wrath,
And, routed, quit the field. We deaths enough
Have seen, and desolation, and defeat
Upon our plains. But if the love of fame 490

So stirs thy soul, and such heroic strength,
 And if a royal palace for a dower
 Be so much in thy heart, then dare the foe
 With a brave breast. It must be so, forsooth,
 That Turnus with a royal spouse may wed. 495
 We, abject souls, unburied and unwept,
 Must strew the fields. And now if strength be thine,
 If of thy country's Mars one spark be left,
 Look in thy foe's face, who doth challenge thee!"

Up flamed the rage of Turnus at these taunts, 500
 And, with a groan, broke from his breast these words: —
 "Abundant flow of speech thou always hast,
 Drances, whenever war for action calls.
 Thou art our foremost, when the fathers meet
 In council. But 't is not the season now 505
 To fill the court with words that fly from thee
 In such profusion, thou being safe at home,
 Here, where our ramparts keep the foe at bay,
 And while the trenches are not filled with blood.
 So with thy eloquence still thunder on 510
 As thou art wont. Accuse me too of fear,
 Drances, since thy right hand has slain such heaps
 Of Trojans, and with trophies everywhere

Thou hast decked the fields. Thou to the proof canst
 bring
 That lively bravery of thine. Not far, 515
 Forsooth, have we to seek our enemies ;
 They lie around our walls on every side.
 Come, let us march against them ! What, so slow ?
 Thy Mars, is 't in thy windy tongue alone,
 Those feet so swift to fly, he shows himself ? — 520
 I routed ! who shall justly say, base wretch,
 That word of me, of one who soon shall see
 The swelling Tiber heave with Trojan blood,
 And see Evander's house, and all his race
 Stretched on the ground, and the Arcadians stripped 525
 Of all their arms ! Not thus did Bitias test
 My strength, and bulky Pandarus, and those,
 The thousands, whom I sent to Tartarus,
 All in one day, though shut within their walls.
 No safety in war ! Go, fool, and preach such things 530
 To the Dardan chief, and those who side with thee.
 Then cease not to disturb all hearts with fears.
 Extol the strength of a twice-conquered race,
 And King Latinus' power depress. Yea, even
 The Myrmidonian chiefs fear Phrygian arms ! 535
 Yea, Diomed and Achilles ! Backward flies

The Aufidus from the Adriatic Sea!
 While this dissembler feigns himself afraid
 Of me, and of my menaces; and so
 Inflames his accusations by this fear. 540
 Be not disturbed; for such a life as thine
 I scorn to take. Safe let it dwell with thee.

“And now to thee, and thy great counsels, sire,
 Let me return. If in our arms no hope
 Of further fortune thou dost entertain, — 545
 If we are so deserted, so undone
 By one defeat, and no regression left,
 Then let us stretch weak hands, and sue for peace.
 Yet O, if in our souls there were a spark
 Of our accustomed valor, he, methinks, 550
 Were happier than all others in his toils,
 And great of soul, who, ere he saw such peace,
 Fell once for all, and dying bit the ground.
 But if we have resources, if still fresh
 Our youthful warriors, and the Italian towns 555
 And people still are left to give us aid;
 If with much blood the Trojans earn their fame;
 If they too have their funeral obsequies,
 Since upon all alike the storm has raged; —

Why then inglorious do we faint, as yet 560
Scarce entered on the war? Why tremble we
Before the trumpet sounds? The lapse of days,
The ever-changeful work of shifting time,
Have brought us better things. Fortune, who comes
To many with an alternating play, 565
Hath placed us on a firmer basis now.
If from the Ætolian prince there comes no aid,
We have Messapus, and the auspicious seer
Tolumnius, and the chiefs so many tribes
Have sent. Nor small shall be the fame of those, 570
The chosen warriors from Laurentian fields.
Camilla also, of the Volscian race
Renowned, is ours, leading her cavalry on,
Her troops that shine in brazen mail. And yet,
If me alone the Trojans now demand 575
For battle, and if such be your desire,
And I so much obstruct your common good,
Not hitherto has Victory shunned my hand
With such a hate, that I should now decline
Any adventurous task, for hope so high. 580
Undaunted will I meet this chief, although
Like great Achilles he appear, arrayed
Like him in armor wrought by Vulcan's hands.

To you, and to the king, my future sire,
 I, Turnus, second to no veteran here 585
 In valor, have devoted this my life.
 Is 't me alone Æneas challenges?
 Be it so, I pray! Nor let the angry gods
 Decree that Drances suffer by his death
 The penalty, or, if it be a chance 590
 Of valor and of fame, win such renown."

While they discussing their perplexed affairs
 Contended thus, Æneas, moving on
 With camp and army, toward their city came,
 When through the royal court a messenger 595
 Bursts in, and fills the city with alarm: —
 "That from the Tiber, ranged in battle line,
 The Trojans and the Tuscans on the plains
 Were marching down." Then all at once dismay
 And bristling anger heave the excited crowd. 600
 The youths with hurrying haste call out for arms;
 While, muttering sad and low, the fathers mourn.
 Dissenting voices clamor all around;
 As flocks of birds, when in some lofty wood
 They light, or by Padusa's fishy stream 605
 Clatter hoarse swans about the echoing pools.

Then Turnus, seizing the occasion, speaks: —

“Ay, citizens, convene your council now,
And, sitting, sound your praise of peace, while they
In arms are hastening on upon our realms!” 610

No more he said, but from the lofty halls
He dashed away. “Thou, Volusus,” he said,
“Command the Volscian and Rutulian bands.
Messapus, Coras, with thy brother joined,
Pour down your armèd horsemen on the fields. 615

Let some secure the gateways of the town,
And let some man the towers. The rest, with me,
Attend, as I command.” Then to the walls
They flock from all the town. The king himself
Forsakes the council, and his great designs 620
Defers, afflicted by the gloomy time.

Himself he accuses much, that with free choice
Trojan Æneas had not been received
Within his city as his son-in-law.

Trenches are dug before the gates, and rocks 625
And palisades heaved up. The trumpet hoarse
Rings out its bloody signal for the war.

Matrons and boys cluster in different rings
Upon the walls. The last extremity
Calls upon every one. The queen herself 630

To Pallas' temple and high citadels
 Is borne, attended by a matron train,
 With offerings. At her side Lavinia stands,
 Cause of these ills, her lovely eyes cast down.
 The matrons follow, and fill the temple full 635
 Of censer fumes, and pour forth doleful prayers.
 "Tritonian Virgin, strong in arms!" they cry,
 "Great arbitress of war, break with thy hand
 This Phrygian robber's lance, and hurl him down
 Prone on the ground beneath our lofty gates!" 640

Armed for the battle, fired with martial zeal,
 Turnus himself is there; upon his breast
 A corslet of Rutulian garb he wears,
 And rough with brazen scales; his thighs are cased
 In gold; his temples bare as yet; his sword 645
 Is girt upon his side. From the high tower,
 Glittering in gold, he runs exulting down.
 E'en now in thought he leaps upon his foe.
 As when a steed has broken from the reins,
 And, free at last, he leaves his stall behind, 650
 Ranging the open field, and either seeks
 The pastures and the herds of grazing mares,
 Or the accustomed river, on he flies

With crest erect, and loud and lusty neigh,
 And on his neck and shoulders floats his mane. 655

Him, face to face, Camilla, leading on
 Her band of Volscian riders, meets. The queen
 Leaps from her horse, beneath the very gates;
 And the whole cohort follows, from their steeds
 Dismounting; when she thus addresses him: — 660

“Turnus, if valor its own faith may trust,
 I dare, and pledge myself, to meet alone
 The Trojan troops and Tuscan cavalry.
 Suffer me now to make the first essay
 Of danger; while on foot thou stay’st behind, 665
 To guard the city.” At these words, the chief
 Upon the terrible maiden fixed his eyes.

“O virgin, pride of Italy,” he said,
 “What thanks, what answer can I speak? But
 now,

Since that brave soul of thine surmounts all fears, 670
 This labor share with me. Æneas now,
 So rumor speaks, and so our scouts report,
 Has rashly sent before a band of horse,
 Light-armed, to scour the plains; while he himself
 Down from the lonely mountain steeps descends 675

Upon the city. I an ambuscade
Shall plan within a winding forest path,
And the two openings of the road invest
With armèd men. Thou in close fight engage
The Tuscan cavalry. With thee shall stay 680
The brave Messapus, and the Latian troops,
And the Tiburtine band. The leader's charge
Take thou." He with a like address exhorts
Messapus and the leaders to their task ;
Then marches on to meet the enemy. 685

Within a valley lies a winding gorge,
For ambush and the stratagems of war
Well fitted. Upon either side slope down
Close screens of forest foliage dark and thick ;
A narrow path between, through steep defiles 690
That ope their wicked throats at either end.
Above, upon the heights, there lies a plain,
Hidden from view, with lurking-places safe,
Whither from right or left the attack be made,
Or threatening rocks be toppled from the cliffs. 695
The youthful warrior to this well-known spot
Repairs, and takes possession of the place,
And in the dangerous forest lies in wait.

Meanwhile Diana in the upper realms
Addressed swift Opis, one of the virgin band 700
Of nymphs, companions in her sacred train.
"O virgin," she began in accents sad,
"Camilla to a cruel war is going,
And with our weapons arms herself, in vain; —
She, dear to me before all other maids. 705
Nor is it new, this love Diana bears
To her; no sudden fondness moves her soul.
When from his kingdom Metabus was driven,
By hatred of his proud abuse of power,
And from Privernum's ancient city fled, 710
Escaping through the thickest of the battle,
He bore away with him his infant child,
Companion of his exile, calling her
Camilla, from his wife Casmilla's name.
He, in his bosom bearing her, pressed on 715
Toward the mountains and the lonely woods.
The Volscians all around him hovered close,
And pressed upon him with their cruel darts,
When, midway in his flight, the Amasene
Before him rolled, and overflowed its banks, 720
Swollen with the rain. Preparing then to swim,
The love he bore his child restrained his steps,

So great the fear his precious burden waked.
 Every expedient in his thoughts he turned,
 Till, sudden, this resolve with pain he formed. 725
 A lance enormous in his powerful hand
 The warrior bore, well seasoned, tough with knots ;
 To this he binds his child, and swathes her round
 With bark of forest cork, and deftly ties
 The infant round the middle of his spear. 730
 Then with his huge right hand he poises it,
 And thus to heaven he prays : “ Latonian maid,
 Blest dweller in the woods, to thee this sire
 Devotes his child, a handmaid vowed to thee.
 Holding thy weapon, suppliant, thus she takes 735
 Through air her early flight, to shun the foe.
 O goddess, I beseech, accept thine own,
 To the uncertain winds committed now ! ”
 He said ; and drawing back his bended arm,
 He hurled the lance. The billows sounded on. 740
 Across the rapid river the poor child
 Camilla flew upon the whizzing spear.
 But Metabus, — for near and nearer yet
 A mighty band was pressing on his steps, —
 Plunged in the river, and victorious plucked 745
 His spear, and with it, Dian’s gift, the maid,

Out from the grassy turf. But him no house
Nor city walls received. Nor would he have deigned
Such fare, so savage and untamed was he.

