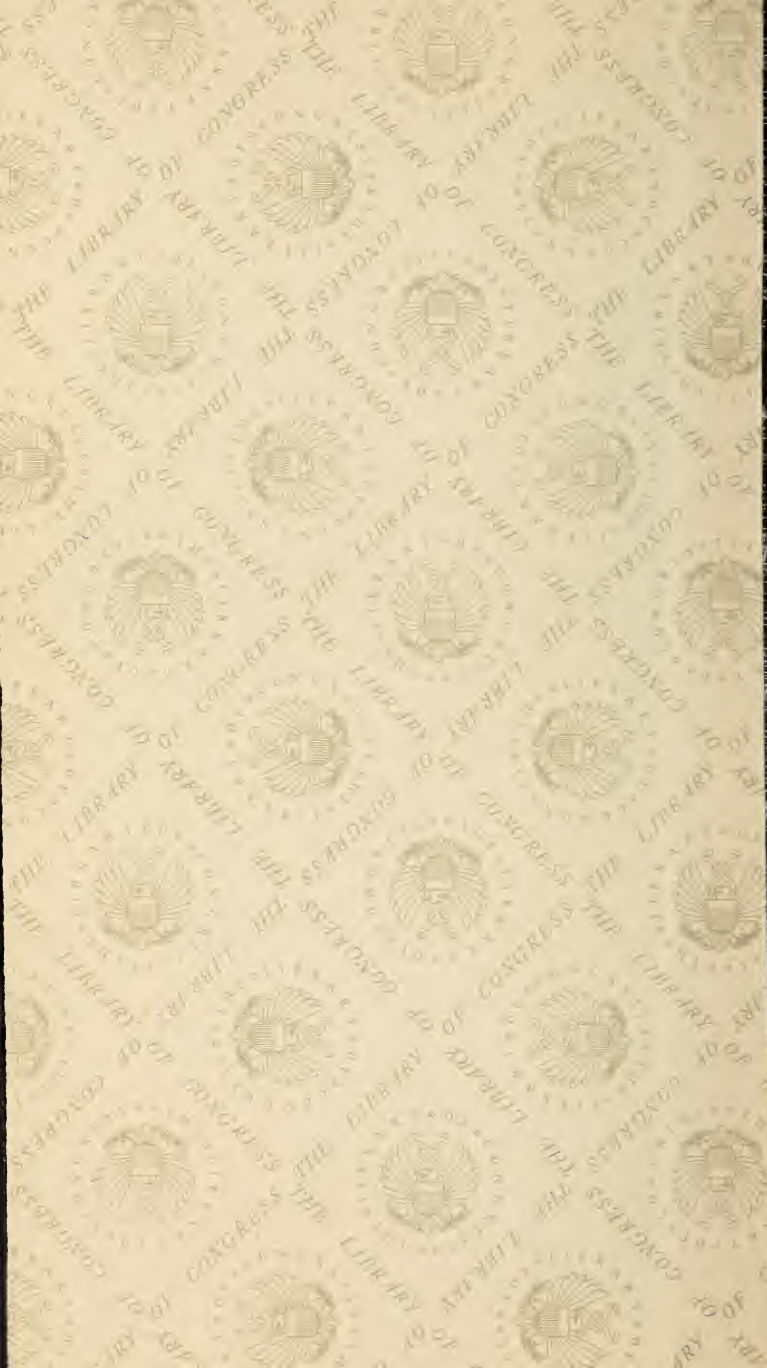


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Lord Ravenscroft. H.
To the Earl Russell. K.G.
In token of long friendship
and sincere appreciation
of a brave British spirit.

May 16. 1872.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

BOOKS I.-VI.

Preparing for Publication

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL
BOOKS VII. - XII.

TRANSLATED IN ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY

LORD RAVENSWORTH

W. BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London

Vergilius Maro, Publius

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

BOOKS I.-VI.

TRANSLATED IN ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

BY

G. K. RICKARDS, M.A.

WITH

AN INDEX OF PROPER NAMES

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P R E F A C E.

IT is with unfeigned diffidence that I offer to the public a new attempt to render the Æneid into English verse. The world, it may be feared, is becoming sated with translations from the classic poets, which have of late years issued in extraordinary numbers from the press. Yet it is by means of such a competition of translators that the desired result is most likely to be attained. The version which the general judgment pronounces to be the best obtains possession of the field: the unsuccessful sink into oblivion.

To represent worthily through the medium of another language the work of one of the most consummate masters of diction in the whole range of literature, is a task sufficiently arduous in itself; and in the case of the Æneid a new

translator may well feel daunted by the great names and high reputation of his predecessors. The number of English writers who have tried their hands on the great Latin epic is very considerable, though but few are at the present day held in much estimation. Without disparaging other versions, it may fairly be said that there are two which any new aspirant must regard as his most formidable competitors—viz., those of Dryden and of the late Professor Conington.

Each of these works, widely as they differ in character and style, unquestionably possesses great merit. It would be the height of presumption to question the genius of Dryden, to whom, though his poetry is not much in accordance with the taste of the present day, common consent has assigned a prominent place in the hierarchy of English poets. But without at all disparaging his title to the rank which he thus holds, I cannot think either that Dryden's translation of the *Æneid* deserves to be placed on a level with his own greatest works, or that it bears that true resemblance to the original which the discriminating admirers of Virgil are entitled to expect in a translation. It was composed, as we learn from his own account, under the depressing conditions of advancing years, failing health, and poverty; it was done

with great rapidity, and in many parts bears evident marks of haste and inadvertence. It is extremely diffuse in style; and whatever other merits it may have, it certainly does not possess that of fidelity to the original. On this latter point, indeed, I am not disposed to be over-critical—extreme literalness is, in my opinion, not to be looked for in a metrical translation. If such a work is to give any pleasure to an English reader, it must be composed in free, natural, and idiomatic English, with which a rigid adherence to the *verbum verbo reddere* rule is absolutely incompatible. But Dryden takes liberties with his author which even the prerogative of original genius will not warrant. “*Pecca fortitè*” would seem to be his motto. He interpolates much that Virgil never said; he omits still more which he finds it inconvenient to translate, slurring over too often the delicate touches and fine shades of his master. The more critical spirit of the present day would, I believe, visit with considerable severity such laxity of execution in a modern version.

But not to dwell on imperfections of detail, I confess that my dissatisfaction with Dryden’s *Æneid* rests on broader grounds. As an ardent admirer of Virgil, and deeply impressed with his peculiar beauties, which have been my study and delight for more than forty

years, the great complaint which I have to make against Dryden's version is, that, be it what else it may, it is not *Virgilian*. The genius and spirit of the English poet had, according to my conception, little affinity with those of the Roman—"Magis pares quam similes." Some, indeed, of the high qualities of the poetic intellect were common to both. Force, energy, grandeur of style, splendour and copiousness of diction,—in these they were alike; our own countryman perhaps not greatly the inferior. But there are other characteristics of Virgil wherein he has never been surpassed—perhaps never equalled—which constitute his greatest charm and his true title to the admiration with which his works have been cherished for so many centuries,—exquisite taste and purity of style, inimitable grace of manner, exhibited alike in expression and in reticence, and, above all, a deep and genuine tenderness and pathos, that "touch of nature"—the "*mentem mortalia tangunt*"—which "makes all hearts kin." The sorrows of Creusa, of Andromache, even of Dido in the most passionate agonies of her grief, never overstep the modesty of nature, yet probe that nature to its inmost depths. Wonderfully skilled and graceful was the hand which traced these lineaments, not of Trojan or of Tyrian, but of universal human nature. Very different from

this was the hand of Dryden. Vigour and strength and powerful grasp indeed it had, but it lacked the grace and delicacy, the purity and tenderness of touch which characterised the Roman artist. Hence it is that in reading Dryden's version the admirer of Virgil is often offended by a coarseness and inelegance of thought and language which intrude themselves in the most refined and touching passages of the original. An incongruous word, an exaggerated epithet, an overloaded ornament, is enough to mar the whole beauty of a passage. Dryden himself evidently felt an imperfect sympathy with a writer of a spirit and temperament dissimilar from his own. He frankly admits that the Muse of Homer was more akin to his genius than that of Virgil. On the metre and structure of his verse I shall have more to say presently.

In referring to the recent translation of Professor Conington, I am treading on more delicate ground. The respect attached to the name of that accomplished scholar, and the universal regret for the loss that literature and the University of which he was an ornament sustained by his death, would be sufficient to check any rude criticism of his work, even were it justly amenable to such treatment. But far from seeking to depreciate it, I frankly acknowledge its high merits. In thorough appreciation

of the spirit of his author, in scrupulous fidelity to the original, in skill and elegance of versification, and in the power of dealing both with the lofty and the tender passages, Mr Conington has shown, in my opinion, most of the essential qualities that a translator of Virgil should possess. Yet at the same time I am compelled to say that the effect of the whole is, according to my apprehension, a shortcoming and a disappointment. The beauty of the entire work is marred by one irredeemable mistake—the most unfortunate choice of metre. An epic in octosyllabic rhyme! One of the few grand heroic poems the world has produced set to the measure of the ‘Lord of the Isles’! There is, in my judgment, but one really suitable English metre for works of this class; yet the heroic couplet of Dryden, the stanza of Spenser, or even that dubious modern importation, the English hexameter, may have some claims to a preference. But to adapt the majestic strains of Homer or of Virgil to the tripping and jingling measure which is the fitting vehicle for Border legends or romaunts of chivalry, is to my mind an irretrievable mistake. How are the stately march, the sonorous volume, the varied cadences, and finely-adjusted rhythm of the great Mantuan to be represented in those little monotonous English couplets, even though diversified by such variations as Mr Conington,

following Sir W. Scott, has interspersed? What is to become of those grand sententious single lines, not unfrequent in the *Æneid*, which by their compact force and fulness stamp themselves like proverbs on the memory? Such lines as the following seem imperatively to demand from the translator to be rendered in the same spirit and within the same limits, verse for verse, as the original:—

‘Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.’

‘Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.’

‘Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.’

The last line is thus expanded by Dryden—

‘If Jove and Heaven my just desires deny,

Hell shall the power of Jove and Heaven supply.’

Thus by Conington—

‘What choice ’twixt under and above?

If Heaven be firm, the Shades shall move.’

Virgil’s line can scarcely fail to recall one of our own epic poet, not, of course, equivalent in meaning, yet a striking counterpart in idea and expression, and scarcely less grand than the Latin—

‘Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.’

The line in question does not fall within the limits of my work, but I would submit that the following, though inadequate, comes nearer to

the true rendering than those which I have cited—

Hell will I raise, if Heaven my suit denies.

The metre of which Professor Conington, so unjustly, as I think, to his own powers, made choice, is not only ill suited in itself to represent the grandeur and stateliness of the *Æneid*, but it has had a deteriorating effect on the whole tone of the composition. The work throughout is pitched in too low a key. The metre has reacted on the diction, which in many passages is deficient in elevation and disfigured by modernisms that jar with the classic model. The associations connected with the measure have a tendency to lower the great heroic drama to the level of modern minstrelsy, and the figure which rises behind the translator's page is not that of Publius Virgilius Maro, but of Walter Scott. It would be easy to give illustrations of these remarks, but I refrain from doing so lest I should seem to disparage one whose remarkable powers and acquirements I regard with respectful admiration.

In the excellent Preface to his own translation of the *Iliad*, Cowper has pronounced a very decided opinion against rhymed epics. He says: "I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme is impos-

sible. No human ingenuity is equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense, of the original." To this opinion of a competent critic who had himself made ample trial both of blank and rhymed verse, I venture to subscribe my humble assent. The mantle of rhyme, indeed, covers a multitude of faults. The ear, pleased with the regularly-recurring sound, gives absolution for many faults of diction ; but it cannot, surely, be questioned that the exigencies of rhyme form an immense impediment to that free choice of language which is needed to represent with the most exact propriety the sense of the translated author. And just in proportion as the merit of the original consists in felicity of diction, it is essential that the translator should have the range of all the resources of his own vocabulary without let or hindrance. The *Æneid* is a case strictly in point. All critics are agreed that the pre-eminent charm of Virgil lies in his exquisite beauty of expression. The task imposed on an English writer of doing justice to his master in this respect is arduous enough ; but it is made prodigiously more difficult if, besides the considerations of gracefulness and propriety of language, he is still further restricted in his selection by the demands of rhyme.

But worse even, in my opinion, than its effect in limiting the free choice of diction, is the tendency of the rhymed measure to force the composition into the monotonous mould of couplets, however repugnant this may be to the movement and spirit of the original. Couplets, indeed, such as those of Ovid's Elegiacs, may well be translated by couplets; but to compress within these artificial trammels such a poem as the *Æneid*, in which the rhythm and the cadences are infinitely diversified—such diversity, indeed, being one of the chief beauties of the style—is an error which no ingenuity can redeem. Dryden, indeed, seems to have been sensible of this incongruity, for he has interspersed his distichs with a most copious admixture of triplets and Alexandrines. But it may be questioned whether the remedy he adopted was not worse than the disease; for though such variations, sparingly introduced, afford an agreeable change; when used with profusion in every page they have an opposite effect—harassing to the ear. Indeed, this peculiarity has been remarked upon by some judicious critics as one of the chief blots on Dryden's composition. Such expedients afford at best a partial mitigation of the evil in question; the tendency to close the sense with the couplet, is too strong to be resisted. Accordingly, as the

original does not naturally fall into this mould, it is constrained to do so, and the matter is accommodated to the metre by expletives and additions of the translator's own. Hence arises the besetting fault of translations—that enervating diffuseness which may be observed in the workmanship of even the most accomplished writers. Pope, after rendering faithfully enough the concluding line of the *Iliad*—

‘Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,’

tacks on, to complete the couplet, a pure invention of his own—

‘And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.’

Johnson, with admirable terseness, gives the full sense of Juvenal's lines—

‘Haud facilè emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi’—

‘Slow rises worth by poverty depressed;’

but he is compelled to make out the distich by prefixing the gratuitous assertion—

‘This mournful truth is everywhere confessed.’

Dryden himself has thus diluted the famous apostrophe—

‘Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?’

‘Can heavenly minds such high resentment show?
Or exercise their spite in human woe?’

The effect of that debilitating expansion of the sense which is resorted to in order to eke out the couplet, may be further illustrated by the following comparison :—

The first six books of the <i>Æneid</i>	
contain in the original, . . .	4755 lines.
The version of Dryden, . . .	6495 „
That of Pitt, in the same measure,	6523 „
Mr Conington's version contains,	
I believe, about . . .	7300 „
The adoption of blank verse has	
enabled me to include the	
whole in	5410 „

Mr Conington's lines, it should be remembered, are the shortest, consisting generally of eight, but occasionally of only six syllables each. The Latin hexameter averages about fifteen; the English heroic metre—rhyme or blank—ten syllables.

The superior terseness of which blank verse is thus shown to be capable, gives it, in my opinion, a great advantage over other metres; but this is only one of its superiorities. In the hands of our great poets, from Shakespeare and Milton to Wordsworth and Shelley, it has been proved to be capable of the highest flights of sublimity and beauty, and has vindicated its title as the noblest of English measures—the

true and worthy vehicle of the epic muse. Its freedom, its flexibility, the variety of pauses and modulations of rhythm which it admits of, mark it as the true counterpart of the classical hexameter. It adapts itself to every exigency of the composition—the abrupt apostrophe, the terse dialogue, the lucid narrative, or the flowing description. It may be made, in skilful hands, to the full as harmonious as the most exquisitely balanced couplets of Pope, and may more than compensate to the ear for the absence of the rhyming termination by the more subtle melody of rhythm.

The truth of these observations in the abstract will perhaps not be questioned, but it will be objected, that to write blank verse of the quality above described requires the skill of a great master of the art; whereas in inferior hands such charms are lost, and then blank verse becomes a dreary blank indeed. I am not insensible to the force of such remarks, which, indeed, are well calculated to warn humble versifiers, like myself, off the ground. Still I maintain that if Virgil is to be translated at all (which may be a question with some, but the thing has been and will be done), he ought to be translated in that measure which most readily assimilates with his own, and in which an English writer may represent most truthfully not

only the language, but, what is more important, the manner and spirit of the original. The rhymed metre, with its inevitable tendency to expand and weaken the sense, and its monotonous repetition of balanced periods, is, in my estimation, far more wearisome to the ear and mind than the unrhymed verse, which, even if it be not of the highest order of poetry, may at least be terse in style, natural in movement, and free from those palling expletives and make-weights which are needed to fit the dimensions of the unvarying couplet.

It remains that I should state briefly my views as to the obligations of a translator in respect to fidelity to the original, and as to the degree in which I have found myself able to carry those views into execution.

To render a poem from the original into another language with absolute literalness I believe to be impossible without a total sacrifice of poetical effect. Occasional passages may indeed be found which fall naturally into corresponding phrases, and may be rendered with exact nicety, and little, if any, loss of beauty; but the diversities of any two languages make it impossible to maintain, throughout a long work, an exact conformity to the diction of the original, without sinking into a style which must needs become intolerably stiff and repulsive to the reader.

Any metrical translation which in the pursuit of exactness sacrifices ease, harmony, and spirit, though it may win the applause of scholars as a feat of ingenuity, or become, as Johnson says of Dr Trapp's version of the *Æneid*, "the clandestine refuge of schoolboys," will certainly be pronounced by the bulk of cultivated persons unreadable. Any work that justly incurs such a sentence is a mere misapplication of labour. The highest merit of a poetical translation I conceive to be, that while reflecting all that is really significant in the thought and expression, it should, as far as possible, "read like an original;" and even where it fails to afford an exact counterpart of the language, or varies the form or structure of the sentences, should preserve an accordance with the manner and spirit of the author. Such an essential likeness I believe it is possible to maintain, even where the genius and idioms of the two languages render a more precise approximation undesirable, if not impracticable. To translate the most elegant of Latin poets into lame or Latinised English, would be in my eyes a capital fault, less venial than even some degree of licence in departing from the text. All translation is, in fact, more or less a compromise, in which a lesser advantage must often be surrendered to secure a greater. A skilful writer may

find himself able so to manipulate the resources of his own language as to compensate to the original in one passage for his inevitable shortcomings in another. A bald style, which may remind his readers of "the wrong side of the tapestry," is at all hazards to be avoided. "Whatever else may be right," as an accomplished labourer* in this field has observed, "a stiff translation of an easy and flowing original must be wrong."

How far I have myself fulfilled the obligation of faithfulness to the original, which it has been my anxious endeavour to observe, it is for others to judge. To those critics who possibly may think my version less exact than it ought to be, I have only to answer, that had I possessed the skill to reconcile a more literal adherence to the text with what I consider the indispensable requisite of ease and freedom of style, I would have done so.

My work appears on the face of it to be but a fragment. More imperious demands upon my time have obliged me to limit myself to the first six books. But happily for me, the continuation of the work has been undertaken, and already carried far towards completion, by another hand. Lord Ravensworth, whose

* Preface to Translation of the Odyssey, by the late Mr Philip Worsley.

name is much better known to the world than my own, through his elegant translation of the Odes of Horace, and other scholar-like productions of his pen, is engaged in translating the other six books of the *Æneid* in the same measure ; and the publication of his volume will, I hope, within a short interval, follow mine. For my own part, I am fully conscious how far the execution falls short of the ideal standard with which I set out. Those who know Virgil best will most fully appreciate the difficulties of my task. But whatever may be the verdict of the public, it cannot rob me of that satisfaction which a translator who loves his author secures to himself by the execution of his work—a more observant study and a keener perception of the beauties of the original.

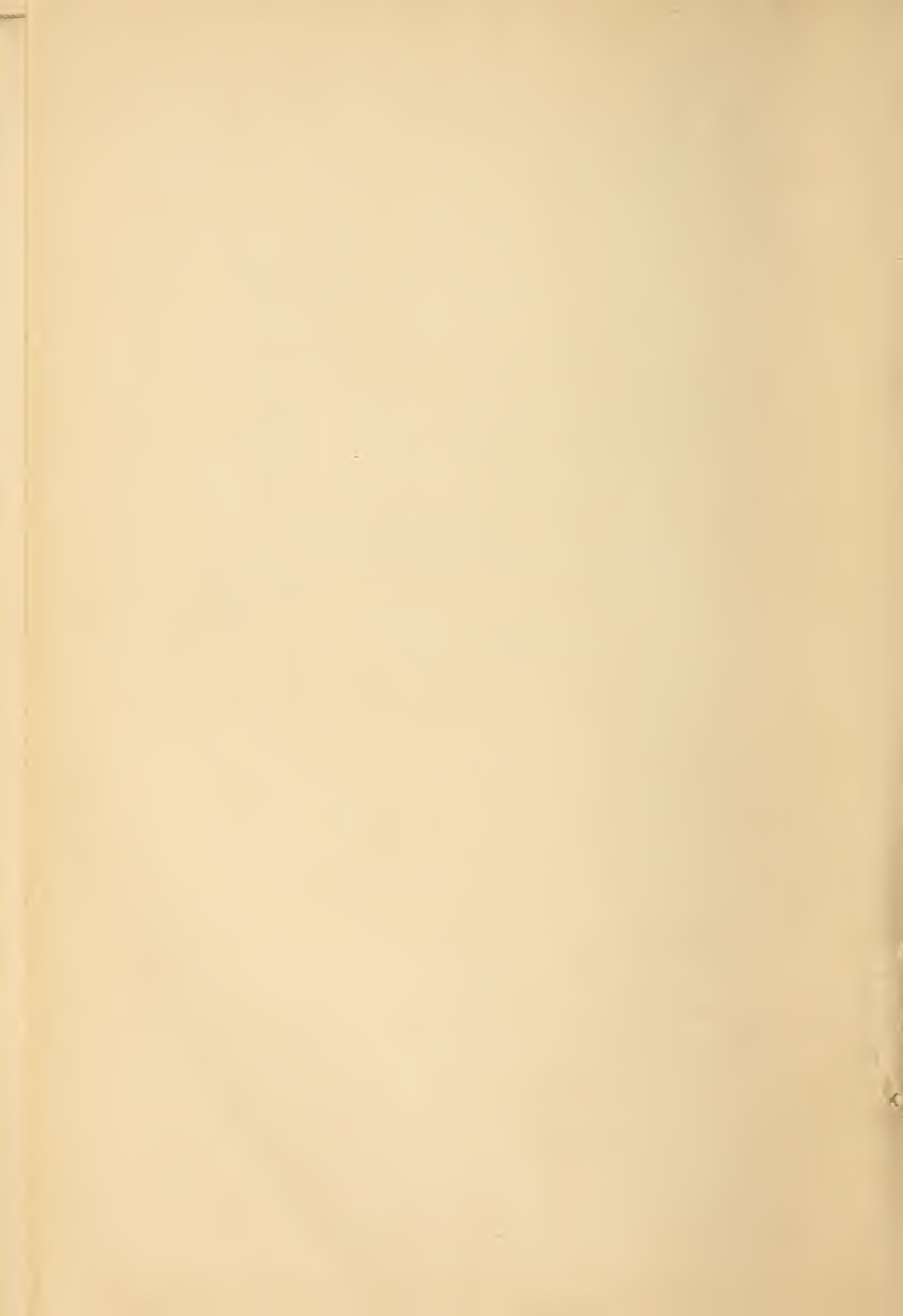
G. K. R.

11 CLEVELAND GARDENS, HYDE PARK,
June 1871.



THE ÆNEID

BOOK I.



T H E Æ N E I D.

B O O K I.

ARMS and the man I sing who first, from Troy
 Expelled by Fate's decree, to Italy
 And the Lavinian shores, a wanderer came.
 Sore travail he endured by land and sea
 From adverse Gods, and unrelenting rage
 Of haughty Juno : harassed, too, by war,
 His destined city while he strove to build,
 And raise new altars for his exiled Gods.
 The Latian race, the Alban fathers hence
 Their birth derived — hence Rome's proud fabric
 sprung. 10

Say, Muse, what dire affront 'gainst Heaven's high
 queen

A man far-famed for piety consigned
 To toils so vast, such endless round of woes?

Lives there such rancour in Immortal breasts?

Facing Italia's coast where Tiber yields
His waters to the main, yet far removed,
Offshoot of Tyre, a city rose of old,
Plenteous in wealth, in War's stern schooling trained ;
Beyond all earthly seats by Juno prized :
Not Samos dear as Carthage ; here her arms, 20
Her battle-car was here : this favoured realm,
Mother and queen of subject-lands to be,
Did Fate permit, her sovereign will designed.
But legends told her of a tribe to spring
From Dardan loins, whose sons unborn should lay
Proud Carthage low ; by that wide-conquering race
Should Libya fall : thus Destiny ordained.
Such fate Saturnia feared ; remembered, too,
Her ancient feud with Troy for Argos waged ;
Nor in her bosom had long-festering wrongs 30
Yet ceased to rankle—deeply there were stored
The Phrygian shepherd's judgment, the keen pang
Of slighted charms, Electra's hated brood,
And Ganymede by lawless love preferred.
Such wrongs resenting, Ilion's outcast sons,
By Grecian sword and fierce Achilles spared,
Far from the Latian coasts the Goddess chased—
Full many a year they roved, impelled by Fate,
From sea to sea ; so toilsome was the task

To found the mighty edifice of Rome— 40

Now from Trinacria's fast-receding shore,
With sails full set, the Trojan mariners
Steered gaily o'er the deep, their burnished prows
Cleaving the yeasty foam ; when Juno, still
Nursing her livelong anguish, with herself
Fierce converse held : " My counsels must I own
Discomfited ? my efforts foiled to guard
Italia's frontiers from this Dardan lord ?
Fate baulks my purpose ! What ! could Pallas burn
The Grecian fleet and drown their helpless crews, 50
For one transgressor's fault, the unhallowed deed
Of mad Oileus ? Hurling from the clouds
The Thunderer's fiery bolts, she wrecked their ships,
Upturned the watery depths ; the stricken chief,
From his scorched breast disgorging flames, she caught
With whirlwind blast and on a rock impaled.
While I, Jove's spouse and sister—I who tread
Heaven's courts a queen—with one poor race thus long
Wage bootless war ! Who now will homage yield
To Juno, or with incense heap her shrine ? " 60

Such thoughts revolving in her fiery breast,
Forth to a region wild, Æolia named,
Birthplace of storms and womb of mighty blasts,
The Goddess speeds : there in his mountain cave
King Æolus the struggling winds controls—

Prisoned in sunless vaults and curbed with chains.
Fiercely the captives chafe and beat their bars
With sullen moan. On high the monarch sits ;
His sceptre sways, and calms their furious mood—
Such check removed, full soon the rebel blasts, 70
In wild tornado mingling earth, sea, air,
Would sweep the spheres. Forecasting this, the Sire
In caverns deep immured them, heaped o'erhead
A towering pile of rocks, and o'er them set
A king enthroned, whose firmly-balanced sway
Might curb their wrath or loose the reins at will.
Him Juno thus in suppliant guise addressed :
 'Great Æolus, by sovereign Jove ordained
To stir the waves with tempest, or allay
Their boisterous surge, a race by me abhorred 80
Steers o'er the Tuscan billows, and transports
Troy and her vanquished Gods to Italy.
Launch now thy blasts, and whelm them in the deep ;
Or scatter far and wide their barks, and toss
The wanderers o'er the main. Seven lovely nymphs
Twice numbered form my train—of these the flower,
Deïopeia, fairest of the fair,
Guerdon of duteous service, shall be thine,
In wedlock bands indissolubly joined,
To bless thy home with beauteous progeny.' 90
 Then answered Æolus : 'Tis thine, O Queen !

To give thy wishes utterance ; mine to hear
The mandate and obey : this bounded realm,
The favour of great Jove, my place assigned
At banquets of the Gods, and power supreme
O'er winds and tempests—all to thee I owe.'

This said, with spear reversed the mount he smote.
An outlet found, the winds, like serried host,
Rush forth and sweep with hurricane the earth :
On ocean next, South, East, and blustering West
Swoop down, convulse its mighty depths, and roll 101
Huge breakers to the shore : far off are heard
The creaking cordage and the seaman's cry.
Night blackens o'er the main : the Trojan crews
Nor sea nor sky discern : the thunder peals
On high, the lightnings glare, and all around
Appear the dreadful presages of death.
With terror chilled, Æneas scarce supports
His tottering limbs ; he lift his hands to heaven ;
Then with deep sigh, 'O blest! thrice blest!' he cries,
'To whom, in sight of Ilion and their sires, 111
Was given the glorious privilege to die !
O Diomed ! mightiest of thy Grecian peers,
Why was the fate denied me, by thy hand
On Dardan plains to die, where Hector's life
Achilles pierced, where huge Sarpedon sleeps
In death, and Simois down his cumbered flood

Rolls scutcheons, helms, and corpses of the brave?’

Full on his sail, ere yet his words were spent,
Burst in its might the furious northern gale, 120
Tossing the brine to heaven, and crashed the oars :
Her prow forced round, the vessel’s side is turned
Broad to the tempest ; then comes swelling on
A pile of waters, mountainous, abrupt—
Some on the billow’s crest aloft are borne,
Some plunged beneath, where ocean’s bed lies bare,
’Twi’x yawning waves disclosed : the maddened surge
Flies mixed with drifted sand. Three hapless barks
Caught by the southern blast, on rocks unseen—
(A ghastly ridge emerging ’mid the waves, 130
By Tuscan seamen “Altars” called)—are hurled ;
Three more—ah ! piteous sight !—by eastern gale
’Mid shallows flung and shattered on the reefs,
Imbedded in the treacherous quicksand lie :
One, manned by stout Orontes and his crew
Of Lycian oarsmen, in Æneas’ sight,
A mighty wave o’ertopping strikes astern ;
Headlong the steersman falls ; the ungoverned bark,
Thrice round and round in eddying current whirled,
Is sucked within the ravening whirlpool’s jaws. 140
Lone swimmers, here and there, amid the waves,
Spars, weapons, treasures snatched from Troy, appear.
Thy gallant ship, Ilioneus, and thine,

Achates, with the barks that Abas bore,
And old Aletes, to the impetuous flood
Their gaping sides and shattered timbers yield.

Meanwhile great Neptune, sore amazed, beholds
The turmoil of the sea, the winds let loose,
And ocean from its nether depths upturned.
His head majestic lifting o'er the surge, 150
He sees the navy of Æneas driven
Far o'er the watery waste, the Trojan crews
Bewildered in the wrack of sea and sky.
Nor did malicious Juno's wiles escape
Her brother's ken : Eurus and Zephyrus,
Straight to his presence called, he thus upbraids :

'What mean ye, Winds, on your ethereal birth
Presuming, heedless of my sovereign will,
To mingle heaven and earth in wild affray,
And raise this mighty turmoil in my realm? 160
Whom I—but first to smoothe the ruffled waves
Is need more urgent—such misdeeds henceforth
Shall cost you dear. Begone ! and to your king
This message bear : Not to his sway, but mine,
The liquid empire and the trident dread
Hath Fate assigned ; his are the rock-bound caves
Where dwell your whirlwinds—in his own bleak halls
Let Æolus disport him as he will,
Lord of the gloomy prison-house of storms.'

He spoke, and ere he ceased the waves were stilled ;
The dark clouds chased, the sunlit sky restored : 171
Cymothœe and Triton joining hands,
Thrust from the jagged rocks the stranded barks ;
Himself the trident wields, and clears the way
Through massy sandbanks, and allays the storm,
Breasting the billows in his noiseless car,
As when in some vast crowd Sedition goads
The rabble crew to fury ; brands and stones,
As rage finds weapons meet, at random fly :
Then should some patriot grave for worth revered
Perchance be seen, the factious din subsides, 181
Each voice is hushed, all ears are strained to hear ;
He with sage speech their angry passion calms,—
So sinks in charmed repose the tranquil deep,
As though the cleared expanse with loosened rein
Guides his unflagging steeds the Ocean King.
The wearied sons of Troy, intent to gain
The nearest coast, alight on Libya's strand.

Deep in a sheltering cove an island forms
A land-locked haven, with projecting arms 190
Breaking the tide, whose parted waves subside
Amid the winding inlets of the shore.
Huge rocks enclose the cove ; a giant cliff
On either side towers heavenward, at whose feet
The waters sleep becalmed ; above them frowns

A grove of quivering leaves and darksome shade :

In front, the impending rocks o'erarch a cave,

The Naiad's haunt, within whose deep recess

Are limpid springs and seats of living stone.

No hawser there the sea-worn galleys need, 200

No anchor's gripe to hold them where they ride.

Seven barks alone of all his shattered fleet

Æneas harbours here ; his jaded crews,

Panting for land, spring eagerly ashore,

And on the beach their reeking limbs extend.

Then first Achates striking from the flint

The latent fire, with leafy fuel dry

Nursed the faint spark and caught the bursting flame :

The exhausted seamen from the ships bring forth

Their stores of brine-soaked corn ; some bruise with

stones

210

The treasured grain, some roast it in the flames.

Meanwhile Æneas from a rocky height

Wide prospect seaward takes, if haply thence

The Phrygian galleys may be spied—the ships

Of Antheus or of Capys, or the barge

That bears Cæicus' ensign at the stern.

No sail the offing shows. Along the beach

Three lordly stags are pacing, in whose rear

Follows the dappled herd ; far down the dale

In lengthened line they graze. Æneas stands 220

At point of vantage, armed with bow and shafts
Which good Achates for his chieftain bore :
And first, the leaders of the troop, to heaven
Tossing their antlered heads, his arrows slew ;
Then game of lesser mark—till, galled with darts,
Back to their covert fled the routed herd ;
Nor ceased his raid, till on the plain were stretched
Seven goodly victims, for each ship a deer.
These to the port returned the chief divides
With his own crews, then brings the wine-casks forth
Which, ere they left Trinacria's friendly shore, 231
The good Acestes on his guests bestowed,
A parting gift. Such boon Æneas gave,
And with brave words their drooping spirits cheered :
' Dear friends, well versed in suffering ! tried of old
By ills surpassing all ye now endure,
These, too, by favour of the Gods, shall end :
The ravening jaws of Scylla and the crags,
Pierced with her yells—the Cyclops' rocky den,—
Such terrors have ye braved : then quail not now, 240
Nor let base fear unman you. Time may come
When griefs like these yield after-thoughts of joy.
Through many a peril, many a sore mischance,
For Latium are we bound : there Fate assures
Rest from our toils—Troy's ancient reign restored.
Quit you like men, for glorious meed reserved.'

Such words his thoughts belied—the heroic mien
Breathed hope, but care lay heavy at his heart.
Promptly the Trojans for the feast prepare :
Some deftly flay the quarry, some divide 250
The quivering limbs, and on rude spits impale ;
Some sling the brazen caldrons o'er the flame,—
Then, stretched along the turf, with venison good
And old Sicilian wine their strength repair.
The meal at length despatched, and hunger quelled,
They muse in long sad converse on the fate
Of their lost comrades, poised 'twixt hope and fear—
Uncertain, or to deem them living still,
Or in some desperate strait beyond the reach
Of human voice or aid. His own dear friends 260
Æneas most deplores—Orontes bold,
And Amycus by cruel fortune lost ;
Brave Gyas, Lycus, and Cloanthus brave.

Now was there pause awhile, when from high heaven
The Omnipotent with downward glance surveyed
The earth outstretched, and seas where navies ride :
O'er many a peopled land his glance he threw,
But fixed his eyes intent on Libya's shore :
Him, gravely brooding on imperial cares
With saddened mien, her radiant eyes suffused,
Venus addressed : 'Thou who dost reign for aye 271
O'er Gods and men, whose thunders awe the world,

What crime of my Æneas or of Troy
Hath moved thy wrath, that every coast is barred
Lest that worn remnant gain their Latian home?
Surely thy faith was pledged, that from the stock
Of Teucer should be born, in years to come,
The heroic Roman race, foredoomed to spread
O'er sea and land their empire uncontrolled.
How is thy purpose changed? In this I sought 280
Solace for Troy's sad fall and all her woes—
Thus balanced ill with good, and fate with fate.
But lo! the same harsh fortune still pursues
That ill-starred race: shall such afflictions find
No rest, dread king? Antenor, from the host
Of Grecian foes escaped, could pass unharmed
Th' Illyrian gulf, Liburnia's hostile realm,
And cross the stream that gives Timavus birth,
Where from nine rocky outlets headlong leaps
The impetuous flood, and thunders down the vale.
Yet there fair Padua's towers the adventurer raised,
Gave to his band of exiles home and name, 292
His Trojan arms laid by, and reigns in peace:
We, heirs of heavenly mansions, thine own seed,
Our ships—oh! cruel wrong!—by tempest lost,
By one relentless foe betrayed, are driven
Far from Italia's shores! Shall pious deeds
Meet such reward? is thus our realm restored?'