Amid the lonely mountains there, he led 750

A shepherd's life. There in the thickets rough
And dismal haunts of beasts, he reared his babe
With the wild milk of mares, and strained the teats
Into her tender lips. Soon as the child

Had printed her first footsteps on the ground, 755

He placed the javelin in her little hands,
And from her shoulder hung a bow and arrows.

Instead of gold to bind her hair, and robes
With trailing folds, a tiger's skin was hung
Upon her back, depending from her head. 760

Even then her tender hand hurled childish darts,
And whirled the smooth-thonged sling about her
head,

And a Strymonian crane or snowy swan
Struck down. And many a mother sought her hand
In marriage for her sons, in Tuscan towns. 765

But she, content with Dian alone, maintains
Her maiden purity, and ceaseless love
Of javelins and of spears. I would this war
Had not so hurried her away, to attack

The Trojan troops; for she is dear to me, 770
And one of my companions might have been.
But since the bitter fates have so decreed,
Go, nymph, glide down the air, and seek the shores
Of Latium, where with gloomy auspices
The battle now begins. These weapons take, 775
And from the quiver draw the avenging shaft.
Whoe'er shall wound the consecrated maid,
Or Trojan or Italian, he by this
Shall pay to me the forfeit of his life.
Then her lamented body will I bear 780
Wrapped in a hollow cloud, and in a tomb
Lay her, with her unconquered arms, to rest
Within her native land." She said; the nymph
Sped, sounding, through the yielding air; a cloud
Of wind and darkness compassed her about. 785

Meanwhile the Trojan troops, the Etruscan chiefs,
And all the cavalry, approach the walls,
In order ranged. The coursers leap and neigh
Along the field, and fight against the curb,
And wheel about. An iron field of spears 790
Bristles afar, and lifted weapons blaze.
Upon the other side, the Latians swift,

Messapus, Coras and his brother, come ;
Also Camilla's wing : in hostile ranks
They threaten with their lances backward drawn, 795
And shake their javelins. On the warriors press,
And fierce and fiercer neigh the battle-steeds.

Advancing now within a javelin's throw,
Each army halted ; then with sudden shouts
They cheer and spur their fiery horses on. 800
From all sides now the spears fly thick and fast,
As showers of sleet, and darken all the sky.
With all their strength, with lance opposed to lance,
Tyrrenus and Aconteus forward rush,
And clash together with resounding shock, 805
Steed against steed. Aconteus from his horse
Is hurled afar, like some swift thunderbolt,
Or as a ponderous weight by engine shot,
And yields his life in air. Confusion then
Seizes the Latian troops, who turn about, 810
And throw their shields upon their backs, and fly,
Urging their horses to the city walls.
The Trojans follow, and Asilas leads.
And now they neared the gates ; when with a shout
The Latians turn, and wheel their ductile steeds, 815

And charge in turn. The others give full rein
 And fly. As when with an alternate tide
 The rolling waves now rush upon the land,
 And foaming, flood the rocks, and climb to touch
 The farthest sands, now backward swiftly suck 820
 The rolling stones, and ebbing leave the shore.
 Twice the Rutulians to their walls are driven,
 And twice they turn and face their foes repulsed.

But when in the third battle-shock they met,
 Both armies intermingled, man to man ; 825
 Then dying groans, corpses, and armor mixed,
 Bodies of men, and horses half alive,
 Rolling 'mid heaps of slain, and pools of blood, —
 So fiercely raged the fight. Orsilochus
 Against the steed of Remulus (he feared 830
 To brave the rider) hurled a spear that pierced
 Below the ear, and clung. The furious steed,
 Galled by the wound, rears high. His rider falls
 And rolls upon the ground. Catillus fells
 Iolas, and Herminius huge of limb, 835
 And great in arms and courage ; — yellow locks
 Graced his bare head ; his shoulders too were bare,
 Exposed to wounds, — yet ever undismayed.
 Bent down with pain, he writhes beneath the spear

Through his broad shoulders driven deep and fixed. 340
The black blood flows around on every side ;
And deadly strokes they deal, still fighting on,
And rushing through their wounds to glorious death.

But through the thickest of the carnage borne,
The Amazon Camilla bounds along, 345
Armed with her quiver, and with one breast bare.
And now she showers her javelins thick and fast,
And now unwearied grasps her halberd strong.
Upon her shoulder rings her golden bow,
Diana's arms. Even if at any time 350
Repulsed, she yielded ground, she turns again,
And aims her flying arrows from her bow.
Around her rode the attendants of her choice,
Larina, Tulla, and, with brazen axe,
Tarpeia, virgins of Italian race, 355
All chosen by the sacred maid herself ;
Her trusty ministrants they were, alike
In peace and war ; — like Thracian Amazons
Trampling the river-banks of Thermodon,
And fighting with their motley-metalled arms, 360
Either around Hippolyte, or when
Penthesilea in her martial car

Returns from war, and with tumultuous yells
The female bands leap with their crescent shields.

Who first before thy weapon, and who last, 865
Dread maiden, fell, stretched dying on the ground?
Eunæus first, the son of Clytius, dies.

His breast unshielded, by her long fir spear
Is pierced; and from his mouth flow rills of blood;
And on his wound he writhes, and bites the ground. 870

Then Liris, and then Pagasus: the one
Grasping his reins, as from his wounded horse
He falls; the other reaching helpless arms
To stay him falling. Both at once are slain.

Amastus next, the son of Hippotas, 875
Is added to her victims. Pressing on,

She Tereas and Harpalycus pursues,
Demophoön and Chromis. Every shaft
Hurled from her hand brings down some Phrygian slain.

The hunter Ornytus in armor strange 880
Is seen afar on an Apulian steed,

Upon his shoulders broad a bullock's hide,
Upon his head a wolf's wide yawning jaws
And white teeth, in his hand a rustic lance.

Amid his troops he moves about, and towers 885
Above them all. Him meeting (no hard task,

His band being routed), with her darts she pierced ;
And thus addressed with stern and hostile mien : —

“ And didst thou, Tuscan, think that in the woods
Thou here wast hunting beasts? The day has come 890
That by a woman's arm refutes thy boast.
Yet to the Manes of thy fathers this,
No trifling honor, shalt thou bear away,
That by Camilla's weapon thou didst fall.”

Orsilochus and Butes next she slew, 895
Two huge-limbed Trojans. Butes face to face
Upon his horse she pierces with her spear,
Where between helm and corselet gleamed his neck,
Above the buckler that his left arm held.
Around Orsilochus she wheels in flight 900
Delusive, then in narrower circle turns,
Pursuing the pursuer. Rising then,
With her strong battle-axe she cleaves him through,
With strokes redoubled, while he begs for life ;
And from the wound the brains besmear his face. 905

The son of Aunus of the Appenines
Next meets her, and stops short with sudden fear.
Of race Ligurian not the last was he,
While fate permitted crafty stratagem.
He, when he sees that he cannot evade 910

By flight the conflict, nor avoid the queen
 Close pressing on him, thus resorts to guile: —
 “What wondrous courage does a woman show,
 When mounted on a faithful battle-steed!
 Put by thy means of flight, and hand to hand 915
 Meet me on equal ground, and fight afoot.
 Soon shalt thou know whose windy boasting first
 Shall bring its punishment.” He said: but she,
 Burning with rage, delivers to a mate
 Her steed, confronting him with equal arms, 920
 Undaunted, and on foot, with naked sword,
 And with unblazoned buckler. But the youth,
 Thinking to conquer by a stratagem,
 Turns his fleet steed and flies, with iron heel
 Goading his sides, and swiftly borne away. 925
 “Ah, false Ligurian!” said the maid; “in vain,
 Elated with thy pride, in vain thou try’st
 Thy country’s slippery wiles; nor shall thy tricks
 To guileful Aunus take thee safely back.”
 Then all afire, with swiftly flying feet, 930
 His horse she soon outstrips, and, face to face,
 Seizing his reins, assails, and strikes him down.
 Not with more ease, that consecrated bird,
 The falcon, from a lofty rock, pursues

And overtakes a dove amid the clouds, 935
And clutches him, and tears with crooked claws,
And blood and feathers torn drop from the sky.

But not with unobserving eyes these things
The sire of gods and men on high beheld.
The Tuscan Tarchon he enflames with wrath, 940
And to the cruel battle goads him on.
So, 'mid the carnage, and the falling ranks
Tarchon is borne along upon his steed,
And animates the army's flagging wings,
With varying words appealing to each man 945
By name, and rallying all their baffled strength.
"O Tuscans, whom no wrongs can spur to rage!
O tame and spiritless! What fear is this?
What cowardice? And does a woman drive
Your straggling ranks, and put them thus to flight? 950
Why do we bear these swords and spears in vain?
Not thus to Venus and her nightly wars
Are ye so slow; nor when the bended pipes
Of Bacchus call the choirs to sumptuous feasts
And brimming bowls, — your joy, your high desire. 955
While your sleek augur bids you to the rites,
And the fat victim calls to lofty groves."

So saying, he spurs his steed into the midst,
Resolved to encounter death. On Venulus
He charges in fierce onset; from his horse 960
He grasps and tears his foe, and bears him off
Before him. Then a mighty shout is raised.
The Latins turn their eyes. But Tarchon fierce
Flies on, and bears the warrior and his arms.
Then from his lance he breaks the sharp steel head, 965
And searches for the parts exposed, to deal
A mortal wound. His struggling foe essays
To pluck away his right hand from his throat,
Opposing force to force. As when on high
A tawny eagle bears a serpent off, 970
And clings to it with griping claws, the snake,
Wounded and writhing, twists its sinuous rings,
And rears its bristling scales and hissing mouth;
But none the less the bird with crooked beak
Strikes at the struggling reptile, and the air 975
Beats with her wings. So from the hostile ranks
Tarchon exulting bears away his prey.
Following his lead the Etruscans all rush on.

Then round the swift Camilla Aruns rides,
Destined to death, his javelin in his hand; 980
With cautious skill he watches for his chance.

Where'er the maiden drives her furious course
Amid the troops, he follows silently,
Watching her steps. Where with victorious speed
She from the enemy returns, that way 985
He turns his reins unseen, and wheels about ;
Tries all approaches, traverses her path
Through all its rounds, and shakes his threatening spear.

By chance appeared upon the field, far off,
Chloerus, who once was priest of Cybele. 990
Distinguished in his Phrygian arms he shone,
And rode upon a foaming courser, decked
With cloth o'erspread with plummy scales of brass,
And clasped with gold, while he in rich attire
Of foreign purple, from his Lycian bow 995
Shot his Gortynian shafts. Upon his back
A golden quiver rattled ; and of gold
His helmet was. He wore a saffron scarf ;
The rustling linen folds were 'broidered o'er,
And gathered in a yellow golden knot ; 1000
And in barbaric sheaths his thighs were cased.