With smile indulgent, and that brow serene
 That calms the storm and clears the turbid sky, 300
 Kissing her roseate lips, great Jove replied :
 ' Daughter, dismiss thy fears ; the sure decrees
 Pledged to thy sons of old stand unreversed ;
 The city of thy hopes—Lavinium's towers—
 Thine eyes shall see ; these starry seats receive
 Thy high-souled chieftain to his destined home.
 No change my purpose knows ; to soothe thy care
 More will I tell, and further yet unfold
 Fate's hidden scroll. In Latium shall thy son
 Long conflict wage, rebellious tribes subdue, 310
 Walled cities build, and savage manners tame,
 Till three full circling years have seen him reign
 Triumphant o'er the vanquished Rutuli.
 Next young Ascanius, now Iulus named
 ('Twas Iulus once, while Ilium reigned secure),
 For thrice ten years his father's throne shall fill,
 To Alba from Lavinium shall transfer
 His empire's seat, and build his stronghold there.
 Three centuries shall the Dardan lineage rule,
 Till Ilia, queen and priestess, at one birth 320
 Twin sons to Mars shall bear, and Romulus,
 Wolf-nursed, and glorying in his tawny garb,
 Shall rear his walls and found his martial State,
 Rome, from her founder named. To her I grant

Dominion unconfined by space or time—
 A boundless, endless reign. Dread Juno, too,
 Whose wrathful mood earth, sea, and heaven embroils,
 By gentler counsels swayed, with me shall join
 To cherish and uphold the Imperial race,
 Lords of the flowing gown. This stands decreed—
 Heirs of Assaracus, long ages hence, 331
 On Phthia and Mycenæ shall impose
 The conqueror's yoke, and lay proud Argos low.
 Lo ! Cæsar, sprung from Trojan stock renowned,
 From his great sire Iulus, Julius named,
 Shall compass earth with conquest, heaven with fame :
 Him shalt thou welcome to these blest abodes,
 In time predestined, rich with Orient spoils ;
 To him shall altars rise and vows be paid.
 Now Peace succeeds to Discord's iron rule, 340
 And venerable Faith and Vesta pure,
 And Rome's twin founders, with benignant laws
 Control the world. With bolts and bands of steel
 The gates of War are closed : the Fiend within,
 Stretched on his pile of bristling arms, his limbs
 With gyves of brass encircled hundredfold,
 Gnashes his blood-stained jaws, and yells with rage.'
 Thus Jove ; and at his nod swift Mercury wings
 His downward flight, on gracious errand sent,
 Lest jealous Carthage 'gainst the stranger tribe 350

Should close her gates—the queen, unwarned of fate,
Drive forth the wanderers. Through the void expanse,
With well-poised pinions, as with oars impelled,
The swift-winged God descends on Libya's shore.
There with prompt skill he tames to gentle mood
The rugged Punic souls—with pity thrills
Fair Dido's bosom for her Phrygian guests.

But good Æneas, burthened all the night
With anxious thoughts, at earliest dawn arose,
Intent to search the coast, and for his crews 360
Sure tidings gain—unknowing to what shore
The winds had borne them ; if by men possessed,
Or savage beasts ; for waste the region seemed.
Deep in a sheltered cove, o'erhung with rocks,
And with dark foliage screened, the ships are moored ;
Himself with brave Achates sallied forth,
Two steel-tipped javelins quivering in his hand,
When lo ! before him, in the forest glade,
His heavenly mother stood. In form and garb
She seemed a Spartan virgin, armed for chase, 370
Or like that Thracian maid Harpalyce,
Tiring fleet coursers down with foot that mocked
The speed of eastern gales. A light bow hung
From her fair shoulders ; huntress-like, her hair
She gave the winds to toy with ; bare her knee,
Her flowing tunic with a loop confined.

She greets them first : ' Ho ! gallants, have ye seen
Aught of a sister of our sylvan train
Roaming the woods, her quiver round her slung,
In tawny lynx-skin clad—or in full cry 380
Urging with hot pursuit the panting boar ?'

Thus Venus spoke, and thus her son replied :
' Nought have we seen nor heard in all the glade
Of thy fair sisters. O ! whate'er the name
That best befits thee—for no earthly voice
E'er breathed, nor mortal visage beamed like thine ;
Some Goddess surely thou, or of the race
Of Nymphs, or sister of the Delian God—
Pity, whoe'er thou art, our woeful plight ;
Say in what spot of earth, beneath what sky— 390
By winds and waves we know not whither driven,—
Bewildered and forlorn we wander here :
Then, slain by grateful votaries, at thy shrine
Shall many a victim bleed.' ' Nay, gentle sirs,'
Venus replied, ' the homage that ye pay
Exceeds my due : 'tis thus we Tyrian maids,
Armed for the chase, our quivers sling ; thus high
Our crimson buskins bind. The land ye see
Is Punic soil—Agenor's sons dwell here ;
But Libya's tribes, a warrior-race untamed, 400
The frontier hold : a queen of Tyrian blood,
Fair Dido, rules the land ; from Tyre she fled,

Forced by a brother's crime—a long dark tale
Of wrong, but briefly may the sum be told :
Young Dido to Sichæus was espoused,
A rich Phœnician lord, by that fond heart
Too dearly loved. A maiden to his arms
She came, with nuptial rites and omens fair ;
But on the Tyrian throne her brother sat,
Pygmalion, basest of his kind. A feud 410
Betwixt the kinsmen grew ; with lust of gold
Possessed, and mindless of his sister's love,
The king his unsuspecting brother slew,
With foulest treachery, at the altar's side.
Awhile the crime he screened, her love-sick mind
Amusing with fond hopes and tales untrue.
But to that widowed couch in vision came
The pale, sad ghost of her unburied lord,
Bared his red wounds, the hideous deed disclosed,
The reeking poniard and the blood-stained shrine ;
Then bade her flee from that polluted land, 421
And showed, to aid her flight, uncounted hoards
Of gold and silver, in the earth concealed.
The queen prepares for exile ; rallies all
Whom dread of that foul tyrant or fierce hate
Leagued in her cause ; the ships, equipped for sea,
Are seized, and freighted with Pygmalion's gold.
Their sails are set : a woman leads the way ;

Straight to these shores they came, where now ye see
Young Carthage rising with her infant towers ; 430
A landing gained, one hide of Libyan soil
They bought—hence Byrsa named. But, strangers,
now

Declare from whence ye came, and whither bound ?'

With voice of grief, and sigh that rent his breast,
Æneas thus replied : ' O maid divine !
Might time suffice to hear from end to end
The eventful tale of our long pilgrimage,
Ere evening shades descending shroud the sky :
We, sons of ancient Troy (if e'er that name
Hath reached thine ears), storm-tost on every sea,
By stress of winds were drifted on these shores. 441
That Dardan chief am I, whom fame to heaven
Extols—Æneas named. Our rescued Gods
My ships from Ilium bear ; with highest Jove
By race allied, I seek a promised home
In Italy, my own ancestral soil.
With twice ten ships, fulfilling Fate's behest,
And guided by my heavenly mother's hand,
I sailed from Phrygia's coast ; scarce seven remain,
Rent by the waves and shattered by the gale : 450
By Europe spurned, from Asia driven, I range
These Libyan wilds, unfriended and unknown.'

Thus far the chief ; yet scarce could Venus brook

Her son's complaint so long, but thus broke forth :
' Whoe'er thou art, not unbeloved, I ween,
Of heavenly powers, to Carthage art thou come.
Dismiss thy fears : to Dido's palace gates
Go boldly on, so surely shalt thou find
Thy ships unharmed, thy gallant comrades saved,
Else was my skill in augury taught in vain. 460
Behold yon sportive group, twelve stately swans,
Whom Jove's fierce eagle, swooping from the sky,
Fluttered awhile ; these now in lengthened file
Light on the shore or hover ere they light ;
As, downward borne, they circle in mid air,
With loudly-flapping wings and joyous cry,—
So thy swift galleys, all with crews unscathed,
Sweep into port full sail, or anchored ride.
Then forward lies thy path ; go boldly on.'

Aside the Goddess stepped, but as she turned 470
A roseate tint her beauteous neck suffused,
Ambrosial odours from her locks distilled,
Her robe flowed downward to her feet ; her step
The Deity betrayed. His mother known,
The chief with fond reproach her steps pursued :
' Ah cruel ! hast thou mocked with vain disguise
Thy son once more ?—denied the boon he craves,
Hand joined to hand, and tones of love unfeigned ?'
Then onward to the walls the comrades sped ;

But Venus, as they went, around them threw 480
A mantle of impenetrable cloud,
That none should see nor cross them in their path,
With idle quest distract them or delay.
Herself to Paphos wings her flight sublime,
Scene of her dearest joys, and that proud fane
Where incense from a hundred altar-fires
And flowers unfading load with scents the air.

Meanwhile the chiefs, their march in haste pursued,
Ascend a lofty hill whose beetling brow
O'erlooks the city, and confronts its towers. 490
In silent wonder wrapt Æneas sees
Where huts once stood majestic structures rise ;
The streets, the gates, the throng and hum of men :
The Tyrians o'er their tasks with ardour bend—
Some build the rampart walls, or to the fort
Upheave the quarried stone, or trace the site
Of stately mansions, and with trench enclose ;
These frame the rules of justice, those ordain
The civic dignities and senate grave ;
Some scoop the harbour, or foundations lay 500
Of spacious theatre with columns huge
Hewn from the rock to grace the future stage ;—
So ply the bees, in summer's flowery prime,
Their round of labour : forth to sunny meads
Lead the young swarms, or pack their liquid spoil,

And store with luscious nectar-juice their cells ;
Or ease the home-bound carriers of their load,
Or chase with fierce assault the laggard drones—
Fast speeds the work ; thyme scents the honied store.
' Ah ! happy builders ! ' wondering as he views 510
The Tyrian towers ascend, Æneas sighs ;
Veiled in his garb of mist he walks unseen,
And glides a stranger through the unconscious crowd.

A grove delightful with exuberant shade
Within the city stood ; it marked the spot
Where first the Punic rovers, tempest-driven,
Inspired by Juno, from the earth exhumed
A fiery courser's head—auspicious sign
Of wealth and prowess to that favoured race
Through years unnumbered. Here the Tyrian queen
A stately temple to her Goddess raised, 521
Famed for rich gifts, for Juno's presence more—
Whose gates of brass a lofty terrace crowned,
On brazen posts with burnished hinges hung.
Here first Æneas from his load of care
Unlooked-for solace found ; his sinking heart
Was cheered, and hopes of brighter fortune dawned :
For while beneath the spacious dome he waits
The queen's approach, in pensive mood the while
Pondering the fortunes of that infant State, 530
And marking all around the wondrous feats

His hands still clutch the reins, his long hair trails
In dust, his spear reversed imprints the ground.
Lo! to the fane of Pallas sore displeased,
In suppliant sadness, with dishevelled hair, 560
The Trojan dames in slow procession move ;
The hallowed robe they bear, and beat their breasts.
Fixed on the ground her stern averted eyes
The Goddess keeps. See! Hector's mangled corpse
Thrice round the Phrygian ramparts dragged in
scorn

Achilles sells for gold! With throes of grief
Convulsed, Æneas sees those relics dear—
The arms, the car, the very form he loved,
And Priam's helpless hands for mercy raised.
There, too, amid the press of Grecian knights 570
Himself the chief discerns, and there the hosts
Of Orient birth, and swarthy Memnon's arms.
Fierce as in life, Penthesilea leads
Her Amazonian chivalry to war,
With shields like crescent-moon; herself begirt
With zone of gold that bares one breast to view,
Glows in the battle-charge with martial fire,
And braves, a warrior-maid, the shock of men.

While thus the wondrous sight Æneas held
Chained to one spot, in mute amazement lost; 580
In stately guise with all her courtly train

The Tyrian princess to the temple came,
In beauty passing fair—not lovelier seems
Diana, as she leads the sylvan dance,
Encircled by her train of Oread nymphs,
By swift Eurotas, or on Cynthian heights ;
Her quiver round her slung, the huntress-queen
Majestic o'er each sister Goddess towers ;
Latona's silent heart is thrilled with joy.
So by her beauteous presence Dido shed 590
Sweet influence round, on queenly cares intent,
And gracious forethought for her infant realm.
Within the gates, beneath the vaulted roof
Of Juno, with her guards of state around,
She sat enthroned ; there to her people laws
Dispensed with equal hand ; their several tasks
By lot or just decree to all assigned.

A sudden concourse now Æneas sees,
And lo ! amid the throng his comrades lost—
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus brave, 600
With many a Teucrian captain, whose stout bark,
Driven from its course, the hurricane had flung
On alien shores. 'Twixt hope and fear perplexed,
The chiefs beheld ; their comrades to embrace
They sorely longed, but wonder held them bound
In mute constraint ; within their misty shroud
Invisible they wait, surmising much

What fortune strange their friends had hither brought,
Where lay their ships—for each had envoys sent
Safe-conduct to implore, and succour claim. 610

To Dido's presence led, and audience given,
Their chief Ilioneus with tranquil mien
His message told : 'Great queen, by Jove ordained
To found this new-born city, and reclaim
By thy just sway the stubborn tribes around ;
We, hapless Trojans, tossed from shore to shore,
Implore thy succour—from malignant flames
Protect our ships, our guiltless people spare.
We come not, we, to waste your Libyan homes,
Or bear your spoils to sea : such daring deeds 620
Ill suit the humbled pride of vanquished men.
A land there is, by Greeks Hesperia named,
For martial deeds and teeming soil renowned
Of yore : Ænotrian settlers held it once ;
Now, fame reports—from Italus the chief—
'Tis named Italia : thither were we bound
When wild Orion, herald of the storm,
From ocean rose ; then boisterous southern gales
On hidden reefs, through waves that swept their
decks,
Our vessels drove. A helpless few, scarce saved, 630
We gained your shores. What ruthless horde is this,
That thrusts from their inhospitable coast

The shipwrecked crews, and greets them with the
sword?

If mortal arms ye fear not, yet believe
That Gods protect the just and punish wrong.
Æneas was our king—more honoured none
For pious deeds, none braver in the field ;
If, haply spared, that soul heroic breathes
This vital air, nor sleeps in death's grim shade ;
With him in rivalry of generous deeds 640
Fear not to vie. To us there yet remain
Sicilia's friendly towns, where, sprung from Troy,
Acestes, our illustrious kinsman, reigns.
We ask but leave to hale our ships ashore,
Refit their shattered timbers from the woods,
And shape new oars. If fate permits to seek
The Italian shore, with chief and crews restored,
Then—ho for Italy ! If all be lost—
If 'neath the Libyan waves thy loved remains,
Dear sire, and young Iulus' hope, lie whelmed— 650
Then to Sicilian ports, whence late we sailed,
To good Acestes and his proffered home
Our barks we steer.' So spake Ilioneus,
Then shouted in applause his comrades all.

Briefly, with downcast look, the queen replied :
'Take courage, Trojans, and dismiss your fears ;
The struggling weakness of an infant state

Warns me to guard my coasts with jealous heed :
Who has not heard of Troy? her gallant deeds,
Her valorous chiefs—Æneas and his race— 660
And that great war that set the world aflame?
Yon sun, whose chariot warms our Libyan clime,
Shines not on souls so dead to noble deeds.
Whate'er your course—to fair Hesperia's fields,
Or land of Eryx, by Acestes ruled—
My wealth shall aid you, and my escort guard.
Or would ye share my realm and settle here ;
Lay up your ships—this city shall be yours :
Trojan and Tyrian shall be one with me.
And much I wish the self-same wind had borne 670
Your chief Æneas here ! To scour the coasts
Shall trusty guides be sent, and straightly charged
To search the Libyan borders far and wide,
If lost in woods he strays, or haunts of men.'

Fired by her words, the heroes yearned to burst
The encircling cloud, and first Achates spoke :

' How say'st thou, Goddess-born? Lo ! all are saved,
Our comrades, ships, restored ; one only lost
Whom our sad eyes beheld engulfed in waves—
All else thy mother's truthful voice foretold.' 680
Scarce had he spoken, ere the mantling mist
Severed in twain and melted in thin air.
Bathed in transparent light Æneas stood,

In shape and visage God-like, for to him
His heavenly mother lent youth's glowing bloom,
Ambrosial locks and pleasure-beaming eyes—
Such sheen as ivory's polished surface yields,
Or Parian stone or silver chased with gold.
Then to the astonished crowd he spake, and thus
Addressed the queen : 'Tis I, whom late ye sought—
Æneas, chief of Troy. O, thou whose heart 691
Alone could bleed for Ilion's matchless woes,
Could succour lend—thy home, thy kingdom share
With us, sad relics of the Grecian sword,
Of all bereft, by all disasters tried
Of flood and field !—not we, nor all who bear
O'er the wide world dispersed, the Dardan name,
Can pay thee homage due. The Gods above—
If Gods regard the virtuous and the just,
If conscience and the self-approving mind 700
Can aught avail—shall full requital yield.
Happy the age that bare thee ! Happy they
Who gave such fair and gracious offspring birth !
While rivers roll their waters to the sea,
While fitting shadows chequer mountain-sides,
While heaven shall feed her starry lamps, thy name
Renown and praise shall bear, whate'er abode
Our fate assigns.' This said, Æneas greets
His comrades—with right hand Ilioneus,

With left Sergestus grasps ; Cloanthus next, 710
And Gyas brave.

The queen, amazed to see
The apparition strange, nor less to hear
His moving tale, exclaims : ‘ O Goddess-born !
What demon of misfortune haunts thy steps ?
What power impelled thee to these rugged shores ?
Art thou that famed Æneas, whom, ’tis said,
Immortal Venus to Anchises bare
By Simois, Phrygian stream ? I mind me well
How Teucer, exiled from his native coasts,
To Sidon came, and aid from Belus sought 720
New realms to gain. King Belus then had laid
Rich Cyprus waste, and bowed it to his sway.
Thence to my youthful ears Troy’s piteous fate,
Thy name, and Græcia’s chiefs familiar grew—
E’en Teucer, though a foe, extolled the race,
Well pleased to link his name with Dardan sires.
Then welcome, gallant strangers, to my halls ;
I too, by adverse fortune long pursued
With troubles sore, at last found refuge here,
Taught by my own to feel for others’ woe.’ 730

Thus speaking, Dido through the palace gates
Conducts her guest, then to the Gods proclaims
High festival ; nor yet the absent crews
Forgets, but sends rich largess to the ships—

Of steers a score, a hundred bristly swine,
Ewes with their fatling lambs a hundred more,
With cheer unstinted of the genial God.
And now the palace courts with regal pomp
Are garnished, and the halls, for banquet decked,
Display their draperies wrought with curious skill 740
And rich with Tyrian dye. The tables groan
'Neath massive plate, that bears embossed in gold
The heroic feats of Punic sires, bequeathed
By long tradition since the race began.

Meanwhile Æneas, whose parental heart
With care unresting dwelt upon his child,
In haste Achates to the ships despatched
To bear Ascanius tidings, and the boy
To Dido's court convey. Rich presents, too,
From ruined Troy preserved he bids them send— 750
A gold-embroidered mantle, and a veil
Inwoven with Acanthus, saffron-dyed,
To Helen by her mother Leda given ;
From Argos brought when that adulterous bride,
On lawless nuptials bent, to Ilion came ;
A sceptre, too, which fair Ilione,
First-born of Priam's daughters, loved to wield ;
A necklace strung with pearls, and coronet
With gems and gold, in double circles twined,—
Such mandate to the ships Achates bore. 760

But Venus in her subtle breast conceives
A new device—that Cupid in the form
Of young Ascanius should beguile the queen,
Inflame with gifts her ardent soul, and warm
Her inmost veins with unsuspected fire.
The smooth-tongued Tyrian race the Goddess fears,
And rancorous Juno robs her couch of rest.
Her wingèd boy she thus accosts : ‘ My son,
Source of my power and sway, who Jove’s dread bolts,
That quelled the Titans, canst alone defy ; 770
Thy mother comes, a suppliant for thine aid.
Well hast thou known how Juno’s causeless hate
The Trojan chief, thy brother, hath pursued
O’er land and sea ; thou oft hast shared my grief.
Him now Phœnician Dido captive holds,
And with her blandishments constrains to stay ;
These courtesies of Juno I mistrust ;
Her plots at such conjuncture will not fail :
My purpose is to baffle guile with guile,
And weave my fiery snares around the queen, 780
That no seduction move her soul to change,
Fast to Æneas bound with love like mine.
Now, learn thy part. First object of my care,
The youth Ascanius, by his sire’s command,
E’en now to Carthage goes with costly gifts,
Saved from the vanquished town and stormy seas :

Him wrapped in trance-like slumber will I bear
To far Idalia, or Cythera's heights,
There safely hide him, lest, our craft discerned,
He mar the plan. Do thou for one brief night 790
The stripling's form assume, and, skilled to feign,
With boyish aspect personate the boy.
So when fair Dido at her princely board,
While freely flows the wine and all is joy,
Shall clasp thee in her arms, with fond caress
Enfold, and print sweet kisses on thy lips,
The insidious poison through her veins may glide,
By thee instilled, and fire the unguarded heart.'

Young Love obeys the mandate, nothing loth,
Doffs his light wings, and mocks Iulus' mien ; 800
But Venus o'er her dear Ascanius sheds
Sleep's soothing balm, then to Idalian groves
Bears in her arms, where soft Amaracus
Laps him in flowery sweets, and screens with shade.

Now frolic Cupid by Achates led,
Well stored with presents, to the palace speeds.
There, in the centre of her gilded couch,
Beneath rich canopies, the queen reclines.
The Trojan chief and all his gallant train
On purple cushions round the board are ranged. 810
Pages their various ministries fulfil—
Pour water for the hands, the wheaten cakes

From baskets deal, the fine-spun napkins bear ;
Within the household fifty handmaids serve,
The meats dispense, the blazing hearths attend.
A hundred youths, as many maidens fair,
With meat the tables pile, the goblets fill.
Next, summoned to the feast, the Tyrian guests
In joyous concourse enter, and repose
On richly-broidered seats. Amazed they view 820
The Trojan's costly gifts—the mantle rare,
The saffron-bordered veil : Iulus, too,
Their wonder moves ; they mark the glance of fire
And well-feigned accents of the furtive God :
But most the queen, to love's fierce anguish doomed,
Fired by the costly gifts and beauteous boy,
Gloats on him with insatiable eyes,
And feeds the kindling fever in her veins.
Now in Æneas' arms the child is clasped,
And thrills with new delight his seeming sire ; 830
To Dido now he runs—her eyes, her soul
On him are riveted ; awhile she folds
The urchin to her breast—ah ! little dreams
What agonising God lies nestled there.
He, mindful of his Paphian mother's charge,
Full soon begins the memory to efface
Of lost Sichæus, and with living flame
Warms the chilled heart too long disused to love.

A pause succeeds the feast, the board is cleared,
Huge beakers then are set and wreathed with flowers ;
The vaulted roof with jocund converse rings ; 841
Lamps from the gilded ceiling pendent shine,
And blazing cressets change the night to day.
Now for a mighty goblet Dido calls,
Ponderous with gems and gold, by Belus used
And all his race. She fills it high with wine ;
The hall is hushed to silence, and she speaks :
 ' Great Jove, o'er hospitable rites supreme,
Be this auspicious day, with gladness fraught
Alike to Tyrians and their Trojan guests, 850
By our descendants long in honour held !
May Bacchus, mirth-inspiring God, be here ;
May gracious Juno smile ! Ye Tyrians, hail
With loyal hearts this festival of joy !'
She spoke, and first libation made, the cup
Touched with her lips, with sportive challenge then
To Bitias gave ; he promptly to the pledge
Replied, and drenched him with the brimming bowl :
Next drank the Tyrian lords. With golden lyre,
Bard of the flowing locks, Iopas sang 860
Strains such as mighty Atlas taught of old—
Sang of the changeful moon, of suns eclipsed,
The primal birth of men and living things,
Whence genial waters come and wasting fires ;

Of planets, too, Arcturus, and the rise
Of watery Hyades and the Northern Bears ;
Why wintry suns so swiftly quench their beams,
Why lengthening nights obscure the closing year ;—
Vociferous in applause Troy vies with Tyre.

She, too, with varied converse, ill-starred queen,
Prolonged the night, and deeply drank of love. 871

Of Priam much she asked, much craved to hear
Of Hector's deeds, what armour Memnon wore,
How swift the steeds of Diomed o'er the plain,
Achilles' arm—how terrible in war !

'Nay, tell,' she said, 'the whole eventful tale,
The Greeks' perfidious arts—thy people's fall—
Thine own long wanderings, too, while doomed to
roam

Seven tedious years o'er every land and sea.' 879



THE ÆNEID

BOOK II.



B O O K I I.

SILENT they sat, in rapt attention all,
When from his stately couch the Dardan chief
Began : Thy mandate, gracious queen, revives
A grief too great for words—how Grecian arms
Laid Troy's lamented empire in the dust ;
A tragic scene, which mine own eyes beheld,
In which I bore much part : such tale, methinks,
Nor Myrmidon, nor rude Thessalia's sons,
Nor soldier of the obdurate Ithacan,
Could hear unmoved. Already wanes the light, 10
And setting stars admonish to repose ;
But if thus urgent be thy wish to learn
How Ilion fell, and all the woes we bore,
Though shuddering at the thought of horrors past
My soul recoils, this brief recital hear.

Wearied with tedious war, and foiled by Fate,
 Through many a tedious year, the chiefs of Greece
 Construct, by Pallas taught, a giant horse,
 Like some huge mountain towering from the plain,
 And sheathe the hollow ribs with planks of pine. 20

‘A votive offering for their safe return,’
 ’Twas rumoured : but within the caverned sides
 A chosen band they hide of warriors armed,
 A legion pent in that capacious womb.

In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
 Of wealth and wide renown while Priam reigned,
 A lonely bay and treacherous roadstead now.
 In that secluded creek, by night withdrawn,
 The Grecian fleet lay screened ; we fondly thought
 Their homeward sails for far Mycenæ bound. 30

Quit of her foes, the long-beleagured town
 Flings wide her gates ; the people, wild with joy,
 Explore the abandoned camp, and range the shores
 Unfearing : ‘ here the fierce Dolopians camped,
 There truculent Achilles pitched his tent ;
 Here rode the ships—the battle-field was there.’

Some with mute wonder view the enormous horse—
 Minerva’s baneful gift. Thymætès first
 (Whether by foul design or Fate impelled)
 Exhorts us to instal the monstrous shape 40
 Within our fortress walls. A wiser few,

Of whom the chief was Capys, bade us hurl
The Greeks' perfidious offering in the sea,
Or burn it where it stood, or with keen swords
Probing the hollow sides, unmask the lair :
Discordant counsels swayed the wavering crowd.

Lo ! from the fort Laocoon, with a throng
Of followers, hurries down, and as he runs
Shouts from afar : ' O wretched countrymen,
What means this frenzy ? Do ye think, indeed, 50
The foe decamped—his gifts without a snare ?
For guileless counsels is Ulysses known ?
Or Greeks in yon dark ambush lie concealed,
Or 'tis some engine framed to breach our walls,
O'ertop our dwellings, and surprise the town ;
Whate'er it means, 'tis treachery. Men of Troy,
Trust not the horse ; beware of gifts when Greeks
Turn givers.' As he spoke, his massive spear
Full at the monster's bellying flank he hurled.
It quivered with the blow, and mighty groans 60
Rang through the vaulted chambers, peal on peal ;
And but for fate perverse and warning spurned,
Our swords had laid the thin-veiled ambush bare—
Firm to this hour had stood great Priam's throne,
Unscathed thy lofty towers, imperial Troy !

Behold ! a youth by shepherds to the king
Dragged with loud cries, his arms behind him bound :—

Caught by his own device, with deep-laid scheme,
To yield our gates unguarded to the foe,
The stranger came ; for either fate prepared, 70
His crafty purpose to achieve, or die.
From far and wide the Trojan youth flocked round,
To scan the captive's mien, and mock his woe.
Mark now his craft, and from this pattern judge
Of Grecian treachery. As within our lines
He stood unarmed, and gazing round, confused,
Beheld the Phrygian legions far and near :
'Alas !' he cried, 'what spot on land or sea,
What refuge on the inhospitable earth,
Is left for me, the outcast of my kind— 80
Whom Greeks in hate thrust from them, at whose life
The Dardan sword is aimed, athirst for blood ?'
Touched by his piteous wail, our hearts relent ;
In gentler mood we ask him whence he comes ;
What tidings brings he, on what hope relies.
His fears at last allayed, the captive spake.

'Whate'er betide, great king, no word untrue
Shall pass my lips ; nor seek I to disown
My Grecian birth : though Fortune all her spite
On Sinon wreak, no power can make him false. 90
It may be the renown hath reached thine ears
Of Palamedes, no inglorious name,
From Belus sprung, whom our Pelasgian chiefs,

Indignant that his voice opposed the war,
By process foul and evidence suborned,
To death condemned ; now mourn, alas ! too late.
With him, a kinsman, did my needy sire
Despatch me, then a stripling, to the war,
While yet his power stood firm, and influence high,
At council-board ; nor was my name unknown 100
In honour's field. When, through the jealous hate
Of that intriguing Ithacan, my friend
(A tale but too familiar) of his life
The forfeit paid,—incensed at that foul deed,
In solitude and gloom I passed my days,
Nor, reckless as I was, from speech refrained,
But vowed, should Fate restore me to my home—
My native Argos—to revenge the wrong.
Fierce wrath my words engendered : hence the source
Of all my woes ; Ulysses ceased not now 110
New charges to devise ; malicious hints
Broadcast he sowed, and, self-accused of guilt,
Sought instruments to crush me. Never slept
His malice, till with Calchas for his tool—
But why thus linger o'er a loathsome theme ?
Why hear me ? if ye count all Greeks alike,
Swift vengeance take, 'twill please Ulysses much,
And yield the sons of Atreus priceless joy.'

But eager all the more to sound the depths

Of Grecian craft, we bade him freely speak ; 120
With well-feigned trepidation he resumed :
‘ Long wished our Argive leaders to retreat,
With war outwearied, and abandon Troy :
Would they had sailed ! But oft rude southern gales
Rose in their teeth, and tempests barred the sea :
More wildly still, when yonder horse of wood
Rose in his towering stature, raged the storm.
To Delos sent in haste, Eurypilus
Brings back this awful message from the shrine :
“ With maiden’s blood ye pacified the winds, 130
When to these shores ye came ; with blood, ye Greeks,
Win your return. A Grecian soul must die.”
Amazed, the people heard that dread response—
Their hearts with terror chilled and dire suspense,
“ What victim claimed the God — who next should
 bleed ?”
Loud was the uproar, when Ulysses dragged
The prophet Calchas forth, and bade him tell
What meant the oracle : and now my friends
Forewarned me of the arch-deceiver’s wiles,
Or felt the dread their lips forbore to speak. 140
Ten days the seer, reluctant to award
The doom of death, stood mute : at last o’erpowered
By clamour of Ulysses, he the word
Concerted spake, and sentenced me to die.

All gave assent—each gladly saw the doom
 Himself abhorred, to one devoted head
 Transferred. And now the fatal day drew near ;
 For me the awful pageant was prepared—
 The salted meal, the fillets for my brow :
 I burst my bonds, 'tis true, and fled for life. 150
 Couched in a sedgy swamp all night I lay
 Expectant, till the winds should fill their sails :
 And now my long-lost home, my sire thrice loved,
 No more these eyes shall see, nor children dear,
 On whose defenceless heads my foes may wreak
 Revenge, and hold them forfeit for my flight.
 But thou, O king ! if there be powers on high
 That hear my words and witness to their truth,—
 If faith yet finds a home with mortal men,
 My anguish pity, and redress my wrong.' 160

Moved by his tears, we gave the recreant life.
 Good Priam, prompt to pity, bade them loose
 The tight-drawn cords, and gracious words he spake :
 ' Henceforth, though born a Greek, forget the name ;
 Make Troy thy home : but speak, I charge thee, true ;
 What means yon giant horse ? by whom contrived ?
 With what design ?—of piety or war ?'

Extending heavenward his untrammelled hands,
 The caitiff, steeped in native craft, replied :
 ' Witness, ye everlasting fires of heaven ! 170

And Vesta, thou, inviolable name !
Ye altars that but now your victim claimed,
Ye sacrificial bands that wreathed my brow !
No ties of race or country bind me more :
No law forbids their counsels to divulge,
And hate for hate return. Be ye but true
To me, as I to Troy—my life preserved
With loyal service shall o'erpay the boon.

‘ Since first the war began our chiefs relied
For victory on Minerva’s aid alone ; 180
But since that soul of guile, Ulysses, planned
In concert with Tydides, impious pair !
To steal the dread Palladium from her shrine :—
The guards they slew, the hallowed image seized,
The fillets of the virgin Goddess soiled
With gory hands ;—thenceforth the hopes of Greece
Sank like an ebbing tide ; their strength declined,
Minerva turned their foe. No dubious signs
Her wrath betokened : placed within the camp,
The effigy with fiery eyeballs glared ; 190
Sweat trickled o’er the limbs ; thrice from the ground
The Goddess leapt, with shield and quivering spear.
Then Calchas bade us cross the waves once more,
For never by our arms should Troy be razed,
Till sons of Argos from their native shrines
Should seek new auguries, and the auspicious spells

Win back, that o'er the waves to Troy they bore.
 Now for Mycenæ bound, with Gods to aid,
 And arms recruited, will the host return
 All unforeseen. So Calchas reads the signs. 200
 This image to the Goddess have they raised,
 In expiation of her rifled fane :
 So tall, so vast in bulk of purpose framed,
 Lest entering at your gates it shield the town
 With the strong bulwark of its ancient faith.
 For thus the seer proclaimed—should your rash hands
 Minerva's consecrated gift profane,
 Then fell destruction (may that curse recoil
 On his own head !) shall Priam's race o'erwhelm :
 But if within your citadel installed 210
 The horse shall rest, then Asia, leagued in arms,
 'Gainst Pelops' towers shall hurl invasion's tide,
 And our descendants reap that awful doom.'

Such tale found credence ; perjured Sinon's tears
 A victory gained which arms had never won—
 Not Diomed, nor Larissa's mighty lord,
 Ten years of siege, nor fleet of thousand sails !

A mightier portent, more terrific still,
 Confronts us now, and awes the unthinking crowd.
 Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot assigned, 220
 Was slaying to his God a lusty steer,
 When two huge serpents, horrible to tell !

Of girth prodigious, o'er the smooth expanse
From Tenedos came floating on the brine,
And glided towards the beach ; their necks outstretched
And blood-tinted crests o'ertopped the flood,
Their nether parts, in coils enormous wound,
Trailed after them. The waters, lashed to foam,
Roared in their wake. And now they gained the
shore,

Their eyes suffused with blood and darting fire, 230
Their hissing jaws beslavered with the froth
Shed from their flickering tongues—we at the sight
Flee all dismayed ; they with unswerving aim
Dart on Laocoon ; first, with supple folds
Clasping the slender forms of his two sons,
They banquet on the agonising limbs.
The father next, in haste with arms to aid,
In their fell gripe they clutch, about his waist
Twice coiled and doubly circling round his throat,
While o'er his head their lofty crests they rear. 240
Vainly he strives to rend the scaly links,
His priestly bands defiled and smeared with gore ;
Piercing the air with shrieks, like maddened ox
That, when the ill-aimed axe hath glanced aside,
Wounded and bellowing from the altar flies.
Now to the temple's roof, where Pallas sits,
The monsters glide ; there, coiled around her feet,

Beneath the ample ægis make their lair.

Then horror thrilled each bosom to its core :
Too well, 'twas said, Laocoon's crime had earned
Its awful recompense, whose guilty spear, 251
Aimed at the hallowed form, had pierced its side.
To drag within the walls that image dread,
And soothe Minerva's wrath,—was now the cry.
All lend a willing hand, they breach the walls
And clear a passage wide : beneath the feet
Huge rollers drive, and hempen cables twine
Around the lofty neck : teeming with arms,
The deadly engine o'er the rampart climbs :
Maidens and youths their sacred carols chant, 260
And press to touch the cords. Along the streets
It glides, and beetles o'er the roofs of Troy.
O Ilion ! O my country ! O ye towers
Of Dardanus, for feats of war far-famed !
Abode of Gods ! thrice, ere it passed the gates,
The monster paused, thrice clashed the arms within :
Yet onward still we press, besottèd, blind,
And in our sacred citadel enshrine
The accursèd shape. Then, too, Cassandra raised
Her prescient voice—that voice that ever fell 270
Unheard—so willed the Gods—on Trojan ears.
Deluded to the last, we deck our fanes
With festal garlands on the eve of doom.

The face of heaven is changed, swift night descends,
Her dusky curtain falls o'er earth and sea,
Shrouding the Grecian wiles : the sons of Troy,
Through all the town dispersed, their weary limbs
In sleep repose. And now, the Argive fleet,
Freighted with all their host, for Ilion bound,
Beneath the silent moon's befriending beam 280
Sailed forth from Tenedos. As from her deck
The royal bark displayed the signal flame,
False Sinon, prompted by malignant Gods,
The bolts withdrew, and from their lair set free
The imprisoned Greeks : with joy they sprung to light,
Emerging from the monster's teeming sides,
Thessandrus, Sthenelus—by ropes let down—
And dread Ulysses ; Thoas, Achamas,
With Neoptolemus—Achilles' son—
Machaon, Menelaus, and the head 290
That hatched the plot, Epeus. They surprise
The unwary town, in wine and slumber drowned,
The sentries slay, fling open to their friends
The gates, and marshal their confederate bands.

'Twas in the early watches of the night,
When heaven-sent slumber lightens human care ;
Then, as I slept, methought great Hector's self,
Exceeding sad and weeping floods of tears,
Beside me stood : so looked he as of late

Dragged at the victor's chariot-wheels, all stained 300
With dust and dark with gore, his livid feet
Pierced with the cruel thongs. Ah me! how changed
From that proud Hector who, in spoils arrayed
Of great Achilles, from the fight returned,
Or swept their Grecian decks with Phrygian flames!
Lo! now his beard unkempt, his clotted hair,
And his scarred bosom, pierced with many a wound '
In mortal combat round those Dardan towers.
Weeping I gazed, and words of anguish broke
Unbidden from my lips: 'O light of Troy! 310
Hope of our race! whence art thou? why so long
Delayed thy coming? in what sore distress,
Bereft of thy brave comrades, overwhelmed
With endless woes—our country's and our own—
Behold we now our Hector, long-desired!
But say, what foul despite thy gracious form
Hath thus defaced? what mean those ghastly
wounds?'

He to such idle quest no answer deigned,
But heaving from his breast a mighty groan:
'Fly, Goddess-born,' he cried, 'ere yet the flames 320
Arrest thee: all is lost—our walls admit
The foe—proud Ilion from her summit falls.
For Troy and Priam hath enough been done;
Could arm of man have saved our sinking state,

That arm was mine. To thee thy country trusts
Her sacred ministries, her household Gods.
Make these the partners of thy fate : for these
In distant land, beyond the traversed main,
A city shalt thou build.' This said, he snatched
From Vesta's shrine the unextinguished fire, 330
The fillet bands, and effigy divine.

Meanwhile a wildering roar of sounds confused
The city filled : though from the din retired,
And screened with trees, Anchises' mansion stood—
E'en there the uproar wild and clash of arms
Louder and louder came. From slumber roused,
I climbed the roof-top, and stood still to hear :—
Such was the sound as when wild southern blasts
Through waving cornfields drive the roaring flame,
Or when the mountain torrent, swoln with storms, 340
Lays some fair champaign waste,—the cultured fields,
And labours of the swain,—and whirls along
The woods uprooted in its headlong race :
Astounded from the heights the shepherd hears
The tempest's wrack. Now was the truth made plain,
The Grecian plots disclosed. In ruin soon,
Deiphobus, thy stately mansion lay,
O'er-mastered by the flames : thy neighbouring walls
Next caught the blaze, Ucalegon ; the waves
Far o'er Sigeum's cape flung back the glare. 350

Then rose the battle-shout and trumpet's bray—
Madly I fly to arms, though reason owns
That arms are useless now ; yet longs my soul
A trusty band to rally, and hold out
The citadel ; with wrathful passion fired,
Methought 'twere glorious end in fight to die.

Lo ! Pantheus, scarce escaped the Grecian spears,
The son of Othrys and Apollo's priest,
His outcast Gods and sacred vessels bears,
His youthful grandchild clinging to his side, 360
And rushes, wild with terror, to my gate.

'Ho ! Pantheus,' I exclaim, 'how fares the cause?
What stronghold shall we seize?' He with deep sigh
Replies, 'Alas ! my friend, the hour is come—
The doom we cannot 'scape from :—sons of Troy
Are we no longer—Ilion is no more ;
Dardania's glories live but in the past.
Remorseless Jove to Greece transfers the sway,
The Argive lords it in our blazing streets.
Towering aloft, the accursèd horse pours forth 370
His warrior brood, while glorying in his wiles
False Sinon deals the fiery brands around.
Such hosts Mycenæ never sent to war
As throng our unclosed gates—the streets are barred
With serried foes—a rampart of bright steel
Glistens with sword-points fixed—amid the gloom

Surprised, our sentries scarce make feint to fight.'

Fired at his words, and maddening for the fray,
 Amid the roaring flames and shock of arms
 Headlong I plunged, where'er the Battle-fiend 380
 With loudest shrieks and wildest havoc raged.
 First, as it chanced, the moon's uncertain light
 Brought Ripheus to my side, and Epytus,
 A warrior well renowned ; next Dymas came,
 With Hypanis, and Mygdon's gallant son
 Chorœbus ; he, distracted with the love
 Of young Cassandra, to King Priam's aid
 For her dear sake his gallant succours led :
 O that his plighted bride's ecstatic strains
 Had warned him of his doom !

When these I saw

In close array, and panting for the fight : 391
 ' Brave friends,' I cried, ' but brave in vain, if yet
 Ye dare to follow one who dares the worst,
 Mark in what plight we stand ; our country's Gods,
 Erewhile this empire's strength, forsake their shrines—
 The city ye defend is wrapt in flames :
 Then charge yon foemen's ranks, and die for Troy !
 Despair itself lends hope when hope is none.'

My words inspired new ardour ; fierce as wolves,
 Whom hunger's pangs at nightfall drive abroad, 400
 Or quest of plunder for their ravening whelps,

'Mid fire and sword, despairing of our fate,
We range the city through : night's murky cloud
Enfolds us in its canopy of gloom.
The carnage and the horrors of that night
What tongue can tell, what flood of tears bewail?
The old imperial city is laid low,
Her streets, her fanes, her dwellings, piled with dead.
Nor Troy alone the brunt of battle bears,
Her vanquished sons take heart awhile, and Greeks
Bleed in their turn : on every side is death 411
In countless forms, and anguish and dismay.

Androgeos, captain of a Grecian band,
First, in the gloom encountering, deems us friends,
And chides, as comrade might : ' On, laggards, on !
Why linger thus ? Your fellows, more alert,
Already sack and strip the burning town :
Ye from your ships thus slowly wend ? ' He spoke,
And in a moment, meeting scant response,
Knew us for foes : at once his step was stayed, 420
His voice was dumb. As one that on a snake
Stumbling in thorny covert unawares,
Recoils affrighted from the sweltering throat
Of the roused monster, towering in his ire ;
So the scared Greeks spring back—at once we close,
And in compact battalion hem them round ;
With panic seized, in unknown paths surprised,

They fall in heaps around. Thus Fortune speeds
Our first adventure well. With triumph flushed,
And confident of soul, Choroëbus cries : 430
‘Such promise of success methinks, brave friends,
’Twere wisdom to pursue : exchange we now
Our shields and scutcheons with the fallen foe,
And mask us in his spoils ; the battle o’er,
Who asks if craft or valour won the day?’
This said, he seized the Greek’s emblazoned shield,
Placed on his head the casque with nodding plume,
And girt the Argive falchion to his side.
Next Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest, well pleased,
Attire them in the trappings of the slain ; 440
Then, mingling with the Greeks, we scour the town,
And, favoured by the night, in many a fray
Victorious, lay the invaders in the dust.
Some wait not combat, but with hurried flight
Rush to their ships ; a coward few remount
The sheltering horse, and couch them in his lair.
Ah ! bootless, brief success, unblest of heaven !
Lo ! with dishevelled hair and frantic mien
Cassandra, from the tutelary shrine
Of Pallas dragged a captive, lifts in vain 450
Her flashing eyes to heaven ; her eyes—for bonds
Her hands confined ; infuriate at the sight,
Choroëbus singly ’gainst a host in arms

Rushed to his certain fate ; reckless alike
We follow, close-beset with serried foes.

But now a piteous slaughter thins our ranks—
Our friends, deceived by feint of borrowed arms
And Grecian helmets, from the temple's roof
Hurl on our heads an iron shower of spears.
Now, too, the Greeks—the sons of Atreus twain—
Fierce Ajax and the whole Dolopian host— 461
Fired at the rescue of their maiden prize,
Join in one furious charge their severed bands,—
As when the winds of heaven, north, south, and west,
And that wild rider of the eastern gale,
With warring blasts encounter in mid-air ;
The reeling forests groan ; the Sea-god roused,
With his forked sceptre stirs the depths profound,
And churns the waves to foam.

A crowd of foes,
Whom in the darkness our deceitful arms 470
Had scattered, rally now ; at once detect
Our emblems feigned, and tones unlike their own.
By numbers we are crushed : Choroëbus first,
Struck down by Peneleus, beside the shrine
Of Pallas the Armipotent, expires.
Next Ripheus falls ; of all the sons of Troy
Most upright he, of faith inflexible ;
But heaven so willed ! Then Dymas, slain by friends,

And Hypanis ; nor could thy blameless life,
O Pantheus ! nor Apollo's mitre, save 480
Thy sacred head.

Witness, ye dying fires
Of Troy, ye ashes of her heroes slain,
In that last conflict from no foe I quailed,
No danger shunned ; had fate decreed my fall,
My deeds had earned me no inglorious end.
Now severed was our company ; with me
Went Iphitus, a warrior weak with age,
And Pelias, from the wound Ulysses gave.
Thence deafening shouts to Priam's mansion call :
So furious there the strife, you well might deem 490
No battle waged, no death-blows dealt beside,
In all the town. Unflinchingly the Greeks,
Linking their shields in tortoise form o'erhead,
Rush on the palace gates : the storming crew,
Their ladders firmly grappling to the walls,
Press upward, step by step : the left hand bears
The targe upraised for shelter, with the right
They grasp the battlements. Not less resolved,
The Trojans from the roof huge rafters tear,
And turrets hurl, and beams inlaid with gold,— 500
Pride of ancestral mansions,—on the foe ;
Nor spare in dire extremity to wield
What weapons chance may lend. A trusty guard,

With falchions bared, defends the doors below.
Our hearts beat high to save the imperial dome
From rapine, and revive our drooping friends.

There stood a postern-gate that through the courts
Of Priam's palace secret access gave,
Whereby Andromache, while Priam held
His throne, would unattended pass to greet 510
The royal pair, or lead her infant son,
Astyanax, to his fond grandsire's arms :
There entering, to the battlements I climbed,
Whence Trojan spearmen still made feeble fight.
Skirting the parapet, a watch-tower rose
Sheer to the sky, whence all the plain of Troy,
The Grecian camp, and anchored fleet beyond,
Lay to the view outstretched. With lever's point,
Inserted where the loosened floors gave room,
A breach we make—the turret, undermined, 520
In instantaneous ruin topples down,
Crushing a host beneath : still as they fall
New swarms succeed ; nor fails a moment's space
The unceasing storm of javelins, brands, and stones.

Lo ! Pyrrhus at the gates, with conquest flushed,
In burnished mail all radiant—like a snake
With poisonous grasses fed, that in the earth
Lay couched and bloated all the winter long ;—
Warmed to new life, his scaly raiment purged,

Full in the sun his glittering breast he rears, 530
Trails his smooth coils, and darts his arrowy tongue.
Huge Periphas, and brave Automedon,
Who drove Achilles' car and bore his arms,
With all the Scyrian youth, beset the walls—
Fling firebrands on the roof. The chief himself,
With axe in hand, the massive portal cleaves ;
The brazen posts are severed ; the strong oak,
Pierced through and through, a gaping fissure yields.
Lo ! Priam's inmost chambers stand revealed,
The stately courts of ancient kings laid bare, 540
And sentries armed across the threshold stand.

Within is tumult all and dire dismay,
And women's agonising shrieks that pierce
The skies and through the vaulted dome resound :
Pale mothers run distracted to and fro,
Or round the columns with fond kisses cling.
To Pyrrhus all gives way ; nor barriers strong,
Nor guards withstand him—all his father's might
Is in that youthful arm : unhinged, and rent
By ceaseless battery, sinks the massive door ; 550
Force carries all before it—on they come :
The foremost guards are slain ; the Greeks rush in,
Resistless as a stream whose tide, unpent,
Sweeps pile and mound away, and o'er the plain
Bursts in a flood, engulfing flocks and folds.

Within the threshold with these eyes I saw
Fell Pyrrhus maddening in the gory fray—
Saw both the hated sons of Atreus' line—
Saw Hecuba with all her weeping train,
Wives of a hundred sons, and—saddest sight!— 560
The altar, hallowed late by Priam's vows,
Now reeking with his blood. Within those walls
Were fifty bridal-chambers, promise fair
Of royal progeny; their couches decked
With gold, and spoils barbaric—all o'erthrown,—
The Greek is master where the flames have failed.

Hear now the piteous tale of Priam's end.
Soon as he learns his captured city's fate,
His palace stormed, the foeman in his halls,
The agèd chief arrays his trembling limbs— 570
Ah, bootless task!—in armour long disused,
Clasps to his side his unavailing sword,
And sallies forth to die. An altar vast
Within the precincts of the palace walls,
Stood open to the sky, and, close beside,
An ancient fig-tree with expanding shade
O'er-canopied the shrine. Here Hecuba
And her fair daughters terror-stricken sate,
Like doves that cower before the darkening storm,
And clasped with fond embrace their country's gods.
Soon as the queen her royal spouse beheld 581

Arrayed in panoply of arms, unmeet
For reverend age, her anguish thus burst forth :
'What dire resolve is this? what madness prompts
To gird thee with these arms, unhappy lord?
Not such the champion nor the aid we crave
In hour of mortal need : 'twere bootless now,
Though Hector's self, our loved and lost, were here !
Hither retreat ; this shrine shall guard us all,
In life or death—a refuge or a tomb.' 590
Thus Hecuba : submissive to her prayer,
The king within the hallowed pale retires.

But now Polites, child of Priam's age,
Sore wounded by Achilles' vengeful son,
Flies, winged by terror, down the long arcades,
Darts through the vacant courts, and strains for life :
Him Pyrrhus with uplifted arm and spear
Pursues, in act to strike ; the goal just gained,
Even at his father's feet the unhappy boy
Exhausted sinks, and bathed in blood expires. 600
Then could not Priam, though in utmost strait,
And face to face with death, forbear to speak,
Nor curb his righteous ire : 'To thee,' he cried,
'For this thy cruel and unnatural deed,
Full retribution shall the Gods award
(If Gods, indeed, take reckoning of such crimes).
Inhuman ! who with murder of a son

Hast done foul outrage to a father's eyes.
Unlike to thee, thy falsely-vaunted sire,
Achilles, though an enemy, my suit 610
Disdained not, but a suppliant's rights revered :
My Hector's corpse for sepulture restored,
Me to my home sent scathless.' As he spoke,
His feeble spear with nerveless arm he threw.
It clattered on the brass, but made no dint,
And in the target's boss innocuous hung.
' This message, then,' cried Pyrrhus, ' shalt thou bear,
Old man, and to my sire in shades below
Tell the ill deeds of his degenerate son :
Now die.' He seized the unresisting king, 620
And dragged him o'er the pavement, all beslimed
With his son's life-blood, to the altar's side ;
Then with his left hand clutched the hoary locks,
And drawing with his right the gleaming blade,
Hilt-deep he plunged it in the monarch's breast.
Such was the issue of his fate—such death
Great Priam died, with Troy before his eyes
In blazing ruin laid,—there, in the dust,
Once lord of Asia's wide and peopled realm,
A headless form, a nameless trunk, he lay. 630

Then horror first o'ermastered me ; I stood
Aghast : the murdered monarch's form recalled
My sire, in years the same ; with him the thought

Of my forsaken spouse, Creusa, came,
Of young Iulus, and our ravaged home.
I gazed around ; my comrades all were gone—
Exhausted they had sunk, or in despair
Leapt from the walls or plunged amid the flames.

Awhile I stood alone, when in the gloom
Of Vesta's fane a cowering form I spied— 640
'Twas Helen. As with all-observant eyes
I scanned the scene, the burning city's glare
Threw light upon her ; she—of all abhorred,
And fearing all ; the hate of ruined Troy,
The Argive's vengeance, her wronged husband's wrath ;
Alike the curse of Ilium and of Greece—
Concealed and crouching at the altar lay.
Rage grew within me at the sight ; I burned
To wreak resentment for my country's wrongs
Upon that guilty head : ' Shall such as she 650
Flaunt with our Phrygian maidens in her train
Through Sparta or Mycenæ, like a queen
Flushed with the pride of conquest ? unavenged
Shall Priam fall ? his city wrapt in flames,
His soil in carnage steeped ?—it must not be ;
For though such conquest o'er a woman won
Scant honour yield, 'twere no unworthy deed
To execute stern justice for foul crime,
To slake the burning passion for revenge,

And soothe the injured Manes of the slain.' 660

Thus in the storm and frenzy of my thoughts,
 Discoursing with myself I raved, when lo !
 A luminous form athwart the darkness gleamed :
 My Goddess-mother—never seemed before
 So heavenly bright the vision ; all divine
 In form and stature, as she moves on high
 Among the Immortals : firmly by my hand
 She held me, as with roseate lips she spake :
 ' Ah ! why, my son, this transport of wild wrath ?
 Where now thy care for me—so quickly flown ? 670
 Nor knowest thou in what plight thy helpless sire
 Be left—if yet Creusa and thy child
 Ascanius live : meanwhile the banded Greeks
 Swarm round them ; my protecting arm alone
 Averts the sword and shields them from the flame.
 If Ilium sinks in dust, not Helen's form
 Abhorred, nor much-blamed Paris, but the Gods—
 The inexorable Gods—have dealt the blow,
 And laid in ruins this majestic realm.
 Lo ! now the humid cloud will I dispel 680
 That darkens o'er thy mortal sense and clouds
 Thy vision : thou, whate'er thy mother's voice
 Enjoins, obey. Mark you those riven piles,
 Huge stones asunder wrenched, 'mid billowy clouds
 Of smoke and dust commingled ? Neptune there

The deep foundations with his trident heaves,
And rocks the tottering city to its base.

There, first and fiercest, at the Scæan gates,
With sword begirt, dread Juno from the ships
Fresh succours to the deadly onslaught calls. 690

See! on the rampart's verge, a cloud-veiled form,
With Gorgon shield refulgent, Pallas sits.

Great Jove himself against yon towers incites
The Gods; himself lends fury to the foe.

Fly, then, my son, thy bootless toil give o'er;
Myself will shield and guide thee to thy home.'

She spoke, and vanished in the murky night.

Terrific shapes appear: the Gods in arms
Arrayed, the dread antagonists of Troy.

Now suddenly before my vision seemed 700

Great Neptune's towers to sink amid the flames—

Like some old mountain-ash on lofty peak,

That foresters with blows of sturdy axe

Strain all their strength to fell; the quivering stem

Totters awhile and bows its leafy head,

Impending to its fall; till, stroke by stroke

Asunder cleft, it heaves a parting groan,

And strews, a giant wreck, the mountain-side.

Safe in my heavenly guardian's charge I pass

Uninjured through the thickest of the fight— 710

The flames give room, the darts are turned aside.

But when at last my old paternal home
Was gained, my father—he, whom first I sought,
And longed to bear for safety to the hills—
Refuses to outlive his country's fall,
Or brave an exile's fate : ' For you,' he cried,
' Whose limbs are firmly strung, whose pulses beat
With unabated life, 'tis well to fly.
Had Heaven designed to lengthen my brief span,
Its hand had spared these walls : enough for me—
Enough and more—that this proud city's wreck 721
I once beheld, and lived when Ilion fell.
Go ; bid me thus, as one laid out for death,
A solemn last farewell ; the parting stroke
Myself will give ; the foe that spoils perchance
Will pity too : to die unsepulchred
Afflicts not me, who all too long have borne
The burthen of a life unblest of heaven,
Since me the all-ruling sire of Gods and men
Branded with lightning-blast and scathed with fire.'

Thus rooted in his firm resolve he stood : 731
In vain our household all, dissolved in tears,
My wife, my child,—besought him to relent,
Nor, rushing on his fate, o'erwhelm us all :
Deaf to our prayers, he stirs not. In despair
Once more I fly to arms and covet death,
Since counsel failed and chance no succour gave.

‘ Heard I aright, and couldst thou bid thy son
(O words unseemly from a father’s lips !)
Forsake these shores and leave thee to thy fate ? 740
If the high Gods of all that once was Troy
No remnant spare, and thy resolve consigns
Thyself, friends, kindred, to the common doom,
Have now thy wish fulfilled. Lo ! Pyrrhus comes
Reeking with blood of Priam and his race,
Who butchered in the father’s sight the child,
And at the altar’s foot the father slew.
For this, dear Goddess-mother, didst thou save
From sword and flame thy hardly-rescued son,
That murderous foes should riot in his halls— 750
Wife, father, child, before his eyes despatched,
Sink in one bloody grave ! To arms, brave friends !
To arms ! and charge the conquering Greeks once
more.
Be death our portion ; one at least will die
Not unavenged !’

Once more I grasp my sword,
Adjust my shield, and gird me for the fight ;
But ere I passed the gate, Creusa knelt,
Iulus in her arms, and clasped my feet :
‘ If death you seek,’ she cried, ‘ why leave us here ?
The doom you meet be ours ! if yet you trust 760
In spear and shield, remain and guard your home.

To whom wouldst thou abandon all most dear?
Thy father, young Iulus, me thy wife,—
Till now, alas! so deemed.' With sobs she spoke,
And through the mansion rang her piteous wail.

But now a wondrous portent we beheld.
As 'twixt his parent's arms Iulus lay,
A slender tuft of flame from his fair head
Emerging, flashed amid his waving locks
With harmless sheen, and round his temples played.
Alarmed, we wring the blazing hair, and haste 771
With water to allay the sacred fire;
But good Anchises lifted with delight
His eyes, and stretched his suppliant arms to heaven.
' All-puissant Jove! if mortal prayers can move
Thy pity, hear us now; to pious hearts
Lend succour, and confirm the auspicious sign.'
Scarce had he ceased to speak, when on the left
A sudden peal of thunder shook the sky;
Then darted down a solitary star, 780
Trailing a stream of light athwart the gloom:
We marked its course as o'er the palace roof
It seemed to glide, then sank in Ida's woods,
Graving its fiery track adown the skies;
While with sulphureous vapour reeked the air.
Instant the old man rose, the mystic star
Adored, and bowed submission. 'On!' he said;

‘ No more I bid you linger—let us go !
 Gods of my fathers ! guard our ancient house,
 And this its heir ! from you the augury came ; 790
 Troy by your grace yet lives. Go on, my son ;
 Where’er you lead, I follow.’

As he spoke,

Near and more near the burning city’s crash
 Smote on our ears, more scorching grew the blast.
 ‘ Now, father, on my shoulders mount,’ I cried ;
 ‘ These arms shall bear thee well, nor grudge their load.
 Let both one peril face, whate’er befall,
 Or one deliverance share : with me shall walk
 Ascanius hand in hand ; my wife behind
 Keep the same track, and mark our footsteps well ;
 And ye, my followers, this injunction heed : 801
 Beyond the ramparts, on a slope retired,
 An unfrequented fane of Ceres stands,
 Hard by an ancient cypress, that of old
 Was hallowed by the worship of our sires.
 There will we reunite our scattered bands.
 Our Gods and sacred rites, thou, father, bear :
 I, soiled with blood, red-handed from the fight,
 May touch them not, till purged by living stream.’

Apparelled in a tawny lion’s hide, 810

My shoulders now received their honoured load ;
 Beside me, pacing with unequal steps,

Ascanius clasped his little hand in mine ;
Behind Creusa came. Through darkling ways
We strode ; and I, whom late nor shower of spears
Nor serried Greeks alarmed, now, coward made
By him whose steps I led, and him I bore,
Start at each sound and tremble at the wind.
At last we reached the gates, and deemed escape
Assured, when trampling as of warrior feet 820
Seemed close at hand, and, peering through the gloom ;
'Haste, haste, my son ! they come !' Anchises cried ;
'I see their flashing arms and gleaming shields.'
'Twas then—I know not how—distraction held
My reason spell-bound. As we travelled on
By unfamiliar paths and by-ways dim,
Creusa, by some dire mischance, was lost.
Conjecture all was vain—if faint with toil
She stopped to rest, or wandered from the way :
Never in life these eyes beheld her more. 830
Nor wist I, all bewildered, what befell,
Till, halting for a while by Ceres' fane,
Our little band we numbered—one was gone :
Gone unperceived by husband, friends, or son.
Frantic with grief, I railed on Gods and men ;
Nor in the anguish of my country's fall
Endured a keener pang. Within a nook
Retired, to trusty comrades I consign

My child, Anchises, and the Gods of Troy.

Then, armed for fight, again I scour the town, 840
Reckless of life, and tempt my fate once more.

Retracing step by step our devious track
By wall and gate, I searched each dim recess :
The silence as of death appalled my soul.
Then to my home I turned, if haply there
Her steps had wandered ; ere I came the Greeks
Had stormed the gates, and made our halls their
own.

E'en now the mantling flames, by night-wind fanned,
Streamed o'er the roof ; the air like furnace glowed.
To Priam's palace next I bent my way ; 850
There in the vacant courts, by Juno's shrine,
Phœnix and stern Ulysses watched the spoil ;
Dread sentinels ! I saw the wealth of Troy
Piled in promiscuous heaps ; embroidered vests,
Beakers of massive gold—the pillaged hoards
Of blazing temples. Boys in long array,
And matrons, shuddering in their bonds, stood near.
Nor feared I through the unpeopled streets to shout
Aloud to her I sought, till far and wide
The walls re-echoed with Creusa's name. 860
Yet fruitless still my wild distracted search
Through all the city made, when suddenly
The very counterpart of that dear form,

Yet statelier than in life,—appalled my sight.
With hair erect, and utterance choked with fear,
I stood aghast. With soothing tones she spake :
' Grieve not, dear husband mine, with frantic grief :
Thus have the Gods ordained ; the Olympian king
Permits not that Creusa share thy flight :
It may not be : long exile must be thine, 870
Wide seas must first be traversed ere thou gain
The Hesperian clime, where Lydian Tiber glides
With gently-coursing stream, prolific land
Of heroes. Joyous days await thee there :
A throne predestined, and a royal bride.
Mourn not Creusa. No proud Myrmidon
Me to his home shall bear ; no Grecian dame
Call me her slave—a Dardan princess born,
Whom Venus daughter owns ! But now, farewell !
The mother of the Gods detains me here : 880
Cherish our much-loved child : once more, fare-
well !'

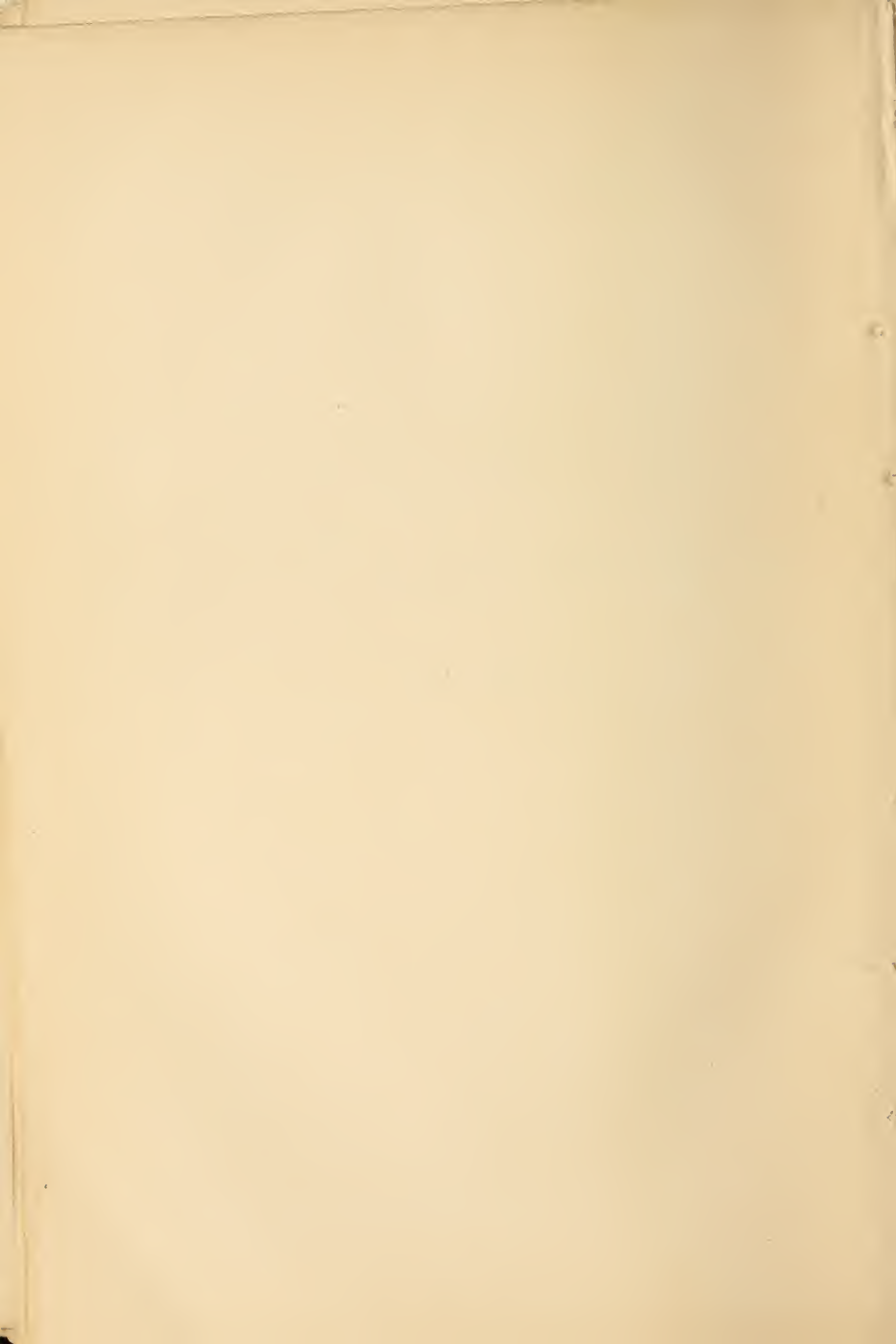
She ceased, and as I wept and strove to frame
The words that crowded to my lips, was gone.
Thrice round her neck my longing arms were flung,
Thrice did the dear illusion mock my grasp,
Swift as the wind, and fleeting as a dream.

Now as the night was waning, I rejoined
My comrades, and beheld our slender band

Swoln to a host, from every side convened.
Wondering, I viewed the mingled group forlorn : 890
Matrons and youths were there, and stalwart men,
With stores for flight prepared, and hearts resolved
My steps to follow, lead where'er I might,
Beyond the main. O'er Ida's topmost peaks
Rose now the morning-star, day's harbinger.
All hopes of succour failed ; at every gate
The Greeks kept watch and ward. To fate resigned,
Once more I stooped my shoulders to receive
My helpless sire, then climbed the mountain's side.

THE ÆNEID

BOOK III.



B O O K I I I.

WHEN Asia's realm and Priam's guiltless race
Fell doomed of heaven, and Ilion's stately towers,
By Neptune built, a smoking ruin lay,
Celestial portents warned us to depart,
And seek new homes on some unpeopled shore.
Hard by Antandros' walls, beneath the heights
Of Ida, ships we build and levies raise:
Our course, our destined haven, all unknown.
My sire, Anchises, at the earliest dawn
Of summer, bade us, trusting all to Fate, 10
Hoist to the wind our sails. With tears I left
My native shores, the plain that once was Troy—
Launched on the deep an exile, with my friends,
My child, my country's Gods, and household shrines.
There is a land where Thracia's warlike sons

Till the broad plains that once Lycurgus ruled ;
An hospitable coast and friendly tribe
While Fortune smiled on Troy. Here first I land,
And here with inauspicious omens trace
My future walls, entitled from my name 20
Æneadæ. With sacrificial rites
My heavenly Mother and the Gods to aid
Our labours I invoked, while on the shore
I slew to sovereign Jove a lusty steer.
A mound was nigh, where tapering cornel grew,
And myrtle's spear-like shafts a thicket made :
My rustic altar fain to deck with leaves,
I plucked a sapling from the ground ; when lo !
A prodigy more dread than words can tell :
Soon as the slender stem from earth was torn, 30
A crimson moisture trickled from the root,
And dyed the soil with gore. Chill horror shook
My limbs, and froze the life-blood in my veins.
Intent to learn the cause, a second shoot
With trembling hand I snatched ; ensanguined drops
Again flowed reeking from the bark. With fear
Bewildered, I invoked the woodland Nymphs,
And Mars, the guardian lord of Thracian plains,
These awful portents to assuage, and change
To happier aspect. As again I strove, 40
With sturdier force and straining knee, to rend

The stubborn roots—O horror ! shall my lips
The dreadful truth declare?—a piteous groan
Burst from the mound, a voice of anguish spake :
' Ah ! why, Æneas, dost thou torture thus
My wretched frame ? Vex not my buried corpse,
Nor stain with sacrilege thy pious hands.
No stranger, but a son of Troy, lies here ;
Nor flows this blood from stocks : haste, haste to leave
These shores accurst, this cruel land of greed— 50
'Tis Polydore that speaks : the darts that pierced
My life took root, and burst in bristling spears.'

Fear paralysed my soul : aghast I stood,
With hair erect, and lips with terror dumb.
This Polydore did Priam, hapless sire,
With stores of gold to Thracia's king confide,
When foes encompassed Ilion, and distrust
Of Dardan arms prevailed. The treacherous prince,
As Troy grew feebler and her fortunes waned,
Alliance with the conquering Argive made, 60
His sacred trust betrayed, slew Polydore,
And seized the spoil. Accursèd lust of gold !
By thee impelled, what crime too foul for man ?
Roused from my trance of horror, I revealed
First to Anchises, to our leaders next,
Heaven's awful portents, and their counsel prayed :
All gave their voice to sail, and quit the land

With perfidy and guilt of murder stained.
But first to Polydorus' ghost we pay
The funeral rites ordained : a lofty pile 70
Of earth, and altars to the dead, we raise,
With mournful cypress wreathed, and fillets pale :
The Trojan matrons, with dishevelled hair,
Stand weeping round : we pour the steaming cups
Of milk and consecrated blood, and thrice
Bid with loud voice the buried shade farewell.

Soon as unruffled waves give promise fair,
And whispering southern gales invite to sea,
Our shipmates throng the beach, and launch from shore :
Dim grows the land, the cities fade from view. 80
Girt by the waves, fair Delos, dedicate
To Neptune and the Nereid mother, lies ;
Rocked on the shifting tides from shore to shore
It floated, till the grateful Archer-God
To Myconus and Gyaros bound fast
The wandering isle, that now, securely fixed,
Defies the storm. Its haven of deep calm
Receives our ships ; Apollo's hallowed seat
We hail with awe. Here Anius, priest and king,
With fillets round his brow and bay-leaves twined, 90
His ancient friendship with my sire renewed,
And frankly bade us welcome to his halls.
Within the ancient rock-built fane I prayed :

'Grant, lord of Thymbra, to our wayworn band,
 Hearths of their own, a home wherein to rest,
 A city sure and lasting! O preserve
 Germ of the future Troy, this remnant saved
 From fierce Achilles and the Argive sword.
 Say, whither shall we steer? what goal pursue?
 What guidance follow? To thy suppliants grant 100
 Auspicious portents, and their hearts inspire.'
 Ere ceased my prayer, a sudden shock convulsed
 The gates, the laurel groves, and heights around:
 Then from the tripod, through the unclosed shrine,
 Mysterious murmurs broke; we prostrate fell.
 Then spake the voice: 'Ye hardy Dardan souls,
 The ancestral soil that gave your patriarchs birth
 Shall greet with joy their progeny: go, seek
 That ancient fatherland. From thence the seed
 Of great Æneas every clime shall sway, 110
 From sire to son, a countless line of kings.'