Him singling out, the huntress blindly chased ;
Whether she wished to affix the Trojan arms
Upon the temple gates, or show herself
In captive gold, she, rashly, through the ranks 1005

Pursues, smit with a woman's love of spoils.
 Watching his time, Aruns his javelin takes,
 And thus to heaven he prays: "Apollo, thou,
 Soracte's guardian, greatest of the gods
 We worship! Thou for whom the pine-wood fire 1010
 Is fed, and we thy pious votaries walk
 O'er heaps of burning coals,—grant, mightiest sire,
 That from our arms this stain we may erase.
 Not spoils, nor trophies from a vanquished maid,
 Nor booty do I seek. My other deeds 1015
 Will bring me praise. If by my hand struck down,
 This direful pest shall fall, then willingly
 Will I return inglorious to my home."

Apollo heard, and in his mind decreed
 That half his suppliant's prayer should be fulfilled, 1020
 And half dispersed in air. That he should slay
 Camilla, as she hurried heedless by,
 He granted. But that he should see again
 His native land, this part the god refused;
 And in the stormy winds the prayer was lost. 1025
 Then, as the whizzing javelin cleaved the air,
 The Volscians turned their eyes upon their queen.
 But she no whizzing sound of javelin heard
 Along the air, nor heeded aught, until

Beneath her naked breast the weapon pierced, 1030
And clung, deep driven, and drank her virgin blood.
In trembling haste the attendants in her train
Rush forward, and sustain their falling queen.
But Aruns, smit with mingled joy and fear,
Flies, nor will further trust his spear, nor dare 1035
To brave the virgin's darts. And as a wolf,
Who, having slain a shepherd or a steer,
Before pursuit begins, in conscious guilt
Flies to the mountains by some secret path,
And with his coward tail beneath him, hides 1040
Trembling amid the woods; so Aruns flies,
Disturbed, and yet well pleased at his escape,
And mingles with the troops. She, dying, strives
To pluck the weapon from her wound; but deep
Between her ribs the pointed steel is fixed. 1045
Bloodless and pale she sinks; her heavy eyes
Are closed; the rosy flush has left her face.
Then thus, expiring, she to Acca speaks,
One of her equals, who before all others
Was true to her, and one with whom her cares 1050
Were all divided: "Acca, sister dear,
Thus far I have striven; — but this bitter wound
Has ended all; — around me all grows dark.

Haste, bear to Turnus these my last commands.
 Let him advance, and from the city drive 1055
 The Trojans; now, farewell!" With that she loosed
 Her grasp upon her reins, and sinking, fell.
 From her cold limbs and languid neck, the life
 With gradual ebb, departs; her drooping head
 Is bowed in death; the weapon leaves her hand; 1060
 And with a groan the indignant spirit fled
 Into the shades below. Then a great cry
 Ascends, that strikes against the golden stars.
 The combat deepens with Camilla's death.
 And the whole Trojan force, the Tuscan chiefs, 1065
 And all the Arcadian troops come rushing on.

But Opis, Dian's guardian nymph, had sat
 Long on the mountains, and had watched afar
 The battle, undismayed. Soon as she saw,
 Amid the clamor of the furious bands, 1070
 Camilla stricken down by bitter death,
 She groaned; and from her breast escaped these words: —
 "Ah, too, too cruel punishment, dear maid,
 Thou hast borne, for warring 'gainst the Trojan hosts!
 Nor does it profit thee, that lonely life 1075
 Amid the woods, to Dian's service given;

Nor on thy shoulder to have worn our shafts,
 Yet not inglorious in thy hour extreme
 Thy queen hath left thee ; nor shall this thy death
 Among the nations be without a name. 1083
 Nor the disgrace of dying unavenged
 Shalt thou endure. For whosoever dealt
 Thy death-wound, he shall suffer death deserved."

Beneath the mountain stood a spacious tomb
 Of mounded earth, where King Dercennus lay, 1085
 One of Laurentum's ancient sovereigns.
 A shady ilex covered it. Here first
 The fair nymph from a rapid flight alights,
 And watches Aruns from the lofty mound.
 Soon as she saw him, swollen with pride and joy, — 1090
 "Why stray so far away? Here bend thy steps,"
 She cried, "thou doomed one, that thou may'st receive
 Camilla's due reward. Shalt thou too die
 By Dian's shafts?" Then from her golden quiver
 The Thracian nymph a wingèd arrow took, 1095
 And, angry, drew it to its fullest length,
 And bent her bow until the curved tips met ;
 Her left hand touched the arrow's point ; her right
 Grasping the string drawn back upon her breast.
 At the same instant Aruns hears the sound, 1100

And feels the steel deep buried in his heart.
 Him, in his dying groans, his comrades leave,
 Regardless, in the dust of fields unknown,
 While Opis to the Olympian sky is borne.

Their leader lost, Camilla's light-armed troop 1105
 First flies; in wild disorder next the Rutuli,
 And bold Atinas. Routed chiefs and bands
 All turn their horses toward the city's walls.
 All power is unavailing to resist
 The Trojans pressing on, and dealing death. 1110
 Their languid backs bear off their bows unbent.
 Their galloping hoof-beats shake the crumbling ground.
 Toward the walls black clouds of dust are rolled.
 The matrons on the watch-towers beat their breasts;
 The cries of women to the heavens ascend. 1115
 Those who are first to pour through opened gates,
 Are pressed behind by mingling hostile troops.
 With no escape from miserable death;
 But on their very threshold, 'neath their walls,
 And sheltering roofs, are pierced, and breathe their last.
 Some shut their doors, nor dare e'en to their friends 1121
 To ope a passage, and receive them in,
 Imploring. And a slaughter dire ensues

At every entrance where defenders stand
 Against the assailing foe. Some are shut out, 1125
 Full in their wretched parents' sight, and roll
 Plunged in the trenches, with death close behind.
 Some wildly dash and batter against the gates
 And barricaded doors. Even matrons too,
 Fired by the love they bore their land and homes, 1130
 Rush to the conflict, as Camilla did ;
 And hurrying, from the ramparts throw their darts.
 Or, imitating arms of steel, they fight
 With stakes of hardened wood and pointed poles,
 Eager to die the first before the walls. 1135

Meanwhile to Turnus, ambushed in the woods,
 Acca has brought the news of dire defeat
 And wild disorder : that the Volscian troops
 Are routed and destroyed ; Camilla fallen ;
 The enemy, pressing on with furious charge, 1140
 Have won the day. Fear seizes on the town.
 He, furious (such the stern decrees of Jove),
 Deserts his ambushade and forests rough.
 Scarce had he issued on the open fields,
 When, having crossed the ridge, Æneas treads 1145
 The plains, and passes through the gloomy wood.

So, both at rapid pace, with all their force
Move onward to the walls; nor far apart
They march. Far off Æneas saw the plains
Smoking with dust, and sees the Latian troops 1150
Across the plains. And Turnus also knew
Æneas, in his formidable arms,
And heard the trampling feet and snorting steeds.
Then would they twain in battle have engaged,
Had not the red Sun in the western waves 1155
His weary coursers plunged, and day declined
In night. Within their camps before the town
They rest, with trench and rampart girded round.

BOOK XII.

AS soon as Turnus sees the Latin hosts,
Broken by unsuccessful war, lose heart ;
That now fulfilment of his promise made
Is claimed, and he marked out by every eye,
With towering soul implacable he burns ; 5
As when a lion in the Lybian fields
Sore wounded, by the hunters, in the breast,
Prepares at last for battle, and delights
To shake the muscles of his shaggy neck ;
Fearless, he snaps the invader's clinging shaft, 10
And roars with bloody jaws. So Turnus' wrath
More fiercely glows. Then with tumultuous words,
Thus to the king he speaks : " No obstacle
Shall Turnus prove ; — there is no reason why
These dastard Trojans should retract their word 15
Of challenge, or decline their compact made.
I take the field ! Command the sacred rites,
O Sire, and seal the bond. Either my hand

Shall send to Tartarus this Dardan foe,
 Asia's deserter (let the Latians sit,
 And see), and with the sword will I refute
 The common charge, or let him rule o'er us
 Vanquished, and take Lavinia for his wife."

20

Then tranquilly Latinus answered him : —

"O youth of valiant soul, the more thou show'st
 Such fierce and overtopping hardihood,
 The more 't is just that I with anxious thought
 Thy safety should consult, and weigh with care
 All risks. Thy father Daunus' realms are thine ;
 Thine many a city captured by thy hands.

25

30

My wealth and favor too would go with thee.

Other unwedded maids in Latian lands

There are, nor of ignoble birth are they.

Suffer me to impart without disguise

These things, not pleasant to be said ; and hear

35

With an attentive mind. It was decreed

That to no former suitors I should wed

My daughter ; this all gods and men announced.

But overpowered by my love for thee,

And by thy kindred blood, and by the tears

40

Of my afflicted wife, I broke all bonds,

Snatched from a son-in-law his promised bride,
And took up impious arms. Thou seest what wars,
O Turnus, what disasters since that time
Pursue me; and what sufferings thou in chief 45
Endurest. Vanquished twice in conflict dire,
Scarce can we hold our hopes of Italy
Within the city. With our blood the waves
Of Tiber still flow warm. The spreading fields
Are whitened with our bones. Why thus so oft 50
Should I be driven from my purpose? Why
Such mad infatuation change my mind?
If, Turnus slain, I am ready to invite
The Trojans as my allies, then why not
End these dissensions rather, he still safe? 55
What will my kinsmen the Rutulians say,
And what the rest of Italy, if thee,
Wooing my daughter, I betray to death?
(May Fortune countervail my words of fear!)
Regard the various chances of the war. 60
Pity thy aged sire, whom mourning now,
His native Ardea far from thee divides."

But not at all is Turnus' violence moved
By words. He rather towers in greater wrath;
The medicine but aggravates the pain. 65

As soon as he could speak, he thus began: —

“Whatever care thou entertain’st for me,
 Most worthy king, lay it aside, I pray,
 And suffer me to purchase praise with death.
 We too, O Sire, can with no feeble hand 70
 Scatter our spears and darts. The blood will flow
 From wounds we deal. No goddess-mother there
 Will help, in female semblance of a cloud
 Screening the fugitive in empty shades.”

But filled with terror at this new design 75
 Of battle, weeping, and forecasting death,
 The queen held fast her ardent son-in-law.
 “Ah, by these tears, by whatsoever regard
 Thou for Amata hast, thou, Turnus, now,
 Art the sole hope and solace that remains 80
 Unto my sad old age. On thee depends
 Latinus’ power and glory; upon thee
 Our house declining rests. One thing I beg; —
 Refrain from battle with the Trojan power.
 Whate’er calamity to thee may come, 85
 Amid this combat, Turnus, comes to me.
 With thee will I this hated life resign,
 Nor, captive, will I see Æneas made

My son-in-law." Lavinia, her hot cheeks
Suffused with tears, lists to her mother's voice. 90
A deep blush burns and courses through her face ;
As if one stained the Indian ivory
With sanguine crimson, or as lilies white
In beds of roses glowing ; such the hues
That overspread the virgin's face. But he, 95
Fired with tumultuous love, upon the maid
Fixes his looks, and burns the more for arms.
Then briefly to Amata thus he speaks : —
"Nay, not with tears, O mother, not, I beg,
With such an omen follow me, as now 100
Forth to the strife of bitter war I go.
For Turnus has no power to stay his death.
Idmon, my herald, to the Phrygian king
These words of mine, no pleasing message, bear.
When, borne upon her glowing car, the Morn 105
Reddens to-morrow's sky, let him not lead
The Trojans on against the Rutuli.
Let Trojans and Rutulians rest from arms.
By our own blood we 'll end the war, and there
Upon that field Lavinia shall be won." 110

This said, into the palace he withdraws

With rapid steps, and for his horses calls,
 Which Orithyia to Pilumnus gave.
 Proudly he sees them neigh before his face ;
 Whiter than snow, fleeter than wind they were. 115
 The busy grooms surround them ; with their hands
 They pat their chests, and comb their waving manes.
 Then he his mail about his shoulders girds,
 Scaly with gold and orichalcum pale ;
 And fits for use his buckler and his sword, 120
 And ruddy crest ; that sword the god of fire
 Had wrought for his father Daunus, and had plunged
 The glowing metal in the Stygian wave.
 Then his tough spear he grasps, that leaned against
 A mighty column in the middle court, 125
 Auruncan Actor's spoil, and brandishing
 The quivering steel, exclaims : " Now, now, my spear,
 That never yet did fail to obey my call,
 The hour is now at hand. Great Actor once,
 Now Turnus' right hand wields thee. Grant that I 130
 With this strong hand may fell him to the earth,
 Tear the effeminate Phrygian's corselet off,
 And soil with dust his locks with hot iron crisped,
 And moist with myrrh ! " Such fury drives him on ;
 Sparks flashing from his glowing face, and fire 135

Fierce gleaming from his eyes. As when a bull,
Bellowing with dreadful voice, prepares to fight,
And whets his wrath in goring 'gainst a tree,
With angry horns; in prelude to the fray
He butts the winds, and tosses up the sand. 140

Meanwhile Æneas, formidably clad
In the arms his mother gave, his martial fire
And zeal awakes, rejoicing that the war
Should now be ended on the proffered terms.
Then he consoles his friends, and calms the fears 145
Of sad Iulus, and explains the fates.
Decided answers to Latinus then
He bids them bear, and terms of peace prescribes.

Scarce had the Morning tinged the mountain-tops,
When from the Sea the horses of the Sun 150
With lifted nostrils breathing light, arose.
Beneath the city-walls the Rutuli
And Trojans, measuring out the field, prepared
The ground for combat. To their common gods
Their fires and turfy altars in the midst 155
They built; while some, in sacrificial robes,
And crowned with vervain, water bring, and fire.

Forth come the Ausonian bands in armed array,
 All crowding through the gates. On the other side
 The Trojan and the Tuscan armies come 160
 With various arms, and marshalled all in steel,
 As though the battle grim had called them forth.
 Their leaders too, in gold and crimson proud,
 Go coursing o'er the field. Mnestheus is there,
 Sprung from Assaracus, Asilas brave, 165
 Messapus, the steed-tamer, Neptune's son.
 And, at a signal given, each to his place
 Withdraws; they fix their spears into the ground,
 And rest their shields. Then pour, with eager haste,
 The matrons, and the common crowd, unarmed, 170
 And the old men with feeble limbs, and fill
 The towers and roofs, and throng the lofty gates.

But Juno, from the summit of the mount
 Which now is called the Alban, but which then
 Nor name nor fame nor honor had, looked forth, 175
 And viewed the plain beneath; and saw both hosts,
 The Trojan and Laurentian, and the town
 Of King Latinus. Turnus' sister then
 She thus addressed, a goddess who presides
 O'er pools and murmuring streams; this honor Jove 180

To her, for violated maidenhood,
 Had given: "O nymph, the glory of the streams,
 Most dear unto my soul, thou know'st that thee
 Before all Latian maids who shared the couch
 Ungrateful of great Jove, I have preferred; 185
 And freely gave thee a portion in the heavens.
 Learn now thy grief, Juturna, lest thou shouldst
 Accuse me. As far as fortune and the fates
 Allowed for Latium's weal, thy city's walls
 And Turnus I protected. Now I see 190
 The youth contending with unequal fates.
 The day and hostile power of destiny
 Draw near. I cannot with these eyes behold
 The combat or the league. Thou, if thou dar'st
 Do aught more promptly for thy brother's aid, 195
 Do it, for it becomes thee. A better lot,
 Perchance, will yet attend this hapless race."

Scarce had she spoken, when Juturna's eyes
 O'erflowed with tears. Thrice and four times she
 beat

Her lovely breast. "No time is this for tears," 200
 Saturnian Juno said; "Haste! snatch from death
 Thy brother, if for thee there be a way;
 Or stir the war anew, and break the league

Begun. I authorize the daring deed."

She, having thus exhorted, left the maid

205

Perplexed and tortured in her inmost soul.

Meanwhile the kings go forth. Latinus comes,

In form majestic, by four horses drawn.

Twelve golden rays his shining temples crown,

The emblem of his ancestor, the Sun.

210

Turnus is borne by two white steeds, and holds

And brandishes two spears of broad-tipped steel.

Father Æneas, upon the other side,

Source of the Roman race, advancing moves,

Blazing with starry shield and arms divine;

215

Rome's other hope, Ascanius, at his side.

The priest, in raiment pure, then led along

The tender youngling of a bristly sow,

And a young sheep unshorn. The victims then

Are brought before the blazing altar-fires.

220

They to the rising sun then turn their eyes,

Sprinkle the sacrificial meal, and mark

The victims' foreheads with the sword, and pour

Libations on the altars from their bowls.

Then pious Æneas, with his sword unsheathed,

225

Thus prays: "Be witness now unto my vows,

O Sun, and thou, O Land, for whom I have borne
So many toils ; — and thou, Almighty Sire,
And thy Saturnian spouse, more clement now,
O goddess, I beseech ; — thou too, great Mars, 230
Father, who turn'st all wars by thy decree ; —
And you, ye Founts and Rivers I invoke ; —
All Powers worshipped in the depths of air,
And all whose dwelling is the azure sea.
If victory to Ausonian Turnus falls, 235
Then to Evander's city, 't is agreed,
We vanquished shall retire ; Iulus leaves
These fields ; nor shall the sons of Troy thenceforth
Renew the war, nor stir the lands to strife.
But if for us the victory should decide, 240
As I believe it will, — and may the gods
Confirm the hope, — not then shall I command
The Italians to obey the Trojan rule ;
Nor do I aim at empire for myself :
On equal terms let both the nations then, 245
Unconquered, join and make eternal league.
Their gods and sacred rites I will decree ;
And let the father of my bride retain
His wonted kingdom and control of arms.
For me, my Trojans shall build up my walls, 250

And call the city by Lavinia's name."

Thus spoke Æneas; then Latinus raised
 His eyes to heaven, and lifted his right hand: —
 "By those same Powers, Æneas, by the Earth,
 And by the Seas, and by the Stars, I swear, 255
 Latona's twins, and Janus, double-faced,
 The Infernal gods, and pitiless Pluto's shrines;
 Let the great Father hear, whose thunderbolts
 Confirm our leagues; these altars here I touch,
 And call their fires to witness, and the gods: 260
 No day shall ever violate this peace,
 Or break this league, upon Italia's side,
 Whate'er befalls; nor any power shall bend
 My will, though it should drown the earth with waves,
 And melt the heavens in fires of Tartarus. 265
 Even as this sceptre (as he spoke he held
 A sceptre in his hand) shall never bud
 With twigs and leaves and shadowy boughs again,
 Since, severed from its trunk amid the woods,
 It missed its mother stem, and laid aside 270
 Its foliage and its branches 'neath the axe,
 Of old a tree, now by the artists' hand
 Cased in bright brass, to serve the Latin kings."

Thus they with mutual vows confirmed their league,
 In sight of all the chiefs. Then in due form 275
 They slay the sacred victims o'er the flames,
 And tear their entrails out, while still alive ;
 And heap the altars with their loaded plates.

But long this combat to the Rutuli
 Had seemed unequal, and their minds were tossed 280
 With various fears, the more when they perceive
 More nearly how ill-matched in strength it stood.
 Their fears increased, when with a silent step,
 Turnus advanced with downcast, suppliant looks,
 And reverently before the altars bowed, 285
 With haggard cheeks, and youthful frame all pale.
 Then, when Juturna saw such signs caught up
 And spread, and saw the wavering spirits sink
 Amid the crowd, she took Camertus' form
 (He was of noble race and ancestors, 290
 And from his father's valor had derived
 A name of note, himself renowned in arms) ;
 And in the midst of all the armèd troops,
 Not ignorant of expedients, she appears,
 And various rumors spreads. Then thus she speaks : —
 “ O ye Rutulians, are ye not ashamed 296

To expose one life for all of equal worth ?
 Are we not matched in numbers and in strength ?
 Lo ! Trojans and Arcadians, all are here ;
 Etruria too arrays her fated bands 300
 Against our Turnus ; yet we scarce should find
 A foe, though but each second man should fight.
 Our chief shall be exalted to the gods,
 Before whose altars he devotes his soul ;
 And in the mouths of men his fame shall live. 305
 But we, who now sit idle on these fields,
 Our country lost, must yield to our haughty lords."

By words like these the warriors were inflamed
 Yet more and more ; a murmur through the ranks
 Went creeping : the Laurentian troops themselves, 310
 And those same Latians who but lately hoped
 Respite from war, and safety to the state,
 Now turn to arms, and wish the league unmade,
 And pity the hard lot on Turnus fallen.
 To these a stronger spur Juturna adds, 315
 And from the upper sky she gives a sign,
 Than which no miracle more closely pressed
 Disturbance on their minds, or so deceived.
 For now they saw the tawny bird of Jove

Chasing across the ruddy sky a flock 310
Of clamoring water-fowl; then suddenly
Sweep to the waves, and in his cruel claws
Bear off a goodly swan. The Italians gaze
With minds intent; when, wonderful to see,
The birds all wheel about with noisy cries, 315
Darkening the air, a cloud of flying wings,
And chase their foe, till, conquered by their strength
And weight, the eagle in the river drops
His prey, and disappears amid the clouds.

With shouts the Rutuli this omen greet; 320
Their weapons they prepare to seize. Then first,
Tolumnius the augur thus exclaims:—
“This, this is what I often sought, with prayers;
I see, and must accept the power divine.
Your leader I will be, unhappy men; 325
You, whom like timid fowls this wicked stranger
Dismays with war, and devastates your shores.
Now let him plan his flight, and on the deep
Set sail. But you with one accord close up
Your ranks, and from this combat save your king, 330
Whom they would snatch away from you.” He said,
And, running, hurled a javelin at his foes.