So spake the God: a strange bewildered joy
 Thrilled every heart, and eager question rose:
 'What means the voice? to what primeval land
 Bids Phœbus thus our wandering host repair?'
 My sire revolves his legendary lore:
 'Hear me, ye chiefs,' he cries; 'your fortunes learn:
 Amid the waves lies Crete, Jove's favoured isle,
 Mount Ida's seat, and cradle of our race—

A teeming realm, that boasts its hundred towns. 120
Hence our first founder, so traditions tell,
Great Teucer, to the Phrygian seaboard came,
And marked his seat of empire : Ilium's towers
Rose not as yet, nor frowned the forts of Troy :
The sheltered vales were tenanted. Hence came
Dread Cybele's inviolable rites—
The Idæan grove, the Corybantian drums,
And harnessed lions tamed to draw the car.
Haste thither ; seek the home by heaven designed,
Appease the winds with gifts, and steer for Crete. 130
Nor long the voyage ; ere three suns be set,
If Jove be kind, that haven shall ye gain.'
Then victims to the Gods Anchises slew—
A bull to Neptune, and to thee a bull,
Beauteous Apollo ! to the Storm a lamb
Of sable fleece : a white to Zephyrs fair.

'Twas rumoured that Idomeneus, deposed
From his ancestral throne, had fled from Crete ;
Thus clear of foes and vacant was the land.
Loosed from Ortygia's port we skim the main, 140
Skirting the shores of Naxos, with its heights
Of Bacchanalian fame ; Donysa green,
And Paros marble-white, Olearon,
The Cyclades amid the ocean strown,
And islets numberless that stud the waves.

Our decks with joyous acclamations ring ;
' For Crete and fatherland,' the seamen cry.
Fair blows the wind and wafts us to the shore
Where dwells an ancient tribe, Curetes named.
Impatient of delay, I trace the walls, 150
And designate the city, long-desired,
Home of our race, Pergamea, and exhort
My comrades, glorying in the well-known name,
Their hearths to cherish and with forts defend.
On useful labours bent, our youth began
To seek them wives, to till and plant the soil,
I dwellings to assign and laws to frame ;
When lo ! engendered by the tainted air,
A wasting sickness with insidious grasp
Assailed the limbs ; a season fraught with death 160
Smote trees and fields with desolating blight.
Our people yielded up their lives, or sank
In slow decline : then Sirius scorched the plains ;
The pastures withered, and the sickly grain
No nurture gave. Anchises now enjoined
Our toil-worn crews to cross the seas once more
And seek new counsel from the Delian shrine :
Whither to turn for succour—where to find
End to our search, and from our toils repose.
'Twas night, and slumber wrapt all living things,
When, as I lay in sleep, before me stood 171

The Phrygian deities, whose hallowed forms
My arm had rescued from the flames of Troy,
Radiant in light, that through my casement streamed,
Shed by the full-orbed moon. Methought they spoke,
And calmed with soothing tones my anxious breast :
' The words that Phœbus from the Ortygian fane
Would speak, he bids thee from our lips receive :
We, who from blazing Ilion saved by thee,
Thine arms have followed, in thy ships have crossed
The stormy billows—we thy sons unborn 181
Will raise to glory and with empire crown.
Build thou for mighty dwellers mighty walls,
Nor shrink from travel long nor labour sore.
New mansions must be sought—not these the shores
The Delian God foretold, nor Crete thy home.
There is a land, by Greeks Hesperia named,
For deeds of war and teeming soil renowned,
Once peopled by Ænotrian settlers, now,
From Italus their chief, Italia named. 190
Your destined realm is there—thence Dardanus,
Iasius thence, your line's first founders, came.
Go, to your aged sire this message bear,
Which none that hears may question : bid him seek
The land of Corythus, Ausonia's plains—
From Crete great Jove debars you.'

Wonder-struck

At that dread vision and the voice divine—
For surely 'twas no dream, but, as I thought,
The very form and presence of the Gods,
Their awful brows, and locks with fillets bound—
Chill sweat bedewed my limbs : in trembling haste
I started from my couch, my hands and voice 202
To heaven upraised, and fed the altar fires
With hallowed sacrifice : this service paid,
The message to my sire with lightened heart
I bore, and told my tale. Anchises owns
His mind by dubious ancestries confused
And lands misnamed : 'My son,' he cries, 'sore tried
By Troy's hard fortunes, I bethink me well
How oft Cassandra's solitary voice 210
These destinies foretold ; how oft she spoke
Of Italy and fair Hesperia's realm,
The destined home and birthright of our race.
But who then dreamed of Troy to Latian shores
Transferred, or gave Cassandra's ravings heed ?
By wiser counsel warned, to Phœbus now
Submission let us yield.' All heard with joy
The sage resolve, and hastened to obey.
A few we leave behind, then spread our sails :
Swift o'er the vasty deep our vessels bound. 220

Now on mid-ocean launched, nor land we saw,
Nor aught save skies above and waves around :

Herald of Night and Storm, the rain-cloud broke
O'erhead, and darkly frowned the furrowed deep.
Then rose the winds and swelled the mountain waves,
Hurling our scattered galleys far and wide :
Dark mists effaced the day and shrouded heaven,
While through rent clouds the fitful lightning gleamed.
Bewildered, o'er the trackless main we drive ;
No more could Palinurus' well-trained eye 230
Read in the skies the signs of night and morn—
Vain all his seaman's lore, his reckoning lost.
Three sunless days our ships before the gale
All-helpless float ; three nights without a star.
The fourth day breaks and land at last is spied
In outline faint ; hills peering through the mist,
And wreaths of waving smoke : the sails are furled,
Our gallant seamen, straining to their oars,
Cleave the light foam and skim the azure main.

Saved from the storm, on island shores we land,
By Grecian name called Strophades, the haunt 241
Of fell Celæno and her Harpy tribe,
Outcast from Phineus' board, where once they fed.
More hideous forms or deadlier scourge the wrath
Of Gods ne'er summoned from the depths of hell :
Like maidens is their visage, stench abhorred
Their bodies yield, their talons forked, and gaunt
With never-sated hunger are their cheeks.

Soon as we gain the port, with joy we view
Rich herds of oxen grazing far and wide, 250
And flocks of goats untended on the plains.
With swords we make swift onslaught, and invite
The Gods and Jove himself our feast to share ;
Then piling seats of turf along the shore,
We revel in our spoils ; when suddenly
With horrid swoop the Harpies pouncing down,
Flap their huge pinions with discordant clang,
Ravage the board, and all they touch befoul :
Loathsome their odour, horrible their screech.
Once more, within a deep sequestered dell 260
O'er-arched with rocks and screened with clustering
 trees,
We spread our meal, our altar-fires relume :
Once more from distant lair a clamorous throng
Swarms round the board, our food with noxious taint
Polluting. Then I bid my comrades arm,
And hand to hand assail the accursèd crew :
Prompt at my word, their swords in ambush ranged,
And flashing bucklers in the grass they hide ;
Soon as the rustling wings along the shore
Are heard, Misenus from his watch-tower high 270
With trumpet sounds the charge ; our men rush forth,
And in strange combat with the ravenous host
Engaging, ply the steel ; but all in vain :

Cased in impenetrable plumes like mail
Their scaly sides defy the falchion's edge ;
Swiftly to flight they turn and quit their prey,
Meats half-devoured with noisome slime defiled.
On a lone rock Celæno sat retired,
And croaked, curst seer, her prophecy of woe.
'War too !' she shrieked, 'and is it war ye wage? 280
War for our rifled herds and heifers slain,
Sons of Laomedon? And would ye drive
The unoffending Harpies from their realm?
Mark now my words, and store them in your hearts—
To Phœbus Jove himself, Phœbus to me,
This doom predicted ; I, whom Furies hail
Their eldest-born, to you proclaim : Ye seek
Italia's shores, and should the winds invoked
Fair passage yield, that haven ye may gain ;
But never town of yours shall walls enclose, 290
Till ruthless famine, retribution due
For this dire outrage, shall with hunger's rage
Force you to gnaw your very boards for bread.'

She spoke, and to the thicket winged her flight.
Then panic fear my comrades seized, their blood
Froze in their veins : their spirits quailed ; no more
With arms to combat, but with prayers to sue
For peace they urged ; whate'er the foe be deemed,
Beings divine, or birds obscene and foul.

But good Anchises raised his pious hands 300
To heaven, and honours to the Gods enjoined :
' Ye guardian powers,' he cries, ' avert this woe !
Heed not the curse, but shield the just from harm.'
Then bade us slip our cables from the shore,
And loose the sheets. Fair breezes swell the sails ;
Athwart the foam-flecked billows on we glide,
As winds impel, and pilot guides the helm—
Far o'er the deep thy woods, Zachynthus, wave,
Dulichium, Samé, Neritos, with rocks
High-towering, next appear : we shun the coast 310
Of Ithaca, Læertes' craggy realm,
And curse the soil that fierce Ulysses bred.
Leucatia's cloud-capped height next looms in view,
And, dread of mariners, Apollo's fane.
Thither we steer ; the little town receives
Our toil-worn crew, the barks are moored to shore.
Safely to land beyond our hopes restored,
The lustral sacrifice to Jove we pay,
Heap high his blazing altars, and revive
On Actian shores the athletic feats of Troy. 320
In native guise, bare-limbed and smooth with oil,
Our sturdy wrestlers combat ; great their joy
At Grecian forts escaped, and passage won
Through seas that swarmed with foes. Meanwhile
the sun

His yearly round had made, and winter keen
 Had ruffled with his icy blast the main.
 High on the Temple gates a shield of bronze,
 Which Abas, mighty chief, in battle bore,
 I fixed, and on the trophy graved a line ;
 ' This from the conquering Greeks Æneas won,' 330
 Then bade my gallant shipmates launch from port,
 And stretch them to their oars. With flashing stroke,
 Crew vies with crew : they sweep the waves, and soon
 Phæacia's airy heights are lost to view.
 Skirting Epirus' coast, Chaonia's port
 And steep Buthrotus' citadel we gain.

Here rumour passing credence meets our ears,
 That Helenus, King Priam's son, o'er Greeks
 Bore sway, succeeding to the throne and bed
 Of Pyrrhus—that Andromache once more 340
 Had found a Phrygian consort. Wonder-struck,
 I longed to meet the prince, and from his lips
 Such strange adventures hear : the ships I left,
 And sallied forth.

It chanced that in a grove
 Without the town, where flowed a stream that feigned
 The name of Simois, Hector's widowed spouse
 Was offering sad commemorative gifts,
 With invocations to her hero's shade,
 Beside the empty tomb her love had raised

With pile of verdant turf and altars twain, 350
Incentives of her grief. She, as I came,
Gazed on me, and, bewildered at the sight
Of Trojan arms, with horror stood aghast ;
Life's heat forsook her limbs : swooning awhile
She lay ; at last found speech : ' O Goddess-born,
Is this thy true presentment ? Hast thou come
On no false errand ? Art thou living man ?
Or if that light be fled, O where is he—
My Hector ? ' As she spoke, her tears gushed forth,
And all the grove resounded with her shrieks. 360
Amidst her transport, few and broken words
Dropped from my gasping lips : ' I live, 'tis true,
A life through all extremities endured—
Misdoubt me not : but thou—to what reverse
From such majestic spousals art thou fallen !
Or hath the Fortune thou didst once enjoy
Not ill thy state restored ? Andromache—
Once Hector's wife—is Pyrrhus still thy lord ? '

With downcast look and faltering voice she spoke :
' O blest beyond all maidens of thy race, 370
Daughter of Priam ! by the foeman's tomb,
In sight of Ilion, happier far to die,
Than draw the lot of servitude, and live
Dishonoured partner of a conqueror's bed !
I, forced when Troy was sacked, to cross the main,

The haughty humours of Achilles' son
 Endured, and children in my bondage bore ;
 Till, lured by young Hermione, he sought
 From Lacedæmon fairer bride, and me,—
 Slave to a slave,—to Helenus consigned. 380
 But fierce Orestes, maddened by his wrongs,
 And goaded by the Furies that distract
 The guilty, at the altar of his sire
 Waylaid and slew the spoiler. Pyrrhus dead,
 Part of his realm to Helenus devolved,
 Who wide Chaonia's plains by title new
 From Trojan Chaon called, and built him walls
 And ramparts on the steep, whose names remind
 Of Pergamus and Troy. But thou—what gale
 Drove hitherward thy ships? What chance, what God
 Impelled thee all unconscious to these shores? 391
 What of thy son Ascanius? lives he yet?
 Whom Troy already. . . .

Hath he tender thoughts
 Of his lost mother? breathes there in the boy
 Aught of the antique spirit, the high soul
 Of fortitude, by great examples taught,
 His uncle Hector, or thyself his sire?'

Thus choked with tears she spake, and roused anew
 Her unavailing grief, when from the walls,
 With gallant train, came Priam's royal son, 400

Kind greeting gave, and to his palace-gates
Welcomed his Trojan guests, with many a tear
Commingling his discourse. In pensive thought
I traced the town, the miniature of Troy :
Its Xanthus, shrunken stream ; its fort surnamed
Of Pergamus ; its mimic Scæan gates
I kissed in fond remembrance of the true.
Meanwhile the city's genial mirth refreshed
My weary comrades, whom in stately halls
The king with hospitable cheer regaled— 410
Full cups in honour of the jovial God
They quaffed, at sumptuous banquets, served on gold.

Day after day sped on ; fair breezes wooed
Our fleets to sea, yet idly on the yards
The canvas flapped : at length the prophet king
I thus accosted : ' Son of Troy's high race,
Interpreter of Heaven ! to thee are known
The inspirations of the Clarian shrine,
The tripods and the grove—the starry signs,
The prescient notes and mystic flight of birds, 420
Thy wisdom can discern. With one accord,
Lo ! all the Gods and oracles divine
Fair auguries announce, and point the way
To distant Italy ; the Harpy-queen
Alone, Celæno, on our heads invokes
Foul famine's curse, unutterable woe.

How may such plagues be borne, such perils shunned?
 Speak, heavenly monitor.' No answer then
 Gave Helenus, but first with votive blood
 Of heifers duly slain his God appeased, 430
 His fillet-bands unbound, and by the hand
 Led me, with awe bewildered, to the shrine;
 Then spake the words prophetic: 'Goddess-born,
 Doubt not, illustrious auguries attend
 Thy voyage o'er the deep—the all-puissant Sire
 Thus singles from the sortilege of Fate
 The lot decreed, thus roll in ordered round
 The wheels of Doom. Some warning words, though
 few,
 To guide thee on thy course through seas unknown
 Safe to the Ausonian haven, may I speak: 440
 Stern Fate permits no more, and Juno's ban
 Seals fast my lips. From those Italian shores
 You fondly deem so near, and count your ships
 E'en now abreast the strand, long trackless seas
 Divide you; in Sicilian streams your oars
 Must first be plied, Ausonian waves be braved,
 The Avernian lakes, and Circe's isle explored,
 Ere, harboured in your destined city's walls,
 Ye find repose. Mark now this presage well:
 When to thy wistful gaze, beside a stream 450
 Sequestered, with o'ershadowing holm-oaks fringed,

A sow, new-farrowed, shall appear, outstretched
With thrice ten sucklings clustered round her teats,
All white—alike the litter and the dam—
There shall thy walls be built, thy rest be found.
Nor dread the curse of boards devoured for bread ;
The Fates shall find deliverance, and your prayers
Gain Phœbus for your friend. But shun the coasts
Of Italy, to our sea-bordered realm
Contiguous—by malignant Greeks possessed. 460
There Locrian warriors from Naricia dwell ;
There fierce Idomeneus, with Cretan troops
O'erawes Salentum's plain ; there, petty fort
Of Philoctetes, Melibœan chief,
Petilia frowns. Another warning heed :
When on the long-sought beach thy ships are moored,
Thine altars raised—thou, ere thy vows be paid,
With purple robe veil reverently thy head,
Lest aught of hostile aspect, on thy sight
Intruding, 'mid those hallowed fires, the Gods 470
Dishonour and thine auguries confound.
This pious usage cherish, thou and thine—
Be this through all posterity maintained.
But when, departing hence, fair breezes waft
Thy barks toward Sicily, and, nearer seen,
Pelorus opes his rocky gates more wide ;
Then hug the southern coast, and far to left

Your galleys steer ; the treacherous northern shore
 Shun for your lives : two lands that erst were one,
 'Tis said, a mighty earthquake rent in twain— 480
 Such wondrous transformations Time hath wrought—
 The fierce sea rushed between, and tore apart
 Italia's coast, from Sicily disjoined.
 'Twixt severed fields and hamlets intervenes
 A narrow frith : the right side Scylla guards ;
 Implacable Charybdis on the left
 Sucks down its whirlpool's fathomless abyss
 The eddy waves ; by turns the reflux flood
 Dashes aloft, and heavenward hurls the spray.
 But Scylla in her cave of darkness lurks, 490
 And with her gaping jaws outstretched allures
 The unwary ships, and strands them on the rocks.
 Human her visage seems, her bosom fair,
 A woman to the waist, but, strangely joined,
 A huge sea-monster in her nether parts,
 Wolf-bellied, dolphin-tailed. 'Twere better far
 To round Pachynus' cape, with circuit wide,
 Than face the hideous beldame in her cave,
 And hear, 'mid echoing rocks, her sea-dogs howl.
 ' Yet more—if aught of insight or of skill 500
 To Helenus belongs, if Phœbus guides
 His mind aright, this precept, first and last,
 Store in thy breast ; this more than all observe :

To Juno, puissant Goddess, homage pay,
To Juno pour thy vows : that haughty Queen
With suppliant gifts propitiate,—thus at last,
Triumphant, shalt thou reach Ausonia's shore.
That haven gained, advancing on thy way
To Cumæ and the Avernian lakes divine,
Girt with resounding forests ; thou shalt find 510
The frantic Priestess in her rock-hewn cave,
Who reads the darkling future, and inscribes
Her mystic symbols on the forest-leaves.
The characters on those frail tablets traced
Leaves the weird maiden on the rocky floor,
Each in determined rank and sequence due ;
But should the ruffling wind through unclosed door
Disperse the fleeting lines, no heed she takes
To stay the leafy notes at random tost,
Or weave anew her disconnected strain : 520
Their unregarded prayers her votaries mourn,
And curse the Sibyl's cave ; yet fail not thou,
Though time be brief, though comrades chide delay,
And breezes murmur in your bellying sails,
To seek her shrine ; then win her to unseal
Her lips, and all thy destinies declare.
She of Italia's tribes, of wars to come—
How dangers may be shunned, and toils endured—
Shall warning give, and speed thee on thy way.

No more I dare disclose. Go on, brave friend, 530
And raise to loftier heights regenerate Troy.'

Such friendly counsel gave the Prophet-King,
And sent withal rich presents to our ships—
Gold, ivory carved, of silver ample store,
With massive caldrons of Dodona's mould :
A shirt of mail with golden links thrice coiled,
And high-peaked helmet, with o'ershadowing plumes,
Which Neoptolemus in battle wore.
Gifts for Anchises, too, the monarch sends ;
Horses and guides supplies, and martial stores, 540
And with stout oarsmen mans our barks anew.

Meanwhile, lest time and favouring wind be lost,
Anchises bade his captains hoist their sails.
Him then, with reverent mien, Apollo's priest
Addressed : ' Anchises, favoured of the Gods,
Whom Venus made illustrious by her love,
Twice saved from ruined Troy ! behold the land
You seek—Ausonia ! Thither wend your way ;
Yet Fate permits not on yon shores to rest,
But onward steer to that far-distant port 550
Which Phœbus hath revealed. Go, happy sire
Of pious son ! let words of mine no more
Detain you, nor the rising breeze delay.'
Now, too, Andromache, sore grieved to part,
Brings forth for young Ascanius broidered vests,

With gold inwoven, and a Phrygian cloak,
Meet for his princely rank ; rich tissues, too,
From her own loom—and sadly speaks farewell :
' Receive, dear youth, these robes my hands have
wrought,

Pledge of Andromache's enduring love, 560

Last gift of her who once called Hector lord.

O sole surviving image of my boy,

My lost Astyanax !—thine eyes, thy mien,

Thine every look recalls him ; were he here,

Now had his dawning manhood matched with thine.'

Loath to depart, I bade, with tearful eyes,

The royal pair farewell : ' Rest happy, ye

Whom Fortune's fitful changes vex no more :

Me ever-shifting Fate drives to and fro.

Your rest is won : no stormy seas to brave, 570

No Italy, long sought, yet distant still.

Another Xanthus, and a second Troy,

Built by your hands, are here ; may kindlier Fates

Shield them from harm, nor envious Greeks assail !

Should ever Tiber and his bordering plains

Yield to my wandering people home and walls,

The sons of Dardanus in either land,

Epirus and Hesperia, kinsmen true

And linked by joint misfortune, as by birth,

Shall form in heart one undivided Troy,— 580

Long may our children's children guard the bond !'
Skirting Ceraunia's heights, whence speediest sail
Is made to Italy, we bear to sea ;
Low sinks the sun, and shadows veil the hills.
Then land our seamen on the welcome beach :
While watch is kept by turns, outstretched they lie,
And bathe their limbs in slumber's healing dews.
Scarce had the night-hours traversed half their round,
Ere wakeful Palinurus starts from sleep ;
He notes each presage of the changeful sky, 590
And strains his ear to catch the whispering breeze ;
Then marks the constellations as they glide
Along the silent heaven—Arcturus bright,
The watery Hyades and the Northern Bears,
And armed Orion with his belt of gold.
All signs betoken calm, and from the stern
He sounds his signal shrill. Aroused in haste,
Our camp is all astir ; the galleys, launched,
Spread to the breeze their snowy wings ; and now,
As pale the stars before the reddening dawn, 600
Dark hills and land just peering o'er the waves
Are spied. Anchises first shouts ' Italy !'
' Ho ! Italy !' our joyful crews reply.
Then fills my Sire a mighty bowl with wine,
And from the lofty poop invokes the Gods :
' Ye Powers supreme of Ocean, Earth, and Storms,

Grant favouring gales, and waft our barks with speed.'
Fresh blows the wind, the port expands to view,
And on the summit towers Minerva's fane ;
Our sails we furl, and drive our prows to shore. 610

Scooped by the fretting of the eastern surge,
The harbour forms a bow ; projecting rocks,
Dripping with briny spray, the inlet screen :
Two walls of living stone enclose the sides
With craggy battlements ; the Temple stands
Withdrawn. First omen here that greets our eyes,
Four milk-white steeds are grazing on the plain :
' War is thy badge, strange land ! ' Anchises cries,
' War's emblems these ! the steed is trained for war ;
Yet, tamed by skill, and coupled to the yoke, 620
Obeys the rein—a symbol thus of peace.'

To Pallas, Goddess of the clashing arms,
Whom first with joy we hailed, with Phrygian robes
Veiling our suppliant heads, our vows we pay ;
To Argive Juno next, the solemn charge
Of Helenus remembering, we fulfil
The sacrificial rites : this service done,
Veering our sailyards to the wind, we bid
The dangerous precincts of the Greeks farewell.
Then first Tarentum, built, if Fame be true, 630
By Hercules, displays its glassy bay ;
Lacinia's fane appears, and Caulon's towers,

And Scylaceum's coast, bestrewn with wrecks.
Then looms Trinacrian Ætna o'er the deep :
A roar of mighty waves and sea-lashed cliffs
Peals loud and far ; the boiling surges leap,
And the wild surf flies, mingled with the sand :
' Charybdis, as I live ! ' Anchises cries ;
' Those ghastly rocks that Helenus foretold !
Now to your oars, my gallant shipmates, now. 640
Swift—or we perish ! ' As he spake, 'twas done.
First, Palinurus snatched the helm, and drove
Southward, with grasp of might, the creaking prow.
All hands to southward strain with oar and sail :
Now on the crested surge aloft we ride,
Now sink, the waves receding, deep as hell ;
Thrice hear the hollow roar of caves profound,
Thrice see the dripping heavens suffused with spray.
Wearied at last as wind and daylight fail,
We drift, unknowing, on the Cyclops' shore. 650
Wide is the port, though screened from ruffling
winds ;
But Ætna, fraught with ruin, thunders near :
Now shoots aloft a cloud of pitchy fumes,
With whirling embers hot, and flakes of fire ;
Now belches fragments from the mountain's womb
Disgorged, and from the rumbling crater pours
The molten rock. As ancient legends tell,

Beneath that mighty pile Enceladus,
His giant bulk with lightning half consumed,
Imprisoned lies ; while Ætna overlaid 660
Through her rent caverns vents the smouldering flame.
Oft as the monster shifts his aching side,
Trinacria quakes through all her shuddering frame,
And smoke enshrouds the sky. We all night long
Couched in the woods, by hideous phantoms scared,
And sounds mysterious, lay ; no light appeared,
Nor sheen of stars, nor constellation's blaze,
But murky clouds and mists that veiled the moon.

Scarce had the dawning Morn from eastern skies
Dispelled the shadows dank, when from the woods,
Startling our sight, a figure strange and wild, 671
Human in shape, yet wasted to a ghost
By dire distress, in miserable guise,
With suppliant hands outstretched, approached the
shore.

We stood and gazed : a form with filth begrimed,
Long haggard beard, and garments tagged with thorns ;
Yet in his aspect seemed the wretch a Greek,
Sometime a soldier in the wars of Troy.
Soon as our Dardan garb and arms he spied,
Awhile by terror paralysed he stood ; 680
Then with impetuous haste advanced, and thus
With tears adjured us : ' By the Gods above—

The stars—this vital air and light of heaven—
O take me, Teucrians, bear me where ye list—
I reckon not whither! True, from Greece I came
With that great armament that sailed for Troy
To spoil your homes—for this, my crime confessed,
Fling, if ye will, my body to the waves;
Drown me in Ocean's depths—'twill lighten death
To die, if die I must, by hands of men.' 690

Imploring thus the stranger clasped my knees,
And grovelled at my feet. His name, his race,
By what malignant Fortune thus pursued,
We bade him tell: my Sire the suppliant's hand
Grasped in his own; that pledge new courage gave,
And, bolder grown, he spake: 'My native land
Was Ithaca; Ulysses, ill-starred chief,
My captain; Achæmenides my name.
My father, Adamastus, in his need
To Ilium sent me—happier far for me 700
Had Fortune left unchanged our lowly home!
Here did my comrades, as they fled dismayed
From that foul den, unthoughtful in their haste
Leave me defenceless in the Cyclops' cave;
A vast and murky vault, with carnage steeped
And revelries of blood. He (may the Gods
From such detested presence rid the earth!)
Of loftiest stature, towering to the clouds,

Abhorring sight and speech of mortal men,
Feasts on the reeking entrails of the slain. 710
These eyes beheld him grasp with his huge hand
Two of our hapless crew, as stretched he lay
Along the cave, then dash them on the rocks,
Drenching the spattered pavement with their gore.
I saw their limbs that quivered as they dripped
With blood betwixt his jaws. Not unavenged
Our comrades fell; nor did Ulysses brook
Such outrage, nor his native craft belie.
Soon as in sleep supine the monster lay,
With feasting gorged and stupefied with wine, 720
Extended all at length, and belching forth
The blood-smear'd fragments of his foul repast,—
With supplications to the Gods for aid,
And casting lots, we hemmed the giant round;
Then pierced with sharply-pointed stake his eye—
That single orb which 'neath his grisly brow
Glowed like the sun's red disc or Argive shield:
Such vengeance took we for our murdered friends.
But fly, unhappy strangers—fly with speed,
And cut the hawsers of your lingering ships; 730
For, vast as Polyphemus, and as fierce
As that grim shepherd who in mountain fold
Shelters his fleecy flock and milks his ewes,
A hundred giants more of Cyclop mould,

Unutterably savage, haunt these shores
And range the mountains. Thrice the moon hath filled
Her horn since I, in lonely thickets hid,
Crouching in caves and dens of beasts, have borne
A loathsome life ; beholding on the rocks
Those monstrous forms, and shuddering as I heard
Their voices and the thunder of their tread. 741
The innutritious berries of the brake,
The stony cornel, and wild roots upturn,
Were all my sustenance. Ever on the watch,
Your ships I spied, and, heedless whom they bore,
I flung me at your feet—enough for me
To 'scape the clutches of that fiendish horde,
Whate'er the death you choose to end my woes.'

Scarce ceased his words when on the topmost ridge
Dread Polypheme himself amidst his flock, 750
Heaving along his ponderous bulk, was seen,
As to the well-known shore he wound his way—
A hideous, huge, misshapen, sightless form !
A rugged pine-stem for a staff he bore ;
His sheep, sole joy and solace of his grief,
Around him flocked. When now he reached the sea,
Gnashing his teeth, the monster with deep groan
From his void socket washed the clotted gore ;
Then plunging in the waves, whose highest flood
His flanks scarce wetted, through the billows strode.

With terror seized, we hurriedly aboard 761
 The stranger take, who well had earned release,
 And cut our cables free without a word ;
 Then bending to our oars we pull for life,
 And sweep the main. The giant heard the sound,
 And wheeled about, impatient to pursue ;
 But in his effort foiled to clutch our ships,
 And by the Ionian tide o'ermatched in speed,
 He raised a shout so mighty that the sea
 Throbbled with the thunderous sound through all her
 waves : 770

Ausonia's distant plains with terror quaked,
 And Ætna's winding caves flung back the roar.

Roused at his call, the whole Cyclopean host,
 From hills and woods descending, thronged the strand.
 Along the beach we saw, with scowling brows,
 Discomfited, the sons of Ætna stand—
 An awful conclave ! lifting their huge heads
 Like giant oaks or cone-crowned cypresses,
 Jove's lofty forest, or Diana's grove.

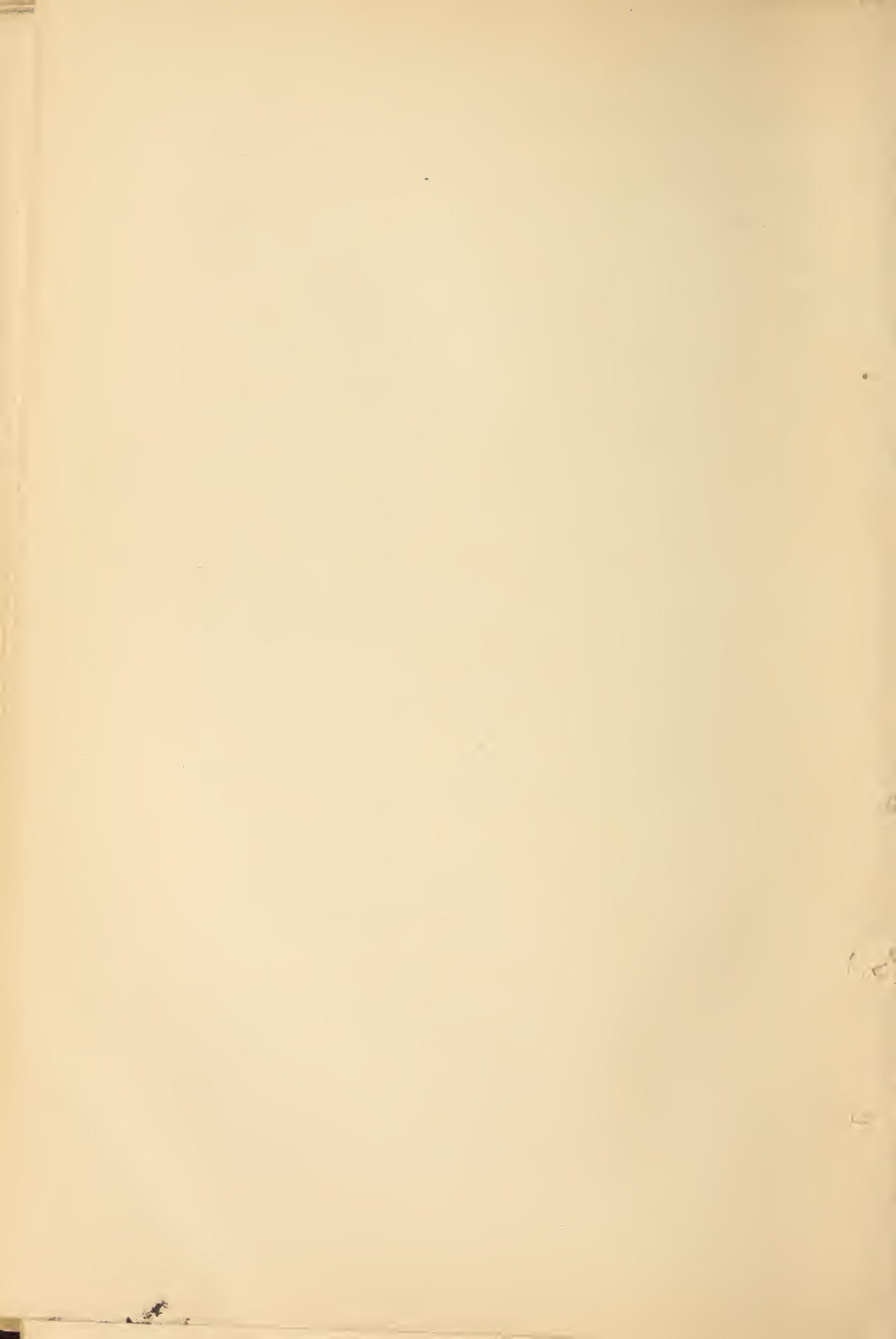
Reckless with fear our crews were fain to spread,
 Drift where they might, their canvas to the gale ;
 Yet dared we not, by Helenus forewarned, 782
 Midway 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steer,
 With equal risk and imminence of death
 On either hand : then backward we resolved

To turn our sails, when suddenly upsprung,
 Fresh from Pelorus' straits, a northern breeze.
 We skirt Pantagia with its basin scooped
 From living rock, the Megarean bay,
 And Thapsus, low-sunk coast: each land we passed
 Did Achæmenides our guide declare— 791
 Reversing now the course he traced before,
 Companion of Ulysses, ill-starred chief.

An island stretched athwart Trinacria's bay,
 Facing Plemmyrium's storm-vexed haven, lies,
 By ancients called Ortygia. Here, 'tis said,
 Alpheüs, who in distant Elis springs,
 Winding his subtle way beneath the sea,
 With thee, O Arethusa, mingling, yields
 His waters to the main. Forewarned, we pay 800
 Due honours to the Gods that guard the isle;
 Then leave behind Helorus and the plains
 That drink luxuriance from his brimming flood,
 Pachynus with his spurs of jutting crag,
 And Camarina's towers beheld afar,
 By Fate declared immovable for aye.
 The wide Geloan plains in turn are seen,
 And Gela, from its mighty river named.
 Next towering Acragas stands out to view
 For high-bred coursers famed; and past thy shores,
 Selinus, rich with palmy groves, we glide; 811

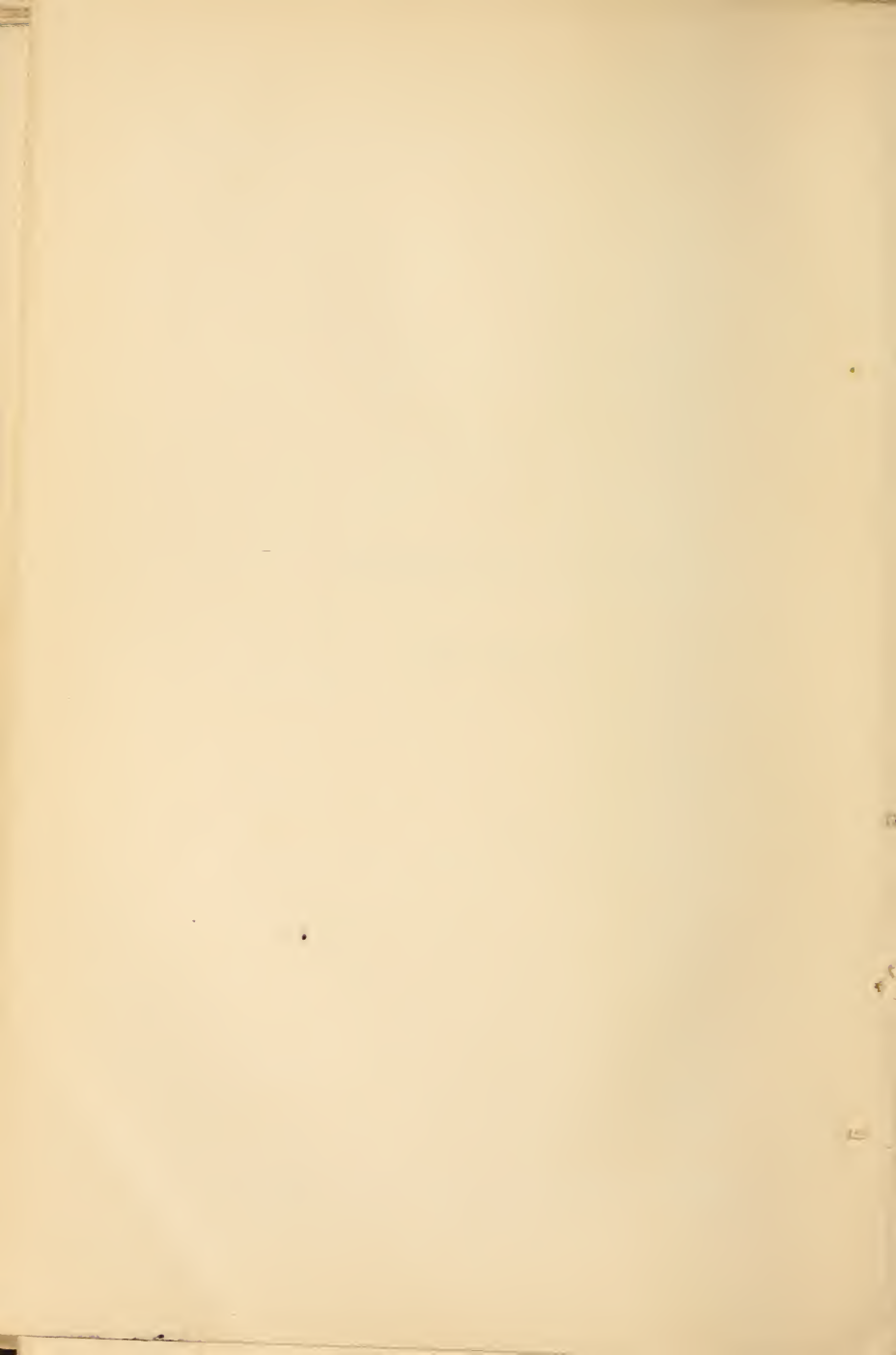
Then skirt with wary prow the rocks that lurk
In Lilybæan shallows, and at last
At Drepanum a joyless haven find.
For, wearied as I was and vexed with storms,
My Sire, beloved companion and support
In all my griefs, Anchises here I lost.
Ah! why from thousand perils saved in vain,
Dear father, thus forsake thy toil-worn son?
Of all the terrors Helenus foretold, 820
Of all Celæno's woes, was none like this,
My heaviest sorrow and my last; here, too,
The close of all my wanderings: sailing hence
Some friendly God impelled me to your shores.

Æneas thus, while all gave heedful ear,
His destinies, ordained of Heaven, declared;
His wanderings all recounted,—here at last,
Ending his tale, in silence he reposed. 828



THE ÆNEID

BOOK IV.



B O O K I V.

BUT now the stricken queen, through all her veins,
 Feels the keen pang, and pines with secret fires :
 The hero's worth, the glories of his race,
 Fill all her thoughts : his voice, his looks, are graved
 Deep on her heart,—no rest her pain allows.
 Soon as the morrow's sun with early light
 Illumed the earth, and chased the shadows dark,
 She to her sister's sympathising ear
 Her sorrows told : 'Say, Anna, sister mine,
 Whence these distempered dreams that haunt my soul ?
 What stranger-guest is here ? What stately mien ! II
 What valorous heart ! What prowess in the field !
 If coward fear bespeaks degenerate race,
 'Twere no vain thought to deem his birth divine.
 Ah me ! what hardships he endured ! what storms

Of Fate, and toils of long-protracted war !
But for my fixed resolve, that knows no change,
No more to bind me with connubial ties,
Since my first youthful love by death was crossed—
But that the bridal torch and rites I loathe— 20
This once might weakness find excuse to yield.
Yes ! Anna, let me own : since murder foul
Our altar stained, and by a brother's hand
Sichœus fell, this Trojan chief alone
Hath touched my wavering heart and thrilled my veins :
I feel new stirrings of that long-quenched flame.
But oh ! may earth her yawning gulfs disclose,
May Jove's red lightning hurl me to the shades—
The pallid shades of Hell and Night profound—
Ere deed of mine profane chaste Honour's laws ! 30
No ! let him hold it still who first subdued
My virgin heart—still guard it in his grave !'

She ceased, dissolved in tears ; then Anna made
Reply : ' Dear sister—dearer than my life !—
Must thy sweet youth in lonely sadness wane,
Nor children dear, nor love's sweet transports know ?
Think you such cares disturb the buried dust ?—
'Twas meet no suitor once thy widowed heart
Should please, nor Libya's sons, nor lords of Tyre—
Iarbas was disdained, and many a chief 40
Whom Afric, famed for high achievements, bred ;

But why thus struggle with congenial love?
Think how thine infant realm is girt with foes :
Here dwells the unsubdued Gætulian ; there
Numidians, wild as their unbitted steeds.
Inhospitable wastes, and Syrtes drear
Thy frontier bound, and Barce's desert-tribes
Marauding far and wide : why speak of Tyre
With war fermenting, and thy brother's threats ?
'Twas Juno's hand, I ween, and Gods benign, 50
That cast these Dardan rovers on our shores.
With Troy by wedlock linked, to what proud heights
Might Carthage rise !—what power thy Punic realm
Attain !—what glory from their arms allied !
Do thou with sacrifices first the Gods
Propitiate, then thy hospitable bent
Indulge at will, detaining still thy guests
With pretexts fair—while wintry tempests rave,
While turbulent Orion stirs the main,
And frowning skies bode ill to shattered ships.' 60
Such words heaped fuel on her bosom's fire,
Inspired new hope, and loosed the bonds of shame.
Then to the Temple haste the sisters twain,
And peace from Heaven implore from shrine to shrine.
Choice victims from the fleecy flock they slay,
To thee, Lyæus—to the Delian God—
To Ceres, mother of sage laws, nor least

To Juno, guardian of the nuptial bond.
Peerless in beauty stands the Tyrian queen,
With chalice in her hands, and pours the wine 70
Between a snow-white heifer's budding horns ;
With stately step before the altar moves,
Her votive offering day by day renews,
Bends o'er the reeking sacrifice, and scans
The quivering entrails with divining eye.
Ah ! bootless auguries, and prophets blind !
The love-distracted soul what prayers can soothe ?
What shrine its pangs allay ? the insidious flame
Meanwhile is mining at the bosom's core,
And inly bleeds the immedicable wound. 80
With anguish Dido burns, and through the town
Distracted roves—like arrow-stricken hind,
Whom, wandering heedless in Dictæan glades,
Some shepherd, aiming from afar, hath pierced,
And left his shaft, unknowing, in the wound :
O'er Cretan glens and brakes she maddening flies,
Fixed in her side the dart her life-blood drains.
Conducting now her guest, the queen displays
Her Tyrian wealth, her city's ample stores,
Strives oft to speak, but checks her thought half-told.
Now seeks the oft-repeated feast at eve, 91
And craves, infatuate, from his lips to hear
Troy's fate once more, and on each utterance hangs.

Parting at length, when sinks the paling moon,
And setting stars admonish to repose,
In her lone hall she pines on couch forlorn,
Still sees the absent form, still hears the voice ;
Or fondles young Ascanius in her arms,
And, ravished by the image of his sire,
Cheats, self-beguiled, her heart's unuttered pain. 100
Meanwhile the rising towers unfinished stand ;
The youth no more to martial exercise
Are trained ; their half-completed works they leave,
The ramparts and the port—and motionless
The mighty engines hang that towered to Heaven. —

Perceiving now the queen by such fierce plague
Possessed, e'en Honour's self to Love enslaved,
The spouse of Jove beloved to Venus spoke :
' A noble triumph truly hast thou won,
Rich trophies, vast renown, thy Son and Thou : 110
Two Deities to work one woman's fall !
Nor pass unheeded thy suspicious looks
On Carthage cast : but why this bootless feud ?
Why strive for aye ? Nay, rather let us make
Fast treaty, and with wedlock seal the bond :
The end thy heart did covet thou hast gained—
Through every vein enamoured Dido burns :
Then let us rule as one the nations twain ;
A Phrygian husband's sway the queen shall own,

And Carthage to thy son for dowry bring.' 120

Then Venus (well her rival's aim she knew
To found her Italy on Libyan shores)
Replied : ' Such truce 'twere madness to decline ;
Who would not rather choose thee friend than foe ?—
Might Fortune grant thy well-laid scheme success.
But doubtful destinies perplex me still ;
Will Jove permit that Troy and Carthage leagued
Henceforth one people form, one rule obey ?
His consort thou ; 'tis thine of right to know
That sovereign will, and urge thy suit. Go on ; 130
Thy guidance I obey.' ' That charge be mine,'
The haughty queen replied : ' Hear now the means
Meet for our end. Soon as to-morrow's sun
With his first orient rays unveils the world,
Thy Dardan hero and the ill-starred queen
Prepare for hunting in the woodland glade.
Then, while the foresters speed to and fro,
And spread their toils for game, will I a flood
Of murky rain and hail pour swiftly down,
And rend the skies with tempest ; all the train 140
Shall flee for shelter 'mid the thickening gloom :
The queen and chieftain in a cave retired
Shall meet, where I, of thy consent assured,
In wedlock's ties will bind the amorous pair ;
And Hymen shall his genial presence lend.'

She spoke, and, laughing Venus smiled assent,
Pleased to behold her rival's wiles unmasked.

Now from her ocean bed as Dawn arose,
Forth with the earliest light a youthful band
Pours from the palace-gates, equipped for chase 150
With nets and snares and hunter's steel-tipped poles,
Keen-scented hounds, and mounted Moorish grooms.
The queen within her chamber tarrying long,
Her Tyrian courtiers at the gates attend :
Impatiently her palfrey champs the bit,
Proud of his crimson housings pranked with gold :
She comes at length, with all her courtly train,
In richly-broidered vest of Tyrian dye ;
Gold from her quiver's polished surface gleams,
Her vest is clasped, her hair is bound, with gold. 160
There, too, amid his Phrygian compeers blithe,
Iulus rides ; but far surpassing all
In manly grace, Æneas joins the throng.
Fair as Apollo when from Xanthus' side
And plains of wintry Lycia he returns
Exulting to his native Delian isle,
Renews the sports and leads the dance once more,
While Dryopes and Cretans shout for joy,
And painted Agathyrsi hail their king—
His flowing locks with leafy circlet bound, 170
And twined with gold, he treads the Cynthian heights

With rattling quiver round his shoulders flung :
So graceful moved, such beauteous form and mien
Æneas wore !

When now the forest heights
The hunters gained, lo ! from their craggy lairs
The mountain-goats dashed wildly down the rocks ;
While, rallying from the hills their antlered herd,
The stags in dust-encircled squadrons swept
Adown the vale. On mettled steed elate
Ascanius heads the chase ; his mates outstripped 180
He passes one by one, and feebler game
Disdaining, fain would see the mountain-boar
Or tawny lion from the hills descend.

But now with gathering storm the welkin roars,
And hail and rain in mingled floods descend.
With sudden rout dispersed, the Trojan youth
And Tyrian gallants all for shelter flee ;
While down the mountains rush the swollen rills.
The Dardan chief and Dido, tempest-driven,
Meet in a cave retired ; then Juno, queen 190
Of Hymenæal mysteries, and Earth
Accordant signal give : the conscious Heavens
Those spouses saw and flashed with meteor-fires,
And wildly shrieked the Wood-nymphs on the steep.
Ah ! rueful day, with sorrow fraught and death !
Henceforth nor fame nor fair report the queen

Holds dear, nor strives her passion to conceal,
But cloaks with wedlock's specious name the sin.

Meanwhile through Libyan cities Rumour flies—
Rumour, that swiftest of all mischief works, 200
Grows as she runs, and gathers strength from speed :
Cowering and frail at birth ; soon bolder grown,
She stalks erect and lifts her front to heaven.
This, last-born sister of her Titan sons
Enceladus and Coeus,—mother Earth,
Resentful of the Olympian tyrant's wrong,
Brought forth—a monster swift of foot and wing,
Hideous and huge ; but, wondrous to relate,
For every feather in her plummy wings,
So many piercing eyes and wakeful ears, 210
So many mouths she wears, and clattering tongues.
Midway 'twixt earth and sky the livelong night
Buzzing she flits, nor shuts her wakeful eye :
By day on rooftree perched her watch she keeps,
Or haunts, a shape of fear, some city's towers ;
As prompt false news to forge as spread the true.
Among the nations now a tangled tale
Of fact with fiction blent, the fiend diffused,—
That great Æneas, Trojan-born, had come,
Whom beauteous Dido thought not shame to wed :
That in base dalliance all the winter long, 221
Mindless of realm and fame, the lovers toyed ;—

Such tidings blazed the foul-mouthed pest abroad.

To King Iarbas next in haste she flies,
Taunts him with burning words, and fires his soul.
Son of great Hammon he, by ravished nymph
Of Barbary, a hundred temples vast,
A hundred altars through his wide domains
To his divine progenitor had raised,
And guarded day and night their sleepless fires; 230
With blood of fleecy victims reeked the soil,
With floral garlands were the gates adorned.
He now in bitterness of soul, incensed
With that vile rumour, to his sovereign God
With outstretched hands before the altar prayed:
'All-puissant Jove, to whom our Moorish tribes,
Carousing on their broidered couches, pour
The full Lyæan goblets, seest thou this
Dread Sire? or, when thy lightning-bolts are hurled,
Start we in vain affright, and stand aghast 240
At empty threatenings and innoxious fires?
This woman—late a wanderer on these shores,
Who to our sufferance owed her petty town
And strip of purchased soil, disdains my suit,
And takes Æneas to her bed and throne.
He, like another Paris, with his train
Of unmanned sycophants, with essenced hair,
And Lydian bonnet round his temples tied,

Gloats on his prize : we on thy shrines, forsooth,
Heap gifts, and homage to a phantom yield !' 250

Him as he prayed and to the altar clung,
Jove heard, and, gazing down on Carthage, saw
The lovers, mindless of their better fame ;
Then to Cyllenius thus his mandate gave :
'Go, bid the Zephyrs waft thee : fly with speed,
And bear my message to the Trojan chief,
Who in yon Tyrian city lingers yet,
Of Fate regardless and his destined realm.

Not such his beauteous mother vouched her son,
Twice snatched, by her fond arm, from Grecian swords.
To master Italy she deemed him born, 261
Convulsed with empire's throes, and fierce with war—
One who old Teucer's race to loftier heights
Should raise, and bend all nations to his sway.
If, faint of heart and reckless of renown
The sire, must young Ascanius lose the prize—
His destined crown and heritage of Rome ?
What means this dallying on a hostile shore,
Ausonia lost, the Latian throne disdained ?—
Speak in one word my mandate : let him sail.' 270

Thus Jove : obedient Mercury on his feet
First binds the golden sandals tipped with wings,
That, soaring through the air, o'er earth and sea,
Fleet as the wind transport him ; next he takes

The wand, that conjures up pale ghosts from hell,
Or thrusts unbodied spirits to the shades,
Sheds or dispels soft slumber, and unseals
The eyes of death. With this he drives the winds
Before him in his flight, and breasts the storm.
Now, swooping down, he sees the towering peaks 280
Of hardy Atlas, who upholds the skies—
Atlas, whose pine-crowned head, for ever swathed
In clouds, is buffeted by blast and storm ;
The mantling snows around his shoulders fall,
Adown his hoary chin the torrent streams,
And stiff with icicles his grisly beard.
Here first with balanced wings the herald God
Tarried awhile, then headlong to the deep
He plunged, like sea-bird that, with lowly flight
Skimming the waves, pursues its finny prey. 290
So darts Cyllenius down 'twixt earth and sky,
Cleaving the winds, till on the sandy shore
Of Afric rest at last his wingèd feet.
Æneas he beholds new domes and towers
Constructing, where the Libyan huts had stood.
A falchion, starred with jasper, graced his side,
A mantle round his shoulders loosely hung,
That blazed with Tyrian purple ; each the gift
Of bounteous Dido ; her fair hand had wrought
The tissue, interlaced with threads of gold. 300

Straightway the God broke forth : ' Is this thy task,
Besotted with a wife, to build the walls
Of Carthage, and her beauteous town adorn,
Reckless of sovereign rights and nobler cares ?
Me the dread lord of Heaven and Earth hath sent,
Myself a God, to bear his stern behest,—
What dost thou, loitering on this Libyan shore ?
If dead to fame thy recreant spirit shrinks
From toil, bethink thee of Ascanius, reft
Of Italy and Rome's imperial crown.' 310
No more Cyllenius spoke, but, swiftly lost
To mortal vision, vanished into air.

Confounded at the sight Æneas stood,
With hair erect and utterance choked by fear :
Awed by the imperious mandate of the Gods,
Fain would he fly from that enchanted land ;
But how approach the queen ? how frame the words
Of parting, and her fierce resentment brave ?
Full many a project in his wavering mind
He ponders o'er and o'er : at length resolved, 320
Calls Mnestheus and Sergestus to his side,
With brave Cloanthus,—and imparts his plan :
Bids them in secret fit the ships for sea
With arms and stores, and muster all the crews ;
Dissembling well their aim : himself the while,
Since unsuspecting Dido fears no ill,

Nor deems such ardent love can ever change,
 Will seize some genial mood, some moment fair,
 His purpose to disclose. Their chief's design
 All hail with joy, and at his bidding speed. 330

But (ah! what art can baffle love?) the queen
 First marked the notes of parting, and alarmed,
 While all seemed fair around, their wiles foreknew—
 The same malignant Rumour to her ears
 Brought news of ships prepared and flight decreed.
 In ecstasy of rage, to reason lost,
 She scours the town; like Bacchanal possessed,
 Whom at triennial orgies of her God
 The wild Lyæan shout to madness goads,
 While dark Cithæron stuns the night with cries: 340
 With burst of wrath Æneas she assails:

‘Perfidious! didst thou hope to mask thy crime,
 And undetected from my kingdom steal;
 Regardless of our love, thy plighted faith,
 And Dido left a cruel death to die?
 And canst thou now beneath bleak winter's star
 Refit thy ships and tempt the northern gales?
 Inhuman! did no foreign shores invite,
 Were Troy, your ancient home, a kingdom still,
 Say, would those stormy waves be crossed for Troy?
 Or is it me you flee from? By these tears, 351
 By thine own hand, Æneas—since to me

Is nothing left, alas ! to call mine own—
 By our brief season of connubial joy,
 If aught my loyal service hath deserved,
 If aught in me thy fancy ever charmed,
 Pity my ruined fortunes, and renounce,
 If prayers can touch thee yet, that fell resolve.
 For thee the Libyan chiefs and Nomad tribes
 My rule abhor; for thee is Tyre my foe ; 360
 For thee was honour lost, and my proud name,
 Exalted once to heaven, is forfeit now—
 By thee forsaken, left alone to die,
 My husband—if that title be denied,
 At least my guest—to whom shall Dido turn ?
 Here must I tarry till Pygmalion come
 To raze my walls, or that Gætulian chief
 Iarbas bind me captive to his car ?
 Hadst thou but left me ere thy flight some pledge
 Of love, whose features might his sire recall— 370
 Some young Æneas in my halls to play—
 Not all undone and friendless had I seemed.'

Awhile she paused. He, warned by Jove, main-
 tained

Unaltered mien, repressed with stern control
 His bosom's pangs, then briefly made reply :
 'Remind me as thou wilt of high desert
 And generous service, nought from me, great queen,

Shall meet denial : never from my heart
Shall fade Elissa's form while conscious life
Beats in my breast, while throbs this breathing frame.
Brief answer for my cause I fain would make ; 381
Mine was no base device—dismiss the thought—
Unnoticed to depart and steal to sea :
Nor hither did I come in suitor's guise,
Nor ever to such compact pledged my vow :
Would Fate, indulgent to my longings, mould
My life, and shape its current to my will,
First would I choose to build old Troy anew,
Preserve those dear remains, raise Priam's towers
From dust, and vanquished Pergamus restore ; 390
But now to Italy the Æolian king
Apollo bids our lingering fleet repair ;
To Italy the Lycian oracles
Repeat the call—our home, our hearts are there.
If Carthage, Dido, to thy soul be dear,
If beauteous in thine eyes these Libyan towers,
Why grudge Ausonia to our homeless race ?
We, too, crave new dominions : oft as night
Robes earth in shade, and lights her starry fires,
My sire Anchises comes, a troubled ghost, 400
Scares me with dreams, and robs my couch of rest ;
The wrongs of young Ascanius urge me sore,
Reft of his destined heritage and crown.

E'en now the herald of the Gods from Jove
Sent down (by either awful head I swear),
Brought Heaven's imperious mandate from the skies :
His form all radiant gliding through the gates
These eyes beheld ; his voice yet fills my ears.
Embitter not with taunts thy heart and mine—
Fate rules, not choice, my course.'

Him as he spoke

With looks askance and eyes that wildly glared 411
The queen beheld ; surveyed him o'er and o'er
With silent scorn ; then burst her wrath in words :
' No Goddess-mother thee, false traitor, bare ;
No ancient Dardanus was sire of thine :
Thee Caucasus in stony dens begat,
Dugs of Hyrcanian tigress gave thee suck.
Why strive to hide my pain ? what heavier woe
Could e'er befall me ? Did he yield one sign
Of sorrow ? did he change a look, or breathe 420
Sigh for my grief or pity for my love ?
What wrongs can rival mine ? Nor Juno now,
Nor her Saturnian lord, my cause regard
With righteous eyes—no trust in God or men !
This ruined castaway I made my guest,
Fool that I was, and gave him half my realm,
His famished crews revived, and saved his ships.
Ha ! Furies ! how ye whirl my maddened brain !—

But now Apollo, mighty augur, speaks ;
Now Lycian oracles ; now straight from Jove 430
Comes Heaven's own envoy with some mandate dread.
Such cares, forsooth ! distract—such thoughts employ
The leisure of the Immortals ! Be it so.

I question not thy words, nor bid thee stay.
Fly where thou wilt ; to Italy begone ;
Pursue thy Latian empire o'er the waves,—
Doomed, as I hope, to pay, if Heaven be just,
The forfeit of thy crimes, dashed on the rocks,
And calling in despair on Dido's name.

My vengeance shall pursue thy steps with fire ; 440
And when pale Death dissolves this breathing frame,
My ghost shall haunt thee still : thy guilty head
Shall wrath o'ertake, and in the shades below
My spirit shall exult to learn thy doom.'

Abruptly here she ceased, then sickening, turned
And left him sore amazed ; by fear constrained,
Yet longing much to speak : the fainting queen
Her maidens to the stately chamber bear.

But good Æneas, though he yearned to soothe
Her grief, and speak soft pity to her soul, 450
Himself heart-stricken and distraught with love,—
Yet to the fleet, submissive to the Gods,
At once repaired. The Trojans all alert
Were hauling down their vessels from the beach ;

Careened and trim for sea, the galleys ride ;
While poles yet leafy from the forest brought
Are fashioned into oars : all speed the work,
In haste to sail. From every side a throng
Comes flocking from the town and crowds the shore :
Like ants that, mindful of their winter's need, 460
A pile of grain beset, and to their store
Bear off the provender : along the plain
Moves the dark troop, and down the narrow track
Impels the load ; with shoulders firmly set,
Some heave the ponderous mass, some drill the ranks
Or urge the lagging carriers ;—all the scene
Is brisk with toil and animate with life.
What then, unhappy Dido, were thy thoughts ?
What sighs burst from thee, as, from yon high tower,
Thine eyes beheld the swarming busy port, 470
The hurrying crews, and turmoil of the sea ?
Ah ! tyrant love, what heart withstands thy sway ?
By thee constrained, the queen submits once more
To supplicate, to weep,—nor leaves untried
Aught that may move her lover, ere she die :
 ‘ See, Anna,’ she exclaims, ‘ how thronged the
 shore !

What stir ! what haste ! Already to the wind
Their sails are set, their decks with garlands hung.
This sorrow that I hoped not to escape,

I lack not strength to bear ; but, sister mine, 480
 This only favour grant me ; for to thee
 That faithless one compliant ever proved,
 His thoughts to thee divulged ; none skilled like thee
 To seize occasion meet and gain his ear ;
 Go now and parley with our haughty foe :

‘ I never leagued with Greece ; I swore no oath
 At Aulis to destroy the Trojan name ;
 I sent no fleet to Ilion ; ne'er profaned
 Anchises' tomb, nor vexed his honoured shade.
 What means this haste ? in pity to my love 490
 Beseech him—'tis my last request—to wait
 Awhile, till wind and sea propitious prove :
 The wedlock he renounced I ask not now,
 Nor urge him to forego his Latian realm ;
 A little breathing-time is all I crave,
 Some respite from the fever of my brain,
 Till my sad heart be taught its grief to bear.
 This favour, sister dear, in pity grant ;
 Full well my death that service shall repay.’

Such was her prayer, which Anna to the chief 500
 Once and again conveyed, but all in vain :
 No tears can melt him, no entreaties move
 His unrelenting mind ; the Fates forbid,
 And the stern God to pity steels his ears.
 As when, with rude encounter, Alpine blasts

Strive to uprend some ancient sturdy oak—
 Hoarsely the tempest roars ; the lofty stem
 Is bowed, and foliage, from the summit torn,
 Bestrews the plain ; yet rooted in the rock
 The giant stands, his feet as deeply sunk 510
 In earth as towers on high his leafy crown,—
 So stern of mind Æneas, though assailed
 By ceaseless plaints that rend his heart with grief,
 Nor supplication heeds, nor idle tears.

Then Dido sinks ; affrighted at her fate,
 She prays for death, and loathes the light of heaven.
 Dire prodigies confirm her stern resolve :
 As on the incense-breathing shrine she laid
 Her gifts, the hallowed chalice—awful sign !—
 Grew black, the wine was curdled into gore !— 520
 Dread secret, e'en to sister's ears untold !
 Yet more : within the regal precincts stood,
 Memorial of her lord, a marble fane,
 With wreaths of snow-white wool and garlands hung ;
 Thence to her startled ear, at dead of night,
 With awful voice, Sichæus seemed to call ;
 While from the roof the melancholy owl,
 With long-drawn wailing note, his death-dirge shrieked ;
 And on her memory flashed terrific woes,
 Denounced by seers of old. Æneas now 530
 In dreams pursues her, and to madness goads.

Alone through dreary wastes an endless way
She roves, and seeks her Tyrian friends in vain,—
Like Pentheus, when he sees the banded Fiends,
Two citadels of Thebes, two suns in heaven :
Or like Orestes in the tragic scene,
When from his mother's grisly shape he flies ;
She with red torch and scorpion thong pursues ;
While scowling Furies on the threshold stand.

When now with frenzy fired, and crushed with grief,
The queen resolved to die, the mode and time 541
Herself devised ; then to her sister spoke,
Cloaking her stern design with tranquil brow :
' Rejoice, dear sister, I have found a spell
To win him to my arms, or cure my love.
Hard by the setting sun, where Ocean ends,
The far-secluded Æthiopians dwell,
Where Atlas on his shoulders heaves the skies
With stars bespangled. Hither from that land
Has come a priestess of Massylian race, 550
Who the far-famed Hesperian garden kept,
Watched o'er the golden-fruited tree, and soothed
The dragon guard with honey-moistened cates
And poppies' drowsy syrup. She, with charms,
Can love-sick bosoms ease or rack with pain ;
Arrest the planet's course ; turn back the stream ;
Or summon from the tomb night-wandering ghosts :

By her the yawning earth is rent with groans,
And the tall ash from mountain-summit hurled :
By Heaven and thy sweet self, dire need alone 560
Drives me to lean on Sorcery's baneful aid.

This charge be thine : within the palace courts,
But open to the sky, do thou construct
A lofty funeral pyre ; and on the mound
The arms, the vesture, and equipments lay
Which he, base recreant, in my chamber left :
Above them place the bridal couch, sad cause
Of my undoing. Fain would I destroy
All traces of that arch-deceiver's guilt.
The priestess thus enjoins.' As Dido spake, 570
A deadly paleness o'er her visage passed :
Yet Anna little dreamed what desperate thoughts
Her soul possessed—what deadly purpose lurked
In those strange rites,—nor feared she worse mischance
Than when Sichæus died. Her sister's charge
Unfearing she fulfils.

And now the pile
On framework of cleft oak and pinewood reared,
Within the palace rose, in face of heaven.
With leafy screen of dark funereal boughs
The queen enclosed it round ; above she placed
The scutcheon, sword, and image of the chief, 581
And (well foreseeing all) the bridal bed.

Beside the altar now the Enchantress stands
With weird dishevelled locks; and thunders forth
Her invocation to a hundred Gods
Thrice told: on Erebus and Chaos calls;
And Dian's threefold form in Heaven, Earth, Hell.
Then waters, of Avernus falsely-famed,
She sprinkles round, and potent philters brings;
Juices of poisonous plants, with brazen shears 590
By moonlight culled, and that weird lock of love
That sprouts upon the brow of colt new-born
Ere severed by its dam. The death-doomed queen,
With bare unsandalled foot and zone unbound,
The salt-besprinkled offering in her hands,
Bends o'er the shrine; appeals to all her Gods,
The conscious stars, and those benignant Powers
That pity and requite ill-mated love.

'Twas night, and slumber wrapt all living things;
The rustling woods, the sea's wild waves were still;
Their midway course in Heaven the planets kept; 601
Hushed were the fields, the flocks, the gay-plumed
birds

That skim the mere or haunt the bosky dell,—
All ceased their labours, and from carking care
Found welcome respite in the stilly night—
All, save unhappy Dido; she alone,
Sleepless in heart and eye, sad vigil kept:

Thick-coming cares distract her mind ; now love,
With fiercer pangs reviving, storms her breast ;
Now anger's wavering gusts in turn prevail. 610
Thus communes with her heart the indignant queen :
' Scorned as I am, ah ! whither shall I turn ?—
To those Numidian chiefs that wooed me once,
And cringe to suitors whom I spurned before ?
What then ? Commit me to the Trojan ships
A bond-slave to their will—such grateful hearts
Already have my bygone favours won !
But grant I wished it, could I thus intrude
My hated presence on their haughty crews ?
Misguided woman ! little dost thou know 620
Laomedon's forsworn and faithless race ?
What, if I follow in their wake alone,
Or, heading in pursuit the Tyrian host,
Drag my unwilling subjects o'er the waves,
Whom erst from their Sidonian homes I tore ?
Nay, better die at once and end my woes—
Fate well deserved ! Thou, sister, by my tears
Subdued, and to my madness falsely kind,
Hast wrought my fall—betrayed me to my foes.
Oh ! could I but have lived unmated, free, 630
As beasts of chase, nor known this load of care,
Then had my life been blameless, nor my vows
To dead Sichæus pledged been thus belied !'—

To such laments her bursting heart gave way.

Now on the lofty poop, resolved to sail,
His fleet equipped for sea, Æneas slept,
When at his side the same celestial form,
With voice of stern rebuke, once more appeared.
'Twas Mercury himself—his voice, his bloom,
His golden locks, and limbs of youthful grace : 640
'Is this a time to slumber, Goddess-born,
Blind to the dangers thickening round thy head ;
Deaf to the favouring breeze that woos thy sail :
A dark insidious plot the queen conceives,
Distraught with rage, and resolute to die.
Haste, then ! while time is yet thine own,—begone :
Full soon, should morning's light o'ertake thee here,
Yon sea will swarm with galleys—blazing brands
Flash far and wide—the shores be red with flames :
Delay not for thy life. A woman's mind 650
Was ever wavering known, and prone to change.'
He spoke, and vanished in the dusky night.

Scared by the dream, Æneas starts from sleep,
And rouses all his men. 'Awake, awake !
In haste,' he cries, 'bend, shipmates, to your oars !
A God from Heaven commands. Your moorings slip,
And hoist your sails. Gladly, O heavenly guide !
Whoe'er thou art, thy bidding we obey ;
Auspicious stars and speeding breezes send.'

His sword, unsheathed like lightning as he spoke,
The hawser cleft in twain—through all the crew 661
Contagious ardour spreads : they run, they haste ;
The port is cleared : the waves o'erspread with sails ;—
Swiftly the straining oarsmen cleave the brine.

As, rising from Tithonus' amber bed,
Aurora flung her earliest beams abroad,
Sad Dido from her watch-tower marked the dawn,
The fleet with full-spread sails far out to sea,
The abandoned port below ; then thrice she smote
Her beauteous breast, thrice rent her locks of gold.
'And shall he leave me thus, great Jove?' she cried ;
'This homeless wanderer thus insult my realm? 672
Why rally not my people?—bid them haste
To rescue—from their moorings loose the ships?
Swords, firebrands bring—launch boats, and put to sea.
What have I said? Where am I? Do I rave?
Unhappy Dido ! now thy guilty deeds
Find retribution : better had it come
When thou didst share thy throne ! Lo ! now, how
true,
How loyal to his plighted faith, the man 680
Who bears about, 'tis said, his country's Gods,
Whose pious shoulders saved his helpless sire!
Had I not power to seize that caitiff form,
Tear limb from limb, and fling them to the waves—

His comrades all destroy—Ascanius slay,
And for his father's banquet serve the boy?
True, there was risk in war ; perchance defeat ;—
What recked I, bent on death? I could have fired
Their fleet with torches, swept their decks with flame,
And in one blazing ruin sire and son, 690
With all their race, consumed—myself the last.
Thou Sun, whose beams all human deeds survey !
Thou Juno, witness to wronged lovers' woes !
Thou Hecate, with midnight shrieks invoked
In cross-ways dim ! ye direful Sister-Fiends,
And Gods who watch o'er Dido's end !—give ear,
Pity my anguish, and my curse fulfil :
If Fate and stern necessity ordain
This recreant chief should gain the Ausonian shore ;
May he—long harassed by fierce warrior tribes, 700
Torn from Iulus' arms, from his own land
An outcast—humbly supplicate relief,
While friends sink round him in dishonoured graves ;
Nor, when at length for ignominious peace
He barter fame, may he with prosperous age
Or power be blest, but perish ere his time
Cut off, and rot unburied where he lies !
'Tis my last prayer, and with my life-blood sealed.
And ye, O Tyrians, grant my buried shade
This recompense : with unrelenting hate 710

The accursèd race pursue ye, root and branch—
Let never league nor truce the nations bind !
Rise, some Avenger, from my ashes rise !
To scourge with fire and steel this Dardan horde,
Now, and in after-times, as oft as power
Gives reins to vengeance : battle to the last,
Ye and your children's children—arms with arms
Confronting, shore with shore, and sea with sea.'

Such were her words, her thoughts intent the while
On speediest quittance from the life she loathed. 720
To Barcè then, Sichæus' aged nurse
(Her own in Tyre had found a grave), she spake :
' Good nurse, my sister Anna hither send ;
With lustral water sprinkled bid her come,
And sable victims and atonements bring.
Thou, too, with pious chaplet wreathe thy brow ;
The sacrificial rites to Stygian Jove
Fain would I now complete, to end my pain,
And burn the Trojan emblems on the pyre ;
Her feeble steps, thus urged, the dame bestirred. 730

Trembling and pale at Death's impending doom,
Yet to her desperate purpose fiercely strung,
Rolling her bloodshot eyes, her glowing cheeks
With crimson streaked, the queen with hurried steps
Bursts through the inner courts and mounts the pile ;
Unsheathes the Dardan sword—ah ! luckless gift,

Ne'er for such use bestowed—and gazes round.
 The Phrygian robes, the well-known bridal bed,
 She saw—a moment paused to muse and weep,
 Sank on the couch and spake her dying words : 740
 'Dear relics of a happier time, while Heaven
 And Fate were kind, receive my parting breath,
 And from this livelong anguish set me free.
 My life is done—my destiny fulfilled :
 Now shall my queenly shade to night descend.
 A glorious city have I built, avenged
 A husband's blood, a brother's wrong repaid ;
 Blest in my lot—beyond all wishes blest—
 Had Trojan bark ne'er drifted on my shores !'
 Then on the coverlet her lips she pressed. 750
 'And must I die?' she said, 'and unavenged?
 Yes ! welcome death !—thus, thus 'tis joy to die.
 Let the false Dardan as he roves the deep
 Feed full his gaze, and may this blazing pile
 Flash on his soul the presage of despair !'
 Scarce had she ceased to speak, when on the sword
 Her maidens saw her fall—with horror saw
 The reeking blade and blood-besprinkled hands.
 Then tumult fills the palace, and abroad
 Wild Rumour stalks, and riots through the town. 760
 From house to house groans, shrieks, 'and women's
 wails

Break forth—the welkin rings with notes of woe.
Such was the din as though some warrior host
Had stormed the gates of Carthage or old Tyre,
And o'er their palaces and fanes the tide
Of conflagration rolled. Those sounds of fear,
With consternation breathless, Anna heard,
Smote with clenched hands her bosom, her fair cheeks
Defaced, and darting through the midst, addressed
The dying queen by name: 'Were these thy wiles?
Thus, Dido, didst thou cheat thy sister's love? 771
For this were altars, pyre, and rites prepared?
Forsaken that I am, all utterance fails
For grief like mine! Ah! wherefore didst thou scorn
Companionship in death? One hour, one sword—
It needed but a word—had both released.
Ah me! these very hands the altar raised,
These lips invoked the Gods, thy life beloved
The sacrifice; I—heartless—far away!
O sister! thou hast slain thyself and me, 780
Thy people at one blow, thy Tyrian realm,
All, all destroyed. Ho! water bring with speed
To bathe the wound. I with my lips will catch
The flickering pulse of life.'