Straight through the air the whizzing cornel-shaft
 Flies with unerring aim. Then all at once
 A shout arose: the thickly serried crowd 345
 Is stirred, and each tumultuous heart ablaze.
 Full in the pathway of the flying spear
 There stood nine brothers, all of beauty rare;
 One faithful Tuscan wife had borne them all;
 Arcadian Gylippus was their sire. 350
 One, a fair youth, in shining arms, is pierced
 Just where the clasping belt confines the waist;—
 Pierced through the ribs, and on the yellow sand
 His limbs are stretched. At this the brethren all,
 A fearless band, with rage and grief inflamed, 355
 Some with drawn swords, and some with missile spears,
 Rush blindly forth. Laurentum's troops oppose.
 Trojans and Tuscans pour in thick array,
 And the Arcadian bands with painted shields.
 So, to decide the battle with the sword, 360
 All burn alike. The altars they despoil.
 The sky is dark with stormy showers of steel.
 They carry off the sacred bowls and hearths.
 Even Latinus flies, and bears away
 His baffled gods, since broken lies the league. 365
 Some rein their cars, or leap upon their steeds,

And draw their swords. Messapus, eager now
To break the truce, against Aulestes drives,
Mounted upon his horse; a Tuscan king
He was, and wore the badges of a king. 370
Retreating, 'mid the altars placed behind,
Upon his head and shoulders down he falls.
Hotly Messapus follows with his spear,
And, rising on his steed, with ponderous lance
Thrusts heavily, while he implores for life. 375
“He has it now,” the chieftain said; “this life
A worthier victim to the gods is given.”
The Italians flock, and strip his limbs yet warm.
Then Corynæus from an altar grasps
A burning brand, and, meeting Ebusus 380
Coming to aim a blow, confronts him full,
And dashes in his face the flames, that catch
And singe his heavy beard, with burning scent.
Then, following up the attack, with his left hand
He grasps the hair of his astounded foe; 385
And, pressing with his knee, he holds him fast
Down to the earth, and stabs him through the side.
Then Podalirius with his naked sword
Pursues the shepherd Alsus, pressing close,
As in the battle's front, amid the darts 390

He rushes on ; but Alsus, drawing back
 His axe, smites through his forehead and his chin,
 And cleaves him down, and with the spattered blood
 Besmears his armor ; then the rigid rest
 And iron sleep of death press down his eyes, 395
 That close forever in eternal night.

But good Æneas, with uncovered head,
 Stretched his right hand unarmed, and called
 aloud : —

“Whither, my men, whither away so fast?
 What sudden discord’s this? Restrain your rage! 400
 The league is made, and all its rules arranged.
 I only have a right to take the field.
 Yield now to me ; dismiss these fears of yours.
 I with my hand shall make the treaty firm.
 These sacred rites make Turnus due to me.” 405
 But while he yet is speaking, lo ! there flies
 A whizzing arrow at the hero aimed ;
 None knew by whose strong hand it was impelled, —
 What accident, what god, brought such a fame
 To the Rutulian arms ; the high renown 410
 Of such a deed was hid ; no one made boast
 That ’gainst Æneas he had aimed the blow.

As soon as Turnus saw the Trojan chief
Retiring from the ranks, the leaders all
Thrown in commotion, with a sudden hope 415
He fires; he calls for horses and for arms,
Springs proudly to his chariot with a bound,
And takes the reins. Then, as he flies along,
He many a hero's form devotes to death,
Many half dead he rolls upon the plain, 420
Or with his chariot tramples down their ranks,
Or drives them flying with his gathered darts.
As when, impetuous, by cold Hebrus' waves
The bloody Mars comes clashing with his shield,
And, kindling war, lets loose his furious steeds; 425
Upon the plain they outstrip the southern winds
And western winds; their trampling feet are heard
In thunder on the farthest bounds of Thrace;
And round about, attendants of the god,
The gloomy faces throng, black Terror and Wrath 430
And Stratagem; — so through the battle's midst
Fierce Turnus drives his steeds, that steam with sweat,
And rides, insulting, o'er the wretched slain.
Scattering the bloody dew, their rapid hoofs
Beat up the gory sand. And now he slays 435
Sthenelus and Thamyris; these hand to hand;

And Pholus at a distance ; Glaucus, too,
 And Lades, both the sons of Imbrasmus,
 Bred by their sire in Lycia, and equipped
 With equal skill in arms, whether to fight 440
 In combat close or outstrip with steeds the wind.

Eumedes in another quarter comes,
 Borne to the middle of the fray ; the son
 Of ancient Dolon he, renowned in arms :
 He bore his grandsire's name, his father's soul 445
 And strength (who once into the Grecian camp
 Went as a spy, and as a guerdon sought
 The chariot of Pelides. Tydeus' son
 A different recompense bestowed on him
 For such presumptuous claim, no longer now 450
 Aspiring to possess Achilles' steeds).
 Him when afar upon the open field
 Turnus beheld, he through the distance sent
 A flying dart ; then stops his harnessed steeds,
 And, leaping from his chariot, meets his foe, 455
 Half dead and fallen ; and pressing with his foot
 The warrior's neck, wrests from his hand his sword,
 And plunges in his throat the shining blade.
 "Troian, lie there, and measure thus," he cries,

“Our fields, and that Hesperia sought in war. 460
Such their rewards who venture with the sword
To brave me; thus they build their city's walls!”
Hurling his lance, he sends Asbutes then
To bear him company; then Chloreas next,
Sybaris, Dares, and Thersilochus; 465
Thymætes too, thrown from his plunging steed.
As when the blast of Thracian Boreas roars
Along the deep Ægæan, and pursues
The billows to the shore, the incumbent storm
Drives o'er the sky the flocks of flying clouds; 470
So, wheresoever Turnus cuts his path,
The troops give way, the routed squadrons fly.
Against his rushing car, as on he drives,
The blowing wind shakes back his flying crest.
Him pressing on, and shouting in his rage, 475
Phegeus could not bear, but in his course
Opposed, and grasping at his courser's reins
Twisted their foaming mouths. While dragged along
He hangs upon the pole, the chief's broad lance
Reaches him, unprotected, piercing through 480
His double-woven corselet, with a wound
Grazing his skin. But he with shield opposed,
And with drawn sword confronts his enemy :

When, dashing on its course, the whirling car
O'erthrew him headlong, stretched upon the ground. 485
And Turnus, following fast, struck off his head
Between the corselet and the helmet's rim,
And left the headless body on the sand.

But while victorious Turnus in the field
Is dealing death, Æneas to the camp, 490
Bleeding, is led, Mnestheus attending him,
And true Achates and Ascanius near.
On his long spear he leans, with faltering steps,
And strives impatiently to pluck away
The broken shaft, and seeks the nearest aid; 495
That they should make incision with the sword,
Lay bare the wound about the hidden steel,
And send him back again into the field.
And now Iapis came to lend his aid,
Son of Iasius, more than all beloved 500
By Phœbus; for on him the god himself,
Smit with deep love, had offered to bestow
His arts, his gifts, his skill in augury,
His lyre, and flying shafts; but he preferred
(To lengthen out a dying father's life) 505
That he might know the powers of herbs, and cures,

And silent arts ingloriously pursue.
Chafing with bitter wrath, Æneas stood,
And leaned upon his mighty spear, unmoved,
Amid the crowd, by all the warriors' grief 510
And tears of sad Iulus. Then approached
The old physician, with his robe tucked back,
After the manner of his craft; his hand
With many a medicine and potent herb,
In trembling eagerness, attempts relief, 515
But all in vain; in vain the barbèd steel
Solicits, and with grip of pincers firm
Essays to move; no way will Fortune show.
Apollo, his great patron, lends no aid.
And more and more the horror in the fields 520
Increases, and the terror nearer comes.
The sky stands dense with dust; around them crowd
The horsemen of the foe; the darts rain thick
Upon the camp; and to the heavens ascend
The death-cries from the cruel battle-field. 525

The goddess-mother, Venus, troubled now
That pain unmerited had touched her son,
On Cretan Ida gathers dittany,
With downy leaves and crimson blossoms crowned;

To the wild goats the plant is not unknown, 530
 When pierced by flying darts. This Venus brought,
 Veiled in a shadowy cloud; she steeps the herb
 In water poured into a shining vase,
 Healing ambrosial juices sprinkling in,
 And fragrant panacea; and with this 535
 The old Iapis, ignorant of its power,
 Bathing the wound, all pain his body left
 At once, and to the bottom of the gash
 The blood was stanch'd; and following now his
 hand,
 Without an effort out the arrow dropped, 540
 And all Æneas' former strength returned.
 "Quick, bring the hero's arms! Why stand and
 wait?"

Iapis cries, the first to rouse their souls
 Against the foe: "This thing by human means
 Was never done, nor any master's art. 545
 Nor has my hand, Æneas, saved thee now.
 Some greater power divine has wrought the cure,
 And sends thee back to achieve yet greater deeds."

He, eager for the combat, had encased
 His legs in golden greaves on either side; 550

Impatient of delay, he shakes his lance.
 When he had fitted to his side his shield,
 His corselet to his back, he throws his arms
 Around Ascanius' neck, and through his helm
 With gentle kiss embracing him, thus speaks: — 555
 "From me, my son, learn valor and the might
 Of stern endurance; what thy lot may be,
 Let others teach. In battle my right hand
 Shall save, and lead thee on to great rewards.
 Bear this in mind, when riper years erelong 560
 Shall come; and to thy soul recalling oft
 The examples of thy race, let then thy sire,
 And Hector, too, thy uncle, spur thee on."

Thus having said, he issued from the gates
 With towering form, and shook his ponderous
 lance. 565

Antheus and Mnestheus too in dense array
 Rush forth, and, crowding from the abandoned camp,
 The troops go pouring out. The blinding dust
 Fills all the plain; the trembling earth beneath
 Rocks to the trampling tread of hurrying feet. 570
 Their coming Turnus on a hill-top saw,
 And the Ausonians saw; a shudder cold

Ran through their ranks. Juturna first of all
 Heard them, and knew the sound, and fled dismayed.

Æneas, scouring o'er the open plain, 575

Whirls his black squadrons on. As when beneath

The bursting skies, athwart 'mid ocean moves

A storm-cloud to the land; alas! what fears

Alarm the wretched peasants' shuddering hearts!

Ruin upon the trees, and far and wide 580

Destruction on the harvest fields will fall;

The winds fly on before, and to the shores

Bear the deep rumbling of the approaching storm.

So on the opposing ranks the Trojan chief

Leads his battalions all compact and dense 585

In serried files. Thymbræus with his blade

Smites down the heavy Osiris, Mnestheus slays

Archetius, and Achates Epulo,

And Gyas Ufens; even Tolumnius falls,

The augur, who was first to hurl his spear 590

Against his foes. A shout ascends to heaven;

And the Rutulians, in their turn repulsed,

Show all along the fields their dusty backs.

The fugitives Æneas scorns to slay;

Nor those who meet him armed, and face to face, 595

Will he pursue. Turnus alone he seeks,

And strives to track amid the darkening dust ;
And him alone to combat challenges.