Upon the pyre

She sprang, with fond caress the unconscious form
Embraced, and stanch'd the life-blood with her robe.

The queen just raised her heavy lids ; again
She swooned, while oozed afresh the gurgling tide.
Thrice, resting on her arm, her head she raised ;
Thrice on the couch sank back, with straining eyes
That sought the light, yet shuddered at its glare. 791

But now her lingering pains and slow release
With pity Juno saw, and from the skies
Sent Iris down, with ministering aid
To loose the fleshly bonds, the spirit free ;
For since nor crime nor ordinance of Fate,
But shock of grief untimely wrought her end :
Nor Proserpine as yet the golden tress
Had severed from her brow, nor yet her soul
To Orcus doomed,—for this did Iris speed 800
Her flight with dewy pinions, flashing back
A thousand tints refracted from the sun.
Then, standing at the head, ‘By Heaven’s decree,
This lock to Stygian Jove I dedicate,
And quit thee of this mortal coil,’ she said ;
Then closed the shears. The spark of life grew cold,
And mingling with the winds her spirit fled. 807

THE ÆNEID

BOOK V.

B O O K V.

MEANWHILE Æneas, firm of purpose, held
His course to sea : his galleys cleft the waves
Crisped by the northern gale : behind him lay
The city, red with Dido's blazing pile ;
What cause had lit the flame they knew not yet ;
But the sharp agonies of love disdained,
And the roused furies of a woman's breast,
With dire forebodings filled the sons of Troy.

Now on mid-ocean launched, nor land they saw,
Nor aught save skies above and waves around. 10
Herald of night and storm, the rain-cloud broke
O'erhead, and darkly frowned the furrowed deep.
The pilot, Palinurus, at the helm
Exclaims, ' Ah ! why these mists that clog the air ?
What wouldst thou now, great Neptune ? ' Then he
bids

His seamen furl the sails and ply their oars ;
And hauling round his vessel to the wind,
Thus to Æneas speaks : ‘ High-hearted chief !
Vain were the hope, though Jove’s own word were
pledged,
Through these foul skies to gain the Italian shore ; 20
The wind veers round, and from the darkening west
Beats on our sails aslant : the murky air
Congeals to mist : our straining ships no more
Make head against the storm, nor hold their way.
Since Fortune wills it so, we needs must yield,
And shape our course to hers. Not far, methinks,
If observation of the stars of old
Bears out my reckoning, are the friendly shores
Of Sicily, where once thy mother’s son
Eryx was king.’ ‘ Enough,’ the chief replies ; 30
‘ Long have I watched thee struggling with the storm,
That must perforce prevail. Shift now thy course ;
What more congenial haven could I find,
Our ships what friendlier refuge, than the land
Where reigns Acestes, true-born son of Troy,
Where, in his peaceful grave, Anchises lies ?’
Straight for the port they steer ; a favouring breeze
Their canvass fills, and, floating with the tide,
They hail with joy the hospitable strand.

The well-known ships that bear his friends to shore,

With wonder from the heights Acestes views ; 41
In shaggy hide of Libyan bear attired,
With javelins armed : of Trojan mother born,
The river-God Criniscus was his sire ;
His kinsfolk, mindful of ancestral ties,
He blithely greets, and from his rustic store
Regales with genial cheer the wearied crews.

 Soon as the morrow's dawn had chased the stars,
Æneas, all his comrades on the shore
Assembling, from a lofty mound addressed : 50
' Sons of the mighty Dardan, heaven-born race !
Through all its circling months the year hath run,
Since in the earth my godlike father's bones
We laid, and sanctified his altar-tomb.
Now, if I mark aright, the day is near,—
Sad to my heart, yet ever to be held—
Since thus the Gods ordained—in honour due :
That day, though exiled in Gætulian wilds,
On Grecian seas o'ertaken, or immured
Within Mycenæ's walls, would I observe 60
With ceremonial pomp and annual rites,
And heap rich offerings on the hallowed shrine.
Not by our own resolve, but, as I ween,
O'erruled by counsel of the Gods, we stand
Beside the tomb and ashes of my sire,
By Fortune to this friendly haven led.

Then let us solemnise our festal day,
Entreat the winds, and of Anchises crave
That, in our new-built city, year by year,
Commemoration at his fanes be made : 70
Acestes, true compatriot, on our crews
Two goodly heifers for each ship bestows.
Invoke to bless the feast your country's Gods,
Your own, and those your generous host adores.
When the ninth morn, illuming with her beams
The earth, shall dawn, will I a race proclaim
Wherein the ships of Troy may prove their speed ;
Then, too, the swift of foot, the stout of limb,
The combatants well skilled in bow or spear,
And those who dare with cæstus to engage ; 80
All for their meed of honour may contend :
Wreathe now your brows ; ill-omened words forbear.'

Thus speaking, with his Mother's myrtle-leaves
He twined his hair : thus, too, did Elymus,
Acestes, ripe in years, the princely boy
Ascanius, and his youthful compeers all.
Forth from the conclave then the hero came,
With countless train attended, to the tomb.
Libation there he made—new milk and wine,
And consecrated blood, of each two bowls— 90
In honour of the genial God outpoured ;
Then, strewing purple flowers, invoked the dead :

'Soul of my sainted father, hail once more !
Hail, holy shade ! hail, ashes saved in vain !
'Tis not for us together to behold
Fair Italy, our people's destined home,
Or Tiber, wheresoe'er that stream be found.'
Scarce ceased his words, when, from the inmost shrine,
A slimy serpent trailed his sevenfold coils,
Glided the altar round, and clasped the tomb— 100
His back with azure streaked, his scales with gold
Bespangled, like the cloud-encircling bow
With thousand tints refracted from the sun.
Æneas gazed astounded, as the beast
Amid the burnished cups his spiral folds
Wound harmlessly ; then, tasting of the meats,
The altar left, and sank beneath the mound.
Fired with new zeal, the pious son fulfils
The rites ordained, uncertain should he deem
The serpent, of that consecrated spot 110
The genius, or attendant of his sire.
Two sheep with customary rites he slays,
Of swine and coal-black heifers each a pair,
Then fills the flowing wine-cups, and invokes
The shade of great Anchises, and his soul
From Acheron released : his people too,
As each could spare of substance, cheerfully
Their pious offerings on the altar laid ;

Some lead the steers to slaughter, others bring
The brazen caldrons forth, or, on the sward 120
Reclining, pile the embers, and with spits
Transfix the meat and roast it at the flame.

Now dawned the ninth fair morning, and in light
Unclouded rolled the chariot of the Sun.
Allured by rumour and the honoured name
Of King Acestes, flocked the neighbouring tribes
In joyous multitudes, intent to see
The strangers, or themselves in games to strive.
First, in the lists the prizes are displayed—
The consecrated tripods, and the palms, 130
The leafy chaplets for the victors' brows,
Bright arms, and tissues shot with purple dyes,
Ingots of gold and silver ;—suddenly
A trumpet's peal proclaims the sports begun.

First enter for the race, with ponderous oars,
Four well-matched barks, the swiftest of the fleet :
Mnestheus—a name in Italy long since
Illustrious, whence the house of Memmius sprang—
Commands fleet Pristis with her stalwart crew.
To Gyas the Chimæra's mighty bulk, 140
Huge as a floating city, is assigned :
In triple tier her lusty rowers sit,
Three banks of oars they ply. The Centaur bears
Sergestus, founder of the Sergian name.

And brandished lash, the maddening drivers hang.
With shouts and acclamations of applause 171
The forest rings; the hollow shores fling back
The clamour, and the echoing hills reply.
Amid the press and tumult, Gyas first
Emerging, leads the race: him follows next
Cloanthus, weighted with his bulky craft,
Though better manned with oars: at intervals
Scarce differing, Pristis and the Centaur strive
For mastery; now a moment Mnestheus leads,
A moment, and the Centaur darts ahead; 180
Now side by side they row, with straining bows
Abreast, and furrow with long keels the brine.
Close on the rock at length the vessels came,
And neared the goal, when Gyas in mid-stream
Foremost, and deeming victory wellnigh won,
Addressed Menætes, helmsman of his crew:
'Why bear so far to seaward? to the left
Incline, and graze the barrier with your oars;
To others leave the deep. His words were vain;
Fearful of hidden shelves, Menætes still 190
Gave wider berth, and seaward turned his prow.
Yet louder Gyas shouted: 'Once again,
Menætes, shift your helm and hug the shore;—
Then turning, saw Cloanthus close astern,—
'Twixt Gyas and the crag's projecting edge,

Midway his bark he drove ; his rival passed,
Rounded the point, and found his sea-way clear.
But Gyas, stung with anguish, scarce restrained
His tears : of honour and his comrades' lives
Regardless, from the lofty prow he flung 200
The craven pilot headlong to the waves,
The tiller seized, and, cheering on his crew,
Steered for the goal. Meanwhile Menætes, old
In years and cumbered with his dripping garb,
Climbed the steep cliff, and on the ridge sat down.
Loud laughed the Trojans as they saw him fall,
And buffet with the billows : louder still
To see him sputter forth the choking brine.
But now Sergestus, struggling in the rear,
And Mnestheus, too, are fired with hope to seize 210
The vantage Gyas lost : the vacant space
Sergestus, verging on the rock, forestalls ;
Scarce half his length ahead, for Pristis shoots
Her beak midway along her rival's side. .
But Mnestheus, pacing down the deck, incites
His gallant crew : ' Now, now, my men, make way :
Clansmen of mighty Hector, whom I chose
For comrades in the last sad hour of Troy,
Show now your native prowess, tried so oft
Amid Gætulian quicksands, in the gulf 220
Of Grecian seas, and Malea's rushing flood.

I seek not, I, the victor's palm, nor claim
The foremost place ; yet oh ! if Mnestheus might—
But whom thou favourest, Neptune, his the prize ;
Yet to be last were shameful. O my friends,
Avert such obloquy !' With zeal new-roused
They fling them on their oars ; the stout ship reels
Beneath their stroke, the yielding waves recede ;
With heaving chest, parched throat, and quivering
frame, 229
They tug ! while floods of sweat their limbs bedew.
But now unlooked-for chance their efforts crowns,
For while Sergestus, reckless in his haste
The narrow intervening space to thread,
Too close upon the verge his galley drove ;
Fast on the jutting crags he stuck aground.
The rocks recoiled, while shivering on the peak
Grated the oars, and fractured hung the prow.
The rowers from their bench with uproar spring,
Their sturdy poles and steel-tipped boat-hooks ply,
And clutch the floating tackle from the waves. 240
But Mnestheus, with success elate, invokes
The winds to aid, and, speeded by swift oars,
Darts down the open channel. Like a dove
That in some cavernous rock hath lodged her young ;
Scared from her sheltering nook, in wild alarm
She flaps her sounding pinions as she flies ;

Then launching on the liquid fields of air,
Noiseless she floats, nor stirs her buoyant wings,—
Thus in fleet *Pristis* *Mnestheus* skims the wave,
Thus self-impelled the well-trimmed vessel glides.
And first *Sergestus*, labouring in the shoals, 251
He leaves astern, while vainly he entreats
Relief, and strives to row with shattered oars.
Next *Gyas*, with his monster bark unsteered,
Is forced his place to yield. And now alone,
Close on the goal, *Cloanthus* heads the race,
Whom *Mnestheus*, straining every nerve, pursues.
Then louder grows the din : redoubled shouts
Rending the skies, incite the chasing crew ;
These count the prize already won, disdain 260
Surrender, and would barter life for fame :
Those learn new courage from their own success,
And in the confidence of strength are strong.
Both now perchance had equal honours shared,
But to the Gods *Cloanthus* breathed a prayer
With hands outspread : ‘ Ye Gods, whose watery
realm
I traverse now, two snow-white bulls to bleed
Before your altars will I gladly yield
In quittance of my vow, their entrails fling
Forth to the brine, and flowing wine-cups pour.’ 270
Deep in their crystal caves beneath the main,

The Nereid band of Phorcus heard his prayer ;
The sea-born maiden Panopea heard,
And old Portunus with strong hand impelled
The bark : as arrow swift or southern gale,
She shot to land, and safe in harbour lay.

Then in the sight of all, Anchises' son
Loud proclamation by his heralds made,
And with dark bays Cloanthus victor crowned :
Gifts for the crews—three goodly steers for choice,
Wine, and a silver talent—next bestowed ; 281
But costlier guerdon to the captains gave :
A mantle to Cloanthus, wrought in gold,
With two meandering lines of purple edged
Of Melibœan dye ; the woof displayed
The beauteous prince * of Ida's leafy grove—
Him, as with nimble foot and hunter's spear,
Keen on his game, as one that pants for breath,
He chased the flying deer, Jove's warrior bird,
Swooping with forky talons, snatched aloft ; 290
Aghast his guardians stand, their agèd arms
Upraised to Heaven, while fiercely bay the hounds.
To him whose prowess earned the second prize,
A hauberk bright, with links of gold thrice coiled,
At once the warrior's safeguard and his pride,
The hero gave ; of which his own strong arm

* Ganymede.

Despoiled Demoleon on the battle-field
 Of Simois, hard by Ilion's stately towers.
 Phegeus and Sagaris scarce, with strength conjoined,
 The huge chain-armour on their shoulders bore ; 300
 Yet stout Demoleon, reckless of the weight,
 Chased, thus arrayed, the broken ranks of Troy.
 The third reward two brazen caldrons yield,
 And cups of moulded silver, richly chased.

Now decked with costly gifts the victors all
 Went forth, their brows with crimson chaplets bound ;
 When, scarcely from the treacherous reefs escaped,
 One tier of oars disabled, others lost,
 Sergestus hauled his luckless bark to land,
 With many a jeer saluted ;—like a snake 310
 Crushed on the highway by the o'erpassing wheel,
 Or by some traveller mangled, and with stones
 Of half his life bereft : in vain he writhes
 In impotent contortions ; fierce his front,
 His attitude erect, with hissing-throat
 And eyes fire-breathing ; but his nether part
 Hangs paralysed and helpless, as he drags
 His sinuous length, and doubles on his coil ;—
 Thus tardily the crippled bark made way,
 But spreading all her sails, the harbour gained. 320
 Rejoicing o'er his crew and galley saved,
 Æneas to Sergestus Pholœe gave,

A slave of Cretan birth, in textile arts
Well skilled : twin infants at her breast she bore.

This contest ended, to a grassy plain,
Girdled with wood-clad hills, the chief repairs,
Where, like a sylvan theatre, the vale
A circus forms ; there seats him on a mound
High-raised, the centre of a crowded ring.
Then prizes for the footrace he proclaims, 33°
And tempts fleet runners to contend in speed.
Sicilian youths and Trojans side by side
Stand forth,—Euryalus and Nisus first :
Euryalus for youthful grace renowned,
Nisus for pure affection to his friend.
Diores next, of Priam's royal line,
Patron, of high Arcadian ancestry,
And Acarnanian Salius ; Panopes
And Helymus, to sylvan sports inured,
Comrades of old Acestes : many a youth 34°
Besides, whose names oblivious Fame conceals.
Then spake Æneas : ' Hearken gladly all :
No runner in this race shall lack reward ;
Two Cretan javelins, tipped with burnished steel,
A battle-axe besides, with silver chased,
Will I on each bestow ; the foremost three
Shall olive chaplets wear and prizes gain :
The first a steed richly caparisoned ;

The next an Amazonian quiver, stored
With Thracian shafts, encircled with a belt 350
Of ample gold, and buckled with a gem ;
The third this Grecian helmet may content.'

Now all in line they stand, and at the word
Forth from the barrier spring, across the plain
Burst like a storm, and mark the goal in view.
Outstripping all competitors, more fleet
Than southern gale or levin's fiery wing,
Bounds Nisus foremost ; next, yet far apart,
Comes Salius, and with scanty space between,
Euryalus is third ; then Helymus, 360

Whom now Diores justles, with close steps
Grazing his heel, and had full space allowed,
Had passed him by, or dubious left the prize.
Close on the goal at last the runners came,
When Nisus on the blood-besprinkled sward,
Wet from the slaughtered heifers, slipped and fell.
Flushed as he was with triumph wellnigh won,
His tottering steps gave way, and in the mire
Dyed with the victims' gore, outstretched he lay ;
Yet ne'er in his extremity forgot 370

The love he bare Euryalus : to his feet
Struggling he rose, himself on Salius flung,
And rolled him headlong in the slippery clay.
Then seized Euryalus the foremost place,

And victor by his friend's devotion, flew,
With acclamation speeded, to the goal.
But Salius, with remonstrance fierce and loud,
Assails the conclave, to the chiefs appeals,
And claims his rightful prize, by treachery lost.
The favour of the crowd, his graceful tears, 380
And merit lovelier in a beauteous form,
Plead for Euryalus ; Dioreas, too—
Who vainly for the third reward had striven,
Should Salius gain the first—maintains his cause.
Then spake the chief: ' Brave youths, our rule abides
Unchanged—let none dispute the palm assigned ;
From me a friend's distress may pity claim.'
To Salius then a Moorish lion's hide,
With ponderous mane and golden claws, he gave.
Said Nisus : ' If misfortune finds reward, 390
And such rich solace to the vanquished falls,
What prize is mine, who, foremost in the race,
Was foiled, like Salius, by mischance alone?'
This said, he showed his spattered face and limbs,
Begrimed with filth. Benignly smiled the Sire,
And bade a shield be brought, the masterpiece
Of Didymaon's skill, which plundering Greeks
Had torn from Neptune's threshold, where it hung ;
Such guerdon to the generous youth he gave. 399
The race thus ended, and the victors crowned,

'Now,' said the chief, 'ye champions all who bear
Hearts well resolved, and courage for the fray,
Draw near, and bind the cæstus on your arms.'

Two prizes for the combat he assigns :

A steer, with fillets decked and gilded horns,
The victor to reward ; a falchion keen
And glittering casque the vanquished to console.

A moment scarce had passed when in his might,
Amid the applauding concourse, Dares rose.

He, only he, with Paris durst contend ; 410

He, too, at mighty Hector's obsequies,
The unconquered Butes, vaunting in his pride,
Bebrycian birth, and Amycus his sire,
Struck down, and laid him gasping on the sand.
Such he who, panting for the fight, displayed
His shoulders broad, reared high his head, his arms
Battling the air, alternately outflung.

Where shall his match be found? In all the host
None dares the gauntlet wield, and bide his blow.

Soon as he saw all rivals hold aloof, 420

He stood before the chief, the bullock's horn
Grasped in his strong left hand, and thus he spake :

'Since none accepts the challenge, Goddess-born,
Why more delay?—what need to tarry here?

Award me now my prize.' The Trojans all
Shouted applause, and claimed their champion's due.

But King Acestes in reproachful strain
Addressed Entellus, who beside him lay,
Couched on a grassy bank : ' Entellus, thou,
Once fondly deemed our bravest, canst thou sit 430
And tamely see without competitor

- Such honours lavished ? O remember him,
Eryx, that God, thy vaunted master once :
Where now thy fame through wide Trinacria spread,
And those proud trophies that adorn thy halls ?'

' Nay, prince, my thirst for glory is not quenched,'
He answered, ' nor my courage quelled by fear.
But, well-a-day ! the frosts of age have numbed
My limbs, and chilled the current in my veins.
Could I that prime of lusty youth recall, 440
Whereof yon blustering caitiff boasts him now,
'Twould need no gilded heifer to allure
Me to the fight ; nor care I for reward.'
E'en as he spoke, two gauntlets huge he flung
Down in the midst, which Eryx used to wield
Laced on his brawny arms with thongs of hide.
All gazed astonished at the sevenfold plaits
Of bull's-hide, studded thick with lead and steel.
Confounded more than all, and far aloof,
Stood Dares, while the chief turned o'er and o'er 450
The ponderous gloves, and poised them in his hands.
Then spake the veteran : ' Ah ! that ye had seen

The arms and cæstus of great Hercules,
And that grim combat on this self-same strand !
Those gauntlets did thy kinsman Eryx wear
(Mark you how stained with blood and spattered
brains);

With these he braved Alcides face to face :
These was I trained to wield when my strong arm
Beat with the pulse of youth, ere jealous age
Had graved his hoary furrows on my brow. 460
But since your Trojan champion dreads these arms,
Should good Æneas and my own liege lord
Approve, with equal weapons let us fight :
Fear not—the gloves of Eryx I resign ;
Thou, Dares, lay thy Trojan cæstus down.’
Off from his shoulders broad his double vest
He flung, his massive limbs and sinews bared,
And in the lists erect the giant stood.

Two gauntlets, then, well matched in weight and size,
On either champion’s wrists Æneas bound. 470

Now each with fearless mien on tiptoe stands,
Their arms upraised to strike, each head thrown back
To ’scape his rival’s blow : thus hand to hand
They spar awhile, and skirmish ere they close,—
One confident in youth and agile limb :
The other in his mightier bulk and frame ;
But tremblingly his knees their burthen bear,

And with quick sobs his panting bosom heaves.
Full many a sturdy buffet to and fro
They deal : their hollow ribs reverberate 480
With blows unceasing ; ears and temples round,
And crackling jaws, the iron tempest rings.
Erect Entellus stands, immovable,
Only by turn of body and quick eye
Baffling the blows ; the other,—like the foe
Who 'gainst beleaguered towers his battery rears,
Or to some mountain fort lays siege,—explores
Each inlet of attack, his rival's fence
Tries here and there, and seeks a breach in vain.
Entellus, towering in his might, uplifts 490
His arms to strike ; the Trojan, all alert,
Foresees the blow, and nimbly darts aside.
The baffled veteran spends his strength on air ;
But, by that impulse and his own huge bulk
O'er-weighted, prostrate falls,—so topples down
On Ida's steep or Erymanthian glade
The uprooted pine : confusedly from their seats
Spring the Trinacrian youth and sons of Troy ;
Shouts rend the air ; in haste, with pity moved,
Acestes lifts his comrade from the ground : 500
But that stout warrior, reckless of his fall,
And nought disheartened, to the fray returns.
Rage fires his bosom ; shame, and sense of might

Disparaged, nerve his arm ; in hot pursuit,
With right hand and with left redoubling blows,
He drives belaboured Dares round the field.
No pause, no respite—as the clattering hail
Pelts on the roof, so from each ponderous fist
Swift blows unceasing crush and stun the foe.
But good Æneas suffered not too far 510
The fierce Sicilian's soul to wreak its ire ;
He bade the combat cease, and from the lists
Exhausted Dares drew, with kindly words
Consoling him : ' Infatuate ! seest thou not
The Gods forsake thee for the adverse side ?
To them the victory yield.' At his command
The lists are closed. Stout comrades to the ships
Their luckless champion bear, his tottering knees
Bend under him, his head from side to side
Sways heavily, and from his lips spouts forth 520
A crimson foam—crushed teeth and curdled gore.
For him the sword and helm his friends receive,
The victor's palm and bull Éntellus gains.
He, overjoyed with conquest and his prize,
Exclaims, ' Thou Goddess-born, ye Trojans all,
Judge now the prowess of my youthful prime ;
See from what fearful fate was Dares saved.'
Fronting the bull he stood, with strong right arm
Drawn back, and rising to the blow, let fall

The massive gauntlet full betwixt the horns. 530
Deep in the skull it sank and crushed the brain ;
A lifeless, quivering mass low lay the bull.
Then, bending o'er the slain, ' Eryx ! ' he cried,
' A worthier victim here in Dares' stead
To thee I dedicate : this triumph gained,
The cæstus I renounce, and fight no more.'

A match for archers skilled in shaft and bow,
With prizes meet, Æneas next ordains.
A tapering mast Sergestus' galley yields,
Raised by strong arms and planted in the sand. 540
From thence a fluttering dove, the bowman's mark,
Suspended hangs. The rival youths flock round,
And from a brazen casque the lots are drawn.
First comes thy name, Hippocoon, worthy son
Of Hyrtacus, with acclamation hailed ;
Next Mnestheus, victor in the naval race—
Mnestheus, whose brows the olive chaplet crowns ;
The third is thine, Eurytion ; brother thou
Of that famed archer Pandarus, who first,
Urged by divine command to break the truce, 550
Amid the Grecian ranks his arrow threw :
Last from the helm Acestes draws his name,
Nor shrinks from youthful feats, though old in years.
Now with strong arm each marksman bends his bow ;
Each from his quiver draws the feathered reed.

First the swift arrow from the sounding string
Of young Hippocoon, hurtling through the sky
With force unspent, sank buried in the mast.
The tall stem quivered, and the affrighted bird
Her pinions flapped : loud plaudits rent the air. 560
Then stood bold Mnestheus forth, with bowstring
drawn

Back to his breast, and upward-straining eye,
But, luckless archer ! failed to strike the bird—
Severing the noose and flaxen bonds alone
That tied its feet : the captive, thus unbound,
Breasted the wind, and through the clouds upflew.
But with bent bow and arrow on the string,
Eurytion, swiftly gazing, marked her flight,
Brief invocation to his brother made,
Then pierced the fluttering ring-dove in mid-air : 570
Her feeble life expiring in the skies,
Sheathed in her breast the shaft to earth she bore.

Acestes yet remained, nor deemed it vain
To launch his arrow though the prize was gone ;
Proud of his well-trained hand and twanging bow.
But now a wondrous prodigy appeared,
Pregnant with dire events, as time revealed,
And evil-boding seers too late divined.
The arrow, as it cleft the watery cloud,
Burst into light and graved its path in flame, 580

Then, wasting in the blaze, was lost to view :
Like some bright errant star that flies unspHERed,
And trails athwart the heavens its fiery hair.
The Trojans and Sicilians to their Gods,
Awe-stricken, bowed in prayer ; the Dardan chief
Scorned not the omen, but with joy embraced
And loaded with rich gifts his ancient friend :
'Take these, dear Sire,' he said, 'the Olympian King
By such clear prodigies for thee designs
Transcendent honours : this fair guerdon, once 590
Bestowed on old Anchises, shall be thine ;
A goblet richly moulded, which of yore
The Thracian Cisseus to my father gave,
An earnest and memorial of his love.'
Then round Acestes' head the bays he twined ;
Acestes victor in the sport proclaimed.
Nor envied good Eurytion such award,
Albeit his shaft alone had struck the bird :
He took the second prize who cleft the cord,
The third, who lodged his arrow in the mast. 600

Now ere the games are closed, Æneas calls
The son of Epytus, companion true
And guardian of Iulus, to his side,
And breathes a secret message in his ear :
'Go, bid Ascanius, if his youthful band
Be mustered, and his horsemen all equipped,

In honour of his grandsire hither lead
His squadron, and the mimic fight array.'
Then from the lists he bids the thronging crowd
Retire, and clears the plain. On managed steeds
The youths before their parents' eyes defile, 611
While Teucrians and Sicilians shout applause :
Each round his close-trimmed hair a chaplet wears
Stripped of its leaves ; two javelins tipped with steel
Each horseman wields ; some burnished quivers bear ;
Circling the throat, a collar of bright gold
Falls on the breast. Three troops of cavaliers—
Twelve youthful knights to each, and officered
Each by its own boy-captain—scour the plain.
One joyous company young Priam leads, 620
Heir to his grandsire's name—thy gallant son,
Polites, destined to Italian fame ;
A charger he bestrides of Thracian breed,
Dappled with spots of snow, his fetlocks white,
And white the star that on his forehead gleams.
Next Atys, whom the Roman Attii claim
Their ancestor : in stature yet a boy
Was Atys, by the royal boy beloved.
Himself, Iulus, last, surpassing all
In beauty, a Sidonian palfrey rode, 630
Fair Dido's gift and token of her love.
Sicilian steeds, high-mettled, for the rest

Acestes lent. The Trojans, at the sight
Exulting, cheered the panting youths with praise,
And in the sons traced likeness of their sires.

When now, in sight of friends and clansmen all,
The cavalcade of horsemen had swept by,
The son of Epytus loud signal gave
With voice uplifted and resounding thong ;
Then parts each troop in twain—to right and left 640
Retires ; then formed anew, and, wheeling round,
With levelled spears they rally to the charge :
In evolution swift advance, retreat
By turns, and circle within circle wind,
With feint and strategy of mimic war :
Now turn their backs in flight, now brandish arms,
Now all abreast in peaceful order ride ;—
Tortuous as Crete's famed labyrinth of old,
Whose thousand paths and alleys blind, by walls
Impenetrably screened, all clue defied 650
To thread the inextricable endless maze.
In such fantastic guise the sons of Troy
Pursue their sportive tactics—fight and fly
Like dolphins that in Libyan billows sport,
Or dive and gambol in Carpathian seas ;
Such feats of arms and gallant horsemanship
First taught Ascanius to his Latian tribes
What time he built Long Alba's stately walls ;

By such traditions of the Teucrian youth, 659
And their young chief, the Albans trained their sons.
Great Rome herself through many an age retained
The ancestral usage : ' Troy ' she called the game,
And named the combatants ' the Trojan band.'

Thus honoured they with sports the sainted Sire :
But now capricious Fortune changed her mood,
For, ere the games were ended, Juno, still
New schemes revolving, her inveterate hate
Unsatisfied, sent Iris from the skies,
By breezes wafted, to the Trojan fleet.
She, gliding down her thousand-tinted bow, 670
Swiftly to earth descends, unseen of all,
Surveys at once the concourse at the lists,
The ships unguarded, and the port forlorn.
There, on the solitary beach apart,
Mourning Anchises' fate, the Phrygian dames
Sat gazing o'er the deep with tearful eyes :
' O waves untraversed yet ! O boundless main !'
Such their sad monody. With stormy seas
Outworn, for sheltering walls they sue in vain :
The Nymph, well skilled to feign, her form divine 680
And robe disguising, mingled with the throng.
Berœ she seemed—a mother once in Troy,
Honoured and nobly born, now bent with age ;
The Thracian chief Doryclus was her lord.

Discoursing with the matrons, thus she spake :
‘ O miserable ! whom the ruthless Greek
Dragged not beneath your native walls to die !
O ill-starred race, by cruel Fortune spared
For heavier woes ! These seven long summers past,
Since Troy was laid in dust, we, forced to fly, 690
Have traversed many a land, crossed many a sea,
Steering through treacherous reefs, by stars unknown ;
While Italy, long sought, eludes us still.
Here once our leader’s kinsman Eryx reigned ;
Now reigns his friend Acestes. What forbids
To build our city here, our wanderings end ?—
Dear native shores ! ye household Gods in vain
Snatched from the flames ! shall never city more
Bear name of Troy ?—no more these eyes behold
Xanthus and Simois, Hector’s hallowed streams ? 700
Nay, rather let us burn the accursèd ships !
To me Cassandra proffered in my dream
A flaming brand—“ Your home, your Troy is here,”
She cried. Such awful signs forbid delay ;
Now must the deed be done. Four altars, lo !
To Neptune blaze : the God himself supplies
The torch to kindle and the heart to dare.’
Swift, as she spoke, a glowing brand she seized,
And, whirling it aloft, with well-nerved arm
The missile flung. The matrons with affright 710

Dumb-stricken stood. Then spake an aged dame,
Pyrgo, once nurse of Priam's royal sons,
The veteran of the band : ' No Beröe this,
No wife of old Doryclus ; mark ye not
That more than human grace—those flashing eyes,
The mien, the step, the utterance,—all divine ?
Our sister Beröe have I left but now
Sick and in grief, debarred her part to bear
Of duteous service to Anchises' shade.'
Awhile the matrons stood with looks askance 720
Eying the ships, distracted in their choice
Betwixt the present and the promised land ;
When lo ! the Goddess, soaring on her wings,
Rose through the cloud and mingled with the bow.
Then wild dismay and frenzy seize the throng ;
They shriek, they snatch the altar's hallowed fires,
Despoil the shrines, fling branches, fagots, brands,
To feed the flame—the Fire-God, uncontrolled,
Riots o'er bench and deck and painted stern.
Meanwhile Eumelus, hastening to the tomb, 730
Bears to the startled concourse at the lists
News of their burning ships. As round they gazed,
Dense clouds of drifting embers filled the sky.
Then first Ascanius, as he led full speed
His youthful squadron, spurning the control
Of his bewildered guardians, to the camp

Spurred in hot haste. 'O wretched Trojan wives !
What mean ye?—what new frenzy this?' he cried :
' No Grecian fleet, but your own hopes, ye burn.
'Tis I, your prince, Ascanius.' As he spoke, 740
The helmet which in mimic fight he wore
Down at their feet he flung. And now approached
In haste Æneas and his Trojan band ;
But those distracted matrons down the shore
Fled wildly, loathing light, and fain to lurk
Concealed in dens and caverns—at the sight
Of friends abashed, and stricken with remorse
For their fell purpose : Juno's baneful spells
Had ceased to goad them. Not less fierce the while
The conflagration rages unsubdued ; 750
Beneath the moistened planks the enkindled tow
Is smouldering, and infectious vapour steals
From stem to stern ; nor might of stalwart arms,
Nor drenching floods, the fiery pest allay.
The pious hero from his shoulders tore
His robe, his suppliant hands outstretched to Heaven,
And thus for succour prayed : ' O sovereign Jove !
All-puissant ! if not utterly abhorred
By thee our Dardan race ; if mortal woes
Thou pitiest, as of old, defend our ships 760
From flames, and rescue from the jaws of death
This wreck of Troy ! Or, if the guilt be mine,

Hurl thine avenging lightnings at my head,
And crush me in thy wrath.' Scarce had his words
Found utterance, ere with floods of mighty rain
Burst a fierce tempest forth : the hills and plains
Shook with redoubled peals, and all the sky
Grew black with whirling blast and surging storm.
The decks were drenched, the half-burnt timbers
reeked

With moisture, till the murky fumes died out, 770
And all, save four good ships, escaped the flame.

But grieved with such mischance, and burthened sore
With anxious cares, Æneas wavered long,
Irresolute, to make those shores his home,
Heedless of destiny, or still in quest
Of Italy sail on. Wise counsel gave
Nautes, the sage, whom Pallas more than all
With varied lore endowed : he, weighing well
The wrath of Heaven by prodigies displayed,
And Fate's resistless ordinance, thus spake, 780
Lightening his leader's grief : 'O Goddess-born !
'Tis ours to follow, lead us where it may,
The path ordained : let Fortune do her worst,
He conquers who endures. A friend thou hast,
Acestes, of the heaven-born Dardan line.
Make him the willing partner of thy cares ;
The seamen thy diminished fleet may spare,

The recreants from thy noble enterprise,
The women wearied of the sea, the old,
The sick, the timorous to his charge confide ; 790
Here let them build their walls : with thy consent
Acesta shall their infant town be named.'

Such counsel cheered his soul, yet conflict dire
Of thoughts still racked the chief. And now pale Night
With her yoked steeds had mounted high in heaven,
When suddenly the image of his sire
Anchises, gliding from the skies, appeared,
And in sad accents spake : ' My son, more dear
Than life while life was mine ! O sorely tried
By Troy's hard destinies ! from Jove I come, 800
Who from thy galleys turned the flames aside,
And now relenting from high Heaven looks down.
Thou to wise Nautes yield obedient ear ;
Thy flower of youth, thy stoutest hearts lead on
To Italy. The fierce untutored tribes
Of Latium must by War's stern arm be tamed.
But first the nether realms where Pluto reigns
Thy foot must tread : beyond the Avernian gulf
Seek converse with thy sire ; 'tis there I dwell,
Not in Tartarean shades, the prison-house 810
Of guilty souls, but in Elysian plains,
The blissful convocation of the just ;
Thither, her sable victims duly slain,

The Sibyl, saintly maid, thy steps shall guide :
There shall thy destined home, thy sons unborn,
Be to thine eyes revealed. But now farewell !
Far spent is dewy Night, and on me breathe
The panting coursers of relentless Dawn.’
He ceased, and vanished like a mist in air.
‘ Ah ! whither hast thou fled ?—what cruel haste 820
Is this ?—why thus thy son’s fond arms forsake ? ’
Æneas cried : then kindled he anew
The sunken fires, and adoration paid,
With hallowed meal and incense, at the shrines
Of hoary Vesta and his country’s Gods.
His father’s counsel, then, and Jove’s behest,
First to Acestes, to his comrades next,
Imparts, nor leaves his own resolve untold.
The friendly prince approves ; the plan speeds well ;
A crowd of timid matrons, and of men 830
Uncovetous of fame, they leave on shore ;
The rest new benches for the ships prepare,
Replace the timbers which the flames had charred,
The masts with cordage fit, the banks with oars,—
A slender band, but ardent warriors all.