The warrior maid, Juturna, alarmed at this,
O'erthrows Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, 600
Between the reins ; and from the beam he falls,
Left far behind. She mounts into his seat,
Guides with her hands the undulating reins,
And takes Metiscus' voice and mien and arms.
As when through spacious courts of some rich lord 605
Flits a black swallow, round the lofty halls,
Picking a scanty meal, or seeking food
To feed her chirping young, through empty porch,
Round pool and pond, her twittering notes are heard, —
So through the hostile ranks Juturna drives, 610
And round and round her rapid chariot flies.
Now here, now there, her brother she displays
In triumph, nor permits him to engage,
But shuns Æneas on his track. But he,
No less in winding mazes wheels about, 615
To intercept, or follows on his steps,
And shouts to him across the broken ranks.
As oft as he his enemy descried,
And with the flying coursers tried his speed,

So oft Juturna turned aside the car. 620
 Alas! what can he do? On changing tides
 He fluctuates in vain; conflicting plans
 Disturb his mind. Messapus then by chance
 Came swiftly riding, bearing in his hand
 Two javelins tipped with steel, and one of these 625
 He hurls with certain aim; Æneas stopped,
 And covered by his shield, upon his knee
 Dropped down; the flying javelin, none the less,
 Struck off the plummy crest upon his helm.
 Inflamed with wrath at such insidious arts, 630
 When he perceived the chariot and the steeds
 Still borne afar, he calls to witness then
 Jove, and the altars of the broken league;
 Into the thick of battle rushes on,
 Terrible, with the auspicious aid of Mars, 635
 Lets loose the reins of anger on his foes,
 And fierce and undistinguished slaughter deals.

What god unto my verse can now declare
 The dire events, what carnage vast ensued,
 What deaths of chiefs? whom Turnus now pursues, 640
 And now the Trojan hero, o'er the fields?
 Was it the will of Jupiter that thus

The nations whom eternal peace one day
 Would join should clash in such a conflict dire ?

Rutulian Sucre hurrying comes (here first 645
 The Trojans in their full career were checked) ;
 But as he came, Æneas in the side
 Plunged through the ribs his sword, the speediest death.
 Turnus on foot encountered Amycus,
 Thrown from his horse ; his brother too he met, 650
 Diores ; one with lance, and one with sword
 He slays, and bears away their severed heads
 Dripping with blood, suspended to his car.
 Talos, and Tanais, and Cethegus brave
 Æneas kills, all three at one assault. 655
 The sad Onytes too, of Theban race,
 And Peridia's son. Turnus strikes down
 The brothers sent from Lycia, Phœbus' land ;
 Also Menœtes, an Arcadian youth,
 In vain averse to war ; his humble home 660
 And craft had been on Lerna's fishy streams ;
 Unknown to him the great rewards of fame,
 While on hired fields his father sowed his grain.
 And as two fires let loose from different sides,
 Through forests dry and crackling laurel twigs, — 665

Or as from mountain-sides two foaming streams
 Come roaring down, each flooding, its own way,
 The open fields, with devastation wide, —
 So through the conflict rush the opposing chiefs.
 They know not what it is to yield; their breasts 670
 Now boil with rage suppressed, now, bursting forth,
 They sweep to battle with their utmost strength.

One whirls a ponderous stone, and fells to earth
 Murranus, boasting of his ancestors,
 And race descended from the Latin kings. 675

The wheels, beneath the harness and the yoke
 Drag him along, beat down by trampling hoofs
 Of steeds regardless of their master's fate.
 The other encounters Hyllus, who in rage
 Comes driving on; against his gilded brows 680

He hurls a spear, that brain and helmet pierced.
 Nor couldst thou, Creteus, bravest of the Greeks,
 From Turnus save thyself; nor did the gods
 Protect Cupencus from Æneas' sword 685
 That pierced his breast; nor did his brazen shield
 Avail him aught. Thee too, O Æolus,
 Laurentum's fields beheld, upon the earth
 Stretched at thy length, thou whom the Grecian hosts
 Could not o'erthrow, nor he who overturned

Great Priam's realm, Achilles; here thy life 672
 Now touched its goal. A lofty palace thine
 Beneath Mount Ida, in Lyrnessus too; —
 Here on Laurentian soil a sepulchre.
 So all the Latian and the Dardan hosts
 Are turned upon each other. Mnestheus now, 695
 And brave Serestus, and Messapus come,
 And strong Asilas, and the Tuscan bands,
 And all Arcadia's wingèd cavalry.
 Each for himself, all to their utmost strive;
 No stop, no stay; one zeal inflames them all. 700

His fairest mother prompts Æneas now
 To turn and march upon the city walls,
 And fright the Latins with a sudden blow.
 For while he strove to follow 'Turnus' tracks,
 Amid the various ranks, and here and there 705
 Around him looked, he saw the town untouched
 And tranquil 'mid the shocks of war. At once
 His mind is kindled by a greater plan
 Of battle. Round him then he calls his chiefs,
 Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus brave, 710
 And takes his station on a rising ground.
 The Trojan bands assemble, crowding close,

Nor do they lay aside their shields and spears.
 He, in the midst, thus speaks: "Let no one thwart
 The purpose I announce. Jove stands with us. 715
 Nor, though the plan be sudden, let your wills
 Be slow to aid. The cause of all the war,
 This city, and Latinus' rule itself,
 Unless they will consent to accept our yoke,
 And, vanquished, yield, I will this day o'erturn, 720
 And lay their turrets smoking on the ground.
 Am I, forsooth, to wait till Turnus deign
 To accept the combat, and, though vanquished oft,
 Return to take the field? O citizens,
 The source of this unhallowed war is here. 725
 Bring torches! Reassert the league with flames!"

He said; and all, alive with equal zeal,
 Move in a dense battalion to the walls.
 Ladders and torches suddenly appear.
 Some storm the gates, and kill the first they meet. 730
 Others with showers of darts obscure the sky.
 Æneas himself beneath the city's walls,
 Amid the foremost, stretches his right hand,
 Upbraids Latinus with accusing voice,
 And calls the gods to witness, that again 735

He is forced to fight ; that twice the Italians now
Become his foes ; that twice they break the league.
Dissension stirs the trembling citizens.

Some to the Dardans would fling back the gates,
And ope the town, and to the ramparts drag 740
The king himself ; while others seize their arms
And hasten to defend the walls. As when
A shepherd in some secret pumice rock
Has tracked a swarm of bees, and filled the holes
With bitter smoke ; alarmed they run about 745
Hither and thither through their waxen camp,
With loud and angry buzzing ; through their cells
Roll the black fumes, until with stifled noise
The cave within resounds, and clouds of smoke
Go pouring forth into the empty air. 750

Such fortune on the exhausted Latians fell,
And shook their city to its base, with woe.
The queen, when she beholds the enemy
Approach the town, and sees the walls attacked,
And torches hurled upon the roofs, — no troops 755
Of the Rutulians near, nor Turnus' bands, —
Wretched, believes the youth in battle slain ;
And, smit with sudden pangs of grief, cries out
That she had been the cause and guilty source

Of such disasters ; and with raving words,
 As one about to die, rends with her hands
 Her purple robes ; and from a lofty beam
 Ties fast the noose of her unsightly death.
 The unhappy Latian dames the tidings hear.
 Her golden tresses, then, and roseate cheeks 765
 Lavinia tears ; and round her all her train
 Runs wildly, and the palace far and wide
 Rings with their shrieks ; thence all the city hears
 The melancholy tidings spread about,
 And deep dejection reigns. Rending his robes, 770
 Latinus goes, bewildered at the fate
 Thus fallen upon his queen and ruined town.
 He heaps the dust upon his hoary head,
 Upbraiding oft himself, that not ere this
 He of his own accord had not received 775
 Trojan Æneas as his son-in-law.

Upon the plain's remotest bounds, meanwhile,
 Turnus pursued a shred of straggling troops,
 With slower pace, elated less and less
 Now, with his coursers' speed ; when to his ears, 780
 Listening intently, borne upon the wind,
 Came from the troubled city cries confused,

An unknown terror, and a mournful din.

“Alas! what grief is this within our walls?

What wild alarms arise from every street?”

So saying, bewildered, he drew back his reins

And stopped. His sister then, who had assumed

Metiscus' form and face, his charioteer,

And guided still the chariot, steeds, and reins,

Thus, turning to him, spoke: “Let us pursue

The Trojans, Turnus, here, where victory still

Prepares the way; others there are, whose hands

Can well defend the city. Æneas there

Joins battle, and attacks the Italian hosts.

We too among the Trojans scatter death.

Nor shalt thou with less honor from the field

Withdraw, nor count less numbers of thy slain.”

Turnus replied: “Sister, long since I knew

Thy presence, when by artifice thou first

Didst break the truce, and in this warfare join.

Now thou in vain deceiv'st me, though divine.

But say, who sent thee from Olympus down

To undertake such toils? Was it to see

Thy wretched brother's cruel death? For now

What can I do? What fortune brings to me

Promise of safety? I myself have seen

Murranus fall, none dearer now to me
Survives; calling aloud on me, he fell.

Great was the wound that slew so great a chief.

The hapless Ufens too has fallen, that he

810

This my dishonor might not see or know.

His corpse, his armor, are the Trojans' spoils.

Shall I look on and see our homes destroyed,

The sole disaster lacking, in our loss,

Nor with this hand refute the bitter words

815

Of Drances? Shall I turn my back? This land,

Shall it see Turnus flying? Is it then

So hard a thing to die? Ye Powers beneath,

Aid me, since those above avert their eyes!

Free from that stain, I will descend to you,

820

An unpolluted soul, that never yet

Unworthy was of my illustrious line!"

Scarce had he said these words, when Saces comes,

Borne through his foes, upon a foaming steed,

And wounded by an arrow athwart the face.

825

He with imploring words on Turnus calls: —

“Our last and only safety rests with thee,

Turnus; have pity now upon thine own.

Æneas storms, an armèd thunderbolt,

And threatens to o'erturn the topmost towers 810
Of Italy, and bring destruction down.

Even now the brands are flying to the roofs.
On thee the Latians turn their eyes; on thee
They call. The king himself, Latinus, doubts
Whom he shall call his son-in-law, with whom 815

Alliance make. Besides all this, the queen,
Thy own most steadfast friend, in wild despair
Slain by herself, has left the light of life.

Messapus and Atinas, they alone
Before the gates sustain the battle's shock. 840

On every side the dense battalions stand,
A fearful harvest-field of naked swords,
While thou art urging on thy chariot wheels
O'er a deserted plain." With dumb, fixed gaze,
Confused by shifting aspects of affairs, 845

Stood Turnus then. Within his heart boiled up
An overwhelming shame, rage mixed with grief,
Self-conscious valor, and love by fury racked.

As soon as from his brain the shadows fled,
And light restored, back to the walls he turned 850

His blazing eyes, wild tumult in his soul.
When lo, the curling flames had seized the tower

Between the floors, and rolled into the sky ;
The tower, which he himself, with jointed beams,
And wheels beneath, and bridges overhead, 855
Had built. "Now, sister, now the fates prevail.
Bid me not pause. Wherever Heaven may lead
And Fortune stern, let us pursue our course.
This combat with Æneas stands resolved ;
Resolved, to bear whatever bitterness 860
There be in death ; nor, sister, shalt thou see
Further disgrace for me. Yet suffer first,
I pray, that I may give this fury vent."