Meanwhile Æneas with a plough designs
The city’s bounds, allots to all their homes,
This place surnames from Ilium, that from Troy.
Acestes, with a patriot’s pride, surveys

His growing realm ; a forum he designs ; 840
Convokes the Senate, and proclaims the laws.
A temple to the Idalian queen they found
High on the steeps of Eryx, and assign
A ministering priest, and grove far-famed,
To guard the precincts of Anchises' tomb.

 Nine days of solemn feast and sacrifice
The sons of Troy fulfilled ; and now soft airs
Had lulled the waves, and whispering south winds
 wooded

Their fleet to sea. Along the winding shore
Burst forth the voice of mourning ; night and day 850
Friends soon to part prolonged their last farewell.
The women, too, and they who loathed the sight
Of the rude ocean, and its name abhorred,
All fearless now of hardship, longed to sail.
Æneas soothes their anguish, and with tears
Commends them to his royal kinsman's care.
Three calves to Eryx, to the Storms a lamb,
He slays ; then bids his seamen from the strand
Their hawsers loose ; himself, with olive wreath
Circling his brow, a beaker in his hand, 860
Stands on the lofty prow, and o'er the waves
The quivering entrails flings, and pours the wine.
Fresh blows the breeze astern, in friendly strife
The gallant oarsmen vie, and cleave the main.

Meanwhile, complaining to the Ocean King,
In piteous tones spake Venus, racked with care :
' To all entreaties, Neptune, must I stoop,
Since Juno's inextinguishable hate
Nor time can heal, nor piety disarm,
Nor Jove's behest, nor Fate itself subdue. 870
Unsated, though the Phrygian city's walls
Fell by her ceaseless rancour undermined ;
Though woes innumerable thinned the ranks
The sword had spared,—the wreck of ruined Troy
Her curse pursues. Why thus incensed with ire,
She best can tell : what turmoil late she raised
On Libya's waves thou knowest,—sea and skies
Her hand commingled, aided by the blasts
Of Æolus,—usurping thy domain.
E'en now, beguiling with malignant spells 880
The Trojan dames, she fires the ships, casts forth
The crews, abandoned, on an unknown shore.
I ask but this—safe conduct for the fleet
To reach Laurentian Tiber's banks unharmed ;
This—if the prayer be lawful—if the Fates
Concede the long-sought city—I implore.'
' Good reason hast thou, Venus,' then replied
The Ruler of the waves, ' to trust my realm ;
Thine own it is by birth, and I, in sooth,
Deserve thy trust. Full often for thy sake 890

Rude winds and angry billows have I stilled :
Nor less on land—be witness Xanthus, thou,
And Simois, too—Æneas was my care ;
What time Achilles hurled in hot pursuit
Back on their walls the breathless hosts of Troy,
When thousands fell before him, and the streams
Were choked with slain : e'en Xanthus scarce made
way

Down his encumbered channel to the main.
Thy hero then, in combat overmatched
By dread Pelides' arm and adverse Gods, 900
Wrapt in a cloud I saved—albeit I longed
To lay that perjured city in the dust
Which mine own hands had raised. Dismiss thy fears ;
My purpose stands unchanged ; the Avernian bay,
That haven long desired—thy son shall gain :
One only ravished by the waves—one life
A ransom paid for many—shall he mourn.'

Soothing the Goddess with such words, the Sire
Yoked his fleet coursers, foaming as they champed
Their bits of gold, his slackened reins flung free, 910
And skimmed with sea-green car the crested tide :
Stilled is the surge, and levelled by his wheels
That roll in thunder, sinks the billowy plain,
While scudding rain-clouds leave the welkin clear.
Strange shapes and uncouth monsters of the main

Their lord attend—the troop of Glaucus old,
 Palæmon, Phorcus, and his Triton crew ;
 Thalia on his left, and Melitè,
 Thetis, and Panopea, sea-nymph fair ;
 Nesæe, Spio, and Cymodocè. 920
 O'er his care-burdened soul Æneas feels
 New gladness steal : he bids his willing crews
 With speed their mainmasts hoist, and bend their sails ;
 All hands the hawsers tug, the sail-yards veer,
 And spread their canvass to the freshening gale.
 His pilot Palinurus leads the van ;
 The rest, observant of his signals, steer.

Now Night had climbed the pinnacle of heaven ;
 The drowsy seamen, on hard benches stretched
 Beside the oars, their wearied limbs reposed ; 930
 When, parting with his wings the dusky air,
 Sleep softly glided from the star-lit skies :
 Thee, Palinure, he sought ; ill-omened dreams
 For thee devising ; on the poop reclined,
 In shape assumed of Phorbas, thus he spake :
 'Son of Iasius, with the tide we float—
 The wind blows calmly—'tis the hour for rest :
 Steal from thy weary watch a brief repose ;
 Thine office will I take and guide the helm.'

With eyes scarce raised, the wary mariner 940
 Made answer : 'Canst thou deem me so beguiled

By Ocean's smiling surface, as to trust
The wily monster in his treacherous calm?
Shall I, oft flattered by deceitful skies,
Betray Æneas to the faithless winds?'
This said, he firmly to the steerage clung,
Nor ever from the stars unfixed his gaze;
But the false God a branch with Lethe's stream
Bedewed, and medicined with Stygian spells,
Above his temples waved, his faltering sense 950
O'ermastered, and relaxed his glazing eye.
Then, as the slumberous influence o'er him stole,
Grappling the prostrate wretch, he hurled him down,
With fraction of the stern and shattered helm,
Amid the waves, imploring help in vain;
Himself with wings outspread took flight to Heaven.
Yet not less swiftly sped the fleet, secure
In Neptune's promised tutelage. And now
Close on the Siren's rocky isle they came,
A dangerous coast of old, and white with bones; 960
E'en then the surge beat hoarsely on the crags:
His ship bereft of pilot, drifting wide,
The chief perceived, then seized himself the helm,
And through the darkness steered, bewailing much
His comrade's fate: 'Too blind, alas! thy trust
In sky and waves serene: on this lone strand
Unburied, Palinurus, must thou lie!' 967

THE ÆNEID

BOOK VI.



B O O K V I.

WEEPING he spake ; then loosed his flowing sails,
 And gained at last Eubæan Cumæ's bay :
 There, anchored fast, their beaks to seaward turned,
 With rounded stems the galleys fringe the strand.
 The impatient youth leap eagerly ashore :
 Some strike from veins of flint the imprisoned fire ;
 Some scour the forest, haunt of savage beasts,
 Or trace the winding streamlet to its source.
 But to the sacred heights, Apollo's seat,
 Devout Æneas hastes, and that dim cave 10
 Secluded, where the awful Sibyl dwells,
 Whose soul with Divination's mystic lore
 The prophet-God inspires : through Dian's grove
 They pass, and stand beneath her gilded dome.
 'Tis famed that Dædalus, from Minos' realm
 Escaping, on aerial pinions borne,

Far to the chilly north his flight pursued,
Till, resting on Chalcidian heights at last,
He vowed, in homage to the Delian God,
Where first he touched the earth, his oar-like wings ;
Then reared a mighty fane. Upon the gates, 21
Modelled in gold, Androgeos' cruel death
Was graved ; to expiate that foul murder died
Seven blooming sons of Athens year by year.
The fatal urn stood nigh—the lots just drawn.
In counterview displayed rose sea-girt Crete,
Pasiphæe's monstrous love and secret shame,
And Minotaur, that misbegotten shape,
Half-man, half-beast, offspring of lust abhorred.
Next, miracle of skill, the wondrous maze, 30
The Labyrinth's inextricable wiles—
Threaded with clue, which Dædalus supplied,
In pity to the royal maiden's* love.
Thou, Icarus, too, could art have mastered grief,
A place hadst found ; to grave thy fate in gold
The sculptor twice essayed, twice anguish keen
Unnerved the parent's hand. With curious gaze
The Trojans fain would linger o'er the scene ;
But now Achates with the maid returned—
Priestess of Trivia and of Phœbus too, 40
Glaucus her sire, Deiphobè her name,
Who thus addressed the chief : ' Unmeet the time

* Ariadne.

For shows like these ; let victims first be slain—
Seven lusty steers that never felt the yoke,
Seven spotless ewes.' Her bidding promptly done,
She bids them all within the temple stand.

Deep in the mountain's side a cavern vast
Was scooped, whence, peeling through its hundred
gates,

Bursts forth the Sibyl's utterance, hundred-tongued ;
Beside the porch they stood : ' Now, now,' she cries,
' The hour is come ; demand to know thy fate : 51

'Tis he, the God, the God !' As thus she spake,

At once her visage changed, its colour fled ;

Dishevelled was her hair ; unearthly seemed

Her voice ; her form dilated, as more near

She felt the o'ershadowing presence of the God :

' Now to thy prayers, Æneas, to thy prayers,

Else shall these awestruck portals ne'er unclose.'

No more she said : the Trojans' hardy souls

Were thrilled with fear ; the chief devoutly prayed : 60

' O, ever piteous to the woes of Troy !

Thou who didst aim the Dardan shepherd's dart

That pierced Achilles' heel—Apollo, hear !

Wide oceans have I traversed, thou my guide,

And many a sea-encircled coast explored,

E'en to the uttermost Massylian tribes,

And plains by arid Syrtes belted round :

At last Italia's long-sought shores we gained.
 Thus far had Troy's hard fate our race pursued.
 But ye, Celestial Powers, who looked askance 70
 On Ilion's palmy state and old renown,
 Her much-enduring sons afflict no more ;
 Thou, holiest priestess, Heaven-illumined maid,
 Vouchsafe this boon—'tis mine by Fate's decree :
 To plant on Latian soil our exiled race,
 Our Gods long-banished to their shrines restore ;
 To Phœbus then and Dian will I raise
 A marble fane, and jubilee proclaim
 In honour of the God. Thy mysteries too,
 Dread Virgin, will I reverence, and enshrine 80
 Thine oracles and books of mystic lore
 Among the sacred archives of my realm,
 To chosen priests consigned,—I ask but this :
 Write not thy fleeting utterance on the leaves
 For wanton winds to sport with : let thy lips
 Pronounce the dread decree.' He said no more.

But frantic now and panting to o'erthrow
 The mastery of her soul-enthraling God,
 The priestess writhes : the imperious Deity
 Her chafing spirit curbs and moulds at will ; 90
 Then with a sudden blast the hundred gates
 Roll backward, and she speaks : ' Escaped at last
 The perils of the main, yet sorer ills

On land await thee : to Lavinium's coast—
 Mistrust not this—thy Teucrian host shall come,
 Yet rue the hour they came. Wars, horrid wars,
 I see, and Tiber's waves run red with gore.
 Lo ! Xanthus, Simois, Grecian camps appear
 Revived on Tuscan shores : from Latium springs
 A new Achilles—he, too, Goddess-born ; 100
 And Juno's curse enduring cleaves to Troy.
 What tribe, what city in thy sore distress
 Shalt thou not sue for aid ! A foreign bride
 Is Ilion's bane once more. Yet quail not thou
 With troubles sore beset, but undismayed
 Outface the frowns of Fortune : least foreseen,
 Deliverance shall a Grecian city yield.'

In tones that thundered through the vaulted cave
 The Sibyl raved, with parables obscure
 Conmingling truth : the inexorable God, 110
 Her fury bridles and incites by turns.
 When hushed her foaming lips and calmed her throes,
 Æneas spoke : ' To me no shape of ill,
 O maiden ! unexpected seems or strange :
 All suffering hath my thoughtful soul presaged.
 One boon I crave : since here, if fame be true,
 Are those dread portals of the Infernal King,
 That lake whose fount o'erflowing Acheron fills—
 Grant me to see my father's face once more,

In his loved presence stand,—the path declare, 120
 The awful gates unclose. That agèd Sire,
 'Mid shower of spears and flames that raged around,
 I rescued on these shoulders from the foe :
 Companion of my wanderings, he endured
 All storms and accidents of sea and sky
 With fortitude beyond the strength of age.
 By his behest impelled, I sought thy shrine.
 Have pity, gentle maid, on sire and son :
 All power is thine ; by Hecatè ordained
 High-priestess of the dread Avernian grove. 130
 If Orpheus could his spouse from Hell reclaim,
 Armed but with tuneful chords and Thracian lyre ;
 If Pollux treads so oft the alternate road
 Of life and death, his brother's fate to share—
 Of Theseus or Alcmæna's mighty son
 What need to speak?—I too claim kin with Jove.'

Thus, clinging to the altar's side, his prayer
 Æneas urged : the Virgin Seer replied :
 'Son of Anchises, Heaven-born prince of Troy !
 Smooth is the downward road that slopes to Hell :
 The infernal gates stand open night and day ; 141
 But upward to retrace the steep ascent,
 This, this is toil and pain ! But few have dared
 Such enterprise whom righteous Jove most loved,
 Or high pre-eminence in merit raised

To rank divine. Adown the path midway
Stretch boundless forests, and Cocytus winds
His sable flood. But if such wish be thine,
Such desperate hardihood, to traverse twice
The Stygian gulf, grim Tartarus twice explore, 150
This must thou first achieve : half-hid from view
Amid a tree's dark verdure hangs a bough,
Its leaves and slender stalk alike of gold—
Sacred to Stygian Juno, and enshrined
Within the umbrageous fastness of the grove.
None to those nether shades may entrance gain
But he whose hand hath seized the mystic spray ;
This tribute beauteous Proserpine demands.
Soon as the first is plucked, a second shoot
With golden foliage bursts and sprouts anew : 160
Search warily aloft, then boldly grasp
The precious branch ; if thine the destined hand,
'Twill follow at a touch—else human arm
Would fail to break, or steel to cleave, the bough.
Meanwhile, unknown to thee, thy friend's remains
Unburied lie, and his dishonoured corse
Thy camp defiles, whilst thou before my shrine,
Inquisitive of Fate, art lingering still.
First to the dead funereal honours pay ;
Next slay the dark-fleeced ewes, and to the Gods
Atonement make : thine eyes may then behold 171

Hell's awful realms, by mortal foot untrod.'

This said, her lips were sealed. With downcast
mien

Went forth Æneas from the cave, perplexed
With such dark auguries : beside him walked
Achates, faithful partner of his cares.
Grave converse held the friends, and much surmised
Of what neglected corse, what warrior slain,
The priestess spake.

Lo ! as they reached the strand,
Ingloriously dead Misenus lay, 180
Brave son of Æolus, whose trumpet-blast
Pealed through the ranks and fanned the flames of
war :

Once mighty Hector's comrade, skilled alike
To wind the clarion or the spear to wield.
When stricken by Achilles Hector fell,
Æneas then, not less renowned a chief,
His valiant henchman followed to the field.
Him, as with tuneful shell he thrilled the waves
And challenged all the Gods to match his strain,
Did jealous Triton, if the tale be true, 190
Plunge in the foaming billows unawares,
And dashed him on the rocks. Loud wailing raised
The Trojans o'er their comrade ; most of all,
Æneas mourned his friend : with saddened hearts

The Sibyl's charge they hasten to fulfil.
A lofty altar-tomb they build, with trees
Hewn from an ancient grove, the wild beast's lair.
Low lies the stately pine, the ilex rings
With dint of woodman's steel; by wedges riven,
Yields the stout oak, the ash from mountain-side
Rolls down: Æneas foremost in the throng 201
Wields the broad axe and cheers his toiling crew.

As now in melancholy mood the chief
The far-stretched forest scanned, a sudden prayer
Burst from his lips: 'O that in yonder grove
Would flash upon my sight that branch of gold!
Since all too true of thee, Misenus, spake
The prescient Maid.' Scarce uttered were his words,
When two fair doves came fluttering through the air,
And lighted on the sward. O'erjoyed to view 210
The birds his Mother loved, 'Be ye my guides,'
He cried, 'and by your airy flight denote
The brake where that bright bough its shadow flings.
And thou, dear Goddess-mother, in this strait
Fail not thy son.' With slow and wary steps
He followed, marking well the ring-doves' track,
Heedful of every sign. On flew the birds,
Resting awhile to feed—as fain to lure
Pursuit, yet not outstrip the gazer's ken.
Soon as they came abreast the reeking fumes 220

With sacrificial meats and oil outpoured
They feed the flame. When o'er the embers pale
Sink the extinguished fires, they drench with wine
The dust and ashy relics of the dead. 250

Then Corinæus in a brazen urn
Enshrined the bones; and next with olive rod,
In hallowed waters steeped, lustration made,
Sprinkling the hosts around, and with loud voice
Bade the heroic shade a last farewell.

But good Æneas a colossal tomb
Raised to his friend, and o'er it piled his arms,
The oar he wielded, and the trump he blew:
A towering sea-mark on the mountain-peak,
Misenus called, that guards his fame for aye.— 260
This done, the Sibyl's bidding he attends.

Deep in a craggy gorge a cavern yawned;
A pitchy lake and forests black as night
Girdled its depths profound. No bird unharmed
O'er that dread orifice might steer its flight—
Such baneful exhalation through the air
Reeked from its murky jaws: by Grecians hence
Aornos named. And now the priestess takes
Four sable steers, their foreheads bathes with wine,
Then crops the budding tufts between their horns—
Prime offering to the Gods—and calls aloud 271
On Hecatè, adored in Heaven and Hell.

Then in the victims' throats the knife is fleshed,
And bowls receive the blood. Æneas next
To Earth, and to her sable sister Night,
Mother of Furies, slays a coal-black lamb ;
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee :
Then at the altar of the Infernal King,
Heaping the flames with flesh of mighty bulls,
Rich unguent on the steaming entrails pours. 280
Scarce had the dawn begun to break, when, lo !
Loud rumblings shook the earth, the hill-tops quaked,
And howling dogs amid the gloom announced
The Goddess near : ' Avaunt ! ye souls profane,
Avaunt ! ' the Sibyl shrieks, ' and quit the grove.
Thou, prince, march boldly on and bare thy sword :
With all thy courage, Trojan, arm thee now.'
Then madly down the yawning gulf she plunged ;
He with unwavering steps his guide pursued.

Ye Gods that rule the ghastly realms of death ! 290
Ye disembodied Shades ! ye awful Powers
Chaos and Phlegethon ! may I unblamed
Speak what mine ears have heard ! your depths unveil,
In silence wrapt and everlasting night ?
Along the void unpeopled plains of Hell,
Darkling they went, the solitary pair :
As when the fitful moon with sickly ray
Gleams on the traveller's path in forest dim,

When vapours clog the air, and every shape
 In that weird light looks colourless and pale. 300
 Beside the threshold, in the jaws of Hell,
 Sorrow and carking Cares their couch had made,
 And wan Disease and melancholy Eld,
 Base Fear, and Hunger, counsellor of ill,
 Terrific shapes, appeared : then Toil and Death,
 And Death's twin-brother Sleep and guilty Joys.
 Darkening the porch, War's horrid front was seen,
 The Furies on their steely beds, and Strife,
 Her snaky locks with blood-red fillets bound.
 Athwart the path an ancient bowery elm 310
 Its arms outspread ; there, clinging to the leaves,
 Swarms of fantastic dreams their covert made.
 Around were apparitions strange and births
 Portentous ; Centaurs stabling in the gates,
 Half-human Scyllas, and the hundred heads
 Of Briareus, and Lerna's hissing pest,
 Chimæras belching flames, foul Harpy fiends,
 And Geryon's threefold shape, and Gorgons dire.
 Scared at the sight, Æneas grasped his blade,
 And had not she, his sage companion, warned 320
 These were but lifeless phantoms, shapes of air,
 His sword had cleft their ghostly ranks in vain.
 From thence to murky Acheron lay the road—
 That lake whose whirling current, foul with slime,

Disgorges its offscourings in the bed
Of deep Cocytus. O'er these streams keeps guard
Charon, grim ferryman, whose aspect foul
Appals the sight : his locks unkempt, his chin
Shagged with a hoary wilderness of beard ;
His eyes aglow with fire, his gaberdine, 330
Tattered and vile, about his shoulders hung.
He with a pole impels, and speeds with sail
His dingy craft, and ferries o'er the pool
His shadowy freight—a veteran seems the God
In years, but stalwart in his lusty age.
A motley throng came flocking to the marge :
Matrons and bearded men, and youths and maids,
And ghosts of mighty chiefs whose race was run,
And children on untimely biers in sight
Of parents laid ; in number infinite, 340
As leaves that strew the woods in early frost
Of autumn, or the innumerable birds
Whom the chill blast of winter o'er the sea
Drives forth to sunnier climes. Upon the brink
With arms outstretched, all yearning to depart
And gain the further shore, the phantoms stand :
By turns the sullen boatman takes aboard
Now these, now those ; some rudely thrusts away.
Æneas, lost in wonderment, exclaims :
'Say, heavenly maid, what mean these thronging souls?'

Why this tumultuous concourse on the strand? 351
Those shades repelled—these ferried o'er the wave?'
Briefly the maid replied: 'Anchises' son,
True scion of the Immortals! you behold
Cocytus and the awful Stygian pool,
Which Gods adjure, nor dare to slight the vow.
Lo! Charon there—his freight the buried dead:
Yon outcast souls no sepulture have found;
Nor, till their mortal limbs in earth repose,
May cross the abhorred gulf. A hundred years 360
Their fitting spectres hover round the brink,
Then gain at last dismissal o'er the stream.'
In sorrowful amaze Æneas stood,
Moved with compassion for their helpless plight.
Amid the sad dishonoured crowd his eye
Glanced on Leucaspis, and that captain brave
Of Lycian ships, Orontes, whom the gale
Dashed on the rocks, engulfing bark and crew,
When o'er the stormy waves they sailed from Troy.
The pilot Palinurus next appears, 370
Late, on his Libyan voyage, from the helm
Plunged in the billows, as he watched the stars:
Him, through the murky twilight dimly seen,
The chief addressed: 'O Palinurus! say,
What fate befell thee? by what envious God
Hurled in the deep? Thy death alone belied

Apollo's words—else truthful ever found ;
For thee safe advent to Ausonia's shores,
Unscathed by storm, the Deity foretold :
Thus keeps he faith?' 'Nay, prince,' the shade
replied, 380
'Nor oracle of Phœbus played thee false,
Nor wrought a God my fall. Sure watch I kept,
Guiding the helm, when, lo ! the vessel's stern
Parted in twain, and whelmed me in the deep.
Be that wild sea my witness that I felt
Less for my own sad plight than fear for thee,
Should thy dismantled bark, of pilot reft,
Sink in the surging tide. Three wintry nights,
Tossed to and fro by blustering southern gales,
I drifted on the waves ; the fourth day dawned, 390
When from the billow's crest obscurely seen
Rose Italy to view : with much ado
I swam to shore, and deemed my perils o'er,
When some inhuman tribe, on plunder bent,
With swords assailed me, as the rugged rocks
I clutched, encumbered with my dripping garb ;
Now vexed with winds and waves my relics lie.
O ! by the genial light and air of Heaven,
By thy dear sire Anchises, by the hopes
Of young Ascanius, save me from this woe, 400
Unconquered chief ! Or back to Velia's port

Thy vessels steer, and on my hapless corse
Some dole of earth bestow ; or, if perchance
Thy heavenly Mother may vouchsafe her aid
(For surely 'tis some God impels thee now
To cross the bottomless Tartarean pool),
Reach forth thy hand and guide me o'er the stream ;
Then shall my weary ghost in peace repose.'
Sternly the Seer rebuked him : 'Hath thy mind,
O Palinure! such impious wish conceived? 410
Canst thou, unsepulchred, the Stygian lake,
Haunt of the accursèd Sisterhood, behold?
Unbidden wouldst thou tread this awful strand?
Deem not that Heaven's decrees are changed by
prayer ;—

Yet in thy sore distress this solace take :
For thy foul murder shall the bordering tribes,
Warned by celestial signs, atonement make,
Raise o'er thy bones a lofty pile, and rites
Ordained fulfil ; for ever shall the name
Of Palinurus mark the pilot's grave.' 420
He listened and was soothed ; the thought of lands
Entitled by his name his spirit cheered.

Now speeding on their way, beside the stream
The pilgrims came, whom, ere they reached the banks,
Observing from his skiff the boatman stern
Challenged aloud, and thus the chief addressed :

‘What errand brings thee here, a warrior armed?
Stay thy rash foot, intruder, come not near.
These are the realms of Sleep and drowsy Night;
This Stygian raft no living soul may bear. 430
Nor had I cause for joy that once my bark
Pirithoüs, Theseus, Hercules conveyed—
The last Hell’s yelling watch-dog bound in chains,
And dragged the cowering beast from Pluto’s throne;
Those daring ravishers would fain have torn
E’en from the couch of Dis his beauteous queen.’
‘Fear not,’ the Sibyl answered, ‘such designs
We own not, nor bespeak these arms a foe.
Still may the blatant beast with ceaseless howl
Scare the pale ghosts; still Proserpine may guard 440
With fame unstained her consort-uncle’s bed,—
Æneas, Prince of Troy, renowned alike
For warlike deeds and piety, hath come
To seek his father here. If filial love
Heroic fails to move thee, look on this.’
Then from her robe the golden spray she drew.
At once the wrathful pilot’s anger fell;
No more he said, but, wrapt in wonderment,
Gazed on the mystic bough, unseen so long.
Then to the margin drove his dusky prow, 450
And thrusting from their seats a ghostly crowd,
The hatches cleared, and in the hold received

The stalwart chief : the patched and crazy bark
Creaked with its load, and opened to the waves
Its leaking sides ; yet safely bore at last,
Amid the slimy sedge, the twain to land.

There Cerberus, the three-necked Warder huge,
Couched in his grisly den before the gates,
Stunned all the infernal precincts with his roar ;
The priestess, as his snake-encircled throats 460
He raised, a cake, with soporific drugs
And honey steeped, before the monster flung.
He, gaunt with hunger, oped his triple jaws
And gorged the food ; at once his giant limbs
Relaxed, his hideous length along the cave
Extended lay. Æneas swiftly seized
The unguarded pass, and left the stream behind,
Which whoso passeth once, hath passed for aye.

Now from the porch a sound of voices came
In concert sad : the wail of infant souls, 470
Whom, from their mother's breasts untimely torn,
Robbed of their heritage of joyous life,
Fell Death immersed in darkness. Next were they
By man's unrighteous sentence doomed to die :
These have their trial still, nor pass the gates
Unchallenged. Minos, stern inquisitor,
Presides in judgment, cites before his bar
The trembling shades ; their lives, their crimes reviews.

To them succeeds a melancholy band,
Who, loathing light, yet innocent of crime, 480
Flung life away : thrice happy, might they now
Brave toil and penury in the realms of day.
Fate bars retreat ; dark Acheron hems them round,
And Styx with ninefold current interposed.

Thence, stretching far, the 'Mourning Fields' are
seen.

Here, wandering in sequestered paths, with groves
Of myrtle screened, are they who drooped and died
By the slow pangs of unrequited love :
Not e'en in death their anguish finds repose.
Phædra and Procris here Æneas sees ; 490
And Eriphyle, pointing to the wounds
Her ruthless son had made ; Pasiphæe here,
Laodamia, and Evadne dwell,
And Ceneus, once a man, a woman now,
Here to her pristine shape by death restored.
Among the rest, the Carthaginian queen,
With wounds yet reeking, Dido, paced the grove :
Her through the twilight shade the chief descried,
As one who, when the moon is newly born,
Amid the gloaming sees, or deems he sees, 500
Veiled in transparent clouds her image pale.
Melted to tears, in love's soft tones he spake :
' Ill-fated queen ! the tidings then were true

That thou hadst perished in despair, self-slain ;—
Was I, alas ! thy murderer? By the stars,
The Powers above—and if these nether realms
Lend aught of sanction to an oath—I swear,
Unwillingly I left thy realm. The Gods,
Who bid me now Hell's loathsome depths explore,
Left me no choice but flight. I little deemed, 510
Departing, to inflict so keen a wound.

Nay, turn not thus away, but pause awhile ;
Recoil not from my gaze, nor scorn my words,
The last my lips shall utter in thine ears.'
With such fond pleadings, weeping as he spake,
Æneas strove to soothe her wrathful mien.

Fixed on the ground her stern averted eyes
She kept : as well might prayers avail to move
The insensate flint, or melt Marpesian stone.
Then hurrying from his sight she sought the grove
Where her first spouse, Sichæus, kindred soul, 521
Grieved with her grief, and love for love returned.
Touched by her piteous destiny, the chief
With wistful eyes gazed after her and wept.

Then onward they advanced, and gained at last
The confines of the plain, secluded haunt
Of mighty warriors. Tydeus here they found,
Parthenopæus, famed in battle-field,

Such vengeance wreaked?—who dealt those ghastly
wounds?

'Twas rumoured thou, on Ilion's fatal night,
Wearied with carnage of unnumbered Greeks,
Hadst sunk on heaps of dead confusedly piled.
Then, careful of thy fame, a cenotaph
I built thee on Rhœteum's lofty shore,
And thrice invoked thy shade—thy name and arms
Mark well the spot : thyself I might not find, 560
Dear friend, nor lay thy dust in Dardan soil.'
Then Priam's son made answer : ' Well thy part
Was done—all honours to my relics paid ;
Mine own hard fortune, and the accursèd wiles
Of that Lacænian traitress, wrought my fall :
These parting tokens of her love she gave.
Need I remind thee?—who can e'er forget?—
How in mad mirth we spent that night of woe,
When o'er our ramparts stalked the fateful horse,
Teeming with steel-clad men. In dancing guise 570
A tribe of Phrygian Bacchanals she led,
Herself a torch amid the orgies bore,
And from the fort waved signals to the foe.
As wearied on my ill-starred couch I lay,
And on my eyelids fell sleep's soothing balm,
Deep as the dreamless slumber of the dead,
My peerless spouse our mansion stripped of arms,

And stole my trusty falchion from my side ;
To Menelaus then unclosed the doors—
Fain by such service to her amorous lord 580
To earn oblivion for her past misdeeds.
Why linger o'er the tale? The Greeks burst in—
Ulysses, soul of mischief, with the rest.
Requite such outrage on their heads, ye Gods,
If righteous prayer be mine ! But tell me now
What errand brings thee here, a living man ?
Hath Heaven's own mandate, or mischance of sea,
Or stress of Fortune, urged thee to explore
These joyless realms that never saw the sun ?'
Such converse held they till the car of day, 590
With roseate wheels, had traversed half the Heaven,
And all their time in fond discourse had sped ;
But now the Sibyl spoke : ' Night falls apace,
Æneas ; weeping thus, we waste the hours.
Henceforth the road, diverging, parts in twain—
The right to Stygian Jove's pavilion leads
And blest Elysium ; Tartarus on the left,
Abode of crime and penal torment, lies.'
' Nay, chide not, gracious prophetess,' the Shade
Replied. ' I go, and hasten to fulfil 600
My term of durance in the house of gloom.
Pride of our race, illustrious chief, farewell !
May happier Fates attend thee !' Suddenly

He turned, and as he spake was lost to view.

Æneas gazed around : beneath a rock
That beetled on the left, a fortress rose,
With triple walls encircled ; round its base
Rolled fiery-flowing Phlegethon, with sound
Of thunder whirling down the rocky gorge.
A gate, with adamantine columns huge,
Fronted the pass : no might of mortal men,
Nor all the embattled Gods, could burst its bars.
An iron tower stood near ; before the porch
Tisiphone, in vesture dyed with blood,
Keeps watch and ward unceasing night and day :
Hence agonising cries and scourgings dire,
And grating bolts are heard and clanking chains.
Affrighted at the din Æneas stood :

610

‘ Say, holy maid, what scenes of guilt are here?—

What tortures of the damned?—what shrieks of woe?’

‘ Great chief of Troy,’ the prophetess replied, 621

‘ These courts accurst no guiltless foot may tread.

To me, when to my guardianship she gave

The Avernian grove, did Hecatè reveal

The secrets of this prison-house of woe.

Here Rhadamanthus holds his awful court,

Unmasks deceit, and from the conscious souls

Confession wrings of crimes by fraud concealed,

Till death exacts atonement, late but sure.

Then fell Tisiphonè, insulting fiend, 630
Leaps on the felon spectres, scourge in hand,
And brandishing aloft her knotted snakes,
Goads on her sister Furies to their prey.

‘Lo ! now on grating hinges backward roll
The infernal gates. Mark you what horrid shape
Cowers at the porch—what hideous sentinel
The threshold guards !—a Hydra, fiercer still,
With fifty yawning throats, lies couched within.
As deep the abyss and sheer descent of Hell,
As measures twice the space ’twixt earth and sky.
Down in the lowest pit, by lightning scathed, 641
Earth’s ancient brood, the Titans weltering lie.
With those twin giants of Aloeus born,
Who fain would storm the battlements of Heaven,
And drag the all-puissant Thunderer from his throne.
Salmoneus, too, I saw with tortures racked,
Who dared to counterfeit the Olympian peal,
And Jove’s own fires : he, with four harnessed
steeds,
Flaunting his fiery torch, along the streets
Of Elis drove, and in the sight of Greece 650
Usurped the honours of the Gods. Vain fool !
To mock with tramp of horse and brazen clang
The inimitable thunderbolts of Heaven ?
Him, not with smouldering brand or cresset dim,

But with red lightning from the livid cloud,
The Omnipotent hurled headlong to the Shades.
There Tityos, offspring of all-nurturing Earth,
Lies stretched full forty roods the rocks along ;
While on his never-dying entrails preys,
With forky talons delving in the flesh, 660
The vulture huge, and battens on his breast,
Tearing the fibrous core that grows afresh
With endless renovation. Need I speak
Of Lapithæ, or Ixion's dreadful doom,
Or thine, Pirithous? Ever o'er their heads
Impends the falling rock that never falls ;
Rich couches gleam with pedestals of gold,
And sumptuous feasts are spread before their gaze :
Lo ! at the banquet sits the Fury Queen,
And from the untasted food the famished ghosts 670
With brandished torch and voice of thunder, scares.

'In durance here the souls await their doom,
Who, living, 'gainst a brother burned with hate,
Who smote a parent or a client wronged,
Or brooded o'er their hoarded wealth, withheld
From other's need ;—a countless legion these—
Or died the adulterer's death for bed defiled,
Or raised the banner of unnatural war,
Or master's trust perfidiously betrayed.
What destiny of sufferance waits on each 680

'Twere fruitless to inquire. Some upward roll
The huge recoiling stone, or on the spokes
Of wheels extended hang—in fixed despair
There sits unhappy Theseus, and shall sit
To endless time ; and Phlegyas ever chants
The same sad warning, and proclaims aloud,
“ Revere the Gods, ye mortals, and be just.”
This sold his country's liberties for gold,
Imposed a tyrant's yoke, and for base gain
Changed to and fro the landmarks of the law ; 690
That stained with foul embrace a daughter's bed ;
Each dared some nameless prodigy of guilt,
And triumphed in his daring. Vain the task,
Had I a hundred throats and lungs of steel,
To number all the enormities of crime,
And endless catalogue of penal woes.'

Thus spake the ancient Prophetess : ' But now
Speed onward to thy destined task,' she cried ;
' Already, by Cyclopean forges wrought,
The palace-walls of Dis, and those huge gates 700
Whose threshold fronts our path, are plain to view :
'Tis here our offering must be paid.' She ceased ;
Then straightway down the darkling path they strode,
The intermediate region swiftly passed,
And gained the portal. With unfaltering step
Entered the chief ; with flowing stream his limbs

He bathed, then o'er the lintel fixed the bough.

And now, their homage to the Goddess paid,
To joyous regions, ever-blooming bowers,
Delightful groves, and mansions of the blest, 710
Their pathway led. An ampler, purer air
Floats round and bathes in light the glowing clime ;
Its own bright sun and stars illumine the sky.
In friendly strife disporting in the lists,
Or wrestling on the sands, the ghosts are seen.
Some to the dance beat time, or carols sing.
In flowing robe, the Thracian prophet-bard *
Wakes Music's sevenfold notes, and sweeps the lyre
With glancing fingers or with ivory bow.
Here rest the high-souled chiefs of Teucer's line,
True warriors of the old heroic time, 721
Assaracus and Linus—mighty names—
And Troy's great founder, Dardanus. With awe
Æneas views their arms and shadowy cars :
Fixed in the ground their spears ; their coursers graze
Unharnessed o'er the plain,—the same delight
In show of glittering arms, the same fond pride
Of glossy steed and chariot that inspired
The living hero's soul, outlasts the grave.
Stretched on the grassy sward are others seen, 730
With feast and symphonies of joyous song

* Orpheus.

Whiling the hours ; around them laurel groves
Shed fragrance, and with ample tide rolls down
His earth-born stream Eridanus. Here dwell
Patriots, who, battling for their country, bled ;
Priests undefiled, and holy bards who sang
Strains such as Phœbus loves ; and they whose minds
Inventive by new arts embellished life ;
And they whose deeds beneficent are shrined
In grateful memories—with snow-white wreaths 740
These all are crowned. The Sibyl this bright throng
Addressed ; but first Musæus, as he stood
The centre of a group, surpassing all
In form majestic : ‘ Tell me, happy souls,
And thou, blest minstrel, in what region dwells
Renowned Anchises ? Hither have we come,
And crossed Hell’s awful gulf, to find his shade.’
Briefly the bard replied : ‘ No fixed abode
Is ours ; we rove at large in bosky glades,
On grassy slopes repose, and haunt the meads 750
With freshening rivulets green : from yonder height
Would ye so far ascend, the path is plain.’
He led the way, and from the summit showed
The glittering champaign;—thither sped the pair.

It chanced that in a green sequestered vale
The patriarch chief Anchises, wrapt in thought,
Was musing on the souls, secluded now,

But destined soon to rise to upper day :
Before his prescient gaze in vision passed
His own dear progeny,—of each in turn 760
The fortunes, fates, achievements, he surveyed ;
But when Æneas o'er the sward he spied
Advancing, both his arms in ecstasy
Of joy the Sire outflung—his eyes with tears
Brimmed o'er—his lips found utterance : ' Art thou
 come,
O long desired ?—and hath thy filial love
Surmounted all the terrors of the way ?
And may I see thee face to face once more ?
And talk with thee in old familiar strain ?
Surely my heart with no vain forecast deemed 770
Our meeting near, computing well the time.
What perilous adventures hast thou braved !
What tracts of land and ocean travelled o'er,
Since last these arms embraced thee ! How I feared
Lest Libya's witcheries should work thee ill !'
'Twas thou, dear Sire,' Æneas made reply,
'Twas thy sad ghost, that many a time and oft,
Urged me to seek thee here. On Tuscan seas
My galleys safely ride. O bid me clasp
Thy hand in mine, nor shun this last embrace !' 780
Tears down his cheeks were coursing as he spake ;
Thrice round that form beloved his arms he flung,

Thrice mocked his grasp the unsubstantial shade,
Fleet as the wind, and transient as a dream.

Meanwhile a sheltered glen, with rustling brakes,
The hero sees, and Lethe's placid stream
Skirting the blest abodes : beside the banks
Hovered a countless host of tribes and tongues—
Like bees that on the flowers in summer's prime
Alight, and round the snow-white lilies cling, 790
While all the air their droning murmur fills.
Amazed the chief inquires : 'What stream is this?
What multitudinous concourse on the banks?'
'These souls,' his Sire replied, 'hath Fate decreed
To wear transmuted forms in upper air ;
But first at Lethe's opiate springs they quaff
The anodyne of deep forgetfulness.
Oft have I wished before thee to array
These embryo forms, my progeny unborn :
So shalt thou more delight thee in the prize 800
Of thine Italian realm.' 'Nay, can it be,'
His son rejoined, 'that souls emancipate
From earth should travel back the weary round,
And seek reunion with their fleshly load?
Infatuate ! whom such greed of life beguiles ?'
'Attend and thou shalt learn,' his Sire replied ;
Then all the wondrous mystery unveiled.

'Know first that Earth and Sky, the Ocean plains,

The Moon's clear orb, the Stars and giant Sun,
By one indwelling Spirit are sustained— 810
One all-informing Mind, that breathes and moves
Through every pulse of that stupendous whole ;
To all created things the fount of life,—
Men, beasts and fowls, and monsters of the deep.
A fiery force and energy inspire
The vital germ, though in base contact held
With sluggish earth and perishable frame.
Hence passions spring—joy, anguish, fear, desire ;
Nor can blind mortals, in their bondage dim,
Pierce the dull mist and lift their gaze to Heaven ;
Nor e'en when life forsakes them, do the plagues 821
That haunt the earthly tenement depart,
But cling by long companionship ingrained :
Therefore must guilty souls their crimes atone
By penal chastisement. Some stretched on high
Are blanched by winds ; some rid them of their
stains,
Cleansed by immersion in the vasty deep,
Or, burnt away by purgatorial fires :
Each shade its own ordeal must endure.
Thence to Elysian plains, from sufferance freed, 830
They pass ; but few those blissful seats attain
Till lapse of slow-revolving years hath purged
From foul commixture, every taint erased,

The pure ethereal germ and spark divine.
But when a thousand years their round have run,
Myriads of ghosts, convened at Lethe, drink
Oblivion : thence, unconscious of the past,
They long to wear corporeal forms once more,
And rise to upper day.' Thus spake the Sire,
And through the murmuring concourse to a mound
Contiguous led the chief and Sibyl maid ; 841
Thence the long file of phantoms as they passed
Bade them observe, and scan their aspect well.

 ' Mark now, my son, and learn the destinies
Of those illustrious souls, whom Italy
Upon the old heroic stock of Troy
Shall graft, and add new lustre to our name.
Yon stripling see, who on his headless spear
Stands leaning, nearest to the gates of life,
And foremost claimant to the realms of day? 850
Mixed in his veins Ausonian blood shall flow :
Silvius of Alba named, thy last-born son,
Whom in the sylvan glades thy destined spouse
To thee Lavinia in thine age shall bear ;
A king himself, and sire of kings to be—
First of our race Long Alba's crown to wear.
Next Procas, glory of the Teucric line ;
Capys and Numitor ; thy namesake, too,
Alike for piety and arms renowned

(Should Fate permit to mount his Alban throne), 860
Silvius Æneas. Lo! what forms are there!
What might of lusty youth! and round their brows
The patriot's civic wreath, the oak, is twined.
These shall strong bulwarks for thy kingdom build—
Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidenæ's walls,
Collatia towering on her castled steep;
Pometia, and the fort of Inuus—towns
In days to come illustrious, nameless now.
See! Romulus beside his grandsire stands,
Whom Ilia, priestess of pure Dardan blood, 870
To Mars shall bear! Lo! blazing on his helm
The double plume, and stamped upon his brow
The signet of paternal Deity;
By him with glorious auspices begun,
Encircling with one wall her sevenfold hill,
Rome, queen of nations, shall her empire bound
By earth, her lofty spirit by the skies,
Rich in heroic progeny of sons.
So rides in triumph through her Phrygian realms
The Berecynthian mother, crowned with towers, 880
Prolific parent of a hundred Gods,
All throned on high, all denizens of Heaven.
‘Now yonder turn thine eyes; thy sons behold—
Thine own illustrious Romans—Cæsar there,
And seed that from Iulus' loins shall spring,

Await their earthly heritage of fame.
 There, there, thy great descendant, promised long,
 Child of the Gods, Augustus Cæsar, stands—
 Restorer of the antique age of gold.
 O'er Latian plains, where Saturn reigned of yore ;
 Lord of a wide-extended realm that far 891
 Outlies the bounds of Garamant or Ind ;
 Beyond the Planets' range and Solar way ;
 Where Atlas on his shoulders heaves the skies
 With stars bejewelled. As his hour draws nigh,
 The Caspian and Mæotian tribes, appalled,
 Quake at the dismal auguries of their Gods,
 And turbid flow the streams of seven-mouthed Nile.
 Not Hercules such boundless tracts o'erran,
 Albeit he pierced the brazen-footed hind, 900
 Freed from their scourge the Erymanthian glades,
 And quelled the Lernian monster with his bow ;
 Nor Bacchus, who with vine-encircled reins
 His harnessed tigers drives down Nysa's steep.
 And doubt we to extend our fame by deeds,
 Or shrink disheartened from the Ausonian shore ?

' But who comes next, with olive chaplet crowned,
 The priestly censer in his hands ? I know
 Thy hoary locks and beard, thou Roman king,*
 New founder of the State by well-framed laws ; 910

* Numa Pompilius.

Called from thy niggard soil and petty realm
 Of Cures, to ascend a loftier throne.
 Him follows Tullus, who with trumpet-blast
 Shall break the dreams of peace, and rouse to arms
 His sluggish hosts, to conquest long disused.
 Ancus comes next, vainglorious prince, e'en now
 Too greedy of the shouting mob's applause.
 Or would you see the kings of Tarquin's line,
 And Brutus the avenger, haughty soul !
 Who freedom's ravished emblems shall restore ? 920
 Him first shall men hail Consul : the dread axe
 Before him shall be borne ; and his own sons,
 In traitorous arms against their country leagued,
 The unpitying father shall adjudge to die,
 In Liberty's dear cause. O sorely tried !
 Howe'er posterity account the deed,
 Thy patriot zeal, insatiate of renown,
 Shall bear the palm.

The Decii, Drusi, see,

And stern Torquatus with the headsman's steel ;
 And there, with standards rescued from the Gaul,
 Camillus stands. Mark now yon warrior pair, 931
 In arms alike ; here, in their darkling state
 Congenial souls. Ah ! when their day of life
 Shall dawn, what deadly combat shall they wage,
 What hosts shall clash, what streams of carnage flow !

One chief* from Alpine citadel descends,
 His kinsman † leads the embattled East to war.
 Cease, cease, my sons, the unhallowed strife, nor
 pierce
 Your country's bosom with her own sharp steel ;
 Thou, offspring of Olympus, mine own blood, 940
 First fling thy weapons down.

Lo ! near thee stands
 One ‡ who, in conquering car with blood of Greeks
 Imbrued, shall to the Capitol bear home
 The spoils of vanquished Corinth.

Yonder shade §
 Shall Agamemnon's haughty towers destroy,
 Lay Argos low, and that Thessalian king ||—
 Who boasts Æacian blood, and claims for sire
 Achilles the invincible—o'erthrow ;
 Avenging his great ancestors who died
 At Ilium, and Minerva's outraged fane. 950

‘ Who, Cato, thy great name, or Cossus thine,
 Could pass untold? the Gracchi, glorious clan,
 Or Scipios, those twin thunderbolts of war,
 Scourges of Lybia? or Fabricius, rich
 In low estate? or thee, content to sow
 Thy glebe, Serranus? Spare my failing breath,

* Julius Cæsar.

† Pompey.

‡ Mummius.

§ Paulus Æmilius.

|| Perseus, King of Macedon.

Ye Fabii: thou, the Greatest*—thou alone
By masterly delay shalt save the State!

‘Let others mould in bronze the lifelike form,
Or carve the breathing lineaments in stone; 960
Plead at the bar with more persuasive skill,
Or count the constellations as they rise,
And map their wanderings on the chart of Heaven,—
Be thine the imperial privilege to reign,
And bow the nations, Roman, to thy sway;
With peaceful rule to discipline mankind,
The vanquished spare, but crush the haughty foe.’

Awhile Anchises paused, but as they gazed
In silent wonder wrapt, his theme pursued:
‘See there Marcellus, crowned with gorgeous spoils,
In pride of conquest towering o’er his peers; 971
He, when the State is rocked with wild alarms,
Shall stay the tottering fabric, trample down
The Carthaginian and rebellious Gaul,
And the third trophy of triumphal arms
Raise to Feretrian Jove.’

But now a youth
Beside the elder chief Æneas sees,
Clad in resplendent arms, and passing fair;
But grave his mien and downcast is his brow.
‘Say, father, who is this?—the hero’s son, 980

* Fabius Maximus Cunctator.

Perchance, or distant offshoot of his line?
What murmur of attendants round the boy!
What dignity of bearing all his own!
But o'er him hovers Night's funereal shade.'
Tears gushed unbidden as his Sire replied:
'Seek not, my son, to learn the heaviest grief
That o'er thy house impends: that godlike boy
Shall envious Fate a moment lend to earth,
Then snatch the boon away; but, O ye Gods!
Well might ye deem our progeny too blest, 990
Could Rome such prize retain. Ah me! what groans,
Wrung from the breasts of warriors, shall be heard
On that broad plain beside the towers of Mars!
What mournful pageant shall thy stream behold,
O Tiber, gliding by his new-made grave!
Never shall child of Troy with such fond hopes
Inspire his Latian fathers, never Rome
So proudly hail the promise of a son.
O piety! O pure and pristine faith!
O valour, irresistible in arms! 1000
Woe to the foeman that shall face his steel—
Whether he heads afoot the charging ranks,
Or digs the rowels in his foam-flecked steed!
Dear child of sorrow, should stern Fate allow
To burst the cloud, Marcellus shalt thou be!
Bring lilies in your arms a plenteous pile;

Be this sad office mine, with purple flowers
To strew my kinsman's early grave, and pay
This unavailing homage to his shade.'

Thus wandering through the spacious fields of air,
They traversed all the region ; all in turn 1011
Surveyed : Anchises to his son the while
The secrets of futurity unveiled,
And fired his breast with visions of renown ;
Forewarned him, too, of conflicts yet to come—
Of King Latinus and Laurentian tribes ;
What perils must be braved, what toils endured.

The gates of Sleep are twain—the first of horn,
Whence truthful spirits on their errands speed ;
The other of transparent ivory wrought, 1020
Whence baseless visions of the night ascend.
Through this fair portal sent Anchises forth—
His fond discourse continuing to the last—
To upper day the Sibyl and his son.
He to the ships, impatient to rejoin
His comrades, hied in haste ; along the coast
Straight to Caieta's bay his bark he steered :
There rode his anchored galleys fast to shore. 1028

I N D E X

TO THE

PRINCIPAL PROPER NAMES OCCURRING
IN THIS VOLUME.*

Troy is otherwise called Ilium or Ilion, from Ilius, one of its early kings ; and Pergamus, from its citadel.
The Trojans are called Dardans, from Dardanus, their founder ;
Teucrians, from Teucer, a king of Phrygia ; and Phrygians.
Italy is called also Hesperia and Ausonia.
The Greeks are called Argives, Achæans, Pelasgians, or Dorians.

A

Acestes, king of a portion of Sicily, of Trojan descent on his mother's side, a friend of Æneas.
Achates, a Trojan, the faithful friend and counsellor of Æneas.
Achilles, son of Peleus, the most formidable of the Greek warriors against Troy. He was born at Phthia, in Thessaly.

* The idea of this Index, as a substitute for foot-notes, as well as some of the descriptions it contains, I have taken the liberty to borrow from the Translation of Virgil published by the Rev. Rann Kennedy and Mr C. R. Kennedy.

- Actium*, a town and promontory of Epirus, famous for the naval victory of Augustus over Anthony ; now Azio.
- Adrastus*, a king of Argos, friend and ally of Theseus. He is said to have died of grief for the death of his son Ægialeus.
- Æolus*, God of the Winds. His kingdom was called Æolia, —now the Lipari Islands—between Italy and Sicily.
- Agamemnon*, king of Mycenæ and Argos, and brother of Menelaus. They are commonly described by Virgil as the “Atridæ,” or two sons of Atreus.
- Agathyrsi*, a people of Scythia.
- Agenor*, a king of Phœnicia, son of Neptune and Libya.
- Ajax*. There were two Grecian heroes of this name who fought against Troy ; one, the son of Telamon—the other the son of Oileus, king of Locris.
- Alba Longa*, a city of Latium, supposed to have been built by Ascanius, the son of Æneas. Destroyed by the Romans 665 B.C.
- Alcides*, the patronymic of Hercules, who was grandson of Alcæus.
- Alcmæna*, wife of Amphitryon, a prince of Thebes, and the mother of Hercules.
- Alpheus*, a river of Elis, in Peloponnessus. He was said to have been enamoured of the nymph Arethusa, who, being changed into a fountain, he pursued her under the sea till she rose in Ortygia, an island near Sicily.
- Ammon* or *Hammon*, the name under which Jupiter was worshipped in Libya.
- Androgeos*, son of Minos of Crete. He was assassinated by order of Ægeus, king of Athens. This led to a war between those countries, which ended in a treaty binding Ægeus to send every year seven boys and girls of Athens to Crete to be devoured by the Minotaur. See *Minos*.
- Andromache*, the wife of Hector ; after his death, carried off to Epirus by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles. He afterwards discarded her, and she became the wife of Helenus, a son of Priam.
- Arcturus*, a star near the tail of the Great Bear, whose rising and setting were supposed to indicate tempests.

Arethusa. See *Alpheus*.

Ascanius, son of Æneas and Creusa, otherwise called Iulus.

Assaracus, a Trojan prince, son of Tros, father of Capys, who was father of Anchises. The Trojans are from him called the children of Assaracus.

Astyanax, son of Hector and Andromache. At the fall of Troy, being then a child, he is supposed to have been put to death by Ulysses.

Atlas, one of the Titans, king of Mauritania. It was fabled that he was changed into a mountain of Africa, so high that it supported the skies. Hence he is represented as sustaining the globe upon his shoulders.

Aulis, a town of Bœotia, where the Greek chieftains assembled for their expedition against Troy.

Avernus, a lake of Campania in Italy, close to Puteoli, which, on account of the dark woods that surrounded it, and its sulphureous exhalations, was believed to be the entrance to the infernal regions.

B

Bebrycii, a people of Bithynia in Asia Minor.

Belus, son of Neptune and Libya, twin brother of Agenor, and father of Ægyptus and Danaus. He was regarded as the ancestral hero and national divinity of several eastern nations.

Bereynthia, a name given to Cybele, the mother of the Gods, from Mount Berecynthus in Phrygia, where she was worshipped.

Brutus, *Lucius Junius*, the first Consul of Rome, and father of the Republic, who avenged the outrage done to Lucretia, expelled the Tarquins, and caused his two sons to be put to death for attempting to restore that dynasty.

Byrsa, a citadel of Carthage, so called from a Greek word signifying a hide.

C

Calchas, a celebrated soothsayer, son of Nestor, who accompanied the Greeks to Troy.

Camillus, one of the great heroes of the Roman Republic, celebrated for his glorious repulse of the Gauls before Rome.

- Cassandra*, a daughter of Priam, remarkable for her gift of prophecy, and for the unbelief with which her predictions were received.
- Celæno*, the queen of the Harpies, who inhabited the islands called Strophades, in the Ionian Sea.
- Centauris*, a tribe of Thessaly, said to have been half-men, half-horses, an idea probably derived from their skill in horsemanship.
- Ceraunia*, mountains of Epirus.
- Chaonia*, part of Epirus, so called from Chaon, a son of Priam.
- Charybdis*, a whirlpool on the coast of Sicily. See *Scylla*.
- Chimæra*, a fabulous monster, with the fore part of a lion, the middle of a goat, and the hinder parts of a dragon. From its mouth it spouted forth flames.
- Circe*, a sorceress supposed to be able to transform men into beasts. The island of *Æa*, near *Cumæ* in Italy, was reputed to be her abode.
- Cithæron*, a mountain of Bœotia.
- Clarian*, Apollo was so called from *Clarus*, in Ionia, where he had an oracle.
- Corybantes*, priests of Cybele, who beat cymbals at her festivals, and behaved as if delirious. They were reputed to have inhabited Mount Ida, and from thence to have removed into Crete.
- Corytus*, supposed to have been the father of Dardanus, the founder of Corythus (*Cortona*).
- Cossus Cornelius*, Consul, B.C. 428, who killed Lar Tolumnius, the king of the Veii, in single combat, and dedicated his spoils in the temple of Jupiter Feretrius.
- Creïsa*, daughter of Priam, and the first wife of *Æneas*.
- Crinisus*, a river of Sicily.
- Cumæ*, the place where *Æneas* landed in Italy, and one of the most ancient of its towns. It was situated north-west of the Bay of Naples, in the neighbourhood of *Baiæ* and *Puteoli*. The famous Sibyl's cave was here, and a magnificent temple of Apollo.
- Cybele*, the mother of the Gods.
- Cyclades*, a cluster of islands in the *Ægean* Sea.

Cyclops, fabulous one-eyed giants, who inhabited the neighbourhood of Mount Ætna, and feasted on human flesh. See *Polyphemus*.

Cyllene, a mountain of Arcadia, the supposed birthplace of Mercury, who was hence called Cyllenius.

Cynthus, a mountain of Delos, the reputed birthplace of Apollo and Diana.

Cythera, an island near Peloponnessus, sacred to Venus, who was hence called Cytherea, and was believed to have arisen from the sea near its coast.

D

Dædalus, a celebrated artist and mechanician of Athens, the author of many wonderful inventions. Amongst others he is reported to have made himself wings, by which he flew through the air from Crete to Cumæ; but his son Icarus, who accompanied him, perished in the attempt.

Decii. Three of that family—grandfather, father, and son—were illustrious as consuls and generals of the Roman commonwealth, and at successive periods devoted themselves to death on the field of battle, to insure victory to their countrymen.

Deiphobus, one of the sons of Priam and Hecuba. He married Helen after the death of Paris, but was betrayed by her to Menelaus, who cruelly mutilated and killed him.

Dictæan, another name for Cretan—from Dicté, a mountain in Crete.

Dis, another name for Pluto, God of Hell.

Dodona, in Epirus. It was the seat of a famous oracle of Jupiter.

Dolopians, a people of Thessaly, who went under Phoenix to the Trojan war.

Drepanum, a town on the coast of Sicily, now *Trapani*.

Drusi, father and son of the same names (M. Livius Drusus), were famous generals and statesmen of the Roman commonwealth.

Dryads, wood-nymphs.

Dryopes, a people of Greece, near Mount Ætna, in Thessaly.

Dulichium, an island of the Ionian Sea.

E

- Electra*, mother of Dardanus, founder of Troy, by Jupiter.
- Elissa*, another name for Dido.
- Emathia*, an ancient name for Macedonia and Thessaly. Ema-thian is an epithet given to Achilles on account of his Thessal-ian birth.
- Eridanus*, the Greek name for the River Po.
- Erymanthus*, a mountain of Arcadia. Hercules slew a famous boar which infested it.
- Eryx*, a hero of Sicily, reputed son of Venus. He was killed in a boxing match by Hercules, and gave his name to Mount Eryx in Sicily.
- Eurotas*, a river of Thessaly, near Mount Olympus.
- Euryalus*, a beautiful Trojan youth, beloved by Nisus. See *Nisus*.

F

- Fabius Maximus*, mentioned in the 6th Æneid, one of the many members of the Gens Fabia, who acquired renown by their services to the Republic, conducted the wars against Hannibal with great skill and address. From his cautious tactics he was surnamed Cunctator.
- Fabricius*, one of the most popular heroes in the Roman annals, celebrated for his simplicity and incorruptibility of character. Being sent ambassador to Tarentum in the war against Pyrrhus, he withstood all the tempting offers of that monarch. He was censor in 275 B.C., and distinguished himself by the severity with which he strove to repress the growing taste for luxury.
- Fauns*, rural deities worshipped by the country folk, having the feet of goats, with human bodies.

G

- Getulia*, a wild country of Africa, bordering on the Garaman-tians.
- Ganymede*, a beautiful Trojan youth, who was reputed to have been carried up to heaven, where he was made cup-bearer to Jupiter.

Garamantians, a people in the inland parts of Africa.

Geryon, a fabulous monster of Gades (Cadiz), represented as having three heads and three bodies. He was destroyed by Hercules.

Glaucus, a Sea-God. Also a Lycian prince, killed in the Trojan war.

Gnossus, a town of Crete, whence the Cretans were called Gnossians.

H

Hæmus, a chain of mountains in the north of Thrace.

Harpalyce, a female warrior of Thrace.

Hebrus, a river of Thrace.

Hecaté, the same as Proserpine. The same Goddess was Luna in Heaven, Diana upon Earth, and Hecaté or Proserpine in Hell.

Hecuba, wife of Priam.

Helenus, a son of Priam, celebrated for the gift of prophecy. After the fall of Troy he was carried by Pyrrhus to Epirus, and on the death of that prince succeeded to his throne, and married the widowed Andromache.

Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen. She was first married to Pyrrhus, son of Achilles; but her cousin Orestes, who had been pre-engaged to her, slew Pyrrhus, and became her second husband.

Hesperia, another name for Italy.

Hyades, a constellation whose rising and setting portended rain.

Hyrkania, a country of Asia, at the north of Parthia, abounding in wild beasts and serpents.

I

Icarus. See *Dædalus*.

Ida, a celebrated mountain of Troas, where Paris adjudged the prize of beauty to Venus. There was another mountain of the same name in Crete. See *Corybantés*.

Idomeneus, a king of Crete, who fought before Troy. On his return he came to Italy, and founded a city on the coast of Calabria, which he called Salentum.

Illyricum, a country bordering on the Adriatic Sea, opposite Italy.

Iphitus, a Trojan warrior, killed at the sack of Troy.

Iris, the rainbow. She was reputed to be the handmaid and messenger of Juno, and one of her offices was to cut the thread on which hung the life of mortals.

Iulus. See *Ascanius*.

Ixion, one of the tortured souls in Hell, who was punished by being affixed to a wheel, which perpetually turned round. His crime was an attempt to seduce Juno.

L

Lacinium, a promontory in the south of Italy, where Juno Lacinia had a magnificent temple.

Laodamia, the wife of Protesilaus, celebrated for her devoted love to her husband.

Laomedon, son of Ilus, king of Troy. With the aid of Apollo and Neptune he built the walls of Troy. He was put to death for a breach of faith by Hercules. The Trojans are sometimes called after his name, Sons of Laomedon.

Lapitha, a tribe of Thessaly, celebrated for their horsemanship.

Larissa, a town of Thessaly. Hence Achilles is called Larissæus.

Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana.

Lavinium, a town of Italy, founded by Æneas, the capital of Latium.

Leda, the mother of Helen of Troy.

Lerna, a country of Argolis, where Hercules killed the famous Hydra.

Liburnians, a people of Illyricum, now Croatia.

Libya, a part of Africa, for which the name is often used as a synonym.

Lilybæum, a promontory of Sicily, now Boco, with a town of the same name, now Marsala.

Lyæus, a surname of Bacchus.

Lycia, a country of Asia Minor, where Apollo had a celebrated oracle.

M

Maotis Palus, now the Sea of Azof.

Marcellus, the two persons of that name referred to in the 6th Æneid are : 1. Claudius Marcellus, conqueror of Syracuse, and five times Consul. Having slain Britomartus, king of the Gauls, in single combat, he dedicated his spoils to Jupiter Feretrius, the third and last instance in Roman history in which such an offering was made. 2. The younger Marcellus was the son of Octavia, sister of Augustus, and born B.C. 43. Augustus adopted him as his son, gave him his daughter Julia in marriage, and is believed to have designed to make him his successor ; but being seized with a disease at Baiæ, he was cut off by death in his 20th year. He was considered to have given so much promise of future excellence that his end was mourned as a public calamity. His funeral oration was pronounced by Augustus himself, who also richly rewarded Virgil for the beautiful tribute to his memory at the close of the 6th Æneid.

Marpessus, a mountain in the island of Paros, from whence the celebrated marble was obtained.

Massyla, in Africa, a part of Mauritania near Mount Atlas.

Melibæa, a town on the coast of Thessaly, famous for the dye of wool.

Memnon, son of Tithonus and Aurora. He came to assist Priam in the defence of Troy, and was slain by Achilles.

Minos, an ancient king and lawgiver of Greece, who for his wisdom and justice was made judge of the departed spirits in the infernal regions. His son, the second Minos, had a wife named Pasiphae, who, indulging an unnatural passion, gave birth to a monster called the Minotaur. This was confined by Minos in the famous Labyrinth of Crete, constructed by Dædalus. Minos exacted from the Athenians, whom he had vanquished in war, a yearly tribute of seven youths to be devoured by the Minotaur. The monster was at last destroyed by Theseus, who penetrated the Labyrinth with a clue furnished to him by Dædalus at the request of Ariadne the king's daughter.

- Musæus*, one of the most ancient of the Greek poets, whose compositions are now lost.
- Mycenæ*, a city of Argolis, in the Peloponnessus, of which Agamemnon, at the time of the Trojan war, was king.
- Myrmidons*, a people on the southern borders of Thessaly, who followed Achilles to the Trojan war.

N

- Naiads* and *Nereids*, nymphs of the sea.
- Narycia*, a town in the south of Italy built by the Locrians, who, on their return from Troy, were shipwrecked on the Italian coast.
- Neoptolemus*. See *Pyrrhus*.
- Nisus*, a Trojan celebrated for his devoted friendship to Euryalus.
- Nomads*, a name given to the pastoral tribes who wandered from place to place without settled habitation.
- Numidians*, a name derived from the above. They were a people of Africa, bordering on the Gætulians and Mauritanians.
- Nysa*, a town of Ethiopia, sacred to the God Bacchus, who was fabled to have been brought up there.

O

- Ænotria*, a name given by the Greeks to Italy.
- Olympus*, a mountain of Thessaly, whose summit was represented by the poets to be the abode of the Gods. Jupiter is hence called Olympian.
- Orcus*, the infernal regions, including both Elysium, the region of the blessed, and Tartarus, the place of punishment.
- Oreads*, mountain-nymphs.
- Orestes*, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. He avenged the murder of his father by killing his mother and her paramour Ægistheus, and as a consequence of his crime was haunted by the Furies.
- Orion*, a constellation composed of seventeen stars in the form of a man bearing a sword. The rising of Orion was supposed to portend rain and storm.
- Orpheus*, a mythical personage, regarded by the Greeks as the most celebrated of the pre-Homeric poets. It was fabled of

him that having lost his wife Eurydice by death, he went down into the infernal regions, and by the charms of his lyre prevailed upon Pluto to release her ; but at the moment when he was about to pass the boundary of the lower world, he could not refrain from looking back to see if his wife was following him, and beheld her caught back again into the place from which he had rescued her.

Ortygia, a small island in the bay of Syracuse, where rose the fountain Arethusa.

P

Pachynus, a promontory of Sicily, now Passaro.

Palamedes, a Grecian chief, son of Nauplius, king of Eubæa. He joined the expedition against Troy. In revenge for an injury suffered at his hands, Ulysses devised a crafty plot, whereby Palamedes was unjustly sentenced and put to death by the Greek princes, on the pretext of a traitorous correspondence with Priam.

Palinurus, the pilot of Æneas, who fell overboard into the sea near Velia, on the coast of Italy, and was murdered there by the inhabitants. The promontory now called Palinuro was named after him.

Palladium, a celebrated statue of Minerva, supposed to have fallen from Heaven. It was believed that on its preservation depended the safety of Troy. Ulysses and Diomed entered the city by night and carried it away, to the great displeasure of the Goddess.

Panopea, one of the Nereids.

Parthenopæus, one of the seven heroes who engaged in the celebrated expedition against Thebes, where he was slain.

Pasiphae. See *Minos*.

Patavinum, a city of Italy on the shores of the Adriatic, now Padua.

Pelops, a son of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, who gave his name to Peloponessus (the Morea). He was the father of Atreus, and founder of the famous dynasty which long held sway over the peninsula.

Pelorus, a promontory of Sicily, now Cape Faro.

Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons and daughter of Mars. Slain by Achilles at Troy.

Petilia, an Italian town, built by Philoctetes on his return from the Trojan war.

Phædra, the wife of Theseus, and step-mother of Hippolytus, for whom she conceived a criminal passion.

Phineus, a king of Thrace, who was persecuted by the Harpies, until they were driven away to the Strophad Islands.

Phlegethon, the fiery river of Hell.

Phlegyas, son of Ares and Chryse. He set fire to the temple of Apollo, and for this offence was sentenced to severe punishment in the lower regions.

Phthia, a town of Thessaly, the birthplace of Achilles.

Pirithous, a son of Ixion, and king of the Lapithæ. He was the intimate friend of Theseus, and the two undertook to go down to the infernal regions and carry away Proserpine, but were defeated in this attempt by her consort Pluto. For this outrage they were sentenced to a cruel punishment in the infernal regions.

Pollux, a son of Leda, and twin brother of Castor. It was fabled that from his devoted affection to his brother, who was killed in war, he prayed Jove to be allowed to share his fate, and it was decreed that each should alternately pass one day in Hades, and the next in Heaven.

Polyphemus, one of the Cyclops who lived near Mount Ætna, a ferocious giant and cannibal, whose eye Ulysses put out in revenge for the slaughter of his companions.

Portunus, the Latin name for the Sea-God Palæmon. He was so called from his speeding ships into port.

Priam, the last king of Troy, husband of Hecuba. Slain at the sack of that city by Pyrrhus.

Pyrrhus—otherwise called *Neoptolemus*—the son of Achilles.

R

Rhadamanthus, a son of Jupiter, born in Crete. He reigned with so much equity and firmness that he was reputed to have been made, with Minos, one of the judges of the dead in the infernal regions.

Rhesus, a Thracian prince, who came to Troy as an ally of Priam.

There was a prophecy that Troy should never be taken if his horses should drink the waters of the river Xanthus ; but he was slain, and his horses were carried away by Ulysses and Diomed on the first night of his arrival.

Rhodope, a mountain of Thrace.

Rhateum, a promontory on the Mysian coast, near Troy.

S

Salentum. See *Idomeneus*.

Salmoneus, a king of Elis, who after his death was sentenced to eternal torture in Tartarus for his presumption in imitating thunder and lightning by the sound of his chariot rattling over a brazen bridge, and by the brandishing of torches.

Samos, an island in the Ægean Sea, where Juno had a magnificent temple.

Saturn, the father of Jupiter. Being driven from his throne by his son, he took refuge in Italy, where he reigned over Latium, which enjoyed under him such prosperity that the period is described by the poets as the golden age.

Saturnia, a name given to Juno as daughter of Saturn.

Scæan, the name of one of the gates of Troy.

Scamander, a river of Troas, otherwise called Xanthus.

Scylaceum, a town of the Bruttii in Italy—the modern *Squillaci*.

Scylla, a dangerous rock on the Italian coast, opposite to an equally dangerous whirlpool, called Charybdis, on the Sicilian side. The navigation between the two was so difficult that it passed into a proverb. According to the poets, Scylla was a sea-monster, her upper parts those of a woman, with barking monsters like dogs below her waist ; the legend being probably derived from the roaring of the waters at the foot of the rocks.

Scyros, a rocky island in the Ægean Sea, near Eubœa.

Serranus, a surname given to C. Atilius Regulus, Consul, B.C. 257, said to be derived from the circumstance of his being engaged in sowing his land when the news was brought to him of his elevation to the consulship.

Sicanians, another name for the people of Sicily.

Simois, a river of Troas, which falls into the Xanthus.

Strophades, islands in the Ionian Sea ; the fabled abode of the Harpies.

Strymon, a river of Thrace.

Syrtes, large sandbanks in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Africa.

T

Tarentum, a town and harbour of Calabria, now Tarento.

Tartarus. See *Orcus*.

Theseus, a celebrated king and hero of Athens. Among his other exploits he is reputed to have gone down to Hell with his friend Pirithous to carry off Proserpine. Their attempt was defeated by Pluto, and Theseus was sentenced to sit for ever chained to a huge stone.

Thymbra, a place in Troas where Apollo was worshipped.

Timavus, a broad river of Italy, which issues from a mountain north-east of Aquileia, and falls with nine separate streams into the Adriatic.

Tisiphone, one of the Furies.

Titans, the sons of Cœlus and Terra (Heaven and Earth), a family of giants, who were said to have made war against Saturn, the father of Jupiter. Of these Virgil mentions by name Aloeus, Coeus, Enceladus, Tityus, &c. They are represented as sentenced, for their rebellion against Heaven, to an eternity of suffering in the infernal regions.

Tithonus, son of Laomedon, king of Troy, said to have been the husband of Aurora, Goddess of the Dawn. He was the father of Memnon, who came to assist Priam, and was slain by Achilles.

Torquatus, *Titus Manlius*, a famous warrior and dictator of Rome, who sentenced his son Titus Manlius to death for having violated the orders of the consuls by engaging in single combat with one of the enemy in the Latin war.

Trinacria, a Greek name for Sicily, derived from its three promontories—Lilybœum, Pachynus, and Pelorus.

Triton, a Sea-God, son of Neptune, generally represented as blowing a shell.

Trivia, a name given to Diana, because she was worshipped at places where three roads met.

Troilus, one of the sons of Priam slain by Achilles.

Tydides, a patronymic of Diomed, son of Tydeus, who was the son of Ceneus,*king of Calydon.

V

Velia, a city of Lucania in the south of Italy, near to which Palinurus, the pilot of Æneas, lost his life.

X

Xanthus, a river of Troas, the same as Scamander. There was another river of the same name in Lycia, sacred to Apollo.

Z

Zacynthus, one of the Ionian Islands, now Zante.

THE END.



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