He said ; and, leaping from his chariot down,
Plunged through the hostile spears ; and leaves behind 865
His grieving sister, and with rapid pace
Breaks through the middle ranks. And, as a rock
Comes crashing from a mountain-top, by storms
Torn off, or washed away by swollen rains,
Or underslid by loosening lapse of years, 870
Down the steep cliff the awful mountain-mass
Falls bounding to the earth, and sweeps away
Woods, flocks, and men ; so through the broken ranks
Goes Turnus, rushing to the city's walls,
Where tracts of earth are drenched in blood, and darts

Fly whistling through the air. Then with his hand 876
He makes a sign, and lifts aloud his voice : —
“ Forbear, Rutulians ! Latians, lower your spears !
Whatever fortune may befall, 't is mine.
More just it is that I, instead of you, 880
Should expiate alone this broken league,
And so decide the battle with my sword.”

Then all the troops drew back, and gave him place.
But hearing Turnus named, Æneas now
Forsakes the walls and towers, all hindrances 885
Puts by, from every enterprise breaks off ;
With joy he exults, and dreadful with his arms
Comes thundering on ; as great as Athos he,
As great as Eryx, or father Appenine
Himself, when with his waving oaks he roars, 890
And, joyous, lifts his snow-peaks to the skies.

Then the Rutulians, and the Trojan hosts,
And all the Italians, turned their eyes to see, —
Those who were holding the high battlements,
And those who battered at the walls below, — 895
And laid their weapons from their shoulders down.
Amazed, Latinus sees two mighty chiefs,

Born in far distant quarters of the earth,
 Met to decide the battle with the sword.
 Then they, as soon as on the open plain 900
 The lists were cleared, advance with rapid pace,
 And hurl their javelins from afar, then clash
 With din and shock of shields and ringing arms.
 Earth groans. Fierce fall their sword-strokes, thick and
 fast
 Redoubling. Chance and valor mix in one. 905
 As in the spacious Sila, or on the heights
 Of Mount Taburnus, when two hostile bulls
 Rush to the conflict with opposing fronts ;
 The trembling keepers fly, and all the herd
 Stands mute with fear; the heifers faintly low, 910
 Uncertain which shall rule the pasture-ground,
 And whom the herd shall follow ; they, meanwhile,
 With ponderous strength, close locked, deal many a wound
 With horns that thrust and gore. Blood bathes their
 necks
 And shoulders, while their bellowing fills the grove. 915
 Even so Æneas and the Daunian chief
 Clash with their shields, that all the air resounds.

With equal balance Jove himself sustains

Two scales, and lays therein the fates of each,
To see which one the toilsome conflict dooms, 920
And on which side the weight of death inclines.
Here Turnus, thinking he is safe, leaps forth,
And rising to his height, with lifted sword
He strikes. Trojans and trembling Latins shout ;
Both armies stand intent. The treacherous sword 935
Breaks short, and in the middle of his blow
Deserts its furious lord, unless by flight
He saves himself. Then, swifter than the wind,
He flies, soon as the unknown hilt he sees
Grasped in his hand disarmed. The rumor is, 930
That in his haste, when battle first began,
While mounting to his car with coursers yoked,
He left behind his father's sword of proof,
And in his hurry snatched Metiscus' blade,
That long had served him while the Trojans fled 935
And turned their backs. Soon as on arms divine,
By Vulcan wrought, the mortal blade was tried,
It snapped like brittle ice beneath the blow,
And on the yellow sand the splinters shone.
So Turnus in mad flight o'er all the plain 940
Wheels in uncertain orbits, here and there.
For on all sides the Trojans stood around

In dense array, and here a wide morass,
And there steep walls, a barrier interposed.

Nor less Æneas, though his wound retards, 945
So that at times his knees impede his course,
Follows and presses, step with step, behind
His trembling foe. As when a hound, who has tracked
A stag that by a river is hemmed in,
Or hedged by terror of the crimson plumes, 950
Baying, gives chase; the beast meanwhile dismayed
By the steep banks, and by the hunter's snares,
Backward and forward flies, a thousand ways,
While the keen Umbrian dog with open mouth
Follows him close, now nearly holds him fast, 955
Now snaps, as though he held, with chiding cry,
His prey escaping still his empty jaws;
Then shouts arise, the banks and lakes resound,
And all the sky is ringing with the noise;—
So Turnus flies, and as he flies, he chides 960
The Rutuli; each one by name he calls,
Demanding eagerly his well-known sword.
Æneas death declares, and ruin dire,
Should any one approach; the trembling troops
He overawes with threats to raze their town; 965

And, wounded as he is, still presses on.
Five circuits they complete in their career,
And five retrace, now this way, and now that ;
For now no slight or trifling prize is sought ;
'T is Turnus' life and blood that is required

975

It chanced an olive wild with bitter leaves,
Sacred to Faunus, on this spot had stood.
The wood of old by sailors was revered.
Here, when preserved from shipwreck, they were wont
To affix their gifts to the Laurentian god,
And hang their votive robes. With reckless haste
The Trojans felled the consecrated trunk,
That they might fight upon a well-cleared field.
Here stood Æneas' spear ; his arm had driven
The weapon hither, where in the impassive roots
It stuck. The Dardan hero stooped and tried
To wrench away the steel, and so pursue
The foe he could not overtake by speed.
Then, wild with terror, Turnus cries aloud : —
“ O Faunus, pity me ! And thou, kind Earth,
Hold back the steel ; — if ever I have held
Thy honors sacred, by the sons of Troy
Profaned in war.” Thus he invoked the god,

975

980

985

And not with fruitless prayers. For struggling long,
 And wasting time upon the sluggish stump, 990
 Æneas could not with his utmost strength
 Relax the wood's firm grip. While striving still,
 The Daunian nymph assumes Metiscus' form
 Once more, and runs, and back to her brother gives
 His sword. Venus, indignant to behold 995
 The daring of the nymph, approaches now,
 And tears the weapon from the root. The chiefs,
 With towering strength, with arms and courage fresh,
 This in his sword, that trusting in his spear,
 Stand, breathless in the combat, front to front. 1000

Meanwhile the Olympian king omnipotent,
 To Juno looking from a yellow cloud
 Upon the conflict, speaks: "O consort-queen,
 When shall this end? What further yet remains?
 Thou thyself know'st, confessing that thou know'st, 1005
 Æneas for a hero deified
 And destined for the starry skies by fate.
 What plan dost thou pursue? What hope is there,
 That in the chilly clouds thou lingerest still?
 Was it a seemly thing that one divine 1010
 Should bear a mortal wound? or that the blade,

Wrested from Turnus' hand, should be restored,
 And to the conquered strength renewed be given?
 (For without thee, what were Juturna's power?)
 Yield to our prayers, desist thou now at length; 1015
 Nor let such grief consume thy silent heart,
 Nor from thy sweet lips let these gloomy cares
 Encounter me so oft. The end is near.
 Power thou hast had to harass by sea and land
 The Trojans, kindle war unspeakable, 1020
 Tarnish an honored house, and nuptial rites
 O'ercloud with grief. Further attempts than these
 I now forbid." Thus Jupiter; and thus
 Saturnia answered, with submissive looks: —
 "I own, great Jupiter, it was because 1025
 I knew that will of thine, I have withdrawn,
 Unwillingly, from Turnus and his lands.
 Nor wouldst thou have seen me sitting thus apart,
 Enduring all this shifting good and bad,
 But girt with flames, and on the battle's edge 1030
 Drawing the Trojans on to deadly war.
 Juturna, I confess, I did persuade
 To help her hapless brother; greater deeds
 Than that approved, to hazard for his life,
 But not to bend the bow or hurl the dart. 1035

I swear by Styx' relentless fountain-head,
 The sole religious dread that binds the gods.
 And now in truth I yield, and, hating, leave
 This warfare. Yet one thing I do beseech
 For Latium and thy royal seed, no law 1044
 Of destiny forbids; when peace is made
 By this auspicious marriage, — be it so, —
 And laws and leagues unite the hostile tribes,
 Bid not the Latins change their ancient name;
 Trojans and Teucri let them not be called, 1045
 Nor change their speech or garb. Be it Latium still.
 Let Alban monarchs through the centuries reign;
 Let Rome's posterity attain their might
 Through virtue of Italia. Troy hath fallen.
 Then let it fall forever with its name." 1050

Smiling, the Founder of events and men
 Replied: "Sister of Jove in truth thou art,
 And Saturn's other seed, to roll such waves
 Of wrath beneath thy bosom! But come, now,
 Subdue this fruitless anger. What thou wilt, 1055
 I grant; and, vanquished, willingly submit.
 The Ausonians shall retain their ancient tongue
 And customs; and their name shall be as now.
 But, mingled with the mass, the Trojan race

Shall settle in their land. I will ordain 1 60
 Their customs and their sacred rites, and all
 Shall Latins be, one common speech to all.
 Hence, mingled with Ausonian blood, shall rise
 A nation above men and gods in worth,
 Nor matched by any race in serving thee." 1 65
 Juno assents with glad and altered mind,
 And leaves her cloudy dwelling in the sky.

This done, the Sire revolves another plan ;
 How to withdraw Juturna from the aid
 She gives her brother's arms. Two sister Pests 1 70
 There are, called Diræ, whom the unwholesome Night
 At the same birth brought forth ; with them too came
 Tartarean Megæra ; snaky coils
 About their heads they bore, and wings of wind.
 They at the throne of Jove appear, and stand 1 75
 Upon the threshold of the infernal king,
 Sharpening the stings of fear in wretched souls,
 What time the king of gods disease and death
 Prepares, or frights the guilty towns with war.
 And one of these Jove from on high speeds down 1 80
 To meet Juturna, as an ominous sign.
 Down in a whirlwind swift to earth she flies,

As when an arrow from a Parthian's bow,
 Parthian or Cretan, shot through cloudy skies,
 A deadly shaft with cruel poison tipped, 1085
 Comes whistling and unseen across the shades ;
 So flew to earth the daughter of the Night.

Soon as the Trojan army she beholds,
 And Turnus' troops, she on a sudden shrinks
 To the small figure of that bird which sits 1090
 At times by night on tombs or lonely towers,
 And late and long amid the darkness hoots,
 With ominous voice ; so changed, in Turnus' sight
 Flies, screaming, back and forth, and beats her wings
 Against his shield. Benumbed and chilled 1095
 With fear, his limbs relax ; his hair with horror stands ;
 His gasping voice is gone. But when afar
 She knew the Fury's cries and whistling wings,
 Wretched Juturna tears her loosened locks,
 And tears her face, and beats her breast. " What help, 1100
 O Turnus, can thy sister bring thee now ?
 I, wretched, — what is left for me to do ?
 Or by what art can I prolong thy life ?
 How can I brave a portent such as this ?
 Now, now I quit the field. Ye evil birds, 1105
 Add not your terrors to my fear ; I know

The beating of your wings, your shrieks of death.
The proud command of Jove cannot deceive
This his return for stolen maidenhood!
Why did he give me an immortal life? 1110
Why take away the fatal law of death?
Surely I might have ended now such griefs,
And to the shades below accompany
My unhappy brother. I immortal? I?
What can be sweet to me, of all I own, — 1115
What without thee, my brother? Ah, what earth
Can open deep enough for me, and send
A goddess to the shades below!" She said;
And round her head a veil of watery blue
She wrapped, and, groaning, plunged into the stream. 1120

Æneas, brandishing his mighty lance,
Comes pressing on, and thus with angry words: —
"What new delay does Turnus plan? Why now
Draw back? 'T is not a running contest now,
But face to face, with sharp and cruel arms. 1125
Take to thyself all shapes; call to thy aid
Whate'er thou canst, of valor or of skill;
Aim with thy wings to reach the lofty stars,
Or hide thee in the deep and hollow earth."

But Turnus shook his head: "Thy violent words, 1130
 Insulter, fright me not. It is the gods,
 And Jove, my enemy, who dismay me now."

No more he said; but, looking round, he sees
 An antique rock, of size immense, that lay
 Upon the plain, a landmark 'twixt the fields. 1135
 Scarce could twelve chosen men, such as the earth
 Produces now, have borne it on their backs.
 With hurried hand the hero grasped the stone,
 And rising, ran to hurl it at his foe.
 But as he runs, and lifts the ponderous weight, 1140
 He knows not what he aims to do; his knees
 Totter beneath him, and his blood runs cold.
 Through empty air the stone is hurled, and rolls,
 Nor clears the space, nor deals the intended blow.
 And as in dreams, when languid sleep at night 1145
 Weighs down the eyelids, and in vain we strive
 To run, with speed that equals our desire,
 But yield, disabled, midway in our course;
 The tongue, and all the accustomed forces fail,
 Nor voice nor words ensue;—e'en so it was 1150
 With Turnus;—with whatever valorous strength
 His soul aspired, the fiend denied success.

Conflicting thoughts roll hurrying through his breast.
He sees the Rutuli, he sees the town,
And stops in fear, and dreads the threatening steel; 1115
Nor knows he how to escape or how to attack
His enemy, nor anywhere beholds
His chariot or his sister-charioteer.

Thus as he hesitates, Æneas shakes
His fatal spear, and chooses just the spot 1165
To pierce, and hurls the lance with all his strength.
Never did stones from battering engine shot
So rend the air, or thunderbolt resound.
Like a black whirlwind flies the deadly steel,
Through corselet's rim, through sevenfold plated
shield,
With ringing stroke, and pierces through his thigh. 1166
Down to the earth upon his bended knee
The mighty Turnus sinks. The Rutuli
Rise all together with a groan. Around
The hills and lofty woods roll back the noise. 1167
He, suppliant and humble, lifts his eyes,
And reaches forth his hand. "I have deserved
Indeed, nor do I deprecate this blow.
Use now thy fortune. If for a wretched sire

Aught of regard thou hast (such once to thee 1175
 Thy sire Anchises was), pity, I beg,
 My father Daunus' venerable age ;
 And me, or if thou rather wouldst, my corpse,
 Despoiled of life, send back unto my friends.
 Thou hast prevailed. The Ausonians have beheld 1180
 A vanquished enemy stretch forth his hands.
 Lavinia is thy bride. Stretch not thy hate
 Beyond what thou hast done."

Stern in his arms

Æneas stood, and rolled his eyes around,
 And his right hand repressed ; and more and more 1185
 Those words began to bend his wavering will ; —
 When, on the lofty shoulder of his foe
 The unhappy belt appeared, — young Pallas' belt
 Shone gleaming with its studs he knew so well ;
 Pallas, whom Turnus overpowered and slew, 1190
 And wore on his shoulders now the hostile badge.
 He, as his eyes drank in the hateful sight,
 Those spoils, memorials of that cruel grief,
 Inflamed with fury, terrible in wrath,
 "And dost thou think," he cried, "to escape my
 hand, 1195
 Clothed in the spoils thou from my friend hast snatched ?

'T is Pallas, Pallas slays thee with this blow,
And takes his vengeance with thy accursed blood!"
He said, and plunged his sword into his breast.
Cold lay the limbs relaxed, and, with a groan,
Down to the Shades the soul, indignant, fled.



NOTES.

Book I. Line 54. "Ajax, Oileus' son." Surnamed the Locrian, from his father, king of Locris, to distinguish him from the other Ajax, son of Telamon. He had offered violence to Cassandra in the temple of Minerva, on the night of Troy's destruction, and was punished by a storm and a violent death, on his voyage home.

Line 248. "On the Trinacrian shore,"—Trinacria the ancient name of Sicily.

Line 373. "The Trojan Cæsar,"—Augustus, called also Julius, whom the poet flatters by tracing his birth to Æneas, and therefore to Venus and to Jupiter.

Book II. Line 161.

"Ye pacified

The winds with blood, and with a virgin slain." Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon, sacrificed at Aulis to appease the anger of Diana.

Line 243. "Tritonia,"—one of the names of Minerva.

Line 680. "Neoptolemus,"—a name of Pyrrhus, son of Achilles.

Line 681. "The Atreids,"—the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus.

Line 773. "Tyndarus' daughter,"—Helen.

Book III. Line 92.

"A lovely isle
Sacred to Dione,"

The Island of Delos, called also Ortygia.

Line 412.

"O, happier than all others
Was Priam's virgin daughter,"—

Polyxena, sacrificed at the tomb of her lover, Achilles.

Book VI. Line 634. "That Spartan,"—Helen, who was married to Deiphobus after the death of Paris.

Line 1014.

"The Roman king

Who first shall give thee thy true name,"—Numa Pompilius, second king of Rome.

Line 1037.

"But thou who dost in nowise equal
Thou see'st,"

Julius Cæsar and Pompey.

Line 1063.

"Our Maximus, who did us so delight
Our fortune to enjoy,"—

Or "our Greater,"—Quintus Maximus, who gained a victory over Hannibal by a wise delay.

Line 1084.

"A youth in form and face exceeding fair,
But sad his brow with joyless eye, cast down."

This famous passage, ending line 1117, requires for the general reader a brief comment. The youth here alluded to is the young Marcellus, nephew of Augustus, and son of his sister Octavia. He died at the age of eighteen, universally esteemed and regretted. Virgil, at the request of Augustus, is said to have read or recited his Sixth Book in the presence of him and of Octavia. He was careful not to name the young hero, till he came to the line *Tu Marcellus eris*, when his mother was so touched that she swooned away. Virgil is said to have received from the princess ten thousand sesterces for each verse of this passage, — a sum, as Professor Anthon observes, equal to nearly \$7,000.

Book VII. Line 170.

"His parents twain
In heaven and in the shades of Erebus," —
Venus and Anchises.

Line 628. "Claps her hands," — literally, "striking her arms with her palms."

Book VIII. Line 64. "From Pallas born," — Pallas, an ancestor of Evander.

Line 128. "Great Amphitryon's son," — Hercules, called also Alcides.

Book X. Line 39.

"For me, I verily believe, new wounds
Are yet in store."

Venus was wounded by Diomed, the son of Tydeus, in the Trojan war.

Line 281. "His parent lake Benacus," — the modern Lago di Garda.

Line 372. The line "Ultero animos tollit dictis, atque increpat ultro," occurs before, in Book IX, and is supposed to be an interpolation in this place. I have therefore omitted it.

Book XI. Line 356. "Mycenæ's chief himself," etc., — Agamemnon, murdered by his wife Clytemnestra and her lover Ægisthus.

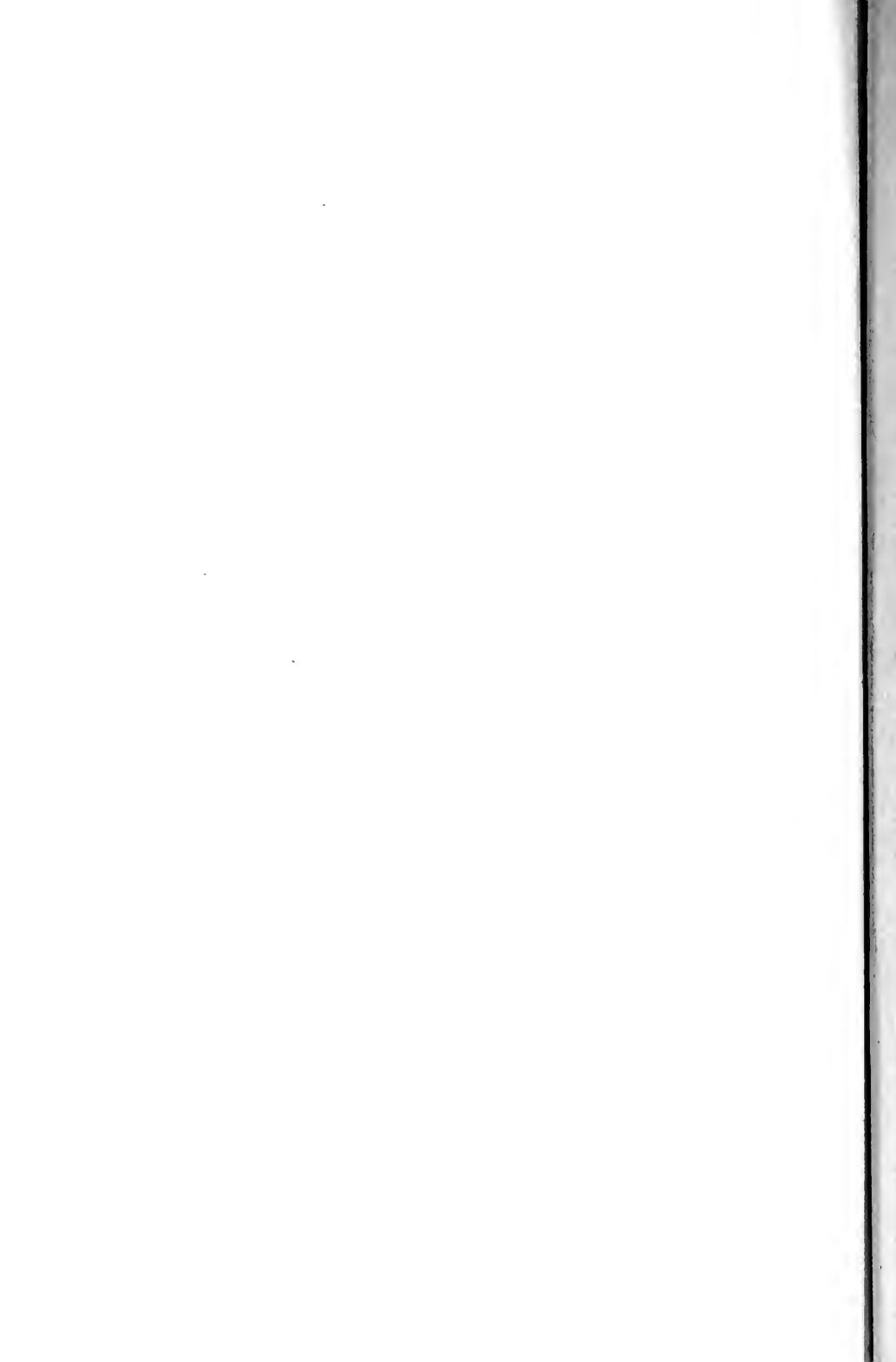
Line 859.

"Trampling the river-banks of Thermodon."

Symmons and Conington both accent the second syllable of the word "Thermodon." Dryden has it correctly.

"Quales Threicis, cum flumina Thermodontis
Pulsant."

THE END.



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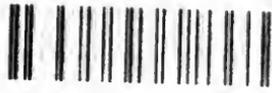
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